

JACK & JILL
A SITCOM

- PILOT -
"The Hill"

By
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COLD OPENING

SCENE A

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

(Jack, Max, Jill)

JACK AND HIS BEST FRIEND MAX STANDING OUTSIDE AN APARTMENT BUILDING HOLDING SOME BOXES.

JACK
(LOOKING UP AT THE BUILDING) Sure is big for such cheap rent.

MAX
It's called: rent control. That's the great thing about living in New York, the class system isn't regulated.

JACK
(OUT OF HIS ELEMENT) Yeah, but what am I going to do with six rooms?

MAX
Have you thought about having kids?

JACK
(LAUGHS) No! I'm not even married.

MAX
What's that got to do with it?

JACK
I'm not ready for a relationship just yet.

MAX
Hey - I'm flattered and all, but let's just stick to being friends.

JACK
(DOESN'T GET THE JOKE) Huh? Oh, right. Funny.

MAX
And you're supposed to be a writer?
(BEAT) Don't make me send you back to LA.

JACK
No way. I need a fresh start.

MAX
And he chooses New York. (SHAKES HIS HEAD) There's nothing fresh about New York. Trust me.

JACK
I don't know? (THINKING) I got a good feeling about this place. A really good feeling.

JUST THEN: JILL JOGS BY, KNOCKING JACK AND THE CONTENTS OF HIS BOXES OVER. SHE STOPS TO APOLOGIZE.

JILL
Hey! Watch where you're standing.

JACK
(GETTING TO HIS FEET) Excuse me?

JILL
(JOGGING ON THE SPOT) You're blocking the entire sidewalk.

JACK
Gee - you don't say? (LOOKING AROUND) What am I: invisible?

MAX
(LIGHT) He's new in town.

JILL
(GIVES JACK THE ONCE OVER) Really? Could've sworn you looked familiar.

JACK DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE.

JACK
And what's that supposed to mean?

JILL
(THINKING) Didn't I knock you over last Tuesday in Poughkeepsie?

JACK
(INCENSED) That was you?!

JILL
(CHUCKLES) What is it with you tourists?

JACK BRUSHES HIMSELF OFF.

JACK
Tourists? Tourists? Look, lady, I'm
no tourist. And if I was, I'd say
you're a pretty poor example of
good manners in this town. But hey,
looks can be deceiving. (MOCKING)
Can't they?

JILL
(A SCOURED LOOK) Is that directed
at me?

JACK
Gee, I don't know? I'm just a
simple hayseed right off the bus
from Yokeltown.

JILL
You're going to do well in New
York. I can tell. (JOGGING AWAY)
But I'd rethink the witty
repertoire.

JACK
(SQUINTS) It was sarcasm!

MAX
That's telling her. (ROLLS HIS
EYES) Come on, before someone else
knocks you over.

JACK
(PICKS UP HIS BOXES) I think she
likes me. (BEAT) I think I made an
impression.

MAX
What? I've seen better pick-up
lines coming from a Jerry Springer
show.

MAX PUSHES JACK INTO THE ENTRANCE.

JACK (O.S.)
(MATTER-OF-FACTLY) Is that how you
met your wife.

MAX (O.S.)
Don't push your luck.

END OF COLD OPENING

ACT 1SCENE BINT. JACK'S APARTMENT

(Jack, Max)

JACK AND MAX ARE TIDYING UP HIS NEW PLACE.

JACK

Are you sure you and the family
don't want to move in?

MAX

What family? There's only me and
Clarissa. And even that's a
stretch.

JACK

Home fires not burning like they
used to, huh?

MAX

Let's just say the furnace hasn't
been stoked in a long while.

JACK

Okay - not a good image. Subject is
closed.

MAX

Sorry you asked?

JACK

Yup.

MAX

(A LAUGH) Good. (BEAT) Speaking of
furnaces, when's the last time - -

JACK

(PUTS UP HIS HAND) Stop right
there. Number one: we're men not
women. Number two: our friendship
is based on several parameters -
holding hands and doing each
other's hair isn't one of them.

MAX

This is the 21st century. Haven't you ever heard of metrosexuals?

JACK

I don't ride the bus. What you New Yorkers get up to is your own business. I'll stick to a cab thank you very much.

MAX

(LAUGHS) No, you idiot - being a metrosexual doesn't infer status, it's more the way a man relates to a woman. On her terms.

JACK

Sounds kinky to me.

MAX

It's like: today's women are more in tune to a man who's comfortable with his feminine side.

JACK

I think this conversation is becoming a little bit too tender for me. What'd you say we crack open a few beers and watch some baseball.

MAX

I brought Zima.

JACK

(BEAT) On second thought, let's go out.

END OF SCENE B

SCENE C

EXT/INT. COFFEE SHOP

(Jack, Max, Midge, Jill)

JACK AND MAX WALK BY THE ENTRANCE. STEPPING BY BAG LADY MIDGE.

JACK

Excuse me.

MIDGE
What - no gratuity?

JACK
Gratuity? A tip? For what?

MAX
Just give her something.

JACK
Is this what service has become
these days? Are we supposed to hand
out tips to everyone? Forget it.

MIDGE
That's gratitude for you.

JACK
Gratitude? What do you take me for?

MAX
Come on, just throw down a buck.
You're making a spectacle of
yourself.

JACK
Exactly.

MAX
I mean you.

JACK
Oh, now you're on her side?

MAX
No - yours. (GESTURES TO THE
WINDOW)

JACK LOOKS UP, SEES THE ENTIRE COFFEE SHOP LOOKING OUT AT
HIM. HE FEIGNS A GUILTY SMILE AND HOLDS UP A FEW BILLS.

JACK
Maybe we should've done each
other's hair.

JACK HANDS THE BILLS TO MIDGE.

MIDGE
Care to start a line of credit?

MAX
He'll think it over.

JACK AND MAX ENTER THE COFFEE SHOP AND TAKE A SEAT AT A TABLE.

JACK
Why didn't you warn me of this?

MAX
Call it: a learning experience.

JACK
The last thing I need is to make myself out as some sort of degenerate in this neighborhood.

JILL IN A WAITRESS APRON COMES UP TO THE TABLE.

JILL
Can I take your... (RECOGNIZES JACK) Oh - it's you, Jethro.

JACK
(PRETENDS TO DUCK) You're not going to scald me are you?

JILL
Ha, ha. There is a Starbucks not six blocks from here.

MAX
We'll have two cappuccinos.

JILL
(AT JACK) Does he also lead?

JACK
What? (THINKING THEN REALIZES) Hey! No - we're just friends. It's his treat this time. An no cinnamon in one of them.

MAX
(ACTING GAY) I object to that term. We're more than friends.

JACK
(LEERS) What're you doing?

MAX
(LAUGHS) Sorry, I couldn't resist.

JILL
I'll take your word for it.

JACK
(COLDLY) Please do.

JILL
Ouch. I guess I won't be expecting
a tip.

JACK
I gave my last ten to your doorman.

JILL
Ah, Midge. Pay no attention to her.
She's harmless and not as she
looks.

JACK
And just what is that? An eccentric
heiress pretending to be homeless.

BEAT.

JILL
We have all kinds in New York.

JACK
(LOOKS OUT AT MIDGE) I knew there
was something odd about her.

FROM OUTSIDE, MIDGE HOLDS UP THE BILLS AND SMILES.

JILL
So that's two cappuccinos. Anything
else?

JACK
I suppose an apology is out of the
question?

JILL
(MOCKING) That's extra.

JACK
By the way, I'm a metrosexual.

MAX CRINGES.

JILL
(RAISES A BROW) Okay then. I'll be
back with your order.

JACK
(SHRUGS) What?

MAX
 (WHISPERS) Don't ever tell a woman
 you're a metrosexual.

JACK
 Why not?

MAX
 She'll think you're trying to hit
 on her.

JACK
 I was.

MAX
 Well, that's not the way to go
 about it. Besides, I thought you
 disliked her?

JACK
 Are you kidding? She's just about
 the prettiest thing I've seen in
 years. And she does have a cute
 smile. I'm glad she knocked me
 over.

MAX LOOKS UP. STANDING BEHIND JACK, JILL WITH THEIR ORDER.
 JACK LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER.

JACK
 Oops.

JILL
 (RED-FACED) Here we go. Two
 cappuccinos.

JILL WALKS AWAY, LOOKING BACK WITH A SLIGHT SMILE.

MAX
 Man, that was brutal.

JACK
 Are you kidding? Now I look like
 some sort of fiend. She must think
 I'm a loon.

AT THE COUNTER, JILL TAKES AN ORDER. ANOTHER WAITRESS, MAVIS,
 NOTICES HER FACE.

MAVIS
 What's with you?

JILL
Nothing? I'm fine - I'm okay.

MAVIS
(SUSSING HER OUT) It's a man. I know that look. And I'm never wrong, Jill. (GLEEFULLY) Who is he?

JILL
Nothing. No one.

JILL LOOKS OVER AT JACK. SHE'S SMITTEN.

JILL
I'm fine.

A CUSTOMER TRIES TO MAKE HIS ORDER. JILL'S IN A DAZE.
AT THE TABLE, JACK AND MAX FINISH UP THEIR COFFEE.

MAX
I should get going. (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Damn, I really should.

JACK
What's the rush?

MAX
(GETTING UP) I need to stoke the furnace.

JACK
(FROWNS) You're too much. You know that?

MAX
No - I really need to stoke the furnace. This time of the night, that old oil burner can be a bit tricky to keep lit.

JACK
I've hear cold showers are good for that.

AS THEY ARE LEAVING.

MAX
Funny, but I really do need to stoke that furnace. Clarissa wants me to get a man in. They cost money.

JACK
Is that how things are? Okay.

ON THE TABLE, JACK'S CELL PHONE.

JILL COMES BY TO CLEAR UP, NOTICES JACK'S CELL PHONE. SHE PICKS IT UP, LOOKS AT THE DOOR.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

JACK WALKS OVER MIDGE, WHO'S ASLEEP AGAINST THE WALL.

JACK
Isn't that pretty. I'll be she's dreaming of all the poor saps she's taken for.

MAX
Don't bother the rich, Jack.

AS THEY WALK, JACK FUMBLES IN HIS POCKETS.

JACK
My cell. (LOOKS BACK AT THE COFFEE SHOP) Hang on.

JACK TURNS BACK ABOUT TO ENTER THE COFFEE SHOP.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

JILL PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR. THERE IS A THUD.

END OF SCENE C

SCENE D

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM
(Jack, Max, Jill, Doctor)

JACK LIES IN BED, A BANDAGE WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD.

JILL
Look, I said I'm sorry. What else can I say?

JACK
Twice you've knocked me down. What is it with me?

MAX
 Hey, it's just dumb luck. She said
 she was sorry.

JILL
 Maybe I should go?

JACK
 (BEAT) Third time's a charm.
 (SMILES) I'm game if you are.

JILL
 Excuse me?

MAX
 (MAKES THE "CUT" GESTURE/MOUTHS)
 No.

JACK
 (HOLDS OUT HIS HAND) Start over?

BEAT, THEN JILL SHAKES HIS HAND.

JILL
 Jill Chloe. Professional waitress.

JACK
 Jack Treiger. Professional victim.

THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE ROOM, A CHART IN HIS HAND.

DOCTOR
 Well, Mister Treiger, you're a
 lucky man. Minor concussion. We'll
 keep you overnight for observation.
 (CHECKS THE BANDAGE) Nasty fall.
 Some bruising but you should be
 okay in a few hours once the
 sedative takes affect.

JACK
 Sedative?

DOCTOR
 He'll be out like a light soon.

JACK
 (SMILES) Good. I like loons.

MAX
 Sooner than that.

JACK
(AT JILL) Are you an angel?

MAX
Not soon enough.

JILL
It's okay. I'm responsible.

JACK
(OUT OF IT) I'm a metrosexual. We did each other's hair.

MAX
(CHECKS HIS WATCH) I have to go.

JILL
I can stay. I don't mind.

DOCTOR
(EXITING) Just for a moment. He'll need rest.

MAX
(EXITING) I'll call in in the morning.

JACK
He has to stoke his wife's furnace.

MAX AND THE DOCTOR EXIT.

JILL
In case you don't remember, I'll say I'm sorry again.

JACK
(ROLLING HIS HEAD) Knocked me down.

JILL
Yes - I should've watched where I was going.

JACK
Clutz. (LAUGHS)

JILL
Yes - a big one.

JACK
(CLOSING HIS EYES) I like you.

JILL TURNS TO HIM. JACK IS ASLEEP.

JILL
I like you too. (BEAT) You've also
got a cute smile. (BITES HER LIP)
And nice broad shoulders.

AS SHE IS EXITING, JACK OPENS HIS EYES.

JACK
(QUITE AWARE) Great. Can I have
your number?

JILL
(TURNS) What?

JACK
(PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD)
Well, it's the least you could do
for a man who's just been knocked
down. Twice.

JILL
(SCOWLS) Is this your idea of a
pick-up line? Pretending to be out
of it? (LOOKING HIM OVER) You've
got a lot of nerve, you know.

JACK
(GRINS) Well?

JILL
(BEAT) I don't have a pen.

JACK HOLDS UP A PEN.

JACK
Oh!

THEN A PAD OF PAPER.

JACK
Magic. (SMILES)

JILL GRABS THE PAD AND PAPER AND WRITES.

JILL
(HANDS HIM THE PAD) Here.

AS SHE'S EXITING THE ROOM, SHE TURNS BACK.

JILL
Any time after nine. (SMILES)

WHEN SHE LEAVES, JACK LOOKS AT THE PAD OF PAPER.

IN THE HALLWAY, JILL IS LAUGHING TO HERSELF.

BACK IN JACK'S ROOM, HE LOOKS OUT THE OPEN DOOR TO A WALL OF POSTERS, ONE WITH A PICTURE OF BABY, READING: "FERTILITY IS NO LAUGHING MATTER, DONATE TODAY. WEST SIDE SPERM BANK FACILITIES" FOLLOWED BY A PHONE NUMBER.

JACK LOOKS BACK AT THE PAD OF PAPER.

JACK
Very funny!

JACK ROLLS HIS EYES AND PASSES OUT.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

SCENE E

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT

(Jack, Avery, Max)

JACK IN PYJAMAS, HIS HEAD STILL WRAPPED, PACING THE APARTMENT. A KNOCK COMES AT THE DOOR. HE OPENS TO SEE AVERY, HIS NEIGHBOR.

AVERY
Oops, did I catch you at a bad time?

JACK
Hello?

AVERY
Oh, sorry, I'm Avery Ye. You're neighbor from across the hall. I heard about your little accident.

JACK
It was no accident.

AVERY
Sorry?

JACK
It was an attempted hit. Failed. Lucky for me though.

AVERY'S EYES DART ABOUT THE APARTMENT. SHE'S APPREHENSIVE.

JACK

Come in.

AVERY ENTERS.

AVERY

Thanks. (GULPS) A hit you say?

JACK

Would you like some coffee?

AVERY

Um? NO!

JACK

Relax. It's not poison if that's what you're thinking.

AVERY

No - no. I don't drink coffee. I'm more of a juice person so to speak.

JACK

Ah. Health?

AVERY

Pardon?

JACK

The juice.

AVERY

(CONFUSED THEN REALIZES) Oh - right, yes, I'm sort of on this kick. Organic soaps, colonics, herbal remedies.

JACK

Well, I'm afraid I can only offer you tea.

AVERY

Right.

AVERY GOES ABOUT, LOOKING AT JACK'S DECOR.

AVERY

You've done a nice job.

JACK

This isn't me. I haven't had time to paint. What with the head and all.

AVERY
Because of the hit - right.

JACK
What do you do?

JACK SITS.

AVERY
I'm in advertising. But I run an
adult web site on the side. Chicks
by chicks. It's very tasteful.

JACK COUGHS UP HIS COFFEE.

JACK
Really?

AVERY
Yeah - it's not vulgar like those
other kinds. It's got more of a new
age flavor. Women in charge of
their bodies. I do most of the
filming at home. The girls I work
with feel more relaxed, more
comfortable.

JACK
(RAISES A BROW) Really?

AVERY GESTURING, DANCING HER FEET ABOUT.

AVERY
Yeah, anytime you want to watch,
just ask.

JACK
(COUGHS) No - it's fine. I'm fine.
(UNCOMFORTABLY) No need.

AVERY
(GIGGLES) It's nothing to be
ashamed about. It's quite natural.

JACK
Can I take your word for it?

AVERY
I'm sorry. I've embarrassed you.

JACK

No, no. Don't worry about it. I've seen it all. I don't get embarrassed.

AVERY LOOKING AT JACK'S HEAD.

AVERY

You know - I could give you something to make you feel better.

JACK

(UNCOMFORTABLE CHUCKLE) No. It's quite alright. I feel fine.

AVERY

Like a herbal pill. That's all.

JACK

Oh. No, thanks anyway.

AVERY

What did you think I was talking about. (GIGGLES) So, how do you like the neighborhood?

JACK

I'm adjusting to big city life reasonably well.

AVERY

That bad, huh?

JACK

Does it show?

AVERY

Well, aside from the attempted hit, you're doing as best as can be expected. (BEAT) By the way, who was the hitter? Mafia connected? Chinese triad gangsters? Columbian cartel?

JACK

Waitress.

AVERY

(BEAT) Oh, you mean Jill?

JACK

Know her, do you?

AVERY
She attended one of my seminars
once.

JACK
Tantric sex?

AVERY
Psychic channeling.

JACK
I can see that. (CLEARS HIS THROAT)
About that tea? (GETS UP)

AVERY
Have I shown you my tattoo? Just
got it today.

AVERY OPENS HER SHIRT, BARE BREASTED AT JACK.

KNOCK ON THE DOOR, MAX ENTERS.

MAX
Hey... WHOA!

AVERY CLOSES HER SHIRT. JACK SMILES GUILTILY.

MAX
I can come back later?

JACK
Max, this is my neighbor, Avery.

MAX
(SMILING) Hello. (HOLDS OUT HIS
HAND)

AVERY
(LOOKS AT MAX'S HAND) Oh, I never
shake hands. Not for hygiene mind
you, just that I can read minds by
touch. And sometimes these things
can lead to meaningless sex. If you
know what I mean?. (AT JACK) I'll
call in later.

AVERY EXITS. MAX LOOKS SAD.

MAX
(GIVES JACK A DEEP GLARE) Who was
that? And what kind of relationship
were you thinking about starting?

JACK
(RUBS HIS HEAD) Don't ask. (SITS)

MAX HEADS INTO THE KITCHEN.

MAX (O.S.)
Anyway, you better get ready.

JACK
For what?

MAX EXITS THE KITCHEN WITH A CAN OF BEER.

MAX
Doctor's appointment. I thought you knew? (REALIZES) Must be the contusion.

JACK
Concussion.

MAX STANDING OVER JACK LOOKING DOWN AT HIS HEAD.

MAX
You remind me of the invisible man.

JACK
It's the bandage, right?

MAX
No - it's the idea that you attract the weirdest kind of people in your life. Doctors, odd women, crazies. That sort.

JACK
As opposed to you. Frigid wives, teachers with a youth complex and transvestites.

MAX
Hey! That was on a dare. And she doesn't count.

JACK
He.

MAX
He - doesn't count. (RELATING BACK)
How was I to know what kind of club it was?

JACK
It was a joke.

MAX
I can still feel his five o'clock shadow on my face. (SHUDDERS) Come to think of it, I never did get you back for that.

JACK
Chalk it up to an experience.
(SAUCY) Big boy.

END OF SCENE E

SCENE F

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE
(Jack, Max, Doctor, Nurse)

JACK SITTING ON A GURNEY. MAX PACING THE ROOM. A DOCTOR IS BUSY UNWRAPPING JACK'S HEAD WITH A NURSE.

DOCTOR
And we're just about there.

JACK
I wish I wasn't.

THE NURSE PREPARES AN INJECTION. JACK LOOKS OVER AT THE NEEDLE.

JACK
Shall I roll up my sleeve?

NURSE
(AN EVIL SMILE) No.

JACK
(GULPS) Oh.

JACK GETS DOWN FROM THE GURNEY AND TAKES DOWN HIS PANTS.

NURSE
Bend over, please.

MAX
I'll wait outside.

MAX EXITS.

JACK
Is this going to hurt?

NURSE
Very much so.

THE NURSE JABS THE NEEDLE INTO JACK'S BUTT. HE LETS OUT A YELP.

JACK
(PULLS UP HIS PANTS) Thank you.

DOCTOR
There. That wasn't bad. Was it?

JACK
Speak for yourself.

NURSE
(MOCKING) Shall I get you a lolly?

IN THE HALL, JACK EXITS THE ROOM SUCKING ON A LOLLYPOP. MAX SHAKES HIS HEAD.

END OF SCENE F

SCENE G

EXT/INT. COFFEE SHOP
(Jack, Max, Jill, Midge, Mavis)

JACK AND MAX STEP OVER MIDGE, ENTERING THE COFFEE SHOP.

JACK
Sorry, I don't have any hundreds.

MIDGE
I'll take a check.

MAX TAKES A SEAT. JACK STEPS UP TO THE COUNTER. HE LOOKS AROUND, JILL ISN'T THERE. MAVIS TAKES HIS ORDER.

JACK
Two cappuccinos. No cinnamon. And a biscotti for my friend.

MAVIS
Almond or macadamia.

JACK
Caucasian. (GRINS)

MAVIS
(UNAMUSED) You must be the newbie.

JACK
Excuse me?

MAVIS
The newbie - the new guy what moved
into the neighborhood.

JACK
Does it show?

MAVIS
I heard what happened. We're all so
very sorry.

MAVIS FIXES HIS ORDER.

JACK
We are?

MAVIS
Well, Jill is. The rest of us think
it's dead funny.

MAVIS GIVES HIM HIS DRINKS. JILL COMES OUT OF A BACK ROOM.
SHE'S STARTLED BY JACK'S APPEARANCE THERE.

JACK
Ah, hello again.

JILL
Look - I have to say, the other
night at the hospital - -

MAVIS HOLDS OUT A CHANGE TIN.

MAVIS
Care to make a donation?

JACK
Already made one, thanks.

JILL HOLDS HER MOUTH, HIDING A GRIN. THEN BURSTS OUT
LAUGHING.

MAVIS
Something I said?

JACK
(SMILING) Have you got a pen?

MAX COMES UP TO THE COUNTER.

MAX
Thought you forgot me. (AT JILL)
Hello.

JILL
Is he going to be alright?

MAX
It's still touch and go.

JILL
I see.

MAX
Yeah - it's a shame. We almost had
to put him down.

JACK
(AT MAX) You're right, I do feel
like the invisible man.

JACK TAKES A SIP OF HIS CAPPUCCINO.

JACK
(SMACKS HIS LIPS) Very good.

MAVIS
Thank you. That'll be \$6.50,
please.

MAX TAKES A SIP OF HIS CAPPUCCINO.

JACK
If you're looking for a tip, see my
accountant outside.

MAX
(RE: THE DRINK) There's cinnamon in
this.

MAVIS
Yeah. You can hardly taste it
though.

JACK
(FINISHING A SIP) HUH?

MAX
Uh, oh.

JILL
(PUZZLED) What?

JACK COUGHS, HIS EYES WIDE.

JACK (V.O.)
Oh, crap.

END OF SCENE G

SCENE H

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

(Jack, Max, Jill, Doctor, Nurse)

JACK IN THE BED. HIS EYES ARE ALL PUFFY. THE DOCTOR IS BUSY CHECKING HIS PULSE AS THE NURSE READIES A NEEDLE. MAX AND JILL STAND AT THE FOOT OF THE BED.

NURSE
(HOLDING THE NEEDLE) Any last requests?

JACK
(OUT OF IT) I love New York?

JACK ROLLS OVER AND THE NURSE JABS THE NEEDLE INTO HIS BUTT.

DOCTOR
You're a lucky man, Mister Treiger.
But next time, try not to be so eager to ingest substances deemed to cause such a reaction to your rather delicate system.

JACK
No problem.

THE DOCTOR AND NURSE EXIT THE ROOM.

MAX STEPS UP NEXT TO HIM.

MAX
I blame myself.

JACK
Okay.

MAX
I rushed him into moving here.

JILL

Awe, I'm sure it ain't all that bad.

MAX

He's fragile. A failed marriage in LA. Lost his house in the divorce, the car. And the dog.

JILL

He'll need to accumulate new friends.

JACK

Invisible man here.

MAX

I should get going. Feel better, man.

JACK

Say hello to the furnace.

MAX EXITS. JILL MOVES IN CLOSER AND TAKES JACK'S HAND.

JILL

Again, I'm sorry.

JACK

(CHIPPER) It's fine. Really. It's not that bad actually.

END OF SCENE H

SCENE I

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT

(Jack, Jill)

JILL LEADS JACK INTO THE APARTMENT AND SITS HIM DOWN. JILL SITS NEXT TO HIM.

JACK

Thanks.

JILL

Can I get you a drink or anything?

JACK

No thank you. I'll just sit here for awhile.

JILL
I just want to say that - -

JACK
Please - no more apologies. If it's all the same. (BEAT) Not that it isn't appreciated. Trust me, I've had about a lifetime's worth of: sorry.

JILL
(A LAUGH) I understand.

JACK
The bad things will have to catch up to me then.

JILL
It isn't all that bad.

JACK
How do you mean? Look at me: I've been knocked over twice, had a concussion, two injections by a sadistic nurse and to cap it all off, I come down with a ruthless case of eyeobulgitis. (LAUGHS) Not that bad?

JILL
Yeah. (BEAT) But we met, didn't we?

JACK SMILES.

JACK
Does that mean I can have your number?

JILL
We'll see.

JACK
Speak for yourself.

A LONG BEAT. THE BOTH SIT THERE IN THE SILENCE.

MOANING AND GROANING COMING FROM AVERY'S APARTMENT.

JILL
(CLEARS HER THROAT/A CHUCKLE) This is nice.

JACK
(EMBARRASSED) Yes - it is.

MORE MOANING AND GROANING.

JILL
Is that..?

JACK
(BEAT) Psychic channelling?

LAUGHTER FROM JACK & JILL.

END OF ACT 2

