

Lynch, The Messenger "Pilot"

By

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1 EXT. ROUTE 66. NIGHT

We pan down to the lone highway silhouetted by a setting sun. A white 1974 Chevrolet Corvette speeds our way from a distance.

2 INT. CORVETTE. NIGHT

The driver takes drag off cigarette, flicks it out the window. Several shots reveal empty beer bottles and discarded clothing in the back seat. On the passenger seat is an open briefcase full of documents and photos. Also, a tape recorder and gun. The driver rolls up the window and grabs the tape recorder. After clearing his throat, he hits RECORD.

DRIVER

Lynch, Joseph. January 5th, 2001.
It is now...
(checks watch)
5:57 P.M., Pacific.....I don't know
what the fuck I'm doing out here.

He hits STOP on the the tape recorder. Presses REWIND. STOP. RECORD.

JOSEPH

This is Joseph Lynch. It's November
14th, 2004. It is now...
(checks watch)
7:29 P.M., Pacific and I....I
haven't slept since last Wednesday.
Right now, I wish I was home. I
wish I knew where home was.

He hits STOP. Sets tape recorder down into briefcase.

We can see into the briefcase, and next to the tape recorder, there is a list of names, all hand written. There are seven names. Three have already been crossed out. It is hard to make out the names from various coffee cup rings and watermarks.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ROUTE 66. NIGHT

We watch the Chevrolet pass by a sign that shows Las Vegas to be 120 miles up ahead.

CUT BACK TO:

4 INT. CORVETTE. NIGHT

RECORD.

JOSEPH
Dave, if you're listening to this,
I just want you to know...

STOP.

JOSEPH
(MUMBLES)
That I'm insanely drunk and that I
shouldn't be driving...

RECORD.

JOSEPH
This should be *you* driving all
around the country. Doing *all* of
this. This cross-country freak show
tour of the last 9th step I'll ever
fucking do.

We see, along with Joseph, in the reflection of the rear-view mirror, a quick flash of a woman's face folding into itself as she screams. Joseph doesn't react. He seems almost used to these occurrences.

JOSEPH
By the way, Audrey says, "Hi."

STOP. Joseph puts down the tape recorder and retrieves a beer down by the passenger seat. After drinking the bottle whole in one swig, he lights another cigarette and resumes communicating through the tape recorder.

RECORD.

JOSEPH
You know what's funny? You only
come around when I've been
drinkin', you tryna tell me
something, kid?

Joseph continues to Record the silence in the car, reaching to the back of the car with the tape recorder in his hand.

STOP. REWIND. PLAY.

Joseph turns up the tape recorder, full volume. Focus on static. We hear Joseph's last few words "-thing, kid?"

A few seconds of silence and then, a faint voice.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE
...Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...

Joseph smiles. RECORD.

JOSEPH
Hey you. You're bored, aren't ya?

He once again points the tape recorder to the back of the car. STOP. REWIND. PLAY.
Josephs voice repeats the last bits of the aforementioned question, "Bored, aren't ya?".
Three seconds of silence.

VOICE
...mhhh...

STOP. RECORD.

JOSEPH
Want me to tell you a story?

REWIND. PLAY. "-Tell you a story?"
Static, and an inaudible reply.

STOP. RECORD.

JOSEPH
Remember the first day we met?

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ROUTE 66. NIGHT

WE TRAIL JUST BEHIND THE CORVETTE.

JOSEPH(O.S.)
You looked right through me. Like I
was a ghost...

FADE TO:

6 INT. LAS VEGAS REHABILITATION CENTER-LIVING ROOM. DAY

FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A TELEVISION, WE CAN SEE A COUCH OCCUPIED BY FOUR PEOPLE STARING BACK IN OUR DIRECTION.

They all share expressions of disbelief and mute boredom.

(CONTINUED)

WE TURN AROUND, UP CLOSE TO SEE FOOTAGE FROM THE T.V. OF TWIN SKYSCRAPERS ON FIRE.

The newscaster tries to keep a calm demeanor.

NEWSCASTER

Now it's obvious, I think, that there's a second plane...

Out of the four, one of them, a white older gentleman in his mid forties finally speaks. The bracelet on his wrist says "Paul". He starts to scratch his mustache in deep contemplation.

PAUL

I used to have dreams about this shit.

Next to Paul, a woman of the same age and race just rolls her eyes. Her bracelet reads, "Geena".

GEENA

That's great, Paul.

PAUL

I'm serious!

A younger woman, with dyed pink hair and holes in her bottom lips where piercings used to be, she lets out a sigh. Her bracelet, it reads "Audrey".

AUDREY

Sooo, we've been watching this shit for two days now...

GEENA

Mhmmm.

AUDREY

And I think for the sake of morale, we should perhaps change the channel, or I don't know...go the fuck outside?

GEENA

Hmm.

PAUL

You can go the fuck outside.

Audrey throws her pencil at the side of Paul's head. Paul doesn't react, just stays focused on the television.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Hold on a sec, Kitten Tits, the
empire's falling apart.

Audrey gets up off the couch and heads out of the room.

CUT TO:

7 INT. HALLWAY. DAY

In a very bored manner, Audrey slowly walks through the hallway looking at framed paintings on the wall. All of them are beach houses, but with no signature of the artist. She stops at one and folds her arms. We can see that in the picture of this beach house, there is a vague outline of a person in the second floor window.

WOMANS VOICE (O.S.)

So, Audrey...how are we adjusting
to sobriety so far?

We zoom in closer to the outline.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DR. RUTH GOLDMANS OFFICE. DAY

Quick shot of Dr. Goldmans diploma, "Mommy-of-the-year" coffee mug and bowl of M&Ms.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

It's been nearly a month so far,
right?

Audrey grabs a hand full of M&Ms and starts taking little bites into the candy.

AUDREY

I need to blow my load onto a pair
of Double-D's, Ruth.

Dr. Goldman stops writing into her notebook.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Besides the sexual frustration,
you're doing well?

Audrey forces all the candy into her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY

Yep yep!

Dr. Goldman nods her head and continues taking notes. Without looking up from her notebook she continues talking.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

That's good to hear. Your skin's clearing up and returning to a normal color....any thoughts about harming yourself or others?

Audrey gives this some thought.

AUDREY

Does Paul count?

Dr. Goldman giggles and rolls her eyes.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Yes, Audrey...even that *thing* counts.

Audrey shakes her head.

AUDREY

Naww, dude. I'm hella normal. Just like you, Ruthie!

Dr. Goldman smiles and sets down her notebook.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Now, have you given any thought to wha-

AUDREY

Has Mike called you today?

Audrey suddenly adopts a case of Restless Leg Syndrome. Dr. Goldman sighs.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

No, Audrey. Mike hasn't contacted me.

AUDREY

You sure you gave him the right number and everything? It's really impor-

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Audrey. What's important is for you to get better while you're here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN (cont'd)
Someone like Mike is only going to
distract you from your program.

Audrey stares a hole in the ground and nods her head.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Trust me, he's only going to lead
you back to where you were before.
You can't give him that power.

Audrey's Restless Leg Syndrome is getting more hyperactive.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Do you have any plans after next
week? Are you going back to school?
Do you think you can handle I.O.P.?

CUT TO:

9 EXT. LVRC PATIO. NIGHT

Quick shot of a full moon.

Audrey stares at the sky as she smokes a menthol cigarette.
Behind her, the door to the main living room opens and it's
Geena. Geena lights herself a cigarette and sits at the
opposite side of the patio table to Audrey.

GEENA
Sup, "Art-School"?

AUDREY
Nothin' much.

GEENA
Have you seen the new guy, yet?

Audrey shakes her head.

GEENA
He's asleep on the couch.

Geena takes a puff and coughs.

GEENA
Looks like he might be a
booze-hound. Young too...like your
age.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY

Oh yeah?

GEENA

Mmhmm...not bad on the eyes either.

AUDREY

That's cool.

Geena puts out her cigarette and starts to head back inside.

GEENA

You should go and introduce yourself before he wakes up...no one's in there. He's covered in a big enough blanket.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

AUDREY

Go to bed, Geena!

CUT TO:

10 INT. LAS VEGAS REHABILITATION CENTER-LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

We see a young man asleep on the couch as the light from the T.V. flashes. In the background, the door opens and closes with Audrey coming in. She makes her way to the couch and takes a look. She sits on the chair next to the couch, almost studying him.

We pan onto him, close-up.

Then to Audrey.

Then to the T.V. where it's still the footage of the attacks in New York. The second plane is about to hit until the Young man suddenly screams.

YOUNG MAN

Don't you fucking touch me! DON'T
YOU FUCKING TOUCH ME!

Audrey jumps. He's still asleep.

AUDREY

Uhmmm...

YOUNG MAN

NO NO NO NO NO NO!

He starts kicking off the sheets. Audrey looks around.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY

Uhhmm...

She gets up out of the chair and pokes him with a pencil.

AUDREY

Hey, stop it...you're freaking me out.

He falls off the couch, weeping like a child.

YOUNG MAN

Fuck you!

Audrey throws her hands up.

AUDREY

Seriously?!

There's no one from the staff to help out. It's as if they are the only two people there.

AUDREY

Fuck it...

She sits on top of Joseph and slaps him across the face. This wakes him.

AUDREY

Hey!

YOUNG MAN

WHAT?!

He puts his hands up, defensively, and looks around. Then he looks at her. She gets off of him.

YOUNG MAN

I was screaming, wasn't I?

AUDREY

Yeah!

YOUNG MAN

Why did you get on top of me?

AUDREY

I don't know! I panicked! What would you do?!

YOUNG MAN

For starters, I wouldn't slap the shit out of someone who was having night terrors, maybe?

(CONTINUED)

She sighs and shakes her head.

AUDREY

Fuck...

JOSEPH

It's fine, don't worry about it.

He gets up and sits back on the couch, smearing his palms against his face.

YOUNG MAN

What's your name?

AUDREY

Audrey...

YOUNG MAN

Like Audrey Hepburn?

AUDREY

Sure, I guess.

YOUNG MAN

I'm Joseph...sorry again...for scaring you.

Audrey shrugs it off.

AUDREY

No problem, Joseph. Sorry for, yknow...bitch slapping ya.

JOSEPH

It wasn't the first time...probably won't be the last.

They sit on opposite sides of the couch with the light of the T.V. illuminating their distance.

JOSEPH

Why are you guys watching this?
This is horrible.

She laughs.

AUDREY

I don't usually watch the T.V. here...it's the others who hog the remote.

JOSEPH
Makes sense...

Close up of the T.V. with footage of a couple jumping from a burning building as they hold hands.

JOSEPH
Do you have any smokes? I'll get ya back...promise.

AUDREY
They're menthol...

JOSEPH
Doesn't matter.

Audrey gets up and heads for the door leading to the patio.

AUDREY
Well...tonight's your lucky night, Joseph. Follow me.

Joseph slowly gets up and follows.

Close up of the T.V. with footage of the towers falling...

NEWSCASTER
America...offer a prayer...

FADE TO WHITE:

11 EXT. GAS STATION OFF EASTERN AND SERENE-LAS VEGAS. NIGHT

We can see Joseph pumping gas. He's having trouble keeping balance so he leans against his car.

JOSEPH
Ohhh boy...this was a great idea.
Fucking brilliant idea, Joseph.

He sets his left arm on the hood of his car and buries his face in it.

JOSEPH
Yep! So fucking smart.

Suddenly, a short, older-looking man comes up from behind.

MAN
Excuse me, sir?

Joseph sighs.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

What?

The man is timid, shakey but is in awe.

MAN

Are you...Joseph Lynch?

Joseph turns to look at him.

JOSEPH

Maybe...

The man squints.

MAN

It is you, isn't it?

JOSEPH

It's none of your fuckin' business.

MAN

Me and my wife-

Man points off screen and we pan really quick to a woman waving from inside a mini-van.

MAN

We're *huge* fans of yours! Haha,
wow!

Joseph stops pumping and begins to head back into his car.
The man follows him.

JOSEPH

Wonderful.

MAN

Are you in Vegas for a show or
something?

Joseph seems edgy.

JOSEPH

Okay, uhmmm...What's your name,
again?

Man holds out his hand to shake Josephs.

LARRY

Larry Walsch.

Joseph grabs his hand and looks Larry straight in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Larry...can I ask you a deep,
philosophical question?

Larry is all smiles.

CLOSE UP BOTH THEIR HANDS LOCKED IN THAT HANDSHAKE.

LARRY

Uhh, yeah?

JOSEPH

Are you a fucking retard, Larry?

CLOSE-UP OF JOSEPHS HAND AS IT SQUEEZES LARRYS HAND.
Larrys smile weakens...unsure if Joseph is merely joking or
not.

LARRY

Puh-Pardon me?

JOSEPH

Simple question, Larry.

Larry lets out a desperate laugh.

LARRY

Hahaha, come on, Mr. Lynch. What is
this?

JOSEPHS HAND GRIPS TIGHTER ONTO LARRYS. Larry tries to
release himself from his grip but Joseph won't let go.

JOSEPH

Do you know what guys like me and
Edwards and Van Pragh and Browne
think about people like you, Larry?

Larrys wife comes into frame.

LARRYS WIFE

Larry?

Larry is pouring sweat.

LARRY

It's fine, Connie. We're just
having a gentleman's chat.

JOSEPH

That's bullshit, Connie. I'm
deconstructing your husbands moral
compass.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly there's the ringing of a celphone. Joseph lets go of Larry's hand. Larry cringes.

JOSEPH

I want you both to go home and burn any book of mine that you own. None of it was fucking real, you hear me?!

Larry nods his head. Joseph gets in his car and drives off, his phone still ringing.

Connie looks down at Larry, arms folded.

CONNIE

Now will you actually start going to the gym?

Larry is in visible disbelief.

LARRY

I think I might have an erection...

CUT TO:

12 INT. CORVETTE. NIGHT

We see Joseph smashing his phone against the steering wheel and screaming, though it's inaudible.

JOSEPH(O.S.)

Hi...uhmmm...my name's Joseph and I'm an alcoholic.

FADE TO WHITE:

13 INT. LAS VEGAS REHABILITATION CENTER-LIVING ROOM. DAY

Quick shot of coffee-machine brewing coffee.

We are faced with a small crowd of people as they welcome us.

CROWD

Hi Joseph.

In attendance is Audrey, Paul and Geena. The meeting is being led by Dr. Goldman. Everyone is sitting in a circle facing each other, spread out on couches and chairs while others just sit on the floor. Joseph waves back to everyone and looks at Audrey. She gives him a thumbs up and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

Sooo...yeah, I've been a professional fuck up for awhile. I guess.

Paul strokes his mustache and sniffs his fingers at the same time.

JOSEPH

And I think the reason I'm in a place like this again is because I keep referring to myself as a professional fuck up.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Well, that is a start, Joseph...and technically, you just checking yourself in and admitting yourself as a "professional fuck up"...that's you completing your first step out of twelve.

Joseph nods, itching at his beard.

JOSEPH

No, I know, Ruthie. I've been here before. I'm just not sure what's...*different*.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Think of it this way, Joseph. Last time, you were given an ultimatum. This time...it was all your decision.

Joseph shakes his head.

JOSEPH

Nawww...I know that *I* came in here, but it's not like I had some moment of clarity or anything...

Paul raises his hand.

PAUL

What was it then?

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Paul...

Paul shrugs defensively.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

What?!

JOSEPH

It's cool.

Joseph locks his eyes with Audrey.

JOSEPH

It was a dream.

Paul raises his hand.

PAUL

A dream?

JOSEPH

Yeah.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Paul.

GEENA

What kinda dream?

JOSEPH

I'm...I'm gonna sit down now.

Joseph sits down next to Audrey. Audrey leans in closer to him.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Thank you, Joseph. Maybe you and I will discuss your dreams in our sessions later.

Joseph nods.

JOSEPH

Bitchin'.

Dr. Ruth looks down to her notebook to scribble down notes as Audrey grabs Josephs hand. They start to play thumb war. Dr. Goldman gives a quick glance of this just as Paul raises his hand. Dr. Ruth nods.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN

Yes, Paul, of course.

Paul gets up to start his share. We focus in more on Joseph and Audrey's game of thumb war.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Okay, yeah...I'm Paul. Addict.

CROWD
Hey Paul.

PAUL
Yeah, and since we're gonna talk
about dreams today...

We audibly cut down on Paul's dialog to focus more on Audrey and Joseph.

CROSSFADE TO:

14 INT. CORVETTE. DAY

We look up from the car seat to hear the faint rumble of a black hand repeatedly knock on the window. Joseph slowly gets up. He shows all the virtual symptoms of a hangover. Red and blue lights glow through the back of the car.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CORVETTE. DAY

Passenger side window slowly rolls down to reveal Joseph as he peers out. The Cop returns his gaze with the same scowl.

JOSEPH
....yeah?

The Cop looks to the house whose curb Josephs car is parked on. Then back to Joseph.

COP
The only way this adds up, son.

He takes a peek at all the beer bottles that lay strewn about randomly in Josephs car.

COP
Is that you had it out with the old
lady...because none of this looks
right.

Joseph shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH

No...no, it fucking doesn't, does it?

Joseph chuckles and so does The Cop.

COP

Alright, Mr. Lynch. You mind telling me what you're doin' out here with a stolen vehicle?

Joseph shrugs.

JOSEPH

It's really not a big deal, Occifer...it's just, y'know...chores.

COP

Chores?

JOSEPH

That's right.

COP

In a stolen vehicle, and a warrant out for your arrest?

JOSEPH

It's weird, right?

COP

Most *baffling* thing I've heard all day!

Joseph starts to laugh again, harder. The Cop chimes in.

COP

Tell you what, Mr. Lynch...How about we go downtown and get this all straightened out?

Joseph starts to scratch his beard and shakes his head.

JOSEPH

Nawwww, I don't wanna...I don't think that's gonna...yeah, that's gonna get in the way...of *things*.

People from the neighborhood have already started to take notice and are recording everything with their phones.

(CONTINUED)

COP
Don't do it, Mr. Lyn-

Quick as a flash, Joseph pulls out his gun and shoots the Cop in the arm.
He puts the car in ignition, puts it in Reverse and smashes into The Cops bike. He pulls forward to check the see if the man is dead.
We see the Cop as he pulls out his Radio. He stays calm as he watches Joseph speed away.

COP
(into radio)
Backup. I need back up. Hit and run.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CORVETTE. DAY

Joseph checks his rear-view mirror as he tries to maneuver turns at high-speed.

JOSEPH
He's fine. HE'S FINE! HE'S GONNA BE FINE!

In the midst of Josephs distraction, he veers off and crashes head-on into another car.

FADE TO BLACK:

17 INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT

We look up to a bright light as the metronome to a heart monitor goes off. Sirens wail at top volume.
A paramedic holds us down.

PARAMEDIC
Sir, just lie down!

Next to him is Audrey.

AUDREY
I'd do it, dude. You look pretty wrecked.

We look down at Joseph who is lying on a gurney with an oxygen mask over his face. Audrey looks around, amused.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY

Goddamn, how many times have we
been in one of these fuckin'
things, riiight?

Joseph starts to cry. Audrey sees this and gets on top of
him.

AUDREY

Seriously?! Isn't this shit *fun* for
you?! I thought you were a fuckin'
rockstar?!

Joseph grabs the paramedic.

PARAMEDIC

Just five more minutes, sir! Five
more minutes!

The sirens get louder.
Audrey gets closer to us.

AUDREY

...that should be enough time,
right, baby?

She goes in to kiss Joseph.

Pan out as Joseph goes into a full blown grammal seizure.
No sign of Audrey as the Paramedic tries to hold Joseph
down.

FADE OUT:

18 INT. DR. RUTH GOLDMANS OFFICE. DAY

Close-up of electronic clock, it reads: 11:11 A.M.

Joseph sits across from Dr. Ruth Goldman.

Dr. Ruth is jotting down notes. Joseph gathers his legs
together in his chair and crosses them. He notices the bowl
of M&Ms and grabs a handful.

JOSEPH

...I love how you work in a
recovery center, but you allow your
patients to consume some of the
most addictive candy on the planet.

Dr. Ruth doesn't even look up from her notes.

(CONTINUED)

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Tell me about your dreams...

Joseph is about to put a candy in his mouth, but stops halfway. Dr. Ruth looks up and looks Joseph straight in the eye.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Just...just the ones you had prior to coming to us.

JOSEPH
Well then, it's just gonna be like *that*, huh?

She smiles.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't ask the tough questions, right?

Joseph puts all the M&Ms back in the bowl. We can see all the multi-colored stains on his hand.

JOSEPH
Fair enough...start at the beginning?

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
That would be most ideal.

He leans forward and starts grinding his fingers against his palms.

JOSEPH
It started about a month ago...I was still sober then, and everything.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
What happened?

He groans.

JOSEPH
Bullshit...

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Bullshit, mmkay...

Dr. Ruth jots down some notes.

JOSEPH
Okay, okay...fine.

She stops.

JOSEPH
I ran out of anti-depressants and I
wasn't on any insurance...plus,
yknow...whatsherfuck broke with me.

Dr. Ruth giggles.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Whatserfuck?

JOSEPH
Fine, Marie. Marie broke up with
me.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
I'm sorry, Joseph. I remember her.
She was nice.

He rolls his eyes and chuckles.

JOSEPH
Yeah. Yeah, she sure was.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
The dreams?

JOSEPH
Right...so after all that...I
couldn't...sleep.

Dr. Ruth starts to write.

JOSEPH
So, being a creature of habit, I
went back to the one thing I knew
that would bring that back...and
make me feel better...for the
moment, anyways.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Of course.

JOSEPH
...Which is why...all of this feels
like deja-vu to me.

Dr. Ruth stops writing.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Because you've been here before?

JOSEPH
No...because I've seen it all
before. You and I, I've seen us
having this conversation...from a
distance. I dreamt of meeting
Audrey, and Paul, and Geena, and
everyone else.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
You and Audrey, you two have been
getting close, haven't you?

Joseph shifts in his chair.

JOSEPH
She's cool.

Dr. Ruth nods her head, smiling.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Joseph, come on. I'm not an idiot.
I've seen the way you two look at
each other.

Joseph tries to hide a smiles while he blushes.

JOSEPH
We're just friends. It's not a big
deal.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Oh really?

JOSEPH
Really.

Dr. Ruth nods her head. She winks at Joseph.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Okay, Joseph. Since you still think
I have the intelligence of a
newborn...

Joseph rubs his eyes in exhaustion.

JOSEPH
Sooo, yeah...after the dreams...or
premonitions...started
happening...I started drinking
more. Then, that's when I started
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPH (cont'd)
seeing the shadows more...those and
the "dot".

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Dot?

JOSEPH
It's this thing at the center of my
vision...no matter where I look...I
feel like something is...kinda
looking back at me. Like an eye, or
a portal.

Dr. Ruth quickly jots down some notes.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Have you seen, or talked to any
doctors about this?

JOSEPH
No. I don't have any fucking
insurance, remember?

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Well, how are you affording all
this then, Joseph.

Joseph looks down.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
...I'm sorry. That was too far.

JOSEPH
Yeah, it was.

Dr. Ruth sets down her notebook and leans back in her chair.
She checks her phone.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
I think that's as good as any time
than ever to end.

Joseph looks up and nods. He quickly gets up and heads out
to the door.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Hey, Joseph.

Joseph looks back.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
Next time tomorrow?

Joseph smiles.

JOSEPH
Yeah, you're still new at this.

Dr. Ruth nods.

DR. RUTH GOLDMAN
I know. Thanks for being a doctors
patient.

Joseph shrugs.

JOSEPH
It's what I've always been used to.

Joseph exits.

Dr. Ruth takes off her glasses.
She walks over to the door and locks it.
Back at the desk, she opens up her purse to retrieve a
bottle of Xanax.
She pops up the cap and shakes out two little pills on the
palm of her hand.
She puts them into her mouth and swallows them, dry.
She grabs her cup of coffee and takes a sip.
It's raining outside.
We peer out to the window as rain falls and pours down on
it's side.

FADE TO BLACK:

19 INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

We see Joseph hooked up to life-preserving machines with the
same familiar beat of the heart-monitor going off.

Suddenly, a sharply dressed man with long hair and scruff
comes barging into the room. He's being followed by nurses.

MAN
I don't give a flying fuck, he's *my*
fucking client!

He sees Joseph.

MAN
Oh great, fucking wonderful!

Nurse gets in his face.

(CONTINUED)

HEAD NURSE

Sir, he needs rest!

MAN

Bullshit! What he needs is a good goddamn kick to the fucking face!

HEAD NURSE

Sir, are you even next of kin?!

The Man just rolls his eyes.

MAN

I'm David Salinger, I basically do shit that his biological brother wouldn't fucking do!

David takes a step. He digs through his backpocket and retrieves his wallet. He then pulls out his I.D.

DAVID

Go ahead and call this number, it states that Joseph Lynch would want me here in a situation like this!

The head nurse takes it.

HEAD NURSE

Don't move.

She stomps out of the room.

David waits until all the nurses leave. When they are all gone, he shuts the door and sits next to Joseph.

DAVID

Okay...so, fuck. Uhhmmm....

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He lights a cigarette and heads for the window.

DAVID

You really fucked up, my friend.

He tries to find a way to open the window, but it's impossible.

DAVID

Jesus, where the fuck am I?

He heads out for the bathroom and puts his cigarette out there.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Next time you have a public meltdown...try to end up in hospitals where you can fuckin' smoke, yeah?

David sits back next to Joseph.

DAVID

Alright...so...this is gonna be *pretty* hard to bounce back from. I don't know if you're fucking conscious right now. I'm just saying all this because...maybe some of it will *stick*, maybe?

David is clearly frustrated.

DAVID

It's my job to be a dick, y'know? This isn't the easiest business to survive in.

There's a knock at the door.

DAVID

It's like...everyday they find some kid off the street who thinks they can do what you fuckin' do.

David gets up and walk towards the door.

DAVID

There's just so much fuckin' competition.

He opens the door. It's the head nurse. She has his I.D. in her fingers.

HEAD NURSE

What the fuck is this?

David immediately slams the door shut and locks it. Knocking immediately follows.

DAVID

...And as an entrepreneur, of sorts, you get to thinking...what do I have? What do I offer the world that sets me apart from everyone else?

David retrieves a tiny black vial. He walks back over to the side of Josephs bed.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I mean, what's the difference in
letting go...and taking control of
something? Or someone, right?

He pops the cap. Inside are white pills. He takes one out
and forces it into Josephs mouth.

DAVID

Fuckin'...none, right?

Joseph chews and swallows the pill.

DAVID

Right...

The door breaks open. A warden, with the entire nursing
staff behind him look on...suprised and suspicious to see
David just sitting next to Joseph.

David just shrugs.

DAVID

Can I just have a moment with my
goddamn brother here?!

THE END: