

BUM

Written by

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"Pilot"

Based on the book Bum by Casey Costello

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OVER BLACK

BUM (V.O.)  
I did this to myself. No excuses,  
no blame, all me. My barrel to the  
bottom.

INT. RALPH'S - DAY

**BUM**, our thirty-nothing year-old white zero-hero, approaches  
a busy Self-Check Out section with a bunch of food stacked in  
his arms, instead of a basket...

BUM (V.O.)  
And this bottom - this story, this  
new way of life - is my purge,  
plague and punishment.

EXT. RALPH'S - CONTINUOUS

Bum exits in a nonchalant quick-walk holding the goods in his  
arms, instead of a bag.

BUM (V.O.)  
Mennonites believe living a simple,  
brutal life to be a direct path to  
God. I believe living a stupid,  
brutal life to be my direct route  
to redemption. And sobriety... at  
some point.

He passes a **BODY** on the ground in a puffy red coat and no  
shoes.

BUM (V.O.)  
And if you're telling a story,  
there's only one ending - and  
that's death... if you're telling  
the truth.

He stops and eyes the body as SHOPPERS walk by oblivious.

BUM (V.O.)  
Fucked of the matter is: people  
don't always know who they are  
until it's too late.

Bum stares at the body.

BUM (V.O.)  
 Since in confusion lives the spirit  
 of deceit, I'll own up and take you  
 back a bit, to how I burned my life  
 to the ground and caught fire for  
 redemption...

TITLE CARD: **2 DAYS AGO**

MONTAGE:

-- Bum exits the n'hood liquor store in the morning. He wanders the streets brown-bagging it.

-- Bum drinks in a dog park. He's the only human here without a dog, so he sticks out.

-- Bum drinks in his sober living bedroom. His ROOMMATE sleeps on the other twin bed on the other side of the room.

RICHARD (PRE-LAP)  
 I been an alcoholic for at least a  
 quarter century... but it only got  
 bad the last 25 years.

-- AAers laugh in this AA MEETING IN A CHURCH BASEMENT:

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 The word "addict" is derived from  
 the latin "addicere," which  
 translates to 'extreme religious  
 devotion.'

AAers nod.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 My name is Richard and--

BUM (O.S.)  
 My name is long for "Dick!"

Bum drunkenly laughs and passes out, but AAers barely notice, because they've all been his sad seat before.

RICHARD  
 (re: Bum)  
 Alcohol gives me my king-size  
 certainty too.

AAers nod in agreement.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
And as we all know - if you don't  
come in here lookin' for change  
then you gonna be on the corner  
beggin' for some...

Bum SNORES.

SMASH TO TITLE CARD:

B U M

BUM (V.O.)  
Just three letters and the truth.

EXT/EST. SOBER HOUSE - DAY

An unremarkable house on a quiet North Hollywood, CA street.

INT. SOBER HOUSE - BUM'S ROOM - DAY

BUM swills a bottle of Jack Daniels while on speaker phone.

MOM (PHONE)  
We know.

BUM  
I know.

DAD (PHONE)  
We always know.

BUM  
I know.

MOM  
How long this time?

BUM  
Two weeks, I think. Maybe six.

MOM/DAD  
Jesus! How much?

BUM  
Bottle.

MOM/DAD

A day?!

BUM

Eh.

MOM

What are you doing with your life?!

DAD

All you do is drink and not work!

MOM

Do you have any friends left out there?

BUM

Ma--

MA

Don't call me Ma! It's gonna be Aunt Connie if you don't straighten out.

BUM

Look, I'm trying to be a good man--

DAD

A good man?! Why don't you start with being good at being a man?!

MOM

Because you're a child right now!

DAD

Or being good at drinking yourself to death?! That seems like it might be a talent you can pursue!

MOM

You may as well just do it by now. Put us all and yourself out of this ridiculous... bullshit.

DAD

Why even fuck around anymore?--

CLICK. Bum hangs up. He swigs the Jack Daniels.

DAVE (O.S.)

What are you doing, dude?

**DAVE**, the sober house manager, enters startling Bum.

Bum's silence is deafening because he's too drunk to talk.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
You're drinking in a sober house.  
Around a bunch of alcoholics.

BUM  
But I hid it.

DAVE  
So you didn't have to share it. You  
gotta go, man.

BUM  
Where?

DAVE  
I don't know. Wherever. Whatever.  
But you have to leave this house  
right now. You know the rules.

He tears up.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
You have somewhere to go, right?

BUM  
No.

DAVE  
No one will take you in?

BUM  
No.

DAVE  
You have a car?

EXT. SOBER HOUSE - FEW MINUTES LATER

In the pouring rain, Bum exits carrying his shit in a trash bag, and gets in the back seat of his Subaru Forester wagon.

INT. BUM'S SUBARU FORESTER - CONTINUOUS

He swills the bottle and tries to stretch out but it sucks.

BUM (V.O.)  
I can't live like this. Again. Even  
for a few days.

He folds one of the back seats down and lies down but it's still too short and shitty.

BUM

Manure.

BUM (V.O.)

I'm hungry. I don't think I've eaten in a couple weeks because of my bender.

INT. RALPH'S - LATER

Bum grabs a sandwich and a big bottle of water. He approaches the self-checkout... and walks right thru it and out.

INT. BUM'S SUBARU FORESTER - NIGHT

Bum eats, drinks and swills. Then passes out.

EXT. BUM'S SUBARU FORESTER - NEXT MORNING

Bum sleeps in the back seat of his car, curled up in the fetal position with the bottle of Jack as a pillow. His PHONE ALARM blares unnoticed.

BUM (V.O.)

If you haven't figured it out yet then I'll just tell you - booze is my D.O.C.

Neighbors walk by him, peering in the window.

BUM (V.O.)

Or is it my G-O-D?

Bum shivers.

BUM (V.O.)

It's a long, sad, soggy story. So long it has a perspective.

Bum groans.

BUM (V.O.)

Since I was fifteen, each decade got worse, making my odds 8 to five to make it out of one alive.

Bum coughs, chokes on a loogie.

BUM (V.O.)  
 The hiccups actually helped though.  
 Like the time it sent me to rehab?  
 Nope. Not even once. Because who  
 the fuck goes to rehab only once?

Bum farts.

BUM (V.O.)  
 Has it sent me to jail? Of course -  
 this is America.

Bum shakes.

BUM (V.O.)  
 And through it all I continued to  
 walk around like I was King Shit of  
 Fuck Mountain.

He jolts awake to see a **LITTLE GIRL's** face pressed up against  
 the window, staring at him. Phone alarm blares on.

MOM (O.S.)  
 Lilly, what are you looking at?

LILLY  
 Nothing. I think it's a man.

Bum opens the door and pukes bile at her feet.

MOM (O.S.)  
 Ahh!! Get away from that, honey.  
 He's dangerous.

Mom grabs her and splits. Bum kills alarm and scurries like  
 he's late.

CUT TO -- Bum geyser-pisses in a bush next to a running van  
 with a company logo stamped on the doors, as a shocked  
**NEIGHBOR LADY** walks her dog right behind him.

NEIGHBOR LADY  
 Jesus Christ, don't you have a  
 home?!

He flicks her off over his shoulder.

BUM  
 Just the California dream of indoor-  
 outdoor livin'!

NEIGHBOR LADY  
 Goddamn homeless.



Zips up, quickly hops into the company mini-van and splits.

MADISON (PRE-LAP)  
ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?! YOU  
HAVE ONE FUCKING JOB!

EXT. MADISON'S HOUSE - MORNING

**MADISON** (21, lean mean goth demon) stomps across her front yard in her all black get-up raging like a school shooter.

MADISON  
ONE FUCKING JOB! THAT'S IT!

Who's she screaming and stomping to?

We finally see her POV: our disheveled BUM sitting in the driver seat of the van.

4 other **PASSENGERS** sit in there with him.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
You gonna fucking answer me?!

BUM  
Sorry--

MADISON  
Fuck you!

Madison slings the side van door open and slams it shut.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
I didn't even get to eat breakfast  
because you can't do your one  
fucking stupid job!

Bum sits in shock and fear.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
And we're gonna be late! And they  
won't let us in because we're late!  
And so I won't get my treatment!  
Which means I'm probably gonna  
relapse! And then I'm probably  
gonna die!

BUM  
Hey--

MADISON  
Fucking drive, dude!

Bum steps on the gas.

LATER --

Bum has pulled over to pick up **CHRIS** (19, white, punk-ass) all obnoxious smile and psuedo swagger, talking loudly and hoodly to a friend on FaceTime - as he hops in and jumps to the back row of the van/Tragic Bus.

Bum shuts the sliding van door and gets in driver's seat.

CHRIS  
(to FT friend)  
Yo fuck that bitch, yo!

The Friend barks back some hood speak and Chris laughs loudly in response and keeps jawing hood-rat non-sense.

This just adds to the already tense tension in the van.

BUM  
Hey, Chris, can you please use your  
headphones?

CHRIS  
Why?

BUM  
Because we can all hear your  
conversation on speaker--

CHRIS  
I'm not on speaker.

BUM  
What are you on?

CHRIS  
FaceTime.

BUM  
Use headphones, please.

CHRIS  
How?

BUM  
How do you mean 'how'?

CHRIS  
Headphones don't work on FaceTime,  
*old.*

Madison laughs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Damn, *ancient*.

MADISON  
What the fuck, *fossil*?!

Chris laughs along.

BUM  
Then hang up FaceTime and talk on the phone normally, please.

CHRIS  
Whateva.  
(to FT friend)  
I pay this fool to drive, not  
drivel, and he tellin' me I can't  
talk none.

CHRIS'S FT FRIEND (O.S.)  
Fuck the faggot!

CHRIS  
Haha! Faggot actin' like a wet  
*wabbit*!

They laugh as he continues his loud FaceTime conversation, killing everybody, as Bum steams, staring straight ahead.

Madison stares daggers at the back of Bum's head.

MADISON  
What'd you go out last night and  
get fucked up? Woke up bloodless?

Beat.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
Huh?

# **SMASH TO LAST NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD/HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Bum swerves down Sunset Blvd.

He sticks his head out the window and YELLS:

BUM  
Wake up and die right, cunts!

**BACK TO PRESENT --**

BUM (CONT'D)  
(so meek)  
No.

MADISON  
(mocking his meek)  
"No." Look at you...

She leans up next to his face to get a look at him.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
Show your truth.

Bum's terrified in silence.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
Need to join us in group this  
morning and share something..?

BUM  
(covering weakly)  
Pfft.

She meets his eyes in the rearview.

MADISON  
You sure..? Cause I can smell the  
lose on your breath.

He flicks the angle on it to lose her.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
(evil sing-songy)  
Secrets make you sicker.

EXT. LAS ENCINAS HOSPITAL - MORNING - LATER

Bum pulls into the hospital, Teslas, Mercedes and a Ferrari,  
all parked in front of designated "DOCTOR" spots.

BUM (V.O.)  
(re: cars)  
Crazy pays.

Two **DOCTORS** dressed like Hollywood agents exit their fancy  
cars and greet each other laughing.

BUM (V.O.)  
Look at these confidence-quacks in  
their mechanical suits and  
medicated smiles. Think they're hot  
snot cause they got careers, homes  
and a dentist. Fuck the lower lot.

Bum slides his sunglasses on.

BUM (V.O.)  
 "Health care for all?! No way!"  
 they say. "America as we know it  
 will die!" they say. "We can't  
 afford it!...  
 (whisper voice)  
 "So fuck you." they say.

As they enter the hospital, Bum passes and shields his face, playing possum, like he doesn't want to be seen by them.

One DOCTOR double-takes Bum.

BUM (V.O.)  
 (back to depressed voice)  
 "Looks like only you can afford  
 it... so revolt." I say.

Bum stops in front of the guard stand. The loons pour out.  
 Except her --

MADISON  
 What? You're not even gonna say  
 sorry?

Nothing. He can't. He's too shelled.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
 Loser.

She huffs out.

The last passenger out is Chris, his obnoxious music blaring.

He doesn't shut the door he just hopped thru, leaving it for the help. Bum stares hard at him, causing Chris to double-take and stop.

CHRIS  
 You mad-dogging me?

BUM  
 Mad-whating you?

He knows what, and he is. Chris stares back hard. Turns his shoulders to square Bum up... uh oh, here we go...

Chris then motions over Bum's shoulder and points at a LITTLE PERSON/MIDGET PATIENT walking to the security line...

CHRIS  
 Check it out - a live one.

Bum turns, then quickly turns back to Chris, who smiles obnoxiously.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Later, Miss Daisy.  
(turns; sotto)  
Bitch.

Chris swaggers up to the SECURITY GUARD with his hands and shirt up and twirling to indicate he isn't packing, but this is more instigation then compliance, punking the rent-a-cop.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Yo yo, knocko! I clean!

Hands high, Chris twirls, as SECURITY GUARD stink-eyes him.

Bum pushes the sliding van door shut. Like the help... but the door doesn't shut all the way. So it dings and chimes like a cackle in his face. And Bum just stares at it.

EXT. SKID ROW DOWNTOWN LA - LATER

Bum drives thru the infamous homeless and lawless enclave known as "Skid Row." It's blocks & blocks of filthy **HOMELESS PEOPLE** and their tents strewn along trash filled sidewalks.

BUM (V.O.)  
This is where the Devil comes to  
shit.

**COPS** in face-shields, masks and gloves line the perimeter, confining the Homeless to the sidewalks behind barriers.

SMASH! As a bottle explodes on the van window. Bum sees that it was thrown by a **CRAZY BUM** who stares him down, then flicks him off. Time to go.

BUM (V.O.)  
And breed.

Bum steps on it.

BUM (V.O.)  
Wonder if she's got any  
vacancies... Cause I need shelter  
like a motherfucker.

JOSEPH (PRE-LAP)  
You got kicked out of another sober  
house?!

INT. COMPANY VAN - LATER

Bum on the phone.

BUM

The system's rigged, Joseph.

JOSEPH (PHONE)

For brownies like me, not Trumpers  
like you.

BUM

Fuck you!--I'm not--

JOSEPH

Fuckin' with you. What happened?

BUM

I was set up.

JOSEPH

Then "Put the system on trial!"

BUM

I should cause there's no justice  
in this fascist country.

JOSEPH

Pfft. In all my years of criming,  
I've never been booted from a half-  
way and this is your, what..?

BUM

Fifth, who cares, numbers are  
backwards letters--

JOSEPH

And I'm a felon.

BUM

And a trustie, you kiss-ass.

JOSEPH

Best gig in the sneezer.

BUM

Which you deserved cause they gave  
you a chance, all I'm asking--

JOSEPH

No, you can't stay here. Again.  
Again again. Again again again.

BUM

Dude--

JOSEPH

Tough love, brotha. You get what  
you get cause you do what you do.

BUM

Oh God, grant me the insanity, over-  
sober mutha--

JOSEPH

I gotta go, man - meet my sponsor.

BUM

Sponsor?

JOE

Yeah.

BUM

You really don't drink anymore?

JOSEPH

I really don't drink anymore.

BUM

Then how do you stay alive?

JOSEPH

Pfft. Call me when you land  
somewhere.

BUM

Hold on-- just in case, you got any  
vans to sell?

JOSEPH

Maybe. Lemme check my inventory.

BUM

How much?

JOSEPH

Can't price what I can't see,  
homie.

BUM

Fine. Get back to me-- but soon,  
bro, I'm on a dire one over here.

JOSEPH

Yeah yeah, and who's fault is that,  
stew-bag?



Click.

MINUTE LATER - Another call.

BUM  
Just for a few nights--

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Nope.

Click.

Another.

BUM  
A couple nights--

Click.

Another.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Tonight--

Click.

BUM (V.O.)  
Fuck.

EXT. BROSKI'S QUADPLEX - DAY

Bum knocks on the door.

BUM  
Broski!

BROSKI  
I heard, and the answer is no.

BUM  
Chief..?

BROSKI  
I told you last time was the last time.

BUM  
Couple-few nights. I'll Trump and shower at the gym.

BROSKI  
Angie ain't having it.

BUM  
How bout the garage then?

BROSKI  
It's full.

BUM  
Of what?

BROSKI  
Not hidden, homeless humans.

BUM  
I'll squeeze in, I don't mind.

BROSKI  
It's not a border crossing. I got neighbors.

Bum sulks.

BROSKI (CONT'D)  
Hit up that pervert Quagmire.

Off Bum's grimace --

EXT. QUAGMIRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Bum's company van is parked illegally out front.

BUM (PRE-LAP)  
There he is!

QUAGMIRE (PRE-LAP)  
(tada!)  
In the fleshlight!

INT. QUAGMIRE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bum laughs as he steps in with a six-pack of beer.

QUAGMIRE  
Jesus, dude. You smell like your  
butthole smoked your asshole.

JAMES aka "**QUAGMIRE**" (30s, quick-witted, well-JCrew-dressed and sexually deviant) watches the old cartoon "Dennis the Menace" on the LAFF network because no cable, only antenna TV.

Bum cracks a beer and plops on a chair.

QUAGMIRE (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
Beer for breakfast, Two-Bit?

BUM  
Breakfast is the most important  
beer of the day, Quagmire.

He swills the Bud bottle.

QUAGMIRE  
Thought you quit drinking?

BUM  
Just in public.

QUAGMIRE  
(judging)  
Survival of the littest, huh?

BUM  
Progress not perfection.

QUAGMIRE  
You thief it?

BUM  
You know I don't wait in lines.  
Especially lines to buy shit. Plus,  
fuckin' Ralph's cashiers are  
miserable. All depressed and shit  
cause they made all the wrong moves  
in life...

Quags is smart so this statement isn't lost on him.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Dumb or sad or chemical dependence  
issues--

Pops a pill and chases it with Bud.

BUM (CONT'D)  
--that keep em bogged down in dead  
end gigs and existential...  
(duh)  
something.

QUAGMIRE  
Right, *something*.  
(re: pill)  
What's that?

BUM  
Clownopin.

QUAGMIRE

For mood?

BUM

For tempo.

QUAGMIRE

With beer.

BUM

Sometimes whiskey, but my tastes  
are refined enough to run with  
either.

QUAGMIRE

And today, courtesy of your  
refinement, life is gonna feel  
like...?

BUM

A moon bounce.

Quags head-shakes.

Bum sniffs the air, feels something under him and pulls out a  
pair of girls panties stuck in the chair, which he first  
stretches out...

BUM (CONT'D)

Get her name this time?

QUAGMIRE

Jane Doe.

BUM

Like last time.

Then Bum sniffs them.

BUM (CONT'D)

Good lookin'?

QUAGMIRE

Breasts like beagle ears, mug like  
a box of frogs.

BUM

(cheers)

An upgrade.

QUAGMIRE

Snail looked like a catchers mitt  
holding a lasagna too.

Bum fits the panties on his head like a catcher mask.

BUM  
(baseball catcher)  
Hey, batta-batta-batta.

Quags snags the panties of Bum's head and stuffs them in his pocket like a weirdo.

Bum kicks his boots off.

QUAGMIRE  
You can't stay here again if you're  
on... your train.

BUM  
Don't worry, my crazy train is  
almost outta track.

Sure it is. Bum points to the bathroom to negotiate:

BUM (CONT'D)  
How about shower and slop-jar  
pitstops then?

QUAGMIRE  
Showers, maybe, in case of  
emergency, but definitely no  
dropping Trumps in my bathroom.

BUM  
Fine, no number twos then I'll just  
stick to number threes.

QUAGMIRE  
Bullshit you're gonna skin your  
squirrel in my home.

BUM  
Weak.

QUAGMIRE  
And call before.

BUM  
Fair.

Quags gets a ping on his phone and eagerly checks it.

BUM (CONT'D)  
(re: Quags' phone)  
How's Fet-Life?

QUAGMIRE

Gross.

BUM

And the orgies?

QUAGMIRE

Disgusting.

Now Bum head-shakes in judgement.

Beat as Quags holsters his phone and they stare at Dennis acting like a dumb shit on TV.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

Dennis is such a dick. Hate Dennis.

BUM

Love Dennis.

Bum swills his Bud too hard and coughs it up on his shirt and Quags' chair, making a mess. Off Quags' irritation.

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA - LATER

Bum drives down Vineland, past taco stands, past pawn shops, liquor stores, same day loan and check cashing temptations.

He passes gaggles of the lower lot and minimum wage caste waiting for the busses that deliver them to evils like Downtown factories and West Side estates.

Amongst and passing the precariously employed are white walking BOOFERS and fellow URBAN REFUGEES pushing, pulling and lugging their possessions in shopping carts, baby strollers, stolen bikes and hi-jacked app-rental scooters.

FOUR MASKED COPS wrestle a VIOLENT BUM to the ground as he kicks and spits.

Bum stops at a light and sees a **LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY BUM** on the sidewalk in the middle of the action. She wears a puffy red coat and holds a rolling suitcase and a beggar sign reading: "hungry hungry hobo".

She chugs a tallboy beer can and stares at nothing. Then stares at Bum. He holds her gaze... until he can't anymore and speeds off.

REARVIEW POV as Bum looks to see the world spin and succeed around her as the sun berates her frowned face. Everything looks rude to her as she holds her stare in Bum's rearview.

EXT. PLANET FITNESS - LATER

Bum pulls into a lot of a shitty gym in Little Mexico.

He exits the van and passes a **BEGGAR BUM** begging outside, holding a sign: "SPARE CHANGE FOR SOME ~~CRACK~~ ~~HERON~~ METH AND A HAND GUN?"

BEGGAR BUM  
Spare change for some crack and a handgun?

BUM  
Thought it was meth?

Bum points at his sign and the order his drugs were written.

BEGGAR BUM  
Back to my humble beginnings.

Bum smiles, digs in his pocket and presents 4 pennies. Beggar Bum stares at them like feces and shoos it away.

Bum drops them on the ground and walks in the gym.

BEGGAR BUM (CONT'D)  
Litterbum!

Passing a promo gym sign: ONLY \$10/month!.

INT. PLANET FITNESS - CONTINUOUS

Bum checks into the sprawling gym.

INT. PLANET FITNESS - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bum undresses, careful not to touch his bare feet on the floor before sliding them into rubber flip-flops. He stuffs his shit in a locker and locks it.

BATHROOM STALL --

Bum shits. Struggles with the toilet paper roll because it's so weak that he can't get a good/protective handful to wipe.

O.S. in the stall next to him a fellow SHITTER FARTS LOUDLY.

BUM (V.O.)  
Like life - sometimes a shit is just a fart.

SHOWERS --

WE HEAR THE SONG: "I TOUCH MYSELF" by Divinlys blare out of a stall, and a terrible SHOWER SINGER singing along. We see his shitty little jukebox/speaker hanging off the shower door.

Bum stands in line for the showers with a towel around his waist and holding a zip lock bag with soap and shampoo.

WE PULL OUT to see Bum stands last in line behind various VAGRANTS and BUMS awaiting their weekly bathing too. But they're all fully clothed and hold/drag luggage and plastic bags holding their belongings.

OS: WE HEAR SOMEONE BLOW HIS NOSE IN THE SHOWER AND THEN HAWK A HUGE LOOGIE AND SPIT --

BUM  
Fuckin' kidding me?!

SHOWER BUM (O.S.)  
Fuck you!

SHOWER SINGER  
Touch yo self!

SHOWER BUM (O.S.)  
What that mouth do?!

Bum eye-rolls.

BUM (V.O.)  
If home is acceptance - then I'll  
happily drift.

SHOWER STALL --

Bum showers under shitty-pressured water, standing in flips flops in ankle deep water that won't drain. A used band-aid floats at him and sticks to his toe, which freaks him out.

PLANET FITNESS EMPLOYEE (PRE-LAP)  
I just need to see an ID...

INT. PLANET FITNESS - FRONT DESK - LATER

Bum, clean shaven, talks to an **EMPLOYEE**.

PLANET FITNESS EMPLOYEE  
Can I ask why you're cancelling,  
sir?



BUM  
(dead-eyed dead pan, fuck  
you)  
Too many homeless here.

PF Employee nods in "Rude, but I get it" silence.

EXT. PLANET FITNESS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bum exits, dressed in nice slacks, button down shirt, clean boots. He stops to admire his look in the window reflection.

BUM (V.O.)  
The best crooks are dirty cops.

He gets in the company van.

Checks his phone: 5% power. He plugs it into the van.

EXT. 24 HOUR FITNESS - LATER

Bum pulls in, parks and enters, passing a gym sign: ONLY \$46/month!

It's a nicer/cleaner looking gym, even from the outside. Thru the window we see him talking to an EMPLOYEE and discussing/signing up for a membership.

LATER --

Bum walks out as **4 WHITE HIPPIE BUMS** approach to walk by. They're dirty, dreadlocked, wear backpacks and walk pitbull-mutt looking dogs on leashes. For these four, the Phish tour ended years ago but the trip didn't.

WHITE HIPPIE BUM 1  
Good afternoon, good sir!

BUM  
Hey, man.

WHITE HIPPIE BUM 1  
It's a great day for rain and cocaine! But here in Hollywood, only one's gonna make a mess!

Bum chuckles as they pass.

INT. VAN - LATER

Bum enters. Open his laptop: 10% power. Sighs.

BUM (PRE-LAP)  
(very polite)  
Can I get a wifi code, please?

INT. REPUBLIC OF PIE - LATER

Bum stands at the front of a deep line, begging a creative, confident girl we'll call **MEANIE PIE** for free internet.

MEANIE PIE  
Sure. Do you have your receipt for  
buying something today?

BUM  
Oh. Shoot. No. I haven't bought  
anything today.

MEANIE PIE  
(ecstatic to deliver this)  
I'm sorry but wifi is for paying  
customers, so what can I get you?

BUM  
Drunk?

Bum waits for a laugh... nothing. Meanie dead-eyes him.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Of course. Small coffee please.

Bum whips out his old thin banged up wallet.

MEANIE PIE  
\$2.25

Bum plugs his credit card into the scanner.

MEANIE PIE (CONT'D)  
Minimum of \$3 for credit cards.

He has no cash. He looks at the medium coffee price: \$3.

BUM  
Medium coffee please.

She stink-eyes him and pours.

BUM (V.O.)  
Beautiful birds just make me feel  
lonely. Er.

Now with his coffee mixed, Bum looks for a seat - more importantly, a seat next to a power outlet. Nothing. Shit.

Then something opens up and he darts for it. Success.

Plugs in his laptop and phone.

He scans the room, clocking a love connection: everyone is 20s/30s, hip and attractive. Especially the birds.

Bum clocks his top 3 - hoping for eye contact. Bulls eye. But she quickly looks away. Bullshit.

He connects to the internet and goes to the "Indeed.com" job search website and zones out. Then falls asleep...

FEW MINUTES LATER --

L.A. TEN

Is anyone sitting here?

Bum looks up to find his new love, **L.A. TEN** - and her DOG.

BUM

No. Have a seat.

L.A. TEN

Thanks.

She plops down.

BUM

Need power?

L.A. TEN

Actually, I do.

BUM

Take mine. I'm juiced.

He unplugs, she plugs.

L.A. TEN

Thank you.

Her dog sniffs Bum and wags its tail.

BUM

Hey cutie.

Dog nuzzles in and loves Bum.

BUM (CONT'D)

Look at that. Someone loves me.

She kinda ignores him and his softball harangue as she sets up to work.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Must be a female.

L.A. TEN  
No. Male.

BUM  
I can never tell in this town.

She laughs.

BUM (CONT'D)  
What's his name?

L.A. TEN  
Odin.

BUM  
Nice. "Leader of the Souls."

Bum loves Odin back, as L.A. Ten takes an impressed beat.

L.A. TEN  
(wow/impressed)  
That's right.

BUM  
And since you're mama your name  
must be Bestla?

She smiles.

L.A. TEN  
On a Goddess day.

Bum smiles.

L.A. TEN (CONT'D)  
Alyssa.

They shake.

BUM  
Can I buy you a coffee, make you  
laugh and try to make you my  
goddess girlfriend, Alyssa?

She laughs.

L.A. TEN  
You can--

MEANIE PIE (O.S.)  
Take your feet off the table...

Bum jerks awake with his feet on the table and shirt drool'd.

Meanie Pie stands over him and stink-eye-smiles. Bum whips them off like a kicked dog, and knocks over his neighbor's coffee while doing so.

Her stink-eye-smile turns to stink-eye-vile.

MEANIE PIE (CONT'D)  
And no sleeping.

She dancer-struts off in victory, zinging a final --

MEANIE PIE (CONT'D)  
This isn't a shelter.

BUM (V.O.)  
Sometimes the fantasy is better  
left a lie.

EXT. RALPH'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bum ducks into White Shadow.

INT. WHITE SHADOW - CONTINUOUS

He lies down to sleep. Lot lights blind him as he tries to stretch out. This sucks.

EXT. RALPH'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

He exits White Shadow and enters the company van parked right next to it.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Bum sets up his bed in the back row. Lies down, still can't fully extend his legs but it's much roomier and private.

He falls asleep. And drifts into a --

DREAM

BUM (V.O.)  
But we lie loudest when we lie to  
ourselves.

INT. BAR - DREAM

A **DAPPER BARKEEP** approaches a crisp, clean Bum glammed up in a \$5k suit and seated a seat away from a classy **L.A. ELEVEN**.

BARKEEP  
Would you like a drink, sir?

BUM  
Yes, my good man.

Bum pulls out a wad of cash/hundreds.

BARKEEP  
What's your preference?

BUM  
Only that it hasn't been previously  
swallowed.

The Barkeep cracks up, as does L.A. ELEVEN next to him.

BARKEEP  
Very amusing, sir. Beer, wine,  
whiskey perhaps?

BUM  
Got anything non-psychotic?

More laughs.

BARKEEP  
Two for two, sir.

BUM  
But no man bats a thousand, which  
is why I always flow with the  
psycho.

L.A. Eleven chuckles.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Jameson neat, and a pint'o Guinness  
to wash it down with, please. And  
whatever *linda* here desires.

L.A. ELEVEN  
"Linda?" My name's not "Linda."

BUM  
I know.

L.A. ELEVEN  
Then why'd you call me linda?

BUM  
It's Spanish.

L.A. ELEVEN  
What does it mean?

BUM  
You don't speak Spanish?

L.A. ELEVEN  
No.

BUM  
Oh, then you wouldn't understand.

She smiles and laughs.

BUM (CONT'D)  
What is your name, *linda*?

L.A. ELEVEN  
Shannon.

BUM  
Shannon. Like the river.

L.A. ELEVEN  
The river?

BUM  
In Ireland. Have you seen it?

L.A. ELEVEN  
No.

BUM  
You should. The Shannon is beautiful.

She blushes. He's got her.

BUM (CONT'D)  
A little dirty though.

She laughs and swats his shoulder.

L.A. ELEVEN  
Shannon isn't dirty!

BUM  
Wanna prove it?

L.A. ELEVEN  
You're terrible.

Now he's really got her. He throws down a \$100 bill for Barkeep and indicates 'keep the change'.

BUM  
Hilariously, fabulously,  
excitingly, superlatively terrible!

She laughs.

BUM (CONT'D)  
With weapons grade charisma!

BARKEEP  
And alcoholism!

They all laugh, cheers and Bum locks eyes hard with Eleven as they sip.

BUM  
Why do you look so familiar?

L.A. ELEVEN  
Do I?

BUM  
Totally.

L.A. ELEVEN  
I don't know.

BUM  
I know what it is, I know where  
I've met you.

L.A. ELEVEN  
Where?

BUM  
In my sleep.

She blushes. Damn he's good. Cheesy, but good. He slowly moves in for the kill... How?! He just met this bird?! She accepts and leans forward too... they're gonna kiss!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

Bum rattles awake out of his sweet dream and looks out the van's tinted window to see --

SECURITY GUARD  
You can't sleep here, big boss! You  
gonna get towed!



BUM  
Alright alright.

Bum gets in the driver's seat and moves the van... to the Carl's Jr side of the lot next to a dumpster, out of view.

He parks and gets back in his hamster bed. Eyes shut.

LATER --

Smoke drifts into the van, awakening Bum. He looks out the window to see the dumpster on fire.

BUM (CONT'D)  
My life is a near-literal dumpster  
fire...

He hops in the driver's and pulls out, crossing the street and entering a residential hood, searching for a dark section of the street to park.

BUM (CONT'D)  
And where the Devil comes to shit  
when she has diarrhea.

Nothing dark enough so he settles and just parks it. Ducks into the back row of the van and lies down.

He closes his eyes.

BUM (V.O.)  
Falling asleep is such a waste of  
time.

His eyes pop open.

BUM (V.O.)  
Either way, mornings still slap me  
with the uh ohs and the oh nos.

BUM  
Fuck this.

He pops a Lunesta.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Work, damnit.

Stares at the ceiling as he hears bums arguing, horns honking, dogs barking, and processing how he got here...

INT. VAN - MORNING

Bum snaps awake. Clinches his ass.

BUM

Shit!

He hops in the driver's seat to split, but aborts and darts --

EXT. VAN/HOOD - CONTINUOUS

He looks around in a panic, then his stomach GROANS loudly.

BUM

NO NO NO NO--

Bum sneak-speed-walks up an alley in clench mode, looking around. Coast is clear so he quickly drops his pajamas, squats and diarrheas a loud mess.

MEXICAN LADY (O.S.)

Are you shitting right there,  
mister?

He looks up to a 2nd floor apartment to see the shadow of a **MEXICAN LADY** smoking and looking down at him from her porch.

BUM

Uhhh.--

MEXICAN LADY

Don't you have a home to do that  
at?

BUM

Yeah, but my wife doesn't let me do  
the serious business there.

Huh?

BUM (CONT'D)

Weekends and mornings are the  
hardest.

They stare at each other in shameful shock? A stand off...

BUM (CONT'D)

Welcome to Deadwood, huh?

He shoots double-gunfighter fingers at her from his sad squatting position. She flicks her cig butt down at him.

MEXICAN LADY

Vago.

And enters her place.

Bum digs into his pockets for napkins but nothing.

BUM

Ugh. Inadequate.

MINUTES LATER --

Bum wide-leg-waddles down the alley back to the van - careful to keep his shitty ass from spreading to the rest of him.

EXT. HOOD - LATER

Bum shuffles thru his car, picking out clothes to wear in this mobile closet.

Then he brushes his teeth, rinses with a water bottle, spits on the street, then pours water on his head/face and sorts his bed-head and clears his crusty eyes.

Ready to go.

A text dings from his BOSS LADY: *no trips today, another driver is covering.*

BUM

Twat.

Now what?

EXT. RALPH'S - CONTINUOUS

Bum enters Ralphs.

INT. RALPH'S - CONTINUOUS

Bum shops. Stops at the refrigerated juice/milk aisle, searching for something particular.

Snags a bottle of lemonade and checks the mouth and throat of it. Dips it below his dong to mime pissing in it. Seems wide enough. Then looks around and turns it around miming shitting in it. No way but no sweat, it'll still work for whiz.

Bum continues shopping: toilet paper roll, wet/baby wipes, a pre-made sandwich, a bag of Cool Ranch and a box of granola bars and walks toward the cashier to pay... and walks right by it and out the door. Sans paying.

BUM (V.O.)  
This move is neither pretty,  
honorable nor decent, but it's what  
needs to be done these dismal days.

He walks across the parking lot.

Bum passes a **LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY** standing in a puffy red winter coat and dirty white tennis shoes next to her rolling luggage. We saw her earlier. She drinks a tallboy beer and smokes a joint.

He rips the sandwich in half and hands it to her. She stares him down with a frown for a beat... then takes it, tears off a bite and stuffs the rest in her coat pocket.

BUM (V.O.)  
Yeah yeah yeah, I'm a sweetheart. A  
real man in full. Part saint, part  
cornered rat.

She offers him a pull off her tallboy or joint. He politely declines with a smile and splits.

He passes two **SLEEPING BUMS** sleeping on the same dirty twin mattress on the sidewalk and lays down a couple of granola bars for when or if they wake.

Bum's phone RINGS.

JOSEPH (O.S.)  
Got one, bum.

EXT. JOSEPH'S CAR LOT - LATER

Bum and **JOSEPH** (30s, Mexi-Ameri, smarts and streets) stand staring at a dirty white 1999 Nissan Quest minivan as it idles LOUDLY.

BUM  
Does it have a muffler?!

JOSEPH  
Doesn't sound like it! But it may  
just be the lack of cat!

BUM  
Lack of what?!

JOSEPH  
Catalytic converter.

BUM  
Is that important?!

JOSEPH  
If you wanna pass inspection!

BUM  
Pass?!

JOSEPH  
Don't worry. I got a guy. \$300 and  
he'll pass you.

BUM  
\$300 on top of the \$700 you want  
for this illegal piece of shit?

JOSEPH  
\$900.

BUM  
Fuck off, hombre. Half-way house  
cellie discount.

JOSEPH  
Fine. 7.

Bum pulls out \$700 in cash and hands it over. Joseph counts  
it eagerly and meticulously. Twice.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Cool.

BUM  
(re: van)  
Jesus.

JOSEPH  
She's no Jew/Lord and Savior but  
she's clean. Runs good.

BUM  
(points)  
What's that?

Points to a hole in the side...

JOSEPH  
.45?

A bullet hole. Off Bum's head-shake.

EXT. BRIDGE / HIGHWAY UNDERPASS - LATER

Bum pulls the van under an overpass populated by the homeless. He gets out, opens the side door and goes in...

FEW MINUTES LATER -- he pushes the bench seats out on the sidewalk and walks around to the driver's side.

BUM  
First come!

The bums dart for the benches.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Bum drives looking for a good parking/hiding/sleeping spot.

At the end of this neighborhood street it dead ends. There are no NO PARKING signs and he can set up next to a fence and a building with no windows.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

He parks and gets out. The only vehicle on this section is an old camper van with the windows blacked out and covered, signaling someone is living in it.

Bum opens the side door to arrange his bed and set up for the night.

VAN MAN (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

Bum turns to see **VAN MAN** - a mean/crazy looking white man in his 50s - standing in the street next to his old blacked out camper van. This looks like the start of a stand-off.

BUM  
Huh?

VAN MAN  
You sleeping there?

BUM  
Mind your own fucking business,  
bum.

Van Man steams.

VAN MAN  
You can't park there.

BUM

Why not?

VAN MAN

Because the curb is red - no parking.

BUM

You a meter maid?

VAN MAN

No.

BUM

Then fuck off.

VAN MAN

I SAID YOU CAN'T PARK HERE!

Bum stands stunned.

LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY BUM (O.S.)

What the hell's going on, Stephen?!

A **LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY BUM** in a puffy red coat stands at Van Man's van door. We remember her from page 23.

VAN MAN

Go back inside, bitch!

LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY BUM

Fuck you!

He beelines for her, grabs her and slams her against the van and starts roughing her up.

Van Man is grabbed from behind and thrown to the ground - by Bum.

BUM

Don't do that.

(to Lady)

You alright, miss?

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

(out window from distance)

Shut up, bums!

Van Man gets up and rushes Bum, who easily slaps him aside. Bum grabs Van Man and slams him into his camper van.

BUM

Wrong day, wrong dude,  
motherfucker! You hear me?!

Van Man fights back, but Bum kicks his feet out, drops him and cocks his fist...

BUM (CONT'D)  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

Van Man shields his face.

BUM (CONT'D)  
I asked you a question, bum! DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?!

Van Man shakes but settles. And stares up at Bum, clearly crazy right now.

Silence. But Bum's steaming. Stress from the streets boiling over. What's he gonna do?

Finally - Bum yanks Van Man up off the ground.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Don't fuck with me and I don't fuck  
with you. Understand?

Van Man flees to the other side of his van.

VAN MAN  
I'm a bum?! What do you think you  
are now?!

BUM  
Fuck you, I'm not a bum.

VAN MAN  
Think you're just gonna be out here  
for a couple days then rejoin  
society?

BUM  
Fuck off, dude.

VAN MAN  
That's not how it works!

BUM  
I'm warning you, guy.

VAN MAN  
You shit on the sidewalk yet? Wash  
yourself in a Starbucks bathroom?  
Steal food? Steal soap? Lie about  
where you live? Where you really  
live? Who you are? Who you really  
are?



Bum stares him down.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 What about kicking your D-O-C? Huh?  
 Yeah, you know what I'm talkin'  
 about you fuckin' addict: "Demon of  
 Choice," motherfucker.

Van Man motions drinking, smoking, injecting and laughs. Then  
 motions sucking dick.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Faggot!

Bum steps to him, but Van Man scurries around his van as a  
 shield.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Been there, done that, conquered  
 it, dude. I'm my own king now while  
 you're still ruled by your high ego  
 and low self-esteem, peasant. I got  
 land, peace and shelter to call my  
 own because I'm free out here.

Motions to his little corner of the world.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 I even got pussy.

LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY BUM  
 No ya don't.

As she exits his van with her bag Van Man kicks her in her  
 ass as she runs off.

VAN MAN  
 Fuck you! Beat it, bitch!

Bum steps to him, sending him on a little scurry.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Structure, respect, discipline -  
 for 8 years now, asshole! Hear me,  
 bum? Where you gonna be in 8 years?  
 Shit, where you gonna be in 8 days?  
 Hours?

Bum steams.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Jail? Junkie Barn? Looney bin?  
 Home? Ha! Where's that?!

Bum is silenced.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
You're in my world now so you  
better act accordingly.

Fuck this guy. Bum walks away.

VAN MAN (CONT'D)  
Bum.

Bum stops. But doesn't turn. He hops in his van and splits.

INT. VAN - FEW MINUTES LATER

Bum drives around the hood looking for another spot.

BUM (V.O.)  
Sobering up, hoping off the crazy  
train and getting back on track  
ain't easy. It's like trying to  
lose your virginity... but not  
having the money.

Bum crosses the street towards the Ralph's lot.

BUM (V.O.)  
But when you're surrounded by all  
sides the positive of the plight is  
that you know which way to fight...  
because everything's the front.

EXT. RALPHS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bum pulls into the big Ralph's parking lot and parks.

A **YOUNG WHITE MAN** wearing a big backpack stands outside a  
Subway sandwich shop holding the beggar sign: "*hungry hungry  
hobo*" that our Little Old White Lady held earlier.

BUM (V.O.)  
I never see my fellow brethren  
sitting down or eating. They're  
always wandering, hauling and  
working. Homeless is a hustle.

INT. VAN - RALPHS PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Bum relaxes watching funny animals on YouTube. He clips his  
nails. The heat is cranked because it's freezing tonight.

On the other side of the lot he spots **2 OLD BLACK MEN**, the **YOUNG WHITE MAN** and our **LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY** from the Van Man scuffle huddled together to keep warm but it's futile.

Then he spots the 24 Hour Subway Sandwich Shop with no one in it because it's 1AM. Lightbulb.

INT. SUBWAY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Bum walks in with the 4 locos and is greeted by the lone **SUBWAY EMPLOYEE**.

SUBWAY EMPLOYEE  
Sir, I can't have them in here.

BUM  
Yes you can. They're freezing out there and there's no one in here, so let em warm up in here, man.

Bum directs the 4 to sit and they do. They immediately drop their heads on the tables and fall asleep.

SUBWAY EMPLOYEE  
Seriously?

BUM  
What's your name, bro?

SUBWAY EMPLOYEE  
Oscar.

BUM  
Oscar, this is the right thing to do. It'll pay off in the after-life.

Oscar sighs.

BUM (CONT'D)  
You help them and I'll help you.

OSCAR  
How?

LATER --

Oscar and Bum clean the shop. Bum mops as Oscar wipes shit down. They're in the middle of a sandwich debate.

BUM

It's all about proportion, bro. You guys sell bread sandwiches here - not ham, not turkey. If you did sell actual "sandwiches" then the meat to bread ratio would be totally different.

OSCAR

But our bread is the best and people love bread.

BUM

Americans could use less bread in their bellies, bro.

Oscar laughs. Suddenly FART! Which came from the Little Old White Lady of the 4.

They look at each other - and CRACK UP. She doesn't budge.

Oscar sprays cleaner in the air around her and they continue laughing.

LATER -- once the sun's risen and it's warmed up, they walk the 4 out. They seem rested.

OSCAR

Hey.

They all turn. Oscar approaches with sandwich bags and they take them. They exit. Then he hands Bum one. He weighs it in his hand and smiles - he's learning.

BUM

Ratio.

OSCAR

To the after-life.

Bum smile-nods, shakes his hand and splits back to van.

BUM (V.O.)

Besides booze and drugs,  
"baggataway" - Algonquian for  
"little brother of war" - is the  
only natural high I get...

Pre-lap: THWACK THWACK THWACK!

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

THWACK-THWACK! as a lacrosse shaft smacks a face mask CU. We watch a pick-up lacrosse game.

BUM (V.O.)  
This and justice...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Bushes rustle.

BUM (V.O.)  
And lately they seem to go hand in hand.

CU on a hand feeding a DOG bacon thru a fence.

BUM (V.O.)  
Along with my budding bitterness  
with all shit bullshit.

Dog loves the bacon.

BUM (O.S.)  
Shhh.

A car pulls up blasting shitty rap. **CHRIS**, our punk from the van/Madison chaos, stumble-flows out with the smoke.

Car splits as he side-winds up to the house phone-staring.

A **FIGURE** approaches Chris from behind with a 40 inch rod cranked back. Figure gains and swings down on Chris--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY

The same sized stick comes hammering down on the helmet of a **DODGING LACROSSE PLAYER**. The stick cocks and swings again--

SMASH CUT TO:

BACK TO THE HOUSE AT NIGHT --

THWACK! to the wrists of Chris, dropping his phone.

CHRIS  
Ah!

BUM (V.O.)  
First his comunicado...

The rod slams the phone, destroying it.

BUM (V.O.)  
Then his initiative...

THWACK to the tailbone, dropping Chris to his knees. The rod is a titanium lacrosse shaft.

BUM (V.O.)  
Dropping him like an ostrich.

THWACK! to the neck.

THWACK!-THWACK!-THWACK! to his thighs/shins/ankles.

QUICK CUTS BETWEEN LACROSSE FIELD BATTLE & BOO-BOP --

BUM (V.O.)  
This kind of beating is called a  
"boo-bop," which I learned from my  
jailbird brethren in the drunkie  
barn for inmate-on-inmate  
disciplinary action when mugs  
deserve it.

THWACK!-THWACK!-THWACK! BACK TO THE HOUSE --

BUM (V.O.)  
When I deduce that he can't stand  
to flee, I slap-tap his face so he  
has to wear it for a few days, like  
my lipstick...

TAP-THWACK to Chris's face as we SMASH CUT to --

LAX FIELD -- as the DODGING PLAYER taking the beating  
shoots/scores and grabs the face-mask of the **PLAYER** beating  
him --

BUM  
What are you doing?! Don't slap!  
Poke! Poke my bottom hand!

He shows him how to do this, but we don't see our  
instructor's face, just the wide-eyed kid he's instructing.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Understand?! Respect the game! Play  
it right! Respect The Creator!

The player getting yell-instructed at is a **TEENAGER**.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Do you understand?!

Nods. But it's more of a stare at this wacko, whose face is still hidden.

BUM (CONT'D)  
You know who The Creator is, right?

TEEN LACROSSE PLAYER  
No.

BUM  
(unbelievable!)  
Jesus Christ!

TEEN LACROSSE PLAYER  
(thinks he just found out)  
Oh yeah!

BACK TO THE HOUSE BEATING --

BUM (V.O.)  
I beat on his torso some more so he remembers me in his sleep.

THUD-THUD-THUD!

BUM (V.O.)  
And when he's had enough - I communicate:

A hooded, sunglassed face leans into Chris's face.

BUM  
Do you understand?

He yanks the kid's hair as he Batman-whispers:

BUM (CONT'D)  
Do you understand?

BUM (V.O.)  
I watched this little scroat turn from boy to baby. He was not tough. He was not cool. He was not hard. He was not a mad dog. He was crying. He was terrified. He was confused. But was he cured? Fuck you, I don't care. Do you--?

BACK TO LAX FIELD -- grabs the TEEN'S face-mask again --

BUM  
--understand?!!

BACK TO THE HOUSE -- the sunglassed face spits in Chris's hair and rises.

Then he walks off the lawn, drops the rest of the bacon for the dog, darts down the block, hops in his unlocked van, turns the already-ignitioned key.

He whips off his disguise as we CUT BACK TO --

LAX FIELD -- **TWO PLAYERS** on the sideline watch the action.

PLAYER 1  
Who is that guy?

PLAYER 2  
I forget his name but I know he  
played on a few U.S. World Teams.

PLAYER 1  
When?

PLAYER 2  
Worlds ago.

PLAYER 1  
Oh yeah, he won The Tewaaratton four  
years in a row in college. That  
dude was sick.

PLAYER 2  
"Was?"

WS ON/ANGLE: The PLAYER makes 2 players miss and rips a pretty goal. Then YELL-INSTRUCTS at the two players still on the ground who seem to have made a grave fundamental mistake.

PLAYER 1 (O.S.)  
What's he up to now?

BACK TO THE BEATING SCENE/IN HIS CAR --

De-disguising REVEALING the zero-hero we call --

# BUM

Bum pulls a Jameson bottle from under his seat and rips it long and lovingly.



BUM (V.O.)  
 During a particularly stewy dinner  
 gathering during my twenties that  
 presented me as a strikingly  
 drunken disappointment...

INSERT QUICK SCENE - of the dinner party, a sloshed Bum...

BUM (V.O.)  
 One of my fed up best friends  
 seethed at me:

and **FED UP FRIEND** angrily delivers --

FED UP FRIEND  
 BOOZE RULES YOU!

Bum sways in his seat unswayed.

BACK TO HOUSE BEATING SETTING --

Bum gasses the car out of sight.

BUM (V.O.)  
 But how? Am I ruled by reason and  
 choice? Or chaos and force?

Headlights off. Into the darkness.

BUM (V.O.)  
 Either way, it's all *addicere* to  
 me.

FADE TO:

EXT. RALPH'S - SIDEWALK - DAY

A small **BODY** lies on the sidewalk as SHOPPERS walk around it.

It's wrapped up in a puffy red coat, with tiny dirty-socked  
 feet sticking out the end. No shoes or luggage in sight.

It's our LITTLE OLD WHITE LADY BUM from around the hood.

She's serenely asleep during the middle of the day, sun  
 shining on her open face as we crane over her to see... her  
 eyes wide open... smiling... at everything, nothing...

BUM (V.O.)  
 People don't always know who they  
 are until it's too late...

And the end.

We pan/push in to see a beat up cardboard beggar sign lying next to her reading "GO HOME, HOMELESS!"

A hand picks it up, takes in the message, then turns it over to see written on the other side "hungry hungry hobo".

BUM (V.O.)  
... or time to revolt.

We pull out to reveal that the hand belongs to Bum. He looks around, taking in the normies ignoring her. And him.

Bum dials 911.

Off his sadness and anger and... turning point --

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

From behind we follow Bum, in a black hoodie, walking softly along the hidden/shadowed/bushy side of the sidewalk...

Carrying a lacrosse shaft... toward's Van Man's van in the foreground...

END OF PILOT.