

BROTHER TO BROTHER

by

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FADE IN.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

It is a warm summer day. A tall apartment building takes up the frame. A multitude of air conditioners stick outside the tram windows and many others have clothes that hang out to dry on the railing.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A television shows a commercial that depicts a sunny, tropical paradise. It is an advertisement for foreign travel to the Bahamas, Tahiti, etc. The ANNOUNCER can be heard faintly on the television as he talks over B-roll footage of the paradise spots. Loud SNORES are heard in the background.

The snores come from KEVIN LORCAN, 27, a plump young man who continues to sleep on the living room couch with his regular clothes on. His mouth is wide open while he snores, which leads to more annoyance.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A different occupant of the apartment puts on a work uniform. This is MARK LORCAN, 24, diligent and much slender than Kevin. He slips on a blue vest and places a pin on the vest that reads, "ACE BARGAINS."

He hears his brother's SNORES coming from the living room and walks out of the room.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark shuffles over to the sleeping Kevin. He stops to look at the television for a beat, which still plays the vacation commercial. He turns around and rocks Kevin back and forth.

MARK

Hey. Get up, Kev.

Kevin lets out a snort and lazily raises his body up on the couch. He lets out a pained groan.

KEVIN

Shit, man.

Kevin leans his head over to the broken wireless phone. He chuckles.

KEVIN

Oh, man, Mark. Your phone's broke.

(CONTINUED)

Mark scoffs and glares at him. Kevin turns his head and looks at the television.

KEVIN

Hey, look, that commercial you like is on.

Mark looks at the television again. The announcer still talks during B-roll of people lounging and relaxing on a beach.

KEVIN

Aren't you saving up for the Bahamas?

MARK

Yes, I am, Kev, but some of it will have to go towards a new wireless phone.

KEVIN

Oh. Shit, my bad, man.

Mark looks at his watch.

MARK

It's five after eleven.

KEVIN

(beat)  
All right.

MARK

You have a meeting with your parole officer at twelve.

Kevin turns his head and groans.

KEVIN

Aw, fuck, I forgot about that.

MARK

Apparently.

Mark walks over to his room and comes out with a bottle of cologne. He squirts it twice.

MARK

Maybe he'll give you advice on getting a job and getting you off this couch.

KEVIN

This ain't exactly a two-bedroom rental, Mark.

MARK

That's not the point, Kev. I'm the only one paying rent while you're, like, surgically fused to my couch.

Kevin laughs.

MARK

I'm being serious. If I were you, I'd go out looking for jobs so that you could possibly help me pay for rent. Hell, right now, I'd get off the couch, hop in the shower so that I can meet my P.O. before he gets P.O.'ed.

Kevin groans and holds his head again.

KEVIN

Goddamn, that was lame.

There is a loud KNOCK at the door. Kevin groans and turns to the side.

MARK

Come on. Get in the shower, Kev.

KEVIN

Come on. Answer the door, Mark.

Mark shuffles over to the door and he opens it. It is VINCENT, their landlord.

MARK

Oh, hey, Vince. What's going on?

VINCENT

Eh, nothing really. Just a noise complaint I received last night from a neighbor of yours. Who's been screaming and yelling "Melody" over and over at three in the morning?

Mark points to Kevin behind him.

MARK

Want to take a guess?

Vincent looks over at Kevin, still on the living room couch.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

What, are you trying to give  
yourself couch-sores there, champ?

KEVIN

Workin' on it, Vincey.

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT

(under breath)

Vincey. Goddamn.

He clenches his fist and Mark notices.

MARK

You OK, Vince?

VINCENT

Yeah. You want to step outside for  
a sec, Mark?

Mark nods his head and looks at Kevin.

MARK

Come on, hop in the shower, Kevin.  
It's, like, ten after eleven.

KEVIN

All right, fine.

Kevin gets up off the couch and trudges over to the  
bathroom. Mark and Vincent walk outside of the room.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Mark and Vincent are outside the hallway. Vincent talks in a  
hushed tone.

VINCENT

What's goin' on here? This is the  
fifth complaint this month.

MARK

Look, I did all I could to keep it  
quiet last night but he just went  
right back to it after that.

VINCENT

Look, don't give me a story here,  
Mark, all right? Your brother needs  
to control himself, 'K? I'm not  
dumb. I saw the vodka bottle lying  
on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Yeah, he does seem to go for the hard stuff.

Vincent lets out a sigh.

VINCENT

If I hear one more complaint from up in that room, his ass is out.

Mark absorbs this for a beat.

MARK

Vince, I'm sure he can-

VINCENT

I'm sure he can be a pain in the ass. That's what I think. I got people leaving here because of him.

MARK

Are you serious?

VINCENT

Yeah, not even to the other floors, out of this apartment.

MARK

All right, all right, I got it. He's got a meeting with his parole officer today. I'm sure he'll straighten him out, too.

Vincent paces back and forth and comes back to Mark.

VINCENT

How long since he's been let out of jail?

MARK

Nine months now, and he still hasn't found a job yet. I hope he does at least this week. This freeloading shit's gettin' old.

VINCENT

Yeah, I feel ya. I gotta get back to the desk now.

He walks away from Mark for a few steps, then turns around.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Oh. Don't forget. Next Wednesday.

He rubs his thumb and fingers, indicating money.

MARK

(beat)

Consider it done, Vince.

VINCENT

That's my man.

Vincent walks away. Mark blows out an anxious puff of air and comes back into his room.

INT. CAR - DAY

Mark drives the car while Kevin is in the passenger seat.

MARK

I sure hope you gargled with Listerine. I'm sure your P.O. wouldn't like vodka on your breath.

Kevin looks at Mark and he guffaws. Mark keeps his eyes on the road.

MARK

What are you laughing about?

KEVIN

I just love how that work uniform makes you look like a friggin' nerd. That vest ain't bad, either.

MARK

Glad you think work is for nerds, Kev. I'm proud of my outfit.

KEVIN

I figured as much.

Kevin opens up the car window and hangs his arm out.

MARK

Could you put your arm inside the car, please?

Kevin puts his arm back inside. He rolls the window up and only leaves a small crack open. He takes out a carton of cigarettes from his pocket. He puts the cigarette to his mouth and he takes out his lighter.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Put that cigarette out. I don't want the smell of smoke in my car.

KEVIN

Chill, Mark. My window's open, anyway. You won't be able to smell it.

Mark shakes his head, He lights up the cigarette. He inhales and exhales the smoke. He ashes the cigarette butts out of the car window.

MARK

Kev, just put it out.

KEVIN

Why can't you pull your window down if it bugs you so much?

MARK

What, you don't feel the A.C. blowing on your other hand?

Kevin notices the air conditioner blowing on his hand and he looks at his brother.

KEVIN

Well, we're gonna be there in, like, a minute. Can't I just enjoy the summer breeze? And plus, running the A.C. costs money, genius. Wouldn't that get in the way of your Bahamas fund?

Mark looks at his brother for a beat and turns off the air conditioning. Kevin continues to smoke his cigarette.

EXT. ACE BARGAINS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The retailer store building stands at the center of the frame. CUSTOMERS walk in and out of the store.

INT. ACE BARGAINS - DAY

Ace Bargains is an immense building specializing in consumer electronics, including personal computers, DVD players, cell phones, etc., each with its own department.

Mark stands at his post by a DVD/Blu-Ray section, with his arms crossed. He turns his head and sees a young WOMAN browsing the DVD's in the Comedy section. She keeps looking at one DVD after another and puts them back. He enters the frame next to the woman.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

You need help with anything, Miss?

WOMAN

Oh, no, I don't, but thanks anyway.

MARK

I insist.

(picks up a DVD)

Might I recommend something with Ben Stiller in it?

WOMAN

Nah, I don't really like him.

MARK

(puts DVD back)

Oh. Okay, then.

The manager, JEROME FAWLEY, early 40's, a tall bearded, husky man, walks over to the Comedy section and looks over at Mark. He continues to assist the woman customer. He picks up another DVD.

MARK

How about 'Shawshank Redemption'? I know 'feel-good' movies usually do the trick.

WOMAN

Look, I appreciate this but I think I can find something on my own.

Jerome walks behind Mark, while he still talks to the woman.

MARK

But this has Morgan Freeman. You can't pick a better choice than that.

He puts his hand on Mark's shoulder. Mark looks behind him, nervous. Jerome clears his throat.

JEROME

Mark, could I have a word with you?

MARK

Uh...yeah. Sure, Jerome. Just let me finish up this sale here.

WOMAN

It's fine, sir, I'll find something.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

All right, then, you're good.  
Great.

Jerome wraps his arm around Mark and they walk away together. Jerome speaks in a hushed tone.

JEROME

What's going on with you, Mark?

MARK

Jerome, I was simply trying  
assisting a customer. She's just-

JEROME

No, you were just trying to drive  
away a sale. If they don't want  
your help, then walk away. Simple  
as that.

MARK

What I'm trying to do is my job.  
She's just indecisive.

JEROME

Then try doing it right.

Jerome exits the frame. Mark lets out an angry sigh and stands at his post. GORDON, a co-worker, early 20s, a bit shorter than Mark, walks over to him.

GORDON

Shit, man. What was that douche-bag  
Jerome going at you for now?

MARK

Nothing, Gordon.

GORDON

Didn't seem like nothing. He  
basically chewed you up and spit  
you back out.

MARK

Ugh, I already feel enough like a  
gum-wad. He might as well have  
stepped on me, but I'd still be  
stuck.

GORDON

What do you mean by that?

Mark and Gordon walk by a DVD section, as they continue their conversation.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

I don't know. I just feel useless here in this position.

GORDON

Hey, at least we get paid pretty decent. Can't be mad about that.

MARK

(groans)

And I cannot wait until Kevin gets off of that couch and out of my house.

Gordon gets out a pack of gum and opens it.

GORDON

Still can't get a job, huh?  
(offers him gum)  
Want some?

MARK

I'm good.

Gordon takes out a piece of gum and chews it.

MARK

No, he hasn't yet and it doesn't seem like he will anytime soon. I can pay the rent, sure, but I'd still like a little help.

GORDON

What about another roommate?

MARK

Two only, plus Kevin gets confrontational with people he doesn't know.

GORDON

Ah. Gotcha. Don't you have that Bahamas vacation fund, also?

MARK

Yep. I'd like to get away from all the stress.

GORDON

Well, it is summer.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

What do you mean?

GORDON

Maybe Kev could get a job as a pool cleaner. Some people are lazier than your brother is. They don't want to have anything to do with cleaning it themselves.

Mark looks at Gordon for a beat.

MARK

That's nice, but how much would that pay?

GORDON

It doesn't matter as long as it gets him off the couch every once in a while instead of being a bump on a log. Am I right?

Mark smiles to himself.

MARK

(beat)

Right. Definitely.

EXT. PROBATION AGENCY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The Adult Probation and Parole Department brick-red building takes up the frame.

INT. PROBATION AGENCY - CORRIDOR - DAY

The office door reads "Cooper MacGalski, Senior Probation Officer" on the glass. A male voice is heard from outside.

MALE VOICE

It's been nine months since you've been released. Have you looked for a job yet?

INT. COOPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin leans back on his chair with his left arm placed behind his seat. He looks very bored, eyes staring up at the ceiling.

COOPER MacGALSKI, early 40s, wearing a double-breasted suit, sits at his desk and attempts to talk to Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

COOPER

Kevin?

Kevin does not reply. Cooper starts to become impatient.

COOPER

Kevin!

Kevin turns his head over to Cooper.

KEVIN

Hmm?

COOPER

I was asking you if you have a  
looked for a job or not in the past  
nine months.

KEVIN

Oh, right. Sorry for zoning out on  
you there, Cooper. I was just  
thinking.

COOPER

About...?

Kevin sits up on his chair straight.

KEVIN

Well, here's the thing. I got  
locked up for a few months. So I  
was kept away from society, right?

COOPER

(beat)

Yes, that's true.

KEVIN

What I don't get is that everyone  
is expecting me to contribute to  
society after being locked up from  
it. Like, what sense does that  
make? I have to give something back  
for it?

Cooper absorbs Kevin's spiel for a beat.

COOPER

Well, Kev, you make a valid  
argument, but you're twenty-eight.  
You need to find some way to bring  
in some income.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

How am I supposed to do that?  
Barely anyone will hire someone who  
had a D.U.I. Hell, I can't even go  
to Canada. That country bans any  
felon.

COOPER

You've gotta keep searching until  
you can find a job that you're  
qualified for. And again,  
twenty-eight. Your life at this  
point should not be wasted on that  
living room couch.

Kevin taps his finger on the arm support of his chair. He  
looks up at the ceiling and looks at Cooper.

KEVIN

All right, fine, I'll do it. I'll  
do it, so everyone can shut the  
hell up.

Kevin gets up from his chair.

COOPER

Well...okay, then. That's good to  
hear, Kev. Good to hear.

Cooper extends his hand. Kevin looks for a beat.

KEVIN

You put hand sanitizer on, right?

Cooper glares at Kevin and puts his hand back. Kevin laughs  
and extends his hand.

COOPER

Don't let me down, Kev.

They both shake hands.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Mark drives the car, eyes on of the road. His cell phone  
VIBRATES and he answers.

MARK

Hello?

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

JOHN LORCAN, Mark's father, is on the phone, watching television and wearing a wife-beater shirt. He is in his early fifties, has receding hair, and has a scar on his left shoulder. A Purple Heart hangs around his bedpost.

JOHN  
Hey there, champ.

INTERCUT: MARK/JOHN

MARK  
Oh, hey, Pops.

John stops polishing the Purple Heart.

JOHN  
Pops? Jesus, I thought you were gonna stop callin' me that. I'm not that old, Mark.

MARK  
(chuckles)  
So, what's new?

JOHN  
Just calling to check in on you. How's that lazy bastard of a brother of yours? Has he gotten a job yet?

MARK  
Dad...

JOHN  
I just figured I'd ask, you know.

Mark looks at his rear-view mirror and sees that another car is very close behind him.

MARK  
(to himself)  
What's this guy riding my ass for?

JOHN  
What was that?

MARK  
Don't worry about it, and, no, Kevin hasn't found a job yet, but I think I found one for him.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

That's great, son. Great.

Mark is focused on the car behind him and his father on the phone.

JOHN

He hasn't begged you for money, has he?

MARK

No, Dad. He hasn't. Plus, he's just a shut-in, sitting on that couch all day.

JOHN

Do you take your wallet with you at all times?

MARK

Yes, Dad. I even take it into the bathroom with me so he doesn't take anything from it.

JOHN

That's good.

MARK

Yeah, I still can't believe he did-

The car behind Mark bashes into his bumper. He jerks forward into the steering wheel, hitting his head. Mark lifts his head up, which has a red welt on it.

MARK

Goddamn it!

John takes the phone away from his ear. Mark winces in pain.

MARK

(through phone)

Dad, I'll call you back.

He hangs up and throws his phone to the side. He pulls over to the shoulder. He gets out of the car and storms over to the male DRIVER behind him.

MARK

(shouts)

What is your problem? What are you slamming into my bumper for?

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Look, man, speed limit's  
thirty-five. You should've just  
gotten off the phone and driven  
faster.

MARK

You don't just slam into my bumper!

The driver comes out of his car.

DRIVER

Do something about it, then.

Mark looks at him for a beat, incredulous.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Kevin watches television, while he eats microwave chicken  
nuggets. He hears the door open and he turns his head. Mark  
enters, with a bloodied nose.

KEVIN

Oh, shit!  
(beat)  
Jerome beat you up?

Mark trudges over to the bathroom.

MARK

No, he didn't. I don't even want to  
explain.

KEVIN

What's to explain? You lost 'cause  
you can't fight.

MARK (O.S.)

Shut up.

Kevin dips a chicken nugget in ranch dressing and takes a  
bite. Mark comes out of the bathroom and sits down next to  
him.

MARK

So, what did Cooper talk to you  
about?

KEVIN

Oh, you know, how I haven't been  
looking for a job and all that  
happy horseshit.

Mark gets up from the couch.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

That's good that he talked to you about that, because I know what kind of job you're gonna have.

KEVIN

What, I don't get to choose?

MARK

I think it's a good suggestion.

KEVIN

Well, as long as it's not pool cleaning or anything like that -

Mark looks at his brother. Kevin looks at his brother for a beat.

KEVIN

Oh, no, it isn't.

Mark nods 'yes'.

KEVIN

Working outside while the sun's beating down on me cleaning up a pool that the owners could clean up themselves? I'll pass.

MARK

I'm sure you can handle just a little manual labor, Kev. Plus, that sun problem of yours? That's what suntan lotion is for.

KEVIN

I didn't even like it when Dad asked me to mow the front friggin' lawn! He never made you do it.

MARK

Oh, he did, Kev. He knew I was allergic to pollen and he still made me do it.

Kevin looks at the television.

MARK

Kev, I want you to look at me for a second.

Kevin looks at Mark.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

I'm just asking you to help me out.  
Wouldn't it be nice to get outside  
once in a while?

KEVIN

Nope. Too much sun for me, man.

Mark stands up from the couch and paces back and forth.

MARK

All right. Whatever. Don't help me  
out. That's fine. Don't mind me,  
it's not like I took you in here  
when nobody else would or anything.  
I just ask for a little bit of  
help, but you don't want to.

Kevin rolls his eyes.

MARK

It's fine. I don't want to twist  
your arm or anything. If you don't  
want to, it's totally fine. Just  
don't expect to live here for free  
anymore.

KEVIN

(sighs)

All right! Jesus, Mark, enough with  
the guilt tripping! I'll take the  
pool cleaning gig.

Mark wraps his arms around Kevin.

MARK

You're the best, big brother.

Kevin does not reciprocate with a hug.

KEVIN

Oh, God.

(beat)

Do you at least know what the  
weather's going to be like  
tomorrow?

MARK

Ninety-five.

Kevin lets out an annoyed groan.

EXT. RESIDENCE - DAY

Kevin is at the back of a house with an above ground pool that has leaves and debris floating on it. He has a net in his hand with a plain blue T-shirt. He dips his net into the pool and scoops up some leaves and grass. A female CLIENT calls from outside.

FEMALE CLIENT

Make sure you get all of the leaves now, 'K?

Kevin puts on a smile and puts his thumb up.

KEVIN

You bet. This pool will be leaf-free, grass-free, and bug-free in no time flat.

FEMALE CLIENT

Would you like some Hawaiian Punch? You must be blazing out there.

KEVIN

No, thanks, ma'am. I'll be fine.

FEMALE CLIENT

Okay.

She shuts the screen door behind her. Kevin watches her leave and his face changes.

KEVIN

(to himself)

I'd sure love to Hawaiian Punch you right in the mouth, lady.

He resumes scooping up leaves with his net.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

The building stands in the frame and a WOMAN walks inside, dragging in a wheeled suitcase.

INT. APARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

The woman is ANGIE CLISHAM, 26, petite but adorable in her own way, with long chestnut hair, walks up to the counter, where Vincent reads a magazine.

ANGIE

Hi, excuse me. Um, I saw an ad that there is a vacant room up on the third floor.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Yes, ma'am, there is. You here to take it?

ANGIE

Yes, I am.

Vincent notices her only wheeled suitcase.

VINCENT

Someone travels light.

ANGIE

There's a T.V. in the back of my car. I'm going to need someone to help me out.

Vincent nods his head. He takes out a registry book.

VINCENT

All right, ma'am, your name is...?

ANGIE

Angie Clisham.

Vincent looks up at her again.

ANGIE

Yeah, I know, it's a weird last name. It's Irish.

Vincent takes down her name in the registry.

VINCENT

All right, Ms. Clisham, monthly rent is nine hundred. Does that work for you?

ANGIE

It's fine by me.

VINCENT

Well, then. Looks like you won't be a problem, will ya?

ANGIE

Well, I'll try not to be, uh...

VINCENT

Vincent. Or you can call me 'Vince' for short, whatever works for you.

He hands her a key.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Here's your room key.  
Three-sixteen. Enjoy your stay,  
Ang.

Angie smiles and takes the room key.

ANGIE

Thanks, Vince.

Angie walks away from the desk as she drags her wheeled suitcase. Vincent watches as she walks off.

EXT. RESIDENCE - PATIO - AFTERNOON

Kevin is on the patio of a different house. He scoops some leaves out of the pool with his net. He sees a shelled insect on its back as it moves its legs about. He looks in disgust and scoops it out of the pool.

A male CLIENT, mid-30s, steps outside of the patio, shirtless. He holds a bottle of liquor, a glass cup and a bottle of suntan lotion. He sets the liquor and cup down, squeezes a good portion of lotion on his palm and applies suntan lotion on his body.

Kevin watches as the client rubs lotion on himself. He shudders and goes back to his work.

MALE CLIENT

Excuse me!

Kevin lifts up his head.

MALE CLIENT

I hate to be a bother and interrupt  
your job here, but could you apply  
some of this lotion on my back?

Kevin looks at him for a beat, in disbelief.

KEVIN

Uh...sure, man.

He puts down his net and walks over to the client. The client turns around to reveal his even hairier back.

He hands Kevin the lotion, and he squirts some lotion onto his palm. He rubs both of his palms and rubs it on the client's back. Kevin looks upward as he does this task, letting out a light disgusted groan.

Kevin stops applying lotion on the client. He turns around and breathes a sigh of relief.

(CONTINUED)

MALE CLIENT

Ah, thank you very much, sir.

KEVIN

It-it was nothing, honestly, I guess. Is there a chance I could wash my hands in the kitchen sink, because...

Kevin's palms have a few back hairs on them. The male client pours a drink for himself.

MALE CLIENT

Oh, I understand. You don't want to wash them in the pool you just cleaned out.

KEVIN

Yeah, exactly.

MALE CLIENT

Oh, no problem. Go right ahead.

Kevin opens the screen door and enters the man's kitchen.

INT. RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Kevin washes his hand in the kitchen sink. He turns off the sink and dries off his hands with a towel.

KEVIN

(to himself)

Ugh, God, this was so not what my job pays for-

Kevin turns his head and he notices something O.S. There are numerous bottles of liquor on top of the refrigerator. Kevin looks at it in awe.

KEVIN

(to himself)

Nice. Nice.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DUSK

The sky is becomes darker now as it looms over the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Mark sits on a stool at the counter, with a piece of paper underneath him and a pencil in his hand. He turns his head to the calendar, which has previous days marked off. Today is Friday and he has about five days to pay the rent.

He writes out his planning for the Bahamas trip for the expenses the plane ride, hotel suite, special accommodations, etc. He sinks his head lower, rests his head on his arms and groans. Kevin enters the room, appearing a bit sunburned and fatigued.

KEVIN

Oh my God, was that grueling.

Kevin notices his stressed brother on the counter. He walks up to him.

KEVIN

How was your day at work? Was it air-conditioned?

Mark lifts himself up.

MARK

No, I'm not even remotely worried about that.

(beat)

I'm worried about the finances of this Bahamas trip right now. I'm not sure I can afford this on my own.

KEVIN

Oh, shit, man. That sucks.

Mark looks at his brother, stunned.

MARK

No kidding. It's gonna take me forever to have enough to go there, with all the stuff I have planned.

KEVIN

Look, Mark, don't get yourself all worked up. You're smart. You'll figure something out. You're the man.

Mark looks at his brother for a beat and Kevin notices.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN  
Yeah, I said it.

MARK  
Well, thanks for trying to comfort me, Kev. And thanks for taking the pool cleaning job for me.

KEVIN  
Don't mention it.

Kevin looks at his palms in disgust.

KEVIN  
In fact, don't ever speak of it again.

Kevin walks away from him over to the couch.

MARK  
All right. I won't, but you can't stop me from being proud of you.

KEVIN  
Mmm.  
(beat)  
F.Y.I., I'm goin' out tonight.

MARK  
(turns to Kevin)  
Not happening.

Kevin gets up from the couch.

KEVIN  
What the hell? Why not?

MARK  
Because I still remember the last time you wanted to go out, you took money from my wallet while I was using the bathroom.

KEVIN  
Jesus, man, that was, what, last year? You still haven't let it go?

Mark glares at his brother, bewildered.

MARK  
That was three hundred dollars out of my wallet, Kevin!

KEVIN

Well, this night out doesn't require any money, for what it's worth.

MARK

(beat)

What are you going to be doing?

KEVIN

(laughs)

Don't you even worry about it, Mark, OK?

MARK

Well, it's kind of hard not to considering you're still on probation. Now, I don't want to argue anymore about-

There is a KNOCK at the door. Mark whips his head to the door. Kevin walks back to lie down on the couch. Mark shuffles over to the door and answers it to reveal Angie is behind the door.

ANGIE

Hey, sorry to bother you. I'm Angie. I just moved into this apartment.

MARK

Oh, no, no, it's fine. Nice to meet you, Angie, I'm Mark.

They both shake hands.

ANGIE

Nice to meet you, too, Mark. I kinda need some help.

MARK

What's up?

ANGIE

I kinda need help getting the T.V. into my living room. That Vincent guy said that I should try apartment three-ten. Said a very nice tenant lives here.

MARK

Oh...nice, huh?

He looks upward as he absorbs this. Angie looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

So, are you going to help me out?

Mark snaps out of it.

MARK

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah! Definitely.

(to Kevin)

I'll be right back, Kev.

No response. Kevin's eyes are glued to the television.

MARK

Ugh, never mind.

(to Angie)

Lead the way.

Mark comes outside with Angie and leaves the room.

Kevin watches as they leave. He gets up from the couch, grabs his cell phone and leaves the room.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DUSK

He steps outside and checks to see if Mark and Angie had left the floor. He takes out his cell phone and dials a number. He puts the phone up to his ear for a beat. He speaks in a hushed tone.

KEVIN

Hey, Melody, are you busy right now?

(beat)

Well, get that Tiffany chick to cover for you.

(beat)

Come on, just dip out and come pick me up.

(beat)

Mel- Just come over and pick me up. I'll tell you about it later. Trust me, you'll love this. You gonna do it?

(beat)

Aww, you're the best, hon. I'll see you in a few.

He hangs up the phone and puts it in his pocket.

EXT. MALE CLIENT'S RESIDENCE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

There are no vehicles in the driveway. Girlish giggles can be heard in the background.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
 (whispers)  
 Shh, shh, settle down, sweetheart.

EXT. RESIDENCE - PATIO - NIGHT

MELODY, early 20s, a young, attractive brunette woman, is next to Kevin in the pool. Bottles of liquor lie around the surface of the patio floor. Kevin takes a glass, pours some rum in it and offers it to her.

KEVIN  
 Some more of the Captain, my sweet?

She takes the glass.

MELODY  
 Why, thank you.

She drinks the rum. She coughs a little.

KEVIN  
 You OK over there?

MELODY  
 Yeah, I'm fine.

KEVIN  
 Didn't I tell you this was gonna be fun?

Kevin pours himself a glass of rum and drinks it.

MELODY  
 Yeah, but I just don't want to get my hair wet because I just straightened-

Water SQUIRTS on her face and she gasps. Kevin continues to squirt her by using his hands underwater to squirt her. She giggles.

MELODY  
 Kev, stop it!

He continues to squirt her with water. She does the same tactic in retaliation, having the time of their lives.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark comes out of Angie's room. He pants and shakes his arms about.

ANGIE

Are you okay?

MARK

Oh, yeah. Fine. Totally fine. That was just...a workout.

ANGIE

I can see that.

Mark continues to pant and rubs his arm up and down.

MARK

Vince should make room for an elevator or something.

ANGIE

Hm. Well, thanks so much.

His panting slows down, but he still rubs on his arm. Angie gives him an odd look.

MARK

You seem like you'll be a decent neighbor.

ANGIE

Yeah, well, I'm not planning on staying too long. I'm actually planning on going to the Bahamas soon.

MARK

You are, too? I've been planning on going there my whole life.

ANGIE

Yeah, I've wanted to go since I was little.

MARK

Yeah, but it's been taking me a while. I've been saving up ever since I started working at Ace Bargains recently. They pay me well, but it's still gonna take me a lifetime.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Are you going with anybody?

MARK

I actually hadn't thought of that, yet. I'd take Kevin, but getting him a passport just to get totally smashed in an island doesn't have much of a point, does it?

ANGIE

Yeah, but it'd be fun.

Mark chuckles.

MARK

Why'd you ask me that?

ANGIE

Well... I was thinking that we could work together for us to go there.

MARK

That'd be great, but...I've only known you for about twenty minutes.

ANGIE

Oh, come on. You don't want to spend time on an island without somebody with you, right? You did say I'd be a decent neighbor.

MARK

Well, I could use some help with finances.

(beat)

All right, you got a deal. We'll work together to scrimp and save for us to go to the Bahamas.

Angie gasps in excitement.

ANGIE

That is so nice of you, Mark.

She wraps her arms around Mark.

MARK

Thanks. No problem, Ang.

Mark wraps his arm around Angie. Angie lets go of him.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Well, I'll see you around, Mark.

MARK

All right. You, too.

She goes into her room and shuts the door. Mark pulls his arm back in confidence, like 'Yes!' He winces, holds his arm and walks out of frame.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark opens the door to the living room.

MARK

Hey, Kev, guess wha-

He notices the vacant couch.

MARK

Oh, Jesus.

He rushes over to the counter and grabs his cell phone to call Kevin. He holds it up to his ear.

MARK

(to himself)

Please be okay. Please be okay.  
Please be okay.

EXT. RESIDENCE - PATIO - NIGHT

Kevin's cell phone is underwater, down at the bottom. Faint noises can be heard in the background.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark holds the phone up to his ear. The phone still rings for a beat. It goes into a voice message.

VOICE MESSAGE

We're sorry, but the person you are  
trying to reach is unavailable.

MARK

(to himself)

Goddamn it, Kev.

He hangs up the phone.

EXT. RESIDENCE - PATIO - NIGHT

Kevin and Melody are still in the pool. Melody covers her whole body and looks at Kevin.

MELODY

Kev, it's starting to get a little chilly out here. I think we should head back.

KEVIN

I was just thinking the same thing. I'm getting hypothermia out here. I thought this shit was supposed to keep people warm.

They come out of the pool and walk over to the patio table and grab their towels to dry off. They shiver while they do so. A CLICK is heard in the background and Melody looks at Kevin.

MELODY

Did you hear that?

KEVIN

No. What was it?

MELODY

It was like a clicking noise, like, metal.

KEVIN

Metal? The only thing I know that clicks is the front gate behind us.

They both continue to dry themselves off. Kevin stops to reflect on what he said.

KEVIN

Oh, shit.

MALE CLIENT (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing here?

They both turn around to find out that the male client is behind them.

KEVIN

Oh...shit.

EXT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The early morning sun looms over the correctional facility building.

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - CELL - DAY

Kevin sleeps on a wooden bench inside of a cold, gray incarceration cell.

Mark and a uniformed CORRECTIONAL OFFICER stand outside of the cell as they look at him.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

We stuck him in here when he started becoming belligerent with one of the officers. He seems to have calmed down overnight.

Mark looks at his brother again, with a hateful scorn.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

He's gonna wake up with an awful bad headache, though, that's for sure.

Mark continues looking at his brother.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

The apartment building takes up the frame on another hot summer day.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin sits on the couch and his eyes are on his brother, who is on his new wireless telephone.

MARK

So, there's no chance he can come back?

(beat; sighs)

All right. Thanks for letting me know and I'm sorry this had to happen.

((beat))

All right, good-bye.

He clicks the 'end' button, SLAMS the phone on the receiver, and looks at his brother.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

One day, Kev. Just one fucking day!  
You finally get a job and already,  
you were put in jail and fired for  
trespassing on someone's property.  
I just- I can't believe it.

Mark paces back and forth for a beat and Kevin watches him.

MARK

Kev, I want to help you live a  
better life. You know I do, but I  
have to be totally honest with you,  
you're making it into a project.

KEVIN

Oh, I'm a project now?

MARK

No- Kev, I didn't mean-  
(sighs)

I just don't know what I'm gonna do  
with you. I mean, I got this rent  
to pay on Wednesday. And the  
Bahamas fund? A big, big deal of it  
went towards your bail.

KEVIN

(beat)

Oh, shit. My bad, Mark.

He glares at his brother and digs into his pocket to take  
out his cell phone. He looks at it for a beat.

MARK

(beat)

You know what? I need to head out  
to work. Make sure you go out today  
and grab a newspaper so you can  
look through the want ads, OK?  
Thank you.

Mark immediately heads out for the door and SLAMS it. Kevin  
sighs and turns on the television. He walks away to the  
refrigerator and opens it to look for a drink, presumably an  
alcoholic beverage. All that is in the refrigerator are milk  
and orange juice.

KEVIN

You gotta be kidding me. Little  
bastard cut me off.

He takes out the jug of orange juice and pours himself a  
glass. There is a KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN  
What now, Vincey?

ANGIE (O.S.)  
Who's Vincey?

KEVIN  
(beat)  
Who's this?

ANGIE  
I'm bored. Can I come in?

He walks over to the door to let Angie inside. He speaks in a spiritless fashion.

KEVIN  
Come on in, random bored person.

Angie walks inside the house. They both walk over to the couch.

ANGIE  
(chuckles)  
It's Angie. Nice bed-head.

KEVIN  
Thanks for the compliment. Styled  
it myself.

She giggles. He plops himself down on the couch, with his feet propped on an armrest. Kevin looks at Angie.

KEVIN  
Oh, shit, my bad.

He takes his feet off of the armrest and sits straight up. Angie sits down next to him.

ANGIE  
You seemed pretty comfortable  
there.

Kevin drinks the orange juice, recoils in disgust and sets the cup down.

KEVIN  
Ugh. Well, I'd hope so. It's the  
only place I can sleep.

ANGIE  
Oh. Right.

Angie looks at the television for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Hey, look, sorry if I'm bein' a dick. I had a rough day yesterday.

ANGIE

Aw, what happened?

KEVIN

(beat)

My brother made me get a job. Got fired from it, though.

ANGIE

Really? Well, where would you rather be working?

Kevin pats his hand on the couch.

KEVIN

I'm actually pretty comfortable in the position I'm in now.

(beat)

And what about you? Shouldn't you be workin'?

ANGIE

I just moved here. I haven't really found a job yet.

KEVIN

Ah. I feel ya on that one, kind of.  
(sighs)

I'm just so pissed I have no booze in the house.

ANGIE

Aw, bummer. I don't think you'll ever survive.

KEVIN

Don't joke about that shit! This is a serious matter.

ANGIE

Jeez. You're touchy without a drink, aren't you?

KEVIN

Damn straight.

Kevin and Angie look at the television for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE ON T.V.  
Our crack team will show the  
unveiling of the pharaoh's  
sarcophagus when we come back.

Angie turns to Kevin.

ANGIE  
So, you never told me your name.

KEVIN  
Kevin.

ANGIE  
Can you at least make eye contact  
when you talk to me?

KEVIN  
No.

The television now plays the same commercial that promotes a nice, get-away vacation. Angie watches the commercial but Kevin turns away.

ANGIE  
Oh, look!

KEVIN  
Ugh, I can't watch this. They run  
this ten million fuckin' times a  
day. They just keep reminding  
people of how they can't possibly  
afford a vacation like that, at  
least not in today's economy.  
(beat)  
Well, at least Mark's lucky.

ANGIE  
Oh, yeah. He told me he was going  
to the Bahamas.

He turns to Angie.

KEVIN  
Guy probably doesn't even want to  
take me with him, either. Eh, it  
doesn't matter. I like this island  
here a lot better. It's cozier.

ANGIE  
I'm actually planning on going,  
too.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Good luck with that. You act like  
it's fallen on your lap.

ANGIE

Psh, whatever.

(beat)

I'm actually a bit thirsty. Where  
do you keep your glasses?

Kevin makes a grunting sound and points his head to the  
right.

ANGIE

I'll just find them myself, then.

Angie gets up from the couch and goes into the kitchen. She  
looks in various cabinets for a glass.

ANGIE

How much has he saved up so far? Do  
you know?

KEVIN

(shrugs)

Maybe a couple thousand. I think he  
puts it on his credit card.

She finally finds the cabinet and she takes out a glass cup.

ANGIE

Ah-ha! Found them.

She takes out a carton of orange juice and pours it in the  
glass.

ANGIE

Do you know his PIN number?

Kevin looks at Angie, confused.

KEVIN

What was that?

ANGIE

I asked if you knew his PIN number.

KEVIN

Now, what do I look like?

Angie sits back down on the couch, orange juice in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Well, you're his brother and you get your money from somewhere, don't you?

KEVIN

Why do you want his PIN number so bad?

ANGIE

He must have a lot of money in that thing. I mean, he seems like a hard-working guy, right? He's told me about that Ace Bargains store where he works.

KEVIN

Hold on. What are you thinking, exactly?

ANGIE

Well...I was thinking that I would take some money from his credit card so that I can enjoy the Bahamas and be away from it all just like I've wanted.

Kevin looks at her for a beat.

ANGIE

Doesn't that sound great? Do you think you can help me out with that?

KEVIN

Are you out of your mind, lady? There's no way in hell I'm getting in the middle of that, stealing money from my little brother.

ANGIE

Okay. It's your decision. If you don't want to, you don't have to. I mean, I'd like to go with him, but he seems a bit...uptight.

KEVIN

Well, you are right about that, but don't look at me. I don't even know his new PIN number.

Kevin turns back to the television.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Oh. I'll be right back. I just have to go get something from my room.

Kevin does not respond. Angie walks out of the room.

INT. ANGIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Angie walks over to her kitchen counter and grabs a bottle of Jim Bean Whiskey.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin is still watching television and there is a KNOCK at the door. He opens the door to find Angie behind it with the bottle in her hand.

ANGIE

Hey, look what I have.

Kevin snatches the bottle from her.

KEVIN

Holy shit! You're the best!

Angie walks into the room and they both make her way into the kitchen.

ANGIE

Well, I try.

KEVIN

I'll say, let's pour this shit right now.

She puts it on the counter.

KEVIN

No, wait, screw it. I'm drinkin' it right out of the bottle. You can have a glass if you'd like.

ANGIE

Sure, okay.

He takes a glass from the cabinet and pours it in a cup for her.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Uproarious LAUGHS are heard in the background.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin is talking to Angie, who has her hands rested on her head. His speech seems to be slurred.

KEVIN

My dad served in the friggin'  
Vietnam or Korean or whatever war.  
Took a shot right in the shoulder  
by enemy fire and he still won't  
shut the hell up about it. Fuckin'  
jarhead.

ANGIE

Could you please tell me what your  
brother's PIN number is?

Kevin stifles his laughter.

KEVIN

My brother. My brother was Daddy's  
favorite, be-because he used to  
kiss him right on the lips! I bet  
that's why he liked him best!

Angie lets out an annoyed groan.

KEVIN

Hey, speaking of which? Don't you  
have to g-go on a date with my  
brother in a couple minutes?

ANGIE

I'll just be fashionably late.

KEVIN

Wow! Wow, that's-that's really  
bitchy of you there.

Kevin drinks the last drop from the bottle and slams it down.

KEVIN

So, what was that you asked me  
again?

ANGIE

I want to know what your brother's-

(CONTINUED)

There is a loud KNOCK at the door. Kevin stumbles over to answer. Vincent is behind the door, arms crossed and annoyed. Kevin turns his head to Angie.

KEVIN

Oh, look who it is! It's Vincey!  
What do you want now, Vincey?

VINCENT

Yet another noise complaint from  
three-sixteen. I'm gettin' real  
tired of your shit, you know that?

KEVIN

No, you know what? Let me tell you  
something. You know what I'm  
gettin' real tired of?

VINCENT

What? Tell me.

KEVIN

Oh, I'll tell you.

Angie takes out her cell phone and she walks out of the room, walking by Kevin and Vincent.

KEVIN

Bye, Angie, buddy.

VINCENT

Well?

KEVIN

Oh, shit, man. Where do I even  
begin?

INT. ANGIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Her room does not have a semblance of decoration, just the television that Mark helped take in. Angie sits on the floor as she talks to herself, holding her cell phone. She changes in tone every time. Kevin can be heard faintly a few rooms away as he shouts at Vincent.

ANGIE

"Mark, please come over. Your  
brother's acting crazy."

(beat)

"Your brother's drunk and trying to  
fight Vincent."

She takes it to another approach, and acts if she is about to cry by hyperventilation. She talks to herself again.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

"Mark, please come over here. Your brother is...He's acting crazy. I'm scared."

Angie stops hyperventilating and holds it back. She clears her throat, takes a deep breath and exhales.

INT. ACE BARGAINS - DAY

Mark assists a young teen-aged male CUSTOMER near the DVD department.

CUSTOMER

So, I'm looking for a Jackie Chan movie but I'm don't know, like, the title of it.

MARK

What happened in it?

CUSTOMER

Uh, I think he was...fighting some bad guys or something, and he was doing all these cool stunts and shit. I don't remember the title but I remember it being pretty epic.

MARK

'Epic', huh? You know, that could be any Jackie Chan movie. You could probably find some in the Action section right here.

CUSTOMER

Cool. Thanks a lot. The customer walks away from him.

MARK

(to himself)

Goddamn it, I hate the word 'epic.'

He takes his cell phone out of his pocket and looks at the screen. It is five after eleven.

MARK

Hm.

His phone vibrates as he holds it. It turns out Angie is calling so he answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MARK  
Hey, Angie?

INTERCUT: MARK/ANGIE

Angie lets out some crocodile tears and feigns hyperventilation in her bedroom.

ANGIE  
Mark? Please come over here. Your brother's acting really crazy.

MARK  
What happened?

ANGIE  
I don't know, but he's trying to fight Vincent.

MARK  
Oh, shit, I gotta get over there right now.

ANGIE  
Please hurry.

Mark hangs up the phone, puts it in his pocket and runs out of frame.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin talks to Vincent, who keeps a straight face during his tirade.

KEVIN  
And who the hell is this jackass that keeps complaining about the noise? I want names, damn it! I'll take some names if I have to!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Mark parks his car in the garage near the apartment block. He opens the door, shuts it and runs out of frame.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Mark runs up to the entrance of the apartment building, opens the door and enters.

INT. APARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

Mark walks up to the desk and finds that Vincent is not behind the reception desk.

MARK

Oh shit, no, Kevin.

He runs up the stairs to his room.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin is still on his rant towards Vincent.

KEVIN

I'll be totally honest with you, Vincey. All of this would be a hell of a lot easier if you stopped acting like a little bitch, OK?

Vincent absorbs this for a beat.

VINCENT

Finished?

KEVIN

Yeah.

POW! Vincent hits Kevin straight to the face, which sends him to the ground and he holds his face in great pain. Angie gets off the couch and kneels down to help him. Vincent shakes off his hand and points to him.

VINCENT

You don't ever call me 'Vincey' or a little bitch! That was three years of anger management you just let out, bastard.

Mark walks up from behind Vincent and comes by him to enter his room.

MARK

Vince, what the hell's goin-

He notices Kevin on the floor.

MARK

Oh my God! Kev!

(beat)

Vince, what the hell happened?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

Tell that piece of shit to pack up his things! He's tried my patience long enough.

MARK

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

Mark looks down at his brother. Kevin gets up off the floor and he weaves a little as he stands.

KEVIN

Ugh, Jesus. That hurt.

(beat)

You're fuckin' done, asshole!

He runs up to Vincent. Mark holds him back, hands on his shoulders.

MARK

Kev, that's enough! Stop it!

He lets go of Kevin.

KEVIN

Mark, man, I gotta tell you something right now. That neighbor of yours-

MARK

Shut up. Just shut your mouth. I've been nice. I've been calm. Now...I just don't know how to feel. Maybe except for the fact that you can't even act like my older brother.

Kevin is cut to the core. He tries to get close to Mark but he stops him.

MARK

Get your stuff packed up and get in the shower.

Vincent walks away from the door frame. Mark looks at Kevin but he is confused by his look.

KEVIN

Mark, man...I'm...

MARK

I'm gonna call Dad and see if you can live there. You better hope that he says 'yes'.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin inhales and exhales and his eyes moving about for a beat. He stretches his arms out for a brotherly hug.

MARK

Get in the shower, Kev.

Kevin does as he is told, as he plods into the bathroom. Mark leaves out of frame.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Mark walks over to apartment three-ten. He knocks on the door.

INT. ANGIE'S ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Angie hears the knocks and she dabs some water under her eyes.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Angie opens the door as she puts on a sad face. Mark notices the 'tears' in her eyes.

MARK

Hey, are you OK?

ANGIE

Yeah.

She hugs Mark as she lets out some crocodile tears.

ANGIE

I was so scared. I thought your brother was gonna kill Vincent.

MARK

Well, now he's evicted. I sure as hell know Dad isn't gonna be happy about that.

ANGIE

Oh, Mark, I can't wait to start off fresh so we can go to the Bahamas.

MARK

I know. Me neither.

ANGIE

I meant to ask you. What bank do you go to? I wanted to put some of my money in there.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Well, we'll worry about that later.  
Right now, I gotta call my Dad.

He walks out of frame to go back to his room.

DISSOLVE TO.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Mark parks the car in front of his father's driveway. Mark and Kevin come out of the car. Kevin has a wheeled suitcase that he drags up to the porch while Mark has to carry a regular one, struggling all the way.

They stop at the porch and Mark immediately drops the suitcase on the floor. He knocks on the door while Kevin walks over to the porch swing and takes out his carton of cigarettes.

John opens the door, with his wife-beater shirt and sweatpants on.

JOHN

Hey there, son.

MARK

Hey, Dad. Thanks for doing this for me.

JOHN

Shit, what other options did you have?

Kevin lights up a cigarette, inhales it and blows out the smoke.

JOHN

(to Kevin)

You know you're gonna be working, right?

Kevin does not respond. He continues to smoke his cigarette.

MARK

Well, I still appreciate it, Dad.

JOHN

Yeah, yeah.

MARK

What do you think he'll be doing?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

My buddy works down at the cemetery. I bet he can get a job grave digging down there. It'd be good for him to do some real work and maybe he'll lose a few, ya know?

MARK

(chuckles)

Yeah.

KEVIN

I can hear you, dicks!

JOHN

You watch your mouth, boy! You're lucky you're not busting rocks in a fuckin' chain gang, right? Right?

MARK

Dad, Dad, settle.

JOHN

(sighs)

Well, I'm sorry it didn't work out for you. I guess you have to get a new roommate, huh?

MARK

Yeah. I was thinking about this girl who lives a few steps away.

KEVIN

She's poison, dude! Don't do it!

MARK

Kev, shut up! You don't even know her.

Kevin tries to get a word out, but he just shrugs it off and resumes smoking.

JOHN

What is he talkin' about?

MARK

I don't know, Dad. He's been saying that during the whole car ride.

JOHN

So, she's gonna be your new roommate? Are you two dating?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Well...not technically. We're just helping each other with the Bahamas.

JOHN

That's great, son.

John wraps his arms around Mark. Kevin lets out a sound of disgust.

KEVIN

Ugh, why don't you two get a room or something?

Mark turns to Kevin, still hugging his father.

MARK

Shut up!

JOHN

Eh, screw him, Mark. You and me oughta go fishing sometime. Sound good?

MARK

Sure, that'd be awesome. I gotta look into my schedule. I gotta go now, Dad. Call me if you have any problems, 'K?

JOHN

All right. You take care now.

Mark walks away from the patio. Kevin watches him leave.

KEVIN

What, I don't get a 'bye'?

Mark looks behind him and turns to Kevin.

MARK

Behave yourself. How's that?

Kevin is mouth-agape by that remark. Mark gets into his car and drives away.

EXT. JAVA JAZZ - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Java Jazz is an establishment that specializes in coffee and contemporary jazz. JAZZ MUSIC can be heard over the speakers outside of the building.

INT. JAVA JAZZ - DAY

Mark and Angie sit across each other at a small table. Angie looks bored, with her hand resting on her face while Mark talks to her. She has already finished her coffee but she keeps her eyes on him.

MARK

I mean, it's really tough handling all this just being out of college, you know? I mean, I'm trying to pay rent, my car payments, gas - I'm surprised I haven't gotten an ulcer yet.

ANGIE

Uh-huh.

MARK

And it's still difficult to save up for the Bahamas, so I really appreciate you wanting to help me- Well, we're both helping each other.

ANGIE

Uh-huh.

Mark sips his coffee. He notices something and he immediately sets it down.

MARK

Oh, wow. My latte's pretty cold now. Whoops.

(beat)

I must be chewing your ear off right now. What do you do for work?

ANGIE

I don't.

MARK

Really? Well, how were you able to afford your room?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Let's just say I have very nice relatives.

MARK

Oh. I see.

On the television monitor adjacent from their table, another vacation commercial plays on the television about the Bahamas in all of its sunny, tropical goodness.

MARK

There it is again. Just teasing us.

ANGIE

I know. It's annoying.

MARK

Question, though. Are your relatives nice enough to give you money for that?

ANGIE

(laughs)

No, definitely not.

MARK

You already know why I want to go. Why do you want to go so bad?

ANGIE

(groans)

I just want to leave behind what was once a shitty past. High school was shitty, college was shitty, so I know that spending some time in the Bahamas definitely won't be.

MARK

Aww, that's a shame, Ang. But we should be thinking positive. We will go to the Bahamas. I know we will.

ANGIE

So, what bank do you go to?

MARK

I go to Ticonderoga Bank. I do most of my banking there, since I don't have a computer since...somebody who shall remain nameless went and broke it. Why do you ask?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Well, because I felt like I should put some of my money in that account.

MARK

Oh, well, that's very nice of you, Ang.

He looks down at his watch to check the time.

MARK

Oooh, well, my break's almost about over.

He gets up from his chair. Angie does not get up from her seat.

MARK

(beat)

You gonna get up or...?

ANGIE

No, I think I'm gonna stick around and listen to some jazz.

MARK

All right, more power to ya. I'll see you around.

Mark leaves out of frame. Angie watches him leave and she gets up from her seat. She approaches a CUSTOMER from an adjacent table as he sips his coffee.

ANGIE

Excuse me. Sorry to bother you right now, but could you tell me where Ticonderoga Bank is?

The customer puts down his coffee.

CUSTOMER

Well, the nearest one is five minutes away from here. You go straight down, and go right on Route 87. You'll see it.

ANGIE

Thanks so much. I appreciate that.

She wraps her arms around the customer.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER

Yeah, sure. Not a problem.

She walks away from the confused customer out of frame. He watches her leave.

EXT. TICONDEROGA BANK - DAY

Angie parks her car at the front of the bank. She gets out of the car and walks in.

INT. TICONDEROGA BANK - DAY

Angie comes inside and walks over and stops to find a long line that leads to the teller's desk. She lets out an annoyed sigh.

INT. ACE BARGAINS - DAY

Mark stands at his post as his eyes look straight ahead. Gordon approaches him.

GORDON

Hey, you OK, Mark?

MARK

Yeah. I'm just thinking.

GORDON

What about?

MARK

About how I saddled my dad with Kevin. It wasn't as bad as I thought, but-

GORDON

Listen, you had every right, man. Kev's been taking you for granted long enough so you cut him off.

MARK

He's taken Dad for granted, too. That's why I'm thinking.

GORDON

Is he gonna get another job?

MARK

He'll have to. Dad won't stand for laziness.

Mark sighs.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Look, you wanted Kev off the couch and now he is. You should have that Angie chick be your new roommate. I mean, she is helpin' you out with the Bahamas trip.

MARK

We're helping each other, Gordon, and yeah, that's what I'm gonna do.

GORDON

Are you two, like...

MARK

Don't even say it, Gordon. We're not dating, we're not bangin' each other, so I hope that answers your question right there.

GORDON

(laughs)

It actually kinda did. Thanks for doin' that.

MARK

Well, there you go.

GORDON

(beat)

You just better hope she's not using you.

MARK

Using me? What do you mean, using me?

INT. TICONDEROGA BANK - DAY

The person ahead of Angie walks away from the teller's desk. She walks up to the male TELLER.

TELLER

Hello. How may I help you?

ANGIE

Yeah, I was hoping to make a transfer under Mark Lorcan. I-I'm his fiancée and he's at work right now.

(CONTINUED)

TELLER

Oh, well, all right, then. How much are you looking to take out of this card?

ANGIE

Oh, uh...I-I'm not sure how much is in his card.

TELLER

Oh. Then do you know his account number?

ANGIE

Oh, shoot. He forgot to tell me.

TELLER

We can try calling him and-

ANGIE

Oh, no, no, no. It's fine. I can do it, thanks.

Angie takes out her cell phone out of her purse and dials Mark's number. She puts the phone up to her ear.

INT. ACE BARGAINS - DAY

Mark engages in conversation with Gordon at the DVD department.

MARK

Well, it's hard to say. I mean, with an e-Book, you won't get a paper cut.

GORDON

That is true.

Mark's cell phone vibrates in his pocket. He takes it out and answers. He puts it up to his ear.

MARK

Hey, Angie.

(beat)

Really? Oh.

(beat)

You need what now?

(beat)

Oh, my account number. It's-

Mark notices Gordon still stands next to him.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Go. Go over to your department.

Gordon walks away from Mark. Mark cups his hand over the cell phone.

MARK

(into phone)

It's 2-5-1-7.

(beat)

All right? All right, thanks so much. I'll see you later.

He hangs up the phone and drops it in his pocket.

INT. TICONDEROGA BANK - DAY

Angie drops her phone in her purse and turns to the teller.

TELLER

You get it now?

ANGIE

Yeah, it's 2-5-1-7.

The teller types it up on the computer.

TELLER

2-5-1-7.

(beat)

He has about eleven hundred in this account. How much would you like to transfer?

ANGIE

About seven hundred.

TELLER

Okay, and who will receive this six hundred?

ANGIE

Me, uh, Angie Clisham. Of course, soon, it will be Angie Lorcan.

The teller chuckles.

TELLER

All right, I'm just gonna need his card.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

Wh- His card?

TELLER

Yes, ma'am, we'll need it to finalize the transaction.

ANGIE

Damn, I forgot it.

TELLER

Ooooh, sorry, ma'am. I'm afraid I can't help with that then.

ANGIE

It's-it's fine. I'll come back later with the card. Thanks, anyway.

Angie walks away from the teller.

EXT. TICONDEROGA BANK - DAY

Angie storms out of the building and lets out a sigh of frustration. She gets in her car, slams the door and drives away.

INT. ANGIE'S CAR - DAY

Angie has her eyes on the road as she drives. Her ring tone plays on her cell phone and she answers it.

ANGIE

Hey.

INTERCUT: MARK/ANGIE

Mark calls Angie from outside of the store.

MARK

Angie, listen, I just realized something. I totally forgot to give you my card to do that transfer.

He laughs.

MARK

I feel so dumb. I mean, we go out for coffee and it hadn't even woken up my brain yet, right?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

It's fine, Mark. I already found out.

MARK

You sound mad. Are you mad at me? If so, I'm sorry.

ANGIE

I'm not mad.

MARK

Oh, all right. I had an idea anyway. Since you're gonna be moving in anyway, why don't we sell your T.V.? It could bring in about a couple hundred.

Angie absorbs this for a beat.

ANGIE

That's-that's actually not a bad idea.

MARK

So, you want to get rid of it?

ANGIE

Yeah, like you said, it'll give us a nice boost in going to the Bahamas.

MARK

All right. Cool. We're in, then.

ANGIE

We are definitely in. See ya later.

She hangs up the phone.

ANGIE

(to herself)

Yes! Yes! Finally, yes!

DISSOLVE TO.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

TITLE: A WEEK LATER.

It is another sunny day outside. Mark walks back into the apartment building.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Angie writes something on a piece of paper. There is a KNOCK at the door. She gets up and answers it.

ANGIE

You know, it's your room. You don't have to knock.

MARK

Well, you're a woman, so I kinda need to get used to it. I know, it's weird.

ANGIE

So, how'd it go?

MARK

It went okay. About thirty bucks for the clothes, but at least we're getting closer. I mean, that six hundred for the T.V. really did it.

ANGIE

I know. I'm so excited!

They both hug each other.

MARK

So am I. This is great.

Mark lets go of Angie.

ANGIE

We should celebrate. Let's go get some Dairy Queen.

MARK

I'm fine, actually. I don't want anything.

ANGIE

All right. Then I'll go get something.

MARK

Okay.

She grabs her purse from the coffee table and heads out for the door. Mark walks over to the couch and watches some television for a beat. His cell phone vibrates on the coffee table. He picks it up and answers.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Hello?

INT. TICONDEROGA BANKS - DAY

The teller is on the phone with Mark.

TELLER

Hey, is this Mark Lorcan?

INTERCUT: MARK/TELLER

MARK

Speaking.

TELLER

Hello, Mark. This is Ticonderoga Bank calling about a transaction that needs to be confirmed.

MARK

Transaction?

TELLER

Yes, it was made about a week ago when your fiancée came in to transfer money.

MARK

Wai- Fiancée? She's not my fiancée. We're just roommates.

TELLER

Okay. Regardless, Mark, I still need a confirmation on that transaction.

MARK

(beat)

She told me that she was going to transfer some of her money onto my vacation account.

TELLER

No. She said she wanted to transfer some money from your card to hers. She didn't have your card so she left.

Mark is bewildered and absorbs this for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

TELLER

Mark, are you there?

MARK

So, she was going to-to transfer  
from...

TELLER

Is something wrong, sir?

MARK

Nothing. I'll take care of it  
later.

Mark hangs up the phone. He sets it down and rests his head  
on his hand.

MARK

(to himself)

I don't fucking believe this.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

John is watching an old television show. Kevin comes in the  
house, wearing a white T-shirt, with dirt all around it.

JOHN

Hey, you likin' your new job?

KEVIN

Eh.

JOHN

Ah, quit your bitching. Grave  
digging builds character.

KEVIN

(beat)

Grave digging builds character,  
Dad?

JOHN

You know what I mean.

The cordless telephone RINGS. He picks up the phone and puts  
it to his ear.

JOHN

Hey, son, how are you doing?

(beat)

Oh. Oh, okay.

He extends his arm out to Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
It's for you, Kev. It's Mark

KEVIN  
Seriously?

He takes the phone from John and puts it up to his ear.

KEVIN  
Hey, man.  
(beat)  
Well, what's up?  
(beat)  
I told you, man. I told you she  
was-  
(beat)  
All right. Let's get a beer at  
Victor's Bar and Grill.  
(beat)  
Look, no beer, no info.  
(beat)  
Three beers.  
(beat)  
Fine, two. Whatever. I'll meet you  
over there in a few.

EXT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON

There are several vehicles parked outside of the parking  
lot, including a row of Harley motorcycles.

INT. VICTOR'S BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON

Mark and Kevin are seated across from a table. Kevin  
finishes off a bottle of beer and he sets it down. Mark  
looks at him, annoyed.

KEVIN  
Thanks for letting me get this one  
beer down, bro.

MARK  
Yeah, sure. Don't mention it.

KEVIN  
So, she was pretending to be your  
fiancée trying to steal some money  
from your credit card?

MARK  
Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Holy shit. I'd hate to take a bite of her. She's a...cookie full of arsenic.

MARK

(beat)

What?

KEVIN

Eh, Dad's been making me watch old fifties movies with him.

(sighs)

Man, I could go for some barbecue wings right now.

MARK

I just find this hard to believe.

KEVIN

Well, get this. She came up with a bottle of Jim Beam and told me that she was thinkin' of doing that before she moved in with you, Hell, she tried to get me to help her out.

MARK

She did?

KEVIN

Yeah, but I told her to go fuck off.

Mark holds his head with his hands.

MARK

I-I just don't know what to think anymore.

KEVIN

So, what? Are you saying you don't believe me still?

MARK

I don't know who to believe anymore, Kev.

A young WAITRESS comes over to the table, with a pen rested on her ear and a notepad.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

You two ready to order now?

KEVIN

Yeah, I'll have another beer, actually. And I'll have the honey barbecue wings.

The waitress jots down the order. She turns to Mark.

MARK

I'll just have a Caesar salad, with no dressing, please.

WAITRESS

Okay, thank ya.

The waitress takes their menus and walks away.

KEVIN

Salad?

MARK

What? I don't want your pot-belly.

KEVIN

Ha-ha-ha-ha. Good one, Mark, ya fuckin' stick.

Mark drinks his soda from a straw.

KEVIN

So, what are you gonna do now?

MARK

Well, right now, I feel like I want to just ask her about all this and find out what the hell's going on.

KEVIN

Ah...you mean incriminate her.

MARK

Well, I wasn't saying that.

KEVIN

You want answers and you want them now. You want to incriminate her.

MARK

Sure. Whatever. But what if she says she hasn't? I mean, I know the bank called, but-

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Banks can be unreliable sometimes.  
You need proof from the culprit  
herself.

MARK

You're making this sound like a  
courtroom drama.

KEVIN

I'm just sayin', man. If she did  
it, that means I was right. If she  
didn't, then whatever, I'm wrong.  
I'm still here. It's all up to you,  
little brother. What do you want to  
do?

Mark takes a sip of his drink.

MARK

Well...I do want answers.

Kevin smiles at him.

KEVIN

OK, then.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Angie eats her Blizzard while watching television. The door  
opens O.S. and she turns her head. Mark appears angry but  
calm at the same time.

ANGIE

Hey. I saw you left a note on the  
door.

Mark sets down his wallet on the coffee table and sits down  
on the couch next to Angie. He does not make eye contact  
with her.

ANGIE

How was it catching up with Kevin?

MARK

Fine.

ANGIE

Are you OK? You seem a little...you  
know.

(CONTINUED)

MARK  
I'm fine. Perfectly fine.

ANGIE  
Okay.

She continues to eat her Blizzard. Mark continues to watch the television.

ANGIE  
Mmm, this Blizzard is delicious. I love how all the colors get mixed in the ice cream from the M&M's.

MARK  
Nice.

They both watch television for a beat. Mark turns to Angie for a beat.

MARK  
Angie...

She turns to Mark.

ANGIE  
Yeah?

MARK  
Did...

He sighs and gets up from the couch.

MARK  
I gotta use the bathroom.

ANGIE  
Oh, well, don't threaten me.

She giggles a little. He laughs along with her, but in his own sarcastic way. He walks into the bathroom.

Angie watches him walk in and she grabs his wallet. He opens it up and takes out his credit card. She puts the card in her pocket.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Mark looks at himself in the mirror as he talks to himself.

MARK  
Try to control yourself, Mark.  
You're not an angry guy. You're  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (cont'd)  
just looking for some answers. Just  
try to control yourself.

(sighs)  
The only problem is how I find out  
that she's been planning to take my  
credit card so that she can take my  
money.

He puts his hand beside his pocket and notices that it is  
empty. He looks at himself in the mirror.

MARK  
Oh my God...

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Angie throws her cup into the trash and sits back down on  
the couch. Mark emerges from the bathroom and sits next to  
her. They both look at each other.

ANGIE  
Hey.

MARK  
Hey.

He grabs his wallet from the coffee table and opens it up.  
He notices something is wrong.

MARK  
My credit card's missing.

ANGIE  
Really? You think you left it at  
the restaurant?

MARK  
No, I definitely had it with me a  
moment ago. Shit.

ANGIE  
You think Kevin took it?

MARK  
I was with him the whole time.

ANGIE  
Aww. I'm sure it'll turn up  
somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Where, like, in your pocket?

Angie looks at him for a beat, very nervous.

ANGIE

No...

MARK

You might as well stop lying right now. The bank called me a while ago after you left today. Since when were we engaged? You don't even have a ring on it.

ANGIE

Mark, I...

MARK

You what? Tried to take my money from my card?

ANGIE

Yes, Mark! That's exactly what I wanted to do! Are you happy now? You know when we were working together for us to go to the Bahamas?

MARK

Yeah, so?

ANGIE

I was never planning to go with you. I was gonna go it alone, with all your money and the money my parents gave me. I would've had the time of my life.

MARK

Yeah, well, not anymore. Kev told me you were trying to get him involved. I changed my PIN number because he tried to do the same thing a year ago.

Angie scoffs at him.

MARK

I should've seen past your fake crocodile tears and fake crying.

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE

How did you know?

MARK

Please, I was in Drama Club in high school. I know fakeness when I see it. So, now you're stuck.

ANGIE

So, what are you gonna do, turn me in or something?

MARK

I don't know. I'm thinking either give all the money back to me, pronto. If you don't, I will turn you in.

Angie lowers her head.

MARK

So, what's it gonna be?

ANGIE

(sighs)

Fine. You got me.

(looks up at Mark)

You get your fuckin' money back.

She takes the credit card out of her pocket and places it on the table.

MARK

Good. Then, you can get the hell out of here and take your sugar daddy bullshit elsewhere. How's that sound?

Angie gets up from the couch and looks at Mark for a beat. She slaps him across the face.

ANGIE

You fuckin' bastard.

She walks away and slams the door. Mark slumps down on the couch.

DISSOLVE TO.

EXT. ACE BARGAINS - AFTERNOON

Mark sits outside of the store and his eyes look straight ahead. Gordon notices from inside, steps outside of the store and sits next to him.

GORDON

Hey. What's the problem, buddy?

MARK

Thinking, as usual.

GORDON

What are you thinkin' about this time?

MARK

I've been an idiot, Gordon. Kev was trying to tell me the truth and I didn't listen to him.

GORDON

Well, how do you know he wasn't going to steal your cash?

Mark gets up from the ground. Gordon looks up at him.

MARK

(groans)

I got Angie to tell me.

GORDON

Nice. You incriminate her?

MARK

You could say that. Ugh, makes me sick how selfish she is.

GORDON

Yeah, sugar daddies are bad news.

MARK

Yup.

GORDON

So, you got the ticket?

MARK

Mm-hmm.

Mark takes a flight ticket out of his pocket. Gordon takes the ticket from him to look at it.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Oh, nice, man! You finally get to go to the Bahamas.

Mark takes the ticket back from him.

MARK

I don't think I'm gonna use it, Gordon.

GORDON

Why not? You've wanted this for a while, Mark.

MARK

I know, but I feel like I've said that to get away from all the obligations I've had to deal with. If I find someone who really deserves it, I'd give the ticket to them.

GORDON

Hey, it's your decision, man.

MARK

Do you want the ticket?

GORDON

No, man, it's fine. It's fine. I'd actually prefer Cancun myself.

MARK

(laughs)

All right, man. I gotta get goin'. Later.

The two both man hug. Mark walks away from him.

GORDON

All right. I'll see ya when I see ya.

Mark walks to his car, gets in, and drives away.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mark parks his car out front of his father's house. He comes out of the car and walks up to the porch. He knocks on the door. John opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN  
Hey, there, son. How are ya?

MARK  
Uh, is Kevin here?

JOHN  
Yeah, he's just being typical Kev,  
watchin' T.V.  
(calls out)  
Kev! Mark wants to talk to you!

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Okay!

Kevin comes outside and John shuts the door.

KEVIN  
So, what's up?

MARK  
(sighs)  
You were right.

KEVIN  
Really?

MARK  
Yeah. She just up and told me, like  
she was proud of herself.  
(groans)  
Makes me want to throw up every  
time I think about it.

KEVIN  
Well, I figured as such.

Kevin walks over to the porch swing and sits down on it.

MARK  
Look, Kev, I want you know that I'm  
really sorry I didn't believe you  
before you were kicked out.

KEVIN  
You're forgiven. At least I didn't  
end up in the streets without any  
money or anything.

MARK  
Yeah, that's true.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Hell, if she wanted money that bad,  
she could've at least started  
hooking or at least stripping.

They both laugh.

MARK

That's true, too.

They both look at each other for a beat.

MARK

Well, I should get going.

KEVIN

Hey, we gotta go out to Victor's  
again sometime.

MARK

Oh, we definitely will.

KEVIN

See ya later, bro. They both wrap  
their arms around each other.

MARK

Later.

He walks away from Kevin over to his car. Kevin watches Mark  
leave. He gets off the porch swing and goes inside.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Mark opens and shuts the door. He puts the key in the  
ignition, starts up the engine and puts his hands on the  
steering wheel. He looks at the windshield for a beat, with  
his hands still on the wheel.

He takes the airline ticket out of his pocket and looks at  
it for a beat. He turns the key and shuts off the engine. He  
opens the door, shuts it and leaves out of frame.

DISSOLVE TO.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

Vehicles unload PASSENGERS to let them inside of the  
terminal.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

The terminal shows the hustle and bustle of various passengers that walk out or passengers that board and unboard the aircraft.

Mark and Kevin sit down with a luggage bag underneath them on the floor. Kevin is now looks more refined, with clean clothing and a new haircut. A faint P.A. announcement is heard from a female voice.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

Flight 706 to San Francisco is now boarding. Flight seven-zero-six to San Francisco.

Kevin looks at his brother and Mark looks back at him. They both bump fists and Mark reaches into his pocket for something. He hands Kevin a pack of gum.

MARK

You'll need this for when your ears pop up on the plane. If that doesn't work, try yawning.

Kevin takes the pack of gum and puts it in his pocket.

MARK

You excited?

KEVIN

Yeah, but I feel like you deserve it more than I do.

MARK

Nah. You do. You helped me out, so this is my thanks.

Kevin smiles at him.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

Flight 1243 to the Bahamas is now boarding. Flight one-two-four-three to San Francisco.

They both stand up. Kevin grabs his luggage bag. Mark extends his hand.

MARK

Have fun, Kev.

Kevin wraps his arms around him. He pats him on the back.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

You're the best, little brother.

Kevin lets go, walks out of frame and waves to Mark as he walks up to the jetway bridge. Mark watches him leave. He gives the FLIGHT ATTENDANT his ticket and he walks into the jetway. Mark sees that he is inside and walks away out of frame.

THE END.