

Abstract

By

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SUPERIMPOSE;

"A person needs a little madness, or else they never dare cut the rope and be free"

Nikos Kazantzakis

The words fade away into blackness.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

BEDROOM

LUKE MCCOY, white male in his 30s with a somewhat athletic build is passed out on a messy bed. The sheets are tossed all over and the pillows are on the side of the bed.

The apartment is a nice uptown loft that looks over a large view of the city. It's full of expensive art hanging on the walls and it doesn't match the messy appearance of Luke.

Next to the bed sits a nightstand, on it are a digital alarm clock and a half empty bottle of Gin.

LUKE

(V.O.)

It's funny how things work out.

The alarm clock rings an ungodly and annoying sound, awakening Luke. He reaches over for it and slaps down the snooze button.

He rolls over onto his back and rubs his eyes. Slowly, he sits up in bed and looks out a window, out at the busy city landscape.

He grabs the bottle of Gin and takes a swig, an obvious alcoholic.

LUKE

(V.O.)

You think you've finally done something right. Finally found the right person.

BATHROOM

(MONTAGE)

Luke stands in the shower, the hot water beating down on his back. It slowly wakes him up, washing off any evidence of the night before.

He brushes his teeth, looking into his own eyes in the mirror. Dark circles around his eyes. He spits into the sink.

He stares at himself in the mirror, running his hands through his hair.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

DINING ROOM

Luke sits across from DEBBIE, his beautiful fiance. They sit across a nice dinner table eating a candlelit dinner with glasses of wine.

LUKE
How was work?

DEBBIE
Busy, same as always.

LUKE
Yeah, I bet.

DEBBIE
What'd you do today?

LUKE
Not much, worked on my novel.

He sips from his wine glass.

DEBBIE
Oh.

He looks up at her.

LUKE
What's wrong?

DEBBIE
Nothing, I'm just tired.

LUKE
You sure?

DEBBIE
Yes, Luke. I'm fine.

LUKE
I'm just checking, you've been acting weird lately.

DEBBIE

I'm sorry, I've just been busy.
Working too much. I never have a
chance to do anything for myself.

LUKE

It won't be like this forever.

DEBBIE

I hope not, it sure as Hell seems
like it will be.

LUKE

Just gotta' have some patience.

She stops eating.

DEBBIE

Are you going to let me eat or are
we going to talk?

He sits silently for a beat.

LUKE

Sorry. I just want things to work.

DEBBIE

Then why can't you go work at the
museum?

LUKE

Deb, we talk about this all the
time, I don't want to work there.
We'd have to move, and everything
would change.

DEBBIE

Heaven forbid a little change.

LUKE

I don't want to work there, it's
that simple.

DEBBIE

Do you realize how much money you'd
be making?

LUKE

Yes, I do, but it's not what I
want. I want to write.

DEBBIE
You're hopeless.

LUKE
Excuse me?

DEBBIE
You don't even fuck me anymore.

She stands up.

LUKE
I don't fuck you anymore? Sit down.
Come on.

DEBBIE
I can't let you hold me down
anymore Luke. I'm not happy. You
aren't happy.

She grabs her engagement ring sitting on her finger. His eyes watch as she slowly takes the ring off.

DEBBIE
I can't carry you anymore.

She places the ring down on the dinner table and runs off. Luke sits silently watching the ring, waiting for it to magically fly back up onto her finger.

He grabs his wine glass and tosses it, smashing it against the wall.

LUKE
(V.O.)
Nothing's ever right.

Roll opening credits...

He holds his head in his hand and begins crying. Debbie walks by with a suitcase packed full of her clothes and toiletries.

She slams the door on her way out.

BATHROOM

Luke sits on the bathroom floor crying his eyes out, banging his head up against the cabinet he's leaning on. He pulls out his cellphone and dials a few numbers, he is dialing Debbie.

No answer. He tosses the phone across the room, shattering it.

BEDROOM

Luke lies under the covers, alone in his bed. Tears fill his eyes as he rolls over to look at a large photo of himself holding hands with Debbie.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY - A YEAR LATER

Cars speed by the outside of a large art museum. A hot dog salesman stands outside the numerous steps leading to the entrance. Tourists stop and look up at the building, snapping pictures of the entrance.

Luke walks up to the hot dog salesman and buys a dog. He is dressed in a button up with a tie and slacks. Black rimmed aviators sit peacefully on his face, guarding his hangover ridden eyes.

He pays the salesman and takes a bite out of the dog. In his free hand in a briefcase with a coat slung over it.

He hops up the steps and into the museum.

INT. MUSEUM

OFFICE

Luke sits back in his seat, his feet propped up on his messy desk. His laptop sits open on the desk, but it seems he is taking a break from work.

He reaches into a drawer in his desk and pulls out a flask. He runs his fingers over the flask, opens it, and takes a swig. He places the flask back into the drawer.

He looks over at a framed painting of a dog that sits on his office wall. Next to it is a framed photograph of Luke shaking hands with a well dressed man, an artist.

He lowers his legs off the desk and begins typing on his laptop.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Luke slowly walks down the steps outside the museum. He is bored and tired of his life. His free hand sits in his pocket while the other carries his briefcase and jacket.

He sticks his hand out to grab a cab, but the car speeds by him spitting water up onto him from the street.

Luke sighs, shaking the water off of his hands and arms. He looks down the left side of the street and then the right. He watches the hot dog salesman loading up his stand for the night.

He walks past the salesman, and cuts down an alleyway.

ALLEYWAY

Luke confidently steps past a family of homeless people sleeping in cardboard houses, covered in rain. Down on the end of the alleyway he sees the silhouette of a man thrusting his arms as if he is conducting an orchestra.

Luke slows his steps, worried at what may be waiting for him at the end of the alley.

He takes a breath and quickens his step back up, walking towards the vagrant. As he gets nearer he realizes that the HOMELESS MAN is throwing paint onto a cardboard canvas, much like Jackson Pollock.

The HOMELESS MAN is WARREN BLACK, a white man in his 40s dressed in hole filled clothing. He hasn't shaved for months nor has he bathed.

He is humming the Funeral March of a Marionette as he slings paint from an old and rigid paintbrush he found on the street.

Luke stops and watches, a smile fading onto his face. The canvas is covered in different strokes and colors of paint. Warren's madness is clearly expressed on the canvas.

Warren acts as if Luke isn't even there.

LUKE

That's fantastic.

Warren doesn't miss a beat.

LUKE

Hey man, what's your name?

Warren ignores him and continues.

LUKE

What's your name?

Luke gets between Warren and his art.

WARREN

Hey! What's your fucking problem!

Luke chuckles.

LUKE

I'm talking to you.

WARREN

Yeah well I'm painting.

LUKE

Painting?

He looks at the canvas.

LUKE

On cardboard.

WARREN

Is that some kind of problem?

LUKE

No, I guess not.

WARREN

Then get the Hell out of my way.

LUKE

Ok.

He looks at the painting then back at Warren. He senses the pain and torment Warren must go through everyday.

LUKE

Ok.

Luke walks away and as he does Warren continues humming and painting. Luke turns and looks back at the madness and then continues on his way.

INT. APARTMENT

LIVING ROOM

Luke sits on his sofa watching the news on his large flat-screen television. He flips through the channels, never able to find something he really likes.

He turns the TV off and sits alone on the couch. Sitting on the coffee table in front of him is a bottle of whiskey and a pill bottle.

He cracks open the pill bottle and dumps out a few. He pulls a dollar bill out of his pocket and places it over the pills. He grabs a paper weight and smashes it down onto the dollar bill, crushing the pills underneath.

He rolls the dollar bill into a straw and snorts up the pills. Luke grabs the whiskey and drinks some. He slams the bottle down onto the table.

His head becomes weak and falls back onto the sofa. He looks out the window at the city, which is becoming a blur.

His eyes roll around in his skull. He sniffs and grabs his cellphone off the table. He dials a few numbers.

LUKE
(to voicemail)
Debbie...it's me, Luke.

He chuckles.

LUKE
I know it's late and I didn't expect you to answer, I just wanted to hear your voice. Tell you...that I'm sorry, that I still love you. That I'm really, really fucked up right now.

He laughs again.

LUKE
And I wish you were...here. But you're not...you're with my asshole college roommate. So, fuck you.

He hangs up the phone and tosses it across the room. Luke grabs the bottle and swigs from it.

BEDROOM

Luke stumbles into his bedroom, leaning on the wall for guidance. He walks over to a dresser and pulls open a drawer. In the drawer, underneath piles of underwear and socks is a revolver.

LUKE
(V.O.)
People always say they'd never kill themselves.

He pulls the revolver out of the drawer and stares down at it feeling its power.

He swings it open, revealing that it is fully loaded.

LUKE

(V.O.)

Those are the people who usually do
it. The depressed assholes who
finally end their own misery.

Luke puts the barrel of the gun up against his right temple, tears forming in his eyes. He has nothing left to live for and he is disgusted of the man he has become.

His finger grows tenser on the trigger, his life flashes before his eyes. his grip loosens and the barrel slides off his head.

He slides down the dresser slamming his head back against it multiple times.

He looks down at the gun.

LUKE

(V.O.)

I like my misery.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

BEDROOM

The alarm clock rings, waking a hungover and disgusting Luke. He slams his fist down onto the snooze button.

BATHROOM

(MONTAGE)

Luke brushes his teeth, spitting into the sink and splashing water onto his face.

He rubs shaving cream onto his face and then shaves.

He splashes water onto his face washing off all the excess shaving cream.

Luke reaches into the medicine cabinet and grabs a bottle of pain pills. He pops it open and dumps a couple into his mouth. He cups his hands, collects some water from the sink faucet, and then washes down the pills.

(END MONTAGE)

Luke stares at himself in the mirror, angry at the man he has become.

INT. MUSEUM

CONFERENCE ROOM

Luke strolls into a packed conference room, the entire staff sits at a long table with SHELBY WATERS, a white woman in her 40s sitting at the head of the table.

Shelby is the boss, she makes all the rules. She hates Luke, and recognizes that the only reason he is there is because his father opened the museum and she feels some kind of stupid obligation to have him there.

As Luke takes his seat, she stands.

SHELBY

Today I wanted to talk to each of you about the recent decline our museum has seen in recent months.

Luke looks across at JESSICA a young intern in her 20s who is sitting across from him taking notes.

As Shelby talks, Luke winks and blows kisses at Jessica, who giggles and winks back.

Shelby catches him.

SHELBY

Luke.

Luke clears his throat and looks at her.

SHELBY

If you don't bring me something new, fresh and original in the next three weeks, I am letting you go.

LUKE

Excuse me?

SHELBY

You have been to work late everyday this month. You show up smelling like a bar with those pathetic circles under your eyes.

LUKE

You can't fire me.

SHELBY

Oh?

Luke slams his fist on the table and stands.

LUKE

My father built this fucking museum. Without him none of you would have jobs!

SHELBY

Your father passed away and when he did he left me in charge of everything. I promised him I would keep his legacy alive and you are killing it.

Luke chuckles.

LUKE

You want fresh?

SHELBY

I want you to contribute to this organization. If you can't, you will be let go.

He smiles.

LUKE

This is bullshit.

Luke storms out of the room.

SHELBY

He is a destructive individual. I want no one to help him on this assignment. If he can't do this on his own, he can't be a part of our team.

OFFICE

Luke enters his office and locks the door behind him. He pulls a small baggie of cocaine out of his pants pocket and pours it out onto his desk.

LUKE

(V.O.)

I wish I could run away from here and just float away.

He pulls a dollar bill out of his pocket, rolls it up, and snorts up all the cocaine.

LUKE

(V.O.)

I guess this will do for now.

Luke sits down at his desk, he runs his hands through his hair. He looks around the room aimlessly.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

ALLEYWAY

Warren dances around slinging paint at another cardboard canvas.

Luke walks up behind him, watching him do his work, grinning.

LUKE

You do this every night?

Warren turns slightly, acknowledging him.

WARREN

Got nothin' better to do.

LUKE

Seem to know what you're doing.

WARREN

Art isn't a given. There are no rules.

Luke smiles, thinking of the possibilities.

LUKE

You want a drink?

WARREN

I'm trying to stop drinking.

LUKE

Yeah, we all are, come on I want to talk to you.

INT. BAR

Luke and Warren sit at a lonely bar. Warren sips beer out of a mug while Luke does a shot.

The rest of the people in the bar scatter away from them because of Warren's smell and appearance. Luke watches Warren sip beer like he hasn't had anything to drink in months.

LUKE
What's your name?

WARREN
Warren.

LUKE
Where you from?

WARREN
Florida.

LUKE
Why the Hell did you leave Florida?

WARREN
Work.

LUKE
How'd that work out for you?

Warren looks over at Luke.

WARREN
How does it look.

Luke smiles.

LUKE
What was your job?

WARREN
I was an art teacher.

LUKE
Oh, so you've always been an
artist?

WARREN
If that's what you want to call it.

LUKE
You ever think about selling any of
your work?

Warren laughs.

WARREN
Who'd want to buy any of my shit?
I'm homeless.

LUKE

It's very unique, very modern. I think with the right person backing you, you could be successful.

Warren drinks more beer.

LUKE

I'm a collector Warren. Some people collect movies. Some people collect artwork. I collect people. People who I feel have what it takes to be something in this world.

He pauses.

LUKE

Artists.

WARREN

I'm not interested in doing anything different then what I've been doing.

LUKE

I haven't even offered anything yet.

WARREN

Yet.

He slams down the mug and looks at Luke.

WARREN

I know your type, business men. Want to exploit me, make a joke out of me.

LUKE

That's not what I'm proposing at all.

WARREN

Yeah, I'm sure.

LUKE

Listen, asshole, I'm trying to give you a chance here.

WARREN

Not interested.

LUKE
Not interested? I haven't said
anything.

WARREN
I may not look the brightest but
I've been around the block a few
times.

Warren stands and exits the bar.

LUKE
Wait!

He pulls a wad of cash from his pocket and slams it down on
the bar.

EXT. BAR

Warren walks down the street, ignoring Luke. Luke runs out
of the bar after him.

LUKE
Warren! Wait!

He starts walking towards Warren.

WARREN
(Under his breath)
Son of a bitch.

LUKE
Aren't you tired of living out
here? Being a bum? Don't you have
ANYTHING to live for?

Warren stops walking and turns around.

WARREN
What do you think?

He is angered.

WARREN
You think I've got some fucking
life waiting for me? A family to go
home to? I don't have shit.

He turns back around to walk away.

LUKE

Maybe it's time to start having a family to go home to. Maybe it's time for a life?

Warren sighs and keeps walking.

LUKE

It's your loss.

INT. APARTMENT

BEDROOM

Jessica, the young intern, is having sex with Luke, she is on top. She grinds and moans as he smiles up at her, barely entertained.

She climaxes and then slides down next to him, kissing his neck and chewing on his ear.

JESSICA

What's wrong?

LUKE

Nothing, why?

JESSICA

You seem so distant, more so than usual.

LUKE

I'm just stressed out, that's all.

JESSICA

About work?

LUKE

Yeah.

He rolls over.

LUKE

I don't know what I'm going to do.

JESSICA

You could try fucking her, maybe that will loosen her up.

She giggles, he smirks.

JESSICA
You want a bump?

He rolls back over, facing her.

LUKE
Sure.

She leans over the bed and pulls a baggie of cocaine out of her purse.

She dumps a little bit out onto her hand and then places it under his nose. Luke snorts it and then rubs his hands on his eyes.

She takes a little bit on her finger and rubs it on her gums. Jessica snorts the rest.

Luke rolls back over.

JESSICA
Can you at least look at me?

LUKE
What for?

JESSICA
I don't know, because I just fucked you?

LUKE
That's exactly why I'm not looking at you.

She sighs.

JESSICA
Do you have a wife or something?

LUKE
No, if I had a wife, you wouldn't be here.

JESSICA
Do you want me to leave?

LUKE
I honestly don't give a fuck what you do. I've had my fun with you and now it's your choice. You can stay here and bitch at me all night or you can fucking leave.

She is angry.

JESSICA

Fuck you!

She gets out of bed, and as she does Luke rolls over smiling.

LUKE

Don't forget to shut the door!

She grabs her purse and her clothes and storms into the living room.

JESSICA

(from living room)

You're a piece of shit, you know that?

LUKE

So I'm told.

She slams the front door as she exits. He sits up in bed, with a smirk across his face. He grabs the bottle of Gin off his nightstand and takes a few gulps.

LUKE

Fucking whore.

He places the bottle back down and looks over at the alarm clock.

Luke glances out the window, out at the city around him.

EXT. MUSEUM

ALLEYWAY

Warren sleeps on top of some newspaper, a stray dog runs past him. Water splashes down onto his face waking him up.

He quickly sits up on the newspaper, startled by the water. Luke stands over him, smiling.

LUKE

I came to see if you've changed your mind.

Warren stands, angered.

LUKE

You know I got a couch that's a lot more comfortable than those papers.

WARREN

Fuck you.

He pushes past him over to a piece of cardboard across the alleyway. He looks at it, it's nearly complete.

LUKE

Where the fuck do you find all this paint?

WARREN

You'd be surprised what people throw away.

He pulls his paintbrush from his pocket and rubs it on the cardboard, spreading around some paint.

LUKE

Why won't you let me take you in?

WARREN

I don't need your charity.

LUKE

It's not charity, you'd be doing me a favor.

WARREN

Who says I want to do anything for you.

Luke paces.

LUKE

Listen, I'm gonna' be real honest with you.

Warren sticks to his painting, pretending not to pay attention.

LUKE

I need you, I need your artwork. If you don't give me this chance, I'm gonna' end up dead.

WARREN

Dead?

LUKE

Yeah, dead. I'll fucking kill myself.

Warren grabs the cardboard and tears it in half.

LUKE

Now what the Hell you do that for?

Warren smiles.

WARREN

It was distracting me.

LUKE

Distracting you?

WARREN

Yeah, from what's really important here.

Luke chuckles.

LUKE

Please, enlighten me, what is REALLY important here?

WARREN

You and your pitiful situation.

LUKE

Straight from the horses mouth.

WARREN

You really think we can do something big?

LUKE

I know we can.

Warren looks down the alley at TWO BUMS sleeping in a rain puddle.

WARREN

Ok. I'll do it.

LUKE

Two seconds ago you wanted to bite my head off, now all of a sudden you want to help me out?

WARREN

Yeah, I was testing you.

LUKE

Testing me?

WARREN
You passed.

INT. APARTMENT

BATHROOM

Warren stands shirtless in front of Luke's bathroom mirror. His skin is dirty and covered with scars. He runs his fingers through his long tangled hair and beard.

Luke stands behind him, watching over his shoulder.

WARREN
I think the beard accentuates my
facial features.

LUKE
Shave it. From the looks of you
we're gonna' need sheep shears.

(MONTAGE)

Warren grabs a pair of scissors and begins trimming his beard with them.

He then grabs his hair and begins trimming his hair as well.

He rubs shaving cream all over his face and begins shaving his beard off with a razor. He cuts himself, blood spurts onto the mirror. Luke grabs the razor from him, shaking his head in disbelief.

Luke begins shaving Warren's beard, slowly and steadily, as if he is teaching a child how to shave.

(END MONTAGE)

Warren's face is buried in the sink as he washes off the stray hairs. Luke waits, leaning against the back wall. Warren raises his head out of the sink and reveals his clean face and shorter hair. He actually resembles a decent human.

Luke smiles and begins clapping.

LUKE
There we go, almost there.

WARREN
Almost?

Luke points to the shower.

LUKE

Hop in the shower, I'm going to put a blanket and some pillows on the couch for you.

LIVING ROOM

Warren is passed out on the couch, snoring so loud it is possibly keeping up the entire apartment complex. He hasn't slept on a couch in a long time, and it shows.

BEDROOM

Luke sits awake in his bed, his eyes are bloodshot. His hands are folded underneath his head as he listens to the snoring.

LUKE

(V.O.)

All the assholes in this world with their fancy cars and nice suits.

He reaches over onto the nightstand and grabs the bottle of pills. He pops them open and dumps a few into his mouth. He places the bottle back and then grabs his bottle of Gin. He washes the pills down, and then places the Gin back on the nightstand.

LUKE

(V.O.)

I wish I was one of those assholes. Not a care in the world. Just wake up, and do whatever I want. Freedom.

He watches the cityscape outside his window and slowly his vision begins to blur. He rolls over and passes out.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

BEDROOM

The alarm clock once again rings out, and once again Luke's hand slams down onto it.

LIVING ROOM

Warren is sitting up on the couch, watching cartoons on TV, eating a bowl of cereal. He laughs so hard, cereal flies out of his mouth and milk dribbles down his chin.

Luke enters, groggy and still half intoxicated.

LUKE
Morning sunshine.

Warren smiles.

WARREN
Hey buddy. I'm eating some
breakfast, hope you don't mind.

LUKE
Of course not, help yourself.

He scratches his eyes, restless.

WARREN
You ok?

LUKE
I don't sleep well.

WARREN
You're drunk.

LUKE
And?

WARREN
It's early.

LUKE
Well, technically I was drinking
last night so this is more of a
rollover drunk.

WARREN
Whatever you say.

He eats more cereal.

LUKE
I've got a spare suit you can wear
today, after our meeting we'll go
get you some clothes.

WARREN
You'd do that for me?

LUKE
Helping you is helping me remember?

WARREN
That's one way to look at it.

Luke yawns.

WARREN

You always this much of a mess?

LUKE

Just eat the fucking cereal.

INT. MUSEUM

CONFERENCE ROOM

Everyone is gathered waiting on Luke and Warren's arrival. Shelby sits at the head of the table looking at her watch impatiently.

Luke busts through the door, followed by Warren who is dressed in a suit. Luke is carrying two buckets of paint, while Warren carries a piece of cardboard.

They stand in the front of the room, Shelby turns around in her chair to face them. Luke puts the two buckets of paint down on the floor and grabs the cardboard from Warren. He props the cardboard up on on a whiteboard at the front of the room.

Warren pulls a paintbrush out of his pocket and pops open the paint buckets.

LUKE

Ladies and gentlemen as all of you know, I am on thin ice.

Warren dips the brush in black paint and begins brushing the cardboard. Luke sarcastically winks at Shelby.

LUKE

I was given the task to find something new and bold, and bring it to our wonderful museum. I believe I have done just that.

Warren takes a step back and begins flinging the paint at the cardboard.

LUKE

This is Warren Black, a man who yesterday was homeless and alone. I found him painting in an alleyway outside of this building, and I was immediately intrigued. It was as if fate had placed him in my path.

Warren dips the brush in a bucket of red paint and begins painting circles over the black.

LUKE

Warren was once an art teacher.
Because of some financial setbacks
and the current state of our
economy, he was unfortunately
forced onto the street.

Warren takes a step back and looks at the artwork.

LUKE

Warren, however, never gave up his
passion for art. He is not only an
excellent modern abstract artist,
but also a pristine example of the
endurance of the human spirit.

Warren adds a few red spots to accentuate the black.

LUKE

He is bold. He is fresh. He is new.
He is everything we need to boost
our appeal.

Warren steps back and faces the people in the room.

LUKE

Thank you.

Warren smiles.

LUKE

Are there any questions?

Shelby waits a beat and then clears her throat.

SHELBY

Warren, where are you living now?

WARREN

Well, I slept at Luke's last night.

SHELBY

You're letting him stay with you?

She looks at Luke.

LUKE

Yes.

SHELBY

Putting a lot of faith in this man,
aren't you?

LUKE

I believe in him. I believe in his work.

Shelby looks at the two of them. She stands and walks over to the painting. Slowly, she examines every inch.

SHELBY

I like it.

She turns to them.

SHELBY

I want to see more of it.

She extends her hand to Warren, and smiles.

SHELBY

Congratulations Warren. You are having your first show.

He shakes her hand and smiles, Luke smiles as well. Shelby turns to Luke.

SHELBY

As for you.

She clears her throat.

SHELBY

I am impressed. Nice work.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Warren and Luke sit at the bar drinking beers and laughing.

LUKE

Un-fucking-believable!

WARREN

Pretty cool.

LUKE

Pretty cool? Pretty fucking awesome pal! You are going to be a hit!

Luke sips from his glass.

WARREN

You really think so?

LUKE

I know so! Did you see her fucking face? All of their faces? They were stunned, speechless!

WARREN

So what's next?

LUKE

Next...next we go to work. You start painting, and I mean PAINTING. As much as you can, and I'll work on marketing and getting this thing sold out. I'm talking interviews, TV coverage, the whole enchilada.

He puts his hand on Warren's shoulder.

LUKE

I have to thank you.

WARREN

Thank me?

LUKE

You didn't have to do this, you didn't have to listen to my sob story.

WARREN

I need this just as much as you. I'm tired of sleeping on the street, being a bum. Waking up in a pile of garbage, getting laughed at. I want my life back.

Luke removes his hand and takes another sip.

WARREN

I know you do too.

LUKE

I do too? I do too what?

WARREN

Your life, I know you want it back. I'm not stupid, Luke.

Luke doesn't know what to say.

LUKE
Just worry about yourself.

Warren sips some beer.

LUKE
I'm fine.

He finishes his beer and looks over Warren's shoulder at TWO WOMEN, both beautiful and giggling.

LUKE
You want to fuck one of those women?

Warren smiles.

WARREN
No, no.

LUKE
What'd ya' mean no?

He laughs.

LUKE
Wait a second, are you gay?

WARREN
No, fuck no. It's just not my style.

LUKE
Fucking women you meet in a bar?

WARREN
Yeah, that's not me.

Luke smiles.

LUKE
Come on! It'll be great! I'm sure it's been a while since you've had some nice ass.

Warren slams his glass down, angered.

WARREN
No, Luke. I said no.

Luke backs off.

LUKE
Ok, ok. Sorry.

INT. APARTMENT

BEDROOM

Luke is having sex with one of the women from the bar. She turns over getting on top of him, riding him. He reaches over and grabs the bottle of Gin off the nightstand and takes a few swigs.

He offers her some and in between moans she drinks some as well.

LIVING ROOM

Warren is awake on the couch, listening to their moans and cries of passion. He rolls onto his back, struggling to sleep.

Tears begin to form in his eyes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Warren walks with JULIE, a beautiful blond woman who was at this point in time, his wife. They are holding hands as a young SHANNON, Warren's daughter, is running in and out of the water.

WARREN
How'd I get so lucky?

JULIE
I'm the lucky one.

She smiles. Warren looks out at Shannon, mystified by the ocean.

WARREN
I hope she never grows up. I mean,
I know she will, but I wish she
wouldn't. It scares me.

JULIE
What scares you?

WARREN
The thought that one day she'll
hate me, she won't want to talk to
me. She'll come home late, sneak

WARREN
 out of her room and talk about me
 to all of her friends.

He waits a beat.

WARREN
 She'll grow up. One second she's
 sitting in my arms, she wants
 nothing more than to just be my
 little girl. The next, she's done
 with me, she hates me, she curses
 at me, shuts doors in my face.

Shannon laughs as she runs from the water. She looks over at
 Warren with a smile bigger than her face. He smiles back.

JULIE
 You'll still have me.

She tries to comfort him. He smirks.

WARREN
 Will I?

EXT. APARTMENT

Warren sits on a curb on the side of the street, the blanket
 draped over his shoulders. Luke exits, wearing only his
 boxers, obviously hurrying to get outside.

LUKE
 Warren! Jesus Christ man, you
 scared the shit out of me!

He rubs his arms, cold.

LUKE
 What are you doing out here, it's
 fucking freezing!

Warren pulls the blanket closer.

WARREN
 I couldn't sleep.

LUKE
 Shit, was it me? I'm sorry man, I
 get into it ya' know?

WARREN

It's not your fault, it's me.

The Woman Luke was having sex with exits brushing past him on her way out. She smiles and walks down the street.

Luke sits down next to Warren, still freezing.

LUKE

What is it?

WARREN

I just, I wasn't always like this.

LUKE

I know that.

WARREN

No, I mean. I had a family. I had a wife.

Luke's smile fades.

LUKE

What happened?

WARREN

She left me, when I lost my job. She left me and took my daughter with her.

LUKE

You have a daughter?

WARREN

Yeah, Shannon. She's beautiful, you should see her. Looks nothing like me.

He smiles, teary eyed.

WARREN

It doesn't make sense ya know? She loved me, I mean she really loved me and then one day it was like she didn't look at me the same. Like my sorry job meant that much to her, like she lost her faith in me.

LUKE

Where's your daughter?

WARREN

I don't know, I never thought she'd want anything to do with me.

LUKE

She would now.

Warren looks at Luke.

WARREN

No.

LUKE

Warren, I could help you find her.

WARREN

No!

He stands, angry.

WARREN

I don't WANT to see her.

Luke stands.

LUKE

She's your daughter!

WARREN

She doesn't need to know me.

LUKE

So you're happy knowing that your daughter is out there somewhere wondering where father is and why he hasn't contacted her?

WARREN

It's better this way.

Luke chuckles.

LUKE

It's your life pal, as long as you keep painting, that's all I care about.

He turns and walks inside. Warren stands out in the cold, watching cars speed by.

INT. APARTMENT

BATHROOM

LUKE

(V.O.)

Suicide was always the easy way
out. So easy, yet so hard.

Luke stands looking at himself in the mirror. He hears the front door open and shut. Warren just entered the apartment.

He walks over and shuts the bathroom door, lock it. He opens the medicine cabinet and grabs a bottle of pills.

LUKE

(V.O.)

We numb our pain temporarily, when
it's so easy to end it permanently.

BEDROOM

Luke sits on his bed typing on his laptop, working on his novel. He stares at a blank page with CHAPTER 18 typed on the top. Writers block. He shuts the laptop.

LIVING ROOM

(MONTAGE)

Warren begins pinning a piece of cardboard to one of the apartment walls. He steps back and looks over his canvas.

He slings paint at the canvas, getting it all over the apartment wall surrounding it. He tosses the paint with such raw emotion and anger as tears form in his eyes.

Luke starts to enter the living room but stops in the doorway, watching.

Warren paints a heart over all the chaos of abstract designs.

He kneels down before his latest creation and begins crying.

(END MONTAGE)

Luke stands in the bedroom doorway, he was watching the entire time.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE; 3 WEEKS LATER

MAIN ROOM

A large group of people have gathered in the museum for Warren's first art show. His cardboard canvases are all on display covered in splotches of multiple colors.

Luke stands talking to a few OLDER PEOPLE about Warren's work when Shelby walks over holding a glass of wine. He excuses himself and walks over to Shelby.

SHELBY

Quite the turnout.

LUKE

Yeah, not bad.

SHELBY

Where's Warren?

LUKE

He's in the bathroom, been in there for awhile now.

SHELBY

Is everything ok?

LUKE

Yeah, I'm sure it is you know how artists are.

SHELBY

An eccentric, I never would've guessed.

She chuckles.

SHELBY

Listen, I wanted to apologize for the way I've been treating you.

LUKE

It's fine, I'm an asshole, it's okay.

SHELBY

No, you were right, your father did build this entire place, he was a great man. He would be proud of you.

Luke smiles.

SHELBY

I do, however, feel like you need some time off to get everything together.

LUKE

What do you mean?

SHELBY

This is grape juice Luke, I've been an alcoholic for 40 years. I know one when I see one.

LUKE

I'm not an alcoholic.

SHELBY

It's okay, I know how it works.

LUKE

No, but seriously-

SHELBY

Look, I don't want to sit here and argue about drinking habits. I wanted to tell you that I spoke to a friend at the Times, and they want to send Warren to Florida for an interview and a showcase.

LUKE

That's fantastic.

SHELBY

They feel he has a great story, they want people to know it and I told them that I thought it was a great idea, under one condition.

LUKE

Yes?

SHELBY

You go with him.

Luke smiles.

LUKE

Well, I don't know what to say.

SHELBY

You don't really have a choice, I mean, you are in no position to turn down a publication with as much pull as them.

LUKE

So I guess I'm going.

SHELBY

Well, I guess you should work on getting him out of the bathroom first.

BATHROOM

Warren is dressed in another nice suit standing in front of the bathroom mirror. He splashes some cold water onto his face.

The bathroom door handle jiggles some, but Warren has locked it from the inside.

WARREN

What!?

It jiggles again.

WARREN

I'm sick in here, go away!

LUKE

(through the door)
Open the door Warren.

Warren sighs and unlocks the door, Luke walks in.

LUKE

Jesus, what the fuck's the matter with you?

WARREN

I don't like crowds.

LUKE

Well you need to start getting used to them.

He straightens his tie, looking at himself in the mirror.

WARREN

Why?

LUKE

Because you're a hit! They love you!

He pulls a bottle of pain killers out of his jacket pocket. He pops it open and dumps some in his mouth, cups his hands under the faucet and drinks some water to wash them down.

WARREN

How many of those you got?

LUKE

Enough for me.

WARREN

Come on, toss me one or two.

LUKE

No, you're already a wreck. Get yourself composed and get out there.

Luke puts the pills away and exits.

Warren grabs a paper towel and wipes off his face.

MAIN ROOM

Warren exits the bathroom to roaring applause from everyone gathered. He smiles, unaware of how to handle the situation. He walks past people who shake his hand and congratulate him, and stops at the largest piece of artwork in the room.

It's a mural painted on the museum wall. He stops and looks at it.

Warren nods his head, approving his own work. Shelby walks over to him.

SHELBY

Magnificent Warren, absolutely beautiful. What do you call it?

Warren looks it over once more.

WARREN

Well I haven't really put too much thought into it, but I'm thinking of calling it Shannon.

SHELBY

Shannon.

She smiles.

SHELBY
I like it.

WARREN
Yeah. Me too.

He looks around the room, searching among the many people.

WARREN
Where's Luke?

Shelby looks through the crowd.

SHELBY
He probably stepped out. He does
that from time to time.

WARREN
He's sort of an eccentric.

She chuckles.

SHELBY
You two make a great team.

WARREN
Yeah?

SHELBY
Yeah, I'm very impressed by all of
this.

She runs her right index finger over his chest.

SHELBY
Warren, when was the last time you
were with a woman?

She bites her bottom lip.

SHELBY
It's been awhile hasn't it.

WARREN
Excuse me?

SHELBY
Don't be shy. It's ok. I find you
extremely attractive. You're so
dangerous.

She steps in closer to him, whispering in his ear now.

SHELBY
I'll do whatever you want.

He shoves her back, knocking her onto the ground. She is shocked and embarrassed.

WARREN
That's not my style.

The whole room goes silent. TWO MEN rush over to help Shelby back onto her feet.

SHELBY
You should be ashamed of yourself!

WARREN
Should I? You just tried to sleep with me!

Gasps.

SHELBY
I would NEVER!

Warren gets frustrated and punches a hole in the mural on the wall. He looks around the room and runs outside.

INT. BAR

Luke sits alone at the bar drinking beer from a frosted mug. He's depressed, saddened even though he should be happy. He's alone.

Warren rushes inside, taking a seat next to him. His hand is bloody.

LUKE
What are you doing here?

He notices the bloody hand.

LUKE
What the Hell happened to your hand?

WARREN
I want to go home.

LUKE
Take it easy.

Warren begins shaking in his seat.

LUKE
What's wrong?

WARREN
She came on to me.

LUKE
What?

WARREN
The old lady, she tried to fuck me.

LUKE
Shelby?

He chuckles.

LUKE
Shelby tried to fuck you?

WARREN
Your boss, yes. Can we just go
home.

Luke starts laughing.

LUKE
That's great!

WARREN
It's terrible. I have a family.

LUKE
My boss tried to fuck you!

Luke falls off of his stool laughing. Warren gets angrier and stands. He grabs his bar stool and smashes it on the bar.

Luke's laughter fades. The BARTENDER screams from behind the bar.

BARTENDER
Get the Hell out of here! Luke, get
your friend out of here! Fucking
assholes.

Luke stands.

LUKE
Easy, take it easy.

Warren brushes past him and exits the bar. Luke pulls a wad of money out of his pocket and tosses it at the Bartender.

LUKE
Relax, he's an artist. They're all
crazy.

EXT. BAR

Warren stands in the middle of the street, looking up at the moon. Luke exits the bar and notices him in the street.

LUKE
Warren! Come on, let's grab a cab
and get home.

No answer.

LUKE
Hey! Warren!

Warren just stands there watching the sky as if he is waiting for something to fall from the sky.

LUKE
(to himself)
What is he doing?

Warren turns and looks at Luke.

WARREN
Why should I go with you?

LUKE
Because, this has all just started.

WARREN
I don't want this. I don't want to
be famous.

LUKE
Warren, come on man, you've just
had a hard night.

WARREN
No! I'm a fucking joke to you!

LUKE
No you're not, now come on let's go
home.

WARREN
I don't have a home.

LUKE
Warren, we're going to Florida.

WARREN
Florida...? For what?

LUKE
They want to interview you. It's a big deal, a big chance for you.

WARREN
A big chance for YOU.

LUKE
We're a team.

WARREN
You don't care about me, you just want to make a buck!

LUKE
That's not true! Now get the fuck out of the street!

WARREN
I'm not going with you.

Luke gets angry and storms out into the street towards Warren. Traffic picks up, cars speeding past the two, dodging them.

Luke grabs Warren by the shoulders.

LUKE
Listen to me you son of a bitch, you're coming with me and that's it.

Warren shoves Luke back and punches him in the face.

WARREN
Get off.

Luke feels his lip, it's bleeding a bit. He calms down a bit.

LUKE
You want to stay out here and fucking die, then do it. I tried to help you. I gave you a fucking chance.

WARREN

I never asked for it.

LUKE

Maybe you should have! Maybe you should start thinking about where you could be, because this can go two ways. You can end up sleeping in a puddle of cat piss or staying nights at the Ritz Carlton.

Luke shrugs and sighs.

LUKE

I'm wasting my time.

He turns and begins walking back across the street. Warren follows. They both get across the street and Luke notices that he was following him.

LUKE

What? What do you want now? My fucking sympathy?

They stand looking at each other.

WARREN

You're not wasting your time.

Luke chuckles.

LUKE

You stand out in the fucking road trying to get hit by a car? What the FUCK is that.

WARREN

You're not wasting your time.

Luke looks at the ground and then back up to Warren. He throws his arm around Warren's shoulder.

LUKE

I know.

They walk side by side down the sidewalk.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Luke and Warren sit outside a nice cafe sipping coffees. A YOUNG WOMAN walks by, Luke's eyes focus on her ass as she walks away.

WARREN
You always do that?

LUKE
Do what?

WARREN
Look at chicks.

LUKE
You rather me look at dudes?

WARREN
No, but I mean come on you're
always eye fucking someone.

LUKE
I'm trying to eye impregnate them.

Another YOUNG FEMALE walks bye, and Luke watches her.

LUKE
That one's gonna' have twins.

Warren laughs.

LUKE
So about Florida, I was thinking
we'd drive down there, make a trip
out of it.

WARREN
A road trip?

LUKE
Sure, I mean if that's cool with
you. You can meet my mom.

WARREN
Your mom?

LUKE
Yeah she's on the way there, we can
stop in for a night. She'll love
you.

WARREN
Sure, why not.

Another FEMALE walks by and catches Luke staring. She turns and slaps him in the face.

Warren busts out laughing.

WARREN
What was that, an abortion?

Luke smiles.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Luke's childhood home where his mother lives. It's a nice two-story building sitting away from any other homes on its own property. Surrounding it are woods and mountains.

Luke's car pulls up in front of the home and parks. He and Warren exit the car, Luke walks around to the trunk and opens it. Warren follows, helping him grab the luggage.

The front door of the house opens and MARTHA, Luke's mother exits. She is old and lonely.

MARTHA
You boys need some help?

Luke looks up from the trunk and smiles at his mom.

LUKE
Hey mom! No, we will be right in!

She smiles back.

WARREN
That's your mom?

LUKE
Yeah.

WARREN
Wow, she looks so...nice.

LUKE
What were you expecting?

Luke shuts the trunk.

WARREN

I don't know, you're just such a
dick.

He laughs.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

DINING ROOM

Luke and Warren sit across from each other while Martha sits
at the head of the table. They are all eating a nice home
cooked meal and drinking glasses of water.

WARREN

This is excellent ma'am.

LUKE

Yeah mom, good as always.

She smiles.

MARTHA

Well good, I'm glad you both like
it.

She watches Warren eat.

MARTHA

So, I hear you're quite the artist,
Warren?

WARREN

Thank you ma'am, I guess I'm
alright.

LUKE

He's brilliant, don't let his
modesty fool you.

She laughs.

MARTHA

Modesty is a great trait, it's one
your father had.

WARREN

How was his father?

MARTHA

Well, he was a very firm man, but
very kind and compassionate. He

MARTHA
worked so hard to get that museum
up and running and then once it
was, I think it killed him.

LUKE
What do you mean?

MARTHA
He put so much into it and well,
the stress and all the headaches
finally got to him. But, he died
happy, and accomplished.

WARREN
Sounds like a great man.

MARTHA
Oh he was. A great man. I see a lot
of him in Luke, especially his
creativity. How is your writing
Luke?

WARREN
Writing.

LUKE
Yeah, it's going ok mom.

WARREN
You didn't tell me you were a
writer.

LUKE
That's because it's sort of a
hobby.

MARTHA
Your job is your hobby, writing is
your love. And it's nothing to be
ashamed of, you're very good at it.
I still have some of your poems.

LUKE
Mom, please.

WARREN
Poems?

He smiles.

WARREN
Ya' big softy!

Martha laughs.

LUKE
So I write, big deal.

WARREN
Hey, I can't say much I paint on
cardboard.

MARTHA
You should read a poem for Warren!

LUKE
No, it's not happening.

MARTHA
Oh please do.

LUKE
Mom, I'm tired, we have to get on
the road tomorrow, it's just too
much.

He stands.

LUKE
As a matter of fact, I'm going off
to bed now. I will see each of you
in the morning.

MARTHA
Good night darling.

He leans over and kisses her forehead.

LUKE
Love you mom.

LUKE'S BEDROOM

Luke enters his childhood bedroom, still the same as the day
he left it. Music and movie posters scattered over the
walls. He takes a moment and looks over everything.

LUKE
(V.O.)
It's funny going home. Everything
is exactly how you left it.

He shuts the door behind him and opens a dresser drawer.
Sitting in the drawer is an old notebook.

He smirks as he opens it, it's a book of poems. He sits down on his bed and begins reading.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Warren sits outside the house on a lawn chair looking up into the sky. Martha walks up and sits down next to him.

WARREN
So beautiful out here.

MARTHA
I know, that's why I never left.

She smiles.

MARTHA
Even when it's lonely, it's still beautiful.

WARREN
I know a lot about loneliness.

She pats his leg.

MARTHA
We all do sweetheart.

He smiles. They each look up at the stars.

MARTHA
Luke was always a great poet. He wrote one poem, it's called The Stars. It's my favorite.

She waits a beat.

MARTHA
At night I see the stars, so innocent in the sky. I think to myself, how do I become a star? How do I grow to be as innocent as I once was? You see, to live is to die, because life is death waiting to happen. But the stars are the only ones among us who really live.

Warren looks over at her, listening closely.

MARTHA
Some men bleed for love, others bleed for guilt. But only the stars bleed for beauty.

She stops and looks at him.

MARTHA
Powerful for a 12 year old.

WARREN
I'd say.

He smiles.

WARREN
I can't believe he's never
mentioned any of this.

MARTHA
He's always been the quiet type.
He's shy.

WARREN
He's just hurting.

MARTHA
You mean Debbie?

WARREN
Is that her name.

MARTHA
Oh how he loved her. They were so
great together, but then again
people are never who you think they
are.

WARREN
He really misses her, it tears him
apart.

MARTHA
Warren, I want to ask something of
you because I feel like I can trust
you.

WARREN
Yes?

MARTHA
Take care of my boy.

They look into each others eyes.

WARREN
I will.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE; FLORIDA

Warren and Luke relax on two beach chairs, watching the waves crash just a few feet from them. The sun shines down on the water, reflecting back onto the sand. GIRLS walk by, Luke lowers his sunglasses to check them out.

He looks back at Warren who is focused on the crashing waves.

JOSH WATERS, a white man in his 20s walks up to them, standing in between the two chairs. He is a journalist. He is dressed in a suit. He looks at the two of them.

LUKE
Can I help you?

JOSH
Josh Waters, I'm here to interview Warren.

Luke stands and extends his hand, Josh shakes it. Warren's eyes stay focused on the waves.

LUKE
Sorry, I didn't know you'd come to us. I thought we were meeting tomorrow morning?

JOSH
We were but things changed, I've gotta' be in Las Vegas tonight for a meeting so if we could get this done I'd appreciate it.

LUKE
What about the show? You're not gonna' be there?

JOSH
I don't know, if I'm back in time I'll stop by.

They both look at Warren, who hasn't moved an inch.

JOSH
You must be Warren.

No response. Josh looks at Luke in disbelief.

JOSH

He ok?

LUKE

Yeah, he's fine. Just enjoying the sights.

Josh sighs.

JOSH

You artists are all the same.
There's a car waiting for you,
it'll take you to my office where
we can get this done.

LUKE

Great.

Josh looks at Warren, he raises his voice as if he is deaf.

JOSH

I'll see you soon.

Josh smiles and walks away. Luke steps in front of Warren's view.

LUKE

What was that?

WARREN

What?

LUKE

That guy's gonna' interview you,
you weren't very nice to him.

WARREN

Why should I be, looked like an
asshole.

Luke chuckles.

LUKE

Looked like an asshole?

WARREN

Yeah, wearing a suit on the beach.

LUKE

That's cause he came here to get
us, did you not hear anything he
just said?

WARREN

Guess not.

LUKE

Ok well get up, let's go.

INT. OFFICE

Luke and Warren sit across from Josh in his office. The walls are bare and the desk is neatly organized. Josh sits typing on a laptop.

JOSH

Alright, we can get started.

Warren looks around the room.

WARREN

Why isn't there anything on the walls?

JOSH

Excuse me?

WARREN

Your walls, they're empty.

Josh clears his throat, ignoring the question.

JOSH

Have you always been homeless?

Luke looks around the room, itching for his next fix.

WARREN

No, I was an art teacher.

JOSH

Where?

WARREN

In Florida. Melbourne Beach.

JOSH

Oh, so you know the area. Any family?

Warren looks at Luke.

WARREN

You told me he wouldn't talk about them.

LUKE
It's a good question.

WARREN
Yeah but you told me.

Luke looks at Josh.

LUKE
Next question.

Josh rolls his eyes.

LUKE
Hey, is there a bathroom around here?

JOSH
Down the hall, to your left.

LUKE
Thanks.

He stands.

LUKE
You gonna' be ok?

WARREN
Yeah, I'm fine.

Luke exits.

WARREN
Next question?

BATHROOM

Luke stands looking at himself in the bathroom mirror. He runs some cold water over his hands and splashes some onto his face.

LUKE
(V.O.)
I've had some good times, right?

He pulls a small baggie of cocaine out of his pants pocket, opens it and dumps it on the counter. He pulls a credit card out of his pocket and cuts it up into two lines.

LUKE
(V.O.)
I mean, if I died today. Right now,
I'd have done some good.

Luke pulls a dollar bill out of his pocket and rolls it up, he snorts one of the lines.

FLUSH. Someone else is in there with him. He looks in the mirror, startled, as one of the stall doors open and a MAN walks up next to him.

The Man looks down at the cocaine and then up at Luke.

MAN

Bad habit.

Luke smiles. He grabs the Man by his neck and slams his head down onto the counter, splitting his head open. The Man slowly drops to the bathroom floor.

Luke looks down at the blood pouring from his head. He rolls the dollar back up and snorts the second line.

LUKE

(V.O.)

Maybe I'm just numb to my failures.

OFFICE

Luke steps back in and takes his seat next to Warren. He sits back in his seat as if nothing happened.

WARREN

Welcome back.

LUKE

I miss anything?

JOSH

We've made significant progress.
Warren has an amazing story.

LUKE

He does, he does.

Warren looks at Luke.

WARREN

You ok?

LUKE

Yeah, I'm fine.

WARREN

You look a little jumpy.

LUKE
Jumpy? No, I'm fine.

JOSH
Anyways, I would like to get this published by the end of the week. Piggy-backing off your show tomorrow night will give you some great exposure.

LUKE
Great, great. So we're done here?

JOSH
Yeah, I mean as long as you guys don't have any questions.

Luke stands, hurrying.

JOSH
I guess you don't

Warren stands.

LUKE
Thanks a bunch.

JOSH
Thank you.

He extends his hand and Warren shakes it.

WARREN
You gonna' get my story told?

JOSH
I sure am.

Josh smiles.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

LUKE'S ROOM

Luke is lying on top of a bed in a nice sized room. His hands are folded underneath his head. He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and dials a few numbers.

LUKE
Yeah, Tommy. Yeah, it's Luke.

He laughs.

LUKE

Listen, can you text me that number. Yeah, in Florida.

He stands and walks over to the window, looking outside.

LUKE

Yeah man, I know I just, I was at my moms and I didn't get a fix so I'm feeling it.

His hotel room phone begins ringing.

LUKE

Listen, I gotta' go, text me the number.

RING,RING,RING.

LUKE

Ok thanks man, gotta' go. Thanks.

He hangs up the cell phone and walks over to the room phone, answering it.

LUKE

Yes?

His cell phone vibrates, he looks down at it, not paying attention to the conversation on the phone.

LUKE

Yeah, I'm with him, he's in the next room.

He looks up, shocked.

LUKE

What? Are you sure?

He slowly hangs up the phone.

He runs his hands through his hair.

WARREN'S ROOM

Warren is standing by the window looking out at the view of the ocean. KNOCK at his hotel room door. He slowly walks over to the door and opens it.

Luke stands in the doorway.

LUKE
Warren, we need to talk.

WARREN
Everything ok?

LUKE
No, it's not.

WARREN
Well...what's wrong?

Luke hesitates.

LUKE
It's Shannon.

WARREN
My daughter?

LUKE
Yeah, she's in the hospital.

Warren stands motionless.

LUKE
They called here looking for you.

WARREN
Why? How did they find me?

LUKE
She wants to see you Warren.
Everyone knows your here. Haven't
you seen the papers?

WARREN
What's wrong with her?

LUKE
They didn't say much, she was in an
accident.

WARREN
How far?

LUKE
About an hour.

WARREN
Will you go with me?

LUKE
Of course.

Warren is fighting back tears.

LUKE
You sure you want to go?

WARREN
She needs me.

LUKE
Yeah, she does, she does.

INT. HOSPITAL

LOBBY

Luke and Warren sit next to each other in the waiting room of the hospital. Nurses and families walk by.

WARREN
I hate hospitals.

LUKE
Most people do.

WARREN
No, I mean I really hate them.

He laughs, so does Luke.

LUKE
I have to apologize.

WARREN
What for?

LUKE
For being an arrogant prick all of my life.

Warren laughs.

WARREN
You shouldn't be apologizing to me.

LUKE
Well I'm not religious, so I can't go to a priest. In my eyes, you're the closest thing I got.

Warren nods.

WARREN
What about your mom?

LUKE
She knows I'm sorry.

WARREN
Yeah, I think she does too.

He smiles.

WARREN
Well, I wanted to thank you.

LUKE
You don't have to.

WARREN
No, I do. I know I'm crazy, I've got a lot of shit going on in my head, but you've been a pretty good guy. Even if it's been mostly for your benefit.

Luke smiles.

LUKE
I wonder how much longer they'll make us wait.

WARREN
It's terrible. The waiting. It's what I hate the most about these places. When I was a boy, I went to see my father in the hospital. He worked at a gas station and got shot in the chest.

He pauses.

WARREN
I stood there looking at him, fragile and weak. He looked at me. He opened his eyes and looked at me. The closest I'd ever been to him. Then he died.

Luke doesn't know what to say.

WARREN
I hate hospitals.

Luke's phone starts ringing.

LUKE

Shit.

He pulls it out of his pocket and looks down at it, it's a text. He dials a few numbers and holds the phone up to his ear.

He looks around the room.

LUKE

Yeah, you Tommy's guy? Yeah. I'm about 10 miles from there.

He looks at Warren, who is sitting with his head back and his eyes closed.

LUKE

Sure.

He hangs up and puts the phone away.

LUKE

I gotta' step out for a bit, you gonna' be ok?

WARREN

Where you going?

LUKE

I gotta' meet a friend, no big deal.

Warren opens his eyes.

WARREN

You're coming back?

LUKE

Of course, you need to do this yourself anyways.

WARREN

Ok.

Luke stands.

WARREN

You don't have to lie to me.

LUKE

Lie to you? Why would I lie to you?

WARREN
Because you're ashamed of yourself.

LUKE
I'm going to meet a friend, Warren.

WARREN
Luke, come on. You know you don't
have to do this.

Luke walks away.

WARREN
(under his breath)
Junkie.

He puts his head back and dozes off again.

EXT. PARKING LOT

A HOMELESS MAN stands over a trash barrel with flames roaring out of it. He warms his hands over the flames as Luke's car pulls into the otherwise empty lot.

He exits the car and leans up against it.

JOSE, a Spanish gang member with prison tattoos covering most of his body, steps out of the shadows and walks over to Luke.

LUKE
You Jose?

JOSE
Si amigo. You must be Tommy's boy.

LUKE
Yeah, Luke.

Jose and Luke shake hands.

JOSE
So what you need?

LUKE
You got any Oxy? Coke?

JOSE
I got it all vato.

Luke smiles.

LUKE

Tommy always does have the best of friends.

JOSE

You could say that.

Three THUGS steps out of the shadows and start walking over to Jose and Luke.

JOSE

Nice car here.

LUKE

How much for the dope?

Jose laughs, speaks Spanish to his friends and then slugs Luke in the stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

LOBBY

Warren is now asleep in his chair. A NURSE walks over to him.

NURSE

Mr.Black?

He snores.

NURSE

MR.BLACK.

He awakens, coughing and catching his breath.

WARREN

Sorry, sorry. Yes?

NURSE

You can see Shannon now.

WARREN

I can?

NURSE

Yes, she's right down that hall,
room 34B.

She points down a hospital hallway, long and narrow.

WARREN
How is she?

NURSE
She's in critical condition, you
should see her while she's awake.

WARREN
She gonna' be ok?

NURSE
She'll be better after she sees
you.

The nurse walks off. Warren sits still, focused on the hallway leading to his estranged daughter. He slowly stands and begins stepping towards it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Luke is on his knees, with two of the thugs holding him while Jose smacks his face around.

JOSE
Tommy owes me a lot of money.

He smacks Luke again.

LUKE
The fuck you want me to do about
it?

JOSE
I wouldn't be so mad if he hadn't
fucked my sister.

LUKE
Shit.

JOSE
That's right fucker. Shit.

He smacks Luke again, his nose is bleeding.

LUKE
Listen man you want the car, take
it. Take my fucking money man. I
don't even know Tommy that well.

Jose knees him in the face.

LUKE

Please. Just take what you want.

Jose looks at his friends and then back at Luke, delivering one final punch to his face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Warren steps past the receptionist desk and gets closer and closer to 34B.

Finally he reaches the door and cautiously he opens it.

ROOM 34B

SHANNON lies half asleep in a hospital bed. Her body covered in bandages and part of her head bandaged as well. Her body is hooked up to a ton of machines monitoring her heartbeat and well being.

Warren stands with his back against the door, he closes his eyes. Memories rushing over him...

INT. HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK

Warren stands outside of the infant room of a hospital. He is looking through the glass at Shannon, who is just a newborn asleep in a hospital crib.

He places his hand on the glass.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

SHANNON

Dad?

Warren's eyes open and he looks down at her.

SHANNON

I can't believe you're here.

WARREN

Neither can I.

Tears fall down his cheeks. He steps closer to her and places his hand on top of hers.

WARREN

I'm sorry.

He looks at all the machines keeping her alive.

WARREN

I should have done things differently. I should have been a better father.

Warren smiles.

WARREN

You look so much like your mother it's unbelievable.

SHANNON

Mom was here yesterday.

WARREN

How is she?

SHANNON

She's ok, busy. Everyone's so busy.

She coughs.

SHANNON

You look good.

WARREN

Yeah, I guess I'm doing ok.

SHANNON

I heard you were painting now. I saw you on TV.

WARREN

Down here?

SHANNON

Yeah, you're a big deal.

WARREN

Well I've only had one show, tomorrow is my second.

SHANNON

I wish I could be there.

WARREN

Yeah. So do I sweetheart.

Tears roll down her cheeks.

WARREN
I'm so sorry.

He starts crying.

WARREN
I never meant to hurt you.

SHANNON
It's ok dad.

He can't fight back his emotions.

WARREN
I just wanted to be there for you
and your mother she left with you.
I was afraid. I was afraid of what
you'd expect from me.

He pauses to catch his breath.

WARREN
I didn't want to disappoint you.

His grip tightens around her hand.

WARREN
I just want to make you proud.

Shannon sniffs, she's crying much harder now. He wipes the
tears off his face.

WARREN
Things will be different now. I'll
be there for you, we can be a
family again.

She smiles.

SHANNON
I'd like that.

The machines start beeping erratically, something's wrong.
He looks at them, confused. NURSES burst into the room,
pushing past him...

INT. HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK

Warren now stands inside the infant ward, a NURSE places
baby Shannon into his arms. He is holding her for the first
time. Her tiny body is so small in his arms.

He smiles down at her, a proud father...

INT. HOSPITAL

He slowly backs away from Shannon, and out of the room. He watches through the door window, as the nurses struggle to save her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Luke lies on his back, bleeding from his nose and mouth. He has a few cracked ribs, a broken nose, and two black eyes. He coughs up some blood.

His car is gone, they left him barely breathing.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He dials a few numbers and struggles to hold it by his ear.

LUKE

I need an ambulance. Quick.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

LOBBY

Warren sits on a seat, unable to fall asleep. Across the room, he can see two large doors swing open, and Luke is rushed inside on a stretcher.

Warren doesn't recognize him. He sighs and looks towards the receptionist desk. The RECEPTIONIST, a younger black woman sits behind the desk filling out paperwork.

WARREN

Any word on my daughter?

RECEPTIONIST

Not yet Mr.Black,I'm sure the doctor will be with you shortly.

A phone on the front desk rings, she answers.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, he is here. You're sure. Ok.

She hangs up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr.Black it seems a friend of yours
has just been admitted. He asked
that you know he was here.

WARREN

A friend of mine?

He has no idea who it could be.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, his name is Luke McCoy.

Warren stands.

WARREN

Is he ok, is he hurt? Where is he?

RECEPTIONIST

He will be fine, he's been in a
small accident, but he is stable.
You should be able to see him in no
time at all.

WARREN

What a night.

He sits back down in the seat. A DOCTOR, a tall white man,
passes through the large doors and slowly walks over to
Warren.

DOCTOR

Mr.Black?

Warren stands.

WARREN

Yes?

DOCTOR

I have been working with your
daughter, Shannon.

WARREN

How is she? Is she ok?

DOCTOR

Mr.Black, your daughter was in a
very bad car accident. She is
suffering from massive brain
hemorrhaging and copious amounts of
internal bleeding.

Warren is afraid, nervous. His palms sweat.

DOCTOR

She seemed to be fighting, holding
on for something for days, I've
never seen anything like it.

WARREN

Is she...can you help her?

DOCTOR

Her body fought for days, Mr.Black,
and after seeing you, she just
stopped fighting.

The Doctor doesn't know how to tell him his daughter has
died.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry.

He turns and walks away.

Warren stands motionless, watching as the Doctor walks away.
The Receptionist watches him, she is sad FOR him.

Tears slide down his cheeks, his lip quivers and suddenly he
falls, slamming his head against a chair.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

HOSPITAL ROOM

Warren is sleeping in a hospital bed, being admitted after
banging his head on the chair in the lobby. Next to him,
Luke sleeps in another bed. Machines beep as their hearts
beep.

Luke's face is slowly healing, still swollen. His ribs are
bandaged. His eyes slowly open, he awakens in pain and
agony.

LUKE

(to himself)

Fuck.

He coughs, each movement more painful than the last. He
looks over and sees Warren sleeping next to him.

LUKE

You gotta' be kidding me.

He chuckles.

LUKE
Warren. Warren.

He leans up a little bit, struggling to do so.

LUKE
Hey, WARREN.

Warren coughs himself awake, turning and noticing Luke.

LUKE
What the fuck are you doing there?

Warren rolls over to face the other side and falls back asleep, he is too angry and sad to speak.

Luke lies back down.

LUKE
(V.O.)
Maybe I should have let them kill
me, told them to kill me.

He looks over at a machine showing his heart rate.

EXT. HOSPITAL

SMOKING AREA

A small courtyard for smokers and patients who need a break from their hospital beds. Warren sits out on a bench, thinking. He sits alone.

He scratches his head.

Luke stumbles outside and sits down on the bench, leaving space between them.

LUKE
They're letting us go tomorrow, I
spoke to Shelby and she said your
show went great.

Warren sits speechless. Luke looks over at him and then straight ahead.

LUKE
I don't know what to say.

He coughs.

LUKE

I can't say that I know how you feel, cause' I'd be a liar but I know how it feels to hit the bottom. Can't be much different than that.

WARREN

She was fighting. She held on for days.

Warren fights back tears.

WARREN

She just wanted to see me.

The tears fall.

WARREN

She knew I'd come, somehow she really knew.

LUKE

She knew you better than you thought she did.

Warren breaks down and starts balling.

WARREN

She looked so much like her mother. She waited for me, she needed me.

Luke bites his lower lip, fighting tears.

WARREN

I should've been there the whole time. I should've been her father.

LUKE

We all fuck up.

Warren holds his head in his hands, crying.

LUKE

(quieter)

We all fuck up.

Warren lifts his head and locks eyes with Luke.

WARREN

I got nothing else now, Luke.

LUKE
Don't say that, you've got your
art, you're a real talent now.
You've got me.

WARREN
You don't get it. That little girl
was the last piece of me here. The
last piece that kept me alive, and
now I'm just a bum again.

LUKE
You're not a bum.

WARREN
It's all a joke, man. Life. It's a
fucking joke.

He pauses a beat.

WARREN
What about you?

LUKE
Me? I'm a bum.

WARREN
What about that girl?

LUKE
Girl?

WARREN
Your fiance.

Luke smirks.

LUKE
She hates me.

WARREN
Change her.

LUKE
I wish I could, pal.

Warren stands.

WARREN
I got nothing left here. But you,
you've got time. You've got a
chance to turn this whole thing
around.

LUKE

There's nothing to turn around, I don't need her.

Warren points his index finger at Luke.

WARREN

Don't fucking say that! Don't ever say that! I hear you calling her! I hear you asking her to call you! She's still in you.

LUKE

What fucking difference does it make? She won't even fucking look at me anymore.

WARREN

I don't blame her, you're a mess. Look at you now, they said it was an accident, but I know better.

LUKE

I don't want to change, I like this life.

WARREN

You're destroying everything around you.

LUKE

Not you! Look at you now! You're the next big thing! You're a fucking ARTIST. I took you from the fucking gutter, and now you'll never go to bed hungry again.

Luke stands.

LUKE

Now lets go get some rest, we have a busy schedule this month.

WARREN

I'm not going anywhere.

LUKE

Excuse me?

WARREN

I have to stay here with Shannon.

LUKE

We can fly back for the funeral,
that's not a big deal.

WARREN

No. I'm not leaving.

LUKE

Warren, I'm sorry for what happened
to you, but life goes on. We're
just getting started here.

WARREN

YOU are just getting started. You
got what you wanted. You got your
fame, your star. Go back and make
someone else famous. I don't want
it.

LUKE

You can not be serious.

WARREN

I am.

LUKE

You're throwing all of this away?
Everything we've worked on?

WARREN

I'm just taking a break, Luke.

LUKE

A break? You can't take a break
NOW! We're just starting.

WARREN

You really don't understand.

LUKE

I understand that I've been busting
my ass to make something out of
you, and now you want a break?

WARREN

My daughter just died.

LUKE

Oh please, you haven't even seen
her in years because you're too
afraid.

Warren looks away.

LUKE

You're afraid of everything...you know what, fuck you. You don't want all of this, then fuck you. I'll go back to work and find some other asshole who wants to be something. You can fucking call me when you wake up.

Luke storms off. Warren stands alone, thinking.

LUKE

(V.O.)

Nothing's ever right.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

HOSPITAL ROOM

Luke sleeps facing the wall opposite of Warren's bed and Warren sleeps facing the wall opposite of Luke's bed.

LUKE

(V.O.)

Friends turn their backs on you all the time, you learn to live with it and move on.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

CONFERENCE ROOM

Shelby stands in front of the other employees of the museum. Luke stumbles in late, as usual, and drunk, as usual. He sits down, leisurely slouching in his seat.

SHELBY

Luke, I didn't know you were back.

LUKE

Here I am.

He fakes a smile.

SHELBY

How's Warren?

LUKE

Fine. He's fine.

He shrugs off the question.

SHELBY

And you? Are you ok?

LUKE

Yeah, I'm just ready to get back to work.

SHELBY

That's what I like to hear.

She smiles.

SHELBY

What are you planning on doing?

LUKE

Well, I have all of his work at my apartment, tons of it. So, we can continue to ride on his fame and keep his image alive until he decides to get back to work.

SHELBY

Sounds like a plan, are you going to the funeral?

LUKE

No, I'm staying here, I'm focused now.

SHELBY

Well, it seems you have changed for the better.

LUKE

You could say that.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

A small group of people gather around a casket sitting above ground with a PREACHER speaking over it. Everyone is dressed in black, sitting in black lawn chairs, crying. The audience is mixed, men and women, young and old.

Warren stands behind everyone, watching over them.

PREACHER

We don't know why God does what he does, but we all do know that the Lord works in mysterious ways. We may now wish to accept the passing of such a young and talented woman,

PREACHER
but we must understand that it was
time for her to go home.

He looks over the group, and lowers his head.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM

OFFICE

Luke slouches in his chair, with his legs kicked up on the desk. He pulls a bottle of whiskey out of his desk drawer and swigs from it. He's a wreck, more-so than usual.

He takes another swig and wipes his lips off on his sleeve.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Everyone is now dropping soil onto the lowered casket and then leaving the funeral. Warren stands alone, watching everyone pay homage to his daughter.

When everyone has finished, he walks up to the casket and drops some soil down onto it. He stands over the grave, missing her, fighting back tears.

He smiles down at her and then walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Luke sits on his couch watching the news on his TV. He is drinking from a bottle of Gin. One of Warren's cardboard paintings sits on the couch next to him.

A FEMALE ANCHOR talks on the TV.

FEMALE ANCHOR
Overnight fame is a hard thing to
achieve in the art world but the
once homeless Warren Black's odd
and original methods have made him
a household name after only two
shows.

He swigs from the bottle and looks at the painting. It taunts him constantly. He puts the bottle down on a coffee table and grabs the painting.

He viciously tears it in half and then tosses it off the couch.

Luke takes another swig from the bottle.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Warren sits on the end of a bed, tired and lonely. A THUNDERSTORM rages outside, the lightning illuminating the room through the window ever so often.

He is still wearing his suit from the funeral. He curiously looks around the room and focuses at a painting of a giraffe sitting on the wall.

He stands and walks over to his luggage, which is sitting next to the door. He opens a suitcase and pulls out a folded up piece of cardboard.

(MONTAGE)

Warren pins the cardboard to the hotel wall.

He pulls buckets of paint out of his suitcase along with a paintbrush.

He violently thrusts the paint at the cardboard like a madman wielding a blade. Tears forming in his eyes.

He meticulously paints shapes and swirls all over the madness, creating his masterpiece.

(END OF MONTAGE)

Warren takes a step back from the painting, paint covering the room and his clothes. He wipes the tears off of his face and then drops the paintbrush onto the ground.

He walks over to his suitcase and removes a revolver from his bag, checks it to see if it's loaded, it is.

He raises the gun up to his head. His finger grows tense on the trigger, and as he takes one more gasp of air, BAM he fires a round into his head, killing himself instantly.

His limp body falls to the ground, blood pouring out of the gaping wound in his head.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

BEDROOM

Luke lies asleep in his bed, drool dripping from his mouth out onto a pillow. He snores loudly.

His cellphone begins to ring and vibrate on the nightstand next to his bed.

Slowly, Luke awakens to the ringing of his phone. He swings his arm out from underneath a pillow and grabs it.

LUKE

Hello?

He is disgustingly drunk, coughing between breaths.

LUKE

Yeah, this is him.

He rolls over onto his back rubbing his head with his free hand.

LUKE

What?

His eyes shoot open.

LUKE

He, what? Are you sure you have the right guy, I mean could there have been a mistake?

He sits up in bed, shocked.

LUKE

How'd you know to call me?

He looks at the city outside, blurred.

LUKE

A note?

He rubs his eyes with his free hand.

LUKE

What'd it say?

He sighs.

LUKE

Just tell me what it said, I'm not gonna' make it there in time.

He listens, then slowly removes the phone from his ear and hangs up.

Luke sits down on the edge of his bed, shocked by the news. He pulls his laptop out from underneath his bed and opens it.

LUKE

(V.O.)

We find inspiration in the strangest places.

He begins typing. The ideas and words are flowing from his fingertips. As his fingers assault the keyboard tears begin forming in his eyes.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

A busy night club with a large BOUNCER watching the door. Loud house music blares from inside, muffled by the thick walls and doors. A line of teens and adult men stand waiting to get inside.

TOMMY, a 26 year old white drug dealer stands outside the club smoking a cigarette.

He smiles at a couple of GIRLS entering the club. Luke, obviously drunk, walks around the corner and approaches him. He's tired and a disgusting sight. His aviators barely staying on his face.

LUKE

Tommy.

TOMMY

Luke!

He smiles, surprised to see him.

TOMMY

You look like shit.

LUKE

Yeah well, that's what happens when someone kicks your fucking ass because of your piece of shit friend.

TOMMY
Easy Luke, easy. It's not my fault!
It was a fucking fluke.

LUKE
A fluke?

He smirks and then looks up at Tommy.

LUKE
You fucking kidding me?

TOMMY
Listen, take it easy dude. You're
killing my vibe.

Luke looks at the line of people, all potential customers
for Tommy. He eases up.

LUKE
I want free shit.

TOMMY
Free shit!?

LUKE
Did I fucking stutter?

Tommy fakes a smile.

TOMMY
Alright, alright. What you looking
for? The usual?

LUKE
No, something different.

TOMMY
Different?

LUKE
Something that will make me see
shit.

TOMMY
Like Lucy?

LUKE
What the fuck is Lucy?

TOMMY
Acid? LSD?

LUKE

Sure.

TOMMY

Ok, I can do that.

He looks around, and then to the Bouncer, who nods.

LUKE

I want enough to get me through the week.

TOMMY

The week? You ever tripped before?

LUKE

No. Tripped? No.

TOMMY

Then you don't need enough for a fucking week.

LUKE

I want what I want, and you're gonna' fucking give it to me or else I'll fucking beat your ass right in front of all these fucking assholes.

Tommy's smile fades.

TOMMY

Alright man, I'm just looking out for you. Take it easy with this shit, you'll lose your mind.

LUKE

I'll be fine.

Tommy reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a baggie of LSD tabs. He hands it to Luke who pushes it into his pocket.

TOMMY

I'm serious, dude. Be careful.

LUKE

Can you get me inside?

TOMMY

The club?

LUKE

Yeah.

TOMMY

Of course. Come on.

He leads Luke into the club, past the Bouncer.

INT. CLUB

Luke wanders through an overcrowded club, house music blaring through the speakers. He dodges teenagers who are dancing on each other and makes his way to a bathroom.

BATHROOM

Luke pushes into a crowded bathroom and stumbles into an empty stall. He closes the stall door and locks it behind him.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the bag of LSD. Luke reaches his fingers into the bag and pulls out a bunch of tabs. He looks down at them, and contemplates the entire situation.

LUKE

(V.O.)

Some drugs numb your mind, others send you on journeys. When you've got nothing else, you do both and you hope you don't wake up from it.

Luke places the handful of tabs into his mouth and flushes the rest.

CLUB

Luke wanders through the crowded club waiting for the drugs to kick in. He bumps into a couple of people and makes his way over to a seat. Luke sits and then looks out into the club. The lights start to blur and begin flashing more than usual.

The colors become much more vivid and brighter and the people begin to blur as they move to the music. He can see the sound leaving the speakers. He can feel every single movement and his heart moves with every pound of the bass.

He gets drowsier and drowsier and slowly stumbles to his feet.

He looks over the crowd and sees WARREN dancing in the crowd, the light hitting him just right enough for Luke to recognize him.

LUKE

Warren!

He screams out but his voice is drowned out by the music.

LUKE

WARREN!

His screams are once again drowned out. Warren looks over at Luke, smiles and then disappears in the club. Luke stumbles towards where he saw Warren, dodging women and men all dancing like fools.

He bumps into a woman and knocks her drink out of her hand and onto her friend. He pays no attention, stumbling further and further into the darkness of the club.

EXT. CLUB

ALLEYWAY

Luke stumbles out the backdoor of the club, shutting the door behind him.

LUKE

Warren!?

He screams out, still searching for his friend. He looks around, and he is standing in an alleyway, alone. The music from the inside is still fairly heard, muffled by the walls.

Luke looks down the alley and sees Warren's silhouette, which waves at him and then walks off.

The contrast of everything is heightened and each footstep is louder and crisper than anything Luke has ever heard.

LUKE

Warren, wait!

He walks into a HOMELESS WOMAN who seems to appear out of mid-air. The woman's face is witch-like and disgusting. Her face blurs as he looks at her and seems to disappear off her shoulders.

He pushes past her, knocking her over as he goes.

LUKE

WARREN!

STREET

Luke exits the alleyway and starts stumbling onto the sidewalk of a busy street. On the other side of the street stands Warren, who flashes a smile and then walks in between two buildings.

Luke stumbles out into the busy street, causing a car to swerve around him. He continuously walks across the street, being dodged by cars, honking and swerving to miss him.

LUKE

WARREN?

People on the sidewalks stop and point fingers at him as he wanders past everything.

EXT. BEACH

Luke stumbles onto a beach, Warren stands in the water looking out at the vast horizon. Standing next to him is Shannon, fully healed.

Luke runs towards them, tripping through the sand and kicking through the water as he hits it.

As he reaches them, they turn and smile.

WARREN

Dear Luke, I hope you aren't mad.

Luke smiles.

WARREN

I want to thank you for everything you've done for me. You've changed me, you gave me what I needed to find myself again.

Luke looks back at the beach where people have followed him there, watching him like some form of entertainment.

WARREN

Sadly, I hate myself and I hate everything I was. You still have a chance to do something different, get yourself back.

Warren runs out into the water away from Luke and disappears.

WARREN

I'm sorry.

Luke looks around confused.

LUKE

(V.O.)

You get to that high point in life,
that fucking pinnacle. The point of
no return where you know you're the
fucking man.

He slowly steps towards the ocean.

LUKE

(V.O.)

You get there after you've been
fighting for it your whole life.

He walks out into the water until it consumes him, and he
floats away.

LUKE

(V.O.)

And all you want is to float away.

Police sirens echo in the distance and grow nearer as Luke
floats further and further out to sea. TOMMY runs onto the
beach.

TOMMY

LUKE!

A POLICE OFFICER runs up next to him.

POLICE OFFICER

What the Hell happened?

TOMMY

I guess.

He pauses a beat as Luke is no longer visible.

TOMMY

I guess he just let himself go.

Tommy slowly backs away...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END