

(Name of Project)

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AUGUST

by

Chip Casner

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Children are reciting the alphabet. August Dakers, 7, squirms around in his chair not paying attention. He's much older than the rest of his class.

MISS CALHOUN  
Excellent job Kenneth! Alexandria  
you're next.

ALEXANDRIA  
Abcdefg, hijklmnop, qrs, tuv, wx, y  
and z.

MISS CALHOUN  
Very good Alexandria, that was  
perfect.

Miss Calhoun glances around the classroom and sees August fiddling with a rubix cube.

MISS CALHOUN (CONT'D)  
August, please pay attention. Can  
you say the alphabet for us?

AUGUST  
Abcdefg, hijklmnoq, rstuvwxyz.

MISS CALHOUN  
What happened to the P August?

AUGUST  
It ran down your leg Miss Calhoun!

The children laugh hysterically however Miss Calhoun is not amused. His behavior has been an ongoing disruption.

MISS CALHOUN  
You know the drill August, to the  
principal's office!

August jams his books into his back pack and heads toward the door. The other children are restless and very loud. Prior to leaving the classroom August makes one last wise crack.

AUGUST  
I'll see if principal Warren has  
any adult diapers for you Miss  
Calhoun.

Miss Calhoun nods her head in disappointment. She continues teaching while slowly walking next to August's desk. His rubix cube is on the chair and 3 sides are finished.

INT. EXECUTIVE WORKPLACE - DAY

August is being hastily led along by his father, Jim. Jim, 40's, wears a suit and is visibly very upset.

JIM  
Well son, your mother started  
ANOTHER job today so I get to deal  
with you.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim forcefully slaps August across the top of the head.  
August mutters a groan.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Sit down! The principal said if  
you don't start maturing and doing  
your work you're gonna be held back  
again. Is that what you want son?

AUGUST  
I don't like school. It's boring.

JIM  
I don't like work August but I have  
to go. I don't get it, you're an  
intelligent boy. You just don't  
try.

Jim reaches into his wooden office cabinet and pulls out a  
bottle of Irish whiskey and a shot glass.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Son, there's a tradition in Ireland  
that you're grand pop taught me  
when I was your age. It's time you  
become a man and learn the real  
hardships of life.

Jim pours a shot for August.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Drink it son!

August drinks the shot and shakes his head in disgust.

AUGUST  
It taste like gasoline.

Jim pours a second shot for August and hands it to him.

JIM  
Another!

August hesitantly devours the shot.

AUGUST  
I feel sick daddy.

Jim pours a third shot for August.

JIM  
Again!

August is starting to cry a bit but somehow finishes the shot. He immediately starts throwing up and Jim grabs a nearby waste basket. Jim's secretary enters the room.

JIM'S SECRETARY  
I'm sorry Jim I didn't know you're son was here. Oh my god is he ok?

JIM  
He's fine. Just a little sick.

Jim's secretary speaks into his ear while making sure August isn't watching.

JIM'S SECRETARY  
(whispers)  
Are we still on for tonight?

JIM  
(whispers)  
Yeah, I'll call you later.

Jim's secretary kisses him on the lips goodbye which August notices from the reflection of the bookshelf glass case. He wipes puke from his mouth.

AUGUST  
(mumbles)  
That's not mommy.

August passes out.

SUPER: Twenty Years Later

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

AUGUST DAKERS, late 20's, unshaven, above average looks, wears thrift store clothing and old sneakers. He buys gas, a quart of oil, and a cheap six pack of beer. He pays using old crinkled dollars and some change.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

He pumps gas and fills the car with oil. He checks the tire pressure then pulls onto the highway.

SUPER: "Don't tell me how educated you are, tell me how much you've traveled."  
- Mark Twain

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY (CREDITS)

August drives his Volvo wagon while opening a can of beer. A wooden goblet is glued to the dashboard and various crystals hang from the rear view mirror. A large NPR sticker covers the glove box. He passes the various landmarks and street signs along Interstate 40.

EXT. SOCIAL SERVICES BUILDING - DAY

August pulls into the parking area. His car diesels.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES BUILDING - DAY

August walks to the back of the line which consists of mostly minorities speaking Spanish and a few heavy white woman with crying toddlers. There are no husbands.

AUGUST (V.O.)

I'm sure you have friends just like me. Late twenties, mildly intelligent, and have no clue what they're doing with their lives. That's me! The only thing I'm really passionate about is playing music. Unfortunately there aren't a lot of singer-songwriter jobs in the help wanted section.

A rude woman argues at the counter in Spanish.

AUGUST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, if you're wondering, I already tried the Army.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY BUS - NIGHT

SUPER: FORT LEONARD WOOD, MISSOURI 2:45 A.M.

August and several other new enlistee's arrive at boot camp. A fiery, small but stocky drill instructor boards the bus to greet them. August is wearing a "Lorax" t-shirt.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Welcome to Fort Leonard Wood, you pre pubescent hairless pricks! We've got a long night ahead of us so get the HELL off my bus and get inside for processing!

The privates exit the bus as the drill instructor looks closely at them shaking his head in disappointment. The D.I. gets in August's face as he exits the bus.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Private, what the hell is that on your shirt?

AUGUST

It's a truffula tree sir.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

You tree huggin liberal piece of shit! You have the gall to wear that faggot hippy filth into my boot camp?

AUGUST

Sorry sir.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Now get in there and put on a real man's uniform.

AUGUST (V.O.)

I knew immediately I had made a COLOSSAL mistake.

EXT. HEAVILY TREED FOREST - NIGHT

SUPER: MINUTES LATER

August runs nervously through the dark swampy woods of Fort Leonard Wood Boot Camp in order to escape. The camera freezes on August. His Lorax shirt is clearly visible.

AUGUST (V.O.)

I lasted a total of 3 minutes in the United States Military. They told me later it was the shortest career of anyone that's ever enlisted.

(MORE)

AUGUST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Thankfully, they never pressed  
 charges and I was released with an  
 OTHER than honorable discharge.  
 Whatever that means!

BACK TO SCENE:

AUGUST (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 So here I am, just drifting  
 aimlessly through another small  
 town. I guess I'm too much of a  
 pussy to go to L.A, or New York,  
 where there's actually a real music  
 scene. But the one thing I do have  
 going for me is the fact I'm street  
 smart. Through years of being a  
 hobo, I've learned to work the  
 system. It's amazing how many  
 handouts the government has, even  
 for a healthy able bodied male like  
 myself.

August approaches the counter.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
 I'm here to apply for food stamps.

COUNTER WOMAN  
 Puede yo le ayudo señor?  
 (subtitled in English) Can I help  
 you sir?

AUGUST  
 No Espanol. I need to apply for  
 food stamps.

COUNTER WOMAN  
 (annoyed)  
 Un minuto. Necesito alguien que  
 habla ingles.  
 (subtitled in English) One minute.  
 I need someone who speaks English!

SUPERVISOR  
 Hi sir, what can we do for you?

AUGUST  
 I need to apply for food stamps.

SUPERVISOR  
 Are you currently working?

AUGUST  
 No.

SUPERVISOR

Do you currently receive any type of unemployment?

AUGUST

Nope.

SUPERVISOR

Do you own anything of value over \$2500 such as real estate, stocks, money in a bank account, a car?

August turns and looks at his old Volvo wagon.

AUGUST

Definitely not.

SUPERVISOR

Fill in the remaining portions of this form and bring it back up to me when you're finished.

August accepts the form and sits down next to a single woman. Her baby is whining and restless. August returns to the counter.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Everything looks okay however you left your address blank. You need to provide us with a physical residence.

AUGUST

You know I just arrived into town and will be living in my car for a while.

SUPERVISOR

Sir, we need something. If you're homeless or camping, draw us a map of where you'll be sleeping.

AUGUST

I'll be crashing in my car for a few days so I really don't have one particular place I'll be living.

SUPERVISOR

(annoyed)

By law we cannot process your application without it.

AUGUST

All right.

August draws a very bad sketch of a boxy Volvo wagon with the word "Home" in the middle of the car and a frowning stick figure with the name "August" above it. Inside the speech balloon reads, "I'm hungry." He also makes child like drawings of trees labeled, "City Park."

SUPERVISOR

This is fine. You're going to want to check back with us in 7 days and we should have those ready for you.

AUGUST

(sarcastic)

Gracias senorita.

EXT. CHARLY'S BAR - NIGHT

August enters the bar carrying an old guitar case with a sticker on the outside reading, "I love my penis."

INT. CHARLY'S BAR - NIGHT

CHRIS HAAS, twenties, is testing the sound equipment.

CHRIS

Whoever's here to sign up for the open mic, please come up to the stage.

Chris passes a hat around in which the amateur musicians pick from to establish time slots. August notices KEELY MCCONNELL, 21, attractive, drawing from the hat as well.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

9 o'clock, who's gonna lead us off tonight?

AUGUST

That's me.

CHRIS

What's your name man?

AUGUST

August.

CHRIS

Welcome to Charly's man. I'm Chris.

AUGUST

Hey.

CHRIS

You get up to three songs and a free drink as well.

AUGUST

Cool, I'm just gonna play one.

August heads over to the bar carrying his guitar case. KEVIN SIMMONS, 30, pompous, English accent, is cleaning glasses.

KEVIN

What are you having mate?

AUGUST

I'll have an Irish whiskey on the rocks with a water on the side.

KEVIN

You got it.

All the open mic attendants are standing around Chris.

CHRIS

I'm gonna say it again, you can't be singing these 15 minute epics, especially you Woody!

WOODY

My talent can't be expressed within the normal confines of a 3 minute song.

Chris does not respond to Woody.

CHRIS

Hey Keely, glad you could make it back.

KEELY

Hey Chris, 11 o'clock.

CHRIS

All right, headlining! Are you going to read us some of that insightful poetry again?

KEELY

If everyone isn't too drunk by then.

CHRIS

The crowd does start to turn about then.

August discreetly watches Keely as she sits down at a table with a few attractive male and female friends.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Good evening everybody. I'm Chris Haas your host here at Charly's open mic night. Thanks for coming out. If you want a lead guitarist let me know and I'll join you. First off we've got a guy who looks like a real cool dude. I'm sure he can back it up. Please welcome August.

There's a slight audience applause as August approaches the stage and sets up guitar.

AUGUST

Hey Chris, you want to play lead?

CHRIS

Cool, let me plug in.

Chris gets everything set up as August tests the mic.

AUGUST

Thank you. This song is an original called, "Do you feel the same as me."

August plays and sings while Keely talks at a table with her friends.

KEELY

Have you ever heard this guy before?

JESSICA LANGFORD, 21, less attractive than Keely.

JESSICA

No, I've never seen him.

Guys are engaging in conversation with Keely however she's distracted by August's performance. Kevin is chatting with an old man at the bar.

KEVIN

This guy isn't half bad.

OLD MAN  
He's not half good either.

KEVIN  
I'm just thankful it's not another  
bad Neil Young cover!

OLD MAN  
Yeah.

JESSICA  
So we're all hanging out at Sean's  
on Friday. He's getting a keg to  
celebrate some new house they just  
rented.

KEELY  
A bunch of college boys getting  
drunk and wrestling isn't really my  
scene anymore.

JESSICA  
Still searching for that screen  
writer that drives the beat up  
Karmann Ghia?

KEELY  
I'm not gonna find him in this  
town!

JESSICA  
This guy singing is certainly  
different than your past hook-ups.

KEELY  
How old do you think he is?

JESSICA  
I would say like 30. Right at that  
age where they can last more than 5  
minutes!

KEELY  
(jokingly)  
You would know Jess! How old was  
Glenn? Like 48?

Keely abruptly leaves the table and heads over to the bar.  
Kevin is busy serving drinks.

KEVIN  
Hey Keels, How's it going babe?

KEELY

Hey Kevin, can I get a gin and tonic please?

KEVIN

Sure thing sweets.

Keely rolls her eyes. Kevin pours Keely her drink.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

So, my delicious little flower, when are we gonna throw some darts?

KEELY

(annoyed)

Kevin, you just slept with Jess like a month ago then totally blew her off.

KEVIN

My work visa is only for a few more months. I'm trying to meet as many woman as possible.

KEELY

Don't you mean, "Screw as many woman?"

KEVIN

You American girls are far too conservative.

KEELY

I guess our values are slightly higher than those you use to date along the red light district.

Keely smiles and turns away to face the stage and watch August perform. Kevin is not phased by Keely's statement and helps other patrons. He comments to the old man at the bar in a cocky manner.

KEVIN

(whispers to the old man)

She's never experienced the English corkscrew!

OLD MAN

She sure hasn't Kev.

Keely is alone at the bar sipping her drink and watching August. The camera zooms in on Keely's face who is enamored to the chorus lyrics. She listens intently to the remaining song. August finishes to virtually no applause.

AUGUST

Thank you, have a great night.

CHRIS

Well all right, nice job man. That was August Dakers. Good stuff man, good stuff.

August carries his guitar past Keely who is still sitting at the bar alone.

KEELY

That was really good.

AUGUST

Thanks. Not much of a response.

KEELY

It's an open mic, what did you expect?

AUGUST

Yeah, unless you're doing something totally unique, no one's really pays attention. So what are you performing?

KEELY

I'm gonna read some original poetry.

AUGUST

Congratulations, today is your day. You're off to great places, you're off and away! You have brains in your head, you have feet in your shoes. You can steer yourself, any direction you choose.

KEELY

Is that one of yours?

AUGUST

No, it's from one of the greatest poets of our century. Perhaps you've heard of him, ... Dr. Seuss.

Keely laughs and is amused by August.

KEELY

Well my stuff is slightly more profound than Dr. Seuss.

AUGUST

He was alot darker than people think. You know green eggs and ham was really about his attraction toward young boys.

KEELY

No way! You're joking.

AUGUST

Seriously, Sam I am is his subconscious and the green eggs and ham are little boys. Sam I am keeps insisting he's going to like them even though it's wrong until finally at the end he goes through with it.

Keely's friends are waving her back to the table.

KEELY

Wow. I never knew that. I gotta get back to my friends.

AUGUST

Cool, nice meeting you.

KEELY

(smiling)

Yeah you too, I think.

August heads out of the bar. He glances at Keely who is engaged in conversation with friends and doesn't notice he has left. Woody plays an out of tune horrific version of "OLD MAN" by NEIL YOUNG on his banjo.

WOODY

Old man, look at my life, I'm a lot like you were.

KEVIN

Oh for the love of the queen!

EXT. DARK WOODS ROAD - NIGHT

August drives down an unknown bumpy dirt road and parks in the woods. He stumbles into the back of the Volvo to sleep. He places a knife under his pillow and curls into a sleeping bag. There's a very quiet and alone feeling. August masturbates.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

August is tired from a rough nights sleep. He pushes the rear gate of the Volvo from inside. He does push-ups then grabs a roll of toilet paper, and finds a place to defecate. He gargles some mouth wash and repeatedly drips the mouth wash onto the toilet paper before wiping.

AUGUST  
(frustrated)  
I love starting the day with mud  
ass.

EXT. MANPOWER - DAY

Day labor business with 20-30 homeless/down and out white folks and Native Americans waiting for work assignments.

INT. MANPOWER - CONTINUED

August walks up to the window.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
I was hoping to work today.

WINDOW LADY  
Fill out this form and we should be  
able to get you out in an hour or  
so. Is there anything you won't  
do?

AUGUST  
What do you mean?

WINDOW LADY  
Are you afraid of heights, will you  
not use heavy equipment?

AUGUST  
No, anything you have.

August sits briefly with the homeless and the down and out. He sees despair in their eyes. He returns the application to the counter.

WINDOW LADY  
Hargrove, Begay, Yazzie, and  
Dakers! You're all going with  
Travis today.

AUGUST  
That was quick.

TRAVIS HUGHES, 28, is a dim-witted large man.

EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY

TRAVIS

Let's go boys, in the truck!

August follows the Native Americans into the back of a Ford truck. Country music is blaring and the bumper sticker reads, "Proud Republican," on the left side and, "Impeach Clinton," on the right. There's another sticker that reads, "Eat the other white meat." August intentionally rips it with his boot toe while entering the truck.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I hope no one's afraid of doing some insulation today.

A few of the men sigh in disappointment.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We've got gloves and masks if you need them. I'm sure you're aware, Arizona is a right to work state. Which means the only right you have is to work! Follow me!

They all head inside of a huge multiple floored framed apartment complex. There are skilled workers everywhere.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Has anyone done this before?

The Native Americans raise their hands and Travis points to one of them.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Drinks with fists, you're in charge. Just keep working until I get back. Any problems come find me.

DRINKS WITH FISTS

(to August) Yo bro, you know how to do this shit?

AUGUST

No, it doesn't look too hard.

August miserably touches the itchy fiberglass insulation without gloves and starts placing it in the framed wall slots.

## DRINKS WITH FISTS

Hey bro, you better put some gloves on.

## AUGUST

I'm cool. It's not too bad.

LATER - Drinks with fists hands August insulation up into a crawl space attic. They're both sweaty and dirty. Travis unexpectedly walks in and interrupts.

## TRAVIS

It's quitting time ladies.

## EXT. MANPOWER - DAY

August and the crew of Native Americans hop out of the pickup truck. August waits in a long line with all very dirty workers at the window to pick up his check.

## WINDOW LADY

Name please.

## AUGUST

August Dakers.

## WINDOW LADY

Here you are August.

August Looks at the check and smiles smugly. It reads \$32.96.

## AUGUST

Ma'am? Is this right?

## WINDOW LADY

Yes. Everyone gets minimum wage.  
Have a good night sir.

## EXT. MANPOWER - DAY

August walks out frustrated and depressed. A new Mercedes convertible slowly passes him with the license plate on the back reading "Gotwork."

## INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

August is itching like crazy. He's tossing and turning from the insulation on his arms and hands. He turns on a light to see what is causing the itch.

AUGUST

Man, there's freaking fiberglass in  
my arm.

August uses tweezers to remove fiberglass fragments late into  
the night.

INT. MANPOWER - DAY

August is tired and unshaven. He slouches in a hard plastic  
chair watching Good Morning Arizona on the television.

MANPOWER WINDOW LADY

Green, Casner, King, and Dakers.  
You're working with Travis today.

AUGUST

Sweet, Travis.

TRAVIS

In the truck vaginas.

MONTAGE - AUGUST'S MENIAL DAY LABOR JOBS

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

August sweats while digging a trench.

INT. BUSY CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

August is doing dishes at a very busy restaurant. The dishes  
are piling up as waiters continue to throw plates in the  
sink.

EXT. PAINTING A HOUSE - DAY

August is perched up a huge ladder painting an attic dormer.  
There is a large hornets nest that is visible a few inches  
away.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

August breathes heavily while stuck in the middle of a  
stairway struggling to carry a refrigerator over a banister.

EXT. INTERSTATE 17 - DAY

August tars highway while toxic smoke blows in his face.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

August lays down in Volvo and passes out.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. COLLEGE UNION BULLETIN BOARD - DAY

Students are rushing to get to class. August glances at the bulletin board through the room-mate wanted section and jots down various phone numbers.

INT. COLLEGE UNION PAY PHONE - DAY

August dials.

CRANKY OLD WOMAN (V.O.)  
Yes, what is it?

AUGUST  
I was calling about the room for rent.

INT. ELDERLY WOMAN HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

An old woman soaks her cracked feet in a soapy cooking pot. She is sitting on a very old chair watching daytime television. Several cats are nudging her and meowing while she speaks to August.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
I have a room, but let me tell you a few of the guidelines. There's no drinking or smoking, no visitors past 8 o'clock, and I require proof of stable employment before moving in.

August rudely hangs up.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello? Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

INT. COLLEGE UNION PAY PHONE - DAY

August dials again. He's distracted by all the attractive college girls who pass by him.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Tara answers the cordless phone. She is stretching.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

TARA

Hello?

AUGUST

I was calling about the roommate wanted ad?

TARA

Yeah it's still available, did you wanna come see it?

AUGUST

Sure, are you busy right now?

TARA

No, here's the address.

August stumbles for a pen and write's on his hand.

AUGUST

Cool, I'll see you in a few.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - DAY

August looks at his hand and approaches the correct house. He knocks on the door with a unique drum roll. Tara opens the door.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm August

They shake hands.

TARA

Hi August, I'm Tara. Come on in and I'll show you the room.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

August views the interior of the house which is quite messy and filled with old unmatched furniture.

AUGUST

So who all lives here?

TARA

There's me of course, another girl named Margaret, and a guy named Troubador. So we're actually hoping to find another guy to balance out the mix.

AUGUST

Troubador?

August smiles and laughs quietly.

TARA

Troubador is gay so I hope you don't have a problem with that?

AUGUST

No, it's cool. So is everyone students?

TARA

Yeah, I'm a junior. I also teach dance jazz to a bunch of 14 year old girls.

AUGUST

(jokingly)

Cool, you ever bring them around?

Tara gives August a disturbed but amusing look.

TARA

Nooooo! So what about you? Are you in school?

AUGUST

No, I just got into town and doing some day labor right now. I'm hoping maybe to get a band together and get some gigs.

TARA

What do you play?

AUGUST

I sing and play guitar.

TARA

That's great. So what do you think of our house?

AUGUST

It would certainly improve my current living situation. What do I have to do to move in?

TARA

Let me talk to the other room-mates. Do you want to stop by tomorrow and you can meet everyone else.

AUGUST  
Yeah, definitely.

TARA  
Okay, nice meeting you.

AUGUST  
Likewise.

INT. HUMANE SOCIETY DOG KENNELS - DAY

August walks through the corridor of dogs which bark loudly and constantly.

INT. HUMANE SOCIETY CAT ROOM - DAY

August enters the room and opens a few of the cages. He pulls out some canned food from his pocket and gives portions to the various felines. The room is an orchestra of meows.

INT. HUMANE SOCIETY OFFICE AREA - DAY

August is walking a few of the cats on a harness.

HUMANE SOCIETY WORKER  
Wow. I've never seen anyone take out the cats for a walk.

AUGUST  
The hardest part is getting the harness on. Then you just let em go!

The cats are horrible on the leash and continue to hiss at each other. August struggles to keep them untangled.

INT. MOVIE THEATER BOX OFFICE LINE - NIGHT

Movie Theater Attendant, 16, young, attractive. August approaches the counter.

MOVIE THEATER ATTENDANT  
Hi, can I help you?

AUGUST  
Is there anything playing in the next half hour?

MOVIE THEATER ATTENDANT  
Blair Witch Project at 7:15, Being  
John Malkovich 7:25, American  
Beauty at 7:30, and some Disney  
movie about a mouse who drives at  
7:45.

AUGUST  
Whichever one is playing next. So  
I guess Blair Witch Project.

MOVIE THEATER ATTENDANT  
It'll be \$7 dollars.

August counts his dollar bills and change.

AUGUST  
I don't suppose you're over 18?

MOVIE THEATER ATTENDANT  
Nope, just turned 15.

August notices a concerned father with two young teenage girls in line behind him. The man looks perturbed at August's inability to realize that the theater attendant is not of legal age.

AUGUST  
Maybe I'll run into you in a couple  
of years and we can have a drink.

MOVIE THEATER ATTENDANT  
(interested)  
Sure!

August slithers into the dark theater. The attendant smiles with flattery as he leaves.

MOVIE THEATER ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Next please.

CONCERNED FATHER  
Does you father know you're  
flirting with men twice your age?

MOVIE THEATER ATTENDANT  
My father left us!

CONCERNED FATHER  
I'm sorry. Three for Stuart  
Little.

His two teenage daughters show no interest in seeing the children's movie and pout with frustration.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

August sits alone. There are very few people in the theater. He watches intently while sipping cheap whisky from a pint bottle. The movie ends and August is completely horrified.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

August exits the theater and walks toward his Volvo.

AUGUST  
That was freaking crazy!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

August lays in his car while gripping his knife tightly. It's raining and thundering. He's too terrified to sleep.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

August sweeps up dust in an office building. He's having an easy day.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - NIGHT

August knocks.

TARA  
Hey August.

AUGUST  
Hi Tara.

TARA  
Come on in. They said I could go ahead and let you know that it's all yours.

AUGUST  
Wow, just like that?

TARA  
Yep. The old room-mate paid up unit the first so we won't need rent from you until next week.

AUGUST  
Great. I'll have it by then. I'll grab my stuff and start unpacking.

INT. AUGUST BEDROOM - NIGHT

August organizes his new bedroom while mildly loud jazz music plays from his cheap radio. MARGARET, 20, heavy set, knocks at August's door.

MARGARET  
Hi, you must be August.

AUGUST  
Indeed.

MARGARET  
I'm the other roommate. Can you keep the music down a little? I have to study and stuff.

AUGUST  
Yeah, of course.

Margaret rudely walks away without speaking. August grabs his vintage motorcycle jacket and vacates his bedroom.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Tara is reading on the couch.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
I'm heading downtown to put up some flyers. I'll Probably grab a drink. Do you feel like joining me?

TARA  
Ummmm, sure. Let me just change real quick.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY - NIGHT

August is stapling "musicians wanted" flyers on all the store windows, utility poles, and newspaper dispensers.

AUGUST  
Let's see how many creepy musicians I can get to stop by the house.

TARA  
(jokingly)  
Yeah, we already have one!

AUGUST  
I didn't know Margaret played an instrument?

August smirks as Tara laughs.

INT. SHADY BAR - NIGHT

August and Tara are sitting at the bar. August is wearing his vintage motorcycle jacket and Tara is wearing a soft sweater that accentuates her breasts.

AUGUST

So what's your story Tara? Just doing the college thing?

TARA

Yep. I'm a dance major with one year to go.

AUGUST

Would that be pole or lap?

TARA

Funny! It's African dance.

AUGUST

African dance?

TARA

Yep.

AUGUST

That's actually a real major?

TARA

Yeah. It's a huge program out here.

AUGUST

What's up with a white girl wanting to earn a degree in African Dance?

TARA

It's not just about the dancing. It's also about the history and the origins of dance.

AUGUST

No, I think it's a cool thing you're studying that. And I'm sure after graduation, when you move to the Congo, you should have no problem finding a job.

TARA

(amused)  
Shut up!

A couple of older blue collar fellows are seated a few stools down and are discussing football with the bartender.

AUGUST

Bartender, two shots of Yeager.

August initiates a toast.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Here's to the start of a new friendship with the only student I know who's studying the complex and intricate movements of inner city break dancing!

TARA

Here's to some jerk I let live with us!

INT. SHADY BAR JUKEBOX - LATER THAT NIGHT

August and Tara are choosing songs together and are both slightly intoxicated. Tara is giggling while August scrutinizes her music selections.

AUGUST

Please, no more Paula Abdul.

TARA

Let me just hear "Straight Up" again.

AUGUST

I can't believe they have that.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - NIGHT

August and Tara stumble up to the front of the house giggling and laughing. They are both loud and intoxicated.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE - NIGHT

August carries Tara to her room and lays her down on the bed which is covered with a sea of stuffed animals.

INT. TARA BEDROOM - NIGHT

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Are you like really good at carnival games? What's up with all the animals?

TARA

I collect them.

AUGUST

It's quite a family you got here.  
So you know what my grandfather  
said to me before he died.

TARA

What did he say?

AUGUST

He said, never pay for parking,  
never pee into the wind, and never  
get on your roommate the first  
night.

TARA

He didn't say that.

AUGUST

Yeah, it's how he met my  
grandmother.

August kisses Tara while holding her hands above her head as she lays on the bed. She gets on top of August. He throws her off and releases onto a nearby black horse stuffed animal.

TARA

Not on Stallion!

AUGUST

Oh shit, I'm sorry.

August puts on his clothes. Tara is cleaning stallion with a towel.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I can't believe we did that!

August kisses Tara and heads out of the bedroom.

TARA

Good night.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

August is tired and hung over. He reaches in the fridge and pounds a can of beer. He randomly searches through the kitchen cabinets looking for food. He finds some cereal and sits at the table. TROUBADOR, 25, Native American, homosexual, gothic, enters.

TROUBADOR

You must be the newest member of  
our soiree of degenerates?

AUGUST  
 (puzzled)  
 I guess, you must be Troubador?

TROUBADOR  
 Precisely.

AUGUST  
 Nice to meet you Troubador.

TROUBADOR  
 It's a pleasure to meet you.  
 You're very proportionate.

AUGUST  
 Thanks, I think that's a  
 compliment.

TROUBADOR  
 Do you ever play erotic scrabble?

AUGUST  
 No, can't say I have.

TROUBADOR  
 I'd be certainly happy to show you  
 sometime.

AUGUST  
 That's very nice of you however I  
 was drinking all night dude and I'm  
 still feeling totally queezy. So  
 engaging in some boyishly perverted  
 banter with some gothic dances with  
 wolves extra will probably only  
 enhance my headache.

TROUBADOR  
 I was only exchanging pleasantries  
 and trying to be hospitable to my  
 new flat mate.

AUGUST  
 No worries man. I've got to get to  
 my job interview.

August tosses his dishes into the sink and abruptly heads out  
 of the kitchen.

TROUBADOR  
 Apparently SOMEONE isn't a morning  
 person!

INT. LARGE EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT FLEMING, late 50's, a no nonsense type of guy. His office door is open. August pokes his head in. Mentally retarded adults run and scream through the hallway behind August.

AUGUST

Are you Mr. Fleming?

ROBERT FLEMING

Yes, come in. You must be August, please have a seat.

AUGUST

Nice to meet you sir.

ROBERT FLEMING

I called you in today to talk about your application as one of our Job Coaches. Can I ask why you decided to work with mentally retarded adults?

AUGUST

I'm looking for something a bit more meaningful and less labor intensive.

ROBERT FLEMING

Most of our clients are exceptional human beings who for various reasons are unable to perform in society due to mental handicaps mostly acquired at birth.

AUGUST

That sucks.

ROBERT FLEMING

We need someone who is bright, caring, and can handle a stressful environment. A calm controlling patience is absolutely critical in doing well at this position. Do those sound like some of the qualities you bring to the table?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF GREEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

He repeatedly slams his putter into the turf causing large divots in the manicured green.

AUGUST  
I can't believe I just fucking  
three putted from 5 feet!

INT. VOLVO - DAY

August is stopped at a traffic light. The light turns green however the car in front doesn't move. He violently hits the steering wheel with his closed fists.

AUGUST  
It's fucking green, let's go!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

August is in a long line where there is only one register open. He has only a few items while the shoppers in front of him have carts filled to the top.

AUGUST  
Is there only one freakin employee  
here?

BACK TO SCENE

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Absolutely Mr. Fleming. My  
demeanor bears that of a dove.

ROBERT FLEMING  
You sound like a honest young man  
that would fit in quite well around  
here. Can you start tomorrow?

AUGUST  
Yes sir!

Robert hands August the company name and address.

ROBERT FLEMING  
Be at this address no later than 6  
a.m.

AUGUST  
Thank you.

EXT. SOCIAL SERVICES BUILDING - DAY

August pulls into the parking lot.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES BUILDING - DAY

There are several young unsupervised attention kids running around playing. August approaches the counter.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
I'm here to pick-up my Food Stamps.

SUPERVISOR  
Name please?

AUGUST  
August Dakers.

SUPERVISOR  
Hold on.

Supervisor leaves window to go search for food stamps.  
August turns around glancing at single mothers.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
Do you have some identification?

AUGUST  
Yeah.

August hands the supervisor his driver's license through the window. She starts counting the food stamp packets.

SUPERVISOR  
There's a few questions I have to ask before I can dispense these.

AUGUST  
Okay.

SUPERVISOR  
Have you received any money since applying?

AUGUST  
No.

SUPERVISOR  
Have you been offered or accepted any work since applying?

AUGUST  
No.

SUPERVISOR  
It shows here on your application that your homeless. Has your living conditions changed since applying for food stamps?

AUGUST

No.

SUPERVISOR

Sign here. It's \$130/month. Check back on the 5th of each month to pick them up.

AUGUST

Thank you.

INT. SAFEWAY FOOD STORE - DAY

August peruses the butcher's counter shifting through the meat section.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Excuse me!

BUTCHER

Yes sir?

AUGUST

Do you guys have any fresh filet mignon?

BUTCHER

Yeah, I can cut some up for you.

AUGUST

Great, give me about 4 lbs.

August glances through the glass counter and sees shrimp as well.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Also, give me 2 lbs of the jumbo shrimp.

BUTCHER

You know it's market price right now?

AUGUST

That's fine.

INT. SAFEWAY FOOD STORE CHECKOUT LINE - DAY

August places a large amount of meat and seafood on the conveyor belt and lays down the separation divider. The "Elderly Woman" is in front of him and has hundred's of canned cat food.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Make sure you double bag them.  
Last time they fell out everywhere!

The check out girl scans all of August's food.

CHECK OUT GIRL

Your total comes to \$128.19.

August breaks off the monopoly like money (food stamps) and hands it to the check out girl.

AUGUST

(sarcastic)

I'd also like 2 hotels for park  
place and boardwalk.

The check out girl is oblivious to August's joke and hands him back his change.

CHECK OUT GIRL

Thank you for shopping Safeway.

EXT. SAFEWAY FOOD STORE - DAY

A homeless man asks for change as August is walking out.

HOMELESS MAN

Can you spare any change son?

AUGUST

Sorry.

HOMELESS MAN

God bless.

August continues past the homeless man then abruptly turns around.

AUGUST

I can't spare any change but here's  
a filet and some shrimp.

HOMELESS MAN

(excitingly)

God bless you son, god bless!

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE ROOFTOP - DAY

August sits atop the roof enjoying his well cooked fillet and shrimp. He gazes at the mountains during a brilliant sunset.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE TARA BEDROOM - DAY

August is laying next to Tara with his eyes open. The alarm clock reads 5:31 a.m. He slowly slips out of the bed without waking her.

EXT. ANDERSON RECYCLING - DAY

It's a dirty blue collar industrial building. The parking lot is lined with several older Ford and Chevy full size pickups. August parks toward the back and exits the car. He yawns while walking toward the entrance.

INT. ANDERSON RECYCLING RECEPTION AREA - DAY

August enters.

SECRETARY

Good morning.

AUGUST

Morning.

SECRETARY

How can we help you?

AUGUST

I'm August Dakers. I'm starting today as a job coach.

SECRETARY

Let me page John. He's the one you need to speak to. John Miller to the front desk, John Miller to the front desk.

John enters the office and extends a handshake to August.

JOHN

Hello August. I'm John Miller the operations manager here at Anderson Recycling.

AUGUST

Hey John, nice to meet you.

JOHN

Follow me and I'll show you around the plant.

INT. ANDERSON RECYCLING OPERATION AREA - DAY

John and August enter the interior of the plant which looks like a huge smog tank with loud machinery and debris flying everywhere.

JOHN  
(speaking loudly)  
I'm not sure if Mr. Fleming mentioned what we do around here or how things work.

AUGUST  
No, not really.

JOHN  
Well we're basically a large filter that weeds out the more valuable recyclable such as cardboard and aluminum from your everyday trash.

AUGUST  
(not interested)  
Cool.

JOHN  
If you look up there you can see how it all works. The trucks dump all the trash into a compartment that funnels straight onto the conveyor belt where you and your team will be picking out the valuables. You'll then place them in the various bins marked cardboard, metal, and so on.

AUGUST  
Gotcha.

JOHN  
Well you ready to get started?

AUGUST  
Sure.

JOHN  
Here's a dust mask and eye protection. The airborne dirt accumulates in your nostrils so you'll have to get use to blowing out the black boogs.

AUGUST  
(jokingly)  
That's a cool band name.

John brushes off August's joke.

JOHN  
Let me show you up to your room.

August and John climb several sets of metal industrial stairs which lead to the third floor trash house. August pauses at the top to look at all the heavy equipment within the plant.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Here we are and good luck. If you have any questions go see Sarah and she can page me.

AUGUST  
Okay.

INT. ANDERSON RECYCLING TRASH HOUSE - DAY

August enters the trash house which consists of all glass with a 3 foot wide conveyor belt running through the middle of it. It's dirtier than the rest of the plant. Several emotionally disturbed adults stand on each side of the belt pulling cardboard and metal.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Hey guys. I'm August your new Job Coach.

They all greet August. Trash is falling violently from the top onto a conveyor belt at a very high speed. Some of the male mentally challenged are not working or paying attention. They're busy reading Playboys that have come through the trash.

MENTALLY DISABLED FEMALE  
August is hot!

Some of the disabled females smile and laugh.

AUGUST  
So this is what you do all day.  
You just stand here and pull stuff out of the trash?

MENTALLY DISABLED MALE  
It's easy.

AUGUST  
What do they pay you guys for this?

MENTALLY DISABLED FEMALE  
We don't get anything. It goes to  
Maroni.

AUGUST  
Do you guys get paid anything?

MENTALLY DISABLED FEMALE  
They give us a house and take us on  
trips.

AUGUST  
Cool. I just want to say you're  
all doing an exceptional job.

August notices a barely legal magazine floating by. He  
snatches it off the conveyor belt and opens it to the  
centerfold.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
(talking to self)  
Damn.

MENTALLY DISABLED MALE  
It's a kitty.

A live skunk falls onto the conveyor belt and sprays  
everywhere uncontrollably. A few of the mentally disabled  
females scream along with one of the males. A few other  
males laugh as they can't comprehend the situation.

AUGUST  
(raised voice)  
Wholly Shit, get the fuck out of  
here!

Everyone rushes out of the room and down the stairs. August  
is waving them out and getting the brunt of the skunk spray  
as he's the last to leave.

EXT. ANDERSON RECYCLING - DAY

The back door of the plant opens abruptly into the parking  
lot with several mentally disabled adults running and  
screaming. August is at the end and continues running past  
the adults and all the way around the building to where his  
Volvo is parked. He gets inside and drives off.

EXT. VOLVO DRIVER WINDOW - DAY

August spits repeatedly out the driver's side window while  
driving home.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

August walks briskly in the front door. Troubador is sitting in the family room reading a book entitled, "The Nambla Story."

TROUBADOR

What is that offensively pungent smell?

August sighs and continues past Troubador without responding. He jumps in the shower and pours shampoo and conditioner all over his head and body. He lays down on the bed blankly with his wet hair looking upward in disbelief.

AUGUST

I need a drink.

EXT. CHARLY'S BAR - DAY

FEMALE BARTENDER

What can I get you?

AUGUST

How are your bloody Mary's?

FEMALE BARTENDER

I make them ridiculously spicy and use way too much vodka.

AUGUST

Perfect. I'll have one with extra vodka and extra spices.

The bartender smiles and addresses the bar back.

FEMALE BARTENDER

Can you grab me the jigger?

BARBACK

(jokingly)

What did you call me?

Chris is breaking down his sound gear in the corner and walks over to the bar and orders a coke.

CHRIS

August right?

AUGUST

Yeah.

CHRIS

It's Chris, the open mic host.

AUGUST

Yeah I remember. Thanks again for playing lead.

The waitress brings over the Bloody Mary.

CHRIS

No worries. What are you doing here so early?

AUGUST

I just quit my job this morning and I'm down to my last twenty bucks.

CHRIS

Well at least you got your priorities straight.

AUGUST

What do you mean?

CHRIS

You ordered a \$7 drink at 9 o'clock in the morning.

AUGUST

It's my Charles Bukowski impression.

CHRIS

(smiling)

You know I work nights as a janitor and they're always looking for help.

AUGUST

Really.

CHRIS

You'd have to clean toilets and pick-up crusty tampons.

AUGUST

Dude, I'll take anything right now.

CHRIS

Here's the address. Go down there tonight and talk to Diego.

AUGUST

Cool, thanks again man.

CHRIS

We should jam sometime.

AUGUST  
I'd love to. I'm actually trying  
to get a band together.

CHRIS  
Cool man, we'll talk.

Chris heads back over to the stage to finish breaking down  
his equipment.

AUGUST  
Dude seems pretty cool.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
Chris is a sweetheart.

August notices the bartender's ass as she stocks the cooler.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Margaret is talking with Tara. She is cooking and Tara is  
doing homework at the table.

TARA  
So what do you think of August?

MARGARET  
You sure know how to pick em Tara!

TARA  
He's nice.

MARGARET  
He seems like a weirdo. Did you  
see the stuff he has?

TARA  
He's just a quirky musician.

MARGARET  
We should of checked his  
references.

TROUBADOR (O.S.)  
No more straight males!

MARGARET  
I guess we'll just see what happens  
with this guy.

Troubador enters from the family room.

TROUBADOR

All I can say is I'm doing the screening next time around. I told you my friend Ramon was interested in the room.

MARGARET

There's no way I'm living with a male strip-o-gram.

TROUBADOR

He got fired from that. He works with senior citizens now.

TARA

You and Ramon together would be like a 24 hour Marti Gras. No one would be able to sleep around here.

TROUBADOR

Well you're certainly one to talk Miss Tara. Not on Stallion!

Troubador places his glass in the sink and walks out of the room. Tara sits at the table smiling.

MARGARET

What did he mean by that?

TARA

I don't know.

MARGARET

Oh foey I'm late. I'll see ya.

TARA

Bye!

INT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

August enters the back door and walks in. He smiles at THERESA, 18, cute, blonde, Christian, not bright, who continues to hit the wall while vacuuming. August walks down the hall and passes Chris who's cleaning the outside glass of the racquet ball courts.

CHRIS

Hey man, glad you made it. Diego's office is down the hall on the right.

AUGUST

Thanks again for the lead.

INT. DIEGO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door is open and August knocks softly. Diego, 40's, speaks very poor English.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Are you Diego?

DIEGO  
Yes, August?

AUGUST  
Indeed, nice to meet you.

DIEGO  
Please, sit. Chris say you don't mind cleaning shit in toilet and vomit in kiddy pool?

AUGUST  
No, not at all.

DIEGO  
Two guys just quit last week so I need someone immediately. Can you start right now and we get paperwork done next week.

AUGUST  
Yeah, that's fine.

DIEGO  
Go see Chris and he show you what to do.

AUGUST  
Cool, thanks.

INT. RACQUET BALL COURTS - NIGHT

CHRIS  
Did you get it?

AUGUST  
Yeah, he told me to start tonight.

CHRIS  
Cool. Wanna give me a hand cleaning these windows?

AUGUST  
Sure.

August and Chris clean the windows together.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

So who is the young blonde girl I saw walking in?

CHRIS

Her name is Theresa. Pure, innocent, and totally Christian.

AUGUST

I'm guessing our values are vastly different.

CHRIS

I don't think she drinks before noon. Plus she's kind of "smart challenged" if you know what I mean.

AUGUST

Too bad, what a cute face!

CHRIS

Do you want to hook up tomorrow and work on a few tunes?

AUGUST

Yeah, give me a call whenever you get up.

Theresa walks past Chris and August.

THERESA

Have a great night guys!

CHRIS

You too Theresa.

August and Chris look at each while thinking the same thing.

AUGUST

(sarcastic)

I think I need to convert!

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

August quietly walks in the house. It's very late and Tara is up waiting for him.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you doing up so late?

TARA

I didn't hear from you at all today.

AUGUST

Sorry, you won't believe the day I had. I got sprayed by a skunk, quit my first job, then got a different job a few hours later.

TARA

How did you get sprayed by a skunk?

AUGUST

(tired)

It's a whole other story I'll tell you about it tomorrow.

TARA

Can you just call me next time and let me know what you're doing?

AUGUST

Tara, the last couple nights were cool and all but I'm not really looking for a girlfriend.

TARA

I understand we made a mistake being room-mates, but I just don't go out and hook up with anyone.

AUGUST

Do you want me to come in tonight?

TARA

No. I need some sleep. I'll see you when I get home tomorrow.

AUGUST

All right, good night.

TARA

Good night.

August exits her bedroom.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Chris and August are jamming to a song called Father Murray. Tara enters the room and listens to the disturbing lyrics.

TARA (CONT'D)

You guys are perves!

August slowly stops playing.

AUGUST

Hey Tara, this is Chris my new band-mate.

TARA

Hi, I'm Tara.

CHRIS

Hey Tara, nice to meet you.

TARA

What kind of song was that?

AUGUST

It's a new category of music I'm inventing called, "Pedafile Rock!"

Tara shakes her head in disgust and leaves the room. August sips a cheap can of beer.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

What should we work on?

CHRIS

What was that priest song we were just playing?

AUGUST

It's called Father Murray. It's funny because right after I wrote it all that stuff came out in the news.

CHRIS

The lyrics are certainly provocative!

AUGUST

They actually booted me off the stage once for playing it at some open mic on Christmas Eve.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL PUB - NIGHT

August is on stage singing Father Murray. Older folks in the audience are shaking their heads in disgust.

AUGUST

I'll tell you all a story, it's about Father Murray.

(MORE)

## AUGUST (CONT'D)

He loved little boys, little boys,  
 little boys. It happened in  
 confessions, I was alone with  
 Father Murray. He took me down  
 stairs to his room, he said son  
 don't worry. He leaned me over  
 some cold wooden pews, I did things  
 I didn't want to do. Now I'm all  
 messed up! Little boys, little  
 boys, little boys, little boys.

The sound engineer pulls the mic cable on August and he's  
 singing with no amplification.

## SOUND GUY

Get the fuck off the stage! You're  
 not singing that shit here!

BACK TO SCENE:

## AUGUST

I guess songs about fondling young  
 boys isn't what people want to hear  
 during the holidays.

## CHRIS

I don't think Bing Crosby would of  
 covered that one!

Troubador enters as Chris and August are singing, "Little  
 Boys, Little Boys." (Chorus in Father Murray) Troubador  
 stands and watches. He is enjoying it. Troubador exits.

## TROUBADOR

That's a great song! Little boys,  
 little boys, little boys, little  
 boys.

## CHRIS

I got to run and set up for a jazz  
 show tonight.

## AUGUST

Cool, I'll join you and get an  
 early start on tonight's  
 snockering.

Chris and August pack up their guitars and head out.

## AUGUST (CONT'D)

(loudly)  
 See ya Tara, see ya Troub.

TARA (O.S.)  
Call me if you're gonna be late!

CHRIS  
Is she your girlfriend?

AUGUST  
No, that's gonna be a huge mess.

INT. JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

Mario, 50, beard, Sean Connery looks. He is flirting with Keely who is writing poetry in a leather bound book. She sits by herself sipping a gin and tonic. August and Chris walk in carrying his music gear. August sees Keely as they approach the stage.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
You need help with anything else?

CHRIS  
I'm good man, this is what I get paid for. Don't you have to work tonight?

AUGUST  
Yeah, I don't go in until 10 though.

CHRIS  
Diego is off tonight, it's just you and Theresa.

AUGUST  
Cool, maybe I'll bring some wine and a bible.

Chris shakes his head and smiles. August walks over to the bar area.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
(sarcastic)  
Howdy. Can I get an Irish whiskey on the rocks and a water on the side?

MARIO  
One whiskey coming up.

Keely looks up and is surprised to see August. August receives his drink and sits next to Keely.

AUGUST  
Hey. Keely right?

KEELY

Yeah. You're the creepy Dr. Seuss guy.

AUGUST

My alias is August. How are you?

KEELY

Good, I didn't know you were friends with Chris.

AUGUST

(sarcastic)

You know, brilliant musicians have a way of finding each other.

KEELY

Wow, you're quite the humble one.

AUGUST

I'm just kidding. He just hooked me up with a job and we were jamming earlier.

KEELY

What kind of job?

AUGUST

I facilitate the disposal of various human wastes down at the health club.

KEELY

Sounds like a noble cause.

AUGUST

Yeah, it's certainly rewarding work. For instance, last night I got to remove 3 feet of soapy pubic hair from the men's shower drain.

KEELY

(laughs)

That's so disgusting!

AUGUST

So what are you doing out in the middle of the week?

KEELY

Well to quote the great Irish poet Brendan Behan, "I'm a drinker with writing problems."

AUGUST  
 (amused)  
 Cool.

KEELY  
 So how did you get the name August?  
 I'm guessing that's the month you  
 were born?

AUGUST  
 It was the month I was supposed to  
 be born. I didn't want to leave  
 the warm luxurious accommodations  
 of my mom's vagina and ended up  
 being a few days late and born in  
 September. I guess it was too late  
 to change.

KEELY  
 It would of been really cool if  
 they gave you September as a middle  
 name. You know, August September.

AUGUST  
 I could of legally changed my last  
 name to October. Hi, I'm August  
 September October. So you want to  
 partake in some pool?

KEELY  
 Sure.

August sets up the rack while Keely chalks her stick. Chris  
 is smiling in the background giving an okay sign.

KEELY (CONT'D)  
 So what are the stakes?

AUGUST  
 If I win, you agree to sleep with  
 me tonight.

KEELY  
 (amused)  
 I don't think so!

AUGUST  
 If I win, you agree to hang out  
 with me tomorrow.

KEELY  
 Okay. And if I win?

AUGUST

If you win, I'll do 20 jumping  
jacks in just my boxers while  
reciting one of your poems.

KEELY

(laughing)

That I have to see! Go rack em!

Keely breaks very powerfully for a woman.

AUGUST

Nice freaking break Hercules!

KEELY

You know the old saying, Never  
play pool with musicians, writers,  
or alcoholics.

AUGUST

Why is that?

KEELY

They spend all their time in bars!

August misses a very easy shot.

AUGUST

Under that theory I should be  
running the table.

KEELY

I look forward to hearing my poetry  
later!

AUGUST

Yeah, yeah, it's early my friend.  
So where are you from Keely?

KEELY

Grew up down in the valley. I  
graduate in a few months then plan  
on going to film school.

AUGUST

Film school? Are you looking to be  
a director or something?

KEELY

Yeah. I kind of get a kick out of  
bossing attractive insecure people  
around. How about you?

AUGUST  
Originally from back east.

KEELY  
What brought you out here?

AUGUST  
After dropping out of high school,  
I jumped in my Volvo and have been  
cruising around the country ever  
since.

KEELY  
As a psychology minor it sounds to  
me like you have abandonment issues  
and a fear of commitment.

AUGUST  
Interesting. I had a dream the  
other night I was making love to a  
giant spider and my mom interrupts  
and asks me if I'd like another cup  
of coffee? What's your take on  
that?

KEELY  
I think it means you should be  
locked up and heavily sedated.

Keely is beating August in pool and is about to hit in the  
eight ball.

KEELY (CONT'D)  
This is it. Eight ball straight  
down.

Keely confidently makes the shot but the cue ball rolls in.

KEELY (CONT'D)  
NOOOOOOOO!

AUGUST  
(sarcastic)  
I hate to win that way, I really  
do.

KEELY  
Sure, sure.

Keely and August hang up their pool cues. Keely puts on her  
coat.

KEELY (CONT'D)

I've got to get home and study.  
Here's my number. I guess we're  
hanging out tomorrow.

AUGUST

Cool, we'll do something fun.

KEELY

I'll see you.

AUGUST

(raised voice)

You would of been in for a surprise  
if you won. I go commando!

Keely turns back to smile just before exiting. August chugs his drink.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY - NIGHT

August wanders around the downtown area. He hears Irish music from the street and steps down into the basement pub entrance to listen.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

He stumbles through the bar area toward the bathroom.

INT. IRISH PUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

August reads the bathroom wall while he is urinating. The quotes on the wall read: Don't trust anything that bleeds for 5 days and doesn't die, Fighting for peace is like screwing for virginity. Above the bathroom mirror reads: No wonder you always go home alone. A belligerent drunk enters the bathroom.

BELLIGERENT DRUNK

What are you reading the wall for,  
the joke is in your hand!

AUGUST

Fuck you dude!

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

August stands at the bar waiting to order.

IRISH BARTENDER

What are you having lad?

AUGUST

Let me get a car bomb and a shot of Irish whiskey on the side.

IRISH BARTENDER

Car bombs come with a shot of whiskey.

AUGUST

I know. I want two shots.

CASEY, a small, stocky built guy approaches August. He has kind of a lisp.

CASEY

Feel like playing some pool? I need a partner.

AUGUST

Yeah, let me just get my drink.

IRISH BARTENDER

Courtesy of my friends over in the I.R.A.

AUGUST

You know my grandparents are from Dublin and I'm about 80% Irish.

IRISH BARTENDER

Well I'm from Belfast, so piss off!

August is perplexed by the comment and slams the car bomb. He sips his shot and heads over to the pool table.

CASEY

It's your turn.

August is a little tipsy from the car bomb.

AUGUST

(sarcastic)

Are we plaid or colored?

CASEY

We're stripes.

August makes a very difficult bank shot.

AUGUST

Oh yeah!

August misses his next shot and mingles with a group of onlookers who are friends with Casey.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
(jokingly/intoxicated)  
If your friend is looking to party,  
my rates are 200 roses per hour.  
Donations only!

CASEY'S GIRLFRIEND  
Hey asshole. I'm his girlfriend.  
Case, this jerk thinks you're gay!

AUGUST  
What, I never said that.

Casey approaches August in a hostile manner with a pool cue in his hand.

CASEY  
What the fuck did you call me?

AUGUST  
Nothing man. She took it  
completely out of context.

CASEY  
You have no idea what I can do to  
you.

AUGUST  
Dude, just chill out. I was  
totally kidding around.

CASEY  
Call me a fag again, do it!

AUGUST  
We're both not gay so let's just  
end the argument and play some  
pool.

August turns to Casey's friends to plead his case. Casey taps August on the back and punches him just as he turns around. August falls to the ground with his drink in his hand. He gets up and approaches Casey who is laughing. August shakes his half spilled drink with his right hand then hits him with his left. Casey falls back and August jumps on top of him and they begin to wrestle. The doormen immediately pull them apart. August lays on the ground while Casey continues the fight with the doormen. He connects with a few of them. Casey runs out the front door with a ripped shirt and a bloody lip. The doormen pursue. August lays on the floor bloody and exhausted. He notices Casey's beer bottle on the ground and takes a sip.

August slowly turns to the camera. He smiles in a deviant manner. The camera holds on August for several seconds as the music begins.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE DRIVE THROUGH - NIGHT

The clerk hands August a six pack of beer through the window.

INT. VOLVO WAGON - NIGHT

August opens a fresh can while driving. He is weaving out of the lane along the street in sync with the music.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

(Slow motion scene). August stumbles in through the back door and tosses his beer can prior to entering. He punches in at the time clock. He walks past Theresa with a bloody shirt, swollen eye, and hair that's all messy from wrestling. He smiles awkwardly at Theresa, then grabs her hand and spins her around. He continues through the main hallway, into the men's locker room, through a small custodial area, then exits a different back door and drives home in his car.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - NIGHT

August passes out onto the steering wheel horn which wakes him up after a few seconds.

AUGUST  
(dazed)  
Mom?

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Margaret is in a rush to get to school. Troubador sits on the couch watching television. The front door is blocked by August's Volvo. She slams it repeatedly as it hits the Volvo's front bumper.

MARGARET  
Why can't I get out?

TROUBADOR  
Your favorite room mate parked a little too close to the house last night.

Margaret is extremely frustrated and uses the back door. She pounds on August's bedroom door as she exits.

MARGARET  
Thanks Asshole!

INT. AUGUST BEDROOM - DAY

August wakes up from Margaret's noise. He gulps an already opened beer can which is on his night stand. He takes a deep breath and moans. He dials the phone.

DIEGO (V.O.)  
This Diego.

AUGUST  
Hey Diego it's August.

DIEGO (V.O.)  
Hello August, you not ready to quit on me yet, are you?

AUGUST  
No. I just wanted to let you know I was so tired at the end of my shift last night that I forgot to punch out.

DIEGO (V.O.)  
Okay, no problem. I have you fill out manual time card for this week.

AUGUST  
Cool. Thanks Diego.

DIEGO (V.O.)  
I see you later.

August hangs up the phone and falls back onto the bed.

EXT. FRISBEE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Older college kids with backpacks and beers in hand observe from the first tee box. Keely is present. August has a nasty bruise around his eye.

KEELY  
What happened to you?

AUGUST  
It's a birthmark.

CHRIS  
Alright Keely you're up.

She approaches the tee box but maintains a puzzled look toward August.

KEELY

Haven't done this in awhile.

The small crowd praises her for her drive. August steps up to throw. He's holding a beer in his hand which hinders his toss. It doesn't go as far as Keely's.

CHRIS

She just out drove you buddy.

AUGUST

Yeah, yeah. Try doing it with a beer in your hand.

All the players proceed to their frisbees. August & Keely engage in their own conversation.

KEELY

What actually happened to you?

AUGUST

There was a little brew ha ha down at the old pub last night.

KEELY

Are you all right?

AUGUST

(sarcastic)

No. Can you kiss it?

KEELY

Always the joker?

AUGUST

I'm just kidding. I kind of got sucker punched.

KEELY

I like it! It makes you look tough.

AUGUST

And I'm the deranged one?

Keely and August stand next to their frisbees and wait for the others to throw.

KEELY

So are you just gonna work as a janitor and hang out with college kids your whole life?

AUGUST

Uh oh here come the serious questions.

KEELY

I'm just curious what your plans are.

AUGUST

I don't know. I want to do music but where do you start. You're either super poor like me or ridiculously loaded. There's really nothing in the middle.

KEELY

Is that what you're shooting for? All or nothing?

AUGUST

Yep! And unfortunately right now it's nothing.

KEELY

You don't get depressed living like that?

AUGUST

Well I'm hoping it's not permanent. If it was I'd probably drive my car into the Grand Canyon!

KEELY

That's the one thing I like about you August.

AUGUST

What's that?

KEELY

You have passion.

CHRIS

(yells)

Come on you two love birds, you're holding everyone up!

AUGUST

Your shot!

Keely makes a 100 foot toss which hits the loud chains and goes in. Everyone screams with accolade. Keely excitingly jumps up and down.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
No freaking way!

MONTAGE - AUGUST & KEELY SPENDING THE DAY TOGETHER

EXT. FRISBEE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Keely is on August's shoulders in order to throw her frisbee over a large patch of downed trees. August loses his footing and they collapse just as Keely throws.

August has a great toss until a stray dog comes along and snatches the frisbee from the ground and runs off with it. They both chase after the mutt whose running in circles.

They sit together smiling at one another awaiting their turns. August is spinning his frisbee using different fingers. Keely tries but is unsuccessful.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - DAY

August and Keely are closely sitting together in the back seat while Chris drives through a picturesque canyon.

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

August is laying in the shallow stream enjoying the cool water. A naked little boy is peeing into the water just upstream from August. Keely points to the boy and August rushes out of the river.

Keely rises from sunbathing in a bikini while Chris and August admire her incredible figure from a far.

August is searching for critters under the rocks with several small children. Keely and Chris are watching. August captures a small snake and waves it in front of the kids. They all go running.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - DAY

Keely and August are in the back seat exhausted from a long day. Keely rests her head on August and shuts her eyes knowing she's safe. August displays a face of content and happiness of which has never been seen.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. KEELY'S HOUSE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

August and Keely exit Chris's Car. They walk up to the front door.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Thanks man.

CHRIS

I'll see you tonight. See ya Keely.

KEELY

Thanks Chris.

AUGUST

I had a great time.

KEELY

Me too.

AUGUST

So what are you doing right now?

KEELY

I need to study at some point. Do you want to come in for a little bit?

AUGUST

Sure.

INT. KEELY HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Keely walks toward her bedroom as August follows. They both enter and sit on her bed. There are two cats sleeping on the bed. Her posters are of independent directors and classic films.

KEELY

This is Jake and Elwood.

AUGUST

Hey guys.

August roughly pets both cats who purr in delight.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I have this song I wrote about cats I was thinking about performing. It's kind of silly.

KEELY

You should play it next open mic.

AUGUST

It requires a dozen or so real cats  
which need to be able to sing in  
key.

KEELY

I think you may be out of luck  
there. So what do you want to do?

AUGUST

Maybe I can help you study.

August grabs a book off the night stand.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

The five C's of Cinematography? Do  
you know what those are?

KEELY

Yeah, do you?

AUGUST

Creativity, um, contour,  
circumcision, castration, and  
cauliflower.

Keely playfully jostles for the book. August grabs her hand  
and they wrestle on the bed. The cats run out of the room.

KEELY

You're totally wrong!

August pins Keely.

AUGUST

What are they then?

KEELY

Camera angles, continuity, cutting,  
close-ups, and composition.

AUGUST

I'll assume that's right.

KEELY

It is.

AUGUST

Here's for being my star student.

August starts pecking her softly on the neck. They  
passionately kiss.

KEELY  
I never asked you, how old are you?

AUGUST  
Stage age or real age?

KEELY  
Real age.

AUGUST  
Well, I could be your youthful  
uncle. I'm 29.

KEELY  
More like my dad!

AUGUST  
Does your dad kiss like this?

They start kissing again. Keely is cringing and slightly  
turning away.

KEELY  
Yuck!

AUGUST  
How old are you?

KEELY  
I'm 21.

AUGUST  
Cool.

They continue kissing and make love. They lie next to each  
other on the bed staring at the ceiling.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
I have to go clean. I can't be  
late again.

KEELY  
That's no fun!

AUGUST  
Yeah.... I get to go touch old lady  
tampons and clean up baby diarrhea  
for 4 hours.

KEELY  
(laughs)  
Well call me tomorrow.

AUGUST  
I will. Good night!

August kisses Keely goodbye.

KEELY  
You do wash your hands when you get  
done, right?

AUGUST  
(sarcastic)  
Of course.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

August and Chris are cleaning the inside of a drained pool.

CHRIS  
You wouldn't believe how many kids  
shit and piss in this thing.

AUGUST  
Seriously?

CHRIS  
Oh yeah. Looks like you and Keely  
were hitting it off pretty well  
today.

AUGUST  
Yeah, she's an amazing girl.

CHRIS  
Uh oh, has our gritty rock star  
fallen for the delicate poet?

AUGUST  
No, she's just super cool.

CHRIS  
You think you'll get serious?

AUGUST  
Well, is inserting my penis in her  
vagina considered serious these  
days?

CHRIS  
You dog! You closed that.

AUGUST

I don't know how, she's certainly a notch above the usual mopeds I'm waking up with.

CHRIS

What are mopeds?

AUGUST

Big girls. You enjoy the ride but you don't want your friends to see you on it.

Chris laughs out loud. Theresa enters carrying a vacuum.

THERESA

Hey guys.

CHRIS

Hey Theresa.

AUGUST

Hey.

THERESA

You all are certainly in a good mood tonight.

CHRIS

August is telling dirty jokes.

THERESA (TO AUGUST)

I'm glad to see you're a little more sober tonight. Not to mention I had to clean the whole club myself.

AUGUST

I'm totally sorry about that Theresa. If you want to go home early tonight I'll do all your work.

THERESA

That's all right. Just don't do it to me again.

AUGUST

Cool. Thanks.

THERESA

You know there's someone in my life who may be able to help you get through your tough times right now.

AUGUST

I appreciate the suggestion but I'm going to be just fine.

THERESA

Okay, I'll see you fellows on break.

Theresa leaves the pool room.

AUGUST

Does she mean Jesus?

CHRIS

Oh yeah.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Tara and Troubador are playing scrabble.

TROUBADOR

(raised voice)

AA is a word. It's in the official scrabble dictionary. The one I can't seem to find.

TARA

What does it mean?

TROUBADOR

It's a hot cindery lava of some type.

TARA

No way you're bluffing. Let me get my dictionary.

TROUBADOR

It's not going to be in the collegiate one. We need the official Scrabble dictionary. I believe someone stole mine.

August walks in wearing pajama bottoms and a tee shirt.

TROUBADOR (CONT'D)

Did you borrow my official scrabble dictionary?

AUGUST

Can I get a good morning first?

TROUBADOR

Morning.

TARA

Hi honey.

AUGUST

Hey. No I did not borrow your official league sanctioned scrabble dictionary. Nor did I borrow the little boy mags, rubber slinky's, or your sneaky Pete's.

TARA

Sneaky Pete's! What are those?

Tara hits Troubador with a pillow in a playful manner. August sits on the couch next to Tara. She rubs his back.

TROUBADOR

Everything I have in there is fully legal under Arizona Revised Statutes.

Troubador is taking forever to find a word.

TARA

Come on, time's up!

TROUBADOR

Hold on, I can almost go out.

AUGUST

(whispers)

Tara, I kind of need to talk with you about something.

TARA

About what?

AUGUST

It's kind of about us.

Troubador is laying down tiles but then takes them off the board. The words are mostly sexual in nature. Tara shifts her letters around.

TARA

What about us?

AUGUST

I'm kind of seeing someone else and we're kind of serious.

TARA

Who is she?

AUGUST  
Someone I met before you.

TARA  
You suck!

Tara flips over the scrabble board and stomps off toward her bedroom. At the same time there's a knock at the door.

TROUBADOR  
Brilliantly played August.

August gets up to answer the door. Troubador is still rearranging his scrabble letters.

CHRIS  
Hey man.

AUGUST  
What are you doing here?

CHRIS  
My buddies Matt and Jordy are outside. We're heading to the titty bar.

AUGUST  
Titty bar? Are they even open right now.

TROUBADOR (O.S.)  
Damn it, I had Jalapeno!

CHRIS  
Yeah, Jordy just called.

AUGUST  
Hold on one minute.

August walks out of the family room and toward Tara's bedroom. Chris stands with the door open. Troubador smiles at him.

CHRIS  
How you doing?

TROUBADOR  
Currently, I'm doing no one.

Chris gives Troubador an awkward look.

AUGUST (O.S.)  
Come on Tara, I just want to talk.

TARA (O.S.)

Go away!

A large stuffed giraffe goes flying across the floor. August re-enters.

AUGUST

All right, let's get out of here.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - DAY

August and Chris exit the house.

CHRIS

What was that all about?

AUGUST

I was sleeping with my room-mate  
and just told her about Keely.

August enters the jeep and greets Matt and Jordy. Chris mumbles to himself before getting in.

CHRIS

He's a fucking rockstar!

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

WAITRESS

Hi boys, what are you having?

CHRIS

Let's go with 4 beers and 4 shots.

WAITRESS

You got it baby!

AUGUST

So what's the occasion?

CHRIS

Matt and Jordy are old Air Force  
buddies of mine. They're on leave.

AUGUST

You were in the Airforce?

CHRIS

Yeah we were all aircraft  
mechanics.

AUGUST

If you were a mechanic, how come  
your car runs like shit?

CHRIS

We worked on F-16's not Chryslers.  
Different components and  
everything.

August is perplexed. Jordy is nodding.

JORDY

Totally different.

The waitress brings over their shots. They all salute.

CHRIS

I'm so thankful I'm out!

STRIPPER #1

Any you guys want a dance?

CHRIS

Let me get these two guys a dance.  
August, you good?

AUGUST

I'm cool.

STRIPPER #1

Follow me boys!

Matt and Jordy leave with the stripper behind a curtain.

AUGUST

They seem cool.

CHRIS

Yeah, I've known them awhile.

AUGUST

So when are we going to get some  
songs down?

CHRIS

Let's do it tomorrow. Maybe we can  
start looking for a drummer and a  
bass.

AUGUST

I put up some flyers, but no one's  
responded yet.

CHRIS

Do you have any name's for the band?

AUGUST

I'm glad you asked. I actually have a list.

August pulls out a crinkled cocktail napkin.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

We have Rusty Trombone and the Tossed Salad.

CHRIS

Not bad.

AUGUST

Aberrational Behavior, Adultery with a Negro.

CHRIS

That may offend our black listeners.

AUGUST

Yeah. There's Hooker with a runny nose and Dildo Faggins.

CHRIS

I like Dildo Faggins.

AUGUST

I kind of like Hooker with a runny nose.

CHRIS

They might think we're a chick band.

AUGUST

Yeah, you're right.

Matt and Jordy return from receiving lap dances.

MATT

You guys sure missed out.

AUGUST

I don't know, some of these girls look a little weathered.

CHRIS

Look at that one over there. She has about as much sex appeal as an orphanage fire.

JORDY

You two are just a bunch of homos!

All four of them have moved to the front of the strippers pole. Matt comes over with more shots.

AUGUST

Shit, not more shots.

JORDY

Oh yeah. Sweet, a blonde!

MATT

I think Jordy is in love!

CHRIS

You guys seen enough?

JORDY

Man, I want to try and go home with that chick!

AUGUST

There's a few cuties.

MATT

I think August is starting to come around.

AUGUST

You get a few drinks in me and I turn into an ASU sorority girl.

CHRIS

Man, I'm out of cash. You horn dogs ready to roll?

AUGUST

Yeah, let's get out of here.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

They all stagger toward Chris's car.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

You okay to drive?

CHRIS

Nope.

Chris drops his keys trying to open his Jeep.

AUGUST

Don't take it personally. I'm gonna walk.

CHRIS

What! I'm a hell of a drunk driver.

AUGUST

I know, years of practice. Later.

CHRIS

We'll see ya buddy.

Chris runs over a trash can while pulling out of the parking lot. Jordy and Matt are laughing in the back seat.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PAY PHONE - NIGHT

AUGUST

(slightly slurred)  
Is Keely there?

ROOM-MATE (V.O.)

Hold on. Is Keely here?

SECOND ROOM-MATE (V.O.)

She's at the library.

ROOM-MATE

She's at the library.

AUGUST

Can you tell her August called?

ROOM-MATE (V.O.)

I'll let her know.

AUGUST

Thanks.

Two strippers exit the club and walk next to August.

DAKOTA

Aren't you the guy in there who ignored us all night?

AUGUST

I was letting my friends have all the fun.

DAKOTA  
Your two buddies blew about \$500 in  
lap dances.

AUGUST  
They're in the Air Force and  
haven't seen a vag in about 2  
years.

Sativa whispers in Dakota's ear.

DAKOTA  
We're heading over to a party? You  
want to come?

AUGUST  
Ah, no Thanks. I'm cool.

DAKOTA  
Alright, have a great night.

SATIVA  
See ya!

August ponders his decision for a few seconds then the  
alcohol gets the better of him.

AUGUST  
Hey! Can you give me a ride home  
later?

SATIVA  
Of course.

August jogs over to their car and gets in.

INT. STRIPPERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small party atmosphere with drug use in the room.

DAKOTA  
Hey everybody, this is our new  
friend, what's your name?

AUGUST  
August.

SATIVA  
This is August guys. Go ahead and  
make yourself a cocktail.

August mixes himself a drink in the kitchen. He returns from  
the kitchen and sits down on the couch next to, Charles, 27,  
black, clean cut. Charles is doing coke by himself.

CHARLES  
Hey man, you want one?

AUGUST  
(jokingly)  
No, I did some heroin earlier.

Charles does not smile and makes August feel uncomfortable.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
You guys certainly live up to the  
stereotype.

CHARLES  
What are you talking about?

AUGUST  
This is my first stripper party.  
It's kind of what I would have  
expected. You know, coke on the  
table, chicks making out.

CHARLES  
And who am I the pimp?

AUGUST  
No. I'm not saying that.

DAKOTA (O.S.)  
Hey Charles, this guy has a legal  
question for you.

AUGUST  
Legal question?

CHARLES  
I'm an attorney.

AUGUST  
(sarcastic)  
That's what I assumed.

August gets up and searches for the bath-room.

INT. STRIPPER APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

August waits in the hallway for the bathroom to become  
available.

DAKOTA  
Hey sweetie, you having fun?

AUGUST  
Yeah somewhat. I may of insulted  
your attorney friend.

DAKOTA  
It's about to get much better.

INT. STRIPPER APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dakota grabs August's hand and leads him into the bedroom.  
She pushes him up against the wall. Sativa walks out of the  
bathroom and joins them. They all start kissing.

AUGUST  
Wow, you girls don't fool around  
(pause) when it comes to fooling  
around.

Dakota unzips August's pants and rubs his private part.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
I've got to stop. I'm spinning.

DAKOTA  
Mmmm.

AUGUST  
Come on stop it. I've got a  
girlfriend.

SATIVA  
You're a good kisser.

AUGUST  
I had way too much, I've got to sit  
down.

SATIVA  
We're just getting started with  
you.

AUGUST  
Seriously I've got to stop. I'm  
spinning like crazy.

DAKOTA  
Nope, you're all ours.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Young kids are playing on a merry-go-round.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK ROLLER COASTER - DAY

A young family enjoys the loop on a roller coaster.

EXT. SKY ABOVE DESERT - DAY

A parachutist spins out of control.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

A young boy enjoys his new sit-n-spin, then vomits.

August forcefully withdraws from kissing Sativa and pukes in Dakota's hair.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

You mother fucker!

SATIVA

I can't believe you invited this guy.

AUGUST

Sorry!

EXT. STRIPPER APARTMENT COURTYARD AREA - NIGHT

August races out the bedroom door and stumbles across a grassy courtyard.

DAKOTA

Loser! Get me a towel Sativa!

EXT. STRIPPER APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

August catches his breath and wipes off the puke from his nose and mouth. He is astonished to see a set of car keys in the grass. He clicks the unlock button and a new VW Jetta alarm flashes from a full parking lot.

AUGUST

No way.

INT. VW JETTA - NIGHT

August drives the stick shift recklessly along narrow downtown streets while riding the clutch. He's trying to read cd's as he drives. He's distracted by two girls wearing mini skirts and clips the handlebar of a bicyclist.

BICYCLE RIDER

Asshole!

AUGUST  
Cool, the dead.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY - NIGHT

August hits a homeless man who is crossing the street illegally and goes flying over the front of the car. August slams on the brakes and immediately gets out to see if the man is okay. He recognizes the homeless fellow.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
I want my shrimp back!

There's a large amount of watchers who close in to assess the situation. August panics and flees behind a building toward his house. Police arrive unusually quick with their sirens. The homeless man lies in the road hurt but not seriously injured.

POLICE OFFICER  
Anyone see what happen here?

An older couple describes the situation to the police and gives a description and direction of where August was running.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
We're going to need an ambulance here at the south corner of Aspen and Birch. All units, we have a suspect on foot about 5'10, white male, medium build, about 160 lbs.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Troubador is watching E.T. all by himself in the dark. He's slightly crying and sniffing. August is trying to catch his breath.

TROUBADOR  
Hi August.

AUGUST  
Hey Troub. Are you crying?

Troubador nods while rubbing his nose with tissues.

TROUBADOR  
I'm watching E.T.

AUGUST  
Oh, when the flower grows?

Troubador just nods as his eyes are fixated to the tv.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Good night.

TROUBADOR  
Night.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE AUGUST BEDROOM - NIGHT

August notices a note on his bedroom door. It reads Keely called. He collapses on the bed and passes out.

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE - DAY

Chris knocks on the bedroom door awakening August from his sleep.

AUGUST  
Yeah?

CHRIS  
Open up man, it's Chris.

August is still sluggish from a night of heavy drinking.

AUGUST  
Hey.

CHRIS  
You're still sleeping?

AUGUST  
Yeah, rough night.

CHRIS  
What do you mean?

AUGUST  
After you guys left the strip club,  
two dancers wanted to go hang out.

CHRIS  
Alright!

AUGUST  
I ended up at some party. Then  
the night just spiraled out of  
control.

CHRIS  
You're hanging out with strippers  
and you didn't call me. Matt and  
Jordy would have been all over  
that.

AUGUST

I'm sorry man. It kind of just happened.

Chris sees officers pulling up to the front of the house.

CHRIS

There's a bunch of cops walking up to your house.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - DAY

Several officers knock on the door. Margaret answers.

POLICE OFFICER

Good morning ma'am.

MARGARET

Good morning.

POLICE OFFICER

There was a hit and run last night involving a stolen vehicle. Witnesses saw a man running toward this neighborhood.

MARGARET

How can I help?

POLICE OFFICER

Does anyone living here match this description: White male, 5'10, 160 lbs.

Chris and August are quietly listening.

MARGARET

We have a room-mate that kind of matches that description.

POLICE OFFICER

Do you mind if we come in and ask him a few questions?

MARGARET

Sure, his room is in the back.

August exits the back door. The officers clearly see him fleeing.

POLICE OFFICER

He just ran out the back!

August stumbles over an old vine ridden metal fence and runs through the back yard of a neighbor's house. The police are clearly behind him. A large black police officer surprises August as he's running around the corner and knocks him out with a body slam tackle.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

August is questioned by detectives and has an ice pack on the back of his head.

AUGUST

What hit me?

DETECTIVE

That was Officer Lewis. He was a linebacker in High School.

AUGUST

Why didn't he go pro?

DETECTIVE

All right August, the fun is over. You've been charged with auto theft, fleeing a scene, felony hit and run, and aggravated assault with a vehicle.

AUGUST

I have no idea what you're talking about.

DETECTIVE

We've got your prints all over the steering wheel and on some grateful dead cd cases.

AUGUST

Can I get an attorney?

DETECTIVE

Sure. You're actually quite lucky.

AUGUST

Why is that?

DETECTIVE

The bum you hit only had minor injuries. You could of killed him.

AUGUST

So if I talk can we work out some sort of deal?

DETECTIVE

All I can do is tell the judge you fully cooperated. Do you want to give a statement and let us know what happened?

AUGUST

Here's the deal. I'm not a car thief. I just needed a way to get home and the opportunity kind of presented itself.

DETECTIVE

Go on.

AUGUST

I was leaving a party and saw some keys laying in the grass. I hit the remote and a car beeped in front of me, so I got in it and drove home. I was gonna return it the next day.

DETECTIVE

It sounds like you had an error in judgement.

AUGUST

Yeah.

DETECTIVE

Explain this to your defense attorney. Maybe he can work out something with the judge.

AUGUST

You don't think I'm going to go to jail for this, do you?

DETECTIVE

You're in jail right now, aren't you?

INT. COLLEGE HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

All three room-mates sit at the table wondering how to handle the situation.

TROUBADOR

If he's found guilty, there's a high probability we won't see him for awhile.

MARGARET

We should of done a background  
check on him.

TROUBADOR

You know Margaret you really could  
of told the police something else.

MARGARET

I'm not going to get charged with  
aiding and abiding because of some  
low life room-mate I've said hello  
to a couple times.

TARA

How are we going to pay rent? I  
can't cover his share.

TROUBADOR

I think we should wait a day or so  
and see if he comes back.

TARA

Maybe one of us can call down there  
and see what's happening?

TROUBADOR

I nominate you Tara.

TARA

Why me?

TROUBADOR

Given the fact you slept with him,  
clearly entitles you that  
responsibility.

MARAGARET

You slept with August?

TARA

I regret it.

MARAGARET

I'm off to school. You guys figure  
it out. I'm not getting evicted  
because of that loser!

TARA

I've got to go too. I'll call down  
there when I get back. See ya.

TROUBADOR  
(to self)  
Ah, musician bad boys.

Troubador sips his fancy coffee.

INT. POLICE JAIL CELL - DAY

August is still in his pajamas.

OFFICER  
Your attorney should be down here  
later to talk with you.

AUGUST  
Officer, they never gave me a phone  
call.

OFFICER  
You haven't called anyone?

AUGUST  
No.

OFFICER  
All right come with me.

INT. POLICE JAIL PAY PHONE - DAY

August dials while the officer's play grand theft auto.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
You've got 10 minutes.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Hello.

AUGUST  
Chris, it's August.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Man, what the hell happened?

AUGUST  
Oh dude, it was an insane night.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
I saw that cop tackle you as I was  
driving away.

AUGUST  
Yeah, he knocked me out.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
What did you do last night?

AUGUST  
I kind of stole a car.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
What the hell were you thinking?

A new arrest is arguing in the background.

AUGUST  
Yeah, I don't know.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
I wish I could help.

AUGUST  
If you see me in a couple days it's all good. If not then I'm screwed.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
If I don't hear from you I'll come down there and check it out.

AUGUST  
Thanks man. I need to call Keely and let her know.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Be safe brother!

AUGUST  
I'll see ya.

August dials again.

INT. KEELY HOUSE LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Keely has phone in one hand and is unloading groceries. She's cutting up the plastic 6-pack holders.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

KEELY  
(excited)  
Hello.

AUGUST  
Hey Keely it's August.

KEELY

I was wondering what happened to you. I tried calling you last night.

AUGUST

Hey I'm kind of in the clinker.

KEELY

You're in jail?

AUGUST

Yeah, do you think you can come down and I'll explain everything.

KEELY

I'll leave right now.

INT. POLICE JAIL CELL BENCH - DAY

August lays down on a metal bench staring at the ceiling.

OFFICER

You've got a visitor.

KEELY

Oh my god! What happened?

AUGUST

Chris and his friends dragged me to a strip club and I ended up getting all drunk and stealing a car.

KEELY

What were you thinking August?

AUGUST

I don't know. I hit some dude and there's all these ridiculous charges.

KEELY

Did you get an attorney?

AUGUST

They appointed one. He should be here shortly.

KEELY

What do you need from me? Do you need any money?

AUGUST

I'm okay for now. They'll probably just give me some community service. But hey, I need to let you know about something.

KEELY

What?

AUGUST

I kind of made another huge mistake last night. Have you heard the term Irish Handshake?

KEELY

What are you talking about?

AUGUST

Some strippers attacked me and one of them briefly touched my downstairs.

KEELY

I can't believe you.

AUGUST

I'm sorry. I was drunk.

KEELY

Did you fuck her?

AUGUST

No, I actually puked on her then ran off.

KEELY

I can't believe you did that to me.

AUGUST

Keely listen. You're the only one I wan to be with. A bunch of things happened I had no control over.

KEELY

This changes everything.

AUGUST

Keely, it was totally meaningless and stupid.

KEELY  
 (angrily sarcastic)  
 Thanks, that makes it better. I've  
 got to go.

Keely leaves the cell emotionally devastated and heartbroken. August is distressed as well and disgusted by his actions. He punches the metal bench several times.

AUGUST  
 Fuck!

INT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

August enters the jail glancing at the men he feels intellectually above. The jail consists of multiple bunk beds laid out in rows in a gymnasium.

AUGUST (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 They gave me 3 months in jail. I know it doesn't sound like much but for someone like me it's a lifetime. I never thought I'd miss sleeping in my car but at least there I had my privacy (pause) and my freedom.

MONTAGE - DAILY PRISONER LIFE

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

August and others pick trash along highway.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

August mows the outfield grass of a baseball field.

INT. JAIL CAFETERIA - DAY

August eats alone.

INT. JAIL BUNK BED - NIGHT

August carves his soap.

INT. KEELY BEDROOM - DAY

She receives a package from August which contains a soap bar carved into a heart reading August plus Keely.

Also enclosed is a bad drawing of Keely holding a first place world poetry contest trophy. Second and third place winners in the drawing are Robert Frost and Henry Longfellow. The letter reads:

AUGUST (V.O.)

Dear Keely, I hope you enjoy the drawing and the soap heart. It was the only thing they'd let me carve using my guitar pick. It's weird, it seems every time I shower someone drops their soap next to me. I'm not sure what that means. Just kidding. Anyway, I miss our laughs and the time we spent together. I think you're incredible in every aspect. I get out in a couple weeks and can only hope you'll see me. Locked up, August.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

August walks out the prison door. There's a beautiful view of the mountains amidst a glorious sunny day.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE - DAY

August knocks on the front door, Tara answers.

TARA

August! You're out!

Tara gives August a hug. She has no ill feelings toward him.

AUGUST

It's nice to touch a woman.

Together they enter the house. Troubador is sitting on the couch reading.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Hey Troubador.

TROUBADOR

August. I hope you brought back some phone numbers for me.

AUGUST

I didn't. But I did miss your dry sense of humor.

TARA

We had to get a new room-mate.

AUGUST  
I'm just here to get my stuff.  
Where's the Volvo?

TARA  
It got impounded.

AUGUST  
Shit, really?

TARA  
I think Margaret may have called  
the police and had them remove it.  
There was an orange sticker on it  
for awhile.

AUGUST  
She's such a bitch. How about my  
stuff? My guitar and everything?

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Chris and I packed most of it.  
It's all in the back shed.

AUGUST (CONT'D)  
Cool thanks, I totally appreciate  
it.

TARA  
Troubador helped.

AUGUST  
Thanks Troub.

TARA  
We called down to the jail and they  
told us what happened. So what are  
you going to do?

AUGUST  
I don't know.

TARA  
We would let you stay here but I  
think Margaret would freak out.

AUGUST  
No worries. I guess I'll see you  
guys around.

TARA  
Call me if you want to hang out or  
you need anything.

TROUBADOR

Ta-ta.

AUGUST

Thanks.

EXT. COLLEGE HOUSE BACK YARD SHED - DAY

August grabs his stuff from the shed and walks toward the bar carrying his guitar case and a plastic bag of personal items.

INT. CHARLY'S BAR - DAY

Chris is breaking down his equipment on stage.

KEVIN

What will it be Mr. hit and run?

AUGUST

How about a free whiskey for a newly released felon?

Chris turns around as he recognizes the voice.

KEVIN

Sure. But only because you tamed that wild shrew which continues to elude me.

AUGUST

I take it you're referring to Keely.

Kevin nods and fetches August a shot of Irish Whiskey. Chris walks up to August and they hug.

CHRIS

Good to see you brother. How does it feel to be free?

AUGUST

Oh man, It was a tough 3 months.

CHRIS

An east coast snob like yourself really has no business mingling with petty criminals.

AUGUST

The food was worse than the inmates.

CHRIS

So what are you gonna do?

AUGUST

I'm gonna go try and see Keely.  
Hopefully I can work some magic.

CHRIS

She was in here about a month ago.  
I told her it was pretty much my  
fault for taking you there.

KEVIN

August, guys like you and me can't  
be expected to be with just one  
woman. As the saying goes, you're  
only as faithful as your options.

AUGUST

Thanks Kevin, but that advice or  
philosophy really doesn't help me  
right now.

August finishes his shot and prepares to leave.

CHRIS

Alright bro, go give her some of  
that August charm.

AUGUST

I only hope it's not too late.  
Thanks for the drink, kev.

KEVIN

(raised voice)

August, remember, time does have a  
way of forgiving all that is true.

August glances back at the bar in a perplexed manner before  
heading out.

CHRIS

Wow Kev, that was fuckn touching.

KEVIN

I have my moments.

EXT. KEELY'S HOUSE - DAY

August knocking.

COLLEGE GIRL

Can I help you?

AUGUST  
Hi, is Keely around?

COLLEGE GIRL  
She left for film school last week.

AUGUST  
Film School?

COLLEGE GIRL  
Yeah, she got accepted to UCLA.

AUGUST  
Cool, thanks.

August walks off depressed.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

August sits on the park bench pondering his gloomy future.  
After a few seconds he rises and walks off.

EXT. INTERSTATE 40 - DAY

August walks along the highway with grey duct tape on his guitar case reading L.A. He turns back and holds his case up when he hears a vehicle approaching. After a few cars pass him by, an 18 wheeler stops for him.

EXT. INTERSTATE 40 - DAY

They pass the Williams, Arizona and Grand Canyon exit.

EXT. INTERSTATE 40 - NIGHT

They pass the Arizona border and the sign reading, "Welcome to California." August lays his head down on the window trying to stay awake.

EXT. INTERSTATE 40 - NIGHT

August stares out the window daydreaming.

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 LOS ANGELES AREA - DAY

The highway is unusually calm and not congested.

INT. VOLVO 18 WHEELER - DAY

TRUCK DRIVER  
It's time to wake up boy.

August wakes from a brief sleep.

AUGUST  
Are we here?

TRUCK DRIVER  
I'm letting you off at the ramp.

EXT. INTERSTATE OFF RAMP - DAY

The truck driver pulls over at the off ramp to let August out.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
All right kid, be safe. This is a dangerous city.

AUGUST  
Thanks for the ride.

EXT. LOS ANGELES BUS STOP - DAY

August exits the city bus and is surrounded by pan handlers, street thugs, & crazy homeless people. His anxiety heightens.

INT. LOS ANGELES BUS STOP PAY PHONE - DAY

August ruffles through the phone book then dials.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR  
UCLA admissions, this is Jenny.

AUGUST  
Hey Jenny, I'm trying to find the phone number of a friend that just started school last week.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR  
What's the name please?

AUGUST  
Keely McConnell.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR  
Sir, I have her in my system however it's an off campus number. For security reasons we're unable to give those out.

AUGUST

I really need to get in touch with her.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

Sir, all I can suggest is that you wait for her to get a hold of you.

AUGUST

Thanks.

A frustrated August hangs up the phone.

INT. LOS ANGELES SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

Social services building is the size of a warehouse with hundreds of minorities yelling and complaining. August is overwhelmed by the confusion and noise. He leaves his place in line and hastily exits the building. He steps around the corner of the building into an alley where he breaks down and weeps due to the stress of feeling alone in a big city. Two young black men with a pit bull approach suspiciously. One of them lunges for August's backpack while the other releases the dog onto August.

MUGGER #1

Get em Sophie!

August desperately blocks the dog's bites with his guitar case. The second mugger kicks August while the dog is trying to bite. A bystander yells at the muggers from the street and they disperse with just his backpack. His guitar case has bite marks all over it.

AUGUST

You need your dog to mug me, you fuckin pussies!

After a few moments of sobbing August composes himself. He picks up his guitar and in a determined manner faces his big city fears and walks down the street.

MONTAGE - AUGUST HOMELESS IN LOS ANGELES (split screen)

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

August plays for tourists while they fill his case with spare change.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

August sits at the beach and enjoys the eccentric street performers.

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - DAY

August sits at the union square in hopes of seeing Keely.

INT. HUMANE SOCIETY - DAY

August cleans the cat's water bowls and empties their litter boxes. He again takes them on walks.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH PIER - NIGHT

August gazes into the ocean while sipping a beer and enjoying the serenity. He's playing guitar and jotting lyrics on a napkin as if he's writing a new song.

INT. LOS ANGELES BUS - DAY

August ignores a crazy black man who is talking to himself while seated next to August.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH RETAINING WALL - NIGHT

August lays against the wall falling in and out of sleep.

EXT. HIGHLAND COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

August enters the coffee shop. The door guy stops him.

DOOR GUY

It's a \$3 cover.

AUGUST

I'm performing, hence the guitar.

DOOR GUY

You still have to pay.

AUGUST

I have to pay \$3 to play at an open mic?

DOOR GUY

Yep.

August reluctantly pays the door man.

INT. HIGHLAND COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

It's a very cool and trendy ambiance. The musicians look and act as if they've all ready won a Grammy. August weaves through the crowd to the stage area where there's folks huddled around the sound board guy.

AUGUST  
 Hey guys, I called earlier, I'm  
 August Dakers.

ROB  
 Cat Boy! How are you? I'm Rob the  
 host.

AUGUST  
 Nice to meet you.

OPEN MIC ASSISTANT  
 You're the one doing the cat song?

AUGUST  
 Yeah, I'm called August Dakers and  
 the Pride.

ROB  
 This should be interesting. We've  
 never had live cats perform before.  
 I hope they're all neutered.

AUGUST  
 We're gonna start getting the stage  
 and the animals set up.

ROB  
 I have you guys going first, so  
 hurry up.

AUGUST  
 Cool.

August and a few other volunteers from the humane society  
 frantically set up behind stage. Meows echo throughout the  
 coffee shop. There are cat carriers stacked next to the  
 stage. Keely and her date unexpectedly arrive and sit down  
 toward the back which is unbeknown to August.

GABRIEL  
 Is this an animal shelter or an  
 open mic? What time you reading  
 at?

KEELY  
 I go on in an hour. It sounds like  
 real cats.

GABRIEL  
 I hate fuckin cats.

Keely gives Gabriel a disconcerted look. Rob approaches the  
 stage and addresses the microphone.

ROB

Thank you guys for coming out to L.A.'s largest and coolest open mic. I don't know how to describe this first act so let's give a big hand for August Dakers and the Pride.

There's an enormous applause. Keely is completely shocked.

GABRIEL

What's wrong with you?

KEELY

This is the guy I was telling you about.

The curtain rises and August is wearing a cheap and ridiculous orange cat outfit. Behind him are several live cats in a row on separate stools with microphones in front of them. They're surprisingly somewhat behaved. The lights are dimmed where you can only see August and the cats. Cheesy looking props come down through out the song and volunteers pet the cats behind to make them meow.

AUGUST

I've got blue eyes and an orange coat, a tail that shows I'm a cat. My day consists of chasing mice, butterflies, and indoor gnats.

Props of butterflies are being lowered. The cats in the background swipe at them.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Up for awhile then it's back to sleep, it's time for another nap. I dream of a place where there's fresh seafood, and my best friend is fisherman Jack.

The volunteers start petting the cat's bottoms to make them meow for the chorus.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I go meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow, meow, meow, meow, meooooow! Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

GABRIEL

This is soooo stupid!

KEELY

This is hilarious!

AUGUST

I love to watch August play guitar, he's my favorite human. Cause late at night when I'm stuck outside, he's comes down and let's me in. Cause I went: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow, meow, meow, meow. Then one night my owners arrived, they said they had a friend for me. They laid down this box and low and behold, out came a tabby bout 6 weeks old, crying:

The spotlight shines onto a single tabby kitten sitting on the stool with the faintest of meows. August let's the kitten meow by itself for the chorus.

OPEN MIC ASSISTANT

That's so cute.

AUGUST

Everyone now!

The lights focus on all the cats during the final chorus. Some of the crowd joins in. Keely participates in the meowing.

GABRIEL

What is this romper room for adults?

AUGUST

No, not a kitten! He'll get all the attention! I don't want to share my litter box. Less petting for me!

The adult cats are getting restless and start hissing at each other and misbehaving. They've jumped off their stools and are now chasing each other and knocking over drinks through out the coffee house. The volunteers are trying desperately to catch them. August is still singing the chorus.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Bad kitties! Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

GABRIEL

Let's go! I'm allergic!

Keely reluctantly follows Gabriel out the door. The coffee house is in pandemonium. August sits helplessly on the stage watching everything unfold.

LATER THAT EVENING

August is sitting with the host Rob and his assistant at a table drinking a beer. Things are calm and a typical singer songwriter is on stage.

ROB

I've got to say August, that was some pretty crazy shit earlier.

OPEN MIC ASSISTANT

It was so funny, everyone was laughing.

AUGUST

Maybe next time I'll use puppets. I'm guessing they're a little more reliable than feral strays.

A group of college kids on their way out praise August.

COLLEGE KIDS

All right Cat boy!

AUGUST

Thanks. All right guys, I'm gonna get out of here. Thanks for putting up with my shenanigans.

ROB

Not at all man, it was the funniest thing I've seen in a long time. You need to do like a video or something.

AUGUST

Yeah, maybe. Have a good night.

ROB

See ya man.

OPEN MIC ASSISTANT

Take care.

EXT. HIGHLANDS COFFEE SHOP ENTRANCE - EVENING

August exits the coffee shop and strolls up the street. He's got a plastic bag of stuff and his guitar. He looks like a vagrant.

EXT. HIGHLANDS BLVD - NIGHT

BUM

Spare any change?

AUGUST

Dude, you're asking me?

A vehicle slowly drive's up behind August and parks. August is oblivious and unconcerned. Keely gets out and quietly walks up behind him.

KEELY

"You're on your own, and you know what you know. And you are the guy who'll decide where to go. You'll look up and down streets, look them over with care. About some you will say, "I don't choose to go there."

August is astonished to see Keely.

AUGUST

"With your head full of brains and your shoes full of feet, you're too smart to go down any not-so-good street." How did you know I was here?

KEELY

I saw your little cat fiasco.

AUGUST

Yeah, what did you think? Prior to the cats freaking out?

KEELY

I loved it! Where did you get all those cats and volunteers?

AUGUST

Humane Society. They said they'd help me out because of all the free time I spend there.

KEELY

So what are doing in L.A.? I thought you were afraid of the big city?

AUGUST

I came out here for you!

KEELY

You screwed up August. You really hurt me.

AUGUST

I'm sorry Keely, I can't change that. The only thing I can change or at least try to change is our future together. I hitch hiked all the way out here and tried to find you at UCLA but they wouldn't give me your number. I've been hanging out on campus for the past three days just hoping I'd run into you.

KEELY

It's a pretty big campus.

AUGUST

(laughs)

Yeah I know. Security was definitely getting suspicious. So, can we at least be friends again?

KEELY

It was hard leaving Arizona without speaking with you but that's how I am. You screw me over and I walk. I think you're SO talented August, but you've got issues.

AUGUST

I've learned a lot about myself from coming out here. I know I'm where I need to be and I know what I want. You're that final piece! If you can honestly say you have no feelings for me still I'll bail right now. You're everything to me. You're why I'm here.

There is a long pause before Keely responds. She sees his commitment and seriousness toward her and his future.

KEELY

I did save something of yours.

Keely pulls a necklace out from under her shirt. It's the soap bar that August carved for her. They hug for several seconds.

AUGUST  
Wow, you turned it into a necklace?

KEELY  
Now I don't have to wear deodorant.

AUGUST  
(Irish accent)  
I thought I smelled Irish Spring.  
Fresh and clean as a whistle!

They hold hands and walk slowly back to her car. The Irish Spring commercial jingle starts.

KEELY  
So how was jail?

AUGUST  
(jokingly)  
Not bad. I was only raped like 5  
times.

KEELY  
So you cheated on me six times?

AUGUST  
Only once willingly!

August and Keely enter her car and drive away.

THE END