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Worlds Wide

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Worlds Wide

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
in
Film, Theatre, and Communications
Screenwriting

by

Will Blanke

B.A. Louisiana State University, 2006

May, 2013

FADE IN:

INT. GEORGE'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

IT IS DARK. LIGHT TURNS ON. GEORGE, 40, HANDSOME, ENTERS HIS HOUSE WEARING A SUIT.

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

GEORGE WEARS HIS BUTTONED DOWN SHIRT AND SUIT PANTS. THE TOP TWO BUTTONS ON THE FRONT OF HIS COLLARED SHIRT ARE UNBUTTONED. HE UNBUTTONS THE CUFFS OF HIS SLEEVES AND ROLLS HIS SLEEVES BACK A BIT ON EACH ARM.

HE PICKS UP A GLASS COOKING TRAY OF CHICKEN FETTUCCINI FROM HIS STOVE. HE OPENS THE OVEN DOOR AND PUTS THE TRAY INSIDE OF IT. HE CLOSES THE OVEN DOOR.

GEORGE PRESSES THE BUTTONS PRE-HEAT, 4, 5, AND 0. BEEP.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE OPENS THE DOORS ON HIS LARGE, WOODEN ENTERTAINMENT CENTER. HE TAKES A SMALL REMOTE FROM THE ENTERTAINMENT CENTER AND WALKS TO A RECLINER. HE SITS AND PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS REMOTE. CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS.

GEORGE TAKES HIS SHOES AND SOCKS OFF. HE PULLS A WATER-FILLED FOOT BATH FROM THE SIDE OF THE RECLINER. HE PLACES IT IN FRONT OF HIS CHAIR. HE STICKS HIS FEET INTO THE BATH.

HE GRABS A NAIL FILER FROM THE NEARBY END TABLE. HE FILES HIS FINGER NAILS. HE LOOKS AT HIS NAILS AND THEY ARE PERFECTLY ROUNDED.

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A DIFFERENT CLASSICAL MUSIC SONG PLAYS FAINTLY FROM THE OTHER ROOM. GEORGE STANDS BY A BUTCHER BLOCK AND POURS HIMSELF A GLASS OF RED WINE. BEFORE HE TAKES A SIP, HE FALLS TO THE GROUND. A MOMENT. THE OVEN BEEPS.

A PAIR OF TONGS FROM BELOW THE TOP OF THE BUTCHER BLOCK GRABS THE GLASS OF WINE. IT IS GONE. GEORGE'S BODY IS THROWN ON TOP OF THE BUTCHER BLOCK FACE DOWN.

A FOUR-FOOT, BLACK, SQUISHY BLOB (LIKE A TANGIBLE SLIMER FROM GHOSTBUSTERS WITHOUT THE EYES, MOUTH, AND ARMS) JUMPS ON TOP OF GEORGE'S BACK.

AN ARM WITH NO HAND GROWS OUT OF THE BLACK BLOB. IT SEPARATES GEORGE'S LOWER BACK INTO RIGHT AND LEFT PARTS. THE BREAK IS AT THE SPINAL CORD.

THE BLACK BLOB STRETCHES ITS ARM DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BUTCHER BLOCK AND THE TONGS' HANDLE IS CONNECTED TO THE ARM. THE TONGS AND ARM GO INTO GEORGE'S BACK. THE BLACK BLOB PRODS A HAZY, SLIGHTLY GLOWING AURA OF A MALE INFANT FROM THE BACK.

THE BLACK BLOB STRETCHES THE ARM A FEW FEET TO THE COUNTER, AND PLACES THE INFANT PHANTOM ON TOP OF THE COUNTER BY THE SINK. THE INFANT PHANTOM CRIES.

THE TONGS ARE DROPPED NEXT TO THE INFANT PHANTOM. THE ARM GOES INSIDE OF GEORGE'S BACK. THE REST OF THE BLACK BLOB OOZES INSIDE OF THE BODY. THE BACK CLOSES FROM INSIDE. GEORGE LIFTS HIS HEAD.

GEORGE
(GASPING)
AAAHH...

INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE STANDS NAKED WITH HIS BACK TO THE MIRROR. AN INFLAMED RED LINE IS ON HIS LOWER SPINE. HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO LOOK AT IT IN THE MIRROR.

GEORGE
THE HABITATION IS COMPLETE. DAY ONE.

GEORGE TURNS FACE FIRST IN THE MIRROR. HE LOOKS AT HIS WRIST. A DARK PURPLE, SMALL, DIAMOND-LIKE, CIRCLE GLOWS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
DR. GEORGE GAUTREAU. A DOCTOR OF
PSYCHOLOGICAL THERAPY. AN ADULT
THERAPIST. I AM LIVING IN A HOUSE ON
THE CORNER OF CHESTNUT AVE. AND
JEFFERSON AVE. IN NEW ORLEANS,
LOUISIANA.

HE FEELS HIS SKIN ON HIS CHEST, LEGS, AND NECK. HE LEANS CLOSER
TO THE MIRROR. HE STRETCHES EACH EYELID OPEN ONE AT A TIME, A
FEW SECONDS EACH.

HE OPENS HIS MOUTH WIDE IN THE MIRROR AND LOOKS INTO IT. HE
CLOSES HIS MOUTH.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
THIRTY DAYS FROM THIS DATE IS
OCTOBER 5TH. RESTATING MY MISSION
FOR RECORD ON THIS FIFTH DAY OF
SEPTEMBER. I WILL LOCATE AN
INTELLIGENT, HEALTHY, YOUTHFUL, AND
FERTILE FEMALE TO BRING BACK WITH ME
TO BEGIN OUR PEACEFUL, HYBRID
SPECIES. I MUST DEVELOP HER TRUST,
HER DEPENDENCE, AND MOST OF ALL, HER
LOVE. TODAY, IS OUR FIRST TO BEGIN
OUT SECOND HUMAN POPULATION. I AM
HONORED TO HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR
THIS VITAL DUTY.

HE SCOWLS INTO THE MIRROR. HE RAISES HIS EYEBROWS. HE SMILES.
HE STOPS FACIAL EXPRESSIONS AND STEPS BACK A COUPLE OF FEET
FROM THE MIRROR.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I AM ONLY HUMAN IN LIKENESS. I WILL
ACKNOWLEDGE MY GUIDE'S REQUESTS
FOR DAILY REPORTING ON WHO I CHOOSE
AND WHY I CHOOSE THEM. THERE WILL
BE NO QUESTIONS UNANSWERED.

INT. CONNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CONNIE, 30, ATTRACTIVE, BUT A BIT WEATHERED LIES ON HER OLD, RAGGEDY COUCH IN A SMALL APARTMENT. DOUG, 30'S, HANDSOME AND FIT, SITS ON THE OTHER END OF THE COUCH WITH CONNIE'S BARE FEET LYING ON HIS LAP.

DOUG MASSAGES CONNIE'S FEET. ONE LAMP IS ON.

CONNIE
MMMMHH. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HARD
I WORKED TODAY.

DOUG
YOU'VE BEEN OFF ALL DAY.

CONNIE
WELL, MAYBE I WENT ON SOME CITY
ADVENTURES YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT.

DOUG
RIGHT. IN YOUR PAJAMA PANTS?

CONNIE
YEAH, I WAS RUNNING AROUND WITH
JUNGLE ANIMALS IN A FELLINI MOVIE.

CONNIE GRABS A CIGARETTE FROM HER PACK LYING ON THE SMALL COFFEE TABLE. VOGUE AND ESQUIRE MAGAZINES CROWD THE COFFEE TABLE. SHE LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE.

DOUG GRABS A CIGARETTE OUT OF HER PACK AND LIGHTS HIS.

DOUG
AND THIS WAS YOUR ONLY VICE TODAY?

DOUG HOLDS THE CIGARETTE IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.

CONNIE
NO, I MASTURBATED TO YOU.

CONNIE LAUGHS.

DOUG
I'M SERIOUS.

CONNIE
DOUG, I'M NOT, YOU KNOW...I STILL
DRINK SOMETIMES, YOU SEE ME DRINK AT
WORK, SO...

DOUG
I'M JUST ASKING YOU A SIMPLE
QUESTION, CONNIE. AND I'M NOT A BAD
CAT, SO QUIT PLAYING THE MOUSE.

CONNIE LEANS UP AND SITS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE COUCH.

CONNIE
I'M STRAIGHT. I COULD BARELY AFFORD
A BOTTLE OF GIN, MUCH LESS...

DOUG
CAN YOU PLEASE GO SEE A THERAPIST, AT
LEAST?

CONNIE
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU, MAN?

DOUG
WE TALKED ABOUT THIS THE OTHER DAY.
I DIDN'T THINK ME CARING ABOUT
SOMEONE AFTER DATING FOR SIX
MONTHS WOULD BE HARASSMENT.

CONNIE
AND WE'VE ALSO TALKED ABOUT THE
FACT THAT YOU'RE NOT MY BOYFRIEND,
DOUG.

DOUG
DATING DOESN'T MEAN BOYFRIEND.

CONNIE
I'LL GO SEE A DOCTOR IF YOU GIVE ME
SOME MONEY.

DOUG
SO I'M PAYING YOU TO BE LEVEL-
HEADED?

CONNIE
COME ON.

CONNIE LIES HER HEAD IN DOUG'S LAP AND BLOWS SMOKE UP.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
YOU KNOW HOW I LIVE.

DOUG
EXACTLY. SO THAT'S WHY I'M GONNA
CONTINUE TO BE A PAIN IN THE ASS
ABOUT YOU GOING TO SCHOOL.

CONNIE
YOU DIDN'T GO TO SCHOOL, HYPOCRITE.

DOUG
DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT I DID AND
DO. WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.

CONNIE
WHAT'S THERE TO WORRY ABOUT? I
KICKED MY DRUG HABIT.

DOUG
I'VE LEARNED HOW TO TELL WHEN YOU
LIE. YOU SQUINT YOUR EYES, LIKE
YOU'RE MORE THAN SERIOUS.

CONNIE
I'M SERIOUS ABOUT RENT COMING UP
AND...

CONNIE PUTS OUT HER CIGARETTE IN AN ASHTRAY ON THE COFFEE
TABLE.

DOUG
LOOK AT IT AS GOING TO SEE HOW
THERAPY WORKS. IF YOU WANT TO BE A
THERAPIST SO BAD, AT LEAST SEE IF IT'S
FOR YOU BEFORE YOU START MAJORING
IN--

CONNIE
FOR ME AS IN BEING A THERAPIST. NOT A
CLIENT.

DOUG
WHAT MAKES YOU SO DEFENSIVE? MY
FATHER WAS A THERAPIST. HE GOT A LOT
OF PEOPLE WITH WORSE PROBLEMS THAN
HIS. SOMETIMES BETTER PROBLEMS THAN
HIS.

CONNIE
I'LL LET GO TO A STUPID SHRINK IF YOU
PAY ME RENT.

CONNIE BENDS HER LEG BACK AND RUBS HER FOOT ON HIS SHOULDER.

DOUG
YOU'RE GONNA TALK TO THEM ABOUT
YOUR DRUG FUCK UPS?

CONNIE NODS HER HEAD IN HIS LAP.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I WANT A FULL REPORT. IN THE
MEANTIME...

DOUG TAKES HIS CELL PHONE OUT OF HIS POCKET.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I GOT ANOTHER VIDEO OF A LOCAL
DRUNK ACTRESS AT THE BAR THE OTHER
NIGHT. YOU HAD JUST GOT OFF.

SHE GRABS THE PHONE.

DOUG (CONT'D)
LET THIS BE YOUR ONLY MINDLESS
PLEASURE.

CONNIE
SHH. I WANT TO LISTEN TO THIS RICH
BITCH.

FEMALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
(THROUGH THE PHONE)
KISS MY ASS, YOU FUCKING BUMS! LET'S
GO, LET'S GO! GET OUT OF HERE!

EXT. MAGAZINE STREET - MORNING

GEORGE WALKS DOWN THE STREET WEARING THE SAME SUIT WE SAW HIM IN BEFORE. LAWYER, 40'S AND YOUNG WOMAN, LATE 20'S SIT AT A BREAKFAST DINER AT AN OUTSIDE TABLE.

YOUNG WOMAN
TELL ME WHAT WE CAN GET AWAY WITH.

LAWYER
THERE'S A WHOLE LOT. WOMEN GET ALL OF THE JUDGE'S SUPPORT IN DIVORCE CASES. MONEY, MATERIALS, AND MOMMY NEEDS.

YOUNG WOMAN
BUT WE DON'T HAVE A CHILD.

LAWYER
WE'LL SAY YOU FAILED A PREGNANCY TEST, BUT IT'S INCONCLUSIVE AS OF NOW. EMOTIONAL TOLLS GIVE US BROAD REASONS FOR DIFFERENT PRICE TAGS.

GEORGE SCOWLS.

GEORGE PAUSES OUTSIDE OF A COFFEE SHOP. HE SEES MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE OUTSIDE IN CHAIRS DRINKING COFFEE, WHILE ON THEIR LAPTOPS AND CELL PHONES. GEORGE RAISES HIS EYEBROWS.

GEORGE
SOLITUDE.

GEORGE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST.

GEORGE STOPS ON A CORNER WAITING TO CROSS. BOY 1, TEENAGER, TATTOOS ALL OVER HIS ARMS AND NECK STANDS IN FRONT OF BOY 2. BOY 2, TEENAGER, HAS FACE PIERCINGS AND A MOHAWK. BOTH OF THE BOYS HOLD SKATEBOARDS BY THEIR SIDES.

BOY 1
YA' PUNK MOTHERFUCKIN' ASS KNOWS
YA' CAN'T BE ON THESE NEXT THREE
BLOCKS WITHOUT BUMPIN' INTO ME.

BOY 2
THE FUCK DO I CARE, SON? THIS IS A
PUBLIC WALK-SIDE WHERE PEEPS CAN DO
FUCKIN' JUMPIN' JACKS IF THEY WANT.

BOY 1 STEPS CLOSER TO BOY 2. GEORGE WATCHES THEM.

BOY 1
NOT SURE WHAT KINDA FAIRIES YOU
BEEN FLYIN' AROUND WIT--

GEORGE
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU KIDS?

BOY 2
SAY, MISTER. SINCE THIS IS ALL PUBLIC
TERRITORY, THEN YOU NEEDA KEEP
RAMBLIN' DOWN TO YOUR OWN LOCALE.

BOY 2 APPROACHES GEORGE. GEORGE MOVES CLOSER TO BOY 2.

GEORGE
I SUGGEST THE BOTH OF YOU QUIT BEING
DISGUSTING FREAKS REPRESENTING THE
REST OF YOUR SPECIES. FRANKLY, JUST
BY SEEING TWO DEGENERATES GUILTY OF
FELONY IGNORANCE AND HUMAN
EMPTINESS MAKES ME THINK THAT
THERE'S NOTHING CRISP AND FRESH
ABOUT THE MORNING.

BOY 1
MAN, THIS OLD PUNK'S NOT EVEN
TALKIN' ENGLISH.

GEORGE
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE
LANGUAGE. AND SINCE BOTH OF YOU
CAN GET AWAY FROM HERE MORE
QUICKLY THAN ME ON YOUR LITTLE
ROLLING BOARDS, I'LL SAY, "CAST OFF."

GEORGE POKES BOY 2 HARD IN THE CHEST. BOY 1 AND BOY 2 DON'T
MOVE. GEORGE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS ACROSS THE STREET.

EXT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - MORNING

GEORGE WALKS SLOWLY WITH A BUSINESS CARD IN HIS HAND. HE LOOKS AT ADDRESSES ON BUILDINGS. HE STOPS. THE CARD READS: DR. GEORGE GEAUTREUX 916 MAGAZINE ST. THE BUILDING'S NUMBERS READ: 916.

HE DIGS IN HIS POCKET AND PULLS A CHAIN OF KEYS OUT. HE TRIES ONE KEY. NO AVAIL. A SECOND KEY. NO AVAIL. A THIRD KEY. HE OPENS THE DOOR.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE ENTERS. AN ALARM BEEPS. HE LOOKS AT THE BACK OF THE BUSINESS CARD. THE BACK READS: 1973401973. HE PRESSES THE BUTTONS. THE ALARM'S BEEPS STOP.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - MORNING

GEORGE ENTERS HIS SPACIOUS OFFICE. HE TURNS ON THE LIGHT. HE GAZES AROUND AT DIPLOMAS, SMALL PIECES OF ART, PICTURES OF HIMSELF, AND PICTURES OF PEOPLE HANGING ON THE WALL.

HE WALKS BEHIND HIS LARGE DESK PAST A CHAIR, A COUCH, AND A COFFEE TABLE SEPARATING THE TWO. HE TOUCHES A PEN, A PAD, AND A DESK LAMP FOR A FEW SECONDS EACH TIME.

HE SITS AT HIS DESK AND OPENS A LARGE BOTTOM DRAWER IN HIS DESK. FILES WITH NAMES ON THE TOP OF THEM. HE PULLS ONE OUT AND OPENS THE FILE. HAND-WRITTEN BULLET POINTS, PRESCRIPTION DRUG NAMES, AND A DATE THAT READS: SEPTEMBER 1ST.

UNDER SEPTEMBER 1ST: HER ANXIETY AT WORK DOES NOT SEEM TO IMPROVE. SHE FEARS LOSING HER JOB BECAUSE OF HER LACK OF COMPLETING CLERICAL PR WORK ON TIME. THIS IS NOT AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN. I'M SURE SHE DESERVES HER COMPANY'S CRITICISM.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. GEORGE GETS UP FROM HIS DESK CHAIR AND RUSHES OUT.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

MRS. GRECO, 64, WEARING A CHEAP DRESS, RUSHES TO HER SECRETARY'S DESK AND PICKS UP THE PHONE. GEORGE ENTERS.

MRS. GRECO
OH, CHRIST!

MRS. GRECO DROPS THE PHONE.

GEORGE
HELLO...

MRS. GRECO
DR. GAUTREAUX?

GEORGE
YES. WHAT IS THE PROBLEM?

MRS. GRECO PICKS THE RECEIVER UP FROM THE FLOOR.

MRS. GRECO
THE DOOR WAS UNLOCKED, THE ALARM
WAS OFF...

GEORGE
HAVE A SEAT. DON'T WORRY. JUST--

MRS. GRECO
IF YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING...

MRS. GRECO HANGS UP THE RECEIVER, SITS AT HER DESK, AND PUTS HER
PURSE NEAR HER SIDE.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
WHY ARE YOU AT WORK SO EARLY?

GEORGE
UH...THIS IS EARLY FOR ME, HUH?

MRS. GRECO
YEAH, I'D SAY. I MEAN, I'M SORRY, IT'S
NONE OF MY BUSINESS, DR. GAUTREAUX.
I WAS JUST CONCERNED IF THERE WAS A
PROBLEM HERE OR--

GEORGE
NO. AND GEORGE. WHY DON'T YOU CALL
ME GEORGE?

MRS. GRECO ORGANIZES HER DESK'S PAPERS AND PENS TO FILL THE
SILENT MOMENT.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
THAT'S NOT A RHETORICAL QUESTION.
WHY DON'T YOU?

MRS. GRECO
BECAUSE YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED ME
TO CALL YOU DR. GAUTREAU. AND IT'S
BEEN SET IN MY MIND SINCE DAY ONE.

GEORGE
HOW LONG AGO WAS THAT?

MRS. GRECO
ALMOST TWELVE YEARS AGO NOW. YOU
KNOW, WHEN YOU OPENED THE PRACTICE.
IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

GEORGE
YEAH, UH...SO...WHEN SHOULD I BE HERE?

MRS. GRECO
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.

MRS. GRECO OPENS A SCHEDULE BOOK ON TOP OF HER DESK. GEORGE
SITS ON A CHAIR IN THE LOBBY WAITING AREA. MRS. GRECO NOTICES
HIM DO THIS AND SMIRKS A BIT.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
YOUR FIRST APPOINTMENT IS AT 1:30PM
WITH MRS. FABACHER. THEN AT 3:00, MR.
GREEN COMES IN. AT 4:30 YOU HAVE--

GEORGE
OKAY. THANK YOU, MRS...

MRS. GRECO
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY?

MRS. GRECO LAUGHS A BIT.

GEORGE
WELL, LET'S SEE, HOW ABOUT YOU CALL
ME GEORGE AND I'LL CALL YOU...

MRS. GRECO
MRS. GRECO?

GEORGE
MRS. GRECO. PERFECT. SO, MRS. GRECO,
I'LL BE BACK NO LATER THAN 1:30 PM.

GEORGE STANDS AND EXITS THE OFFICE.

INT. MAGAZINE CAFE - DAY

GEORGE SITS AT A CASUAL RESTAURANT. HE GAZES AROUND AT THE PATRONS. SOME OBESE, SOME FOCUSING ONLY ON THEIR CELL PHONES IN FRONT OF OTHERS AT THEIR TABLES, SOME PARENTS SCOLDING THEIR KIDS, AND SOME JUST UGLY.

FLORA, A 19 YEAR-OLD WAITRESS, WALKS TO GEORGE'S TABLE.

FLORA
WHATCHYA' NEED TO DRINK?

GEORGE
WATER IS GOOD.

FLORA
AND IT'S JUST YOU?

GEORGE
YES.

FLORA
CONGRATS.

FLORA WALKS AWAY.

FEMALE VOICE 2 (O.S.)
(THROUGH THE LAPTOP)
GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME! WHAT
DO YOU THINK--

SILENCE.

CONNIE SITS BY HERSELF AT A TABLE DRINKING COFFEE AND HAMMERING A BUTTON ON HER LAPTOP. NO FOOD.

PATRONS LOOK AT CONNIE. GEORGE IS ONE OF THEM.

CONNIE
(TO PATRONS)
SORRY, FOLKS. POP-UP WINDOWS CAN'T
GET MUCH WORSE.

CONNIE TURNS HER ATTENTION TO THE LAPTOP SHOWING A VIDEO OF
YOUNG GIRL 2 YELLING AT PEOPLE TAKING PICTURES OF HER AS SHE
WALKS OUT OF A BAR. ALL MUTED.

GEORGE WATCHES CONNIE. FLORA RETURNS TO THE TABLE WITH
GEORGE'S WATER.

FLORA
YA' READY?

GEORGE
FOR WHAT?

FLORA
FOOD. YA' KNOW, ON THE MENU?

GEORGE
I HAVEN'T LOOKED AT IT YET.

FLORA
JUST FLAG ME DOWN WHEN YA' READY.

FLORA WALKS AWAY.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
PUT YOUR BLUETOOTH DEVICE IN YOUR
EAR. THE DEVICE SHOULD ALLOW YOU TO
TALK TO ME WITHOUT SUSPICION.

GEORGE DIGS IN HIS COAT POCKET AND TAKES OUT A BLUETOOTH
PIECE. HE PUTS INTO HIS EAR. THE DARK PURPLE CIRCLE GLOWS UNDER
HIS WATCH. HE ADJUSTS HIS WATCH TRYING TO COVER IT.

GEORGE
IT IS IN.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
ARE YOU ADAPTING TO GEORGE'S
SCHEDULE?

GEORGE
ADAPTING, YES. I'M SURE EVERYTHING
WILL STILL TAKE SOME TIME. HOWEVER, I
DO NOT HAVE ANY OF HIS MEMORIES.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
HIS MEMORIES SHOULD NOT BE OF YOUR
CONCERN. YOU ARE TO NOT ANSWER HIS
PHONE, ANSWER HIS HOUSE DOOR, OR
ENGAGE IN ANY OTHER PERSONAL
CONVERSATIONS.

GEORGE
I HAVE HAD NO PERSONAL CALLS SO FAR.
I CHOSE HIM BECAUSE HE SEEMS TO HAVE
THE QUIETEST HOUSE IN MY DESIGNATED
NEIGHBORHOOD.

CONNIE WAVES HER HAND TO FLORA WHO FILLS CONNIE'S CUP WITH A
COFFEE POT.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
QUIET?

GEORGE
NO CHILDREN, NO WIFE, AND THE LIGHTS
WENT OUT ON HIS FRONT PORCH EARLY.
AND AM I CORRECT WHEN I SAY THAT
YOU CAN CONTACT ME AT ANY TIME
THROUGH THE CONNECTIONS I
ESTABLISHED FROM MY BODY TO
GEORGE'S BRAIN?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
OF COURSE. THE THREE STRANDS YOU
PROPERLY CONNECTED TO HIS BRAIN ARE
CAPABLE OF SPEAKING TO AND HEARING
ME.

GEORGE
BUT CAN YOU HEAR EVERYTHING I'M
SAYING ALL OF THE TIME?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
NO. I'M SURE YOU FELT A VIBRATION
INSIDE YOUR HUMAN HEAD WHEN I TRIED
TO CONTACT YOU. IF YOU DIDN'T
RESPOND, THEN I CANNOT CONNECT.

CONNIE CLOSES HER COMPUTER AND WRITES IN A NOTEBOOK.

GEORGE
THEY HAVE THINGS THAT DO THAT DOWN
HERE CALLED PHONES. HUMANS ARE
OBSESSED WITH THEM FOR SOME REASON.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I KNOW YOU WILL BE A SUCCESS IN YOUR
LIFE'S MISSION. IF YOU FAIL, I FAIL.

GEORGE
SO THESE MISSIONS ARE NEW TO YOU AS
WELL.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WE HAVEN'T NEEDED NEW FEMALE
HUMANS SINCE BEFORE YOUR EXISTENCE.

CONNIE STABS HER NOTEBOOK WITH HER PEN IN FRUSTRATION. SHE
CLOSES THE NOTEBOOK.

GEORGE
I KNOW YOU KNOW THAT THEIR
BEHAVIORS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE
1600'S ERA. HUMANS ARE VERY
DIFFERENT IN THEIR 21ST CENTURY FROM
WHAT YOU'VE TAUGHT ME ABOUT THEM.
I KNOW EXTREMELY LITTLE ON WHAT
THEY THINK, HOW THEY BEHAVE, WHAT'S
IMPORTANT TO THEM...

GEORGE POINTS TO CONNIE WHO FINISHES HER COFFEE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
ANYWAY, ONE HAS, UH..."CAUGHT MY
EYE," AS THEY SAY. OVER EVERYONE
ELSE IN THE RESTAURANT I'M IN.

CONNIE STANDS AND EXITS THE RESTAURANT WITH HER LAPTOP.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
SHE'S LEAVING.

GEORGE PRESSES HIS WRIST AND THE FAINT GLOW STOPS. HE STANDS,
BUT FLORA STANDS IN HIS WAY.

FLORA
I'M SURE YOU'VE READ THE MENU UPSIDE
DOWN BY NOW.

GEORGE
YES, UH...

GEORGE SITS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I HAVE A QUESTION.

FLORA
EVERYTHING'S GOOD HERE. WHATCHYA'
IN THE MOOD FOR AND--

GEORGE
NO, NO. UH...WHERE DO I ACTUALLY
MEET, YOU KNOW...WOMEN?

FLORA
ARE YA' FOR REAL OR ARE YA' LOOKIN'
FOR SOME SORTA HOOKER?

GEORGE
NO, NO. NO HOOKERS. I WAS TOLD A LOT
ABOUT HOW TO MEET A WOMAN. TALK
TO ANYONE I FIND ATTRACTIVE, DEVELOP
AN INITIAL TRUST, UH...BUT I THINK IT'S
BETTER TO HEAR FROM SOMEONE LIKE
YOU.

FLORA
IT ISN'T COMPLICATED. I'D SAY ANY BAR
ON THIS STREET AFTER NINE.

GEORGE
BUT THEY'D BE DRUNK, RIGHT?

FLORA
YA' DON'T HAVE TO BE A DRUNK TO
DRINK DRINKS. ENJOY YA'SELF.

GEORGE
I'M BEING JUDGMENTAL. RIGHT?

FLORA
EXCUSE ME, BUT HOW OLD ARE YA'?

GEORGE
FORTY. WHY?

FLORA
WELL, YA' EITHER BEEN A MONK FOR
MOST OF YA' LIFE OR YA' SOME SORT OF
RETARD.

GEORGE
NO, I'M NOT RETARDED. I'M A
PSYCHOLOGIST.

FLORA
AH, SO SOME SHMOE WHO CAN TELL ME
ABOUT MY BRAIN, BUT CAN'T SAY SHIT
ABOUT HIS. HERE'S SOME ADVICE OFF
THE MENU. KNOW YA'SELF BEFORE
PUTTIN' DOWN THE REST OF US.

GEORGE
I THINK IT'S EASY TO PLACE YOU IN THE
LOWER HALF OF THE INTELLECTUAL GENE
POOL.

FLORA
AND I'M COOL WITH IT. JUST LESS
EXPECTATIONS OF ME IN THIS WORLD.

GEORGE
THAT'S PATHETIC.

FLORA
ONLY IF I MAKE IT. I'M MINE. NOW,
ORDER WHEN YA' CAN AND I'LL BRING IT
OUT WITH NO SPIT.

FLORA WINKS AT GEORGE AND WALKS AWAY.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

GEORGE ENTERS. MRS. GRECO SITS AT HER DESK. MRS. FABACHER, 50'S,
DRESSED IN A SWEATER AND A LONG SKIRT, SITS IN A LOBBY CHAIR.

MRS. GRECO
THERE HE IS, MRS. FABACHER.

GEORGE
OH, I'M SORRY.

GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I NEED TO GET USED TO THE UH...LET'S GO
BACK, MRS. FABACHER.

GEORGE WALKS TO HIS THERAPY OFFICE AND MRS. FABACHER STANDS.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

GEORGE SITS IN HIS CHAIR WITH NOTES ON HIS LAP. MRS. FABACHER
SITS ON THE COUCH ACROSS FROM HIM. THE COFFEE TABLE SEPARATES
THEM HOLDING A BOX OF KLEENEX TISSUES ON IT.

MRS. FABACHER
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS I'M
SUPPOSED TO DO WITHOUT HIM
WATCHING ME. I TOLD YOU HE USED TO
BE IN THE CIA TILL HE GOT ARRESTED FOR
SOME EVIL PONZI SCHEME IN HAWAII.

GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS NOTES. MILD-SCHIZOPHRENIA.

GEORGE
DO YOU FEEL LIKE HE'S OUT TO GET YOU?

MRS. FABACHER
YES, I MEAN...NO. I DON'T KNOW IF I'D
SAY, "HE'S OUT TO GET ME." BUT HOW
CAN ANYONE TRUST SUCH A THING?

GEORGE
THING? A PERSON IS A THING?

MRS. FABACHER
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HE HAS NO
VITALITY.

GEORGE
WHY DO YOU WORK FOR HIM THEN? IF
ALL YOU CAN DO IS COMPLAIN ABOUT
WORKING THERE THEN; WHAT'S YOUR
PURPOSE THERE?

MRS. FABACHER
BECAUSE...BECAUSE HE'S A FUCKING
CRIMINAL WITH SPY GEAR ALL OVER THE
OFFICE AND SOMEHOW I NEED TO BE
WATCHED?

GEORGE
THAT DOESN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.

GEORGE FLIPS HIS PAGES OF NOTES, BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO CATCH
ANYTHING THAT GRABS HIS ATTENTION. A MOMENT.

MRS. FABACHER
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

GEORGE STOPS FLIPPING THROUGH HIS NOTES. HE YAWNS AND RUBS
HIS EYES.

MRS. FABACHER (CONT'D)
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

GEORGE DROPS HIS NOTES ON THE GROUND BESIDE HIS CHAIR.

GEORGE
I...WOW.

GEORGE SITS UP.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I GUESS I'M TIRED, HUH?

MRS. FABACHER
WELL, I'M SORRY IF I'M INTERRUPTING
YOUR DAY WITH MY COMPLAINTS--

GEORGE
DO YOU DEAL WITH ANY GOOD PEOPLE IN
YOUR LIFE?

MRS. FABACHER
GOOD PEOPLE? WHAT'S A GOOD PERSON?

GEORGE
GOOD QUESTION. I SUPPOSE I MEANT
PEOPLE WHO MAKE YOU HAPPY?

MRS. FABACHER
ARE YOU ASKING ME OR TELLING ME?

GEORGE
WELL, FOR YOU TO STOP
COMPLAINING...ISN'T IT JUST A MATTER
OF...WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY?

GEORGE ROLLS HIS PEN WITH HIS INDEX FINGER AND THUMB. MRS.
FABACHER WEEPS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
WHAT NOW?

MRS. FABACHER
I'M...I'M AFRAID TO ANSWER.

MRS. FABACHER WEEPS AND GRABS A FEW TISSUES FROM THE KLEENEX
BOX ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

GEORGE
WHY ARE YOU AFRAID OF A SIMPLE
ANSWER?

MRS. FABACHER
'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE ONE.

GEORGE PICKS HIS NOTES UP FROM THE GROUND AND WRITES ON HIS SHEET: OLD GEORGE THINKS THAT UNHAPPINESS LEADS TO SCHIZOPHRENIA?

GEORGE
I THINK YOU SHOULD STOP TAKING YOUR PILLS.

MRS. FABACHER
WHAT? BUT I THOUGHT THEY HELPED?

GEORGE
DOES IT FEEL LIKE THEY DO? I'M AGAINST DRUGS.

MRS. FABACHER
SINCE WHEN?

GEORGE
SINCE NOW. I WAS READING LAST NIGHT...WELL, DRUGS ONLY SEEM TO MAKE YOUR PROBLEMS HIDDEN UNTIL A LATER TIME. LET'S GRADUALLY WEAN OFF OF THEM AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

MRS. FABACHER
LIKE I'M A FRIGGING EXPERIMENT? NO, THANK YOU.

GEORGE
AND WHAT'S THE PROBLEM IF YOU ARE? YOUR FOUR SEPARATE DRUGS AREN'T HELPING. END OF STORY. YOU PICK THE ROUTE. I'M JUST HERE TO GIVE YOU DIRECTIONS.

INT. GEORGE'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

DARK. LIGHT TURNS ON. GEORGE ENTERS.

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

GEORGE, STILL IN HIS SUIT AND TIE, DIGS THROUGH HIS REFRIGERATOR. THE INFANT PHANTOM CRIES, WHILE ENCLOSED IN A LARGE GLASS JAR.

GEORGE PULLS THE TRAY OF CHICKEN FETTUCCHINI OUT OF THE FRIDGE. HE PUTS IT ON HIS BUTCHER BLOCK AND STICKS HIS FINGER INSIDE OF IT. HE SMELLS HIS FINGER. HE SUCKS HIS FINGER.

GEORGE BENDS DOWN AND LOOKS AT HIS OVEN. HE PRESSES PRE-HEAT, 4, 5, AND 0. BEEP. THE OVEN TURNS ON. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. HE OPENS HIS OVEN AND LOOKS INSIDE OF IT. HE STICKS HIS HAND IN THERE TO FEEL FOR ANY HEAT.

HE GRABS THE COOKING TRAY OF FOOD AND PUTS IT INTO THE OVEN. HE CLOSES THE OVEN DOOR. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE GAZES AROUND THE ROOM AS IF HE'S LOST. HE UNDRESSES TO HIS BOXERS. HE KEEPS HIS WATCH ON. HE THROWS HIS SUIT ON THE COUCH. HE SITS ON THE COUCH AND PICKS UP THE TV REMOTE. HE ANALYZES IT AND PRESSES POWER. TV ON.

HE WATCHES THE HISTORY CHANNEL. PAINTINGS OF THE 1860'S U.S. NAVY WEARING UNIFORMS STANDING BY A RIVER WITH GUNS.

HISTORY CHANNEL NARRATOR (O.S.)

WHILE THE U.S. NAVY INCREASED ITS
MANPOWER AND SABOTAGE OF THE
WATER WAYS FOR THE CONFEDERATES,
THEY WERE STILL IN CONSTANT FEAR OF
THE BRITISH ROYAL NAVY POSSIBLY
ENTERING TO INTERVENE WITH
AMERICA'S CIVIL WAR.

GEORGE CHANGES THE CHANNEL. A MOVIE IS ON. CAR CHASES. HONKS, SCREECHES, GUN FIRE.

HE CHANGES THE CHANNEL. FOX NEWS. FIVE MALE PUNDITS SIT AT THE SAME DESK.

MALE PUNDIT 1

BUT DOESN'T EVERYONE SEE WHAT THE
DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS DOING TO THEIR
MEMBERS WITH THIS?

MALE PUNDIT 2

THEY'RE TAKING THEIR OWN PEOPLE'S
GUNS AWAY.

MALE PUNDIT 1
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THEY ARE
COMPLETELY DESTROYING THE SECOND
AMENDMENT SAYING, "WE NEED TO MOVE
WITH THE TIMES AND FORGET ABOUT
GUNS BECAUSE THEY--"

HE CHANGES THE CHANNEL. A REALITY SHOW.

REALITY SHOW MALE 1, REALITY SHOW MALE 2, AND REALITY SHOW
FEMALE STAND BY A POOL WEARING THEIR BATHING SUITS IN THE SUN.

REALITY SHOW MALE 1
AND SHE DIDN'T EVEN CALL YOU TO TELL
HER ABOUT ME? WHY DON'T YOU GO OFF,
SWEET CHEEKS, WHILE I TALK TO YOUR
APE BUDDY HERE?

REALITY SHOW MALE 2
SOUNDS LIKE SHE DONE (BLEEP)ED UP.

REALITY SHOW FEMALE
THIS AIN'T NO CRAZY GAME SHOW FOR
WHO IMPRESSES--

INT. CONNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CONNIE SITS ON HER SOFA WATCHING TV DRINKING A BOTTLE OF
VODKA AND SMOKING A CIGARETTE.

REALITY SHOW FEMALE
--THE GIRL THE MOST TRYING TO GET
SOME ASS AS THEIR (BLEEP)ING PRIZE!

REALITY SHOW MALE 1
I TOLD YOU I JUST WANNA TALK TO HIM.

REALITY SHOW MALE 2
BULL(BLEEP).

DOUG ENTERS THE ROOM SMOKING A CIGARETTE AND WEARING A T-
SHIRT AND PAJAMA PANTS.

DOUG
COME TO BED.

CONNIE
WE ALREADY WENT TO BED.

DOUG
TO SLEEP. IT'D BE DIFFERENT IF I WAS
INTERRUPTING YOU STUDYING.

CONNIE
WELL, I WAS WATCHING A SPECIAL ON
HOW PEOPLE LIVE IN JAIL. THEY GET THIS
SHIT THERAPY IF THEY HAVE PROBLEMS,
AND THAT'S IF THEY GET HELP AT ALL.

DOUG
THAT'S WHERE YOUR CLIENTAL WILL
LIVE?

CONNIE
PISS OFF. I DATED SOMEONE THAT LIVED
IN JAIL BEFORE HE MET ME. HE GOT OUT A
YEAR AGO AND HE STILL NEVER GOT A
CASE AGAINST THE PRISON GUARDS FOR
SETTING HIM UP TO GET GANG RAPED.

DOUG
THAT'S STUFF YOU SEE ON TV.

CONNIE
NOT EVERYONE IN JAIL LIES. HE HAS THE
HOSPITAL RECORDS SHOWING THAT HE
WAS STABBED OVER THIRTY HOURS
BEFORE HE GOT TREATMENT.

DOUG
MAYBE HE CAN MAKE THE TV SPECIAL
ONE DAY TOO. COME TO BED.

CONNIE SWIGS HER BOTTLE OF VODKA AND PUFFS HER CIGARETTE.

CONNIE
LISTEN, YOU NAGGING SHIT, I'M TRYING
TO STICK WITH SOMETHING AND ALL YOU
DO IS MOPE AROUND ABOUT MY
PROBLEMS JUST TO HEAR YOURSELF
TALK.

DOUG
DID YOU LEARN THAT FROM THE DOCTOR
YOU NEVER SAW?

CONNIE
YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED FROM ME.

DOUG
IT'S NOT OUT OF LINE TO ASK YOU TO
COME WRESTLE AROUND A LITTLE.

CONNIE TURNS THE TV OFF AND SWIGS HER BOTTLE OF VODKA. SHE
PUTS OUT HER CIGARETTE IN THE ASHTRAY.

CONNIE
IF I COME, I COME. LET ME JUST RELAX
AND THINK.

DOUG EXITS THE LIVING ROOM. CONNIE TURNS ON THE TV.

REALITY SHOW FEMALE (O.S.)
GUYS, STOP FIGHTING!! CUT THE(BLEEP)!!

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

REALITY SHOW MALE 1 (O.S.)
YOU SON OF A BITCH!!

GEORGE SCOWLS AT THE SCREEN.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

MRS. GRECO ENTERS THE LOBBY CARRYING HER PURSE. SHE CLOSSES
THE DOOR AND TURNS AROUND. GEORGE SITS IN A LOBBY CHAIR.

MRS. GRECO
OH, JESUS!

GEORGE
I'M SORRY. I'M COMING IN EARLY FROM
NOW ON.

MRS. GRECO WALKS TO HER DESK.

MRS. GRECO
I...FIRST TIME IN A DOZEN YEARS I'VE HAD
SOMEONE IN HERE BEFORE ME.

MRS. GRECO SITS AT HER DESK AND PUTS HER PURSE ON THE GROUND.

GEORGE
I SLEPT WELL LAST NIGHT. FEELS VERY
GOOD WHEN YOU'RE TIRED.

MRS. GRECO FLIPS THROUGH THE SCHEDULE BOOK.

MRS. GRECO
YOU DON'T HAVE MS. SANCHEZ UNTIL
2:30. THEN AT 3:30--

GEORGE
EXCUSE ME. AND DON'T TAKE THIS AS ME
PLAYING STUPID. THINK OF THIS AS
SOMETHING I'M TRYING OUT. YOU KNOW,
TO EDUCATE MYSELF.

MRS. GRECO
WHAT?

GEORGE
ARE YOU MARRIED?

MRS. GRECO
DR. GAUT...GEORGE, YOU KNOW I'VE--

GEORGE
FORGET WHAT I KNOW. FORGET ALL OF
THE CONVERSATIONS WE'VE EVER HAD.
THIS IS SOMETHING I'M TRYING OUT FOR
MY OWN REASONS. IS THAT OKAY?

MRS. GRECO STARES INTO THE SCHEDULE BOOK FOR A MOMENT.

MRS. GRECO
MARRIED FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS.

MRS. GRECO CLOSES THE SCHEDULE BOOK.

GEORGE
WHAT'S HIS NAME?

MRS. GRECO
PETER.

GEORGE
WHERE DID YOU TWO MEET?

MRS. GRECO
OH, WOW. ALMOST FORTY YEARS AGO AT
A COLLEGE DANCE. I WAS WITH ONE OF
HIS FRIENDS AND PETER HAD HIS OWN
DATE. BUT HE ASKED ME TO DANCE
BEFORE HER.

GEORGE
AND THAT DIDN'T CAUSE YELLING AND
CURSING?

MRS. GRECO
OH, NO. I WAS JUST HIS FRIEND'S DATE.
NOT GOING STEADY WITH HIM OR
ANYTHING. MY DATE, SAM MCMAHON,
SAW HOW PETER FIXATED ON ME AS SOON
AS WE SHOOK HANDS. PETER DID THE
RESPECTFUL THING AND ASKED SAM IF
HE COULD HAVE A DANCE WITH ME. SAM
SAID, "BY THE WAY YOU WERE LOOKING
AT HER, I'D WONDER WHY YOU
WOULDN'T ASK ME."

MRS. GRECO GIGGLES A BIT, BUT STOPS IMMEDIATELY.

GEORGE
IS THAT WHAT THEY CALL, "LOVE AT
FIRST SIGHT"?

MRS. GRECO
I THINK THAT'S WHAT IT WAS. I COULD
JUST FEEL HIS PASSION AND DESIRE FOR
ME AS SOON AS HE HELD ME NEXT TO HIM
ON THE DANCE FLOOR. HE DIDN'T HAVE
TO SAY A WORD.

(MORE)

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE INVISIBLE
POWERS YOU FEEL THAT YOU DON'T WITH
ANYONE ELSE.

GEORGE
ALL OF THAT IN ONE FEELING.

MRS. GRECO
FRANKLY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A
SKEPTIC OF TRUE FEELINGS. I DON'T
MEAN TO BRING UP THE PAST, BUT YOU
USUALLY CAST OFF FEELINGS AS
NEUROLOGICAL STIMULATIONS THAT
CAN BE CONTROLLED.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. CONNIE STEPS INTO THE OFFICE. GEORGE
STANDS.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
MAY I HELP YOU?

CONNIE
YEAH, I'M WONDERING IF I COULD MEET
WITH A THERAPIST?

CONNIE CLOSSES THE DOOR.

MRS. GRECO
WELL, THE THERAPIST IS DR. GAUTREAUX.
I'M SORRY, BUT WE WOULD HAVE TO
SCHEDULE AN APPOINTMENT FOR
ANOTHER DAY IF YOU WISH TO SEE HIM.

GEORGE
BUT I'M RIGHT HERE.

MRS. GRECO
UM...

GEORGE
HELLO.

CONNIE
HI.

MRS. GRECO
I'M JUST...YOU USUALLY DON'T TAKE
UNSCHEDULED PATIENTS.

GEORGE
WE CAN CHANGE THAT.

MRS. GRECO ROLLS HER EYES, BUT NOT WHERE HE CAN SEE HER.

MRS. GRECO
WHY NOT?

GEORGE APPROACHES CONNIE.

GEORGE
I'M DR. GAUTREAU. BUT GEORGE IS
OKAY.

CONNIE
CONNIE.

CONNIE EXTENDS HER HAND TO GEORGE. GEORGE SHAKES IT.

MRS. GRECO
WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME, CONNIE?

MRS. GRECO WRITES ON A NEW PATIENT FORM.

CONNIE
SONGY.

MRS. GRECO
OKAY, MS. SONGY. OR MRS. SONGY?

CONNIE
WHATEVER.

MRS. GRECO
PLEASE FILL THIS OUT AND THE DOCTOR
WILL SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE WHEN
YOU'RE FINISHED.

MRS. GRECO SLIDES THE FORM AND A PEN ACROSS HER DESK.

GEORGE
LET'S JUST GO BACK.

GEORGE TURNS AROUND AND PICKS UP THE FORM AND THE PEN.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(TO MRS. GRECO)
I'LL LET HER FILL IT IN MY OFFICE.

GEORGE WALKS TOWARDS THE BACK. CONNIE FOLLOWS. MRS. GRECO WATCHES THEM LEAVE THE ROOM.

MRS. GRECO
(TO HERSELF)
NEUROLOGICAL STIMULATIONS.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

GEORGE OPENS THE DOOR AND THEY ENTER.

GEORGE
HAVE A SEAT ON THE COUCH, PLEASE.

CONNIE INSTEAD PERUSES THE WALLS LOOKING AT THE BOOKS ON THE SHELVES, THE PAINTINGS, AND PICTURES ON THE WALL.

CONNIE
I'D LIKE TO HAVE AN OFFICE LIKE THIS
SOON. DO YOU DEAL WITH A LOT OF
CRAZIES?

CONNIE LAUGHS A BIT.

GEORGE
WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO?

CONNIE
I'M A BAR BACK. YOU KNOW, I'M THE
BAR'S ICE COOLER, NAPKIN STACK BITCH.

GEORGE
HAVE A SEAT, PLEASE.

CONNIE SITS ON THE COUCH. GEORGE SITS IN HIS CHAIR. HE PUTS THE FORM AND THE PEN ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
ARE YOU ONLY INTERESTED IN WORKING
IN A BAR?

CONNIE
OF COURSE, NOT. I'M LOOKING TO GET
INTO WHAT YOU DO, HONESTLY. BUT A
SOCIAL WORKER. I DON'T WANT TO DO
SIXTEEN YEARS OF SCHOOL OR
WHATEVER YOU DID.

GEORGE
DID YOU COME TO RESEARCH ME?

CONNIE
NO

GEORGE
THEN WHAT IS ONE OF YOUR PROBLEMS?

CONNIE
JUST...I DON'T KNOW. MY
BOY...WHATEVER HE IS.

GEORGE
BOYFRIEND?

CONNIE
NO, HE'S NOT THAT. ANYWAY, HE JUST
THOUGHT...WHATEVER. IT'S A BUNCH OF
CRAPOLA.

GEORGE
CRAPOLA?

GEORGE LIES BACK IN HIS CHAIR GETTING COMFORTABLE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
SO HOW FAR ARE YOU IN SCHOOL?

CONNIE
I HAVEN'T STARTED YET. IT'S JUST A
MATTER OF TIME. I HAVE TO BUILD UP MY
RESEARCH, YOU KNOW.

GEORGE
I DON'T.

CONNIE
I READ A LOT ABOUT PSYCHOLOGY AND
STUFF.

CONNIE STANDS. SHE WALKS AROUND THE OFFICE PERUSING THE
PICTURES ON THE WALL.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE?

CONNIE POINTS TO A PICTURE OF GEORGE IN A TUXEDO STANDING IN A
CHURCH BY OTHER MEN IN TUXEDOS.

GEORGE
THAT'S PROBABLY A WEDDING, DON'T
YOU THINK?

CONNIE
WHOSE?

GEORGE
I'M NOT THE CLIENT TODAY.

CONNIE
I HAVE DONE SOME SCHOOLING. BUT IT
WAS ONE SEMESTER A DECADE AGO. I'M
NOT SOME RICH FUC...I CAN'T AFFORD MY
LOVE RIGHT NOW.

GEORGE
LOVE?

CONNIE
YES, I LOVE PSYCHOLOGY. WHY PEOPLE
DO SHIT, YOU KNOW? CALL IT MY
PASSION IF YOU WANT. CHRIST.

GEORGE
I WASN'T TRYING TO UPSET YOU. BUT
PERHAPS YOU CAME IN TO TALK TO ME
ABOUT--

CONNIE
YOU ASKED WHAT I LOVED AND I
ANSWERED.

CONNIE LIES ON HER STOMACH ON THE COUCH.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I THOUGHT THIS WAS A CONNIE
BIOGRAPHY FOR A SECOND.

GEORGE
YOU'RE ON THE DEFENSIVE ALREADY.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT TOPIC
MAKES THAT HAPPEN AND THEN WE CAN
MOVE FORWARD.

CONNIE
I'M NOT BEING DEFENSIVE.

GEORGE
IS IT JUST A CAREER YOU LOVE? OR DO
YOU HAVE PEOPLE YOU LOVE?

CONNIE
DO I LOVE ANYONE? AH...WHAT? I'M...DO
I LOVE ANYONE? THAT'S WHAT YOU ASK?

GEORGE
AND THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE AN ANSWER
TO.

CONNIE
I CAN'T NAME SOMEBODY, DOCTOR.
THERE'S MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO
PROBABLY CAN'T NAME A NAME. SO
WHAT?

GEORGE
I CAN'T NAME A NAME. I'VE NEVER
LOVED ANYONE.

CONNIE
WOW. OKAY. THEN WHAT IS SO WEIRD
ABOUT ME NOT LOVING ANYONE?

GEORGE
I THINK IT'S WEIRD THAT YOU THINK IT'S
WEIRD.

CONNIE
OH, MY CHRIST.

CONNIE SITS UP.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

GEORGE
TELL ME, DAMN IT!

GEORGE STANDS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
YOU'RE EITHER REPEATING MY
QUESTIONS OR ASKING SILLY ONES OF
YOUR OWN! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR
YOU IF YOU CAN'T HAVE A SIMPLE
CONVERSATION WITH ME! FOR CHRIST'S
SAKE!

GEORGE STEPS BACK. CONNIE IS FROZEN, COMPLETELY CAUGHT OFF-
GUARD.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
SO THAT'S ANGER.

GEORGE SITS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
SO I'M ANGRY. WHAT ARE YOU?

A MOMENT.

CONNIE
I'M...DESPERATE. I CAN'T AFFORD A NICE
DINNER, MUCH LESS SCHOOL. I CAN'T, I
WORK FOR SOME BULLSHIT BAR. AND I
DON'T LOVE ANYONE.

GEORGE
WHAT ABOUT SOMEONE LOVING YOU?

CONNIE SHAKES HER HEAD, STILL IN SHOCK THAT HER GUARD IS
BROKEN DOWN.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

WELL, I FEEL YOU. I FEEL YOU. I DON'T HAVE ANY OF THAT EITHER. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE THAT INVISIBLE VIBE THAT YOU FEEL WITH THEM THAT YOU DON'T FROM ANYONE ELSE. I'VE READ LOVE IN LITERATURE. I'VE HEARD PEOPLE TALK ABOUT LOVE, THEY SHOW IT IN KISSES AND HUGS, BUT IT'S ALL BEEN AN IDEA TO ME. AT LEAST YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT YOU LOVE. YOUR PASSION. YOUR WORK.

CONNIE NODS. GEORGE LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

CONNIE

I'M...I'M GONNA GO. I'LL LEAVE THE ADDRESS UP FRONT FOR THE BILL OR WHATEVER.

GEORGE

THERE'LL BE NO CHARGE IF YOU COME BACK TOMORROW MORNING THE SAME TIME. IS THAT IN AGREEMENT WITH YOU?

CONNIE

FREE? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?

GEORGE

MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME TOMORROW WHY YOU DON'T TRUST PEOPLE.

CONNIE STANDS AND EXITS THE OFFICE. GEORGE WATCHES HER LEAVE. HE LETS OUT A DEEP SIGH.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

GEORGE SITS IN A SLUMPED POSITION IN A LOBBY CHAIR. MRS. GRECO SITS AT HER DESK TYPING ON HER COMPUTER.

GEORGE

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR FUN?

MRS. GRECO
PRETTY MUCH WHAT EVERYONE ELSE
DOES. MOVIES, READING, PARTIES...

GEORGE
I'M GUESSING YOU HAVE KIDS.

MRS. GRECO STOPS TYPING.

MRS. GRECO
ARE WE PLAYING YOUR GAME AGAIN?

GEORGE
DON'T WORRY. IT'LL BE FOR A SHORT
PERIOD OF TIME.

MRS. GRECO TYPES.

MRS. GRECO
ONE GIRL.

GEORGE
HOW IS SHE DOING? SHE'S NOT TURNING
INTO A CUCKOO BIRD OR A RATTLE
SNAKE, IS SHE?

MRS. GRECO LAUGHS A BIT AND STOPS TYPING.

MRS. GRECO
NO, I'M SURE YOU WOULD'VE HEARD
ABOUT HER RUNNING AMOK.

GEORGE
HAVE YOU ALWAYS FELT COMFORTABLE
SHARING THINGS WITH ME?

MRS. GRECO TYPES A BIT, BUT TRAILS OFF.

MRS. GRECO
I NEVER HAVE. I DON'T THINK.

GEORGE
THEN WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

MRS. GRECO
OKAY, THERE WE GO. IF ANYTHING'S
BOTHERING YOU, THEN I'M AN OPEN EAR
AND A CLOSED MOUTH.

GEORGE
RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME.

GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TWENTY
MINUTES AGO.

MRS. GRECO
MS. SONGY?

GEORGE STANDS.

GEORGE
WHY DO PEOPLE DESERVE SUCH
ENTITLEMENT? MISTER, MISSES. ARE
THEY SOMEHOW ON A HIGHER LEVEL OF
SOCIETY THAN YOU?

MRS. GRECO
I'M SORRY. THAT'S THE WAY I'VE
ALWAYS BEEN. IT'S A SIGN OF RESPECT.

GEORGE
I'VE HEARD PEOPLE USE IT BEFORE FOR A
LONG TIME, AND THEY'VE ALWAYS GIVEN
ME THAT SAME ANSWER. BUT IT SOUNDS
LIKE A SIGN OF SUPERIORITY. NO MISTER,
MISSES, DOCTOR, ANYTHING. WHAT'S
YOUR FIRST NAME?

MRS. GRECO
SAME AS IT'S BEEN. I'VE BEEN SHIRLEY
MARIE FOR SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AND
THAT'S THE WAY I'LL CONTINUE TO LIVE.

GEORGE
THEN, SHIRLEY. CAN WE STOP THE
ENTITLEMENT CRAPOLA?

MRS. GRECO
I'M SORRY.

MRS. GRECO TYPES.

GEORGE
STOP TYPING. AND STOP BEING SORRY.
WHY IS HAVING AN UNDIVIDED
CONVERSATION WITH SOMEONE SO
COMPLICATED?

MRS. GRECO STICKS HER HANDS UNDER HER THIGHS. GEORGE SCOWLS
AT HER.

GEORGE EXITS. MRS. GRECO LOOKS AT HER COMPUTER SCREEN FOR A
MOMENT. SHE FOLDS HER ARMS AND LEANS BACK IN HER CHAIR. SHE
SMILES.

EXT. MAGAZINE CAFE - DAY

GEORGE STANDS OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE
WINDOWS. HE SEES A 5 YEAR-OLD BOY AND A 4 YEAR-OLD GIRL SITTING
WITH THEIR PARENTS.

THE CHILDREN SIT ACROSS FROM ONE ANOTHER. THE ADULTS TALK.
BUT BOY AND GIRL MAKE DIFFERENT, GOOFY FACES AT ONE ANOTHER.
EACH TIME ONE OF THEM MAKES A FACE AT THE OTHER, THEY BOTH
LAUGH.

AFTER THE THIRD TIME THEY LAUGH AT EACH OTHER, GEORGE CRACKS
A SMILE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
CAN WE SPEAK WITH EACH OTHER?

HE LOSES HIS SMILE. GEORGE REMOVES A BLUETOOTH EARPIECE FROM
HIS FRONT JACKET POCKET. HE PUTS IT IN HIS EAR AND PACES.

GEORGE
WHAT?

HE BACKS AWAY FROM THE RESTAURANT AND STANDS ON THE
SIDEWALK.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
HAVE YOU FOUND ANYONE YET?

GEORGE
I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU IF I DID.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
HAVE YOU PRACTICED YOUR OFFER OF
NEAR ETERNAL LIVING FOR THE CHOSEN
FEMALE?

GEORGE
I KNOW WHAT I'LL TELL HER. FIRST, I
NEED TO SEE WHAT TYPE OF PERSON SHE
IS. THEN I WILL LEARN HOW TO
APPROACH HER ON THE HUMAN ELIXIR.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
GOOD. WE ARE NEAR COMPLETION OF
OUR TEN THOUSAND MILE WIDE OXYGEN
ZONE FOR YOUR AND HER SPECIES. WE
ANTICIPATE A PROMINENT SPECIES FROM
YOU AS WE ARE SURE THAT IS WHAT YOU
WILL BRING US.

GEORGE
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...I SUPPOSE.

PEOPLE PASS GEORGE. SOMEONE SMOKES A CIGARETTE. SMOKE IS
BLOWN INTO GEORGE'S FACE. GEORGE WAVES THE SMOKE AWAY FROM
HIS FACE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
NOT EVERYONE SMOKES!

SMOKER TURNS AROUND BUT KEEPS WALKING.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
ARE YOU STUDYING YOUR HUMANS?

GEORGE
FROM MY EDUCATED KNOWLEDGE,
THEY'VE CHANGE.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
JUST BECAUSE PEOPLE DON'T CHANGE IN
OUR WORLD, DOESN'T MEAN THEY CAN'T
DO IT WHEN WE LEAVE THEM ALONE. AND
WHAT IF THEY DON'T WANT TO LIVE
AGELESS WITH US?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WE'VE NEVER HAD A PROBLEM WITH
HUMAN CONTENT WHEN THEY LIVED
WITHOUT OUR NEW ELIXIR. PHASE TWO
OF OUR COHABITATION WITH THEM IS
EVEN MORE PROMISING. I'M TELLING
YOU THIS SINCE YOU SEEM TO BE
THINKING LIKE THEM. HUMANS THINK
WITH DOUBT.

GEORGE
(WHISPERING TO HIMSELF)
I'VE STARTED THINKING LIKE ONE.

GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS REFLECTION IN A NEIGHBORING COFFEE SHOP
WINDOW.

GEORGE WALKS TOWARDS THE WINDOW LOOKING AT HIS REFLECTION
CLOSER. WOMAN, 20'S, INSIDE OF THE COFFEE SHOP FLIPS GEORGE OFF.
GEORGE EXTENDS HIS MIDDLE FINGER TO HER IN AN IMITABLE MANNER.

WOMAN 3
FUCK OFF, CREEP.

GEORGE
WHAT DID I DO TO YOU?

GEORGE TURNS HIS HEAD AWAY FROM THE COFFEE SHOP.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WHO ARE YOU SPEAKING TO?

GEORGE SEES CONNIE WALKING TOWARDS THE RESTAURANT WITH A
BACKPACK OVER HER SHOULDERS.

GEORGE
OKAY, LEAVE ME ALONE. I THINK I
FOUND ONE.

GEORGE TAKES OFF HIS BLUETOOTH EARPIECE AND PRESSES HIS WRIST. HE PUTS IT INTO HIS FRONT JACKET POCKET. HE APPROACHES CONNIE AS SHE IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE RESTAURANT.

HE APPROACHES CONNIE AS SHE IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE RESTAURANT.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
MY OFFICE IS STILL IN THE SAME
LOCATION.

CONNIE
OH, MY GOD. DID YOU TRACK ME DOWN?

GEORGE
WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TALK WITH ME AS
WE AGREED?

CONNIE
I DON'T KNOW, GEORGE. I...I'M NOT SURE
ABOUT THIS.

GEORGE
IF YOU CONTINUE TO BE DEFENSIVE, THEN
THERE WILL BE NO TIME FOR YOU TO
BECOME OFFENSIVE.

CONNIE LAUGHS.

CONNIE
SO I SHOULD BE MORE OFFENSIVE?

GEORGE
AH, I'M SORRY. OFFENSE. AS IN, TAKING
ACTION. NOT ONE WITH A RUDE
DECORUM.

GEORGE LAUGHS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
WOW. YOU MADE ME LAUGH. THANKS.
HOW ABOUT WE TALK HERE AND SEE HOW
MUCH MORE YOU CAN MAKE ME LAUGH.

CONNIE
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO TALK ABOUT
MY PROBLEMS.

GEORGE
THEN IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE YOU LAUGH.
PROBLEMS ARE USUALLY CAUSED BY
YOUR OWN FLAWS. AND YOU SHOULDN'T
TAKE YOUR IMPERFECT SELF SO
SERIOUSLY.

CONNIE SMILES.

INT. MAGAZINE CAFE - DAY

GEORGE AND CONNIE SIT AT A TABLE WITH TWO WATERS AND TWO
COFFEES. GEORGE SIPS HIS COFFEE.

GEORGE
IT ACTUALLY HAS QUITE A TASTE,
DOESN'T IT?

CONNIE
NEW ORLEANS COFFEE. WHERE ARE YOU
FROM?

GEORGE
WELL, HERE, BUT I USUALLY DON'T DRINK
COFFEE.

GEORGE SIPS HIS COFFEE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
SO WHAT ARE YOU SO SCARED OF?

CONNIE
OH, UH...OKAY. WITH TALKING TO YOU
OR...

GEORGE
NO, WITH YOUR LIFE. I FOUND OUT YOU
CAN GET MONEY FROM THE
GOVERNMENT TO HELP YOU GO TO
SCHOOL. WHY CAN'T YOU DO THAT?

CONNIE
YOU JUST FOUND THAT OUT?

CONNIE LAUGHS A BIT.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I CAN'T AFFORD DEBT RIGHT NOW. I'M AT
LEAST SMARTER THAN THOSE OTHER
IDIOTS WHO GO YEARS INTO SCHOOL
WITHOUT PAYING A DIME. THEY'LL
NEVER BUY A HOUSE.

GEORGE

NOT SURE ABOUT THAT. BUT YOU'RE
SCARED TO TALK TO ME BECAUSE YOU'RE
SCARED TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING IN
YOUR LIFE. NOTHING'S COMPLICATED,
CONNIE. I HAVE A FEELING YOU MAKE
THINGS HARDER ON YOURSELF.

CONNIE

YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ME.
SUPPOSE MY ENTIRE FAMILY DIED IN A
PLANE CRASH A MONTH AGO AND I'M
HAVING A HARD TIME LIVING PAST THAT.

GEORGE

IS THAT TRUE?

CONNIE

NO, BUT--

CONNIE DRINKS HER COFFEE.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

WHERE'S THE WAITRESS?

GEORGE

ARE YOU TRYING TO PLAY GAMES NOW?

FLORA WALKS TO THE TABLE AND GIVES THEM THEIR TWO MEALS.

FLORA

HOT AND FRESH. FLAG ME DOWN IF IT
GETS COLD AND OLD.

FLORA WALKS AWAY, BUT--

CONNIE
EXCUSE ME.

FLORA TURNS AROUND.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
CAN I HAVE SOME MORE COFFEE?

FLORA
HOT AND FRESH FLORA COMIN' BACK
WITH SOME HOT AND FRESH COFFEE.

FLORA WALKS AWAY.

GEORGE
YOU KNOW WHAT? LET'S PUT
EVERYTHING TO THE SIDE FOR NOW. I'D
LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT FOR DINNER.

CONNIE
OH, GIVE ME A BREAK. IS THAT WHY
YOU'RE HOUNDING ME? YOU FUCK ALL
YOUR PATIENTS TO GIVE THEM A LITTLE
MORE CRAZINESS?

GEORGE
YOU SHOULDN'T INSULT SOMEONE WHEN
THEY'RE STARTING TO LIKE YOU. AND
NO. I NEVER DO ANYTHING FOR FUN.
YOU SHOULD SEE THE WAY MY HOUSE IS
SET UP WITH METICULOUS WRITINGS ON A
CALENDAR THAT REPEATS ITSELF EVERY
WEEK. THE LACK OF PHONE CALLS I GET
FROM OTHER PEOPLE. AND HOW MUCH
FUN I HAVE BY GETTING TO KNOW MORE
ABOUT MY SECRETARY'S LIFE.

CONNIE GRABS HER COFFEE CUP BUT DOESN'T DRINK.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'D SAY I DESERVE A NICE DINNER MORE
THAN YOU.

FLORA GETS TO THE TABLE WITH A COFFEE POT. SHE REFILLS CONNIE'S
COFFEE.

FLORA
AND IT'S SMOKIN'.

FLORA LEAVES THE TABLE.

GEORGE
WE CAN GO ANYWHERE, BUT HERE. I
DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYMORE OF THAT
WAITRESS'S BORING HUMOR.

CONNIE LAUGHS, BUT STOPS HERSELF IMMEDIATELY.

CONNIE
GALATOIRE'S. FRIDAY NIGHT. SEVEN PM.

GEORGE
GOOD WITH ME. SHOULD I PICK YOU UP
IN MY CAR?

CONNIE
NO, NO, NO. I'LL MEET YOU THERE.

GEORGE
OKAY, BUT THIS ISN'T THE SAME LET
DOWN AS WITH MY OFFICE THIS
MORNING, HUH?

CONNIE
NO, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO
GALATOIRE'S.

CONNIE SIPs HER SMOKIN'-HOT COFFEE.

INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM - EVENING

GEORGE STANDS NAKED IN THE MIRROR WITH THE SHOWER RUNNING
BEHIND HIM.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WHAT KIND OF PERSON IS SHE?

GEORGE
WHAT'S HER KIND? SHE'S...YOUNG,
PRETTY...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WHAT DOES SHE DO FOR WORK?

GEORGE
SHE'S A BAR BACK AT THE OLD ABSINTHE
HOUSE BAR. SHE HELPS SET UP-

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WHERE THEY SERVE ALCOHOL?

GEORGE
YES, THAT'S WHAT A BARROOM DOES.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A GOOD
PROFESSION.

GEORGE
YEAH, WELL, PEOPLE HAVE TRANSITIONAL
PHASES. SHE IRONICALLY WANTS TO DO
WHAT GEORGE DOES FOR A LIVING. BUT
AT GOVERNMENT LEVEL.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
HOW CLOSE IS SHE TO ACCOMPLISHING
HER GOAL?

GEORGE
WELL, SHE DOESN'T HAVE PARENTS AND
SHE DOES NOT MAKE A LOT OF MONEY,
SO--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
SHE'S FAR FROM IT. I AM HERE TO GUIDE
YOU IN ACCOMPLISHING YOUR MISSION.
JUST AS EACH GUIDE IS TO THEIR
CREATIONS. WE HAVE ONE-THOUSAND
REPRODUCTIVE CREATIONS AROUND THE
UNITED STATES. THEREFORE, I SUPPORT
YOU, AS OTHER GUIDES HAVE TO THEIR
CREATIONS, PICK A BETTER SPECIMEN.

GEORGE
IS IS REALLY THAT EASY?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

WE NEVER SAID IT IS EASY. IT WOULD BE EASY TO TAKE ANYONE. SOME OTHER CREATIONS HAVE AN EASIER MISSION OF ONLY NEEDING TO GRAB MORE ANIMALS IN ADDITION TO OUR ANIMAL POPULATION SO WE CAN SERVE YOUR MATE THEIR SURVIVAL. YET, YOUR MISSION SHOULD NOT BE DIFFICULT EITHER.

GEORGE

LOVE ISN'T EASY FOR THEM. YOU SHOULD READ ABOUT THE GREEDY, LAZY, AND VIOLENT PEOPLE. A GOOD WOMAN WILL NOT TRUST ANY MAN.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

YOU ARE ONLY THERE TO APPEAR AS A HUMAN. NOT BECOME ONE. YOU SEEM TO BE IDENTIFYING WITH--

GEORGE STEPS INTO THE SHOWER.

GEORGE

I DO NOT SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO GET A VALUABLE FEMALE'S TRUST IN SUCH A SHORT TIME. WE WILL TALK LATER. I HAVE TO SHOWER MYSELF.

GEORGE SLIDES THE SHOWER CURTAIN CLOSED.

INT. THE ABSINTHE HOUSE BAR - EVENING

CONNIE SITS AT THE BAR WEARING A CHEAP COCKTAIL DRESS. SHE DRINKS A DOUBLE GIN AND TONIC IN A TALL GLASS. DOUG STANDS BEHIND THE BAR.

CONNIE

YOU STILL LIKE WORKING HERE?

DOUG LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND COUGHS.

DOUG
IF I'M HERE, THAT MEANS I DO. I DON'T
LET MYSELF DO SHIT I DON'T LIKE.

DOUG PUTS OUT THE CIGARETTE IN AN ASHTRAY ON THE BAR. CONNIE
GUZZLES HER DRINK.

CONNIE
HELL, I JUST NEED TO GET MORE STORIES
FROM YOU. TELL ME YOU GOT SOME
HEAVY-WEIGHT FILTH ON SOMEONE.

DOUG STICKS A CIGARETTE OUT OF HIS PACK AND CONNIE TAKES IT.
DOUG LIGHTS IT FOR HER.

DOUG
HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO RELY ON
ME FOR YOUR WORK?

CONNIE
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

DOUG
YOU NOT DOING THINGS YOURSELF.

CONNIE
DO YOU NEED ME TO CHANGE YOUR ICE
RIGHT NOW, SIR?

DOUG
NO, I NEED YOU TO CHANGE MY ATTITUDE
ON YOU.

CONNIE
WHAT TIME IS IT?

DOUG TURNS AROUND AND LOOKS AT THE DIGITAL CLOCK NEAR THE
CASH REGISTER. 6:12.

DOUG
TEN AFTER SIX.

CONNIE FINISHES HER DRINK AND SLIDES HER EMPTY GLASS ON THE
BAR TOWARDS DOUG. HE GRABS THE GLASS AND MAKES A DRINK.

DOUG (CONT'D)
BUT SERIOUSLY, I STAND BEHIND HERE
YAPPING WITH YOU BECAUSE I DON'T
WANT TO GO TO ANYWHERE ELSE. IT
TOOK ME SEVEN BARS TO WORK AT FOR
ME TO LAND, BUT I'M HAPPY NOW.

DOUG PUTS HER DRINK ON THE BAR. SHE SIPS IT.

DOUG (CONT'D)
AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE LEAST BIT
MEETING SOME THERAPIST FOR DINNER. I
SUGGESTED PROFESSIONAL HELP. NOT
PERSONAL HELP IN DECIDING BETWEEN
EXPENSIVE DINNERS AND FINE SCOTCHES.

CONNIE
I'M JUST GETTING A FREE DINNER AND
SEE WHAT HE WANTS. HE'S LIKE TEN
YEARS OLDER THAN ME. YOU CAN'T BE
JEALOUS.

DOUG
I'LL BELIEVE YOU WHEN YOU STOP
HAVING DATES WITH HIM.

CONNIE
THIS IS NOT A DATE! WHAT'S GOTTEN
INTO YOU? I'M NOT JUMPING SHIP. YOU
KNOW A BARTENDER IS MY BEST
THERAPIST.

CONNIE LAUGHS.

DOUG
AND FOR HOW LONG?

CONNIE
HOLD ON, PREACHER.

CONNIE STANDS WITH HER PURSE AND WALKS AWAY.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER

CONNIE REMOVES A SMALL BAG OF COCAINE FROM HER PURSE. SHE STICKS A KEY INSIDE AND PICKS UP SOME COKE. SHE SNORTS IT. SHE DOES IT AGAIN. SHE LAUGHS.

INT. GALATOIRE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE SITS AT A TABLE BY HIMSELF WEARING A SUIT. THE PLACE IS PACKED WITH PATRONS. TALKING AND LAUGHING CROWDS THE ROOM MORE. GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. WAITER, 50'S, APPROACHES THE TABLE AND PLACES TWO MENUS DOWN.

WAITER
WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK WHILE YOU
WAIT, SIR?

GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AGAIN.

GEORGE
YEAH. YOU KNOW WHAT? I'LL TAKE A
SAZERAC?

WAITER
WHAT TYPE OF WHISKEY, SIR?

GEORGE
UH...WHAT'S THE BEST YOU HAVE?

WAITER
GLENLIVET NADURA IS A GOOD SCOTCH
WHISKEY.

GEORGE
GLENLIVET NADURA. PERFECT.

CONNIE ENTERS THE DINING ROOM. GEORGE STANDS AND WAVES.
CONNIE WALKS BRISKLY TOWARDS HIM.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
HELLO.

CONNIE HUGS GEORGE AND LETS GO QUICKLY.

CONNIE
I'M SORRY I'M LATE. I'M NOT TOO LATE
AM I?

GEORGE
I'LL CONSIDER IT WHAT THEY CALL,
"FASHIONABLY LATE."

CONNIE LAUGHS A BIT.

CONNIE
YOU'RE SO STRANGE.

GEORGE
I ORDERED A DRINK. HAVE A SEAT.

CONNIE SITS. GEORGE SITS.

CONNIE
IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE FINALLY.

GEORGE
BECAUSE YOU WANT TO COME TO THIS
RESTAURANT OR SITTING HERE WITH ME?

CONNIE
CHRIST, MAN. YOU ASK TOO MANY
QUESTIONS.

GEORGE
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT YOU. WHAT KIND OF
FAMILY DO YOU HAVE?

CONNIE
OKAY, I'M SICK OF THE PRYING INSIDE OF
ME ALREADY. YOU SHOULD LEARN HOW
TO TALK TO PEOPLE OUTSIDE YOUR
LITTLE PSYCHO COVE.

WAITER BRINGS GEORGE'S DRINK.

WAITER
GOOD EVENING, MA'AM.

CONNIE
I'LL HAVE WHATEVER HE'S HAVING.
THANK YOU.

WAITER
YES, MA'AM. FEEL FREE TO TRY OUR
SPECIALS TONIGHT. FIRST, WE HAVE A
LOBSTER BISQUE WITH A LIGHT RED
SHERRY THAT BALANCES THE CREAM-
BASED SOUP. THERE'S NO BITE TO--

CONNIE
WE HAVEN'T LOOKED AT MENUS YET, SO
IF YOU JUST COME BACK. THANKS.

WAITER
MY APOLOGIES, MA'AM.

WAITER WALKS AWAY FROM THE TABLE.

GEORGE
WHY IS EVERYTHING A FIGHT WITH YOU?

CONNIE
GEORGE, CAN WE TALK ABOUT A MOVIE
YOU SAW OR A CAR YOU'RE GONNA GET
OR SOMETHING? I THOUGHT THAT'S
WHAT WE WERE GONNA DO.

GEORGE
IS THAT HOW PEOPLE GET TO KNOW EACH
OTHER? AND I DON'T MEAN THAT IN A
SARCASTIC--

CONNIE
ENOUGH WITH THE QUESTIONS! FOR
FUCK'S SAKE! SAY SOMETHING ABOUT
YOU.

GEORGE SIPS HIS DRINK.

GEORGE
I'M INTERESTED IN YOU. I LIKE YOU. I
WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
AND AS OF RIGHT NOW, I DON'T CARE
WHAT KIND OF CAR YOU WANT OR WHAT
KIND OF MOVIE YOU WATCHED.

GEORGE SIPS HIS DRINK. WAITER BRINGS CONNIE HER DRINK.

WAITER
THERE'S YOUR SAZERAC, MA'AM. LET ME
KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS.

WAITER WALKS AWAY. BUSBOY BRINGS BREAD AND BUTTER TO THE
TABLE. CONNIE GUZZLES HER DRINK. BUSBOY LEAVES.

GEORGE
NOW, YOU STATE SOMETHING. BESIDES, "I
AM DRUNK RIGHT NOW."

CONNIE
YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE. THAT'S WHAT YOU
NEED TO KNOW.

GEORGE
I'M SORRY. I JUST STATE FACTS.

CONNIE
WELL, YOU SEEM TO DISCONNECT THEM
FROM PEOPLE'S FEELINGS.

CONNIE DRINKS HER DRINK.

GEORGE
I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE ANGRY OR
UPSET. CONSIDER MY AWKWARDNESS AS
AN EXAMPLE OF MY ISOLATION FROM
SOCIETY.

CONNIE
YEAH. ONE, DON'T POINT OUT TO PEOPLE
WHEN THEY'RE DRUNK. TWO, TREAT A
LADY WITH RESPECT. YOU SURE AS HELL
DON'T ACT LIKE A SOUTHERN
GENTLEMAN.

GEORGE
CAN WE PLEASE KEEP THE REST OF THIS
CIVIL?

CONNIE
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WONDERING.

GEORGE SIPS HIS DRINK.

GEORGE
I LIKE THIS DRINK. I READ ABOUT IT IN A
MAGAZINE. THEY DESCRIBED IT WELL
AND SO I WILL DRINK IT WELL.

CONNIE DRINKS HER SAZERAC.

CONNIE
HAVE YOU EVER MET A PERSON WHO
GREW UP IN A FOSTER HOME?

GEORGE
NO.

CONNIE
WELL, YOU HAVE NOW. I RAN AWAY
FROM MY THIRD FOSTER HOME WHEN I
WAS SIXTEEN. I DIDN'T FINISH HIGH
SCHOOL AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT A
FAMILY REUNION IS LIKE.

CONNIE FINISHES HER DRINK.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
WHERE'S THE WAITER? I'M READY TO
ORDER.

CONNIE SCANS THE RESTAURANT. PATRONS WITH THEIR COATS, TIES,
SLACKS, AND EVENING GOWNS ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME.

GEORGE
YOU HAVEN'T EVEN LOOKED AT THE
MENU.

CONNIE
I CAN DECIDE IN TWO SECONDS. I ALSO
DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY PEOPLE HAVE
TO PONDER THINGS.

WAITER APPROACHES THE TABLE.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
ANOTHER DRINK AND THEN WE'LL BE
READY TO ORDER.

GEORGE
SHE WILL NOT HAVE ANOTHER DRINK
SINCE SHE SEEMS TO HAVE STARTED
LONG BEFORE THE LAST ONE.

CONNIE
I CAN DO WHAT I GODDAMN WANT.
FINISH YOURS AND GET ANOTHER.

WAITER BACKS UP A FEW STEPS AND BUMPS INTO A PATRON'S CHAIR AT
ANOTHER TABLE.

WAITER
(TO PATRON)
EXCUSE ME.

CONNIE
MAYBE YOU'LL LOOSEN UP.

GEORGE
NUMBER THREE, YOU SHOULD TREAT THE
PERSON PAYING THE BILL WITH RESPECT.

CONNIE
FUCK YOU.

CONNIE STANDS, BUT STUMBLES.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO THE BAR TO GET
ANOTHER ONE.

WAITER
MA'AM, IF YOU COULD PLEASE EITHER SIT
DOWN OR...

CONNIE
OR WHAT?

SILENCE.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
THEN I'LL LEAVE THE WHOLE GODDAMN
BUILDING.

CONNIE RUSHES TOWARDS THE EXIT.

GEORGE
I'M SORRY, SIR.

GEORGE STANDS.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

CONNIE RUSHES DOWN THE STREET. SHE PASSES PEOPLE. GEORGE RUNS
AFTER HER.

GEORGE
CONNIE!

CONNIE CONTINUES. GEORGE CATCHES UP WITH HER AND GRABS HER
BY THE ARM.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
CONNIE.

CONNIE RIPS HER ARM OUT OF HIS GRASP.

CONNIE
GO BACK TO YOUR WAITER BUDDY IN
THERE. I'M DONE.

GEORGE
THEN LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE. I
DON'T KNOW--

CONNIE
NO! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH
YOU, GEORGE! YOU'RE A WEIRD, DORKY
PRICK. AND GUESS WHAT? I'M MOVING
TO NEW YORK ANYWAY. I'M LISTENING
TO DOUG. NOT YOU. IT'S ABOUT
GODDAMN TIME. I DON'T NEED A
FUCKING DOCTOR TO READ ME A
TEXTBOOK. YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER
OBSTACLE IN MY WAY!
(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)
DOUG AND WORK! AND MAYBE ONE DAY
YOU WILL READ WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.

CONNIE WALKS IN HASTE AWAY FROM GEORGE. GEORGE REMAINS STILL. HE HOLDS HIS HAND OVER HIS STOMACH. WAITER WALKS TO GEORGE.

WAITER
EXCUSE ME, SIR. YOU HAVE TO COME
BACK AND PAY FOR YOUR DRINKS. ARE
YOU STILL GOING TO DINE WITH US?

GEORGE DEEPLY EXHALES.

GEORGE
YE...YEAH. I'LL JUST BE BY MYSELF NOW.

GEORGE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS TOWARDS THE RESTAURANT.

INT. THE ABSINTHE HOUSE BAR - LATE NIGHT

CONNIE SITS AT THE BAR SWAYING, DRINKING, AND SMOKING. GIRL 1, GIRL 2, GIRL 3, AND GIRL 4, ALL IN EARLY 20'S AND DRESSED NICELY, STAND NEAR CONNIE LAUGHING.

GIRL 1
WHAT YOU WANT, GIRL?

GIRL 2
OH, UM...LET'S SEE.

GIRL 3
WHAT DO DOCTORS DRINK?

THEY LAUGH.

GIRL 2
I'M NOT ONE YET. NOT ANYTIME SOON.

GIRL 4
YOU SHOULD AT LEAST START PREPPING.
ON THE DOCTOR DRINKING THAT IS.

THEY LAUGH.

GIRL 1
(TO DOUG)
EXCUSE ME.

DOUG WALKS TO THE GIRLS.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
WHAT'S SOMETHING SPECIAL YOU CAN
MAKE FOR MY FRIEND OVER HERE?

GIRL 1 POINTS TO GIRL 2.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)
SHE JUST GOT ACCEPTED INTO TULANE
MED SCHOOL AND WE JUST LEFT HER
CELEBRATION PARTY.

GIRL 4
BUT THAT PARTY ONLY HAD
CHAMPAGNE. GIVE HER SOMETHING TO
KICK HER UP.

CONNIE
GIVE THIS TULANE SILVER SPOONED
BITCH SOME EVERCLEAR. MAYBE SHE'LL
PASS OUT AND WAKE UP LIKE THE REST
OF US.

DOUG AND THE GIRLS LOOK AT CONNIE.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
JUST A FUCKING SUGGESTION, LITTLE
CHICKS.

DOUG
CONNIE.

CONNIE
DOUG.

CONNIE BLOWS SMOKE INTO THE GIRLS' FACES. THEY WAVE SMOKE
AWAY FROM THEIR FACES.

DOUG
(TO THE GIRLS)
JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER RIGHT
NOW. BUT I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT. IT'S ONE
OF MY OWN CONCOCTIONS.

GIRL 1
AND WE'LL TAKE THREE APPLETINIS.

CONNIE LAUGHS LOUD. GIRLS LOOK AT HER.

CONNIE
THE FUCK YA'LL DOING AT THE ABSINTHE
HOUSE? SHOULDN'T YA'LL BE ON SOME
SORT OF YACHT CELEBRATING? TRUST
FUND CUNTS.

DOUG (O.S.)
I CAN STILL HEAR YOU. AND IF YOU KEEP
IT UP, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO LEAVE.

CONNIE
FUCK OFF, DOUG. I'M JUST...PESTERING
THEM.

DOUG (O.S.)
AND YOU'RE PESTERING ME. STIFLE
YOURSELF.

CONNIE
DID I OFFEND YOU, SWEET SWEET GIRLS?

THE GIRLS TURN AWAY FORM HER AND WHISPER TO ONE ANOTHER.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
IF YA'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO
ME, THEN EITHER SAY IT TO MY FACE OR
GO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FUCKING
BAR!

DOUG WALKS TO CONNIE.

DOUG
GET OUT.

CONNIE
PISS OFF.

DOUG
NO, GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

GIRL 1
(TO DOUG)
WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE ELSE. DON'T
WORRY.

DOUG
NO, PLEASE. YOU'LL BE COMPLETELY
FINE AS SOON AS SHE GETS OUT OF HERE.

CONNIE
THEY'RE GONNA HAVE TO WAIT TILL TEN
IN THE FUCKING MORNING, DOUGIE
DOUG.

MALE COP, 30'S AND DRESSED IN UNIFORM, POKES HIS HEAD IN THE BAR
FROM BOURBON ST.

GIRL 2
WE'LL GO. IT'S FINE.

CONNIE
YOU SEE? NOW, I'LL SHUT MY TRAP.

CONNIE LAUGHS.

DOUG
OFFICER?

MALE COP ENTERS.

DOUG (CONT'D)
PLEASE REMOVE HER FROM THIS BAR.
SHE'S HARASSING THE OTHER PATRONS.

CONNIE
THERE'S OTHER PEOPLE IN HERE I
HAVEN'T EVEN WINKED AT!

MALE COP APPROACHES CONNIE.

MALE COP
LET'S GO.

MALE COP GRABS HER ARM. CONNIE YANKS HER ARM AWAY AND
THROWS THE REST OF HER DRINK ON HIM.

CONNIE
FUCKING PIGS NEED TO GET BACK IN
THEIR PEN!

CONNIE TRIES TO KICK MALE COP. MALE COP CLICKS THE HANDCUFFS
ON CONNIE'S WRISTS AND CARRIES HER OUT OF THE BAR.

DOUG
(TO GIRL 1)
THEY'RE ON ME.

INT. JAIL HOLDING CELL - LATE NIGHT

MALE COP PUSHES CONNIE INTO THE HOLDING CELL. SHE STUMBLES IN.
MAGGIE, 50'S, WEARING OLD JEANS AND A FADED T-SHIRT, STANDS
NEAR THE JAIL ENTRANCE.

CONNIE
COCKSUCKERS.

MAGGIE
AIN'T NONE IN HERE, I TELL YA'.

TEN WOMEN IN THE CELL. A COUPLE OF WOMEN CHUCKLE. ALL WEAR
TRASHY STREET CLOTHES. CONNIE SITS ON THE GROUND AGAINST THE
BACK WALL AND SCANS ALL OF THESE WOMEN.

SOME HAVE TATTOOS, SOME MISSING TEETH, SOME DIRTY, WEATHERED
HAIR, AGED FACES, MALNOURISHED BODIES, AND SOME TALK TO
THEMSELVES.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

GEORGE LIES IN BED ASLEEP. THE SHEET ON TOP OF HIS GROIN AREA
RISES A BIT. GEORGE WAKES UP. HE SITS UP AND FEELS HIS PENIS
UNDER THE SHEET. HE PLACES HIS HAND OVER HIS CHEST.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WHAT WENT WRONG LAST NIGHT?

GEORGE
OH, JESUS.

GEORGE SITS UP IN BED AGAINST THE HEADBOARD.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
YOU FAILED TO REPORT LAST NIGHT
AFTER YOUR FIRST MEETING. WHY DON'T
YOU HAVE CONNIE SONGY?

GEORGE
NO, I...I NEVER TOLD YOU HER NAME.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I CREATED A BEING WHO HAS INHABITED
SOMEONE THAT KNOWS BOTH OF YOU.
THIS TO HELP WATCH OVER HER TILL YOU
LEAVE HER ALONE.

GEORGE
I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WITH HER.
THIS IS IN DIRECT VIOLATION OF THE
MISSION'S DECREE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
THIS BEING'S ONLY ROLE IS TO SEPARATE
YOU TWO. I'M GLAD I SENT THEM DOWN
THERE BECAUSE YOU ARE NO JUDGE OF
HUMAN CHARACTER. IT WAS EASY TO
FOLLOW YOU FROM YOUR HOUSE TO THE
RESTAURANT. YOU TOOK A YELLOW CAB
COMPANY. I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T TRY TO
LEARN HOW TO DRIVE ONE OF THEIR
AUTOMOBILES.

GEORGE
THEN WHY DON'T YOU LET THIS OTHER
PERSON DO YOUR MISSION?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
YOU WERE CREATED FOR THIS PURPOSE.
YOU HAVE THE SEX ORGANS AND A
COMPATIBLE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM.

GEORGE
A FAKE LOVE MISSION IS NOT EASY FOR
ANY OF US. I MEAN, THEM. HUMANS.
YOU ONLY KNOW THEM.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I DO KNOW YOU HAVE MADE A BAD
CHOICE IN LOVE.

GEORGE
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT
HER.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
SHE IS AN ALCOHOLIC AND DRUG ADDICT.
HER INTELLIGENCE PROVES TO BE
IMMENSELY INADEQUATE. SHE WENT TO
JAIL LAST NIGHT.

GEORGE JUMPS OUT OF HIS BED.

GEORGE
FOR WHAT?! IS SHE OKAY?!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
OUR AGENT IS ONLY THERE TO WATCH
HER. THEY ARE WATCHING HER UNTIL
YOU CHOOSE SOMEONE ELSE. WE DO NOT
WANT CONNIE SONGY ON OUR PLANET.
TODAY MUST BECOME A NEW DAY 1.

INT. JAIL HOLDING CELL - DAY

CONNIE SLEEPS ON THE GROUND.

WOMAN 1 (O.S.)
THEY AIN'T GIVIN' NO FUCKIN' SOUR
MILK TO ME AGAIN. I NEED SOME
GODDAMN REAL SHIT IF THEY DON'T
WANNA LAWSUIT ON THEIR ASS ABOUT
MISTREATIN' US.

WOMAN 2 (O.S.)
I HEAR YA' ON THAT. I SHOWED YA' MY
BREAD LAST NIGHT. SOME MOLDY SHIT.

MALE COP VOICE (O.S.)
CONNIE SONGY.

CONNIE DOESN'T MOVE.

WOMAN 1 (O.S.)
I THINK IT'S THAT YOUNG GOLDBLOCKS
THERE. CONNIE!

CONNIE OPENS HER EYES.

MALE COP VOICE (O.S.)
CONNIE SONGY. LET'S GO.

SHE STANDS.

EXT. LOCAL JAIL - DAY

CONNIE WALKS OUTSIDE AND THE SUN HURTS HER EYES. GEORGE
STANDS BY A TAXI CAB WITH A DRIVER INSIDE.

CONNIE
FUCK. I THOUGHT IT'D BE DOUG.

GEORGE
LET ME BUY YOU SOME COFFEE AND A
SANDWICH.

CONNIE
WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE AROUND YOU,
OLD MAN?

GEORGE
SINCE IT WASN'T DOUG WHO SHOWED UP,
I GUESS YOU'RE OUT OF OPTIONS.

CONNIE STANDS STILL FOR A MOMENT. SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE CAB.
GEORGE OPENS THE BACK DOOR. SHE GETS INSIDE.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

GEORGE AND CONNIE SIT AT A TABLE. GEORGE DRINKS HIS COFFEE.
CONNIE EATS HER SANDWICH WITH HASTE.

GEORGE
LAST NIGHT, YOU, UH...I WAS, LEFT ME IN
SHOCK PERHAPS?

CONNIE
ABOUT WHAT?

GEORGE
YOU LEAVING ME. YOU, I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS I GUESS.
BUT I DO WANT YOU TO BE AWARE OF
WHOEVER YOU'RE...DO YOU KNOW
ANYONE WHO ALSO KNOWS ME?

CONNIE
WHAT DO YOU CARE, DAD? I KNOW LOTS
OF PEOPLE.

GEORGE
I'M SAYING THAT SOMEONE, SOMEONE
YOU KNOW, MAY NOT BE WHO THEY SAY
THEY ARE.

GEORGE SIPS HIS COFFEE.

CONNIE
LIKE YOU?

CONNIE FINISHES HER SANDWICH AND LICKS HER FINGERS. SHE GULPS
COFFEE.

GEORGE
IT'S IRONIC YOU ASK...

CONNIE
OH, MY GOD. WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

GEORGE
UH...NO, NOT RIGHT NOW. LOOK...YEAH, I
DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I WAS
THINKING JUST NOW.

CONNIE
I KIND OF WISH YOU'D LEAVE ME ALONE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SEE IN ME.
(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD I SEE IN
YOU HONESTLY.

GEORGE LETS OUT A DEEP SIGH AND TURNS HIS HEAD AWAY FROM
CONNIE.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I'M SORRY, GEORGE. BUT I NEED TO MAKE
UP THINGS WITH DOUG. ALL YOU AND
I'VE HAD IS A THERAPY SESSION AND
BEFORE DINNER DRINKS. TALK ABOUT
NOT A GOOD START TO ANYTHING.

GEORGE
THEN LET ME MAKE IT UP TO YOU.

CONNIE
GEORGE--

GEORGE
LOOK, THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH A
RELATIONSHIP. I WANT TO HELP YOU.
AND THAT SHOULD BE A GOOD START TO
ANY KIND OF RELATIONSHIP.

CONNIE
I'M DONE TALKING ABOUT PROBLEMS,
PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS. NO
WONDER YOU CAN'T JIVE WITH THE REST
OF US. YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE--

GEORGE
HELPING PEOPLE! OKAY?! AND I'M NOT
TALKING ABOUT THAT KIND OF HELP
WITH YOU.

CONNIE OPENS HER MOUTH, BUT GEORGE HOLDS UP HIS FINGER TO
WARN HER.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
YOU SAY YOUR LOVE IS...YOU WANT TO
GO TO SCHOOL SO YOU CAN GET TO BE
LIKE ME?

CONNIE
NOT BE LIKE YOU. DO WHAT YOU DO.

GEORGE
I CAN HELP YOU GET THERE, BUT YOU
HAVE TO STOP DRUGS AND DRINKING
AND PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE BE AWARE
OF THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU.

CONNIE FINISHES HER COFFEE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
NO ONE'S GOING TO HURT YOU. OR
SHOULDN'T. JUST...I DON'T KNOW HOW
TO EXPLAIN IT. BUT THE IMPORTANT
THING FOR YOU, TO GET ANY HELP FROM
ME, IS TO START READING, WRITING, AND
QUIT THE DRUGS.

CONNIE
JUST POOF? LIKE MAGIC? WHAT DO YOU
CARE WHAT I DO FOR FUN?

GEORGE
SO IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT YOUR
LOVE, THEN YOU SHOULD LOVE BEING
SERIOUS. IF YOU KEEP DESTROYING
YOUR BODY, THEN I THINK THAT MEANS
YOU'RE PROBABLY DESTROYING YOUR
MIND WITH IT.

CONNIE LAUGHS.

CONNIE
YOU'RE SUCH A NERD.

GEORGE
YEAH, WELL I HAVE A LOT OF MONEY AND
A CAREER. I CAN AFFORD BEING SILLY
SOMETIMES.

CONNIE
OH, WELL. I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN
PROMISE YOU A CLEAN AND SOBER RIDE.

GEORGE
BUT YOU CAN PROMISE TO TELL ME
ABOUT SOME CASE STUDIES YOU READ
ABOUT? INVOLVED WITH THE KIND OF
THERAPY THAT INTERESTS YOU.

CONNIE
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF
THERAPIES THERE ARE. I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT YOU DO.

GEORGE
THEN YOU SHOULD PROBABLY START
RESEARCHING TONIGHT. YEAH?

A MOMENT.

CONNIE
I DON'T...HOW ARE YOU GOING TO HELP
ME TO GO TO SCHOOL? I HAVE A GED,
ONE SEMESTER--

GEORGE
ONE THING AT A TIME. IF YOU START
TAKING YOUR PASSION SERIOUSLY BY
INFORMING ME ON THINGS I MAY NOT
KNOW, THEN YOU'LL DESERVE TO GO TO
SCHOOL. AND IF YOU DESERVE IT, THEN I
WILL PAY FOR IT. NO LOAN, NO INTEREST,
NO QUESTIONS.

CONNIE TAPS ON HER EMPTY COFFEE CUP. GEORGE FINISHES HIS
COFFEE. CONNIE SMILES.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

MRS. GRECO TYPES ON THE COMPUTER. GEORGE ENTERS THE OFFICE.

MRS. GRECO
OH, HEY. YOU'RE LATE FOR ONCE. OR A
NEW LATE, RIGHT?

GEORGE
MY STOMACH, YOU KNOW. I DON'T...

MRS. GRECO
HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING MEDICINE? I
ALWAYS RECOMMEND MUCINEX. I HAD A
BAD COLD A FEW MONTHS AGO--

GEORGE
NO, NOT THAT KIND OF ILLNESS.

GEORGE SITS IN A LOBBY CHAIR.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I FEEL LIKE THE BOWELS OF MY GUT ARE
BEING STRANGLERD.

MRS. GRECO
THAT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE UPSET.

GEORGE
HAVE YOU FELT THAT BEFORE?

MRS. GRECO
WELL, SURE. BUT IT COULD BE A NUMBER
OF DIFFERENT REASONS. REGRET, GUILT,
SADNESS...I COULD GO ON AND ON.

GEORGE
SO I NEED TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HAS
RECENTLY HAPPENED. THIS IS MY
REACTION, YEAH?

MRS. GRECO LAUGHS A BIT.

MRS. GRECO
TAKE THIS AS A COMPLIMENT, BUT YOU
SOUND LIKE A LITTLE INNOCENT BOY.

MRS. GRECO LAUGHS.

GEORGE
SO YOU'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY?

MRS. GRECO
OF COURSE. BUT AGAIN, WHAT IS IT AND
WHY? IS IT SOMETHING TO DO WITH
YOUR DATE OR...

GEORGE
EH. I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I CAN CALL IT
A DATE. I DON'T WANT TO CALL IT
ANYTHING, HONESTLY.

GEORGE STANDS AND APPROACHES MRS. GRECO.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
BUT THAT'S NOT IT. I'VE SEEN HER SINCE
THAT NIGHT. IT JUST UPSETS ME, I GUESS,
THAT SHE'S...WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO
SHARE HER STORY WITH OTHERS.

MRS. GRECO
THEN YOU'RE UPSET. AND ME, BEING THE
AGE I AM, I'VE FELT THAT BILLIONS OF
TIMES.

GEORGE
BUT HAVE YOU EVER BEEN SEVERELY
UPSET? WHERE YOU HAVE A HARD TIME
FALLING ASLEEP AT NIGHT?

MRS. GRECO
UH, WELL, YEAH. THE INSTANT YOU SAY
THAT, I THINK ABOUT WHEN MY
DAUGHTER, BETH, WAS HIT BY A CAR
WHILE JOGGING. MY LITTLE GIRL WAS IN
A COMA FOR A WEEK.

GEORGE
OH, I'M SORRY. HOW IS SHE DOING NOW?

GEORGE SLIDES HALF OF HIS REAR END IN AN EMPTY SPACE ON THE
DESK.

MRS. GRECO
THIS WAS YEARS AGO. BEFORE I STARTED
HERE. SHE'S FINE. SOME BAD BRAIN
DAMAGE, BUT SHE'S DEALT WITH
WHATEVER SHE'S NEEDED TO. SHE'S JUST
AS NORMAL AS ANYONE ELSE THESE
DAYS.

MRS. GRECO TURNS HER CHAIR TO GEORGE.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
BETH LYING IN THAT GRAY HOSPITAL
BED, THE DOCTORS NOT KNOWING WHEN
SHE'D COME TO, OR WALK, OR...I CAN
BARELY BREATHE NOW JUST THINKING
ABOUT IT.

GEORGE
THE WORD UPSET SOUNDS LIKE IT
UNDERSTATES WHAT YOU FELT.

MRS. GRECO
THAT'S JUST THE EASIEST WORD TO USE.
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE A CHILD. DID
SOMETHING HAPPEN WITH MS. SONGY?
CONNIE, RATHER.

GEORGE STANDS.

GEORGE
HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW CONNIE?

MRS. GRECO
ME? I'VE ONLY SEEN HER ONCE IN MY
LIFE. I KNOW YOU WERE TAKING HER OUT
A FEW NIGHTS AGO AND--

GEORGE
AND WHAT ELSE? WHAT HAPPENED TO
HER THAT NIGHT?

GEORGE APPROACHES MRS. GRECO'S DESK.

MRS. GRECO
I DON'T KNOW. IS SHE OKAY?

GEORGE
SHE...WHAT DO YOU THINK? YOU KNOW.

MRS. GRECO
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, GEORGE.
WHERE IS THIS COMING FROM? I KNOW
YOU'RE UPSET, BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT
ME TO SAY?

GEORGE
I'M NOT UPSET. I'M DEVASTATED. AND I
NEED YOU TO ADMIT TO ME RIGHT NOW
ABOUT YOUR PLAN.

MRS. GRECO
I'M SORRY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL
YOU. DID SOMETHING HAPPEN TO HER?

GEORGE
SHOW ME YOUR LOWER BACK.

MRS. GRECO
EXCUSE ME?

MRS. GRECO PUSHES HER CHAIR BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

GEORGE
YOUR LOWER BACK. I NEED TO SEE IT FOR
YOU TO MAKE ME BELIEVE YOU.

MRS. GRECO
IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING--

MRS. GRECO STANDS AND GRABS HER PURSE.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
I AM VERY OFFENDED TO WHATEVER
YOU'RE TRYING TO DO.

GEORGE
DOES IT LOOK LIKE THIS?

GEORGE PULLS HIS SHIRT UP ON HIS BACK AND SHOWS HER AN
INFLAMED RED LINE DOWN THE BOTTOM OF HIS SPINE.

MRS. GRECO
OH, MY GOD. WHAT HAPPENED?

GEORGE DROPS HIS SHIRT OVER HIS BACK.

GEORGE
YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW? BECAUSE IF
YOU'RE LYING TO ME...

MRS. GRECO CRIES.

MRS. GRECO
CAN I GO PLEASE?

SHE CRIES.

GEORGE
YOU'RE CRYING. I'M SORRY. THAT
WASN'T EXPECTED. I'M SORRY. I'LL
COME BACK LATER. DON'T WORRY. MY
MIND'S IN DISARRAY. OR AT LEAST MY
GUT IS. I'M...

GEORGE EXITS THE OFFICE. MRS. GRECO CRIES.

EXT. MAGAZINE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

GEORGE RUSHES DOWN THE STREET. MAN TEXTS ON HIS CELL PHONE
WALKING WITH HIS HEAD DOWN. MAN BUMPS INTO GEORGE AND
LOOKS UP. GEORGE STOPS.

MAN
OH, I'M SORRY.

GEORGE
GET THE HELL OFF YOUR PHONE AND
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING. ARE YOU A
GODDAMN ER DOCTOR?

GEORGE WALKS AWAY WITH HASTE. FOUR PEOPLE LOOKING AT MAPS
STAND ON A CORNER LOOKING AROUND AT THE STREET.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
YOU'LL FIND NOTHING PROMISING HERE.

GEORGE WALKS AROUND THE FOUR PEOPLE.

FEMALE VOICE 4 (O.S.)
WHAT'D HE SAY?

GEORGE STOPS AT THE MAGAZINE CAFE, BUT HE TURNS TOWARDS THE
STREET. DOWN IN THE BOTTOM BY HOWLIN' WOLF PLAYS FROM A
COFFEE SHOP NEXT DOOR.

HOWLIN' WOLF
(SINGING)
WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL SEE ME, WHEN I
COME STREAKING BY.

THE TRUMPETS PLAY AND THE GUITAR RIFFS. GEORGE TURNS HIS HEAD
TO THE COFFEE SHOP'S OUTSIDE SPEAKER.

HOWLIN' WOLF (CONT'D)
(SINGING)
WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL SEE ME, WHEN I
COME STREAKING BY.

THE TRUMPETS PLAY AND THE GUITAR RIFFS. GEORGE'S ATTENTION
STAYS ON THE OUTSIDE SPEAKER. HE STARTS BOBBING HIS HEAD.

HOWLIN' WOLF (CONT'D)
(SINGING)
SHE GOT A BAD OLD MAN, YOU KNOW I'M
TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

THE TRUMPETS PLAY AND THE GUITAR RIFFS. GEORGE BOBS HIS HEAD.
HE STOPS AND LOOKS AROUND TO SEE IF ANYONE NOTICED HIM.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - EVENING

GEORGE SITS IN HIS CHAIR WITH NO TIE OR JACKET. HIS SLEEVES ARE
ROLLED UP ON HIS FOREARMS. BRADLEY, 30'S AND OBESE, SITS ON THE
COUCH WEARING A T-SHIRT AND JEANS.

BRADLEY
THERE IS NO ONE ANSWER IT SEEMS. I
HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF ONE. NO TV SHOW
HAS TOLD ME ONE. YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN
ME ONE. BUT I'M NOT BLAMING YOU OR
THE TV. IT'S JUST A FACT. I CAN'T, I
CAN'T, I CAN'T. I CAN'T TAKE DAILY
WALKS. I CAN'T EAT FUCKING GRAIN
BARS AND WHEAT WAFERS ALL THE
GODDAMN TIME.

GEORGE'S EYES CLOSE.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I CAN'T FIND A LEGITIMATE HEALTHY
DIET ONLINE.

GEORGE
IS THIS ALL YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?
HOW FAT YOU ARE?

BRADLEY
I'M SORRY. I...I'M SORRY. WHAT DID YOU
WANT ME TO SAY?

GEORGE
NO, I SUPPOSE I MEAN: IS THIS ALL
YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT? YOUR WEIGHT?

BRADLEY
ALL THE TIME. I MEAN; I SWEAT JUST
PICKING UP MY SHOES. I CAN'T TELL YOU
THE LAST TIME I'VE GOTTEN A DATE.

GEORGE
OKAY, GREAT. NOW, MAYBE WE'RE
GOING SOMEWHERE. THERE'S ONE MAIN
REASON WHY YOU CARE ABOUT YOUR
FAT.

BRADLEY
CAN YOU PLEASE STOP SAYING THAT
WORD?

GEORGE
FAT?

BRADLEY SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
LOOK, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU AN
ASSIGNMENT. THE DAY IS OLD AND I
THINK YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME
TALKING AND TALKING ABOUT THIS.
WE'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT THIS FOR
THE LAST FORTY MINUTES.

BRADLEY
I'M SORRY. I JUST--

GEORGE
LISTEN, BY NEXT WEEK, I WANT YOU TO
HAVE BEEN WALKING AT LEAST TWICE A
DAY. A WALK AFTER EACH MEAL I'D SAY.

BRADLEY
BUT MY BACK HURTS. I CAN'T WALK.

GEORGE
YOU'LL MAKE YOURSELF WALK. IF
THERE'S NO PAIN INVOLVED WITH
PROGRESS THEN THERE'S NO PROGRESS.

BRADLEY
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

GEORGE
WELL, I'M STARTING TO KNOW ABOUT
PAIN. MAYBE I'M TALKING TO MYSELF.
HELL, AND I'M MAKING NO PROGRESS. AT
LEAST YOU HAVE THAT GOING FOR YOU,
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - EVENING

CONNIE WALKS DOWN BOURBON ST. AND ANSWERS HER PHONE. MUSIC
PLAYS AND PEOPLE PASS.

CONNIE
I STILL HAVE A FEW DAYS LEFT.

GEORGE (O.S.)
WHERE ARE YOU?

CONNIE
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

GEORGE (O.S.)
HOW COME I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR WORK?

CONNIE
'CAUSE IT'S STILL IN PROGRESS. JESUS
CHRIST.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE SITS AT HIS DESK TALKING ON HIS CELL PHONE.

GEORGE
WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT'S ALL THAT
NOISE?

EXT. BOURBON STREET - CONTINUOUS

CONNIE
NONE OF YOUR GODDAMN BUSINESS,
GEORGE. WAS YOUR FATHER LIKE THIS?
ALWAYS HOUNDING YOU ABOUT WHAT
YOU SHOULD BE DOING AND HOW LONG
YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING?

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE
MY FATHER...

GEORGE LOOKS AROUND HIS OFFICE AND SEES A PICTURE OF A 10 YEAR-
OLD GEORGE AND A FATHER STANDING ON A BOAT DOCK ON A SUNNY
DAY. FATHER IS SMILING, BUT GEORGE IS NOT.

CONNIE (O.S.)
HELLO?

GEORGE
(TO HIMSELF)
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

GEORGE STARES AT HIS FATHER'S FACE SMILING.

CONNIE (O.S.)
LOOK, I GOTTA GO.

GEORGE LOOKS AWAY FROM THE PICTURE.

GEORGE
IT'D BE AN INSULT TO YOU IF I WASN'T
MAKING SURE YOU WERE OKAY.

CONNIE (O.S.)
GOD.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - CONTINUOUS

CONNIE STOPS WALKING. MUSIC PLAYS AND PEOPLE PASS HER.

CONNIE
YOU HAVE THE SNEAKIEST WAYS OF
MAKING ME SMILE.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE SMILES.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - CONTINUOUS

CONNIE
ALL RIGHT. LOOK, I'M GOING TO MAKE UP
WITH DOUG. HE'S WORKING AND I NEED
TO GO APOLOGIZE FOR LAST WEEKEND.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE STANDS.

GEORGE
YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE SOBER.

CONNIE (O.S.)
I AM! AND SURPRISE, YEAH, I HAVE BEEN
FEELING BETTER.

GEORGE
YOU'VE JUST CUT DOWN.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - CONTINUOUS

CONNIE
WHATEVER. SEE?

CONNIE WALKS.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
YOU ALSO DON'T KNOW HOW TO KEEP ME
IN GOOD SPIRITS. I GOTTA MAKE SURE
DOUG'S FINE AND THAT'S IT.
(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)
HE WAS ACTING WEIRD THAT NIGHT. LIKE
A STRAIGHT-LACED, PROPER GENTLEMAN
TRYING TO BE INCREDIBLY CIVIL TO
THESE SHIT GIRLS.

CONNIE LAUGHS A BIT.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
HE'D USUALLY JUST HAIL ME A CAB AND
MAKE SURE I GOT HOME OKAY.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE PACES BEHIND HIS DESK.

CONNIE (O.S.)
AND MAYBE THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING
ME THE MOST.

GEORGE
HE'D USUALLY NOT THINK TWICE ABOUT
CALLING YOU A CAB?

CONNIE (O.S.)
NEVER HAS. IT PAINS ME TO THINK THAT
HE'D RATHER SEE ME IN JAIL.

GEORGE
WHERE DOES HE WORK? WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?

EXT. BOURBON STREET - CONTINUOUS

CONNIE STOPS.

CONNIE
GOODBYE, GEORGE. I'LL BRING YOU MY
WORK SOON.

CONNIE HANGS UP.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS CELL PHONE. HE PRESSES A COUPLE OF
BUTTONS.

INT. THE ABSINTHE HOUSE BAR - MINUTES LATER

CONNIE ENTERS THE BAR. DOUG SERVES PATRONS DRINKS. CONNIE
SITS AT THE BAR. SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE. DOUG IS ON THE PHONE.

DOUG
(INTO THE PHONE)
240 BOURBON ST. BOURBON AND
IBERVILLE.

DOUG HANGS UP THE PHONE AND WALKS TO CONNIE.

DOUG (CONT'D)
HELLO, CONNIE.

CONNIE
DOUG.

DOUG
WHAT WILL IT BE?

CONNIE
ATTENTION?

DOUG
I'D BE CONCERNED ABOUT LAST
WEEKEND IF I WERE YOU.

CONNIE
WELL, MAYBE LAST WEEKEND WAS A
GOOD THING FOR ME. I JUST FEEL BAD
ABOUT HOW MUCH OF A BITCH I'VE BEEN
TO YOU.

DOUG
WE WEREN'T IN A SERIOUS RELATIONSHIP,
WERE WE?

CONNIE
NO, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW
YOU'RE SURPRISINGLY SWEET AND
PATIENT WITH ME. FUCK.

CONNIE JAMS HER CIGARETTE INTO THE ASHTRAY.

DOUG
THAT DIDN'T LAST LONG.

CONNIE
DID YOU WANT IT?

DOUG
I QUIT.

CONNIE
THEN GOOD FOR YOU. AT LEAST GET ME
A BEER.

DOUG
YOU'LL BEHAVE?

CONNIE
NO, YOU KNOW WHAT? FUCK THAT. BEER
MAKES ME SLEEPY AND BLOATED. GIN
AND TONIC.

DOUG MAKES HER DRINK.

DOUG
ARE YOU STILL SEEING GEORGE?

CONNIE
SORT OF. NOT LIKE THAT THOUGH. HOW
DO YOU KNOW HIS NAME?

DOUG
YOU TOLD ME.

DOUG GIVES CONNIE HER DRINK. CONNIE DRINKS IT.

CONNIE
I'M PRETTY SURE I JUST SAID HE'S SOME
THERAPIST I WANTED TO USE FOR DINNER.

DOUG
YOU WERE VERY DRUNK THAT NIGHT.
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU
REMEMBER.

CONNIE
WHAT ELSE DID I SAY?

DOUG
NOTHING SERIOUS. I JUST HOPE YOU
STOP HANGING OUT WITH HIM. I NEED
YOU.

CONNIE SIPS HER DRINK.

CONNIE
YOU NEED ME? THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU
CALL ME A FRIGGING CAB THAT NIGHT?

DOUG
WHAT'S PAST IS PAST. JUST START
THINKING FOR YOURSELF AND
APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE
ME.

CONNIE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

CONNIE
WHY DO YOU CARE ABOUT HIM? I'M NOT
FUCKING HIM. PROMISE. YOU THINK I'D
LIKE THAT KIND OF STOOGES?

DOUG
BUT I LOVE YOU.

CONNIE LOOKS BEHIND HER.

CONNIE
ARE YOU SAYING THAT TO ME?

DOUG
DON'T I USUALLY?

CONNIE
NEVER. WHAT? WHY ARE YOU TELLING
ME THAT?

DOUG
'CAUSE I DO. DOESN'T IT MEAN THAT I
CARE ABOUT YOU?

CONNIE
WHY HAVE I NEVER HEARD...YOU'RE
BEING STRANGE.

DOUG
DON'T YOU GET YOUR HAPPINESS FROM
ME? GEORGE IS JUST GOING TO RUIN US.

CONNIE
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. NOT GEORGE. HE'S
JUST A DAD FIGURE AS OF NOW. A
CREEPY ONE IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY.

DOUG
SO LET'S START SEEING MORE OF EACH
OTHER. I MEAN, I CAN HELP YOU MORE
ON YOUR WRITINGS. I CAN TRY TO HELP
YOU WORK ON YOUR DRINKING AND
DRUG USE.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - CONTINUOUS

A CAB PARKS IN FRONT OF THE BAR. GEORGE GETS OUT OF THE BACK
AND RUSHES INTO THE BAR.

INT. THE ABSINTHE HOUSE BAR - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE RUSHES TO CONNIE.

CONNIE
WHAT THE FUCK, MAN?

GEORGE
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DOUG
YOU MUST BE GEORGE.

GEORGE
AND YOU DOUG.

CONNIE
(TO GEORGE)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, YOU
PSYCHO?

DOUG
(TO CONNIE)
NOW HE'S TRACKING YOU DOWN.

GEORGE
(TO CONNIE)
LET ME JUST TALK TO DOUG FOR A
MINUTE.

DOUG
WHY?

CONNIE
YEAH, WHY?

GEORGE
DOUG KNOWS. AND IF HE PRETENDS LIKE
HE DOESN'T, THEN I SUGGEST YOU QUIZ
HIM ON SOMETHING ONLY HE WOULD
KNOW ABOUT YOU.

CONNIE
OKAY, I NEED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF
HERE. YOU TWO--

GEORGE
WAIT HERE. I'M SERIOUS. YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S DEPENDING ON THIS.

CONNIE
BOTH OF YOU ARE TOO OLD TO FIGHT
OVER A GIRL.

DOUG
THAT'S NOT WHAT IT IS. WALK AROUND
THE OTHER SIDE, GEORGE.

GEORGE WALKS TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BAR.

DOUG (CONT'D)
(TO CONNIE)
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME TRYING TO
FIGURE THIS OUT.

DOUG WALKS TO WHERE GEORGE WAITS.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOLD TO GIVE UP
ON HER.

GEORGE
DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT I WAS TOLD.
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU
PLAN ON DOING TO HER.

DOUG
NOTHING. MY JOB IS TO MAKE SURE SHE
STAYS AWAY FROM YOU, SINCE YOU
DON'T PLAN TO STAY AWAY FROM HER.

GEORGE
MAKING DECISIONS FOR ME ON WHO I
CHOOSE WAS NOT A PART OF THE PLAN.

DOUG
HOWEVER, WHEN YOU MAKE SUCH AN
IMPROPER CHOICE, THEN THE PLAN MUST
CHANGE. YOU WERE CREATED
SPECIFICALLY FOR THIS MISSION. WE'RE
NOT FOLLOWING YOU OR HIDING OUT.
YOU KNOW WHERE TO SEE ME NOW. I'M
HERE TO SERVE YOU FOR THE MOST PART.

GEORGE PEEKS AROUND THE BAR TO CONNIE. SHE STARES AT HIM
SHAKING HER HEAD.

GEORGE
LET ME THINK ABOUT IT. ALL I WAS
CONCERNED ABOUT WAS THAT YOU WERE
NOT GOING TO HARM HER.

DOUG
YOU KNOW WE AREN'T THE VIOLENT
TYPE.

GEORGE
YEAH, BUT HUMANS ARE.

GEORGE WALKS AWAY FROM DOUG TOWARDS CONNIE.

CONNIE
FUCKING PSYCHO.

GEORGE
ASK HIM A QUESTION ABOUT SOMETHING
YOU TOLD HIM A MONTH AGO.
SOMETHING YOU DON'T USUALLY TELL
OTHER PEOPLE. MAYBE YOU'LL START
LEARNING WHO TO TRUST.

GEORGE LEAVES. DOUG WALKS TOWARDS CONNIE, STILL BEHIND THE
BAR.

DOUG
LET'S MOVE ON. HE'S A STRANGE MAN.

CONNIE
WHY DOES HE WANT ME TO ASK YOU A
QUESTION ABOUT ME?

DOUG
DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO HIM. HE'S
CRAZY.

CONNIE
WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT?

CONNIE FINISHES HER DRINK.

DOUG
HE WAS TELLING ME HOW MUCH HE
LOVES YOU. I TOLD HIM TO STAY AWAY.
HOPEFULLY, HE LISTENED. ANOTHER
DRINK?

CONNIE NODS A LITTLE. DOUG MAKES A DRINK.

CONNIE
HOW OFTEN DO I TALK TO MY PARENTS?

DOUG
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW? GEORGE
IS THE STALKER. NOT ME.

DOUG GIVES HER A DRINK.

CONNIE
WOULD YOU JUST TAKE A GUESS?

DOUG
EVERY OTHER DAY, EVERY THREE DAYS. I
DON'T KNOW. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
DOING. DON'T LET HIM GET TO YOU.

CONNIE SIPs HER DRINK AND STARES INTO DOUG'S EYES FOR A
MOMENT. DOUG WALKS TO OTHER PATRONS.

INT. THE ABSINTHE HOUSE BAR - CONTINUOUS

DOUG STANDS NEAR CONNIE'S SEAT. SHE SITS.

CONNIE
CAN YOU DO ME A HUGE FAVOR, DOUG,
PLEASE?

DOUG
YOU NEED A CAB ALREADY?

CONNIE
I NEED...WELL, I NEED RENT. I, YOU KNOW,
I THINK I HAVE A HUNDRED LEFT FROM
WHAT YOU GAVE ME, BUT IF I DON'T
HAVE IT IN A COUPLE OF DAYS-

DOUG
I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY TO GIVE YOU,
CONNIE. I'M SHOCKED THAT YOU'D EVEN
ASK ME OF SUCH A THING.

CONNIE
CHRIST, PLEASE! I...I DON'T...I THOUGHT I
WAS GONNA HAVE A CHECK AND...

DOUG
IT SEEMS YOUR DAYS KEEP WASHING
DOWN THE DRAIN.

DOUG WALKS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR.

CONNIE
FUCKING ASSHOLE! WHAT?! YOU...

CONNIE FINISHES HER DRINK.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
AT LEAST MAKE ME ANOTHER DRINK!

CONNIE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

GEORGE PACES BACK AND FORTH IN PAJAMA PANTS AND A T-SHIRT.
THE PHANTOM INFANT IN THE JAR CRIES.

GEORGE
I FIRST WANT TO...I WANT TO APOLOGIZE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
YOUR APOLOGY IS ACCEPTED.

GEORGE
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN
GO ON LIKE THIS. PRESSURE FROM HER,
PRESSURE FROM MYSELF, THIS FUCKING
BABY CRYING ALL THE TIME!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
YOUR INNER BEING IS A BABY. SOME OF
OUR OTHERS WHO ARE DOWN THERE
HAVE REMOVED AURAS OF ADULTS,
SOME CORPSES.

GEORGE
WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT
SHUT UP!

GEORGE SHAKES THE JAR. THE INFANT CRIES LOUDER.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, SIBLINGS,
PARENTS...DO YOU NOT KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT MY FAMILY?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
GEORGE'S FAMILY WAS NOT IN CLOSE
RELATIONS WITH HIM.

GEORGE
WHY? FAMILIES DON'T JUST DISAPPEAR.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
CONNIE'S DID.

GEORGE
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH THAT
HURTS HER. SHE HAS TO GET DRUNK JUST
TO TELL YOU SHE'S BEEN ALONE TOO
LONG.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH THESE
HUMANS ANYMORE. WE DID NOT SEND
YOU THERE TO SPEND YOUR TIME WITH
UNRELIABLE, IGNORANT ONES.

GEORGE
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY. I AM DONE
WITH CONNIE. SHE ONLY GAVE ME
HEARTACHE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
THAT'S HOW YOU INTERPRET IT. BUT YOU
ARE NOT HUMAN.

GEORGE CRIES SILENTLY, STANDING OVER THE SINK, AND FEELING HIS
FACE SOFTLY.

MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
YOU MUST KEEP REMINDING YOURSELF
YOU ARE NOT GEORGE.

GEORGE CRIES MORE. TEARS DROP INTO THE SINK IN SUCCESSION. THE
INFANT CRIES MORE.

INT. CONNIE'S APARTMENT - DAWN

JIMI HENDRIX'S SONG, ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?, PLAYS IN THE APARTMENT. CONNIE SITS ON HER RAGGEDY COUCH. SHE SNORTS COCAINE AND CHASES IT WITH A GULP OF CHEAP VODKA.

SHE GRABS A NOTEBOOK AND PEN AND DRAWS LARGE STARS WITH VEHEMENCE ON THE PAGE. SHE STABS THE NOTEBOOK WITH THE PEN.

SHE FALLS BACK INTO A SLOUCHING POSITION. HER EYES BECOME HEAVY. A LITTLE BIT OF DROOL COMES OUT OF HER MOUTH. SHE LEANS UP COUGHING WITH HER HAND ON HER CHEST.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

MRS. GRECO SITS AT HER DESK AND PICKS UP THE OFFICE PHONE. SHE TYPES A COUPLE OF BUTTONS INTO THE PHONE.

CONNIE (O.S.)
(THROUGH THE PHONE)
GEORGGEEEE...PLEASE. WHO IS
THE...MRS...WHAT THE FUCK?! GET YOUR
ASS OVER HERE! IT'S BRIGHT AND EARLY
SUNSHINE! AND MY LOVELY ABODE...

CONNIE COUGHS.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
IT'S...OOOHHH...

MRS. GRECO HANGS UP THE PHONE AND OPENS HER BOTTOM DRAWER. SHE PULLS OUT A STACK OF FOLDERS HASTILY. SHE SPOTS SONGY, CONNIE.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

GEORGE SITS AT MRS. GRECO'S DESK LOOKING AT THE COMPUTER. HE CLICKS ON AN ICON FOR THE HOWLIN' WOLF ALBUM. HE TAKES HIS CREDIT CARD FROM HIS WALLET AND TYPES WHILE LOOKING AT THE NUMBERS. MRS. GRECO ENTERS.

MRS. GRECO
I'M SO SORRY, GEORGE. AN EMERGENCY
CAME UP AND I HAD TO LEAVE THE
OFFICE. I--

GEORGE
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

GEORGE PUTS HIS CREDIT CARD INTO HIS WALLET. HE STANDS AND PUTS HIS WALLET INTO HIS BACK POCKET. MRS. GRECO RUSHES TO HER DESK.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I WAS ACTUALLY WANTING TO TAKE YOU
TO LUNCH TODAY.

MRS. GRECO LOOKS AT HER WATCH. GEORGE APPROACHES MRS. GRECO.

MRS. GRECO
OKAY, UH...THANK YOU. BUT I HAVE A
LOT OF CLIENT'S INSURANCE CLAIMS TO
CATCH UP ON.

GEORGE
IT'S OKAY TO WAIT FOR THAT.

MRS. GRECO BACKS AWAY FROM GEORGE.

MRS. GRECO
HONESTLY, AND I DON'T KNOW A POLITE
WAY TO SAY THIS, BUT I DON'T FEEL
COMFORTABLE AROUND YOU ANYMORE.
YOU WANTED ME TO LIFT MY SHIRT, YOU
YELLED INSANE THINGS AT ME...SO I'D
APPRECIATE IT, FOR THE BUSINESS, YOU
KNOW...IF WE GET BACK TO WHERE WE
ALWAYS WERE. BACK TO BEING
PROFESSIONAL ACQUAINTANCES AND
PERSONAL STRANGERS.

GEORGE
THAT'S THE LAST THING I WANT.

MRS. GRECO
WELL, IF YOU DON'T MIND. THINK OF IT
AS MY LAST REQUEST BEFORE I RETIRE IN
THE NEAR FUTURE.

GEORGE
ARE YOU QUITTING OR RETIRING?

MRS. GRECO
QUITTING IS FOR THE WEAK. I MAY SAY
MISTER AND MISSES, BUT I KNOW WHEN
TO CUT IT OFF TO, "HEY, YOU." SO, I'LL
RETIRE WHEN I DECIDE.

GEORGE WALKS AROUND THE DESK AND INTO THE LOBBY AREA. MRS.
GRECO SITS ON HER CHAIR. GEORGE SITS ON THE GROUND.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GEORGE
I'M A NICE, RELIABLE GUY NOW. I OWE
YOU MORE THAN A LUNCH. AND THAT'S
NOT EVEN THE REASON WHY I WANT TO
TAKE YOU TO LUNCH.

MRS. GRECO
THEN WHY? WHY DID YOU WAIT A DOZEN
YEARS TO DO THIS?

GEORGE
I'M BENEATH YOU. I'M BENEATH YOU
MORALLY. I'M BENEATH YOU
EMOTIONALLY, PASSIONATELY. I'M
BENEATH YOUR STRENGTH OF
CHARACTER. FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND
WHEN I THINK OF THAT OLD GEORGE IS
THAT HE WAS TOO MUCH OF A COWARD
TO SAY WHAT NEUROLOGICAL
STIMULATIONS REALLY WERE. I DON'T
CARE WHAT FORM OR FIGURE OR RACE
YOU ARE. BUT IF YOU CAN ONLY
DESCRIBE HAPPINESS IN PHILOSOPHIES,
THEN THAT MEANS YOU HAVE NEVER
EXPERIENCED PAIN FOR ANYONE ELSE,
BUT YOURSELF. AND JUST SITTING HERE
NEXT TO YOU, I FEEL AN IMMENSE
AMOUNT OF WHATEVER KIND OF PAIN
YOU WANT TO CALL IT. TODAY, I'LL CALL
IT REMORSE. ME BUYING YOU LUNCH IS A
LONG DELAYED SIGN OF RESPECT, MRS.
GRECO.

MRS. GRECO SMILES, BUT CATCHES HERSELF. SHE EXHALES A DEEP SIGH.

MRS. GRECO
CAN WE AT LEAST HAVE DESSERT?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

GEORGE AND MRS. GRECO SIT AT A TABLE WITH GLASSES OF ICE WATER FOR EACH. PATRONS, YOUNG AND OLD, CROWD THE BUSY RESTAURANT. MANY STAFF MEMBERS STAY "ON THE GO."

GEORGE
SO HOW OLD IS YOUR DAUGHTER NOW?

MRS. GRECO
BETH? SHE JUST TURNED FORTY. WHY?

GEORGE
IS SHE HAPPILY MARRIED WITH KIDS OR...

MRS. GRECO
SHE HAS A FIANCÉ. THEY'LL BE MARRIED THIS APRIL.

GEORGE
WHAT DOES HE DO FOR A LIVING? NO, NEVER MIND THAT. WHAT DOES SHE DO FOR A LIVING?

MRS. GRECO
SHE'S A CURATOR AT NOMA. WHY DOES SHE INTEREST YOU SO MUCH?

GEORGE
IS THERE ALWAYS AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE WHEN SOMEONE ASKS QUESTIONS?

MRS. GRECO
NO, BUT I ASK THAT OF SOMEONE WHO NEVER ASKED QUESTIONS BEFORE. ARE YOU STILL GOING THROUGH ROUGH TIMES?

GEORGE GRABS HIS LUNCH KNIFE AND GLIDES HIS FINGER OVER THE BLADE.

GEORGE
WHY DO I CARE SO MUCH ABOUT...

MRS. GRECO
YOU SIMPLY HAVE FEELINGS FOR HER.
WHAT'S THE MYSTERY? HAVE YOU EVER
BEEN DUMPED?

GEORGE
BUT TO THINK ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE SO
MUCH THAT YOU FORGET WHAT YOU
WERE PLANNING TO DO LATER? I DON'T
KNOW IF YOU CAN CALL THAT LOVE.

GEORGE PUTS HIS KNIFE ON THE TABLE.

MRS. GRECO
IT COULD JUST BE INFATUATION.

GEORGE
DOES BETH LOVE HER FIANCE?

MRS. GRECO
OF COURSE, SHE DOES.

GEORGE
ARE YOU SURE IT'S THAT SIMPLE?

MRS. GRECO
WELL, SHE SAID SO A LONG TIME AGO
AND I BELIEVED HER THEN. SHE HASN'T
ACTED IN ANY WAY FOR ME TO DOUBT
HER NOW.

GEORGE
DOES SHE GET DEPRESSED?

MRS. GRECO
WITH WHAT?

GEORGE
I MEAN...IF YOU GET DEPRESSED WHEN
SOMEONE'S NOT AROUND, DOES THAT
MEAN YOU LOVE THEM?

WAITRESS, 40'S, BRINGS THEM THEIR MEALS.

WAITRESS
ANYTHING ELSE AS OF NOW?

MRS. GRECO
NO, THANK YOU.

GEORGE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

WAITRESS
BON APETIT.

WAITRESS WALKS AWAY. MRS. GRECO PLACES HER NAPKIN ON HER LAP.
GEORGE DOES THE SAME AFTER WATCHING HER DO IT.

MRS. GRECO
I DON'T THINK YOU LOVE CONNIE.

GEORGE
THEN WHAT IS THIS EMPTY FEELING THAT
I DON'T UNDERSTAND?

MRS. GRECO
DID ANYTHING ELSE STRESSFUL HAPPEN
IN YOUR LIFE?

GEORGE
MY LIFE? HUH.

A MOMENT.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
MY LIFE. MINE.

GEORGE GRABS HIS FORK.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I SHOULD PROBABLY MAKE THAT
CHANGE.

MRS. GRECO
CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT THAT MEANS
BEFORE OUR FOOD GETS COLD?

MRS. GRECO GRABS HER FORK.

GEORGE
PERHAPS IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE SURE
SHE'S HAPPY. I KNOW SHE'S NOT. I'M
NOT.

MRS. GRECO
HAVE YOU CALLED HER RECENTLY?

GEORGE
IT GOES TO VOICEMAIL.

MRS. GRECO
ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY.

MRS. GRECO TAKES A BITE OF HER FOOD.

GEORGE
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

MRS. GRECO
(MOUTHFUL)
REALLY?

GEORGE NODS. MRS. GRECO WIPES HER MOUTH WITH HER NAPKIN.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
IF YOU WANT TO ACCOMPLISH
SOMETHING, THEN YOU MUST BE WILLING
TO SPEND X NUMBER OF DAYS, WEEKS,
YEARS TO DO IT.

SHE SIPS HER WATER.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
JUST DON'T FORGET TO LIVE YOUR OWN
LIFE TOO.

SHE DIGS HER FORK INTO HER FOOD.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
AND DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE A MEAL IN
FRONT OF YOU.

SHE TAKES HER BITE OF FOOD.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GEORGE AND DOUG ENTER HIS LIVING ROOM. GEORGE WEARS A T-SHIRT
AND JEANS. DOUG WEARS A LONG SLEEVED SHIRT AND JEANS. PINK
FLOYD'S DARK SIDE OF THE MOON ALBUM PLAYS.

GEORGE
THANKS FOR COMING OVER. SIT AND
ENJOY PINK FLOYD FOR NOW. I'M SURE
YOU'VE NEVER ENJOYED MUSIC IN YOUR
ENTIRE EXISTENCE.

DOUG
I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT SUCH THINGS.

DOUG SITS ON THE COUCH.

DOUG (CONT'D)
WHERE IS SHE IF WE'RE HEADING BACK
TOMORROW?

GEORGE SITS IN HIS RECLINER.

GEORGE
I'VE GROWN TO LIKE SITTING IN THIS
CHAIR. IT'S A COMFORT FOR MY LOWER
BACK.

DOUG
YOUR LOWER BACK? WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT? WHERE'S YOUR
FEMALE?

GEORGE
WE ONLY NEED TO GO PICK HER UP AND
THEN WE CAN LEAVE. WHAT DID YOU
TELL THE GUIDE?

DOUG
THAT WE SHOULD BE BACK HOME IN A
WEEK. HAVE YOU CHOSEN NOT TO SPEAK
WITH THEM?

GEORGE
CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR BEFORE WE
LEAVE?

GEORGE STANDS AND WALKS TO DOUG. HE STANDS IN FRONT OF DOUG.

DOUG
I'M HERE TO HELP.

GEORGE TURNS HIS BACK TO DOUG.

GEORGE
I NEED YOU TO DISCONNECT THE THREE
STRANDS CONNECTED FROM ME TO
GEORGE'S EARS.

DOUG
WHAT?

GEORGE
IN ORDER FOR ME TO CONCENTRATE ON
THE REST OF MY MISSION, I CANNOT BE
BOTHERED BY THE GUIDE'S
COMMUNICATION TO MY EARS. I NEED TO
BECOME DEAF TO OUR WORLD.

DOUG STANDS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME?

DOUG
WHY?

GEORGE
WHY NOT, DOUG?

GEORGE TURNS TO DOUG.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'M NOT SURE HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT
YOUR INHABITATION, BUT THE BIGGEST
REGRET I'LL EVER HAVE IS TAKING
GEORGE GAUTREAUX'S LIFE AWAY FROM
HIM.

DOUG
I'M SORRY I DON'T FEEL THAT.

GEORGE
YOUR DENIAL IS A HUMAN FLAW. SO
PLEASE.

GEORGE TURNS HIS BACK TO DOUG. DOUG RAISES GEORGE'S T-SHIRT UP
TO HIS SHOULDERS. DOUG OPENS THE INFLAMED SEAM ON THE BOTTOM
OF GEORGE'S SPINE.

DOUG PUSHES HIS HAND INSIDE GEORGE'S BACK, MOVES HIS HAND
AROUND, AND TAKES HIS HAND OUT OF GEORGE'S BACK.

DOUG
NOW, LET'S GET GOING.

DOUG CLOSES GEORGE'S BACK BY PUSHING THE TWO HALVES
TOGETHER. HE GLIDES HIS FINGER DOWN THE SEAM. IT TURNS BACK TO
ITS CLOSED, INFLAMED LINE.

GEORGE
YOU TRUST YOUR OWN KIND, DON'T YOU?

DOUG
BUT THERE'S NO REASON TO DO THAT. WE
NEED TO HURRY THIS UP.

GEORGE REMOVES HANDCUFFS FROM HIS JEANS POCKET.

GEORGE
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THESE?

DOUG FEELS THEM.

DOUG
HANDCUFFS. THOSE ARE WHAT THE COP
USED TO ARREST CONNIE THAT NIGHT.

GEORGE
I'VE NEVER USED THEM BEFORE. I NEED
TO TRY THEM OUT BECAUSE I THINK
THAT'S THE BEST WAY TO CAPTURE MY
FEMALE. TURN AROUND.

DOUG
I DON'T SEE HOW THEY'RE COMPLICATED.

GEORGE PUNCHES DOUG IN THE FACE. DOUG FALLS INTO THE COUCH.
THE INFANT'S CRIES IN THE KITCHEN. GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS FIST.

DOUG (CONT'D)
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

GEORGE CUFFS DOUG'S RIGHT WRIST. DOUG STANDS. GEORGE KICKS
DOUG IN HIS GROIN.

DOUG (CONT'D)
AAAH!

THE INFANT CRIES LOUDER IN THE JAR. DOUG LEANS OVER IN PAIN.
GEORGE JUMPS ONTO THE COUCH BEHIND DOUG. HE KICKS GEORGE
HARD IN THE LOWER BACK.

DOUG (CONT'D)
GEORGE, GODDAMN IT!

DOUG LEANS BACK IN PAIN PUTTING HIS HANDS ON HIS HIPS. GEORGE
GRABS DOUG'S LEFT ARM. HE HANDCUFFS DOUG'S LEFT WRIST TO THE
RIGHT ONE BEHIND DOUG'S BACK.

DOUG (CONT'D)
GUIDE! GUIDE!

GEORGE LIFTS DOUG'S SHIRT ON HIS BACK AND OPENS THE INFLAMED
SEAM. HE DIGS INTO DOUG'S BACK AND PULLS OUT ALL OF THE SHORT
BLACK BLOB FROM INSIDE.

DOUG'S HUMAN BODY FALLS FACE FIRST TO THE FLOOR -
UNCONSCIOUS. GEORGE CARRIES THE BLACK BLOB OUT OF THE ROOM
AS IT STRETCHES ITS ARM-LIKE LIMBS WRAPPING THEM AROUND
GEORGE'S BODY. BABY CRIES.

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

GEORGE ENTERS THE KITCHEN AND RUNS STOMACH FIRST INTO THE SINK COUNTER TOP. BLACK BLOB STILL WRAPPED AROUND HIS BODY. INFANT CRIES.

GEORGE PULLS THE ARM-LIKE LIMBS FROM AROUND HIS WAIST.

GEORGE
I CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH MY HUMAN
EARS. I CAN FEEL YOU VIBRATING,
BUDDY. BUT WE'RE FOREIGNERS NOW.

GEORGE FLIPS A SWITCH BY THE SINK. GARBAGE DISPOSAL CHURNS. HE SHOVS THE BLACK BLOB INTO THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL. INFANT CRIES LOUDER.

PIECES OF THE BLACK BLOB SCATTER THE SINK. GEORGE GRABS A NEARBY BUTCHER KNIFE AND STABS THE UPPER HALF OF THE BLACK BLOB INTO THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL. INFANT CRIES AND THE JAR SHAKES.

THE BLACK BLOB IS ALMOST GONE. GEORGE REPEATEDLY STABS THE DRAIN. ONE FINAL STAB. GEORGE'S PALM SLIPS DOWN OVER THE KNIFE, THUMB SLICING THE BLADE.

THE JAR WITH THE INFANT FALLS TO THE FLOOR FROM THE COUNTER TOP. SHATTERED. GEORGE TURNS OFF THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL AND STARES AT THE BLOOD OOZING OUT OF HIS THUMB. THE INFANT'S CRIES GET LOWER AND LOWER.

GEORGE TOUCHES THE BLOOD WITH HIS FINGER AND TASTES IT. HE WATCHES THE BLOOD FROM HIS THUMB DRIP INTO THE SINK. HE STANDS STILL. SILENCE.

GEORGE LOOKS AT THE PHANTOM INFANT ON THE FLOOR. THE INFANT SLEEPS.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

GEORGE WALKS WITH DOCTOR, 30'S, DOWN THE HALL. GEORGE HAS A BANDAGE WRAPPED AROUND HIS THUMB. DOCTOR PUSHES DOUG IN A WHEELCHAIR. DOUG IS UNCONSCIOUS, BUT DROOLING.

GEORGE
HE SHOULD BE OKAY. I'D JUST LIKE TO
HAVE WHATEVER TESTS YOU ALL CAN DO
TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS WELL.

DOCTOR
USUALLY PEOPLE WHO FAINT ARE OVER
STRESSED OR HAVE HEAT EXHAUSTION.
BUT WE'LL, OF COURSE, DO A CLEAN
CHECK-UP ON BLOOD WORK, BLOOD
PRESSURE--

GEORGE
AND SEND THE BILL TO MY ADDRESS. I'LL
ALSO LEAVE MONEY FOR A CAB WHEN
HE'S CLEARED.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

MRS. GRECO SITS AT HER DESK. CONNIE, TIRED AND PALE, SITS IN A
LOBBY CHAIR. GEORGE ENTERS WITH HIS THUMB STILL WRAPPED IN
BANDAGE.

GEORGE
GOOD MORNING, SHIRLEY.

GORDON STOPS WALKING ANY FURTHER AFTER HE SEES CONNIE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
CONNIE.

CONNIE
HI, GEORGE.

MRS. GRECO
CONNIE AND I AGREED FOR HER TO COME
IN THIS MORNING. YOU, OF COURSE,
HAVE A FEW HOURS TIL YOUR FIRST
APPOINTMENT.

GEORGE
I THOUGHT WE DON'T TAKE
UNSCHEDULED PATIENTS.

CONNIE LAUGHS A BIT, BUT STOPS IMMEDIATELY.

MRS. GRECO
I DON'T THINK YOU EVER FINISHED THE
FIRST ONE WITH HER.

GEORGE APPROACHES CONNIE. CONNIE STANDS AND SITS BACK DOWN
IN A ONE MOTION.

GEORGE
YOU CAN STAND.

CONNIE STANDS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I HAD SOMETHING TO TALK WITH MRS.
GRECO...SHIRLEY ABOUT. SO IF YOU
DON'T MIND WAITING IN MY OFFICE FOR
A BIT.

SHE WALKS TOWARDS GEORGE'S BACK OFFICE. GEORGE PULLS A LOBBY
CHAIR CLOSE TO MRS. GRECO'S DESK.

MRS. GRECO
SHE'S BEEN WITH ME AND PETER FOR THE
LAST FEW DAYS.

GEORGE
WHY?

GEORGE SITS IN THE CHAIR.

MRS. GRECO
THE DAY I WAS LATE, I HEARD A
VOICEMAIL FROM HER ON THE OFFICE
PHONE THAT MORNING. SHE WAS
SCREAMING, YELLING, CURSING, BUT SHE
WAS MAKING NO SENSE. THE CALL
ENDED WITHOUT A CIVIL GOODBYE, SO I
LOOKED UP HER ADDRESS IN OUR FILES,
WENT OVER TO HER APARTMENT.
LUCKILY THE DOOR WAS UNLOCKED. SHE
LAID ON THE COUCH IN A DRUG
OVERDOSE.

GEORGE
MY, GOD. WHAT...

GEORGE'S EYES FILL WITH TEARS.

MRS. GRECO
I CALLED AN AMBULANCE. I THOUGHT,
MY GOD, IT WAS SUCH A SCARY SIGHT, I
THOUGHT SHE WAS...

MRS. GRECO'S EYES FILL WITH TEARS.

MRS. GRECO (CONT'D)
I HADN'T BEEN THAT SCARED SINCE I SAW
BETH LYING THAT WAY IN THE GRAY
HOSPITAL BED.

MRS. GRECO CRIES. GEORGE GRABS HER HAND ACROSS THE DESK.

GEORGE
I'M SORRY. GOD, I'M SORRY.

MRS. GRECO
BUT YOU HAVE TO LEARN SOMETHING,
GEORGE. YOU CAN'T SAVE THE WORLD,
YOU CAN ONLY HELP IT. AND THAT'S
WHAT WE'RE BOTH GOING TO DO WITH
HER.

GEORGE
SHE'S LIVING WITH YOU?

MRS. GRECO WIPES HER EYES AND STOPS CRYING.

MRS. GRECO
WELL, WE'VE HAD AN EMPTY SPARE
BEDROOM FOR TOO LONG NOW. SHE'S
LOST HER JOB, HER APARTMENT, ALL BUT
HER LIFE.

GEORGE
OKAY, THAT'S...WOW. UH...LET ME FIRST
TELL YOU WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO THIS
MORNING AND THE REST CAN BE
ADDRESSED LATER.

GEORGE LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I WANT YOU TO RETIRE.

MRS. GRECO LAUGHS A BIT.

MRS. GRECO
JUST LIKE THAT, HUH? AYE, AYE, BOSS.

GEORGE
WHY NOT?

MRS. GRECO
I STILL HAVE ANOTHER YEAR TO START
MEDICARE.

GEORGE
BUT DO YOU HAVE MONEY SAVED UP TO
LIVE?

MRS. GRECO
FOR THE MOST PART, YEAH. PETER AND I
HAVE BEEN PRETTY GOOD ABOUT
PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

GEORGE
THEN I CAN GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS AS A PARTING GIFT. IS THAT
ENOUGH FOR HEALTH INSURANCE FOR A
YEAR?

MRS. GRECO
ABSOLUTELY, BUT...OH, THIS IS...I FEEL
ASHAMED TO EVEN TAKE THAT.

GEORGE
IT WAS MY IDEA, SHIRLEY. I'M SURE YOU
HAVE A THOUSAND OTHER THINGS TO DO
WHILE YOU'RE STILL YOUNG.

MRS. GRECO LAUGHS.

MRS. GRECO
YOUNG? WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU?

GEORGE
I'M STILL A BABY.

MRS. GRECO
THEN THAT MEANS CONNIE HASN'T EVEN
BEEN BORN YET.

MRS. GRECO LAUGHS. GEORGE STANDS.

GEORGE
THINK ABOUT IT. THERE'S NO RUSH.
EITHER WAY, WE'LL REMAIN FRIENDS.

MRS. GRECO
I GUESS I COULD TRAIN CONNIE ON
TAKING MY PLACE IF THAT'S OKAY WITH
YOU.

GEORGE
THANK YOU.

INT. GEORGE'S THERAPY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CONNIE SITS UP STRAIGHT ON THE COUCH WITHOUT MOVING MUCH AT
ALL. GEORGE ENTERS. HE CLOSES THE DOOR AND WALKS TO HIS CHAIR.

CONNIE
I'M SORRY TO BARGE IN LIKE THIS AND-

GEORGE
THERE'S NO MORE APOLOGIZING.

GEORGE SITS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

CONNIE
GREAT. I FEEL GREAT.

GEORGE
THERE'S ALSO NO MORE LYING.

CONNIE EXHALES A DEEP BREATH. SHE LEANS BACK IN THE COUCH.

CONNIE
I'M OKAY THEN. IT FEELS LIKE IT'D TAKE
A DECADE FOR ME TO WASH THE DRUGS
OUT OF MY BODY.

GEORGE
I'M SURE YOU WANT TO GET TO SCHOOL
SOONER THAN TEN YEARS.

CONNIE
AM I...AM I STILL GOING?

GEORGE
DON'T ASK ME ABOUT THAT. TAKE
SHIRLEY'S PLACE FOR A WHILE, SAVE UP
SOME MONEY, AND THEN, LIKE I SAID, IF
YOU SHOW ME THE PROGRESS OF A
PORTFOLIO...

CONNIE
JESUS CHRIST. I CAN'T EVEN LOOK IN THE
MIRROR BEFORE I TAKE A SHOWER.
FUCKING JUST...

GEORGE
ARE YOU GRATEFUL TO SHIRLEY FOR
TAKING YOU INTO HER HOME?

CONNIE
OF COURSE. ABSOLUTELY. I MEAN, SHE
SAVED...

GEORGE
YOUR LIFE.

CONNIE CRIES. GEORGE STANDS AND SITS IN ONE MOTION.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
YOU NEED HER RIGHT NOW. AND RIGHT
NOW DOESN'T MEAN FOREVER. RIGHT?

CONNIE NODS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
DO YOU NEED DOUG?

CONNIE NODS, STILL CRYING.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
GOOD. BECAUSE I PROMISE HE LOVES
YOU. DO YOU NEED TO START ON A
CAREER?

CONNIE NODS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
AND DO YOU NEED ME?

CONNIE CRIES AND GRABS SOME TISSUE FROM THE BOX ON THE CENTER TABLE.

CONNIE
(CRYING)
I THINK.

GEORGE STANDS AND WALKS TO THE COUCH. HE SITS A COUPLE OF FEET AWAY FROM HER.

GEORGE
I REALIZED WEEKS AGO THAT I NEED YOU.
AND THAT'S YOU THE PERSON. NOT A
ROMANCE OR ANYTHING ELSE MORE
THAN A...A FRIEND.

CONNIE NODS WIPING HER EYES.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'M ONLY GUESSING NOW, BUT YOU CAN
LOVE YOUR FRIENDS. AND WHEN
THEY'RE UNHAPPY, YOU'RE UNHAPPY. I
FEEL HONORED THAT YOU NEED ME.

CONNIE
YOU...YOU MUST HAVE HAD SOME GREAT
PARENTS.

GEORGE TURNS TOWARDS THE CENTER TABLE. HE LEANS BACK IN THE COUCH. BOTH IN SAME POSITION NOW; A COUPLE OF FEET APART.

GEORGE
I CAN'T ANSWER ABOUT MY PARENTS.
GOD, MY PARENTS. I NEVER GET CALLS
FROM THEM. I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF ME A
LOT YOUNGER WITH THEM. BUT FOR
SOME REASON I'M NEVER SMILING IN MY
PICTURES.

CONNIE
YOU SOMEHOW LEARNED THINGS YOU
DIDN'T READ IN SCHOOL.

GEORGE
I'VE LEARNED WHAT IS IMPORTANT TO
YOU AND SHIRLEY. WHAT'S WRONG WITH
PEOPLE WHO CAN'T FIGURE THAT OUT
FOR THEMSELVES? THAT IDEA OF
HAPPINESS. WHEN DO THEY FORGET
THAT THEY CAN'T LIVE FOREVER? THAT
THEY ONLY GET ONE TRY AT THIS
WALKING AROUND IN THE WORLD ACT.

CONNIE
I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT OF THIS STATE.

GEORGE
I DIDN'T MEAN LITERALLY. NO ONE OWNS
THE PLANET. EVERYONE JUST OWNS
THEIR OWN WORLDS.

CONNIE
DO YOU SIT ON THE COUCH WITH ALL OF
YOUR PATIENTS?

GEORGE SITS UP AND TURNS.

GEORGE
THIS MAY BE THE CLOSEST I'VE BEEN TO
ANYONE.

EXT. MAGAZINE STREET - NIGHT

GEORGE WALKS DOWN THE STREET WEARING A SHORT SLEEVED
COLLARED SHIRT AND KAKI PANTS. KARA, GENIE, AND SARAH WALK
TOWARDS GEORGE. ALL OF THEM ARE IN THEIR 20'S, WEARING NICE
DRESSES.

KARA
THERE'S NO REASON FOR HIM TO SAY
THAT. ALL HE SHOULD'VE SAID WAS, "I
CAN'T EAT THAI FOOD. MAYBE WE
SHOULD TRY SOMETHING ELSE."

SARAH
BUT HE WASN'T HUNGRY.

GENIE
THAT'S NO REASON FOR HIM TO SAY HE'S
GOING TO MEET YOU AND LEAVE YOU
STRANDED LOOKING LIKE SOME LONELY
LOSER.

GEORGE STOPS.

GEORGE
YOU SHOULD LEAVE HIM.

KARA, GENIE, AND SARAH STOP.

GENIE
WHAT?

GEORGE
I SAY LEAVE HIM OR ARRIVE AT HIS
PLACE UNEXPECTEDLY.

SARAH
I'M NOT A PSYCHO.

GEORGE
WELL, IF YOU'RE ALREADY DEFENDING
HIM LYING TO YOU, THEN IT SOUNDS LIKE
YOU'RE EITHER EMBARRASSED OF
YOURSELF OR HE'S ALREADY GOT A HOLD
OF YOUR EMOTIONS. NO SENSE IN HIM
HAVING YOU WAIT AROUND.

SARAH
THIS GUY'S WEIRD. COME ON.

KARA, GENIE, AND SARAH WALK AWAY.

GEORGE
SORRY. I'M JUST GIVING YOU A MAN'S
OPINION.

GEORGE WALKS IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(TO HIMSELF)
HOW THE HELL IS MY OPINION AN
EDUCATED ONE? I AM WEIRD. I
WOULDN'T TALK TO ME EITHER.

OLD MAN AND OLD WOMAN SIT OUTSIDE OF A RESTAURANT HAVING
COFFEE. THEY SIT IN SILENCE. GEORGE STOPS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
EXCUSE ME.

OLD MAN AND OLD WOMAN LOOK AT GEORGE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
ARE YOU TWO HAVING A GOOD TIME?

OLD MAN
WHAT?

GEORGE
IT'S A NICE NIGHT TONIGHT. I WAS JUST
CURIOUS IF YOU TWO HAD A GOOD
DINNER.

OLD WOMAN
MY FOOD CAME OUT COLD.

OLD MAN
YEAH, THIS WAITER'S GONNA GET A
QUARTER TIP.

GEORGE
HE DIDN'T COOK THE FOOD.

OLD WOMAN
BUT HE SHOULD'VE CHECKED ON IT. HE
HASN'T BEEN BACK OUT HERE TO SEE IF
WE'RE DOING OKAY.

GEORGE
ARE YOU TWO DOING OKAY?

OLD MAN
WELL, YEAH. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

GEORGE
I SUPPOSE IT'S JUST ANOTHER WAY OF ME
SAYING HELLO.

OLD MAN
HELLO.

OLD WOMAN
HELLO.

GEORGE
GOODBYE.

GEORGE WALKS AWAY. MUSIC PLAYS OUT OF A BAR HE PASSES. HE
STOPS AND LOOKS INSIDE.

A FEW PATRONS, ONE A DECENT LOOKING WOMAN. WOMAN WEARS A
BLACK TOP AND JEANS. SHE SITS AT THE EDGE OF THE BAR FACING
TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR.

WOMAN SITS BY HERSELF SIPPING A MARTINI. SHE LOOKS AT HER
WATCH AND THEN TOWARDS THE DOOR. SHE SEES GEORGE. THEY
STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT.

GEORGE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. IT READS: 9:05. GEORGE ENTERS THE
BAR.

FADE TO BLACK.

Will Blanke was born in New Orleans on October 5, 1982 to adoptive parents. Will grew up in Metairie, LA, attending St. Angela Merici elementary school and Brother Martin High School. He always had an innate creativity for writing and acting. He remembers writing poems on his childhood desk when he was five years old. Will's parents were always supportive of his writings throughout his life. He began writing screenplays when he was twenty years old and has never stopped. He graduated Louisiana State University in 2006 with a Bachelor of Arts in English (Concentration in Creative Writing). Will lived in Los Angeles for two years after graduating college with hopes on breaking into the film industry. After two years of living in squalor and unhappiness with his life in L.A., he moved back to New Orleans to get a Master in Screenwriting. Will has now written ten completed scenplays, while revising some of them for near future production. He is now making his directorial debut in a script he wrote called The Mortality of Law. Will Blanke teaches English at Delgado Community College, but consistently writes films with ambitions of continuing to produce his own films.