

**SUNSET AT DUSK**

A screenplay  
by Michael Robelli

*The devil's in a rush.*

'Tequila' by The Champs and the title '**SUNSET AT DUSK**' both gradually swell until they dominate the previously all-black frame. Right before The Champs chant their final "tequila", both the song and '**SUNSET AT DUSK**' disappear, returning the frame back to its original darkness. The final note of the song is replaced by a screaming rooster.

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Camera opens up directly above Jordan Miller in his twin bed, his face centered in the frame and his eyes startled by the alarm. Jordan's left hand aggressively reaches for his Kellogg's Corn Flakes rooster alarm clock, and upon finding it, he whips it at the wall. The rooster shatters and stops screeching.

Jordan is 23 years young, handsome, and has more wit than brains. He yearns to be a great film actor and has some talent, but lacks self-discipline and a sense of urgency. The year is 1991. The city is Los Angeles.

Jordan is wearing boxers and boxers only. His 1989 Motorola MicroTac rings.

**Brrrrrrring. Brrrrrrring.**

JORDAN  
(tiredly)  
Hello?

DAMON  
Hey man, it's Damon. What's goin'  
on?

Jordan looks at the plastic rooster's ruins.

JORDAN  
Well... I think I just broke my  
cock.

DAMON  
You broke your cock.

JORDAN  
Yeah. Smashed it up against the  
wall.

DAMON

I don't know what I'm supposed to do with this information.

JORDAN

(chuckles)

Nevermind. I just woke up. What's up with you.

DAMON

Just wanted to make sure you got that check I sent you last week.

JORDAN

That check you sent last... ah yes yes I did. Thanks man I really appreciate it.

DAMON

It's no problem just make sure next time to tell me when-

The doorbell rings.

JORDAN

Yeah yeah hey man someone's at the door I'll call you back later alright?

DAMON

The money I sent you last month you spent on those stupid reversible shoes which I'll never understand.

JORDAN

It's two for one what's not to understand?

DAMON

It still hurts my brain when I think about that.

JORDAN

Oh c'mon, okay fine. This money, I'll be more responsible with. We good?

DAMON

Good luck with your smashed dick. Sounds serious.

Damon ends the call.

JORDAN  
(groggy)  
My what?

Jordan flings his phone over his shoulder to join his broken cock. He rolls over from the right side of his bed to the left. He grips a half shot of tequila from his nightstand, gulps it down, and flips over the glass. Jordan's hair couldn't be more ragged. On his wall are a *Terminator 2: Judgement Day* and a *Miller Lite* poster.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Ahhh. Spicy.

He slides on massive yellow mickey mouse slippers, throws on his tattered robe, and begins to drag his feet out of his bedroom. But before he exits his room, he picks up his Sig Sauer P320 handgun; that of which was right next to Thomas Harris' *The Silence of the Lambs* hardcover edition upside down, bookmarked by the carpet.

There is an opened packet of Fruit Gushers on Jordan's dresser. With only the Gushers in frame, his hand comes into view to dump the rest into his palm. He fiddles around until he locates the last blue one.

INT. JORDAN'S FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Jordan opens his front door, but he's squinting his eyes from the sun. He's smacking his Fruit Gusher. He has his Sig P320 in his hand with the tip of the barrel pressed up against the wall aside the door.

JORDAN  
It's **mother fucking...**

Looking upward at him are two adorable Girl Scouts with a wagon stacked high with cookies. Jordan tries to look at them but the Los Angeles sun hits his sensitive eyes like a laser. Brilliantly, Jordan chucks his gun behind him into his home, so the girls don't sneak a peek.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(finally opening his eyes)  
Fuck, sorry girls. It's -

**POP!** THE HANDGUN FIRES ON CONTACT WITH JORDAN'S UNFORTUNATE AND INNOCENT FLOOR.

Jordan looks at his watch-less wrist to try and calibrate himself.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
It's really early. Why do they send  
you out this early?

GIRL SCOUT 1  
What was that?

JORDAN  
What was what?

GIRL SCOUT 1  
It sounded like a gu-

GIRL SCOUT 2  
(chuckling)  
-you said 'fuck'.

JORDAN  
No. No I didn't say 'fuck'.

GIRL SCOUT 2  
(pointing)  
You said it again!

JORDAN  
Jesus fu... nyuns. You girls sell  
Funyuns, right?

GIRL SCOUT 1  
We sell cookies.

Jordan fishes around his robe pockets until he finds two  
quarters and hands them to the girls.

JORDAN  
This is all I got on me right now.

Jordan selects a box of Samoas from the wagon, tears open a  
sleeve of cookies with his teeth, and plucks out three  
cookies. He stuffs all of them into his mouth.

GIRL SCOUT 2  
But sir, that costs two fifty.

JORDAN  
Yeah? And that's a fire hydrant.  
What's your point?

Jordan sarcastically salutes the girls with the discounted  
cookies between his teeth.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Toodaloo.

Jordan closes his creaky door.

INT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jordan walks through his living room to enter his kitchen. The microwave reads **11:02 AM**. His apartment is small and undecorated. The walls are white, the fridge is outdated and cream-colored, and there are countless stains on his living room carpet ranging from unidentifiable to obviously Kool-Aid. He doesn't even bother looking for the gun, or the inevitable bullet hole.

Jordan pours himself a bowl of corn flakes in his kitchen and walks to the living room where his 20-inch TV rests on a blue plastic storage crate. He clicks on the TV to display the news. Jordan stuffs his already full mouth with toasted flakes of corn. Looming over his one brown couch resides the only piece of tasteful décor that he owns: a framed photo of Robert de Niro in *Taxi Driver*.

Cut to a shot of Jordan centered under the poster. He picks up a ten pound dumbbell off the ground and curls it.

The news channel has the time on the TV screen. **11:03 AM**.

JORDAN

Shit! No no no no no no.

Jordan drops the dumbbell and rushes to his room where he hectically throws on clothes. He searches for his phone, and upon finding it straightens the antenna. He turns into his puny bathroom to literally slap water on his face. And with force.

EXT. JORDAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jordan, stumbling to zip up his pants, slides into his black, dinged-up 1986 Saab 900 convertible and darts away.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jordan skids up to a casting studio and starts to run up the building's exterior staircase.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

BRAD (POOR BRITISH ACCENT)

Looking for someone Mr. Miller?

Brad greets Jordan with a condescending tone.

JORDAN  
 (anxiously)  
 Yes yes I am. His name is... uh...  
 shit.

BRAD  
 Unfortunately 'uh shit' isn't in  
 today.

JORDAN  
 (out of breath)  
 Ha ha. K this guy, he's tall, he's  
 white, has dark hair.

Quick cut to a wide shot of the building's plaza, cluttered with countless men that perfectly fit Jordan's unhelpful description.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 AHHH! THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!

BRAD  
 (mocking)  
 This isn't happening... again you  
 mean. You've seen to make a habit  
 out of late arrivals, Mr. Miller.

JORDAN  
 Yeah? Well the whole city knows you  
 aren't British, Brad. My ass could  
 do a better accent than you.

Jordan takes out a small piece of scrap paper from his pocket and attempts to uncrumple it. **Floor 2 Room 8**. He starts to sprint up the main staircase. Brad practices his British accent out of insecurity.

BRAD  
 Best of luck Mr. Miller.

Jordan charges toward every door until he arrives at the correct room. There's a piece of paper taped to Room 8's door that reads '**The Third Act - callback auditions 10AM**'. He violently rattles the door handle, but to no avail. Jordan turns his back to the oak door, bangs his head a couple times, and slowly slides down.

INT. DAMON'S KITCHEN - DAY

Damon is 25. Him and Jordan grew up together in Baton Rouge, Louisiana and have been best friends their entire lives. Damon's father trained for the Vietnam War at Fort Polk in Leesville, Louisiana.

He died in action in 1970 when Damon was just four years old. Damon and his mother Patricia have since moved to Baker City, Oregon and live in a small house. It's on the corner of their street.

Damon is washing dishes in his house and looking out the window above the sink. He's listening to 'Feel Like A Number' by Bob Seger (start at 0:25) on his Sony Walkman while cheerfully mixing his dance moves with his dish-washing technique. Cut to a shot from behind Damon, showing the sunlight spread over the city; the afternoon sunlight is illuminating the modest kitchen. When the song reaches 1:41 and Seger repeatedly sings "I feel like a number", Damon hones in on a photo of his father in military attire, sitting next to the sink. Damon is wearing his dad's dog tag around his neck. In fact, he has been since the moment we saw him. Damon grabs the it. The Army managed to bring it back to the states. Camera zooms in on the tag's name and number, adhering to Seger's lyrics. Damon's glee slowly morphs into a blank stare.

**Brrrrrrring. Brrrrrrring.**

The landline rings. Damon elbows the faucet handle to stop the water.

FOLLOWING SCENE LOCATIONS CHANGE BETWEEN DAMON'S KITCHEN AND JORDAN'S SAAB DEPENDING ON WHO IS SPEAKING AT THE MOMENT.

DAMON

Yo.

JORDAN

(buckling up)

I need good news, give me some.

Damon turns his back to the sink.

DAMON

Well, it's not even 2 and I've already vacuumed and done the dishes.

JORDAN

(driving)

Hey olive oil. I said I needed good news, not a sneak peek into your tumor of a life.

DAMON

What's got you in such a stellar mood?



JORDAN

I overslept on another audition.

DAMON

(drying his hands)

How in the hell do you expect to be a movie star when you can't even get a single IMDB credit as a Hallmark extra?

Jordan is still struggling to get his seatbelt on; it keeps getting stuck as he abusively yanks it. He takes a deep breath and slowly buckles up. He's frustrated. He begins to drive.

JORDAN

If I'm stuck behind a Nick's Café counter I wanna be beating people up, not saying 'have a nice day Lilly.'

Jordan temporarily takes his cell off his ear to adjust the antenna once more.

DAMON

First off, that makes zero sense, and second, you gotta do the small parts before you can book the big ones. You know that. Do yourself a favor and buy an alarm clock. Stop relying on your "inner actor's brain" to wake you up or whatever the fuck you call it.

JORDAN

My bicep pump would've worn off by the time I started reading anyway.

DAMON

If you really care about that just leave the weight in your car so you can use it right before you go in.

JORDAN

And this is why I keep you around my friend.

Damon slings the hand towel over the faucet and checks his Casio watch.

DAMON

I gotta go meet a client, I'll talk to you later.

JORDAN

Later.

Jordan, obviously speeding, hangs up. Cut to him parking terribly outside of his place. He mopes through the unlocked front door and flings himself onto his unmade bed.

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

JORDAN

(yelling)

GOD DA-

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CAROL (CLIENT, OLD)

-amn this is a gorgeous seat!

She is caressing a toilet seat. Damon is in a suit with a sloppily-tied tie.

DAMON

That one there is a brand-new model. And if you purchase one hundred or more I can guarantee free delivery from my guys.

CAROL

Oh I don't know... ah, what the hell. How could I say no to a face like yours!

She squeezes one of Damon's cheeks. Damon gives her a short and uncomfortable laugh.

Clearly, Damon is a toilet salesman. Jordan headed straight for Hollywood upon graduation and Damon stayed home. After fighting his urges to join him, he chose the practical route and got an Associate's degree in Business Administration from Blue Mountain Community College in Baker City.. Damon pulls out the papers from his briefcase.

DAMON

So if you could just list your quantity here and sign your full name right there, we can start processing your order tomorrow.

CAROL

If I'm signing something, shouldn't I read it first? Is it long?

DAMON  
(under his breath,  
quietly)  
Not as long as a list of places I'd  
rather be.

CAROL  
Huh? What'd you say?

DAMON  
Oh nothing.

Carol begins to read the first page aloud in a slow, painful fashion. Cut a couple times from her slowly reading to Damon's 'customer service' face undergoing substantial struggle.

CAROL  
Royal Throne Toilet Manufacturing  
Company provides businesses with  
royal - uh, **loyal** - products.

Carol smiles up at Damon, finding humor in the rhyming.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
That's smart. They sound the same.  
That's funny.

Damon follows her with a pity laugh.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
The price of each toilet seat you  
have selected plus each seat's  
instillation fee will be dollar  
sign forty-nine ninety-nine...

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Oh my! This is much more expensive  
than what you told me earlier!

DAMON  
That's because you're purchasing  
premium. Earlier I told you the  
price per **standard** unit.

CAROL  
I'm sorry but I cannot afford this.

DAMON  
I assure you that you and your  
employees will have a better  
experience with our products,  
ma'am, than anyone else's.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

Now what do I have to do to get you to sign these papers today?

CAROL

I can do this order for a forty-percent discount.

DAMON

(frustrated)

I-wha. I'm sorry but why would I offer you a forty-percent discount?

CAROL

Because you lied! And if you don't, unfortunately you're going to lose a client today.

DAMON

(frustrated)

Thirty-percent.

CAROL

Thirty-five.

DAMON

C'mon, thirty-percent off for no reason isn't good enough for you?

CAROL

I just told you the reason! Thirty-five, that's all I am able to do.

DAMON

(murmuring under his breath)

Jesus Christ.

DAMON (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

Fine. Thirty-five percent.

The old lady smiles and continues to slowly read the papers.

CAROL

(reading the papers)

Please fill in here the exact quantity of product you desire and on this...

INT. DAMON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Camera is positioned inside Damon's house. He unlocks the door and walks through.

He throws his briefcase and tie on his couch. The book 'Secrets of Closing the Sale' by Zig Ziglar slides out of his briefcase. Ziglar's grinning face fills the book's cover.

DAMON

Sorry I failed you, Zig.

Damon takes out his Nokia Cityman 100 and dials Jordan.

INT. JORDAN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jordan is sprawled out on his couch with the TV volume on max. He's wearing a wrinkled t-shirt and the same boxers from before, itching his junk. After several rings, he answers his Motorola.

FOLLOWING SCENE LOCATIONS CHANGE BETWEEN DAMON AND JORDAN'S HOME DEPENDING ON WHO IS SPEAKING AT THE MOMENT.

DAMON

(defeated)

I'm coming to LA.

Damon has already been going through a rough patch both financially and mentally. Having to listen to a grandma read a twelve contract like a sloth with dysarthria was the last straw.

Jordan's eyes light up and he rushes to turn down his TV.

JORDAN

What?!

DAMON

I'm handing this order off to a co-worker and coming to LA. To live with you.

By this point Damon is in his bedroom, fiercely packing up clothes into a suitcase.

JORDAN

Ha HA! Fuckin' finally! You finally came to your senses, huh.

DAMON

Today this **antique** of a woman made me want to rip out my hair, construct a rope from it, and end it all. I'm **sick** of it.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

I'm sick of my **job**, I'm sick of my **hours**, and I'm **really** sick of **fucking** toilet seats.

JORDAN

Well when are you gonna come?!

Damon is now in the bathroom outside of his bedroom. He's nervously packing up his toiletries, as he's unsure how to sell the idea to his generally distressed mother.

DAMON

Fuck, as soon as possible. I'm thinkin' tomorrow morning. I'm not sure how Ma's gonna take it but... I just gotta get outta this city. It's been a long time comin'.

JORDAN

Hell. Yes. Dude. I can pick you up from LAX too, I don't work tomorrow.

Damon is almost done packing items from beneath his sink, but right before he snags his **mood stabilizers** he hears the front door squeak and shoots up. He accidentally leaves the pills. This shot cannot be too obvious - we hardly can make out the prescription label.

Damon's mom has just gotten home from work. She works at a local grocery store, trying her best to make end's meet as a widow.

DAMON

She just got home. I'll talk to you later.

Damon hangs up and leaps toward the bedroom door to try and meet his mother downstairs, but she's already made her way to his room. She's wearing her work vest and name tag.

PATRICIA

What are you doing?

Damon surprises himself and rips off the band-aid, something he doesn't do often when telling his mom unfavorable news.

DAMON

Packing.

PATRICIA

Packing?! To go where?

DAMON

Away.

PATRICIA

Away? Away where? I thought you said your meeting was down the-

DAMON

(cutting her off)

-no, I have to **go**. I have to **leave**.

Patricia rips a pair of unfolded socks out of his hand.

PATRICIA

(confused)

What are you doing?

Damon sits on his bed.

DAMON

I'm packing to go to Los Angeles.

PATRICIA

(sits next to him)

Los Angeles? Hun, what's there that you don't have here?

DAMON

Mom are you kidding me. We live in Baker City, Oregon. The liveliest thing to do on a Friday night is to go to a museum.

PATRICIA

(sarcastically)

Well I'm sorry I grew sick of Baton Rouge. I didn't plan on being a widow there for 14 years. I needed something new. **We** needed something new. And we have family in Oregon. I waited until you graduated high school at least, didn't I?

**Beat.**

DAMON

Happiness.

PATRICIA

What?

DAMON

Happiness. I hope there's **happiness** in Los Angeles.

PATRICIA

Dame.

DAMON

(standing up)

Ma. I **can't stand it** here. You know I love you and I love spending time with you but my life is **nothing** like I thought it'd be! I wish I was blind to it, I wish I couldn't recognize how fucking depressing my life is.

DAMON (CONT'D)

(laughing)

I wish I wasn't a grown man that can recite to you the exact dimensions of six different toilet seat models, but I can. And I can't keep pretending that I'm happy here.

PATRICIA

Well you may not love it but your job is a good job!

DAMON

A good job?! You call clawing to get a lady who was probably alive during Charlie Chaplin's conception to buy toilet seats from my begging hands a **good job**?

PATRICIA

What are you going to do there?

DAMON

Act!

Damon turns to his closet to finish emptying it out.

PATRICIA

**Act?!** Damon have you thought this through at all?!

DAMON

No! Not at all! And that's why I **have** to do it! Usually something this unplanned and out of the ordinary would make me nervous and anxious enough to sweat beads. But with this... right now... it's different.

(MORE)



DAMON (CONT'D)

No, I haven't thought it through.  
But I have thought **about** it. A lot.

Patricia takes a beat and pulls Damon back down to sit next to her. She realizes she has no right to control her son's life.

PATRICIA

You know, ever since you were seven  
you would put a glass of water  
beside your bed at night.

Patricia makes a 'C' shape out of her thumb and index finger.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

You would fill it exactly one inch  
from the brim. Every time.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

There was no way you could sleep  
without it there. You were  
meticulous. And even though you're  
not showing it now, I know you'll  
be cautious.

She hands him back the pair of socks with a smile, each now folded into the other.

DAMON

(tearing up)  
I'm sorry.

PATRICIA

It's okay.

DAMON

Will you be alright?

PATRICIA

(smiling)  
I've been alright since your dad-

**Beat.**

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

-I'll be okay, hun.

Damon reflects her smile, accompanied by watery eyes.

DAMON

I know coming here with you after  
high school was my decision. But  
now I need something new. Something  
that's mine.

PATRICIA

I understand this is you chasing your dream. But this is also you entering an unforgiving industry. It's a business. You're going to have to work. Really hard.

DAMON

I know. But the thought of it doesn't feel like work. At least compared to what I'm doing now.

PATRICIA

That's good. And understand, I won't let you back in this house unless you're bringing home a movie star with you.

They laugh. Damon stands back up and continues to pack his single suitcase.

His mom gives him a huge hug. It's a tender moment of understanding and support, but it's clear they're going to miss them hell out of one another.

EXT. BAKER CITY - EVENING

'Everybody's Talkin'' by Harry Nilsson quietly fades in. Long shot of Damon with a suitcase in one hand and a duffle bag in the other, its zipper struggling not to erupt. The duffle bag bursts open as he waves down a taxi. He quickly stuffs everything back into the bag, tosses both bags into the car, and slides in.

The song's volume heightens, providing a window into Damon's mind. Damon rolls down his literal window, sticks out his head, closes his eyes, and takes in the last moments of his hometown. The moment is slightly bitter for him, but mostly sweet.

Upon retracting his head back into the vehicle, Damon makes eye contact with a driver that comes parallel to them. Damon flashes a warm grin, but the driver does not offer the same kindness. Instead, the stranger's eyes are wide and inquiring as if crying out for help. The man speeds off, and Damon resynchronizes to Nilsson's melody.

INT. LAX - DAY

'Takin' Care of Business' by Bachman-Turner Overdrive begins to play. Camera follows behind Damon as he walks to baggage claim.

A sprinting and hopping Jordan is out of focus far down the airport, closing in on Damon until the viewer can't help but anticipate their excited collision. Right as Damon grabs his luggage, Jordan hammers Damon like a fullback mowing over defenders. Few people bother to take notice.

JORDAN  
Hey hey! There he is!

DAMON  
What the hell?

Jordan stands up and yanks Damon up with him.

JORDAN  
(joyfully)  
Hey man.

DAMON  
Unnecessary. But hey.

JORDAN  
Just two bags?

DAMON  
Brought only what I needed.

Jordan is still smiling from disbelief.

JORDAN  
I love it. I'm glad you're here,  
man.

EXT. LAX - DAY

The two depart from baggage claim and reveal the LA shimmering sun.

DAMON  
Where'd you park?

JORDAN  
Actually, I'm low on gas and didn't  
leave until the last minute so I  
just took a cab over.

DAMON  
Well, I'm glad my literal first  
minutes on Cali soil involved  
public embarrassment. That's always  
nice.

JORDAN

Did anyone seem to give a shit?  
Welcome to LA my brother, where  
everyone is too preoccupied with  
their own selves to notice me  
owning your ass.

DAMON

**Owning** my ass. It was a cheap shot,  
I wasn't even looking!

By this point Jordan has called for a cab. Jordan takes in a deep breath like it's his first whiff of the LA smog, almost as if he's living vicariously through Damon's chastity.

JORDAN

Seven years it took for you to get  
to the City of Angels. I honestly  
didn't think you were ever gonna  
come man.

Damon throws his bags into the cab.

DAMON

Yeah, me neither. Just couldn't do  
it anymore.

JORDAN

You finally admitting you missed  
me?

DAMON

Stop fantasizing. I was fed up is  
all. Actually, your leeching ass  
not draining my pockets dry was the  
only thing getting me through it.

JORDAN

It would've taken all of two  
minutes for me to get fed up if I  
was selling ass seats.

The two of them enter the back of the cab.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(to the driver)  
San Pedro.

Camera is outside the cab, as the cab drives out of frame.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - DAY

The cab reenters the frame. As the area begins to look familiar, Jordan reaches into his pocket only to pull out a \$5 bill. His eyes light up as he notices the meter. **\$64.37.**

JORDAN  
(nervously)  
Right here is good.

Jordan sternly looks Damon in the eyes, clutches one of his bags, and bolts out of the car while tossing the crumpled \$5 bill into the front seat.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Dame! Come on!

Damon swipes his other bag and jumps out of the cab, slamming the door shut.

CAB DRIVER (OVERWEIGHT)  
(uncrumpling the bill)  
What the fuck?! I know where you  
assholes live!

Jordan swings open the door to a contemporary home and runs inside, with Damon close behind.

INT. RANDOM HOUSE - DAY

DAMON  
What in the hell was that? And you  
said you lived in a shit hole?

JORDAN  
(quietly)  
I do.

DAMON  
(also quietly)  
What?

Jordan peeks through the blinds to make sure the driver is leaving.

JORDAN  
This isn't my house. C'mon let's  
get outta here.

AL  
Sweetie? Is that you?

Jordan and Damon look at each other with wide eyes. They flee and begin speed walking on the sidewalk, heading the opposite direction of the cab. As Damon and Jordan move out of frame, there is stillness for about 5 seconds until a Nissan 300ZX parks in the driveway. A young woman steps out and walks through the same front door.

AL (CONT'D)

Eva? What are you doing?

EVA

Mom? I'm home, what do you mean  
what am I doing?

Al, the homeowner but more importantly Eva's father, greets her with a hug.

AL

I thought I heard you come in  
earlier. Anyhow. You have a good  
day?

EVA

It was fine. Slow. The calm before  
the weekend storm.

AL

Of course. Well I made enchiladas,  
sit down.

Eva and Al sit down at the kitchen table. They continue to converse, but without sound - the audio is Jordan and Damon's feet walking the sidewalk.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - DAY

JORDAN

We're lucky that door was unlocked.  
That driver definitely would've  
beaten our asses.

DAMON

Why'd you do that?

JORDAN

I only had \$5 bucks what'd you  
expect me to do? I didn't want him  
knowing where I sleep.

DAMON  
(laughing)  
Jesus. Well there's a first for  
everything I guess.

JORDAN  
Yeah... first...

DAMON  
I have some cash on me you know.  
You could've just asked me to pay  
him.

Damon takes out his wallet and opens it to prove it.

JORDAN  
I think the words you're looking  
for are, 'thank you for saving me  
65 bucks, Jordan.'

Jordan snatches the money from Damon and flips through the  
bills quickly.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(smirking)  
65 innocent dollars that we can  
taint at a nice titty bar in good  
ol' Harbor City.

DAMON  
It's 4 PM and- no- the time doesn't  
matter. I don't want to go to a  
strip club. I'm sorry but I need to  
watch my money.

JORDAN  
If you don't want to go to a strip  
club, not only did you come to the  
wrong place. You came to the wrong  
person.

They turn the corner, now noticeably away from the nicer  
homes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(proudly)  
Here we are.

DAMON  
It's... modest.

JORDAN  
Come in! The outside doesn't do her  
justice!

Jordan leads Damon to the front door. There are two used condoms in the front yard.

INT. JORDAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Synchronize the shutting of the door with the sizzling of eggs. Wide shot revealing the small size of Jordan's apartment. Jordan is in the kitchen making breakfast. Damon is asleep on the couch as Jordan is whistling along to 'Why Can't I Touch It' by Buzzcocks on the radio.

DAMON  
(murmuring)  
I'm sleeping in the bathroom tonight.

JORDAN  
(chuckling)  
Like there's enough room for you to stretch out your legs.

DAMON  
I'm serious.

JORDAN  
I thought you liked Buzzcocks.

DAMON  
Not when they wake me up. You're notorious for sleeping in, how are you up at-

Damon sits on the couch. He glances at his watch.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
-7:50?

JORDAN  
Your little spark of spontaneity inspired me. I am done wasting half of my days, so I ran to Rite-Aid the other day, got me an alarm clock. I'm gonna focus on getting my life back in shape. Now get over here and eat these eggs. I made them for you special, à la Jordan.

DAMON  
"Back" in shape.

JORDAN  
Hey now, show respect to your landlord and head chef.



DAMON

How could you have bought an alarm clock when all you had was five dollars?

JORDAN

I said I **got** an alarm clock. I didn't say I bought one.

DAMON

(chuckling)  
Jesus man.

Damon sits up from the couch and his eyes are met with a bullet hole in the wall.

DAMON (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened here?

JORDAN

Girl Scouts.

DAMON

(under his breath)  
... Girl Scouts?

Damon walks over and sits down. He picks up the scrambled eggs with his fork and examines them with skepticism. As he lowers his head to eat off his plate, Damon finds the gun underneath the poor excuse for a kitchen table.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Well, I imagine this is the Girl Scouts' accomplice.

Jordan walks over.

JORDAN

Ah old girl! We found ya.

Jordan takes the gun out of Damon's virgin hands.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Now, we don't play with her unless absolutely necessary. This is no fake, it's the real deal. She's as deadly as she is sexy.

DAMON

(sarcastically)  
Oh, your gun is deadly?

JORDAN  
I'm serious. You leave her alone,  
got it?

DAMON  
Crystal.

Jordan opens up the small cupboard above the microwave and puts the gun back.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(eating)  
So whatcha got goin' on today?  
Work?

JORDAN  
Nah, I usually have Fridays and  
Saturdays off.

DAMON  
Any auditions?

JORDAN  
Nope, not usually on weekends. But  
my agent **does** want me to come in  
and have a sit down in her office.  
Think I'm in trouble.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
What's your plan? You gonna look  
for a job?

Jordan grabs some egg straight off the hot pan and flings it into his mouth.

DAMON  
I think I'm just gonna walk around  
a little bit today.

JORDAN  
Yeah? Where?

DAMON  
West Hollywood. I had a job  
yesterday, I wanna enjoy the hours  
of nine to five outside of four  
walls for at least one day.

JORDAN  
Fair enough. You know, I could ask  
my boss to see if he could get you  
on as a waiter?

DAMON

Really? Man, that would be grea-

JORDAN

-Ahhh, actually my coworker Creole asked the same thing last week and my boss said we were fully staffed. Sorry man.

DAMON

(agitated)

Dude.

Jordan grabs his keys and makes his way to the front door.

JORDAN

Sorry! Anyway, have fun walkin'.  
I'll catch ya later.

Jordan exits the apartment but doesn't fully close the door. He peers back in and looks at Damon.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(merrily)

I'm glad you're here.

DAMON

Thanks...

Jordan closes the door and leaves.

DAMON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Creole?

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - DAY

Damon steps out of a cab. He sees everything he's been daydreaming of while in stuck Baker City: the people, the buildings, the lights, the Sunset Strip. He lets his imagination take over. 'My Way' by Frank Sinatra gradually starts to play.

CAB DRIVER

Hey man, I don't know if you're,  
like, having a seizure right now or  
some shit but you still gotta pay  
me.

DAMON

Yeah. This is the right place.

Damon blindly hands him some cash, his eyes locked to the flashing lights and billboards.

CAB DRIVER

You sure, man? You're lookin' around like I dropped you off in the middle of the Sahara fuckin' desert.

Damon doesn't move nor respond. The cab driver eventually shakes his head and drives off.

Damon's smile is wide and his eyes wider. The camera circles around him. The music is now louder, and by the time the camera makes a full 360 rotation around him, Damon is dressed in a tuxedo. When the camera wraps back around to Damon's face for the second time, it's night. He now has a beautiful woman on his arm. The paparazzi are snapping endless photos. The song begins to crescendo and the screams from fans grow more intense until they reach a sudden stop. The sounds of reality return, from car horns to inaudible conversation. Damon is caught standing in the middle of the busy sidewalk. A man trying to maneuver around him bumps his shoulder.

PEDESTRIAN

Keep it movin' pal.

Damon regains his consciousness.

DAMON

Uh, sorry.

He begins to walk and quickly shifts his focus from what's in front of him to the billboards above.

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jordan is sitting with his agent. She's an older woman who clearly has a lot of experience in the industry. Sally Ford.

SALLY

You can't keep showing up late to auditions Jordan, casting directors talk to agents you know.

JORDAN

(obliviously)

Oh, really? What uh, what do they say about me?

SALLY  
(astounded)  
They say you're a lazy piece of  
shit, Jordan. I mean, you have **got**  
to get it together! You cannot miss  
another audition, especially not  
this one.

Jordan scoots to the edge of his chair.

JORDAN  
This one? This one? What's this  
one?

Sally leans back in silence and smiles at Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Sal, tell me!

**Beat.** Sally holds for a long pause and stares at Jordan.  
She's absorbing the fact that he just called her 'Sal'.

SALLY  
(raising her finger)  
Okay, what did I tell you about  
calling me that.

JORDAN  
What? Sal?

SALLY  
Jordan.

JORDAN  
(sighing)  
... Sally. Please.

SALLY  
Got some lines for you to read. Del  
toro.

JORDAN  
Benicio?!

SALLY  
Does Benicio del Toro write  
scripts? No, Guillermo del Toro you  
moron.

JORDAN  
No way! Who is she?

SALLY

He is a young, phenomenal writer. Someone on the casting crew, who I reached out to personally, is a friend. And she agreed with me when I said you look perfect for the part of Wilson Turner in his new film *Undermine*.

JORDAN

Wilson Turner...

SALLY

A master manipulator with a surprisingly good heart who gets in over his head on the black market. The underworld's black market, I think. Supporting role.

Jordan bends over Sally's desk and enthusiastically plants a firm kiss on her forehead.

JORDAN

Was that unprofessional? That was unprofessional. I'm sorry Sal it's just...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

... Whoo! I needed this. Thank you so, so much. I won't let you down again I promise!

Jordan starts to leave Sally's office, fists pumping like jackhammers.

SALLY

Uh, Jordan?

Jordan pokes his head back into her office.

JORDAN

Yeah?

SALLY

Your lines? You know, to rehearse?

Jordan briskly walks back in.

JORDAN

Ah. Right. Sorry.

Jordan grabs the papers from Sally's hands.

SALLY

Audition is in one week. I'll tell you more details when I get them. Now get outta here and start memorizing.

JORDAN

(grinning)

Thanks again, Sal.

Jordan exits Sally's office.

INT. THE BLINDER - DAY

Damon walks into a bar off Sunset Boulevard and grabs a stool. He sits by himself and looks around until the bartender approaches him. During that time, he witnesses something breathtaking.

CINDY

Hey there.

Damon's eyes are planted on another girl laughing and working in the back kitchen. It's clear he's experiencing raw, overdue infatuation.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Um. Hello?

Damon is shamelessly staring past the bartender as she's trying to get his attention.

Damon rejoins reality.

DAMON

Oh, good. You?

CINDY

(chuckling)

You seem distracted.

DAMON

Hi, um, I'm sorry. I'm new to the city. I actually just got in yesterday.

CINDY

That's alright. I'm Cindy.

DAMON

Damon.

CINDY  
Whatcha want me to make you?

DAMON  
Um, rusty nail. Neat please.

CINDY  
You got it.

As Cindy fixes his drink, Damon's eyes magnetize back to the girl in the kitchen. The girl repositions a patch of flawless hair to get a good look at Damon. Her eyebrows are flexed and inquiring.

Fuck. Jordan looks away quickly. Attempting to remain incognito, he pretends to be scanning the entire room, only to momentarily steal another glance at her.

**SHE'S STILL LOOKING BACK AT DAMON. THIS TIME GOSSIPING WITH HER MALE COWORKER. FUCK.**

The girl waves in Damon's direction. Damon awkwardly begins to raise his hand as a fellow female employee blows by him and greets the girl and guy in the back kitchen

Cindy sets down the drink to break the scene's tension.

DAMON  
Thank you. I'm Damon by the way.

CINDY  
I know.

DAMON  
... You do?

CINDY  
You told me your name 5 seconds ago. Are you sure you want to be putting alcohol into your body?

DAMON  
Yeah I'm sure.

CINDY  
Eva.

DAMON  
(confused)  
Ok but I do remember **you** saying-

CINDY  
**Her** name is Eva. Works Saturdays only. Single too.



DAMON

Oh I wasn't-

CINDY

Please. You think you're the first guy to literally drool over her at the bar?

Damon's head sinks to inspect the bar.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Kidding.

Damon smirks and finishes his drink. He slaps down a ten by his empty glass, nods at Cindy, and departs.

INT. JORDAN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Damon swings open the front door and plops himself on the couch, head and feet propped up on either end. His index finger tinkers with the bullet hole. Jordan is sucking on an AirHead in the kitchen.

DAMON

(sighing)

I'm in love.

JORDAN

She's beautiful, isn't she.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I remember the butterflies I felt when I first swept the strip. Now, they're just moths.

Damon shakes his head pressed against the couch's arm, annoyed with Jordan's nonsense.

DAMON

No, not the city. I mean, yes the city, but I saw this girl in a bar.

JORDAN

Really? She pretty?

Damon sits up.

DAMON

She's perfect.

JORDAN

Well, you talk to her?

DAMON  
She was working in the back, I  
didn't have a chance to.

JORDAN  
C'mon, there's always a chance. It  
just depends on how creative you  
wanna be.

DAMON  
(scoffing)  
Oh really?

Jordan approaches Damon and tries to motivate him.

JORDAN  
Yeah. Really. If she knew you  
wanted to talk to her so badly that  
you walked **right** past the bar and  
into the back just to say hello,  
she'd be impressed. No doubt.

DAMON  
Alright.

JORDAN  
Alright?

DAMON  
Yeah, alright. Now I wanna impress  
her.

Jordan tears off a piece of AirHead with his teeth.

JORDAN  
What're we waiting for?

INT. SAAB - EVENING

DAMON  
(buckling up)  
So, what'd your agent say?

JORDAN  
(clicks his buckle)  
Del Toro.

DAMON  
Benicio?!

Jordan lets out a chuckle, recognizing him and Damon are one  
in the same... to a degree.

JORDAN

I thought so too. She got me an audition for an upcoming **Guillermo** del Toro film.

DAMON

A movie?! That's great!

JORDAN

(grinning)

I know man. And it's next week.

DAMON

Jesus a week? Don't you think you should start memorizing your lines?

Damon is repeatedly pushing his window switch, but the glass isn't budging. Meanwhile, Jordan's arm is out and hugging the car's body. He quickly shoves a tape into the cassette player with his driving hand.

JORDAN

I will. But out here, you gotta celebrate the little victories. Otherwise you'll drive yourself insane waiting for the big win.

Jordan puts his Saab into gear and they move out of frame.

EXT. SUNSENT BLVD - EVENING

The boys are walking the strip and wearing their best, which isn't saying much. They pass a bar blaring 'Gonna Make You Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)' by C & C Music Factory. They're equally disturbed by the current pop evolution.

JORDAN

Dude? Are you serious?

DAMON

Ha. Hell no. It's this one.

Damon points to the next bar, a couple doors down. The place is lively and packed with people, many dancing. 'Honky Tonk Women' by The Rolling Stones is playing.

INT. THE BLINDER - EVENING

JORDAN

(speaking over the music)

So where's your girl?

Jordan whips out a flask from his back pocket and swallows what seems to be half of it.

DAMON  
(also speaking over the  
music)  
The hell did that come from?

JORDAN  
She here or no?

DAMON  
Not sure. Another employee told me she closes on Saturdays. And don't call her my girl. I don't want you to scare her away.

Jordan smiles big, flops his arm around Damon, and playfully jostles him around a little.

JORDAN  
Well she's your girl, isn't she?

DAMON  
What am I, taming her?

JORDAN  
Ooo is this her coming?

Cindy approaches Damon and Jordan with two rusty nails. Neat.

CINDY  
Hey Damon, this your friend?

DAMON  
This is. Cindy, Jordan. Jordan, Cindy.

JORDAN  
Nice to meet you.

CINDY  
Likewise.

DAMON  
Hey.

Damon leans in for secrecy.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Eva still around?

CINDY

Somewhere. With all these people I haven't seen her for awhile. But don't worry. She's here somewhere.

DAMON

Thanks.

JORDAN

You kids have fun, I'm gonna go make out with some old dude's daughter.

Damon takes a sip from his drink and surveys the crowd for Eva. Jordan passes on sipping and throws down his drink in one gulp.

Damon finally locates Eva. She's just got done with her shift, as she strips off her apron and starts dancing with her girlfriends.

They make eye contact. Eva offers a blushing smile. Damon is caught by surprise, not calculating this as part of his plan. 'Bad, Bad, Leroy Brown' by Jim Croce fills the room. More people start dancing. Damon decides he's going to approach her. He downs his drink, takes a deep breath, and walks up to Eva.

DAMON

Hi.

EVA

Wanna see something funny?

Damon nods.

EVA (CONT'D)

This idiot's gonna ask me to dance. Wait for it.

A drunken man is stumbling toward Eva and Damon. Damon nervously bites the inside of his cheek, as that's exactly what he was going to. The man is almost to them, but before he can open his mouth Eva shakes her head and waves goodbye.

**Beat.**

EVA (CONT'D)

My goodness...

Eva grabs Damon's hand and pulls him out to the dance floor. They begin to dance.

EVA (CONT'D)  
So. Does he speak?

DAMON  
He does.

EVA  
Better than he dances I hope.

DAMON  
Well give me a minute.

They laugh. And puts about twenty-five percent more effort into his moves.

EVA  
Eva. Eva Davis.

Damon pauses from their timid, slow dancing to extend his hand in hopes of her doing the same.

DAMON  
Damon Reed Dixon.

Eva completes the handshake, but immediately changes the tempo by initiating some swing dance. It's apparent that Jordan is drunk, as he stumbles into a man. Damon and Eva are seen again having a wonderful time on the dance floor. They lock eyes to the lyric "well he cast his eyes upon her." The scene lasts nearly a minute, switching between Damon and Eva dancing well and Jordan, not so much.

EVA  
Oh, middle name and everything.  
Fancy necklace.

DAMON  
Hardly. It's my father's dog tag  
and the only thing I have left of  
him.

EVA  
Oh... I'm sorry I didn't-

DAMON  
-How could you. Also that was  
extremely macabre of me to say to a  
girl I just met.

They cut the tension with another laugh, this time at Damon's oversharing.

DAMON (CONT'D)

He'd be happy you think it's fancy.  
I've had it around my neck since  
the day his branch brought it home.  
I'll never take it off.

EVA

(sarcastically)  
Even if it gets in the way of our  
swing dancing.

DAMON

'fraid so.

The two smile at each other and continue to swing amongst the crowd for some time.

Jordan is laughing his ass off from a distance, hammered, loving it. He yells at a random couple.

JORDAN

That's my boy right there! With  
that girl! That's...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(burps)  
... My boy!

His drink sloshes all over himself.

INT. CUSTODIAL CLOSET - EVENING

Damon and Eva are passionately making out to 'It's Not Unusual' by Tom Jones. After about fifteen seconds Eva speaks.

EVA

(out of breath)  
I'm really wet.

Damon's face lights up with excitement.

DAMON

... Really?

EVA

No, like the floor is wet. I think  
you kicked over the mop bucket.

Damon kisses her as she laughs while gripping his face.

INT. JORDAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jordan places an aluminum can of Chef Boyardee soup in the microwave (a bad idea). The TV is on in the background. The couch missing a cushion. Damon emerges from the hallway.

JORDAN  
(smiling)  
How was the bathtub big guy?

DAMON  
(groggy)  
I slept on the floor.

JORDAN  
So there's a perfectly good bathtub-

DAMON  
-Really? Perfect?

JORDAN  
Ok so there's-

**POP POP!!! The microwave explodes the Chef Boyardee can. Jordan swings open the microwave door.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Anyway, there's a **good** bathtub that I so kindly filled with clean blankets and a pillow-

DAMON  
-A towel and a couch cushion-

JORDAN  
-And you chose to sleep on the floor?

DAMON  
I didn't choose to sleep on your nasty bathroom floor. I passed out.

Jordan has transferred his food from the aluminum inadequate can to a clean bowl.

JORDAN  
(chewing)  
How did you even get back here last night?

Damon sits on the couch.



DAMON

No clue. Wait. Taxi? Yeah. Taxi.

Jordan joins him.

JORDAN

I think my blacked-out ass tried to split my cab with you, but you would **not** leave that place.

DAMON

Ha. Yeah. And don't say blacked-out ass.

JORDAN

You wanna read with me? I know we're hungover but I gotta get crackin' on this shit.

DAMON

Am I playing someone hungover?

JORDAN

Sort of.

Jordan gets up and walks to the kitchen counter where his lines are. Damon slowly follows.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

K start at the top.

DAMON

Fuck.

JORDAN

Fuck what?

DAMON

I'm just now realizing I've fantasized about acting for so long, but I've never actually done it before.

Jordan tries to reassure Damon.

JORDAN

(with reassurance)

It's whatever this is just for me. You're good.

DAMON

Right.

Damon clears his throat and cracks his neck.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(in character)  
I found it, it's mine!

Damon quickly scans the countertops. He picks up a rotten banana to mimic a pistol.

JORDAN  
Alright boss, just put the gun down  
and let's settle this like  
civilized men.

DAMON  
Oh yeah? And how might we go about  
doin' that.

JORDAN  
You drink?

DAMON  
(accusingly)  
Do I drink? Did Pesci give children  
nightmares in Home Alone?

JORDAN  
Just making sure. We each take a  
pull from this 1942.

Jordan looks for any sort of liquid. He grabs a carton of milk.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
And first to coward out sacrifices  
the cash. All or nothin'.

DAMON  
(with skepticism)  
After you.

Jordan takes a massive milk pull and hands the carton to Damon. Damon grimaces, peeks at his script, and takes a sip.

JORDAN  
(out of character)  
Dude c'mon. That wasn't a pull.

DAMON  
(out of character)  
I'm not gonna take a pull of milk  
dude. No one pulls milk.

JORDAN  
(commanding)  
Uh... your character does!

DAMON

No he doesn't! He pulls tequila.

JORDAN

We don't have tequila!

DAMON

I'm not taking pulls of milk!

JORDAN

Do you want me to get this part or not?

DAMON

(disgusted)

Can we at least use water...?

JORDAN

No! We already started with the milk. It'll confuse my character. Take a pull.

After their high-speed bicker fit, Damon scowls and takes a pull from the milk carton. He hands it over to Jordan. They exchange two pulls each until Damon spits into the sink. Jordan laughs at his failure, only to immediately catch some erupting vomit in his mouth.

INT. THE BLINDER - DAY

Damon revisits the bar to talk to Eva. 'Beast of Burden' by The Rolling Stones is quietly playing. Eva is cleaning a section of the bar. Damon sits in a stool near her.

EVA

Who told you my schedule?

DAMON

Oh no! I didn't know you'd be here. I just thought you'd might.

Damon nervously corrects himself.

DAMON (CONT'D)

You might.

EVA

Where'd your charm go... Damon?

DAMON

Pissed it out this morning. I think there's a big difference between sober Damon and the guy you saw last night.

EVA

As with most.

Eva takes a pause from cleaning.

EVA (CONT'D)

Listen. You're a cute guy. And we had fun last night. But that's all it was. Fun.

She walks away. Damon, on the other side of the bar, moves to stay in line with her.

DAMON

I agree! It was fun! But-

EVA

-**but** I'm not looking for anything serious right now.

DAMON

No, not serious! But is there a spot between casual and death do us part? One step above a one night stand, but not so in love to where I have to help your friends move?

EVA

Damon.

DAMON

Alright. I'm not gonna pretend like I don't think any type of relationship with someone as amazing as you would be anything short of... amazing. So, I'll level with you. Strictly fun. Nothing else.

Eva starts cleaning again.

EVA

I don't know.

DAMON

Let me take you to dinner tonight.

EVA  
(sarcastically)  
A traditional dinner date! Sure,  
that doesn't sound relationshipy at  
all. It's not like I spend eight  
hours a day surrounded by people  
eating and drinking already!

DAMON  
Fine. Something else then.

EVA  
Yeah? What?

DAMON  
I don't know off the top of my  
head. Just let me pick you up later  
tonight. I'll think of something  
light and void of everlasting love.  
I promise.

Eva chuckles.

EVA  
I must really think you're cute.

DAMON  
(smiling)  
It's a date then.

Eva waves her finger at Damon.

EVA  
Ah ahhh...

DAMON  
Right. My mistake. Force of habit.

EVA  
(grinning)  
There's that charm.

Damon walks out of the bar with some newfound, sober  
confidence. Just as he opens the door to leave, Eva hollers.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Damon? I don't close tonight. And  
you don't know where I live.

DAMON  
Oh, shit. Of course.

Damon speed walks back into the bar similar to when Jordan  
has to reenter Sally's office.

Eva writes down her address on a cocktail napkin. They exchange one last tender glance. When Damon exits Eva's line of sight, he pins his back to the bar's exterior and deeply exhales. He surprises himself whenever he's around her.

INT. JORDAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Damon arrives back to Jordan's. Jordan is on the couch still trying to memorize his lines. Damon blows by Jordan and heads straight for the bathroom.

DAMON

Can I borrow your car tonight?

JORDAN

Depends. What for?

DAMON

A date.

Jordan stops what he's doing when he hears the word 'date'. He notices Damon's shameless urgency and follows him out of curiosity.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JORDAN

Whoa slow down there, partner. You've been here for less than a week and you already got a date? You better not be shoppin' for no ring anytime soon.

Damon cuts his toothpaste tube with scissors in order to get to the remains.

DAMON

Shut up. And she told me she's not looking for anything serious anyway, so rest assured.

JORDAN

I'm still in awe over the fact that you got with her last night. I mean, she's pretty. Like. Really pretty.

DAMON

Trust me. I know. I don't get it either. But I'm not one to argue a good thing.

JORDAN

You need a good restaurant recommendation? 'Cause I don't really know any.

DAMON

No, not dinner. She said that was too 'relationshipy'.

JORDAN

Strip club?

Damon makes eye contact with Jordan in the mirror.

DAMON

No.

JORDAN

Where then, those are the only two places I go.

DAMON

I was thinking about an evening picnic up at Griffith Park.

JORDAN

Ahhh, possibly overplayed. But sentimental nonetheless. My simultaneous **lack** of creativity and **appreciation** for classical romance approves.

DAMON

I think she'll like it too. Also, I'm gonna do laundry later and saw you were out of dryer sheets.

JORDAN

My sheets are dry. I don't need drier sheets.

Damon looks at Jordan's confused face.

DAMON

Nevermind. I'm gonna have to use your car to go get some food come to think of it. You mind if I leave now?

JORDAN

Need a Chewbacca?

DAMON

Huh?

JORDAN  
I'm bored can I come.

DAMON  
Let's roll.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Damon is pushing the cart and Jordan is walking beside him holding his lines. Jordan is reading to himself while Damon is filling up the shopping cart. Dryer sheets in the cart.

DAMON  
When's your audition again?

JORDAN  
Six days. And I already got my lines down pretty solid. Just wish I had more context for my character.

DAMON  
Well, besides having a death wish from alcohol poisoning, or should I say lactose intolerance, what do you know about the situation?

JORDAN  
In this scene I'm trying to get this guy to hand over this weird, futuristic knife. He's psychotic, I'm not, so I'm trying to make sure neither of us end up getting stabbed into the past or some shit.

DAMON  
You know what all the drinking is about?

JORDAN  
Not really.

DAMON  
Well, what if you pretend he's not only stupid, but an alcoholic?

JORDAN  
Couldn't you argue those are the same thing?

DAMON  
Yes, and we have you to prove it. But that's not the point.

(MORE)



DAMON (CONT'D)

**Because** he's an alcoholic, he then agrees to your proposition. Maybe he thinks he can out drink you. Unbeknownst to him, you're quite the drinker yourself. And that's what makes your idea a good one.

JORDAN

I like that. How'd you do that?

DAMON

You've been auditioning for how many years and still don't know how to give audition lines context?

JORDAN

I don't know. I guess I never really thought of doin' it.

DAMON

Maybe that's why you haven't been booking jobs.

JORDAN

Yeah. Maybe.

By this point, the cart is full of sandwich ingredients and they're at checkout. Behind the cash register is a middle-aged woman.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Shit I forgot. I'm gonna go see if I can find some Cosmic Brownies, be right back.

Jordan hops out from the checkout line.

CASHIER

Hi there! Are you a member of our customer loyalty program?

DAMON

Uh, no.

CASHIER

(smiling)

Would you like to be?

Damon is paying attention to his wallet, not the cashier.

DAMON.

Not right now, thanks.

CASHIER

You earn loyalty points that count toward special discounts for you to use in the future!

DAMON

I'm good, really. Thank you though.

CASHIER

If you're in a hurry it only takes a second for me to sign you up.

DAMON

Can I just pay for my-

JORDAN

-sure, he'll sign up.

The cashier takes a condescending tone with Damon.

CASHIER

Perfect! What's your email address?

DAMON

(sighing)

Flamindamon69@aol.com

JORDAN

Dude..?

DAMON

You made me sign up!

CASHIER

And how is that spelled?

DAMON

F-l-a-m-i-n-d-a-m-o-n.

Damon stops, but the cashier's eyes advise him to continue.

DAMON (CONT'D)

(ashamed)

6-9-@-a-o-l.com. The only email there is...

CASHIER

And your name please?

DAMON

Damon Reed Dixon.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Brownies?

JORDAN  
All out. Just like every other  
fucking place. Shameful.

CASHIER  
We don't require your middle  
name... but okay. Date of birth?

DAMON  
December 12th, 1968.

CASHIER  
(grinning)  
You sure it's not 1969?

Jordan chimes in with a snicker to amplify Damon's  
embarrassment.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Jordan and Damon are approaching Jordan's car.

JORDAN  
I saw the cutest dime back there.

DAMON  
You chat her up?

JORDAN  
Nah, something about leaving a  
checkout line mid way just makes  
you feel the need to get back ASAP,  
ya know?

DAMON  
Hypocrite.

JORDAN  
Am I wrong?

DAMON  
Oddly, you're not.

JORDAN  
Thank you. And she had a weird  
taste in beer anyway.

DAMON  
Pop the trunk.

JORDAN  
Can't.

DAMON  
Why not?

JORDAN  
Shoes man.

DAMON  
Shoes... man?

JORDAN  
Yeah, shoes. I keep all my shoes in there. Not enough room.

DAMON  
You keep enough shoes in your trunk to the point where we can't put in a few bags of groceries.

JORDAN  
It's a small trunk.

Damon starts filling up the backseat with bags instead.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
But damn. She was adorable.

DAMON  
Why not in your house like a normal fucking person.

JORDAN  
Never know when you're gonna need a pair of shoes different than the ones you got on. It's good to be prepared.

DAMON  
Prepared for what?

Jordan turns to Damon with a more serious intonation.

JORDAN  
Anything, that's the point.

Jordan starts the engine. Just as he stretches his arm over Damon's seat to back out, the shot changes to just Damon in the car; the positioning of the frame is unchanged. Damon is driving to pick up Eva. Once Damon parks, he recognizes the house. It's the house him and Jordan snuck into earlier.

EXT. EVA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Damon double takes the address written on the cocktail napkin.

DAMON

You've gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

He approaches her door to knock but Eva opens before he gets to the driveway. Damon confirms she's waving at him by glancing over his shoulder. He waves back.

EVA

Your car sounds like a washing machine.

DAMON

Oh it's not-

EVA

-Come in.

Damon nervously enters her house. For the second time.

EVA (CONT'D)

(coldly)

Where are you taking me.

DAMON

Okay now, I don't want to take you out if you're not gonna have an **okay** time.

Eva snags her purse and slips on her shoes.

EVA

It better be more than just **okay**. And I'm just fuckin' with ya. So what 'fun, non-relationship thing' did you think of that we could do.

DAMON

I was thinking we go to Griffith Park. Just hang out. Eat, just you and me. I brought some good food?

EVA

I see you took my instructions lightly. But sounds harmless enough.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK FIELD - EVENING

Eva and Damon are sitting on a blanket eating paninis. A slight breeze whistles up in the hills. The sun is beginning to set.

EVA  
(chewing)  
So. Who are you.

DAMON  
I'm Damon Dixon. I'm 23 almost-

EVA  
No.

DAMON  
What?

Eva takes another bite.

EVA  
I know all that crap. I asked who you **are**. Cindy said you were new to L.A. What's that about.

DAMON  
(under his breath)  
Cindy told you about me?

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Uh, well, I was in Louisiana a couple of days ago. Now I'm here.

EVA  
What were you doing in "Louisiana".

Eva says "Louisiana" in a convincing Cajun accent.

DAMON  
It's where I lived. And worked... obviously.

EVA  
What'd you do for work.

DAMON  
I'd prefer not to say.

Eva looks away from Damon, displeased. She slaps her hands on her criss-crossed shins.

EVA  
Alright. I'd like to go home now.

DAMON

Fine. I uh... I was a... toilet  
seat salesman.

Eva takes a couple seconds to digest what Damon had just said. She then bursts into uncontrollable laughter. Her hair is being blown by the wind and her eyes eventually draw tears from excessive laughter. Damon is examining her smile as she laughs, and her beautiful hair showing off its length. His face of embarrassment gradually morphs into a face of awe.

EVA

Wow. Thank you for that. That, **that**  
was hilarious.

DAMON

(owning it)  
Really?

EVA

Are you kidding me? That's the  
funniest thing I've heard in... I  
don't know how long. Man, I've been  
so stressed lately I guess all I  
needed was a good laugh courtesy of  
business mogul Bill Gates.

Damon wisely decides to take advantage of a situation that had favored his demise, in efforts to get closer to Eva.

DAMON

Well I'm glad I could be of  
service.

EVA

(chuckles)  
Yeah.

**Beat.**

DAMON

What's got you stressed?

EVA

Oh God. Am I opening up to you now?  
Mr. Toilet Seller?

DAMON

Hey I'm not forcing you to say  
anything here.

Eva takes a deep breath and looks over her shoulder toward the cityscape.

EVA

You'd think that after almost four years, someone, **anyone**, in this fucking city would want to be my agent. I mean look at it! This place is huge! It could be it's own fucking state.

DAMON

So you wanna model?

EVA

I'm 5'4". No I don't wanna model. I couldn't.

DAMON

Sorry, I don't know much about the modeling world. But you're pretty enough to be one.

EVA

That's gotta be it.

DAMON

Gotta be what?

EVA

The corniest thing you've ever said. It has to be.

Damon and Eva share a synchronized laugh.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - EVENING

Jordan is outside the casting room holding his rolled up lines. He's made a single drumstick with them and is keeping a beat on his bouncing legs. Jordan is clearly nervous, so he takes Damon's 'Secrets of Closing the Sale' by Zig Ziglar out of his back pocket and flips to a random page.

JORDAN

Let's see if this dude's any good.  
"The fear for loss is greater than the desire for gain."

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(looking up)  
Shit. That makes sense.

Jordan flips a couple more pages.



JORDAN (CONT'D)  
"You can change everything about  
your business by changing your  
thinking about your business."

Jordan's runs over it again, puzzled.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
He just said the same thing twice?

CASTING ASSISTANT (FEMALE)  
Jordan Miller? They're ready for  
you.

Jordan stands up from his plastic chair and cracks his neck viciously. He walks into a room full of at least ten people, as a Jordan doppelgänger slips out.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK FIELD - EVENING

EVA  
I wanna act. And it's impossible to  
get anywhere without an agent.

DAMON  
So you're telling me. You've been  
here for four years. Have that  
face. And nobody has offered to rep  
you.

EVA  
I've read for some agencies, but  
none thought I was good enough.  
Sometimes it feels like I was never  
supposed to come out here in the  
first place. It's just not that fun  
anymore, taking loss after loss.

DAMON  
If you asked me it looked like you  
were having a pretty fun time last  
night. With your friends I mean.  
Before I came up to you.

EVA  
Eh. I smile at them, but none of  
them are particularly nice. I laugh  
at their jokes, but none are  
actually funny. I guess I'm just in  
this weird denial stage or  
somethin'. I need something...  
different.

Damon waits for Eva to look at him.

DAMON  
I can be different.

Eva's face of optimistic intrigue quickly pivots to disgust. She snaps back to being the person she thinks she always needs to portray.

EVA  
Why are you doing this?

DAMON  
Did I say something?

EVA  
Why are you **voluntarily** starting something that we **both** know will ultimately end?

DAMON  
What are you talking about?

EVA  
When you start going steady with somebody, one of two things will happen. You either eventually break up, or die with them. Both sound awful.

EVA (CONT'D)  
And this, 'I can different.' What is that Hallmark card bullshit?

DAMON  
I was just trying to be nice...

EVA  
You're not 'just trying to be nice', you're just trying to fuck me.

DAMON  
Whoa now, okay that is **not** true I-

EVA  
-what am doing here I don't even **know** you!

INT. CASTING ROOM - EVENING

CASTING DIRECTOR (FEMALE)  
Alright Jordan. My assistant to the right of me will be reading with you. She'll begin when you give her the go ahead.

Jordan is breathing heavily. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and opens them. He's now in the zone.

JORDAN  
Okay. I'm ready.

CASTING ASSISTANT (MALE)  
(in character)  
Try and follow me, son.

JORDAN  
(confused, out of character)  
Um. I don't- I don't have those lines.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
Oh yeah, the writers are scrapping that drinking scene. Amber.

The casting director motions his assistant Amber to bring Jordan the new lines.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
In this scene you're still young, younger than you are when the bulk of the film takes place. You're mother is dying. We thought it'd be better to have you read something more... emotional. I know we're throwing you in the deep end here but-

JORDAN  
(nervously)  
-My mothers dies?

CASTING DIRECTOR  
Yes. Amanda will read as her.

JORDAN  
Okay.

CASTING DIRECTOR  
You'll be reading fewer lines, but they're important ones.  
(MORE)

## CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

We want to see how much emotion you can pack into as few syllables as possible. Got it?

JORDAN

Okay.

Although Jordan may seem to be the type who has his life entirely together, not allowing himself closure with his late mother has severely bogged him down. Jordan's mother took her own life when he was a teenager.

There is an explicit moment when Jordan's trembles transform to control. For his mental health and success, both Jordan and his character need to own this scene.

## EXT. GRIFFITH PARK FIELD - EVENING

Damon is smart enough to know that something complex is bothering Eva. He sees it as an opening to extract something deeper. Eva is distraught and Damon is invested.

DAMON

Why are you so closed off to me?

EVA

(offended)

Excuse me?

DAMON

Sorry, why are you so closed off to **the world?**

EVA

(scoffing)

This is **not** how you handle a first date.

DAMON

(confidently)

But it **is** how you handle someone you care about. Or at least someone you **want** to care about.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Now, I don't particularly know why I **already** feel comfortable with you enough to say this, but you overplay hard-to-get and use mockery as comedy so often it makes me feel sorry for you.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

But I ask because someone acting closed off is, obviously, closing off a part of themselves. I can tell you're not shallow, far from it. You begin to open up **right** before snapping out of your "inconvenient moment of vulnerability"? Why?

INT. CASTING ROOM - EVENING

CASTING ASSISTANT

Try and follow me, son.

JORDAN

You can't walk...

CASTING ASSISTANT

Follow my words. You can't waste one more day pretending to be someone you're not.

JORDAN

I won't.

CASTING ASSISTANT

I've always wanted to watch you change the world. Since I won't be able to, you'll have to tell me you will. Right now.

JORDAN

I will. I promise I will.

CASTING ASSISTANT

You'll have to learn as I did.  
You'll have to fail as I did.

**Beat.** Jordan begins to tear up. The camera fixates on Jordan's vulnerable face and gently zooms. It looks as if Jordan is damming a waterfall of tears, and his barracks could burst any second. The casting assistant's lines are heard off camera from this point forward.

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

But through all my failures and missteps, there would've been no greater failure than having never raised a son. You can do whatever you wish to.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK FIELD - EVENING

Eva is taken back by Damon's authority. She initially felt violated, yet relieved that someone is concerned with her well being. She's now visibly emotional, and has decided to embrace it.

EVA

My mom.

DAMON

What about her?

EVA

She was tough on me. 'You'd make a great doctor someday, or lawyer, or accountant.' How do you look at someone and say, 'you'd make a great accountant.'

Damon attempts to lighten the mood.

DAMON

I can see it.

Eva chuckles.

EVA

It was constant. I can't remember a single moment where she didn't push me. I hated her for it. I hated that she treated my dad the same way. Alienated him. She was incapable of enjoying life, and we were forced to adopt her wicked philosophy. So, naturally, I threatened to rebel all the way to Los Angeles the second I turned eighteen.

DAMON

And your dad?

EVA

Around the same time, he finally had enough lonely, bedside cries while my mom was out doing God knows what. So he divorced her and we came to LA together.

DAMON

I take it your mom wasn't thrilled with acting as a career choice.

EVA  
I never had the pleasure of hearing  
her disapproval.

**Beat.**

DAMON  
I'm sorry.

EVA  
Oh no she's still alive. I just  
closed myself off to her. So I  
guess you're right, in a sense she  
doesn't really exist to me.

DAMON  
I can sort of relate. I lost my dad  
when I was four.

EVA  
Shot now **I'm** sorry...

DAMON  
You and everyone else. Don't be. It  
happened so long ago that I've  
accepted it.

EVA  
Me too. On a less tragic scale of  
course...

Damon chuckles.

DAMON  
It's okay.

EVA  
Sometimes I wish she was still in  
my life though, so one day I could  
tell her 'I made it'. She needs to  
know that I can be happy. And that  
I'm able to do it my way.

INT. CASTING ROOM - EVENING

JORDAN  
What if I need you to do it? To  
make the world a better place? I  
don't want to lose you...

The casting assistant is now next to Jordan, and she grips  
his hand. For Jordan, his real mother is reaching out.

CASTING ASSISTANT

You can never lose me, son. Not even if you tried.

Jordan releases a tender chuckle in response to the mother character's terribly-timed comedy, as his real mother was notorious for the same trait. This is all too real for Jordan. He begins to cry.

JORDAN

I'm going to miss you.

CASTING ASSISTANT

I love you, son.

The casting assistant's hand goes limp and begins slipping from Jordan's palm, then fingertips, then his full possession. Jordan gazes as the casting assistant's hand gains distance from his own.

Shot of the casting director's hand beside her leg. Cut to the same composition of frame, but with Jordan's mother's pale hand commanding the screen and the casting assistant's ringless finger has changed to Jordan's mother's diamond wedding ring. Jordan's mom's hand is gray and lifeless. This scene needs to hold immense gravity.

Cut back to Jordan's sickly stare, his face equally drenched in tears and sweat. Zoom out to where Jordan, the casting assistant, and casting director are all in frame.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Well, that was great! Thank you!

Jordan swivels his head toward the casting director. He nods and delivers a grin with clearly divided attention.

CASTING ASSISTANT

We'll be in contact, Mr. Miller.  
You're free to go.

**Fade to black.**

EXT. URTH CAFFÉ - DAY

Damon and Jordan are enjoying the two cheapest meals on Urth Caffé's menu. They're sitting outdoors alongside a crowded Melrose Avenue. It's the day following the previous, simultaneous events that took place between Damon and Jordan.



JORDAN

And then she ripped the lines to shreds, saying "fuck that, this guy needs something more difficult, he's a real actor!" and the assistant handed her a new scene.

DAMON

I feel like that didn't happen.

JORDAN

I swear it felt like it did man, I was so scared and my knees were shaking and my balls were up to my belly button.

People at a neighboring Urth Caffé table cringe overhearing about Jordan's abnormally located testicles. Jordan pauses his rant with a sip of ice water.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(speaking slower)

I was scared not knowing the new lines, but relieved in a sense too. Since they knew I had no time to prepare them, the pressure was off.

DAMON

And it really went that well?

JORDAN

Impeccably well. It was so **emotional**, so... intense. I've always needed to talk to someone, and I didn't realize this 'til just yesterday, who experienced the same thing I did. Yesterday it was almost like I was able to share the experience with my character. I seriously feel like he gave me some closure. Or I gave me some closure...

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I miss her a lot. And I know you can relate with your old man and all, but there's just somethin' about moms.

A toothless waitress approaches the boys.

WAITRESS

Is everything tasting alright?

JORDAN

Super good. Could you bring out some more fruit for us though?

WAITRESS

Sure, strawberries and melon okay?

JORDAN

Do you have any blueberries?

WAITRESS

Sorry, we're all out of blueberries.

JORDAN

(smiles)

All good. What you said is fine.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Anyway enough about me and my ridiculously good acting skills, how was your date?

Damon calculates what Jordan said about his mother, and couldn't help but align it with Eva's mother situation. Having been second to Jordan most of their lives thus far, Damon wants something that's his and his only. We see Damon's gears turning, and he decides to downplay the date out of insecurity.

DAMON

Eh, it was fine. Not sure if I wanna see her again or not.

JORDAN

What the hell you were so obsessed with this girl?

DAMON

I don't know something just felt off. We'll see if she calls but I'm not gonna push it.

JORDAN

You guys eye fuck at all?

DAMON

Eye fuck?

JORDAN

Yeah. When you look at someone and you fuck 'em with your eyes.

DAMON

Are you sure you aren't making this up...

Jordan eye fucks Damon for a few seconds.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Wow.

JORDAN

Wow what.

DAMON

It's working.

JORDAN

It is?

DAMON

Yeah. Take your clothes off.

Jordan scoffs.

JORDAN

So something "felt off" and you didn't even eye fuck. Sounds like my baby's a little down in the dumps?

DAMON

I guess. Yes, your baby is a little down in the dumps.

JORDAN

Because you know what we do when my baby's a little down in the dumps right?

DAMON

No dude, this isn't high school.

JORDAN

You sure? Because you just went on a date that didn't go well, kinda sounds like high school to me.

DAMON

(sarcastically)

Oh is that so?

JORDAN  
Seems to be.

DAMON  
Hm.

JORDAN  
So are we doing this or not?

DAMON  
The latter, we could get into real trouble dude we're not eighteen anymore.

JORDAN  
(mocking)  
Wow "real trouble", this really is high school.

DAMON  
Someone's gotta watch out for our futures. And it's literally never going to be you so...

JORDAN  
That's fucking so stupid.

DAMON  
Your grammar is 'so fucking' terrible.

Damon uses his finger to annunciate 'so fucking' in the grammatically correct order.

JORDAN  
Grammar doesn't apply to cussing.

DAMON  
Fair enough.

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)  
You got a bat?

JORDAN  
In the trunk.

DAMON  
(sarcastically)  
Thought it was full of shoes?

JORDAN

And the occasional bat for mailbox  
smashing purposes.

Both smile at one another and shoot up from their metal chairs. Damon flicks cash on his plate, Jordan does not. A full bowl of fruit arrives to a now empty table. Jordan quickly returns to leave his cash.

EXT. TORRANCE - EVENING

**SMASH!** With Jordan driving the Saab top down, Damon obliterates an innocent mailbox. Damon applies his fake sadness, from what Jordan believes was an awful date, to a wooden baseball bat and releases nonexistent feelings. They're driving amidst houses, but away from the city buzz.

Both crack up in adolescent pride, reinvigorating one of their most beloved pastimes.

JORDAN

Look at this pretentious fucking  
house. Hit this one.

Jordan, undeniably speeding, hugs the curb to give Damon a clear shot at a house they could only ever dream of living in.

Swing and **BANG!**

DAMON

This is the stupidest thing ever  
doing this when there's still light  
out, but for some reason I don't  
give a flying fuck.

Damon has fueled this fuckery with nostalgia, knowing he had to find some reason to act like an idiot for Jordan. Damon truly thinks his time with Eva went well and he thinks he needs Jordan to believe that it didn't.

Jordan reaches over the console to rip open the glovebox. He pulls out a half drunk bottle of scotch, takes a swig, puts it back, and howls like a wolf.

Jordan whips around a corner to point his headlights directly into those of a cop about fifty yards away, barreling down the street.

JORDAN

Shit.

Jordan abuses his Saab into a 180 degree rotation, his wheels weeping as they spew smoke reeking of rubber. Jordan floors it nothing short of twenty yards before encountering more flashing red and blue lights. He slashes through someone's backyard to get free.

The officer's dialogue is shot in her police car.

OFFICER CORTEZ (FEMALE)

Shit.

And back to the Saab.

DAMON

Are you crazy?

JORDAN

Trust me.

Jordan has, in his mind, just channeled his inner Darrell Waltrip.

DAMON

Pull over we smashed a few mailboxes, this is making it way worse!

JORDAN

I said trust me!

OFFICER CORTEZ

(over radio)

Found the ones hitting mailboxes. In pursuit.

SHERIFF MANRUBIA (MALE)

(over radio)

Copy Cortez. Make and model? I'm calling in Adams, too.

OFFICER CORTEZ

(over radio)

Looks like a black Saab, convertible. And no. I don't need Adams. Request to provide backup... denied...

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

SHERIFF MANRUBIA

(puzzled)

Request... to provide...?

(MORE)

SHERIFF MANRUBIA (CONT'D)

I'm sending someone your way,  
Rookie. What're your cross streets.

Officer Cortez makes noises into her radio as if she was entering a tunnel. She then slams her radio back on its mount. Her facial expressions imply she thought she was convincing.

Jordan's evasion was short lived, as an orchestra of purple lights are collected behind Damon and Jordan. And they're gaining.

DAMON

Why the fuck do you have **scotch** in here?!

JORDAN

I know. More of a sit down kinda whisky.

Jordan yanks the wheel.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I guess we are sitting though.

DAMON

This is how I'm gonna die.

Jordan utilizes a few alleyways to create a somewhat safe distance between him and the police. However, we can still hear the sirens wailing. Jordan has driven South enough to where they've arrived in San Pedro. Jordan is still going well above the speed limit.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

JORDAN

(joking)

But these seats aren't leather. So you're right, poor choice.

DAMON

Enough jokes! Where are you going? Our house?!

JORDAN

Nope, I'm gonna park it on the street and kill the lights.

DAMON

They'll recognize the car, dumbass!

JORDAN  
Got a better idea?

Damon hears the sirens grow louder. He knows the only way to come out of this is to get the car off the road.

DAMON  
Fuck this.

Damon calls Eva. She picks up on what felt like the fifth ring.

EVA  
Hello?

DAMON  
Hey, uh, quick question and I kinda need an answer now. Can I come over?

EVA  
Um... it's getting late I have to wake up early tomorrow. And besides, I'm not that type of girl.

Eva thinks Damon is booty calling her.

DAMON  
No no no not for that, I just really need to come in your garage right now.

EVA  
(upset)  
What the fuck Damon that's disgusting I-

DAMON  
-I'm serious! Please open up your garage like **right now** I'll explain when I see you. Do it now!

As Damon hangs up, one cop car reemerges and locks itself to Jordan's tail lights.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Turn here!

Jordan whips around a corner. A garage slowly opens.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
It's that one!



Jordan stumbles in, nicking the bottom of the garage door with the roof of his Saab. As the car screeches to a halt, Damon sticks his head out to yell at a confused yet comfortably-dressed Eva.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Close it!

Eva smacks the garage door button and the garage begins to slowly close. This scene has to be the longest seven or so seconds ever, elongating both the suspense and comedy.

The garage door approaches the halfway point and Jordan hollers.

JORDAN

Come on!

As the garage door kisses the ground, Officer Cortez flies by. Damon, Jordan, and Eva hear sirens pass the opposite side of the garage. Our boys share a giant sigh of relief.

EVA

What in the hell is going on?!

Damon wants to lie, but quickly realizes that any impromptu lie would probably sound just as idiotic as the truth. But it doesn't matter, as Jordan's beats him to the punch.

JORDAN

We were smashing mailboxes.

As Jordan speaks, his words taper off. He realized Eva is the "cute dime" he saw at the grocery store. Jordan was so wasted when the three of them were at The Blinder the other night that he didn't recall her face when gazing at her in the grocery store.

Eva looks at Damon for any sort of elaboration.

DAMON

That's pretty much it, yeah.

EVA

(to herself)

Boys are idiots.

Eva turns around and walks back in the house. The boys, drenched in sweat, follow.

INT. CORTEZ'S COP CAR - EVENING

Back to Officer Cortez's car. She's silenced her sirens, but her and her flashing lights are slowly inspecting the neighborhood. No one is in sight.

OFFICER CORTEZ

Dammit.

Cortez slams her hands on her stirring wheel.

OFFICER CORTEZ (CONT'D)

'O' for one.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

The Sheriff's arms are spread wide examining a comically massive map.

SHERIFF MANRUBIA

Tunnel? There are no fucking tunnels in Torrance...

INT. EVA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Eva starts to fill two cups with tap water.

JORDAN

Holy shit.

DAMON

I know.

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up.

Jordan had just realized that this is the house him and Damon broke into when they ripped off the cab driver.

Eva hands them their much needed hydration.

EVA

So. This is the weirdest second date of all time.

Jordan extends his hand to Eva.

EVA (CONT'D)  
 (sarcastically)  
 No need to be so formal. You almost  
 put a hole in my garage door.

Eva hugs Jordan.

EVA (CONT'D)  
 Eva.

JORDAN  
 Nice to meet you. You have a lovely  
 home, never seen one like it before  
 ever.

EVA  
 (confused)  
 Thank you?

She pulls away to turn off the TV, giving Damon a short  
 window to kick Jordan in the shin.

Damon snags a glimpse of the TV before Eva closes to black,  
 recognizing the girl on screen.

DAMON  
 Whoa whoa whoa, was that you?

EVA  
 No, it was not.

DAMON  
 Uh, yeah it was. Turn it back on.

JORDAN  
 You're on TV?

EVA  
 I was embarrassing myself with my  
 own reel, that's all.

DAMON  
 We're **definitely** turning that back  
 on.

Damon steals the remote and presses power, resurfacing Eva's  
 face. Eva puts her face in her hands out of embarrassment.

EVA  
 Oh my god this is my personal hell.

Eva's acting is painful to watch. Her face is showing  
 contradicting emotions, her movements are awkward, and her  
 character's accent is borderline offensive.

Damon is the kind of person who loves to call things as they are. He's done it his entire life, and Jordan knows that. So, it's no surprise that Jordan shoots a look at Damon and expects him to laugh his ass off, especially after their alleged failed first date.

DAMON

Eva... you're great! This is great!

Jordan looks shocked. Damon is kissing the dirt on this woman's shoes, something completely outside his character.

EVA

I don't know. I hate watching myself.

DAMON

No seriously. I'm enjoying this!

Damon locks into the TV, hoping Eva sees him genuinely paying attention to her reel.

JORDAN

This isn't **that** terrible.

EVA

What's sad is you saying that actually makes me feel a tad better.

EVA (CONT'D)

Wait. Is it terrible?

JORDAN

It's not good...

Jordan and Eva share a laugh.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So how'd you get into acting?

EVA

Vengeance.

JORDAN

Sounds intense.

EVA

Kinda, but not really. Mommy issues.

JORDAN

I have a complicated relationship with my mom too. **Had...**

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
a complicated relationship with my  
mom.

**Beat.**

EVA  
Ah. I can see why you two are so  
close then. Family loses can really  
bond people.

Damon's attention is still on Eva's attempt at acting.

JORDAN  
Nothing else compares.

EVA  
How long has it been? If you don't  
mind my asking.

JORDAN  
No you're fine, it's good for me to  
talk about it. She took her own  
life when we were in junior high.

**Beat.** Eva matches Jordan's grief.

EVA  
Jeez.

JORDAN  
You?

EVA  
My dad and I left her to come here  
when I was eighteen. I ask because  
I stopped having a relationship  
with her years before that. I'm  
convinced she never even liked me.

JORDAN  
I was gonna say, this is a nice  
house for a starving artist...

EVA  
(chuckles)  
Right. No, my dad is the best. He's  
done so much for me and never  
expects anything in return.  
Actually, he's on a date right now.

JORDAN  
But do you ever miss her at all?  
Your mom?

EVA

I've hated her my whole life, by this point I'm kinda sick of it. So maybe I've looped back around to maybe missing her?

JORDAN

Nothing can replace a mother figure.

Eva looks at Jordan with strong sympathy.

DAMON

Holy shit.

EVA

What?

DAMON

That might have been the most authentic fake scream I've ever heard in a horror film.

EVA

(sarcastically)

Thanks... practiced that one for months.

DAMON

Anyway, we'll get out of your hair.

Damon stands up to give Eva a hug.

JORDAN

Thanks for helping us not get arrested.

EVA

(looking at Damon)

Thanks for giving me a heart attack over the phone. It's been awhile since a guy made me feel so alive.

JORDAN

Bye.

EVA

Bye boys.

Damon and Jordan are sitting in the Saab, waiting for the garage door to rise.

JORDAN

You little bitch.

DAMON  
Making a girl feel good about  
herself does not make me a "little  
bitch".

JORDAN  
Kinda does.

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
And what the fuck, she **lives** here?  
We broke into this house!

DAMON  
Dude I couldn't believe it when I  
picked her up yesterday. Thank God  
no one saw us.

JORDAN  
Seriously. And you said your date  
didn't go well? She seemed super  
cool?

DAMON  
No she's cool and all. I don't know  
though. We'll see.

Jordan backs out of the now open garage. Their conversation lasts as long as the garage opens.

JORDAN  
Want to hit a few more mailboxes on  
the way home? Completely dark now.

DAMON  
Take me home.

INT. JORDAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The two near-convicts are in their boxers and wife beaters eating breakfast.

JORDAN  
Well, say what you want about my  
place. It beats three walls and  
dozen steel bars.

Damon pulls off a Fruit Roll-Up wrapper stuck to his foot.

DAMON  
I'll say what I want then.

Jordan throws a piece of fruit at Damon. Damon catches it in his mouth.

DAMON (CONT'D)

And what the fuck are you doing with a half bottle of scotch in your glove box? I thought you said you were gonna focus on getting my life "back" in shape.

Damon air quotes "back".

JORDAN

I am! It was only half full! Could've been full... full.

DAMON

(annoyed)

Yes because you **drank** the other half, most likely behind the wheel.

Jordan is chewing breakfast.

JORDAN

Glass half full perspective I guess, highly recommend. You should really try it out man.

Damon scoffs at Jordan's stupidity.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(proudly)

**AND** I did not drink it and then drive. I had drove, parked, drank, then proceeded to get in a fight with the buffest woman I've ever seen down at Venice Beach. Slept on the beach night. **Entirely** voluntarily...

As Jordan wraps up his explanation, Damon is already wired into the landline chatting with Eva. From all of Damon's thirty-two teeth being exposed, the man looks foolishly in love. It's clear to Jordan that Eva is on the other end of the call.

DAMON

(to Eva)

I know, I tend to surprise myself sometimes. Although I am pretty accustomed to thinking on my feet.

Jordan is sifting through the mail and throws a bubble mailer to Damon.



JORDAN  
From your mom.

Damon takes a glance at the label and tosses it on the couch. He puts his hand over the speaker to talk to Jordan.

DAMON  
(to Jordan)  
Probably just a tacky card.

JORDAN  
What if it has money in it?

DAMON  
(sarcastically)  
Do you think I was selling toilet seats because my mom and I were-

JORDAN  
-FLUSH WITH CASH? Beat ya to it!

Jordan dashes over to the landline as Damon once again defends the phone's speaker with his palm.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(to Eva)  
Has he told you he used to sell toilet seats yet?

DAMON  
Yes, I told her. Idiot.

Jordan shoves him. Damon slaps him back, trying to balance his annoyance of Jordan and delight of Eva. Jordan makes kissing faces, mouths the words "I love you", and generally mocks Damon's affection.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Okay, so your house, seven o'clock?

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Okay, alright see you then. Bye.

Damon slaps the phone back onto the wall.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
You're a terrible friend.

JORDAN  
(sarcastically)  
Oh c'mon, I'm lending my flawless Saab to you-

DAMON  
(head scratching)  
-flawless...

JORDAN  
-for the second time to go and meet  
this broad, and **I'm** a terrible  
friend.

Damon's playful frustration shifts to gratitude.

DAMON  
Trust me, I was going to ask you  
first. But thank you, I appreciate  
it. Seriously.

Both embrace in a masculine and sloppy fashion.

JORDAN  
Of course man, you know me. I  
always put my boys first. And  
**nothing** is more important to me  
than women.

DAMON  
It's like you're allergic to making  
sense.

Jordan and his fat grin take a bow.

JORDAN  
What'd your mom send?

DAMON  
Either a card telling me how much  
she misses me or five of them.  
Maybe a useless Louisiana knick  
knack. I'll check it out later, I  
got a date tonight. How're you  
spending your night?

JORDAN  
Going to see Sally. She told me she  
he has "news". I think it's good...

By this point, the boys are moving around the house.

DAMON  
Hell yeah man. I'm sure it is. I'll  
see you back here later?

JORDAN  
Got nothin' else to do.

DAMON  
(double-taking)  
Wait shit, if you gotta go to see  
your agent I can't take your car  
man.

Jordan puts his hand on Damon's shoulder.

JORDAN  
Yes, you can. Like I said, nothing  
is more important than women.  
Nothing.

Damon's mom mailed him his mood stabilizers in the bubble mailer. Damon did not open it that night due to his excitement over Eva. Between the scene of him forgetting his mood stabilizers under the sink and this scene, the is for half the audience to guess it was his pills in the package and the other half to be unaware.

EXT. JORDAN'S SAAB - EVENING

There's a gorgeous and full California sunset capturing the screen. We see the Saab's rear, top down, as it skirts out of center frame to the opening seconds of 'L.A. Woman' by The Doors. Cut to Damon jamming out and dancing in the driver's seat, the song raging through the Saab's speakers.

Damon pulls up to Eva's house, and she steps out. She's sporting the cutest, most classic Los Angeles summer look.

Damon sees her approaching, hastily hops out from the car to open her door.

DAMON  
M'lady.

EVA  
(jokingly)  
Oh god...

She slides into the car, improving the overall appearance of the vehicle from a measly three out of ten to a definite ten out of ten. Damon comically speed walks around the back of the car to return to the driver's seat.

DAMON  
And you said you know how to get in  
there?

EVA  
I did.

DAMON

And my car won't get impounded.

EVA

No, your roommate's golf cart is safe.

The two ride out of frame.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - SUNSET

Damon plays with the radio until he lands on 'Hollywood Nights' by Bob Seger. The timestamp of the song is 1:30. Him and Eva are heading north.

Eva turns up the dial.

EVA

Man, I love Seger.

DAMON

He's my favorite. My dad's too...

As the song reaches 2:15 and Seger sings, "he'd headed west 'cause he felt that a change would do him good, see some old friends, good for the soul" the camera is on Damon. The shot is from Eva's point of view. The lyrics are describing Damon's situation perfectly.

As the song flows to 2:28 and Seger sings, "she had been born with a face that would let her get away..." the camera is on Eva. The shot is now from Damon's point of view. The lyrics are describing Eva.

Now, as Seger continues to sing, "... he saw that face and he lost all control, he had lost all control" the camera is back on Damon. The camera slowly rattles and zooms in on his expressive face, eyes wide, smile breaking through, and mind running a million miles an hour. The streetlights are whizzing by behind him. His face is the only still entity in the frame. The music is loud. Damon is enamored of her beauty. Trying to look away from her is like keeping your eyes shut while laying under a firework show.

**CRESCENDO.**

The song's volume gradually lowers, and the shot changes from Damon's face to the Saab in full. Damon and Eva twist and turn their way up a steep road, the Hollywood sign seen perched even higher atop the hill they're slithering up.

## INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jordan is sitting in Sally's office, tapping his fingers on the arm of his chair. He's nervously looking at the clock on the wall, waiting for Sally to meet him. She eventually enters, fumbling a stack of papers.

SALLY

Hi, sorry sorry. For some reason I'm busier than usual on a Friday evening.

JORDAN

(excitedly)  
All good! So, you have news?

SALLY

(distracted)  
Ah, yes I do. The folks over at Paramount adored you. Said what you delivered was authentic, powerful.

Jordan's nervousness fades to ease. He looks proud of himself.

## EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - SUNSET

Damon and Eva are maneuvering between bushes and deceased "Private Property" signs laying horizontally on the dirt hill. Eva is wearing a backpack.

DAMON

If last month someone told me I'd be illegally climbing the Hollywood sign with **the** Eva Davis, I'd whack them in the face for getting my hopes up.

EVA

You'd punch someone in the face?  
Hot.

Damon chuckles.

EVA (CONT'D)

And don't give yourself too much credit yet. You still have to climb the damn thing.

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE - EVENING

SALLY

They loved you. Or at least that's what they told me.

JORDAN

Huh?

SALLY

They found someone else kid.

JORDAN

(confused)

But you said they were impressed, that they-

SALLY

-I did. And they were. Sometimes these things just don't work out. **Most** times these things don't work out. You know that.

Jordan offers a blank stare. Failing to book this gig specifically has him feeling defeated.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - SUNSET

Damon and Eva approach the back of the first 'O'. Both are breathing a tad heavier now.

EVA

Alright. Ladies first.

DAMON

Me? First? You're the one who's been here before. Come to think of it, how many guys have you've brought up here before.

EVA

(playfully)

That's confidential.

DAMON

Okay, how many times have you told a guy "ladies first"?

EVA

Just you. Twice. Now ladies first.

Damon grabs the first rung of the scaffolding and begins to ascend. Eva smiles as he initiates the climb. She finds their banter easy and a breath of fresh air.

INT. SAN PEDRO - SUNSET

'Byegone' by Volcano Choir is beginning to swell. The thick, full combination of slow drums and rapid flicks of guitar strings establish both Jordan and Damon's scenes.

As Damon was excitedly climbing up the Hollywood sign, Jordan is seen here moping, dragging himself down the building's staircase. Upon exiting the building, Jordan sees a partially drank beer can outside the door. He picks it up, presses it to his eye to inspect for any cigarette carcasses, then proceeds to kill it.

Jordan tosses the can, locates a liquor store, and sets his route.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - SUNSET

Damon and Eva complete the tail end of a synchronized laugh, establishing that they've been chatting for a while now. Eva turns to Damon.

EVA

Friends.

DAMON

(gulps)

Uh, what.

EVA

Friends. They're important.

DAMON

(curiously)

Absolutely. Friends are very important...

DAMON (CONT'D)

Not everything, not the **only** thing.  
But important.

EVA

What I mean is, I think it's important to be friends. With someone first. You know?

DAMON

Oh, I know. Quite well...

EVA  
... Because without friendship,  
anything more is just lust. There's  
no foundation. Love can't grow.

DAMON  
Well, do you think it's necessary?

**Beat.**

In **every single** attempt to find  
love?

EVA  
I wouldn't know.

Eva unzips her backpack to pull out two unusual beers.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Beer?

Damon grabs the bottle and twists off the cap. Eva takes a  
swig of her beer and consults the skyline for wisdom.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Never got that far.

Damon's POV. Eva's silhouette against the shimmer of the  
night resembles the work of Picasso.

DAMON  
What do you mean?

EVA  
Most guys never really seem to get  
out of that phase with me.

DAMON  
**They** don't get out of that phase?  
Or you don't let them?

EVA  
You think you've got me all figured  
out, don't you?

DAMON  
Getting there.

Eva's eyes smile at Damon.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Haven't you ever been curious as to  
what lies on the other side?



Eva puts her hand in Damon's. The sun is gone, its natural light replaced by artificial lights scattered across the city.

EVA  
Increasingly so...

Shot of Damon's head in the left third of the frame, Eva's in the right. Their heads slowly gravitate towards one another. Damon makes up ground, leans in, and kisses her as 'Byegone' reaches the 2:37. They slowly kiss for just under a minute.

Eva eventually pulls back.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Just one.

DAMON  
You're a tease...

EVA  
No. Just one guy... that I've brought up here.

Grand, rear shot of them perched up over the L.A. cityscape. The bright lights illuminate the dark, clear sky. Zoom out as Eva rests her head on Damon's shoulder. Move to a wide shot of their jet black silhouettes morphed, acting as two conjoined, eclipsed moons opposite the skyline's blood orange radiance.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

Damon's slows the Saab aside Eva's curb. He parks it and hops out, dashing to the other side in order to open the passenger door. Eva's adorable chuckle sneaks out, followed by her person. She pecks him on the cheek.

EVA  
Goodnight, m'lord.

This occurs in the exact same spot where Damon said "m'lady" when he picked her up. The date was clearly a huge success.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

'Byegone' by Volcano Choir rejoins the fold, but this time just the instrumental. It's faint, and only the portion of the song found at 1:05. Quiet and consistent.

Damon is cruising home, talking to his mom on the phone. We listen in near the end of their conversation. The already light music fully fades. Damon is mid-conversation.

DAMON

And yes I got your package, very thoughtful.

Damon makes a face insinuating that he has most certainly not gotten around to opening the package.

PATRICIA

I'm glad. I love you so much son.  
But really, how are you?

He finds a familiar figure taking so many random steps on a sidewalk it looked like he was freestyle dancing. Bottle of scotch in hand, per usual.

DAMON

(shouting)  
Jordan! What the fuck?!

DAMON (CONT'D)

Sorry mom I gotta go.

Damon hangs up.

JORDAN

(drunk)  
What the fuck!

DAMON

You're gonna get stabbed.

JORDAN

Beats being unemployed, partner.

Damon pulls to the side of the road.

DAMON

Get in man, let's go home.

Jordan takes a seat on the curb. Damon realizes that Jordan won't get in the car until he says his piece.

JORDAN

They loved me. The casting directors.

DAMON

That's great!

JORDAN  
It's not. Talent beats out love any  
day. So I learned tonight.

DAMON  
You didn't get the gig?!

Jordan drunkenly raises the bottle of scotch, using it as evidence to communicate, from his perspective, the obvious answer to that question.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

JORDAN  
Yup.

DAMON  
Well, you can't win 'em all.

JORDAN  
When have I won one?

Damon looks off to the side.

DAMON  
... Good point.

That needs to be comic relief. Jordan takes a swig.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Let's get outta here.

Damon helps Jordan up, now willing to get in the car. As they get up, Jordan's cell rings. He answers in his depressed tone.

JORDAN  
Hello?

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Yes.

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Okay...

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 I'll be there. Thank you much.  
 Thank you so much.

Jordan hangs up.

DAMON  
 What was that?!

JORDAN  
 My first win.

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 The other guy had to pass on the  
 role due to family complications.  
 I'm in.

They both jump, howl, embrace, every celebratory gesture in the book.

**FADE TO BLACK. END OF ACT 1.**

**FADE IN FROM BLACK. "TWO YEARS LATER" ON SCREEN.**

INT. NEW HOUSE - DAY

Jordan is gradually lining up his Robert De Niro framed photo. Damon is behind him making sure he doesn't hang it up upside down. He is no longer wearing his father's dog chain, but rather a fancy-looking chain. Camera angle is from the perspective of De Niro.

DAMON  
 Ok, now line **this one** up square,  
 you said you had a good eye for  
 this shit.

JORDAN  
 I do have a good eye...

Jordan comically closes one eye and squints with the other, taking what Damon said literally.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 Hey you got the time?

DAMON  
 (checks his watch)  
 Yup. And you should've left ten  
 ago.

JORDAN

Shit.

Jordan hustles to the counter and slaps his pretty watch on his wrist.

DAMON

Old habits die hard.

JORDAN

Yeah yeah...

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You know, I love making love with a watch on.

DAMON

Make love? I thought you had a meeting?

JORDAN

I do. Just saying in general. I spent a fortune on this I might as well keep 'em on during sex.

DAMON

The battery in yours died weeks ago, it doesn't even work.

JORDAN

The point of my watches are to get me laid.

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So they work. Finish setting the place up, will ya? Toodaloo.

Jordan slips out the front door.

DAMON

If I had that fucker's face...

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

**SNIIFFFF**

Jordan is in a fancy room at the Chateau Marmont, surrounded by people who are strangers to the audience; and most of which are strangers to him.

The room is littered with white powdered lines, beer bottles, lingering smoke clouds, and pretty people hung over furniture. Jordan's bodyguard is at the door... well... standing guard.

Someone pats Jordan on the back.

DRUG DEALER

Two hits in a row baby!

JORDAN

We don't know if this will be a hit just yet... they just started editing.

Jordan takes a puff from a Marlboro.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

If there's one thing I've learned from my trade it's that you could work your ass off on a project and the world still has the right to never bat an eye.

STRANGER

Yeah? Well what'd you learn from *Undermine* then?

JORDAN

(humorously)

I love money. And I love cocaine.

Everyone in the room laughs. Jordan's drug dealer turns to look at Jordan more seriously.

DRUG DEALER

And I love getting paid **before** my coke gets used.

JORDAN

Jack, you know me. I don't like carrying around cash. What if I lose my wallet? Or worse, someone tries to mug me?

DRUG DEALER

Or worse, you owe your drug dealer cash...?

Jordan puts his blunt-gripping fingers on his drug dealer's shoulder.

JORDAN

Don't sweat it. I'm good for it.  
You know that, right?

Jordan leans over and inhales a line.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You can add that to my tab.

Jack releases his tension with a laugh and takes a hit as well. Jordan reaches in his pocket and pulls out heroin.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Let's party tonight.

His face appears confident, but subtleties suggest him begging for these people to mirror his desire to elevate his addiction. He feels alone in this desire. But his new peers accept, affirming his actions. Jordan distributes the bag's contents.

INT. THE BLINDER - EVENING

EVA

You look stressed.

DAMON

Tell me expert, what does a  
"stressed" person look like?

EVA

I can tell you what he sounds like.

DAMON

Sorry. I didn't mean-

EVA

-what's on your mind.

Damon leans forward to express his frustrations with the utmost confidentiality.

DAMON

I'm going on ten plus auditions a week and hear nothing but radio silence, meanwhile Jordan is riding on easy street having writers and directors coming to **him** to collaborate.

EVA

Well aren't you happy for him?

DAMON

Of course I'm happy for him. He's my best friend. I'm just kinda sick of being happy for **just him**, you know? I want to book my own shit, make my own big shot money.

EVA

If you need money you know I can hook you up with some hours here, I am a manager now after all.

DAMON

No no, I'm still gonna act. I wanna do it. On my own.

EVA

It might be beneficial to consider the odds here...

DAMON

What are you saying?

EVA

I'm saying... I too once had the mentality of chasing an acting career. And I wasn't gonna stop. I'm glad I didn't stop before I met you, or ya know, we wouldn't have connected so well. But in time, I considered my odds.

DAMON

Are you telling me to quit?

EVA

I just want to see you happy.

DAMON

Believe it or not, this is my route to happiness.

Eva takes a sip of her drink and looks away.

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)

What?

EVA

Nothing.

Damon looks at her, his eyes cueing her to return the favor by telling him what's on her mind.



EVA (CONT'D)  
Are you sure it's not a pipe dream?

DAMON  
Could be. But to be honest I don't  
really care.

They both smile.

EVA  
Regardless, I hope you see me in  
your pipe dreams.

They simultaneously cringe.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Oh like your known for your wit.

They stand up and walk toward the exit.

EVA (CONT'D)  
I may not be known for my wit but  
when it comes to common sense, I  
think I have the upper hand.

Damon pulls her arm up straight to the sky then does the  
same, proving he actually has the upper hand.

DAMON  
You sure?

She laughs and shoves him in the gut. By their banter, it  
seems like they're in a good spot in their relationship.

EVA  
I love my silly boy.

DAMON  
I love you too.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - EVENING

It's premier night for Jordan's second film, *And In Death*. He  
plays the lead in this one, as his stellar performance in  
*Undermine* afforded this role.

Jordan, Damon, Eva, Cindy, and a fleet of gorgeous women are  
dressed to kill, sitting in a dazzling limousine. Jordan  
takes a hit from a joint, as him and his dates have been  
passing it around the entire ride. He gestures toward Damon.

JORDAN  
Smoke with me.

DAMON

Pass.

JORDAN

More for me.

Jordan inadvertently blows smoke in Damon's face. Damon turns his face away from Jordan's direction, clearly biting his tongue as he does not want to say anything to piss Jordan off on his big night.

Jordan, our rags to riches story, steps out onto the red carpet. The paparazzi's camera flashes illuminate the L.A. night. The flashes act as strobe lights, allowing us to see our characters' faces every other second. Jordan's high smile and low eyes greet every one behind the security ropes. Damon's face conveys annoyance as he get bumped around and hears people yelling "Jordan!"

Damon winces at all the flashing lights and clamoring media. He judges Jordan for not taking this seriously, as Jordan shaking hands high and drunk means he probably won't remember this moment. He thinks Jordan's being disingenuous. Damon knows this isn't Jordan's raw character. Jordan now needs drugs to get himself out of bed, let alone engage in a social event.

Jordan walks up to fans with a poster for him to sign, but he signs their infant's forehead instead. He then motions to the baby for a high five, and of course the infant does nothing. Jordan raises the baby's hand himself to complete the high five.

DAMON

(to Cindy)

This feels different than what I expected.

Eva goes to play peekaboo with the baby.

CINDY

What feels different?

DAMON

This all just feels premature for him. I mean, he deserves it and all, but he actually just signed a baby and then expected it to have the motor skills to give him a high five?

Pan to Jordan unsuccessfully trying to play patty cake with the baby.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Who thinks like that?

CINDY  
The people love him.

Eva talks to the paparazzi while Jordan signs memorabilia for more fans. This entire sequence needs to heavily contradict Damon's initial vision of his fame on the Sunset Strip.

INT. NEW HOUSE - MORNING

Damon is standing in the kitchen while Jordan sits on the sofa. Both are drinking coffee and reading the day's newspaper, both of which are leaving bitter tastes in their mouths.

JORDAN  
Why the fuck should I care what critics think of me?

DAMON  
They have merit. Their words inform people to either go see a film or invest their time and money elsewhere.

JORDAN  
(mocking a review)  
"Jordan Miller. Overacting or underacting? Indicating or unconvincing? Talentless or simply lucky? I say 'D', all of the above."

DAMON  
Don't read into that.

JORDAN  
You just told me I should care what they think. Don't be a hypocrite.

DAMON  
You know you're talented.

Jordan decides to temporarily lie to himself.

JORDAN  
I'm not worried about it. These leaches don't appreciate art, let alone artists. They think we act solely to see ourselves on a fifty-foot screen.

DAMON

I agree. They don't know that it's much bigger than just that.

JORDAN

Whatever. Fifty feet. Sixty. Doesn't matter.

Damon's eyebrows raise as he slowly shakes his head at Jordan's stupidity.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

They think we're only in it for the money.

DAMON

What do you want me to say, they're cynics.

JORDAN

It's "critics", but close. Gimme a refill on my coffee will ya?

Damon rolls his eyes on his way to refill Jordan's mug. As Damon walks back to the kitchen Jordan swiftly smuggles some unidentified powder into his fresh cup of coffee. In order to cloak the white of the powder, Jordan proceeds to stir with his index finger but quickly yanks it back due to the coffee's heat.

Damon walks over to take a seat on the sofa. Jordan rushes to conceal the now empty sandwich bag.

DAMON

Well, whatever they are, their opinions **do** matter. They may not be true, as we both know you **have** talent, but if they whip up enough batches of Kool-Aid, people will drink it. So it's okay to at least pay attention.

As Damon reaches for the TV remote, he notices a small pinch of snow-white powder beside Jordan's cup of coffee. His demeanor instantly changes.

DAMON (CONT'D)

What the fuck man?

JORDAN

Fuck. It's just coke.

DAMON  
(pointing)  
I've seen cocaine. That's not what  
that is.

JORDAN  
Relax.

DAMON  
Relax?

JORDAN  
Yes! Despite me being the only real  
source of money between the two of  
us and you needing me to "be  
perfect" all the time, relax.

DAMON  
The hell does that mean?

JORDAN  
Are you gonna tell me I'm breaking  
your heart? That your money source  
is letting you down? You don't  
think you would want a break, a  
**release** from all this shit?!

DAMON  
I-

Jordan stands up from the couch.

JORDAN  
-Oh of course not, Damon Dixon  
would **never** let the fame get to his  
head. Or the fact that people make  
money from critiquing your  
movements, your emotions, your  
passion!

DAMON  
Okay okay, let's relax. How much of  
this shit is in your system.

JORDAN  
(emotions high)  
I ask again. Why. Why the fuck do  
you care!

Jordan violently rattles the newspaper.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Why the fuck do any of these low life, frightened fucking cowards care about what I do?! And now I feel you breathing down my neck?

Jordan leaves the living room and hastily makes way toward the door.

DAMON

This isn't the first time I've noticed you carrying.

JORDAN

Yeah? Well this isn't the first time I've noticed you noticing. You think that hasn't sparked any guilt in me? I feel like shit for doing it, but to my honest man, the high is worth it to me, so I really couldn't give a fuck anymore. It kills the noise. But you wouldn't get it.

Jordan snags the Maserati keys from wall.

DAMON

You're not driving right now.

Jordan leaves, slamming the door. Damon panics.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Fuckin-

**Brrrrrrring. Brrrrrrring.**

Damon's cell starts going off. He glances at the screen, it's his mother. He answers.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Mom! Kind of in the middle of something!

PATRICIA

Honey I-

Damon is throwing on his shoes with his phone pressed to his ear by his shoulder.

DAMON

And stop leaving me thirty minute voicemails. I don't listen to them! I **can't** listen to them, it'd be a **massive** waste of time!

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

Life moves faster here than Baker City. I'm sorry but I gotta go.

He hangs up, clearly focused on racing outside to catch Jordan.

EXT. MELROSE PL. - MORNING

Camera is riding shotgun here. Jordan, face tight with anger and slightly high, is pulling onto the street as Damon darts to the driver window and starts smacking.

DAMON

Open up!

JORDAN

Move!

Officer Cortez is walking in the middle of a pedestrian crossing holding two cups of coffee. She sees a familiar male battling to enter a Maserati. She halts to confirm her suspicion - reference to Marsellus Wallace crossing the street in Pulp Fiction. She then gets in the passenger's side of a cop car and hands her partner his coffee.

OFFICER CORTEZ

I recognize that guy.

OFFICER ADAMS (CORTEZ'S PARTNER, MALE)

And I asked for cream and sugar.

Damon slides over the hood as Jordan jolts forward. Damon makes it to the passenger door handle as Jordan struggles to find the door lock button. Damon makes it in. Jordan accelerates as fast as his temper.

DAMON

Pull over.

JORDAN

No.

DAMON

Pull the fuck over.

JORDAN

When are you going to understand that I am **not** your fucking problem!

**Brrrrrring. Brrrrrring.**

Damon denies the call. Jordan swerves as he comes inches to nailing a motorcyclist.

DAMON

Jesus man! When you're high behind the wheel and I'm in the car you're my fucking problem!

OFFICER CORTEZ & ADAMS

(in unison)

Whoa!

OFFICER ADAMS

They almost hit that motorcyclist!

OFFICER CORTEZ

Finally some fuckin' action.

JORDAN

Didn't force you in here did I?

Jordan finds a break in the residential traffic and opens the Maserati up, instilling more fear into both Damon and a slight amount into himself. Officer Adams tries his best to catch up to Jordan, but Jordan's negligent driving has once again granted him an escape. For now.

DAMON

Just pull over, let's talk about this. You're going to get us both killed.

Jordan has turned into a busier street. A large construction vehicle pulls in front of them.

JORDAN

"Not follow"? The fuck am I supposed to do then?

He honks aggressively and exudes mannerisms of a drug addict without his fix - frustrated and claustrophobic. He gets on the construction driver's ass. Cortez and her partner are in the same traffic, surveying, but with their sirens off. Jordan illegally enters the street's shoulder, putting the Maserati in the cops' view.

**Waaaaaahhh. Waaaaaahhh.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(repeating with emphasis)

The fuck am I supposed to do?! Not follow?!



DAMON

I think it's the reckless driving that's getting us pulled over, not following a fucking cement mixer!  
**Fuck!**

JORDAN

There's a lot of shit in here. What do we do.

DAMON

What kind of shit...

JORDAN

Just some shit man! It is what it is.

Damon opens the glovebox. Cocaine, heroin, a needle, and enough weed to supply Portland's homeless population.

DAMON

Jesus man, a couple steps up from scotch is fuck the fuck what it is!

JORDAN

Save the judgement. What the hell do we do?

DAMON

What **can** we do? We are so **fucked!**

Jordan, sweating .505 Gibbs bullets, tries to outrun the police. He accelerates.

DAMON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

JORDAN

I can't go to jail man! I'm just starting to make a name for myself and if I get caught with this shit no one would hire me for God knows how long!

DAMON

Or me...

JORDAN

Yes I suppose if you were in charge of casting you wouldn't book me either.

DAMON

That's not what I- how is this gonna workout in our favor if you just outrun them until we inevitably get rammed off the road?!

The speedometer breaks 100 mph. Cortez and Adams have caught up. They smack the Maserati bumper.

JORDAN

Workout...

DAMON

What?

JORDAN

I'm gonna pop one of their tires. Take the wheel.

Jordan doesn't wait for Damon to accept his request and immediately reaches toward the backseat. Damon throws his upper body across the console and grips the wheel.

Jordan reappears from the back seat to the front, this time with his ten pound dumbbell that's been rolling around on the floor of the car. He rolls down his window.

DAMON

What are you-

Jordan sticks his head and arms out the Mas to underhand **hurl** the dumbbell at the trailing cops.

**SMASH!** The dumbbell explodes the windshield, nearly decapitating Cortez and leaving a pile of shards on her lap. They continue to hunt down Jordan and Damon. Jordan retakes the wheel.

DAMON (CONT'D)

**POP ONE OF THEIR TIRES??!!**

Damon fumbles in the glovebox for anything that can be of use. He finds a pocket knife and begins slicing a hole in his passenger seat.

JORDAN

You're fucking up my leather seat!

DAMON

I'm keeping us out of prison.

**Brrrrrring. Brrrrrring.**

Damon screens the call. He stuffs the cushion full of every substance but the marijuana, then presses his calves against the opening in hopes of disguising it.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Pull over!

JORDAN

Why? I'm not going to prison man!

DAMON

I was able to fit everything but the weed.

**Beat.**

Are we gonna fucking outrun every LAPD officer? **Pull over.**

Jordan, already driving on the shoulder, slows the car to a stop.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Switch with me.

Damon and Jordan quickly swap spots in the car.

OFFICER ADAMS

(over intercom)

Exit the vehicle with your hands on your heads!

Jordan and Damon do as they're told. Adams followed by Cortez carefully approach them with their handguns drawn. Per standard police procedure, Adams taps the trunk of the Maserati to ensure it's latched closed and to detect any possible movement if someone is trapped.

OFFICER ADAMS (CONT'D)

Hands behind your head. Amy, search the car and see if they have anything worse than exercise equipment in there.

Adams turns Jordan's body, presses him against the Mas, and takes out his handcuffs. The Sheriff parks his vehicle behind Adam's and joins the party with his weapon drawn as well. Cortez skipped on detaining Damon and went straight for the car. She's been investigating the back seats. Just as she's about to open the Maserati's passenger door...

SHERIFF MANRUBIA

Wait wait wait. Officers, lower your weapons. This is Jordan Miller!

OFFICER ADAMS  
(looking at Jordan)  
Shut up, no it ain't.

DAMON  
Indeed it is.

Jordan swiftly shushes Damon, insinuating that he should be the only one speaking right now.

JORDAN  
And he is **so sorry** for speeding,  
the dumbbell, everything.

OFFICER CORTEZ  
Reckless driving. Resisting arrest.  
Battery. These are huge crimes you  
know...

JORDAN  
Yes. We know. And we feel **awful**.  
You just spooked us... is all.  
Don't get my boy here in trouble,  
I'm the one who was driving **and**  
threw the dumbbell. He did nothing  
wrong.

Cortez ups the trunk.

OFFICER ADAMS  
Lotta shoes in here...

Damon tries to make light of the situation.

DAMON  
Gotta be prepared.

OFFICER ADAMS  
Prepared for what? A hike, workout,  
beach trip **and** a black tie event?

DAMON  
(smiling)  
Maybe!

OFFICER CORTEZ  
Sheriff I don't care how much your  
boner likes this guy, we can't just  
do nothin'.

SHERIFF MANRUBIA  
(looking at pants)  
I do not have a boner for him.

OFFICER CORTEZ

If you do there's nothing wrong with that, just saying I don't care for it.

**Beat.**

SHERIFF MANRUBIA

You two are lucky I'm a fan.

OFFICER CORTEZ

Sheriff Manrubia. Please. They almost took my head off with a fucking dumbbell!

Camera pans to a windshield-less cop car. Then back to a superficially ashamed Jordan.

SHERIFF MANRUBIA

Just follow us to the station.

Officer Cortez shakes her head with a grimace, expressing her discontent for the Sheriff's decision. Adams shrugs and remains neutral.

INT. BAKER CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Patricia is sitting on a hospital bed in a hospital gown. She is holding a landline in her hand as her doctor comforts her with his hand on her shoulder. There's a glass of water on the bedside table filled one inch from the brim. She is hunched over. She looks slightly ill in the body, but more ill in the eyes due to the fact that her own son continuously screens her calls. The audience knows Damon's mother is ill. Damon does not.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

JORDAN

Thanks for bailing me out.

EVA

Thank my parents, when I told them I had to bail Jordan Miller out of jail they practically threw cash at me. So long as I told them the "Hollywood scoop" as to why.

JORDAN

Oh yeah? What'd you tell 'em?

EVA

Just speeding. They got loud mouths, thought I'd make it a little more P.G.

Jordan is rubbing his wrists from being in cuffs all night.

JORDAN

Good looking out. I could use someone like you on my P.R. team.

EVA

I can't believe they just let Damon go...

JORDAN

Yup. Sheriff said as much of a fan he is, he couldn't let us both free. I explained Damon wanted me to pull over the whole time, yada yada, they let him drive home scot free. Besides, I've spent nights in worst places before...

EVA

How in the hell did you only get a **day's sentence** for throwing a hunk of iron at a police officer from a moving vehicle, going one fifteen I might add-

JORDAN

-One fifteen. How'd you know that?

EVA

Entertainment Weekly.

JORDAN

How'd Entertainment Weekly know that?

EVA

I mean you said the Sheriff is a fan...

JORDAN

Hysterical.

EVA

Regardless, the fact you're legally able to walk out of this building right now blows my mind.

JORDAN

Hollywood serves the pretty people  
sweetheart.

EVA

(laughing)

I guess they do.

JORDAN

Oh shit, I almost forgot!

EVA

What's that.

JORDAN

Well, the main reason my bail was  
posted today is because there's  
this Malibu beach party, going on  
right now actually, and I told the  
Sheriff if gave me a chance to get  
out I'd get him in to the party.  
Given he shows up without his  
badge. Wanna come with?

EVA

I don't know... I gotta close  
tonight and was honestly looking  
forward to getting some rest...

JORDAN

Oh c'mon, I was just gonna make a  
blithe appearance anyway. Let's  
call Damon, see if he wants to tag  
along?

EVA

(playfully)

Fine... Let me call him.

Eva walks a few yards to call Damon. The call is short.

EVA (CONT'D)

Says he's gotta keep rehearsing at  
my place. You know how he's been  
lately.

JORDAN

That's fine! Just you and me then.  
Didn't think he'd be down anyway.

EXT. MAILBU BEACH PARTY - DAY

Jordan and Eva sharply turn from the road into a beautiful home's expansive driveway. 'The More I See You' by Chris Montez is on the radio. By the music and the way Eva's Nissan 300ZX jerked, it's clear that Jordan is behind the wheel. The two step out.

VALET

Lovely ride, Mr. Miller.

Jordan gleefully flicks the Nissan keys to the valet.

JORDAN

Lovely indeed.

VALET

Your date looks stunning, Mr. Miller.

Eva breaks out into laughter.

EVA

You were right...

JORDAN

Ha! Told you they'd think we're together... Damon who?

Eva playfully punches Jordan in the arm. The two enter the spacious home, containing enough glass to make clear that the partying is commencing at the beach. They follow the party.

EVA

I'm fine with letting you drive, but not fine with that old ass music.

JORDAN

Shame on you! Beats the garbage I assume they're playing here...

Dozens of people, ranging from drenched in full attire to completely dry in two pieces, are carousing on the breathtaking Malibu coastline. 'Motownphilly' by Boyz II Men is playing in full. Jordan and Eva make their way to the sand.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

JORDAN

Oh my **God**. Did I not call that?!



EVA

If the producers of this town knew  
you were calling Boyz II Men  
garbage-

JORDAN

-who's house do you think we're  
at?! I'd have to act until I was 80  
to afford a pad like this!

EVA

(sarcastically)

Well point me toward the producer  
who does own this place, I'd rather  
hang out with someone with bigger  
pockets anyway.

JORDAN

Funny enough he's actually not a  
producer, he's some wealthy stock  
dude. My drug guy gets his shit  
from his drug guy, you know the  
deal.

Jordan and Eva are unknowingly at Stratton Oakmont's Malibu beach party. It's clear through Jordan's mannerisms and intentional swagger that he is flirting at least a little bit. He's leading the two of them toward the hub of commotion. He stops at a bar cart on the sand to fix two cocktails.

EVA

You have to at least admit they're  
talented...

Jordan is facing away from Eva as he concocts the drinks. With one in each hand, he rhythmically swivels his feet in the sand to face Eva. As the song reaches the 1:33 mark, Jordan begins to lip sync.

*Yo these four new jacks is real smooth on the harmony tip,  
Nate, Mike, Shawn, and Wan, you know the mentality, keep  
spittin' the gift.*

Eva stands in disbelief as the Boyz II Men cynic has seemingly turned Hater II Fanatic. He makes his way toward her and hands her her drink.

*The spotlight is on us now, watch us do this, da dop... baa-  
da-dop... ba dop dop dop dop, live and direct from Philly  
won, rappin' hype and we can get down, we are ready to roll,  
so now the world will know that we roll.*

EVA (CONT'D)

You know what, and it's taking a lot for me to say this, I never thought you were that strong of an actor. **But** this whole "I hate 90's hip hop" front when you're, in reality, an exuberant fan. I gotta say. I'm impressed.

JORDAN

I'm tasked with acting for a living. In my free time I prefer **not** to act like I like this... noise.

Jordan takes an extensive swig of his drink.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Two months ago. Had to memorize it for a Philly Cheesesteak joint's commercial. Never aired... can't imagine why...

EVA

(laughing and smiling)

Can't be your contagious rhythm or precise lip syncing.

JORDAN

Clearly not.

Jordan continues to make a fool of himself for Eva's entertainment. She laughs at him.

INT. EVA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Damon is pacing and practicing for his audition in a dim room. He sits at a desk, his eyes still pinned to his lines. The only light is a desk lamp and faint city lights slipping through the curtains. Damon yanks one of the curtains closer to the other out of frustration, closing the gap and eliminating the light. He speaks softly.

DAMON

Distractions. Nothing but distractions. All around me.

Damon applies his eyes back to the paper, murmuring lines. That is, until he slowly lowers them and carefully reopens the same small curtain. He sees a sliver of the Hollywood sign amidst the black hills.

Damon internalizes this as a literal sign to change his atmosphere. His soft grin is reminiscent of him and Eva's cinematic date at the Hollywood sign. He stands up from his chair, flicks off the lamp, grabs his lines, and rushes toward the staircase. Once at Eva's apartment building rooftop, the sign is slightly more visible, but not to Damon's liking. He spots a taller building across the street, flies down the stairs, jogs across the street, and tries to open the taller building's front door. It's locked. He swings up the fire escape until he is standing atop an unfamiliar rooftop, out of breath, but full of life.

DAMON (CONT'D)

No. Inspiration.

Wide shot to Damon pacing across the rooftop. He's reciting lines to himself, absorbing the city's noise and haste.

EXT. MAILBU BEACH - EVENING

Eva is chatting to party guests. Jordan's drug pals from the Chateau Marmont are in the background. Further in the distance, almost hidden to the viewer, is Jordan Belfort. Our Jordan watches from a distance as he finishes up his own conversation. His male gaze confirms his already existing attraction toward Eva. Mid sentence, she looks at him as well. One could say they "eye fucked". Jordan walks toward her. Eva wraps up her conversation and the two sit on the sand with their mixed drinks.

JORDAN

Look at that moron over there.

Jordan points to a guy running around with a large water gun.

EVA

Him?

She points at the same man.

JORDAN

Like, who brings a water gun to a beach party, and starts shooting people **now**. Everyone's gonna get cold. Everyone's gonna hate him.

In the distance we see the man spray the gun into a woman's mouth.

WOMAN

That's vodka!

The woman shoots him a thumbs up. She opens her mouth once more, and he hits her with a second shot.

EVA  
We stand corrected...

JORDAN  
That man is a genius.

Jordan stands up and extends his hand downward. Eva takes it to pull herself up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Speaking of genius ideas.

Jordan pulls out a couple pills from his pocket. Ecstasy. By this point, it should be clear both Jordan and Eva are intoxicated.

EVA  
Jordan, I don't think-

JORDAN  
Don't think. Let me do the thinking.

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
And I **think**, if I may say, that you and I had a pretty fun day today.

'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place' by The Animals comes on the party speakers. The man with the vodka gun asks Jordan if he wants to partake by firing finger guns in his direction.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
My man! Hit me!

Jordan is served a shot of aerial vodka. Eva chuckles at the ridiculousness.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
You have phenomenal taste brother!  
And I'm glad **someone** here appreciates me!

Eva opens Jordan's clenched fist, revealing the ecstasy. She slowly, and slightly sensually, takes one for herself.

EVA  
Who said I didn't appreciate you?

She takes the pill. Jordan quickly follows. Eva shoots into the ocean. Once again, Jordan quickly follows.

EVA (CONT'D)

No no no!

JORDAN

Oh yes!

Jordan tackles Eva and they both fall under the water. They rise, giggling, lit up from the stark moonlight. Eva shoves Jordan in the chest.

EVA

You fucker... I didn't want to go all the way in!

Jordan sarcastically shrugs with false innocence. Eva looks up at the joy in Jordan's eyes, and as quickly as she shoved him, she grips his wet shirt and pulls him into her. She kisses him.

They stop, look at one another, then proceed to slowly kiss in the Pacific Ocean.

INT. NEW HOUSE HALLWAY - EVENING

Damon and Jordan are walking in silence to their unit.

JORDAN

Have you ever gotten with a girl, then taken off your pants later that same day, and found a long strand of hair between your cheeks? I can count four times, in high school. It's kinda like, 'Oh yeah. That happened. And it was awesome' kinda moment.

DAMON

You get with a girl last night?

Jordan's eyes grow.

JORDAN

No. Just making conversation.

Damon sticks the key into their door. His audition materials in his other hand.

DAMON

The door's unlocked.

JORDAN  
(continuing his story)  
But seriously. Tell me that's never  
happened to you...

DAMON  
Why is our door not locked.

Damon swings open the door and walks in. Jordan right behind  
him.

JORDAN  
I hardly ever locked my door at my  
old place.

DAMON  
(shouting)  
That's because you didn't own  
anything **worth robbing. Fuck!**

Damon slams his hands on the door. Besides furniture, their  
place is as empty as the day they signed the lease.

JORDAN  
(shouting)  
Wait! No! You followed me out  
yesterday, remember?! Don't make  
this my fault!

DAMON  
Yes, but you had the keys to the  
Mas, there's a house key on that  
keychain!

JORDAN  
Well where were you last night?!  
They let you run free for fuck's  
sake!

DAMON  
I slept at Eva's!

Jordan paces around, as if the motion would help drive his  
mind to arrive at a conclusion.

JORDAN  
Fuck...

DAMON  
What?!

JORDAN  
I owed someone money...

DAMON  
How much money?

JORDAN  
Drug money.

DAMON  
Jesus Christ Jordan.

JORDAN  
I know.

DAMON  
You have all the money in the world  
and you're holding out on your **drug  
dealer?!**

JORDAN  
I said I know!

DAMON  
We'd still have all our shit if you  
didn't do every drug in the goddamn  
book!

Jordan frantically sits on the couch. He fumbles a bag of mismatched pills from his pocket and they spread all across the living room table. Damon's face turns worrisome. For the first time since he's known of Jordan's addictions, Damon is seeing his best friend in trouble. Not an ungrateful movie star knowingly sabotaging his future. Damon takes a seat next to the shaking Jordan.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
When I was younger, I would always ride home from the military base camp at night with my dad. It'd be pitch black. My mom would be at work all day and night, and we couldn't afford a babysitter, so I would go with my dad to his training and wait until he was done. Every time we drove back, he would let me ride shotgun. I'd recline the seat all the way back, to where I was almost parallel with the road beneath us. We'd be on the freeway for only about an hour or so, but the monotony of a long, straight line rocked me to sleep like clockwork.

Throughout this monologue about his father, Damon is tearing up. But he keeps paving way on telling the story as he knows it has a chance to give Jordan some perspective.

DAMON (CONT'D)

So I'd lay there, my head in the perfect position to look out the window and see the white stars set against the infinite darkness until I was knocked. But one night driving back, I got curious about the 'exits'. I had never really payed attention to them, and mind you I was very young, so I asked my dad. "Hey dad. What's an 'exit'?"

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)

He said, "You take an exit when it's time to get off the freeway. The main road." I inquired, as naive kids do, with "What happens if you miss an exit?". He replied, "Well, you have to keep going and find a different one, and it takes longer to get home. Makes it harder."

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)

Since I ritualistically fell asleep, I had no idea we'd turn off the freeway. I'd just wake up, and we'd be home.

Damon shifts the tone and sincerity of his voice, making what follows to be about Jordan's scenario specifically.

DAMON (CONT'D)

You have to get off this road. Look what it's doing to you. Look what it's doing to **us**.

JORDAN

(emotionally)

I don't know how to get off it.

Damon wears an expression of both sympathy and dismay. Jordan is silent and still.



## INT. ENTERTAINMENT STORE - DAY

Damon and Eva are walking around the TVs in an entertainment store. Eva is taking note of the TVs around them, wondering which one Damon and Jordan may want. Damon has audition lines in hand, head down. Eva is holding a plastic shopping basket. In it are a few snacks, random items, and the novel *The Bridges of Madison County* by Robert James Waller. The front cover is turned down, as we do not want the audience to explicitly see what book she's buying. But the title is slightly visible from the book's spine. Eva walks up to a TV.

EVA

What about this one?

DAMON

(looking down)

Looks great.

EVA

You haven't even looked up.

DAMON

(looks up at Eva)

What?

EVA

You're the one who said we had to go TV shopping, can you pay attention a little? This TV isn't even for me.

Damon rolls up his small stack of papers and files them in his back pocket.

DAMON

You're right. Sorry.

Damon pecks Eva on the cheek. He walks up to the TV screen to analyze it.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Jordan will probably think it's too small. Let's keep looking.

Damon pulls his lines out from his pocket, sets his eyes on them, and slowly begins to walk forward again. Eva doesn't bother expressing her annoyance. The two continue to slowly pace forward when Eva sees a familiar face show up on every screen in the department. Jordan's.

EVA

(excited)

Oh my God! Babe! Look!

DAMON  
That's old footage.

EVA  
Still cool to see!

DAMON  
You're acting weird.

EVA  
I'm happy... and happy for him.

Damon continues murmuring audition lines to himself.

DAMON  
Walk away this time. Or am I going  
to...

Damon returns to his own little world. The TVs display a dapper Jordan amidst a sea of paparazzi. He's joyful. He points to the camera, smiles, and waves with great charisma. To Eva, he is paying attention to her. Slow zoom in on Eva's face and she grins in reaction to Jordan's illusory interest in her.

Yards away, we now focus on Damon enveloped in his lines.

**Brrrrrring. Brrrrrring.**

The disruptive ringing frustrates Damon, but he picks it up this time. Patricia sounds shocked her son has answered. Her voice is shaky and abnormal, but she tries her best to keep spirits up.

PATRICIA  
Honey! Honey, how are you?

DAMON  
Hi mom. What's up, I'm really busy  
right now.

PATRICIA  
Oh, that's okay, I can be quick!  
Lord knows I can talk to you  
forever, having little to do around  
here and all, but I know you're-

DAMON  
Mom. C'mon.

PATRICIA  
Right. Sorry hun. I just wanted to  
call to let you know I haven't been  
feeling my best lately.

Damon has his cell squished between his shoulder and ear, as he lip reads lines to himself.

DAMON

Okay... and...

PATRICIA

And just that I'm thinking of you every day, that I'm so proud of you. And that I love you.

DAMON

I know that Ma, I love you too. But I'm working right now.

PATRICIA

Okay. I don't want to ruin your day, dragging on as I always do. I know you hate that.

DAMON

Sounds good. Bye Ma.

Damon unclasps the phone from his neck and hangs up. Back to Eva and her fixation on Jordan's digital face. Her smile persists, and then all the TVs simultaneously change to nature shots. Her cell dings, and as she raises the device from her bag to her face and sees Jordan has texted her, that same warm smile from moments ago returns. She reads the text then looks at Damon.

EVA

Hey babe. Jordan asked me if we wanted to get dinner with him. You want to?

DAMON

(looks up)  
Asked you...?

Eva innocently flashes Damon her cell.

EVA

Yeah. He just sent me a quick text.

DAMON

(looks back down)  
Yeah. That's fine.

Eva reels in a nearby store associate. She points to the massive TV she was watching Jordan on.

EVA

We'll take two of that one.

Eva looks over to see if Damon noticed she said two. Through her tone of voice and body language, she has decided to buy one for herself due to irritation from Damon's dismissive behavior.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Establish the era, city, energy of the city, and the time of day, that of which is evening, with various shots of Los Angeles. We see broader shots, like aerial views of roads and cityscape sweeps, to more intimate interactions like civilians stepping out of vehicles, eating outdoors, conversing, etc. - general geographical and societal context to when, and where we are. People are enjoying themselves, their company, and their collective time.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Both Damon and Eva meet Jordan at his table. As Eva begins to pull out her chair and sit, Jordan's interrupts her motion.

JORDAN

Eva, sorry if this sounds rude, but do you mind if just me and Damon eat? Give us some boy's time?

EVA

Sure! I gotta train a helpless bartender pretty soon here anyway. No prob.

DAMON

(to Jordan)

Why did you text her if you wanted to eat just you and I?

JORDAN

... Just who came to mind I suppose.

DAMON

(to Eva)

You sure?

EVA

Yeah, all good! I'll see you later.

Damon goes in for a quick kiss, and Eva offers her cheek accompanied with a fraudulent smile easily distinguishable from her previous smile in the store. The smile inspired by Jordan on the TVs.

**Beat.**

As Damon takes his seat, Eva quickly shoots Jordan a look on her way out. She knows his intention.

JORDAN  
So!

DAMON  
So?

**Beat.**

JORDAN  
I feel like we haven't just, sat down, for awhile. You and me.

DAMON  
Well, I've been preparing for this audition, you've been working. You've been...

Damon leans over the table for confidentiality.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
... Trying to consume less... of everything.

JORDAN  
I have. In regard to both. And I owe some credit to you, actually! Your little childhood story the other week really helped me gain something all the hallucinogens have... recently... fallen short of.

DAMON  
And what would that be.

JORDAN  
Perspective. So, given that you were honest with me, and how you opened up about your father to help me out, I thought I should be honest and open with you too.

DAMON  
Permission granted...

JORDAN  
Eva.

**Beat.**

Damon waves his hand in a circular motion, encouraging Jordan to elaborate. Jordan laughs at his apparent lost train of thought. Damon nervously chuckles as well.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Eva... is special. As you **obviously** know. She's an amazing person. She's a sounding board when you're wrapped in problems, a coach when you're lacking confidence...

Jordan's appreciation and affinity toward Eva seeps through his teeth, revealing the most candid smile we've seen from him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

... An anchor when you're needing grounding, and not taking life serious enough...

DAMON

Jordan. What's your point saying all this?

**Beat.**

JORDAN

She's helped me dial back my drug usage as of recent. Not completely cut it out, but baby steps.

Jordan releases a shred of tension with a chuckle. Damon is confused, and borderline disturbed.

DAMON

What are you saying.

JORDAN

What I'm saying, and what I'm failing to arrive at, is that...

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)

... I see a stronger connection between her and I, than you and her. And-

DAMON

-Wait wait wait-

Jordan extends his arm to block Damon's interruption.

JORDAN

-Hey now, I didn't interrupt you when you were opening up to me. And trust me, regardless of how it seems, this isn't easy, and this **is** me opening up to you.

DAMON

(with blunt anger)  
Speak.

JORDAN

I think she fits my lifestyle more than yours. I think I appreciate her thoughts, her **time**, more than you do. You've been practically **dating** your audition materials and **neglecting** your actual girlfriend.

Damon's eyes are burning a hole through Jordan's.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And so, she needed company. She needed to be seen.

Damon, being told he cannot partake verbally, does so physically by firing his chair back and storming from the restaurant. Jordan follows him, close on his tail in similar fashion as to when Damon rushed after Jordan storming from their place.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD - DUSK

Our main characters are spat out of the restaurant and onto the Sunset Strip, in front of the entire public. People start flashing photos and recording videos of Jordan, breathing heavily from pursuit. Jordan nor Damon notice, let alone care. They're too engulfed in their own situation, and pending dialogue. So, in true Hollywood fashion, they commence their performance.

DAMON

(yelling)  
So you're telling me, these last few weeks, when I would **stay home** and practice my lines and you couldn't read with me because you had 'meetings', you were really meeting up with my girlfriend?! What about that is you being **honest?!**

JORDAN

We didn't meet every time.

DAMON

I don't care! Even if it was just once I mean-

JORDAN

-and don't be mistaken, she's meeting up with **me** too. She's not innocent here! I mean fuck, she kissed **me!**

DAMON

Oh I'm sure she was innocent until you, **WITH MALICE OF FORETHOUGHT**, tried, no, **succeeded**, in making her one of your fangirls like you do to every girl in this fucking city!

Jordan is clearly the calmer of the two. He's trying to show Damon, what Jordan considers, some reasoning.

JORDAN

It takes two to tango Damon! You can't be entirely mad at me here...

Damon's tears are swelling. He takes a couple more steps toward Jordan.

DAMON

Yes. Yes I can be entirely mad at you. And don't tell me I've been 'neglecting her' like she's some fucking dog. Do you know how many people **you've** neglected getting to where you are today?

JORDAN

(upset)  
Enlighten me.

DAMON

Me! Your family! Everyone we grew up with in Baton Rouge! Just flying to L.A. and forgetting about all of us! And not to mention, **yourself!** You've neglected your **health**, your **best fucking friend**, all to arrive at stealing his girlfriend?! The fuck?!

JORDAN

I didn't-



DAMON

-you did. Steal my girlfriend. My best friend stole my girlfriend.

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)

No. No. Some person **I don't even know**, stole my girlfriend, and she's my **best friend**.

Through Damon's body language and overall sadness, the condemned person he "doesn't even know", is Jordan. Damon turns back around and starts to walk away again.

JORDAN

'Neglecting' were her words. Not mine.

Damon doesn't hesitate to face Jordan once more.

DAMON

You know, I really like this girl. I love her, at that. And you think you can just take her away from me because you think she 'fits your lifestyle more'? Lifestyle? You wanna talk about lifestyle, huh, big shot actor?

**Beat.** Damon's sadness has shifted to anger. He gets in Jordan's face.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I know how much you love this city. How much you wanna contribute to the arts. And live a different, exciting world better than what either one of us grew up with. Isn't that why you came here in the first place? To be a big shot? Face it brother. You've gone mainstream. No where to go but down from here. Congrats.

**Beat.**

JORDAN

You could've fallen in love with any other girl back in Louisiana.

DAMON

**YOU. DON'T. KNOW HER.** She's different than other girls.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)

Except for one. She is like one other girl I know.

JORDAN

Who?

DAMON

My mom. She called me today. I didn't get the details, but-

Damon's anger and threatening energy toward Jordan switches **on a dime** back to despair. Tears can't leave his eyes fast enough, but the agony in his voice couldn't make his upcoming pronunciations any slower. All triggered by the topic of his mother.

DAMON (CONT'D)

-but. My mom is sick. She's really sick. I can tell from her-

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)

-Her fractured, trembling voice. And her kindness. And her **patience** with me recently. No one would be as tolerant of someone, someone who has been so dismissive toward their **own mother**.

JORDAN

I didn't know man.

DAMON

That's who she reminds me of.

JORDAN

That's awful and all. And I feel for you. I truly do. But I don't see how that relates to our situation here.

Damon's, moist with tears, scoffs at Jordan's response.

DAMON

Are you fucking kidding me?!

JORDAN

I just feel like you haven't dealt with enough in your life-

DAMON

-Dealt with enough? I've experienced **way more** shit than you.

JORDAN

And that's my point! I'm not trying to be a dick, but you've experienced plenty and have dealt with few. There's a big difference experiencing shit, and dealing with it.

Damon is shocked at Jordan's reaction to him explaining what's going on with his mother. Damon struggles to dam his relentless tears as he hopes of delivering what follows with maximum articulation.

DAMON

You can do everything you dream of without being an **asshole**. Who are you, anyway? Have you looked in the mirror recently? Do you recognize him?

**Beat.**

JORDAN

Most people act like looking in the mirror and seeing a stranger is a bad thing.

Damon turns and walks away, parting a mass of gathered civilians. Jordan shouts as Damon departs.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You know what?! I've always been weaker with a crutch anyway.

Damon pauses to hear Jordan's final remark. He absorbs it, then continues moving.

**FADE TO BLACK. END OF ACT 2.**

**FADE IN FROM BLACK.**

INT. DAMON & EVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shot of Eva's hand beside her leg, similar to the shot of the casting director's hand during Jordan's emotional audition in Act I. Eva's silver engagement ring slightly resembles the casting director's. Eva's hand is dangling, alone. Until a man's fingers glides into frame and intertwine with Eva's.

Damon and Eva are sitting on their couch. In their apartment. The mood proposes that past mishaps have been forgiven, present feelings are sincere, and their future is certain.

Damon has facial hair, and Eva a new hairstyle to insinuate time has passed.

**Brrrrrrring.**

Damon doesn't let his cell ring twice. He gladly takes the call in a calming fashion.

DAMON  
You here?

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Yup. I'll come grab ya. Buzzers broken.

Damon sits up from the couch, not before kissing Eva.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF APARTMENT - DAY

Damon swings open the building door to a patient Jordan.

DAMON  
Hey!

JORDAN  
Hey! Nice place!

DAMON  
Yeah not bad. We'll see if they ever fix the buzzer though. C'mon, third floor.

INT. DAMON & EVA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Damon and Jordan return to the apartment. Eva's long and youthful figure is stretched across the couch, face down, holding her copy of *The Bridges of Madison County* equidistant between her face and the worn in couch cushion. The book's title is hidden from the audience. Eva's head swivels and attention deviates from reading as she hears the two return.

JORDAN  
Eva. Hello.

EVA  
Hey!

JORDAN  
Love the place.

EVA  
Yup, us too. Except for the-

JORDAN & EVA  
(in unison)  
-buzzer.

JORDAN  
... I heard.

EVA  
Always somethin'.

Eva reacquaints herself with her novel.

DAMON  
Kitchen?

JORDAN  
Let's rehearse baby.

INT. DAMON & EVA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Our guys are trading audition lines just as we've witnessed before. Different kitchen, same habits. Jordan motions a motivating jab to Damon's chest.

JORDAN  
I'm going to help you deliver your most convincing performance ever. One way or another. I will.

DAMON  
Don't air it all out, you have a four A.M. call time tomorrow right? Gotta stay sharp.

JORDAN  
Fuck. I do. So help me get sharp.

Damon comically shakes his head at Jordan's traditional nonsense. He tosses a copy of coiled printer paper to Jordan.

DAMON  
(under his breath)  
Some things never change.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(looking at lines)  
Alright.

JORDAN  
Wait.

DAMON

What?

JORDAN

Fuck. Well. You know getting things off my chest helps me get into character.

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)

We've been unlucky lately... for a few reasons. But I like to believe that bad things come in threes. Then **BOOM!** Something great comes along. We're overdue. Now you're gonna kill this audition, alright? It's already written.

As Jordan unveils his thoughts above, the camera slowly pans from their conversation over to Eva. She hasn't moved an inch, except for the obligatory page turns. We are watching Eva read. Stagnant camera shots repeatedly fade in and out, with each return displaying a larger and larger stack of pages against the back of the book. Time is passing.

As the following dialogue ensues, the camera retraces its steps back to the kitchen.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You got it man. If I was a casting director I'd hand you the call sheet right then and there.

DAMON

Ha. 'Preciate it.

**Beat.**

JORDAN

Hey, so when are you going to see your mom?

DAMON

About a week. After I audition for this.

JORDAN

(encouraging)  
You mean after you **book** this!

DAMON

(awkwardly)  
We'll see.

JORDAN  
C'mon now! Did you know that  
believing in yourself increases  
your chances of success by 2%?!

DAMON  
Yeah? Where did you hear that from?

JORDAN  
High school. Forensics.

**Beat.**

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
So just believe in yourself fifty  
times, and then it's a sure thing.

Damon surrenders to Jordan's stupidity.

DAMON  
Well. In that case, I believe in  
myself fifty times then.

JORDAN  
How is she, by the way. Your mom.

DAMON  
Bad. Really bad man.

JORDAN  
Sorry. Stupid question.

DAMON  
You're fine. Osteosarcoma is a  
bitch all the way to... the end, I  
suppose. At this point we're just  
hoping it doesn't metastasize to  
the lungs.

JORDAN  
Ah. Understood.

Damon's nostrils flare and lips curve upwards as he silently  
calls bullshit on Jordan "understanding" any sort of medical  
terminology.

DAMON  
No you don't.

JORDAN  
No. I don't.

The two share a laugh.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And...

Jordan uses his wound up audition lines to point at Eva.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

... Everything good?

Damon looks over at his bride-to-be, graciously reading, with warm eyes.

DAMON

Can't complain, can I.

JORDAN

I'm happy for you two.

Jordan extends his hand toward Damon, suggesting a sort of blank slate between the two in regard to Eva. Damon accepts and shakes firmly. The handshake turns into a tight hug.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(while embracing)

We good?

DAMON

We're good, man. Thanks for asking.

They end their embrace.

INT. DAMON & EVA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Damon is standing in front of the bathroom mirror wearing a tux. He hopes the stare down he's having with himself will fire him up for his audition. Eva sneaks up behind him to straighten his bowtie.

EVA

You look cute.

DAMON

Given this character embezzles foreign money, and how his entire merit is built upon intimidation, I hope I'm not too cute.

Eva pecks Damon's cheek.

EVA

The cutest.

EVA (CONT'D)

And **my character**.



DAMON

What?

EVA

You should say **my character**. Not **this character**. Believe it's already yours. That you already have it.

Damon squats and reaches under the sink to open the cupboard similar to when he was in Baker City packing for L.A.

DAMON

(searching)

... Where did I put this shit...

He snags a clear bottle full of dark red liquid and stands back up.

EVA

(scoffing)

Are you really going through with that?!

DAMON

Oh, I really am. Everyone else is gonna show up in just a tuxedo and think it's enough.

Damon opens the bottles and incrementally splashes fake blood on his neck and right wrist.

EVA

You just got some on the white shirt!

DAMON

My white shirt. The tux rental's everything else. How else am I supposed to look convincing?

Damon continues on to flick fake blood and straighten the fit on his shoulders. He then returns the cheek kiss gesture and heads to the living room to throw on his tuxedo jacket.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Besides, look how good the contrast is between the blood and white. You got your keys?

Eva shakes her car keys. Damon opens the front door and motions Eva to exit before him.

DAMON (CONT'D)

M'lady.

Eva slowly approaches Damon.

EVA

M'lord.

DAMON

M'**character**.

Eva's eyes swing up and down, appreciating her man's sharp attire. She grabs him by the flaps of his jacket and lays a strong kiss.

The two exit out of frame.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Eva finds a vacant curb among the bustling city.

DAMON

You'll pick me up later when I'm done?

EVA

If I'm not already hammered.

DAMON

You'll pick me up later when I'm done. I mean.

Eva chuckles.

EVA

Of course. I'll be here. Just call me.

DAMON

I still don't see why Jordan had to schedule the viewing party for his new film on the biggest day of my life.

Eva softly lifts up Damon's face.

EVA

Hey. You know he didn't do it intentionally.

DAMON

Well, he left it to my imagination if he did or not.

EVA  
 You shouldn't be thinking like  
 this, not right before you go in  
 there.

**Beat.**

EVA (CONT'D)  
 Go knock 'em dead.

Damon smiles from Eva's support. He steps out of the car similarly to how he initially met Sunset Boulevard with that daydream. But this time, it's real.

INT. CASTING HALLWAY - DAY

Damon is sitting in a cheap office chair, surrounded by doppelgängers holding the same audition lines. All are wearing tuxedos. None, besides Damon, are wearing fake blood. The casting assistant opens the door into the hallway.

CASTING ASSISTANT (MALE)  
 Damon Dixon. We're ready for you.

Damon stands up and enters the room.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

The camera pans up from Damon's dress shoes, to his ironed pants, to his red-spotted neck. He's staring blankly. The red on his skin has been met with shimmering white, as his nervous sweats are reflecting perfectly off the casting office's cheap, fluorescent light fixtures. We hear his heart pounding. His forward blank stare switches to an intentional stare at his lines. He inhales deeply, sucking in all the room's air.

DAMON  
 (in character)  
 How could I feel sorry for myself.  
 For everything I've done.

CASTING ASSISTANT (MALE)  
 How could you not?!

DAMON  
 No, I'm **asking** you. How could I?  
 How could I, the man who put your  
 future in jeopardy, the man- no.  
 The boy. The **boy** who, out of his  
 own self-interest, **sabotaged** you.

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)  
His brother. How can I feel sorry  
for him?

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)  
My one and **only**. Brother.

CASTING ASSISTANT  
And what else?

DAMON  
(in character, confused)  
What-what else?

CASTING ASSISTANT  
Well, while you're at it, what else  
could you spare a few feelings for?  
To feel sorry, for.

**Beat.**

Damon's eyes begin to swell.

DAMON  
**Your** son. How could I feel sorry  
for putting my nephew's father, in  
danger.

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)  
I didn't even think **twice** about  
them targeting **you**, to get to **me**.  
Or killing us both?

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(out of character)  
Do you mind if I improvise a  
little?

CASTING DIRECTOR (FEMALE)  
By all means.

DAMON  
(in character)  
And have Joshua grow up without a  
father figure, a **true, reflection**  
**of himself** in his life? Do I even  
care? About my younger brother? And  
his little boy? About my legacy-

DAMON (CONT'D)  
(in character, angered)  
-**FUCK!** There I go again! **Legacy.**  
Who gives a shit?!

CASTING ASSISTANT  
You. You, do.

**Beat.**

Damon's character sits with his brother's brutal honesty. His crying has blurred the lines between tears and sweat.

DAMON  
I do. I guess I don't like feeling  
sorry for myself. I can't do it.  
But the least I can do is feel  
sorry for my own blood. I-

CASTING ASSISTANT  
-don't feel sorry for me. Ever. I'm  
alive because of me, not you. I  
don't **require** your pity. This is-

DAMON  
(interrupting with improv)  
-it's not pity! I'm telling you I'm  
sorry! Or should I not feel sorry?

CASTING ASSISTANT  
Don't be. I'm stronger for it. I'm  
grateful for having you as my older  
brother. I know exactly who not to  
be.

**Beat.** Damon drops. His knees bent, putting his body in a ball. His hands momentarily cover his face. He then looks upward at the casting assistant.

DAMON  
Then what can I do? If you're going  
to **refuse** my humility... what does  
that leave me with?

The reading casting assistant looks to his director. The assistant doesn't have an answer to Damon's question, as he improvised it. The casting director shakes her hands motioning her assistant to make something up.

CASTING ASSISTANT  
It leaves you with what you  
deserve.

Damon reacts by holding onto his fit of tears, fully engaging everyone in the room. His improvisation felt implicative of the tone and gestures he fired at Jordan on Sunset Boulevard.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Wow! Damon! That was spectacular!

Damon rises. Everyone is clapping.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you for the passion, the fire.

DAMON

(heart pulsing)

Thank you.

CASTING DIRECTOR

I'm sure you'll hear from us.

DAMON

(grinning)

Thank you so much.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Damon is walking on the sidewalk, euphoric after his audition. We let him stroll in joy for a short time. Until.

**Brrrrrrring. Brrrrrrring.**

Not being under stress, Damon gladly answers his phone.

DAMON

Hello?

DOCTOR SNYDER

Is this Damon Dixon?

DAMON

Might be. May I ask who's calling?

DOCTOR SNYDER

Mr. Dixon, I'm Dr. Snyder. Your mother's doctor.

Damon turns serious.

DAMON

Speak.

**Beat.**

DOCTOR SNYDER

Your mother is in a lot of pain. An unbelievable amount of pain...

DAMON

Keep talking.

DOCTOR SNYDER

Against my counsel, she only tried calling you a few times with this information. She told me, she told everyone here actually, that you had "more important things" to focus on. Although I don't know what could be more important than-

DAMON

-tried calling me with what information?!

DOCTOR SNYDER

Your mother is dying. Right now. She's dying.

**Beat.**

Damon's eyes are lifeless.

DOCTOR SNYDER (CONT'D)

She said she wanted her son to come home. For him to see her one last time before she relieved herself of her agony.

DAMON

Wait, what do you mean, "relieve **herself**?"

DOCTOR SNYDER

Right now Damon, your mother is going to commit physician-assisted suicide. Oregon was just made the first state where people can legally take their own life with help from their doctor.

DAMON

But I'm supposed to see her in Baker City? I'm getting on a plane tomorrow?

DOCTOR SNYDER

I apologize, we weren't aware. Breathing is almost impossible for her right now. She can't even speak. Her pain is too excruciating.

DAMON

Let me speak to her.

DOCTOR SNYDER

Mr. Dixon I-

DAMON

Let me **hear** her.

**Beat.**

We hear faint breathing and broken sounds intended to be words. Damon can't recognize his own mother's voice. Until.

PATRICIA

(over the phone)

My baby.

DAMON

Mom!

PATRICIA

I don't want to die alone.

Damon experiences flashbacks of him and his mother. He's younger, carefree, and in love with the most important woman in his life. This memory reel makes Damon feel like the one losing their life. Suppose he is, and he hadn't understood it until just now.

DOCTOR SNYDER

I'm so sorry Mr. Dixon. We're going to do this, and we have to do it now. This is what she wants.

Damon drops his phone. As anyone would be, he's crushed. He cradles his way to the ground, mirroring his audition. He takes out his boarding pass from his pocket. Tears drip down to it, blurring the ink of his last name.

Damon is beaten. Broken. He looks flu-ridden. He violently crumples his damp boarding pass and chucks it.

**Beat.**

Damon realizes this boarding pass is all he has left of his mother.



His disregard for the boarding pass has turned to care and concern. He shoots up and darts toward where he threw it. After sifting through the dirty West Hollywood sidewalk, he finds it. Tattered and torn like himself. Damon tries his best to wipe it clean whilst sobbing. He neatly folds it and places it back in his pocket.

**Brrrrrrring. Brrrrrrring.**

Damon screens the call.

**Brrrrrrring. Brrrrrrring.**

Damon screens the call. He begins to walk again.

**Brrrrrrring. Brrrrrrring.**

Damon motions as if he's going to chuck his phone like he did his wadded-up boarding pass. But he doesn't release.

DAMON

What?!

CASTING ASSISTANT

Mr. Dixon!

DAMON

What else is left to say?!

CASTING ASSISTANT

Mr. Dixon, it's the casting office.

**Beat.**

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

I know, casting usually doesn't get back to actors this quick.

Damon, still an emotional wreck, decides to hear the casting assistant out. This may be the pick-me-up he needs.

DAMON

(still crying)

... What.

Damon sits back down on the curb. Callback to when Jordan and Damon were sitting on a curb and Jordan got a call saying he **booked** a role due to his competition passing for family reasons. Powerful irony, as Damon has neglected his mother to all the way up until her death.

CASTING ASSISTANT

Your audition was masterful.

**Beat.**

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Hell, I would've given it to ya.

**Beat.**

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
But to be frank, you were our  
second choice. We just got word  
from our first choice's manager  
that he can take the job after all.

**Beat.**

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
We wanted to tell you as soon as  
possible.

DAMON  
(angrily)  
How thoughtful of you.

CASTING ASSISTANT  
We appreciate your time Mr. Dixon.

DAMON  
Who.

CASTING ASSISTANT  
I'm sorry, who what?

DAMON  
Who was your first choice.

CASTING ASSISTANT  
I don't think I'm able to tell you  
that.

DAMON  
(demanding)  
Who. The fuck. Was it.

CASTING ASSISTANT  
You didn't hear it from me.

**Beat.**

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Jordan Miller.

**Beat.**

## CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Like I said, we were impressed by you. But I mean, Jordan Miller has more name recognition and at the end of the day, this is a business.

Damon hangs up. He calls Eva several times, as she was supposed to slip out from Jordan's viewing party to pick him up. Her cell sends Damon straight to voicemail twice. He intensely walks out of frame, pained and furious.

## INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The viewing party is on. Jordan's fancy home is packed. People are drinking, dancing, and mingling. Jordan speaks to a small group of guests.

## JORDAN

It was a real wake up call. I'd never experienced true loss like that, and it changed me. Don't believe what they tell you. Material things, like that espresso machine, are just irreplaceable. So if you steal anything tonight my boy Eddie will snap one of your limbs. He's a leg man.

Jordan's bodyguard Eddie comforts the guests with a head shake.

## JORDAN (CONT'D)

Ah that's right, he breaks fingers not legs. My bad Eddie.

The guests nervously laugh at Jordan's jokes.

## JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm playin'! Lighten up, have fun!

Eva is bent over an ice bucket, considering what beer to drink... next. She's in no headspace to follow through in picking up Damon. Jordan sees her.

## JORDAN (CONT'D)

For real though, hands off my shit.

Jordan approaches Eva.

## JORDAN (CONT'D)

See, now you don't want that one. Too light. You're practically drinking water at that point.

EVA  
Oh yeah? Then what should I be  
drinking?

Jordan leads Eva to a collection of wines a few feet over.

JORDAN  
Now this-

**POP!** Jordan pops the cork on a new bottle.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
-is a drink worth your time and  
attention.

Jordan takes a swig, smacks his lips, and gives the bottle to  
Eva. She drinks.

EVA  
(sarcastically)  
Fruity. And floral. With a hint  
of... I don't know. It just tastes  
like what I imagine a dry garden  
would taste like.

JORDAN  
Interesting take. Well, if that  
doesn't satisfy, I think I have  
something that might. Shall we?

Jordan offers the lady to walk in front of him. She drunkenly  
asks for specificity.

EVA  
What exactly do you have?

JORDAN  
It's a better show than a tell.  
Trust me.

**Beat.**

Eva cautiously agrees to Jordan's offer.

EVA  
Can't be worse than red wine.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Damon is walking down a sparse street. He waves down the  
occasional taxi, but they whiz by him. He tries Eva again.  
Straight to voicemail.

JORDAN

(to Eva's voicemail)  
Ummm... where are you?! You were supposed to get me after my audition. And no taxis want to pick up someone splattered in blood. Not necessarily in the mood to deal with this right now. Call me back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(to his closed phone)  
And charge your **fucking** phone!

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan swings up his bedroom door.

JORDAN

Ladies first.

Eva begins to enter, before Jordan cuts her off.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(quickly)  
But the gentleman before!

Eva laughs at Jordan's immaturity.

EVA

Putting first class as always,  
Jordan Miller.

Eva catches her own Freudian slip fueled by alcohol.

EVA (CONT'D)

Putting **class first**. As always.  
What're we doing in here, I thought  
you wanted to show me something.

Jordan's arm is extended. He's offering Eva a dance. Remnants and vibrations of downstairs' music offer Jordan his opportunity.

EVA (CONT'D)

No, Jordan. C'mon.

JORDAN

C'mon you! I could point at any random woman downstairs and they'd be throwing themselves at the opportunity to dance with Jordan Miller.

EVA

Well I'm not any random women.

Jordan tenderly grabs Eva's wrist.

JORDAN

Like I don't know that.

Jordan and Eva slow dance. At first, innocent and friendly. But as Jordan's hand grips Eva's more firmly, her giggling ceases. And as she becomes more serious, her chest becomes flush. And as Eva's senses heighten, Jordan's poise reciprocates her nervousness in anticipation of the inevitable. Like stubborn magnets, their heads gradually find a center of mass. With their attention locked on one another, Jordan and Eva's choreography suffers until Jordan's back is against a wall.

Eva looks as if she doesn't want to kiss Jordan, holding back pent up desires until it all becomes too much. She kisses him. They slowly squat in unison not wanting to break their loving impact, until they're on the bedroom floor making out, ripping one another's clothes off.

INT. JORDAN'S ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Damon, covered in fake blood and dried tears, is approaching Jordan's house. He swings open the front door. His intensity interrupts the guests' calm evening. A female guest shrieks at the site of the blood-stained Damon.

DAMON

Relax. It's fake.

Damon storms through Damon's home, looking for someone to interrogate. He confronts what looks to be a woman calm and collected amidst this mayhem.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Where's Jordan?!

GUEST 2 (FEMALE)

I- I don't know.

Damon moves to his next candidate. He pulls him in by his collar.

DAMON

(with false kindness)

Do you know where Jordan Miller is?

GUEST 2 (MALE)

I think I saw him go upstairs.

Damon releases the guest and shoots upstairs. He bursts into room after room, those of which have random people in them or are completely dark and empty. That is until he opens Jordan's bedroom door.

Damon's desire to reign hell on Jordan for stealing his biggest role is immense. But he knows he must find him first. Damon collects himself and creeps into Jordan's room. That's when he hears noises of sex coming from the bathroom.

INT. JORDAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jordan and Eva are having sex up against the bathroom sink. Eva inhales a line of cocaine as Jordan grips her waist, thrusting. His nose and top lip are powdered white. Her hair is messy, as if it was combed with a balloon.

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Damon approaches. He steps on clothes. Fit for one man and one woman. In fact, his foot landed directly on Eva's shirt.

**BOOM BOOM BOOM!**

Damon pounds his fist against the bathroom door.

DAMON  
Open the **FUCK UP!**

**Silence.**

**BOOM BOOM BOOM!**

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Sorry, maybe that wasn't clear enough. I said **OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!**

**Silence.** Damon fiercely rattles the door handle. Locked.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Okay. You wanna play games?

INT. JORDAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jordan and Eva stand shivering in fear and anxiety. Damon's stomps become quieter as he gets further from them.

EVA  
Fuck fuck fuck.

JORDAN

We're fine. Maybe he didn't hear anything. We'll just tell him we were doing blow. I've taken that hit from him before. I can take it again.

EVA

We're fucking naked Jordan!

**Beat.**

EVA (CONT'D)

And all of our clothes are out there. Which he had to have seen. We just have our underwear.

Eva throws Jordan's underwear at him. She puts her bra on as fast as possible, followed by her underwear.

JORDAN

Fuck!

EVA

This was a mistake. A huge mistake. Damon and I are engaged Jordan!

**Beat.**

Jordan unapologetically looks at Eva.

JORDAN

You know I tried...

**Beat.**

Eva turns tender.

EVA

Me too.

INT. JORDAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Damon marches to Jordan's kitchen full of guests. Between his entrance and the loud door-banging, most people are keeping their distance from Damon. Others are leaving. Those still present are watching and whispering about the peculiar scene.

Damon opens up the cupboard above the microwave. Inside, just like Jordan's old shit box house in San Pedro, rests the same handgun. Damon grabs it. The remaining guests scream and run for the door. Damon gulps an unattended shot of tequila.



DAMON  
But this ain't fake.

**CLICK CLICK!**

Damon cocks the gun.

INT. JORDAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

JORDAN  
What the fuck are we gonna do...

Jordan pins his back against the bathroom door and slides down. Callback to when he did this in the hallway after being late for his 'The Third Act' audition. Same concept applies - it's too late for him now. Yet, he tries to calm the situation.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay. You know what? He left, didn't he? He's gone.

EVA  
(sarcastically)  
Right, and I'm sure he forgot about it by now too. That doesn't mean anything! Damon's gonna get in here one way or another.

JORDAN  
How is he going to do that?

**THWACK!**

Jordan and Eva's eyes widen.

**THWACK!!**

It's clear that Damon is no longer using his fist.

**THWACK!!!**

Damon kicks down the bathroom door.

Eva, in just her bra and underwear, screams and wraps herself in a ball on the sink. Damon immediately goes for Jordan, picking him up by the throat and slamming him against a wall.

DAMON  
Were you ever gonna tell me you were going after my role?! My **FUCKING ROLE?!** That I've been working on for months?!

JORDAN  
 (raspy from being choked)  
 I couldn't tell you-

DAMON  
 -you know how hard I worked for  
 that!

Damon puts the gun to Jordan's head.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
 But that wasn't the worst thing I  
 lost today. No. No it wasn't. My  
 mother just killed herself. In  
 Oregon. Physician-assisted suicide  
 they're calling it.

Damon's tears return. Eva is shaking on the counter, her head  
 tucked between her thighs.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
 And I was hoping my best friend  
 could help me deal with that...  
 help me put faith in time. And let  
 it do its healing. Move past it.

**Beat.**

DAMON (CONT'D)  
 But I suppose somethings,  
 somethings you just can't move  
 past. Somethings **you** just can't let  
 go of. No matter who it hurts.

**Beat.**

Damon, with the gun still pressed to Jordan's skull, glances  
 over at Eva. She looks up to meet his eyes. Damon then looks  
 back at Jordan.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
 Sound familiar?

EVA  
 Damon, it's all my fault. I'm so  
 sorry. Please.

Damon's head whips to Eva.

DAMON  
 Do you love him?

EVA  
 I don't know.

DAMON  
(menacingly)  
Okay.

**Beat.**

Jordan, being choked out, looks over at Eva. He sees the woman he loves. The woman that Damon is making quiver in terror. The woman Damon does not know.

JORDAN  
Assholes need love, too.

**POP!**

Damon shoots through Jordan's shoulder. Actual blood splatters and camouflages itself with Damon's fake blood. Eva screams again and Jordan cries in pain.

EVA  
What the fuck is wrong with you  
Damon?!

Damon, shocked by his own actions, is speechless. His eyes illustrate he's assessing the possible actions he can take. He drags the bleeding-out Jordan across the second story bathroom and throws him out the window. Still alive. Damon looks to Eva once more, as if she could undo his actions and make this all okay. Eva repositions a patch of her messy hair to get a good look at the man she once loved. They share their final moments.

INT. ENTRY WAY - JORDAN'S HOUSE

Damon rushes out of the house. Everyone else has left.

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Damon locates Jordan on the side of the house, legs broken, clinging to breath. Damon hastily throws shoes out of Jordan's Maserati, some landing on the sidewalk and some the street. He's making room for Jordan. He slams the trunk, hops in the driver's seat, and aggressively reverses out of the driveway.

**POP!**

Adrenaline spiking, he accidentally shoots the car ceiling while reaching his arm over the passenger seat for stability.

DAMON  
**Jesus! FUCK!**

He jolts the car out of frame.

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - NIGHT

Damon is driving East on I-10.

Like he did in his taxi headed toward the Baker City Municipal Airport, Damon makes eye contact with a driver that comes parallel to him. The stranger, like Damon did years ago, flashes a warm grin. The inside of his car is packed with luggage. He even resembles Damon. Rotten with guilt and anxiety, Damon just stares at the man out of fear. Damon's old innocence, represented by this familiar stranger, has been completely corrupted.

The stranger eventually gets lost between other vehicles. We lose sight of him. Damon has hit some moderate, late night traffic.

EXT. JORDAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Officer Cortez is slowly driving, doing rounds by herself. She sees a litter of shoes scattered across the road, the trail originating in Jordan's driveway. She parks her vehicle against a curb, walks toward a shoe, and picks it up. Her gears are turning. She gets back in her car and follows the trail of shoes.

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - NIGHT

Damon is examining the active interstate for ways to move forward faster. He looks up.

DAMON

Carpool lane! I can go into the  
carpool lane!

Out of sheer panic, the terrified Damon maneuvers into the carpool lane. He thinks this actually makes sense. He's gone completely mad.

Damon drives in the carpool lane for about thirty seconds until he emits a giddy shriek of excitement. He thinks he's escaped unscathed...

INT. CORTEZ'S COP CAR - NIGHT

Officer Cortez has also been on I-10 heading East. She eventually locks eyes on a certain topless Maserati. She flicks on her sirens.

**Waaaaaahhh. Waaaaaahhh.**

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - NIGHT

As Cortez catches up, Damon attempts to collect himself and pulls over. True to their dynamic, Damon has the opposite outlook when it comes to police run-ins.

Cortez pulls over Damon in the shoulder adjacent to the carpool lane. She steps out and approaches the car. Camera follows behind Cortez. She forgets to tap the trunk on her way toward the front of the car. Literal rookie mistake.

OFFICER CORTEZ

You were driving in the carpool lane. You know you can't legally do that, right?

DAMON

But I'm not the only one in here...

OFFICER CORTEZ

(under her breath)

All men are the same.

Cortez begins jotting down information on a small notepad. She fails to take his eerie comment seriously

OFFICER CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Save the hopeless flirtation wise guy.

Cortez turns on her flashlight to better see Jordan.

OFFICER CORTEZ (CONT'D)

That blood?

DAMON

It's fake blood.

OFFICER CORTEZ

I'm gonna need you to step out of the vehicle with your hands on your head.

Damon slowly steps out.

DAMON

It's fake blood. See-

He extends his arm to showcase his blood-splattered limb.

OFFICER CORTEZ  
I said hands on your head!

Cortez grabs and points her gun. Damon quickly grabs his head.

DAMON  
Smell it!

Cortez, confused, holsters her weapon. She smells Damon's wrist.

OFFICER CORTEZ  
Is that... syrup?

DAMON  
Corn syrup, yeah. They use corn syrup to make imitation blood. It was for an audition I had today.

Cut to the Maserati trunk. Jordan isn't moving, and barely breathing. He's helplessly bleeding out in his own dark, suffocating hell.

Cortez takes a breathalyzer.

OFFICER CORTEZ  
Blow.

Damon blows. Cortez examines the device.

OFFICER CORTEZ (CONT'D)  
Stay put.

Cortez goes back into her vehicle. While Damon waits, he takes periodic glances at the trunk. He carefully puts his hand against the Maserati to sense if Jordan is rocking the car at all. He isn't. Cortez returns.

OFFICER CORTEZ (CONT'D)  
Looks like you boys have been behaving yourselves sense our last run-in.

**Beat.**

OFFICER CORTEZ (CONT'D)  
Stay outta the carpool lane when your movie star buddy isn't with you.

Cortez turns around and starts walking back to her car.

DAMON  
I'm free to go?

OFFICER CORTEZ  
Do I have reason to believe you  
shouldn't be?

DAMON  
No.

OFFICER CORTEZ  
You blew well below the legal  
limit, but I suggest cleaning  
yourself of fake blood before you  
go out in public. Yes... you're  
free to go.

Cortez slips into her cop car and departs. Damon stands there, in the same spot he had been during the whole encounter, perplexed. Jordan was right. Damon experienced three terrible things - his mother died, he lost his breakout role, and his fiancé cheated with his best friend. And then **BOOM**. A good thing. Cortez failed to recognize Jordan in the trunk.

In time, Damon drops into the driver's seat. He begins to drive, taking the first exit he can. Full circle to his monologue about metaphorically getting off the road that leads one to trouble. The monologue he told Jordan...

EXT. BAKER CITY - EARLY MORNING

Damon rolls the Maserati to a stop. No street signs are in sight. He steps out of Jordan's Maserati in the same attire minus his bloody dress shirt. He's now in just an undershirt. He begins walking toward his mother's old house. A street sign reading *Sunset Blvd.* comes into view. Damon drove all the way home from Los Angeles to Baker City non-stop. 14 hours.

The front door has a large lock on it. Damon looks through a window to see the house is vacant. It's being foreclosed. He presses both hands against the glass window and raises it. He steps in what was once his home, now just a house.

Damon sees a beautiful light shining through the kitchen window. The yellow and orange afternoon beams pull him in, moving him toward where we first met him. Jordan, hovering over the sink, stares at the arriving sun.

**Beat.**

Damon looks down where the old photo of his father once was. Gone. He puts his hand on his chest to feel his father's dog tag. Gone.

**Beat.**

That familiar Baker City afternoon sun once again highlights Damon's face, this time rich in remorse. Red and blue flashing lights barely make their presence known before the screen turns black.

*The devil's in a rush.*

**THE END**

ROBBEY