

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.

Manure. BUM

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.

Neighbors walk by him, peering in the window.

Bum shivers.

Bum groans.

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.

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..?

Pfft. BUM
(covering weakly)

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.

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

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 swaggered up to the SECURITY GUARD with his hands and shirt up and twirling to indicate he isn't packing, but this is more instigation than 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 Trumper
like you.

JOSEPH
Fuckin' with you. What happened?

BUM
I was set up.

JOSEPH
Then "Put the system on trial!"

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

JOSEPH

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

BROSKI
It's full.

Of what? BUM

BROSKI
Not hidden, homeless humans.

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

Bum sulks.

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

Off Bum's grimace --

EXT. QUAGMIRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Bum's company van is parked illegally out front.

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 thieve 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.

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

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

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

Weak BUM

QUAGMIRE

BUM
Fair.

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

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 --

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?

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.

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!

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.

L.A. TEN
No. Male.

BUM
I can never tell in this town.

She laughs.

L.A. TEN
Odin.

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

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

She smiles.

L.A. TEN
On a Goddess day.

Bum smiles.

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

They shake.

She laughs.

L.A. TEN
You can--

MEANIE PIE (O.S.)

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'.

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.

L.A. ELEVEN Do T?

BUM
Totally.

L.A. ELEVEN
I don't know.

L.A. ELEVEN

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

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.

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.

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
Fuck this.

He pops a Lunesta.

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.

Shit! BUM

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 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.

Uhhh...-- BUM

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?

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

BUM (CONT'D)

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

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

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.

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, signalling someone is living in it.

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

VAN MAN (O.S.)

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.

Huh? BUM

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...

Van Man shields his face.

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.

Van Man flees to the other side of his van.

VAN MAN

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

VAN MAN

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.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Bushes rustle.

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

Dog loves the bacon.

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 communicado...

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**.

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

TEEN LACROSSE PLAYER

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

BACK TO THE HOUSE BEATING --

THUD-THUD-THUD!

A hooded, sun-glassed face leans into Chris's face.

Do you understand?

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

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.

When? **PLAYER 1**

PLAYER 2
Worlds ago.

PLAYER 1
Oh yeah, he won The Tewaaraton 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.

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...

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.