

Endless Nameless

By

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INT. BAR - DAY

There are only three men in the afternoon shift of this vacant bar; two wasted men, and the bartender.

One of the men, THE MAN, is sitting at the bar with a hefty quantity of food and alcohol in front of him. He has a blue duffel bag on his lap.

The OTHER MAN and the BARTENDER are staring at him. THE MAN is telling them a story, and they're listening to every word.

THE MAN is eating like he hasn't eaten in months, and talking at the same time.

OTHER MAN

You really mean you were going to jump?

THE MAN nods.

THE MAN

That's right. After two long years in Hell, I just couldn't take it anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

THE MAN, in the same filthy clothes he was in the bar with, and an alcohol bottle in a brown paper bag on hand, is stumbling up a bridge.

His dirty face tells you all you need to know about this man; he's depressed, worn out, and tired.

Because of his messy drunkenness, he trips on his own foot and has to hold on to the railings to keep from falling. He shakes his head, and then he looks down. Down, down, at the ground. A fall from there would surely kill any man.

His eyes are staring down.

THE MAN

I bet it's *real* comfortable down there...

He puts the alcohol bottle to his mouth and chugs it, as if it was water to him. He takes it out of the bag, holds it over the railings and lets it go. He watches it drop down, and then shatter into a million pieces.

(CONTINUED)

The drunken fool wearily smiles, and starts to laugh; then he starts mounting the railing.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

BARTENDER

But why?

THE MAN looks up at him with food in his mouth.

THE MAN

When you've already lost everything, what else do you got to lose? -- First, it was my job.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

Very fresh and professional looking, THE MAN, suit and tie and all, is sitting in front of another man, his BOSS.

The two are talking and laughing. They look like old friends, with nothing but good things to say to one another.

But, then the BOSS gets serious. He starts telling him something. Now, THE MAN gets serious, little by little, getting less and less happy.

BOSS

I'm sorry, but the Board's choice is final, we're gonna have to let you go.

THE MAN can not believe it. He looks at him, shocked.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

THE MAN is still chewing and talking and drinking.

THE MAN

That sonuvabitch! I'd been working there for two goddamn decades! -- What came next though, hit me even harder...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

THE MAN, with his shirt open and hair a mess, is pacing back and forth in his living room shouting. Anger irradiating out of his eyes.

THE MAN

That sonuvabitch! I'd been working there for two goddamn decades!

A woman, his WIFE, is sitting on the couch blankly staring into space.

He picks up a bottle of rum from the dining table and chugs it. The WIFE watches him drink it, then she says,

THE WIFE

I want a divorce.

THE MAN takes off the bottle from his mouth, and looks at her, shocked...

CUT TO:

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

THE MAN and the WIFE are sitting in front of each other on a long table, and their lawyers are sitting there with them.

The WIFE's LAWYER is talking to both of them. He hands the WIFE a paper. He directs her where to sign and gives her a pen.

THE MAN is pale, and looks heartbroken. She puts the ball point on the line next to the X, ready to sign.

But right before she does, THE MAN reaches across the table and puts his hand over hers.

He looks into her eyes and she looks into his.

THE MAN

Please, do not do this my love. Not now. I couldn't possibly make it without you.

She's unfazed, still with a dry look on her. She pulls her hand away and signs the paper. Her lawyer smiles.

Then the lawyer slides the paper & pen over to him.

He's still staring at her though. She looks around the room avoiding eye contact with him.

(CONTINUED)

The lawyer taps his finger on the line. THE MAN looks at him, then at the paper. All of a sudden, he balls the paper up and throws it away. The LAWYER and WIFE look at him, like if he was crazy. THE MAN puts his hands on his face, and cries. His lawyer pats him on the back for comfort.

Her LAWYER takes out a copy and puts it back in front of him.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

The OTHER MAN is shaking his head. CLOSE UP:

THE MAN chuckles.

THE MAN

That isn't even the worst of it! --
After I left that damn place, I
realized I forgot my wallet, so I
went back.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

THE MAN walks back into the ATTORNEY's office, to find his his, now ex, WIFE, and her lawyer, making out on the table.

They look up at him, uncaring that he's there.

LAWYER

Yes?

THE MAN looks at them, shocked.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

THE MAN

She took everything. The money, the
house, everything! --

The BARTENDER is filling up another cup for him. THE MAN smiles.

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN

She even took the money from my
wallet...

THE MAN takes a big chug.

THE MAN

After that, I couldn't eat or
sleep. Only drink. -- Life became
hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAY & NIGHT

(The following is a montage of his life on the streets)

THE MAN is walking down a street, the kind someone like him
would never find himself in, with homeless people
everywhere.

He's laying down on a bench, trying to sleep in the middle
of the day. A couple of kids pass by on their bikes and one
of them throws a plastic cup at him that explodes soda all
on him.

He's sitting on a sidewalk with a cup in hand, asking people
for spare change, looking much more dirtier.

He's in a dark alley alone, with alcohol bottles all around
him, singing his drunken guts away. Four guys dressed in all
white, walk up to him and start cheering on his singing. He
sticks out his hand asking for change. But, they laugh at
him, and start beating him senseless with clubs and kicks.

THE MAN (V.O.)

So, finally -- I decided I couldn't
take it anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

THE MAN is walking up the bridge, with his drink on hand. He
stumbles and has to hold on to the rails to keep from
falling. He shakes his head, and then he looks down. Down,
down, at the ground. A fall from there would surely kill any
man.

His eyes are staring down.

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN

I bet it's *real* comfortable down
there...

He puts the alcohol bottle to his mouth and chugs it, as if it was water to him. He takes it out of the bag, holds it over the railings and lets it go. He watches it drop down, and then shatter into a million pieces.

The drunken fool wearily smiles, and starts to laugh.

Then he starts mounting the railing.

He actually stands up on top of it, and looks down, ready to end it all!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

THE MAN looks down at the duffel bag on his lap.

THE MAN

And that's when I saw it...

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

THE MAN is on top of that railing, somehow keeping his balance despite him being wasted; not that he's trying to, though.

He's looking straight at the skies ahead of him, and then looks down.

Now that he's this high up, he sees something he didn't see before. A blue duffel bag sits there among the trash and shit. It's opened, and in it, one could almost make out what's in there.

He starts losing his balance and quickly gets off of it. He bends over to try to see it again, and he does.

THE MAN (V.O.)

Right away, I knew what it was...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAY

THE MAN runs down to check out the bag.

And when he comes to it, he sees what's inside; money. And lots of it!

He falls to his knees. He puts his hands in the bag and grabs cash.

He looks at it in total shock.

And, for the first time in a long time, smiles at his luck.

He holds it tightly in celebration.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

There are \$100 bills inside filling up the duffel bag on his lap.

THE MAN is smiling down at it, then looks up at them.

THE MAN

After that, I came right in here,
and had the first actual meal I've
had in months. -- I guess happy
endings *do* exist, huh?

The BARTENDER is in amazement.

The OTHER MAN raises his glass.

OTHER MAN

I'll drink to that!

The three men each drink up.

THE MAN finishes eating his food, takes one last drink and stands up.

THE MAN

Well, time for me to get busy
living! How much do I owe ya my
good man?

The BARTENDER gives him the price. THE MAN hands him two one-hundred dollar bills. Then he smiles.

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN
Keep the change.

THE MAN puts the duffel bag strap around his neck, then he shakes the OTHER MAN's hand, and is about to walk away, until, the BARTENDER calls out to him.

BARTENDER
These are no good...

THE MAN is surprised. He takes back the bills, and takes out another two from the bag and hands it to him...

The BARTENDER marks the two bills with an ink - the kind that reads counterfeits. The ink turns from color yellow, to brown, then black; indicating that they are in fact, **FAKE**.

The BARTENDER shakes his head.

BARTENDER
I'm sorry. These are no good
either.

THE MAN looks at him, shocked.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

...

After credits, we fade back in on the bartender and THE MAN.

THE MAN is still in shock. The bartender pities him, and so he lays down another cup of beer, and says,

BARTENDER
It's on the house.

FADE TO BLACK.