

MixedNuts
by
Lawrence McLeod

Lawrence S McLeod
15523 SE River Forest Dr
Milwaukie, OR 97267
503-953-4947

According to a recent report, over half a million people in the US were living on the streets, in cars, in homeless shelters, or in subsidized transitional housing during a one-night national survey last January. Of that number, 206,286 were people in families, 358,422 were individuals ...

... Although there are no supporting statistics on how many of these people were Pompous Asses, this is a story of one of those...

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE / BOSTON - NIGHT

We join some sort of ruckus in the Square. There is something going on up in the alley commonly referred to as Graffiti Alley. Luminous faces of various people in the crowd lit up by the flashing lights of multiple police cruisers and ambulance. A Male voice begins over the chaos.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

This place is smack dab in the middle of two of the most prestigious Universities in the world, yet most ignore it. I think even God takes the subway around it. I still call it home. Weird, I'm even proud of it and these strange fuckers call it home too. Nikki, I've grown fond of, in a like, one of my kids sort of way.

NIKKI, (19), attractive, in a street girl sort of way, sad, nearly crying.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Talks incessantly in Spanglish, most times about nothing. Crazy cute, but a psycho. I was wondering how to put the two together like a Ben and Jerry's mix, maybe CuteNuts or PsychoBerry, anyway!

FLASHBACK - INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

Nikki blabbering on about something nonsensical in a small CROWD in a church basement.

CROWD

Keep coming, Nikki.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Nelson, one of the smartest guys you'll ever meet, as useful as a frozen fire hydrant however, but smart, carries his luggage everywhere he goes.

NELSON, (63), bearded, frumpy yet very large, walks down Massachusetts Avenue overloaded with bags, over the shoulder ones as well as two two-wheeled suitcases. Curious about the chaos ahead.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
He's definitely not on his way to
the airport.

FLASHBACK - CENTRAL SQUARE TRAIN STATION - DAY

Nelson, slogging his way up the escalator. One bag gets away
and bounces a few steps at a time down the escalator nearly
wiping out an ELDERLY WOMAN.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Ursula, I imagine was pretty hot at
one time, the drugs and alcohol
have beaten the shit outta her.

URSULA, (41), smiles insidiously as the police lights flash
on and off her face, seemingly getting a kick out of what is
cryptically happening in the alley.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Not sure the road this bitch has
traveled, but she can't stand
anyone around her. Trusts no one,
especially men. Her middle finger
is her favorite appendage.

FLASHBACK - INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

Ursula in the same church basement as Nikki. She sports a big
middle finger "fuck you" to some guy across the room.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Richard, A.K.A, Tricky Dick. Chicks
still dig this guy, which is
amazing considering the amount of
alcohol and drugs he consumes on a
daily basis, heck, hourly basis.

RICHARD, (41), long flowing hair, drinking from a brown bag,
most likely a 40oz friend in there.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
He said his secret was his
embalmer, he was going to give me a
referral.

(MORE)

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

He wears an old smelly leather jacket that smells like leather, booze and cigarettes. I told him if he let me piss on it he'd be far better off!

FLASHBACK - INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

The same church basement and we now see the guy that Ursula flipped the bird at is Richard, he steps up the stakes with a double bird - FUCK YOU!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Claudia, what can I say about this one, you need to look closely to actually see that she is Claudio.

CLAUDIA, (27), trans-gender Male to Female, pretty even. Hooting and whistling at a FIREMAN jumping down from a fire truck.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

She's quite the hard worker, been doing some extra curricula activities in her spare time to get thru school.

FLASHBACK - CITY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Claudia and a nondescript OLD MAN in an alleyway. From behind, it appears like Claudia is jerking him off.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Liam, what a character. I can't decide whether to call him Mumbles or Magoo. Maybe Mumbles Magoo, like a super hero, no, no, no, a Super Zero Hero.

LIAM, (67), frumpy little Irishman with very thick glasses. He is also drinking something from a brown paper bag, probably not gatoraid.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

You can't understand shit he says.
A mishmash of an Irish brogue and a
life long bender. Word is he spent
decades in prison for shipping hot
potatoes back to the old country to
further the cause of the IRA.

(beat)

The Monkeys, these three are
something to watch.

ALLEN, (19), a mute, big goofy smile. CHIP, (52), sporting a
hearing aid. STEVE, (41), blind, sunglasses reflecting the
whipping around lights of the ambulance, police cars and fire
trucks. All just watch attentively.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

There is nowhere these three will
travel alone. Oh don't get me wrong
here, I'm not trying to pick on the
handicap.

FLASHBACK - CHURCH BASEMENT

The three of them sitting in the back row of the church
basement the others were in. Steve covers his eyes, Chip his
ears, and Allen his mouth.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I know, I know, you can't make this
shit up. And me ...?

Finally, a face to go with the voice. MICHAEL, 40, bearded,
unkept hair, wears an old ratty wool New England Patriots hat
and a long sleeve camouflage shirt with holes, enjoying his
own 40oz.

The lights flash quicker on his face. Michael walks through
the crowd like he is invisible to all. He approaches the
yellow crime scene tape, and quickly goes under.

MICHAEL

Michael O'Shea, leader, teacher,
Self proclaimed sesquipedalian,
Grand Poobah of the Mixed Nuts. We
don't have much and most don't have
any zest for anything more than
daily survival.

He takes a slug of his paper bag covered bottle. Wipes away as it drips sloppily onto his beard.

MICHAEL

We have shit in common. Just
kidding, actually not really.

Michael gets closer in on what all the police, EMTs, and fire trucks are here for. We reveal a DETECTIVE rolling a sheet over a WOMAN lying on a stretcher. EMT, Police and firemen all know they lost another.

MICHAEL

What we do have in common is we all
subside at the School Street
Shelter up the street from here...
... Looks like we'll have another
open bed tonight.

The crowd disperses, Michael among the last to go.

Ahead, the Mixed Nuts walk down Massachusetts Avenue in a somber slow walk. An ambulance slowly cruises by them with lights flashing.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

Eerie looking multiple three story brick structures with an eight story building in the rear presented in black and white. Typical post World War II East Coast housing projects. A place that stacks poor people.

Plaque on a brick wall reads:

"Roosevelt Towers - Erected 1950".

INT. PROJECT APARTMENT - EVENING

We take in the living room first. It doesn't take long to see this place is a mess. Along with a couch are three mattresses on the floor. An old giant piece of furniture that is also a Zenith TV sporting rabbit ears adorned with tin foil. The Three Stooges play.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(Irish accent)

Come on Patrick, it's their
birthday. Leave 'em be!

MAN (O.S.)
 (Irish accent)
 Who gives shit, they're both
 losers.

A birthday cake with ten candles comes into view - "Happy 10th Birthday - Mickey and Jerry" - across the table comes a scampering cockroach as a huge hand comes from nowhere and squashes it. SPLAT!

REVEAL a man, DAD/PADDY/PAT/PATRICK O'SHEA, (40's), standing beer in hand, over twin Boys, MICKEY and JERRY, (10), excited about the cake, however still terrified of Dad. Across from the boys, little sister, JEANIE, AKA JUNIOR, (5), sits with an adorable smile, sporting pigtails.

DAD
 Lucky I don't squash 'em like 'dat!

In steps the lovely wife, MOM/JEAN O'SHEA, (39) She wears an apron over an overworked T-shirt and jeans, and carries a wooden match lit for the candles.

MOM
 Why do you need to be so mean?
 I'm not going to let you ruin their
 day.

The Boys chuckle some, quickly turning to serious.

DAD
 You couldn't just push out one? You
 had to do two! Two little Irish
 hoodlums! Two little maggots.

Jerry and Jeanie start crying, Mickey nothing!

MOM
 See what ya did now? Jesus, Mary
 and Joseph!

Mom trying to calm Jerry and Jeanie as a stoic Mickey looks on. Dad pushes her backwards.

DAD
 Leave 'em. You're going to make
 pussys outta 'dem.

INT. SCHOOL STREET SHELTER - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

Nikki, in the kitchen area, up early scrambling eggs together in a bowl. No make-up, hair all over the place.

Not quite cognisant of where she is yet. A large digital clock above shows 5:59 am.

VERONICA, (30's), short overweight black woman, shelter staff, comes through the back door not phasing Nikki at all.

VERONICA
Morning Nikki.

NIKKI
Hmmm!

Veronica continues through the kitchen, we see from her POV, the clock flip over to 6:00 am.

VERONICA (O.S.)
Groundhog day again!

Nikki just shakes her head as Veronica moves her way into and down a narrow hall.

DREAM - LARGE AUDITORIUM - DAY

We join a MAN from behind, on a stage with a headset on addressing a large enthusiastic audience.

MAN
Somewhere it's nine AM and
opportunity is already on it's
second cup of coffee. Trust me
people, if you're going to do
anything of value in this life
you're going to have to get your
ass outta bed and outta your
comfort zone.

Turning to walk back to a podium we REVEAL a clean shaven, haircut, well dressed Michael. He approaches the podium and begins to BANG, BANG, BANG on it for emphasis.

MICHAEL
And when opportunity knocks where
will you be? What will you do?

Another - BANG, BANG, BANG.

END DREAM

INT. SHELTER ROOM - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

The BANG, BANG, BANG transitions into a KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. Shelter room with three beds. Allen, Richard and Michael.

Michael, still wearing that ratty wool hat, jumps up out of bed - KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

VERONICA (O.S.)
Rise and shine gentleman, it's
another wonderful day in the
neighborhood.

Michael realizes where he is now. Allen snores like a saw mill. Richard, in another bed, wakes.

MICHAEL
FUCK! Back to the unreality at
hand.
(to Richard)
Hey dick, get up! We got group
today.

RICHARD
I'm not going. Tell them they can
group my nuts in their mouth.

Allen still snores.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Tea bag him and let's get moving.

INT. SHELTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Back to Nikki, amused.

NIKKI
My favorite time of the day.

Kitchen filling up. Ursula rolls through and grunts at Nikki. Nikki grunts back. Nikki and Veronica put out foil tins of scrabbled eggs, bacon and a sorry excuse for pancakes.

Nelson rolls in wearing only an old stained grey robe, was probably white at some point.

VERONICA
Eat up.

NIKKI
Shit... forgot syrup.

She moves to the fridge checking the calendar on the door, finger finds today, September 11th, scrawled in that block, "men's group 9am". Opens the fridge pulling out the syrup. Comes back handing a paper plate to Liam as he wanders in, he's not really paying much attention to anything.

NIKKI

You guys got group today. Maybe
you'll be better human beings when
you return later?

Michael strolls up to the line behind Nelson just in time to
see him picking at the food, inspecting each pancake,
dropping each back in the tin.

MICHAEL

WHAT THE FUCK! Really dude, your
hands have been scratching your
balls, picking your ass and your
nose and you feel free to share
that with us all, This place is a
FUCKING petri dish. Look, really,
fucking look!

NIKKI (O.C.)

Ya, probably not!

Michael's POV on Nelson's stain covered robe.

MICHAEL

Why didn't you just eat the
pancakes from yesterday off of that
fucking doormat you call a robe.

Michael walks away shaking his head. Sits with Ursula who's
hiding behind a Costco size box of Fruit Loops. She peeks
above the box.

MICHAEL

(referencing the cereal)
Coincidence? I think not! May I
have a bowl?

Richard entering from the hallway sits with Michael and
Ursula.

MICHAEL

Fruit Loops?

RICHARD

Ya, no shit!

INT. OFFICE IN SHELTER - DAY

ZACK (20's), dreadlocks, black man, happy go lucky staff
member sitting at a desk in a cluttered overused office
space. ALYSON, (40's) short and scraggly with long curly rats
nest hair, sits uncomfortably in a small chair.

ZACK
Alyson, right?

Zacks POV on Alyson's feet covered with plastic grocery bags tied around the ankles.

ALYSON
Yes.

ZACK
(overly friendly)
Welcome to the "Roof over your head shelter", just kidding.

Getting no response from Alyson, he continues.

ZACK
Well anyway, School Street Shelter, if you haven't figured it out by now I'm one of the staff members here. My name's Zack and it's my job to tell you the rules, get you settled in and to help you feel comfortable. Fair enough?

Veronica enters with sheets neatly stacked with a pillow, and hands them to Zack then exits.

ZACK
Thanks Veronica.
(to Alyson)
For you. I'll show you your bed shortly. But first things first. Have you ever been in a shelter before?

ALYSON (O.S.)
Thanks and Yes.

ZACK
OK then, some facts about this one.
(serious tone)
This place is what you call a dry shelter, no booze or drugs at all at any time for any reason. First offense, you're out, immediately. Second offense, well, you get my point. You understand?

ALYSON (O.S.)
Yes.

ZACK

OK then, fact number two. This place isn't like most shelters, sad to say, but this place is known on the streets as the Ritz Carlton of shelters. Not a permanent solution, but at least a start.

Alyson sort of looks like she's sleeping.

ZACK

(loudly)

Hey! You listening to me?

ALYSON (O.S.)

Oh yeah, sorry! Oh no, Yeah I hear you. It's ahhhh, the medication, I think.

ZACK

I understand, just stay with me a few more minutes. As I was saying, a start, you have the bed three days, unless you see a social worker, then you can stay longer. Some have been here over a year. We have a house meeting every other Thursday of which you're required to attend as well as your AA meetings and your meetings with the social worker and other meetings needed to help solve your homeless problem. You need to be up everyday before six AM, showered and out the door by eight AM, and you can't return 'til five PM.

INT. SHELTER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Back in the Kitchen. Zack walks Alyson in, we not only see the bags tied around her feet, we REVEAL dozens of plastic bags tied around various places on her body.

ZACK

Everyone, this is Alyson. Alyson, this is everyone.

Richard and Michael look at each other.

RICHARD

(to Michael))

Don't say it!

MICHAEL
O' come on!

Nelson looks over at her.

NELSON
Look A BAG LADY!

RICHARD
He beat ya to it.

ZACK
Alyson is taking the room vacat--

Richard and Michael get up to make their exit. Richard purposely interrupting.

RICHARD
--Hi Alyson,
(to Zack)
So sad some have to die for others
to live.
(back to Alyson)
Welcome.

EXT. SHELTER HOUSE - DAY

Front door of shelter opens to the street. Michael and Richard exit down the stairs, taking off to the right. Ursula, Nikki, guitar case in hand, and the 3 Monkeys follow. Nikki, seeing the Monkeys go left, goes right.

Alyson watches on as Nelson makes his way out the door with all his bags in tow. She might actually like that.

Nelson, undecided on going left or right, vacillates back and forth.

MICHAEL
(yells to Nelson)
When left is not right, then right
is the only way left!

Liam stumbles out of the door as it closes on his ass.

LIAM
Hey guys, wait for me!

INT/EXT. REDLINE TRAIN - DAY

Over crowded train with various SHIRT/TIE and SKIRT types making their way to work or whatever. We REVEAL just the top of Nikki's head far back in the crowd.

Closer to her now as she assertively navigates her way through the packed train using her guitar case much like a battering ram.

NIKKI

'cuse me, 'cuse me, I gotta get off
here, 'cuse me.

Train comes SCREECHING to a halt, doors open, Nikki with a dozen or so others come spilling out.

Nikki moves briskly along the concourse, as if on a mission, up the escalator, not waiting for it to do it's job.

Running now to the next escalator the best she can, given the crowd holding her back from some cryptic event we don't know about yet.

EXT. THE PIT / HARVARD SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Nikki comes barreling out of the top of the escalator nearly falling into the middle of Harvard Square, the "Pit", as it's known. Coveted real estate for a street performer.

We now take in ahead, OLDER HIPPY WOMAN, and her MATES setting up what looks to be a band.

NIKKI

Fuck!

HIPPY WOMAN

(giddy)

Early bird gets the worm Nikki.

NIKKI

What does the worm get?

HIPPY WOMAN

Digested!

EXT. CLINIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Liam briskly approaching a large older yellow brick structure, runs through a giant cloud of cigarette smoke and the people that created it. Blasting through the revolving doors, pissing everyone off in it.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Elevator is filled to the gills with people, all floor buttons lit up. Liam seems very agitated. He needs to piss real bad.

Stopping at the 3rd floor Liam pushes his way out running to find the stairwell.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Running up about a half dozen steps, he stops to piss right there on the stairs. We see pee running down the stairs onto his shoe. He ignores it and continues his journey upward.

INT. GROUP MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liam abruptly bursts into the room. The whole room turns and looks at him surprisingly.

Liam standing there, unbeknownst to him, has a large wet spot on his jeans at the crotch area.

LIAM

Honey, I'm home!

GROUP LEADER

(English accent)

Well Liam, SPOT on! Late as usual.

All laugh, Liam thinking they are laughing with him, not at him, makes his way to his seat.

About twelve MEN are sitting in a circle. Michael and Richard sit opposite each other. The laughing is broken by Richard slightly irritated.

RICHARD

I was in the middle of something pretty fucking important!

GROUP LEADER (O.C.)

Richard, you know we can't be using that sort of language here.

RICHARD

Well if this mental midget can walk in late with piss in his pants I should be able to use the word Fuck!

MICHAEL
Dude you were in the middle of
dick.

GROUP LEADER
Last warning Guys!

RICHARD
OK, OK, I got ya, can I continue?

Group leader nods yes.

RICHARD
It's been a whirlwind to say the
least, ya know, I ahhh, everywhere
I go drugs, booze, meth, coke, ya
know, ahhh, all these knuckleheads
around me
(sigh)
What the eff can I do, ya know? I
don't feel safe anywhere, here, the
shelter, the street. Everywhere I--

MICHAEL
--Every week you whine about the
same shit over and over. Does
anything ever change around here?--

RICHARD
--Hey, I was talking here, fuck
face.

It's obvious these two have known each other a while and have
been busting each other's balls every chance they get in a
way that only a friend could get away with.

MICHAEL
Ya, and about the same shit all the
time, can you maybe just make up
some other shit to whine about to
keep it interesting around here?

LIAM
(barely comprehensible)
Why ya always acting 'da maggot?

RICHARD
Ya, what he said.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Nelson sits in uncomfortable silence with the DOCTOR, (40's),
seemingly irritated with Nelson.

DOCTOR

Nelson?

Nelson not answering.

DOCTOR

NELSON?

NELSON

Ya?

DOCTOR

I certainly don't want to dismiss your feelings about that, however, don't you feel there are more substantial issues to discuss?

NELSON

What could possibly be more substantial than that? Blew my whole weekend.

DOCTOR

Really Nelson?

NELSON

Ya, really?

DOCTOR

The Red Sox dropping three to the Yankees has you--

NELSON

--And the Pats dropping the opener, that Drew Bledsoe, more like Blew Dreadful.

DOCTOR

Nelson can we focus on some other issues? Like your meds?

NELSON

Nothing has changed there Doc.

Doctor shuffles through a file folder.

DOCTOR

In your words - I have no relationship with my penis and I generally feel like crap.

(pause)

You still feel that way?

NELSON
(sarcastically)
Aside from those two trite issues I
feel great!

INT. SMALL CAFE DELI - MORNING

Claudia sitting, fidgeting with a spoon in a coffee cup.
Across from her sits a MAN, (50's), well dressed, nervously
overlooking his menu. Behind the Man's shoulder we see a
large black MAN, a cook working behind the counter and grill.

CLAUDIA
You know what you want?

MAN
Was thinking about the breakfast
special.

CLAUDIA
No doofus, you want, you know, you
answered my Craigslist ad.

MAN
I don't usually do this.

CLAUDIA
Right, none of us do. Just
something you like to fool around
with Doc?

MAN
Yes. I guess you could say--

CLAUDIA
--Like physics?

MAN
Sort of.

Claudia, being aloof, now turns to look back at the man
working behind the counter as she talks.

CLAUDIA
It's not as exciting as string
theory Doc, however, properly
motivated it can stand on it's own.

She turns to him.

CLAUDIA
And do ...

He's not there. Much to her delight he is under the table exploring her crotch.

CLAUDIA
... Its best work.

THOUGHT: Where's the Man behind the counter? There, with his back to us cooking on the grill.

CLAUDIA
Doc, you're still going to have to pay me.

He peeps up from under the table.

MAN
Really?

Claudia pushes his head back under.

CLAUDIA
Yes Really!

Claudia now goes back to fidgeting with her coffee keeping an eye on the cook's whereabouts.

Cook on the grill, obviously flipping eggs and setting up plates.

Claudia SIGHING in pleasure nearly spilling her coffee as she approaches orgasm.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MORNING

Ursula in the ladies section, riffling through panties to find the right ones. Picking one after another and just throwing them aside if not pleased.

URSULA
Ughhh - granny panties!

Throws them aside. Then like she just thought of something picks them back up.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE / DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claudia hurriedly trying to change out of her spunky stained undies - Ursula comes blasting through the door.

CLAUDIA
GET OUT OF HERE!

Claudia slams the door shut. Over the top of the wall comes a package of panties.

URSULA (O.C.)
Just trying to help.

CLAUDIA
Oh come on, these are old ladies' shit!

URSULA (O.C.)
Just kidding try these!

Over the top comes another. Claudia looks at them.

CLAUDIA
Nice, I like these.

URSULA
I'm not sure they'll stretch in the penis area.

CLAUDIA (O.C.)
Funny!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE / DRESSING ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

Alyson comes rolling into the area with a carriage loaded with all sorts of store goods.

URSULA
You? What's your name again?

ALYSON
Double O Four! Here, help me get this stuff in these bags.

Alyson starts to untie bags from her body and handing them to Ursula.

URSULA
So that's what they're for? I thought--

ALYSON
--What? I was testing out a new phobia? Come on hurry.

INT. GROUP MEETING - MORNING

Group leader with face in his hands, can't seem to control this bunch.

RICHARD

You're really starting to get on my fucking nerves. Just because I liked your brother doesn't mean I won't smack the shit outta ya.

MICHAEL

Now why did you need to bring Jerry into the this?

RICHARD

Because you're an asshole and he wasn't.

GROUP LEADER

Guys, guys, enough!

Abruptly interrupted by a staff member coming through the door.

STAFF MEMBER

We need to take a break.

GROUP LEADER

It's not time, what's up?

STAFF MEMBER

We may need to clear the building, you need to see this.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - MORNING

Nikki in the middle of a rendition of Jefferson Airplane - WHITE RABBIT, 1967, nearly flawless to the original.

FACES around the square in their run of the mill lives moving aimlessly, others on purpose.

A small audience gathers, drawn in by her presence. Some walk up and drop money in her guitar case, others smile in appreciation. Others now attracted by the overwhelming sound of her voice, join the growing crowd.

NIKKI

(singing)

Feed your head / Feed your head...

Applause not often seen in Harvard Square especially at 9:00 AM on a Tuesday morning.

NIKKI

Thank you! Thank you! I hope I did
Grace some justice, she's an
amazing woman, different time then,
seems like she was free to express
herself.

Another BUNCH put money in her guitar case. Nikki has a sweet
humble presence.

NIKKI

Thanks, you want to hear another?

Crowd, YEAH!

Nikki begins to fiddle with equipment to cue up another.

NIKKI

Another from that same album.

Jefferson Airplane SOMEBODY TO LOVE, 1967 - begins to bellow
from her speaker.

NIKKI

Gracie again, looking for love, I
think.

Off she goes again into ...

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - MORNING

Nikki's VOICE still singing over as we join ...

... a dozen or so people gathered around a small television
mounted high in a corner.

Face of a stunned WOMAN. A tear is about to drop. A MAN with
a bewildered look. Another young WOMAN with her hands over
her face trying not to look, but has to.

Silence is scary, this place is never quite day or night. All
their faces are in shock. The group from the meeting begin to
spill in, Group Leader, Michael, Richard, Liam and others.

Michael points down to Liam's pee spot.

MICHAEL

Contrary to popular belief, you're
supposed to leave a piss, not take
a piss.

Liam looks down and now back up, embarrassed, however no one
notices.

Michael's head is now RIGHTED by the TV SOUND in the background.

We see the World Trade Center burning as an announcer talks.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

At eight forty-six AM, Eastern Standard time. A hijacked passenger jet, American Airlines Flight eleven out of Boston, Massachusetts, crashed into the north tower of the World Trade Center, tearing a gaping hole in the building and setting it afire. At nine oh-three AM--

The room is in DEAD silence, SLOW MOTION one face after another tells an eerie story.

Michael, eyes welled, maybe about to cry. Richard, jaw dropped.

SLOW MOTION interrupted by a woman SCREAMING coming from another room. Just as the staff members turn to go towards it the screaming WOMAN (20's), in a hospital gown with most of her hanging out enters the waiting area in a complete wild panic.

SCREAMING WOMAN

It's the end. I knew it. It's all coming to roost, you fucking imbeciles. I tried to tell you all. You wouldn't listen, bitches.

SCREAMING fades as the staff wrestle her down to get a shot of something into her. Young women now crying.

ANOTHER FACE and yet another FACE in a completely paralytic state.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

EXT. FRONT OF TV/APPLIANCE STORE - MORNING

A small CROWD gather around a store front in Central Square. Just inside the large plate glass windows a display of about a dozen TV's all running the same channel.

Allen, Chip and Steve, watching attentively. STRANGE MAN pacing back and forth in front of the store window.

STEVE
(to Chip)
What's going on?

STRANGE MAN
Wadda ya, fucking blind? Planes are
slamming into buildings in New
York.

STEVE
Ya!

STRANGE MAN
Oh ya, sorry!

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MORNING

Alyson, Claudia and Ursula, rolling through the department
store with loads of bags, looking proud of their haul,
interrupted by the joint sound of multiple TV's from the
Electronics Department.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
A second hijacked airliner, United
Airlines Flight one seven five also
from Boston, crashed into the south
tower of the World Trade Center and
explodes. Both buildings are
burning.

Prompting all three to stop and look over to see a dozen or
so TV's all running the same clip.

URSULA
What the fuck?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Doctor dropping a phone from his ear.

DOCTOR
Nelson, we need to clear the
building.

NELSON
I thought we were just getting
started?

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME

The girls have settled in to watch. Someone got lawn chairs from another department. As they lounge, watching like it's "Days of our Lives", they are interrupted by a store employee.

STORE EMPLOYEE

You ladies enjoying your time with us?

CLAUDIA

No!

ALYSON

Mind your own busi--

URSULA

--Hi there, store detective!

STORE EMPLOYEE

Ursula.

Obviously these two know each other.

STORE EMPLOYEE

No really, what's up? You have a receipt for--

URSULA

--You have any respect for what's going on?

STORE EMPLOYEE

Still need to do my job.

CLAUDIA

(to the girls)

Does this guy's sphincter ever open up?

URSULA

He may be an exit only type, sweetie!

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Ursula and Store Detective, alone now. Office is dimly lit and very unorganized. Giant whiteboard on wheels behind with loads of numbers in neat squares, Ursula smears her hand across leaving in its place - FUCK YOU OR ME!

STORE EMPLOYEE

We can't keep doing this.

URSULA
(sarcastically)
What? Fucking up your board?

Trying to resist her but still he moves closer in.

STORE EMPLOYEE
No, like my life, my job and my
marriage. Really, if I hadn't
busted my ass for you, would you
have even looked at me twice?

URSULA
Who says I looked at you even once?

With a grin he moves closer and yet even closer. For a moment
stands uncomfortably close reaching behind her to peek out
the door.

We SEE through the slit Claudia and Alyson watching the TV's -
pulls the door closed and locks it, pulling her close, goes
in for a kiss. With one hand he cups a breast. She likes it.

URSULA
(not really meaning it)
We can't.

STORE EMPLOYEE
Why not?

Neither stopping!

URSULA
Your wife, your job!

Clumsily opens his belt. Starts undoing his pants.

STORE EMPLOYEE
Now you're going to be the morality
police?

URSULA
That should be your job.

His pants fall to the floor and his radio bangs on the floor.
We hear a SQUELCH and then some faint voices. They both
ignore.

She returns the kiss. Gently, gently and then crazily. The
pursuit is no longer the lion and the gazelle, the lion might
be in trouble.

INT. ELECTRONICS DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alyson and Claudia are approached by another EMPLOYEE, small meek, geek type with a squeaky irritating voice.

EMPLOYEE

You ladies can't be doing this.

Incredulous Claudia freaks.

CLAUDIA

You have any fucking clue what is going on here?

Employee now like a Chihuahua being a German Shepherd.

EMPLOYEE

And what are all these bags, are these paid for? I'm getting security.

Alyson, just enjoying the spectacle.

CLAUDIA

And now fucking insult a homeless woman, SHE'S A BAG LADY, asshole! Have you got your head so far up your ass you can't see how your words hurt?

Employee grabs a hold of his radio to send out a distress call.

EMPLOYEE

JAMES! JAMES! I got a code red in electronics.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

EMPLOYEE

(filtered over radio)

JAMES! JAMES! Code red.

James and Ursula pulling each other's clothes off. The gazelle has the lion on the ropes, moving in for the kill.

James trips backwards into the whiteboard knocking it over. Both ignore it, deciding to use it for a bed. James on the bottom.

EMPLOYEE

(filtered over radio)

JAMES! JAMES.

A slight sound of Claudia in the background.

James reaches for the radio, Ursula kicks it away.

URSULA

Fuck him!

She is unwittingly banging his head on the whiteboard trying to reach orgasm. James can't decide; enjoy the sex, embrace the pain, or answer the radio?

URSULA

Oh fuck, Oh fuck!

(louder now)

FUCK! FUCK!

LOUD KNOCK on the door. He freezes, she doesn't.

JAMES

Shit!

Reaching for his pants and radio, Ursula pulls him back, continuing the ride.

URSULA

Almost.

(quieter now)

Fuck, fuck me, fuck.

Another KNOCK, even louder now! Ursula jumps up. Quickly to the door she opens it a hair, seeing the Geek through the crack.

URSULA

WHAT!

EMPLOYEE/GEEK

(meekly)

James there?

URSULA

Yes, but he's busy scolding my
beaver.

Closes the door and locks it, turns to find James pulling up his pants.

BANG, BANG, BANG on the door, Geek won't let up.

Ursula begins dressing quickly.

URSULA

You're a fucking jerk. Hope you
wife smells pussy on you.

INT. ELECTRONICS DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ursula comes barrelling out the door, knocking the Geek into an end cap of some nondescript items, creating a blizzard of products flying all over.

URSULA
Ladies, let's jet!

Briskly helping the two with the bags we see over her shoulder the TV's all playing the same clip. South Tower crumbling into the Manhattan earth.

CLAUDIA
We taking them all?

The three are frozen for a second or two on the surreal images on the TV screens. Then spot the Geek emerging from the mess. No time for questions. They jettison out towards the exit.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - DAY

Nikki begins to wrap it up - early? Weird, the action is over so early. A few PEOPLE on flip phones getting news from friends, etc.

NIKKI
(to Hippy Woman)
I think your rendition of Tiny Tim
scared them away.

HIPPY WOMAN
Ya, funny! Someone said there's an
explosion in New York City.

CAB DRIVER in the near background, grouping with other DRIVERS.

HIPPY WOMAN
(to Drivers)
Ahmed, what's up?

AHMED
Airport's closed!

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

Nelson trudges, bags in tow, past the Staff wheeling the Screaming Woman, he has no clue what's up, Yet! We see Richard, Liam and Michael, still in a silence.

NELSON
Hey guys what's up?

His voice breaks the paralytic state.

MICHAEL
Let's get the fuck outta here.

Making his way through as Richard and Liam just follow. Nelson, looking at the TV, not really sure what he's looking at, Towers burning. He seems bewildered. Looking at them leaving. Should I go or should I rubber neck this? What the heck is up?

The three blast through the revolving doors. Michael first, Richard, with Liam slithering in the same space. Liam and his huge thick glasses nearly face to face with Richard.

RICHARD
(to Liam)
Magoo, what the fuck?

Nelson has only two speeds; slow and stop, shifting into slow trying to keep up.

NELSON
Guys wait up!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SQUALOR - DAY

An area where the homeless congregate, drink and other things left to the imagination. Overloaded with cardboard boxes, trash, old couches, etc.

Liam and Nelson sitting together on an old ratty couch. In the background we see Michael and Richard in some sort of animated action. Nelson pulling out a bottle, silently offering up a slug to Liam.

LIAM
I've got my own.

Liam shows a bottle of mouthwash and takes a dripping slug.

LIAM
This kills the germs that cause bad breath.

Liam blowing his breath in Nelson's face.

NELSON
(nearly falling over)
Not working so well. What in the
bollocks are you growing in there?

Nelson hands his bottle to Liam in a silent, try this one, as
a long moment ensues.

Everything is perfect, a sense of understanding and
connectedness that exists between two drunks. They drink
passing the bottle to and fro.

Interrupted by a LOUD "FUCK YOU".

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SQUALOR - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD
Is that all you got is, fuck you?

Michael fiddling around with a box.

MICHAEL
What the fuck else is there? I owe
you shit, dude.

RICHARD
No you don't, but you're a waste of
a fucking human, ya human fucking
waste. Give me the fucking box.

MICHAEL
Touch it, you die!

Richard rushes Michael much like a linebacker trying to get
to the quarterback. They begin to wrestle around throwing
punches, some landing!

Richard gets up.

RICHARD
Why the fuck does everything need
to be so difficult with you? Like
the world revolves around you.

Michael wiping blood from his lip.

MICHAEL
You fucking project scum. You made
me fucking bleed. Why the fuck do
you care which way--

Richard rushes him again. Michael stopping him dead in his
tracks, able to headlock him.

A struggle ensues. Richard manages to escape from the headlock knocking Michael backwards.

With a sloppy attempt at a martial arts kick, Richard lands a kick to the chest knocking Michael to the ground.

From above, Richard pounces on him. From behind his neck, pulls out what might be a knife.

In a stabbing motion jams the instrument in the ground one inch from his head.

Not a knife, a screwdriver!

Richard gets off Michael.

RICHARD

Why does it fucking matter to me?

(real loud)

WHY DOES IT FUCKING MATTER TO ME?

Is this your question? WHY, FUCKING WHY?

Michael gets up and sits on a milk crate nursing some minor cuts on his face. Nelson approaches handing him the mouthwash, takes a slug spitting it out, it stings!

MICHAEL

Ya! FUCKING YA! You going to shit all over that me with that Good Will Hunting fucking speech?

Richard slams the box down in front of him.

RICHARD

Shut the fuck up, you're going to listen whether you like it or not. LOOK AT THE BOX!

Reluctantly Michael participates.

RICHARD

LOOK - This end up! It clearly says, THIS END UP - Not sideways or upside down or whatever fucking way you want it to be, you jerk.

(Beat)

You know you're the smartest poor guy I know and if you want to be a street drunk maggot, then fine! I don't give a shit. Know this, you're a horrible fucking waste of a human being. It's fine if I--

MICHAEL

--Oh here it comes. What I could'a--

Richard hits Michael with the box.

RICHARD

--SHUT UP, SHUT THE FUCK UP!

A SILENT MOMENT

RICHARD

When you left here twenty some odd years ago, I was proud of you. Given what happened to your Mom and then your brother, it made sense.

(beat)

I spent eight fucking miserable years in that shit hole Walpole and you never once came to see me. I got it tho, I knew you wanted to get the fuck outta here and not look back. You were better than this place, you made something of yourself. You were one that got up and out.

Michael looks like he's going to cry.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Today's your birthday. It's his too.

Michael, saying nothing, walks away, throwing him a goodbye middle finger. Richard just shakes his head.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

A refrigerator opens. It's filled with all sorts of crap. Dead center a large birthday cake. The writing on it reads:

"It's your birthday - Fuck Off"

A post-it note on the box reads:

"Touch this and I'll stab you, R ---"

REVEAL a very large woman, GRACIE, (40's), shelter employee, contemplating the contents. There are post-it notes all over. Notes say things like:

"Mold and mildew" and **"Urine sample, help yourself"** on a lemonade bottle and **"Liam's Stool sample"** on an indescribable container, maybe a bean burrito.

GRACIE

And they wonder why they're
homeless.
(yelling to another room)
Veronica, whose cake is this?

She swipes a little frosting off attempting to cover it up.
She pulls one of the post-it notes only to discover an
accordion of dozens of notes. A trap, oh shit.

She SIGHS and slams it shut!

VERONICA (O.S.)

Gracie, come here, you gotta see
this.

INT. TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TV room, Veronica, Zach, joined by Gracie, still sporting a
little frosting on her upper lip.

GRACIE

Whose birthday is it?
(looking up to the TV)
What the--?

Zack and Veronica are in a stunned silence as the TV plays
the South Tower crumbling into the ground.

GRACIE

(shock)
What the fuck is that?

EXT. FRONT OF TV/APPLIANCE STORE - DAY

Crowd begins to grow, Alyson, Ursula and Claudia join. TV's
back and forth, faces in the crowd, TV running the South
Tower crumbling into the Manhattan earth.

A longer view shows a liquor store next to the appliance
store.

LIQUOR STORE - URSULA'S FACE - TV's - LIQUOR STORE - URSULA'S
FACE - TV's - LIQUOR STORE - URSULA'S FACE

URSULA

Fuck it! Let's go.

Alyson and Claudia follow, for no other reason than they are
followers!

MOMENTS LATER:

EXT. GRAFFITI ALLEY - DAY

Ursula and new found almost friend, Alyson, sitting passing a 5th of cheap booze back and forth.

ALYSON

Glad we had those panties for trade.

URSULA

The guy's a fucking pervert. Who gives a shit anyway, the world's ending, stupid.

ALYSON

So then wouldn't you want to go out happy?

URSULA

Ya, I need to get laid.

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

I can help you with that.

URSULA

I'm sure you can, if we only have a minute 'til Armageddon, I'll give it a whirl.

Claudia sits with them and pulls out a mouthwash bottle offering it to the mix.

CLAUDIA

Relax, you're not my type.

URSULA

Is that Liam's private stock?

CLAUDIA

Hmmmmmm!

Handing a shot at it to Alyson, taking a big slug.

URSULA

Cat piss, Old Spice and lemonade?

Alyson spits it out. ARGH!

INT. CORNER BAR - DAY

We take in the bar: Old booths, beer signs of an era gone by. Michael, still trying to get cuts under control, sitting in an OLD WOODEN PHONE BOOTH - in his hand, a small black book of contacts - "JP Morgan - Jeanie, 212-555-1212" - written on the J page.

Banging the receiver on the handle in frustration. With each BANG there is a FUCK!

MICHAEL
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Getting the bartender's attention, JIMMY, (60's), affable beaten up old Irishman.

JIMMY
Mickey, can you get it together?
Please!

Michael makes his way to the bar.

Sitting, he uses a napkin to wipe blood from his lip. A look back we see the receiver still swinging below the phone.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Jameson. Neat

JIMMY
Come on Mickey, we've been thru
this. What happened to your face?

MICHAEL
Cut myself--

JIMMY
--Don't tell me, shaving?--

MICHAEL
--and my name's not Mickey.

A lone DRUNK OLD MAN sleeps with head on the bar at the other end. Above, a TV plays silently the news of the day; WTC towers burning.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Are you going to get me a drink?
It's my birthday.
(pause)
And it's Armageddon.

JIMMY

So a Bon Voyage cake might be more fitting.

MICHAEL

Still a funny fuck you are, Jimmy.
You going to give me a drink or what?

JIMMY

You sure you wanna do this?

MICHAEL

Yes.

Jimmy sets up two shot glasses and pulls out a bottle of Jameson, pours two, more than healthy, shots.

JIMMY

Well then, ya stupid Irish fuck,
I'm not going to let you drink
alone on such a festive event.

Both look down at the shot glasses, hand on and ready, locked and loaded, look up for a moment, down it goes!

JIMMY

Have you thought this out? Like
where you're going to stay tonight?
Can't go to the shelter drunk.

MICHAEL

Your place!

JIMMY

Funny. Sheila would castrate me.

MICHAEL

Why?

JIMMY

Mickey, oh sorry, Michael, you know
she doesn't like you. Actually no
one likes you.

MICHAEL

'cept you?

(beat)

Actually I really haven't thought
that far ahead.

Silence as Jimmy pours two more shots. They both hit the shots as the silence lasts a few BEATS.

JIMMY

Ya know Michael, you surprise me.
You took pride your whole life
being five to six moves ahead all
the time, chess, people, business
and now you can't even think about
where the fuck you're going to
sleep tonight?

Michael SHRUGS, wanting to say something but nothing comes out.

Saved by the drunk at the end of the bar, waking, casting out a GRUNT towards Jimmy.

JIMMY

Yo Otis, give it a rest will ya!
(to Michael)
I also don't like you.

OTIS (O.S.)

(yelling)
Drink's for all my friends!

Jimmy pours two more, brings one down for Otis leaving the other.

JIMMY (O.S.)

That one's on Otis.

Michael, looking down contemplating the third shot. Maybe this one is the point of no return.

INT. PROJECT APARTMENT - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

We RE-JOIN Mickey and Jerry at their 10th birthday party. Mickey sits silently with CAKE FROSTING all over his face.

A loud CRASH of glass being broken. A CRYING woman. a CAKE squashed all over the table

MOM (O.S.)

You fucking maggot, they're just kids!

Jerry and Jeanie CRYING violently.

DAD

(yelling)
Shut them the fuck up! They sound like rats being strangled.

Dad throws Jerry across the room into the living area, crashing into an end table and lamp. Before he can get to Mickey, Mom jumps on his back.

MOM
YOU PIECE OF SHIT. I'LL FUCKING
KILL YOU!

Dad, swinging around a few times trying to get her off. He slams her violently into the fridge until she drops to the floor, seemingly taking the air out of her. Mickey looks to be in shock as Mom lays motionless on the floor.

INT. CORNER BAR - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

A long view down the bar past Otis the drunk we see a faint image of a woman looking through the window. She KNOCKS. Seconds later Nikki comes strolling through the door.

NIKKI
What are you doing here?

MICHAEL
Oh please! What are you, my Mom?

Looking up to God, or ...

MICHAEL
Really, you can't cut me a break?
It's my birthday.

NIKKI
No really, what are you doing here?
You're not coming back tonight?
Your asshole buddy got you a cake.

MICHAEL
Funny, my buddy. Fuck him, and no
I'm not doing my birthday.

NIKKI
What happened to your face?

Jimmy rolls up on the two.

JIMMY
Cut himself shaving. You got an ID?

MICHAEL
Don't worry Jimmy she's with me and
she's NOT drinking.

Nikki grabs Michael's Jameson shot and walks it down the bar to Otis.

NIKKI

And neither are you.

Michael not having the energy or motivation to argue with her, says nothing. Nikki rolls back and sits next to him.

NIKKI

(like a cowboy)

Barkeep, two bellywashes with lemon.

Michael with a wry chuckle.

NIKKI

So what's the deal with your birthday? Why you so pissy?

MICHAEL

Couple things on that. One, why the fuck do you care? We've known each other what, three weeks, and you give a shit about me? And B, Birthdays suck! That a good enough reason?

(Beat)

And you have no clue what's going on, do you?

TV comes into view over her shoulder, Michael points.

MICHAEL

Jimmy can you turn that up?

Jimmy shakes his head to say no.

JIMMY

Don't you have enough shit in your life?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Just fucking do it will you Jimmy?
My sister Jeanie works in one of those buildings!

CLOSE-IN on the TV we see the twin towers with one of them burning. Caption - **"Breaking News - Moments Ago - World Trade Center - New York"**

MALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

It appears that there is more and more fire and smoke enveloping the very top of the building and as fire crews are descending on this area it does not appear that there's any kind of an effort up there yet.

NIKKI (O.S.)

Oh my God! What the fuck are we watching? Holy shit!

We see a plane come on the TV screen from the right.

MALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Oh my God! That looks like a second plane has just hit and exploded. I just saw another plane coming in from the side. Yes that's a second explosion. You could see the plane come in just from the right-hand side of the screen, so this looks like it is some sort of a concerted effort to attack the World Trade Center, that is underway in downtown New York.

Nikki moves quickly towards a sleeping Otis, grabbing his shot and downs it.

JIMMY

Hey!

MICHAEL

Come on, let's get outta here!

Nikki and Michael taking off. Michael waving at Jimmy.

MICHAEL

Thanks Jimmy.

JIMMY

Come on Mickey, you gonna pay for that?

MICHAEL

Name's Michael, and NO!

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We take in the majestic stained glass windows bringing in the gift of God's sunshine.

A choir SINGING their version of, O 'HOLY NIGHT.

We move through the church seeing hundreds gathered as we roll down the center isle to REVEAL a coffin ahead. An older PRIEST presides.

As the Priest talks we now take in Mickey, Jerry and Jeanie. Jerry an arm in a sling and bandage on his forehead. Mickey holds Jeanie's hand as she weeps. Jerry trying hard to keep it together as best as a ten year old can do.

MUSIC plays Louder, a WOMAN in the choir steps forward in a SOLO voice, - **"Fall on your knees , for hear the angel voices"**, in all its splendid glory!

There isn't a dry eye in the house.

MUSIC fades lower and the Priest is now heard.

PRIEST (O.C.)

As I'm sure many of you know, Jean was a permanent and blessed part of this congregation. My heart aches. As we gather here today I'm reminded of the power of God's word. Even so I struggle to find solace in this sorrow. I know for sure that she was still needed in our presence...

Jeanie squeezes Mickey's hand tighter as her knees buckle in weakness. Mickey bends on a knee to hold her as she WEEPS uncontrollably.

The Priest puts his hand over his heart as to feel it breaking.

PRIEST

(trying not to cry)

... however, God needs such amazing women too. God's plan is supreme. If there is any solace, it is in knowing that God has taken Jean to a better place. Jean can no longer feel pain, loneliness or despair. In everlasting life Jean is free. The song playing, as many of you know here today, was her favorite, she said it's a celebration of Christ. As that plays I would like to leave you with a quote so often to grace Jean's lips - I'll leave you in the grace and favor of the Lord.

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Let us prey.

A GASP of grief comes from a woman.

MUSIC fades up.

We take in the grief stricken family and congregation.

A tear from Mickey as he holds his little sister, breaking away she runs to the coffin SCREAMING.

JEANIE

MOMMY!

Trying to climb in, Mickey pulls her down holding her as she kicks and SCREAMS.

MUSIC fades out.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

We take in a younger Michael on his knees, in front of a gravestone loaded with flowers and a photo of Mom with her three children.

We move in closer to see the writing on the stone.

**"Jean M O'Shea - Feb. 14, 1933 - Sept. 11, 1971" - Mom,
Sister and Amazing Child of God**

MICHAEL

That's a great picture Mom, I
wonder who left it? I miss you so
much. I'm doing the best I can to
take care of Jerry and Jeanie, I
think you'd be proud of me.

We see Jerry and Jeanie holding hands off in the near distance standing under a grand weeping willow tree.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

They miss you like crazy too. I
think you'll be glad to know that
we are together. You know, the
Flanagan family took us in.

We move back to an older Michael and the scene has changed to reflect that time has passed.

MICHAEL

Jeanie's a real smart girl, already smarter than Jerry, no coincidence she was born on your birthday. She reminds me of you every time I look at her. And Jerry ...

Jerry and Jeanie, older and standing under the same tree holding hands.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

... well Jerry is Jerry, what can I tell you. He's a handful that one. Still love him like crazy though.

Back on Michael even older than before.

Michael's POV on the gravestone - just to the right is another stone that reads.

"Jerry O'Shea - Sept. 11, 1961 - Feb. 15, 1989" - Brother, Son, Friend and Amazing Child of God

Under the weeping willow stands an older Jeanie alone looking down at Michael.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Jeanie is doing well. She works at JP Morgan, you probably don't even know what that is. It's OK, just know that she is a big shot there, Investment Banker. I hope you're taking good care of Jerry?

(chuckle)

Look who I talking to, of course you are! I hope he's found some peace. I know he hurt really bad in this world! He never was able to reconcile that day. Not that any of us did, but you know how he was, sweet as ever.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Michael is saying a silent prayer. The stones reflect the passing of time. He steps towards Jerry's stone, touching it.

MICHAEL

Happy birthday brother, forty fucking years old. I miss you and love you more than ever.

Under the weeping willow stands Nikki waiting for Michael. Michael walks up the hill to her.

NIKKI

Family!

MICHAEL

Mom and Brother.

The two walking away with their backs to us. Nikki holds Michael's hand. He tries to pull away, she holds tighter.

INT. SALVATION ARMY - DAY

About a hundred or so are gathered to have the noon free lunch, served daily. A long line has formed. Richard pops out the front of the line, tray in hand, approaching a table with Richard, Liam and OTHERS.

RICHARD

Hey mold and mildew, your turn.

LIAM

Why do you always need to be so mean?

RICHARD

Nature of the beast there, ya limey bastard.

NELSON

Which am I?

RICHARD

Huh?

NELSON

Mold or mildew, which am I?

RICHARD

Like it really matters, it's like Humpty or Dumpty, ya can't be proud of either.

NELSON

I beg to differ, while mold and mildew are both types of fungi; typically mold is black or green and mildew is gray or white. Mold typically grows on food whereas mildew on damp surfaces like bathroom walls, leather or fabrics.

(MORE)

NELSON (CONT'D)

Mold grows in the form of multicellular filaments or hyphae, while mildew has flat growth. Mildew is often referred to a kind of mold and is classified as powdery and downy under the family Peronosporaceae ...

RICHARD

What the fuck is he talking about?
(to Nelson)
Can you just shut the fuck up and go get your lunch?

NELSON

(softly and somewhat embarrassed)
Well it's clear that I would want to be Mold.

LIAM

Well I'm not taking mildew, doesn't sound very flattering.

RICHARD

What the fuck guys? I can't even believe we are having this discussion.

Some commotion heard over by the door; chairs CRASHING over. Claudia and Alyson are trying to help Ursula walk. She's obviously drunk. Not easy, however they make their way to the table.

As Ursula tries to sit, Liam lends a hand.

URSULA

(almost inaudible)
Unhand me, you beast!

She is seated directly across from Richard. Looking right at him, Richard does his impression of ignoring her.

URSULA

Meatloaf?

All at the table in a sort of a collective HUH!

URSULA

Don't let it loaf, your meat that is. Don't let your leatmoaf!

RICHARD
(not looking up)
Salisbury Steak and it doesn't
loaf!

Ursula now mumbling as she nearly falls off the chair. Saved by Claudia. Richard doing a world class job of ignoring the whole fiasco as he continues to eat.

NELSON
How are we going to get her into
the shelter like this?

All look at Richard, a BEAT, still no acknowledgment by Richard, another BEAT as they are all looking right at him! He finally feels it, looking up.

RICHARD
What?

CLAUDIA
How are we going to get her into
the shelter like this?

RICHARD
... fuck are you asking me?

CLAUDIA
You have the most experience at
this sort of thing.

RICHARD
And on that note...

He picks up his tray, saying no more, walks off. All look at Liam now.

LIAM
Oh no, no, no!

INT. CENTRAL SQUARE TRAIN STATION / PLATFORM - DAY

Nikki and Michael sit on a bench on the platform waiting for a train. The station is eerily deserted. They sit in silence, Nikki looks like she wants to say something. The silence is finally broken.

NIKKI
Doesn't look like the train is
coming.

MICHAEL
Right.

Silence again.

NIKKI
You're not good at small talk, are
you?

MICHAEL
No.

Silence again for a few BEATS.

NIKKI
Big talk then?

Michael, not really paying much attention.

MICHAEL
What?

NIKKI
Big talk, let's talk big people
talk?
(Beat)
What happened to your Mom and
Brother?

MICHAEL
(irritated)
Again! We've known each other three
weeks now and you want to--

NIKKI
--So what?

MICHAEL
Ya, so what? It's real personal
shit.

NIKKI
You mean like taking me to where
they're buried, like that personal?

Michael sits uncomfortably silent now.

NIKKI
Are we going to sit here waiting
for a train that's not coming?

MICHAEL
Yes.

The conversation is strained to say the least.

NIKKI

Someone told me you used to be loaded? What's that like?

MICHAEL

It's not important.

NIKKI

(getting angry)

Then what the fuck is important?

MICHAEL

Why do you give a shit? Let's talk about you. What are you, like nineteen or twenty years old? How did you get here?

BEAT. Nikki says nothing!

MICHAEL

No, let me guess. Sexual abuse? No wait, your Mom left you at a fire station all cuddled up in a paper sack? Sold for heroin.

Nikki jumps up.

NIKKI

You're a world class asshole. You can't for a second try to be a decent human being? Richard was right about you, you're a selfish cocksucker, ya, I think that's what he called you. A cocksucker!

MICHAEL

Hit a nerve there?

Nikki sits.

NIKKI

Ya.

MICHAEL

It's a Selfish capitalist pig cocksucker. He's been calling me that for years. He didn't tell you anything about my brother or mom?

Nikki just shakes her head no. Michael pauses taking a deep breath.

MICHAEL

My brother Jerry was a heroin addict, died one night nodding out on a cold February night down the tracks not far from here.

(pause)

Froze to death.

NIKKI

Sorry.

MICHAEL

A pretty shitty way to die, all alone.

(Beat)

My Mom, well that's a completely different story I'm just not willing to get into. 'Cept to say, one thing a remember about her was a saying she used a lot, and by many Irish women for that matter - I'll leave you in the Grace and favor of the Lord - depending on it's context, it could have a multitude of interpretations including, but not limited to, goodbye, good riddance, I love you, fuck you or even fuck off!

Nikki seems to get a kick out of that. Michael stands, he gestures a sarcastic curtsy bow.

MICHAEL

I'll leave you in the grace and favor of the Lord. I'll leave that for your interpretation!

Michael attempts a solo exit. Nikki considering the interpretation. She looks around seeing the station empty.

NIKKI

No, No you're not leaving me here alone.

Grabs her stuff and attempts to catch up.

INT. MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Processing area for visitors. A younger, well dressed Michael in line, now gets to the front. Approaches a GUARD.

GUARD #1
You can't have those on in here.
Watch, cuff links, what else you
have in your pockets?

Michael doesn't answer as he takes off the watch, etc. Guard scans him over with a metal detecting wand. He now walks through a large metal detector to greet another GUARD #2.

GUARD #2
Who you here to see?

Guard begins to pat him down.

MICHAEL
Patrick O'Shea.

GUARD #2
Hmmm, a real character that one.
(sarcastically)
You're blessed.

Looking at Michael's ID.

GUARD #2
Oh. You're his son? Sorry.

Nodding yes.

MICHAEL
Not so blessed.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

We take in a very cluttered prison cell, loaded with books and even a small TV set.

Paddy, years older now, sitting at a small desk unit reading. Pictures adorn the wall of kids at various stages of their lives.

IN CLOSE we reveal the pictures are of Michael, Jerry and Jeanie.

GUARD (O.C.)
Paddy you have a visitor!

INT. VISITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Typical maximum security visiting area complete with glass separating inmate from visitor. Only a phone hand set to communicate. Michael sits waiting.

INT. PRISON / 3RD TIER - CONTINUOUS

Paddy, walking along the 3rd tier of block 10 in chains with a guard.

INMATE (O.S.)
Hey Paddy, you fucking maggot. A
visitor? Your first in ten years.

Inmate LAUGHING insidiously.

INT. VISITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Guard brings Paddy in.

GUARD
Number six, O'Shea.

Paddy sitting picks up the hand set, looking across at Michael. Michael doesn't pick up. Michael struggles to look at him. Paddy gestures to Michael to pick up.

A silence ensues. Michael can't really look at him. Finally.

PADDY
Hi Mickey.

MICHAEL
Don't call me that. That name died
in nineteen seventy-one. Thanks to
you.

PADDY
OK, Michael.

MICHAEL
As a matter of fact, don't call me
anything.

PADDY
Thanks for coming.

MICHAEL
I'm only here because of Jeanie,
busting my balls relentlessly.

PADDY
She's an angel.

Michael looks like he's going to snap at any moment. Eyes are welling up. Now Michael looks straight at him.

PADDY

She's just like her Mother!

Michael slams the phone on the glass. He's crying now.

MICHAEL

NO! You don't get to say that. My Mother is not a word you can use. You are a piece of shit. You changed the direction of all our lives in one moment. I promised her you would rot and die in here.

PADDY

I'm sorry Michael. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't think about going back to that moment and-

-

MICHAEL

--And what? Maybe not beat her so much? Maybe just a little slap or two?

Guard comes over to Michael and surprisingly puts a calm hand on his shoulder to suggest he needs to keep it together.

A long silence ensues.

PADDY

Michael, I'm dying.

MICHAEL

Great, then I can keep my promise to my Mom, the angel you killed.

PADDY

I've been here twenty-seven years, I've paid my price.

MICHAEL

No, you paid shit, you'll have paid only a fraction when you die alone in here like the piece of shit you are. One hundred years couldn't be enough.

(beat)

That's what you wanted to tell me?

PADDY

Yes, I'm looking for repentance, maybe some peace in the after--

MICHAEL

--You deserve shit. Actually you should be buried in shit. You killed us all that day, Jerry included.

PADDY

I'm sorry about your brother.

MICHAEL

Who the fuck are you to say sorry? You killed him. You may as well been the guy sticking the needle in his arm. My hope is you live forever in this shit hole. Fuck you, I'll only be back to piss on your grave.

Drops the hand set walking away not looking back.

MICHAEL

Good warm piss, with Guinness, we'll call it a Paddy Piss Bomb.
(to the guard)
Get me outta here.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Richard walks ahead with Alyson and Claudia, Nelson and Liam helping to keep Ursula on her feet, bring up the rear.

Claudia walking up to a hardware store to see her reflection in the window. She shamelessly attempts to fix her hair and assess her gorgeousness.

RICHARD

Why do you even bother?

She doesn't answer. Looks at Richard through the reflection.

RICHARD

Ya, I'm talking to you, I'm real curious Claudia, why do you bother?

CLAUDIA

(irritated)
Bother with what, Richard?

RICHARD

No matter what ya do, you're still going to have one of these.
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(pointing to his crotch
area)
You know a ding-dong.

ALYSON
You weren't kidding, he really is
an asshole!

CLAUDIA
And you're still going to be a
loser.

Just ahead we see the Monkeys, Allen, Chip and Steve, sitting
on the "Benches". The Benches are a gathering place across
the street from the shelter where many of the Mixed Nuts
gather before the five PM opening.

RICHARD
I'd rather go discuss this with the
Monkeys. Allen's a better
conversationalist than you.

EXT. BENCHES - CONTINUOUS

Richard approaches from the rear, covering Steve's eyes.

RICHARD
Guess who? Just kidding, what are
you guys up to.

Moves around them and sits on the opposite bench.

STEVE
Richard. Just killing time. I could
tell it was you from the stink of
that jacket.

RICHARD
Allan?

Allan with just a sweet smile, nods.

RICHARD
You guys see the events of the day?

STEVE
Planes smashing into buildings?

RICHARD
Yes.

STEVE

Then no I haven't seen that. Chip
have you heard about that?

Steve nudges Chip.

CHIP

Huh?

STEVE

Sorry, I forgot the battery in his
hearing aid died. Doesn't have
money to buy another.

RICHARD

Why don't one of you just steal him
one from CVS? You steal everything
else.

Liam pulls up and sits with Richard.

Off about fifty yards we see Claudia and Alyson helping
Ursula walk. Not a pretty sight.

Nelson trudges up sitting with Richard and Liam.

RICHARD

(to Liam)

Why the fuck you leaving your girl
behind like that?

LIAM

She's not my girl?

RICHARD

You haven't told her you're dating
yet?

LIAM

You're a real ass wipe you know
that? Fuck off.

NELSON

Why do you guys always have to talk
like that? Eff this and eff that?

RICHARD

Well fucking is what Liam would
like to do to Ursula, so fucking is
the subject Nelson.

NELSON

There you go again, you can't use something like intercourse, coitus, or horizontal bop?

RICHARD

You don't like the colorful words of the indigenous?

NELSON

It's not needed.

Claudia, Alyson and Ursula join.

ALYSON

What are you geniuses talking about?

RICHARD

The use of slang in the English language. Nelson doesn't like it. We were on fuck right now.

CLAUDIA

Have you covered suck yet?

RICHARD

We can now that you're here, I'd prefer it uncovered though.

INT. SHELTER / TV ROOM - EVENING

Allan, Chip, and Steve on one couch, Richard and Nelson on another.

Liam by himself in a small folding chair. All watching TV.

A shampoo commercial with Selma Hayek plays on the TV.

SELMA (O.S.)

(from the TV)

I'd like to tell you something important about myself--

Commercial continues playing in the background as Nelson is holding his arm two inches from his face, peering at the hairs.

RICHARD

(with emphasis)

What the fuck are you doing?

NELSON
Looking for split ends.

RICHARD
Fascinating!

NELSON
Well, I never shampoo. I expose it
to sunlight, chlorinated water,
salt water, never shampoo, never
condition, never brush, ought to be
a wreck.

RICHARD
(not really interested)
And it's not?

NELSON
No. Looks great. Silky and shiny.

RICHARD
Hmm. Yeah, spell binding,
absolutely gripping. What do you
think Allen?

Allen nods and smiles.

Nelson, still examining his arm hair through the light from
the TV.

RICHARD
How long is it?

NELSON
What?

RICHARD
Your arm hair, Furby! What the fuck
did you think I was talking about,
your schlong?

NELSON
Quarter three eights, maybe five
sixteenths. Whoa, this one's gotta
be a half inch!

LIAM
That would be your schlong!

Liam, amused by himself, LAUGHS.

RICHARD
Lemme see.

Nelson leans over offering his arm and pinching the hair with his other hand.

Richard looks carefully for the hair and pinches and tugs on it, he looks at the hair a moment then absently brushes his fingers together as his attention goes back to the TV.

Commercial is interrupted by - "BREAKING NEWS" - President Bush address to the Nation.

PRESIDENT BUSH

Good evening. Today, our fellow citizens, our way of life, our very freedom, came under attack in a series of deliberate and deadly terrorist acts. The victims were in airplanes or in their offices. Secretaries, businessmen and women, military and federal workers. Moms and dads. Friends and neighbors. Thousands of lives were suddenly ended by evil, despicable acts of terror.

EXT. BENCHES - EVENING

Claudia and Alyson, keeping a watchful eye on Ursula, passed out on the bench.

PRESIDENT BUSH (O.S.)

The pictures of airplanes flying into buildings, fires burning, huge structures collapsing, have filled us with disbelief, terrible sadness and a quiet, unyielding anger. These acts of mass murder were intended to frighten our nation into chaos and retreat. But they have failed. Our country is strong. A great people has been moved to defend a great nation.

Claudia very gently pulls the hair from Ursula's face, wiping vomit from her chin.

PRESIDENT BUSH (O.S.)

Terrorist attacks can shake the foundations of our biggest buildings, but they cannot touch the foundation of America. These acts shatter steel, but they cannot dent the steel of American resolve.

INT. SHELTER / TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As we take in the silent faces, the President continues.

PRESIDENT BUSH (O.S.)
 America was targeted for attack because we're the brightest beacon for freedom and opportunity in the world. And no one will keep that light from shining. Today, our nation saw evil, the very worst of human nature, and we responded with the best of America, with the daring of our rescue workers, with the caring for strangers and neighbors who came to give blood and help in any way they could.

A tear drops from Allen's eye. Each face, one by one, silently in shock.

PRESIDENT BUSH (O.S.)
 Immediately following the first attack, I implemented our Government's emergency response plans. Our military is powerful, and it's prepared. Our emergency teams are working in New York City and Washington, D.C., to help with local rescue efforts.

EXT. BENCHES - CONTINUOUS

Alyson rests her head on Ursula's shoulder - A concerned look overwhelms her face.

PRESIDENT BUSH (O.S.)
 Our first priority is to get help to those who have been injured, and to take every precaution to protect our citizens at home and around the world from further attacks. The functions of our government continue without interruption. Federal agencies in Washington which had to be evacuated today are reopening for essential personnel tonight and will be open for business tomorrow. Our financial institutions remain strong, and the American economy will be open for business as well.

EXT. BAR AND GRILL / MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE - EVENING

Michael and Nikki walking down Massachusetts Avenue, stop in front of a bar with a front garage door type window rolled up, inviting in a warm Indian Summer like night. Nikki looks to Michael as she breathes in the shared odor of the bar. It looks warm and inviting.

NIKKI
(taking it in)
Doesn't that smell good?

MICHAEL
What, piss, beer and cigarettes?

NIKKI
Well ya!

MICHAEL
Hmmm,

CLOSE in on the TV, President Bush address.

Both now in dead reflection. Should we go in?

PRESIDENT BUSH
Tonight I ask for your prayers for
all those who grieve, for the
children whose worlds have been
shattered, for all whose sense of
safety and security has been
threatened. And I pray they will be
comforted by a power greater than
any of us spoken through the ages.
In Psalm twenty-three - Even though
I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I fear no evil,
for You are with me.

The backs of their heads shared back and forth in FOCUS and out of FOCUS with the TV screen of President Bush.

NIKKI
Hmmm...

MICHAEL
Wanna get a beer?

NIKKI
We won't be able to go back to the
shelter tonight.

MICHAEL
Where can we stay?

NIKKI

Me, on my sister's couch, Don't
know about you though?

MICHAEL

Really, why?

NIKKI

She doesn't like you.

MICHAEL

I don't like her.

NIKKI

Actually most people don't like
you.

MICHAEL

Hmmmmmm.

PRESIDENT BUSH (O.S.)

This is a day when all Americans
from every walk of life, unite in
our resolve for justice and peace.
America has stood down enemies
before, and we will do so this
time. None of us will ever forget
this day. Yet we go forward to
defend freedom and all that is good
and just in our world. Thank you.
Good night and God bless America.

Both in still silence, SLOWLY PULL out to a LONG and HIGH
VIEW of both standing in front of the bar trying to decide to
go in or not!

To Be Continued