

DRY DOCK DRUNKS OF NOB HILL

Written by

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Based on
"On The Hill"

Address

Phone Number

Screenplay by David A. Seader

CUT TO:

INT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE (SAN FRANCISCO) - PRESENT DAY
EVENING

EVAN KAPSURE, 23 years old is standing on the second floor reading a book named "Buck Grant & Jennie Flood. An untold Story."

Heather, and the bookstore owner Jerry, a mid to late sixties year old guy are talking.

JERRY

Anyway, I'm sorry to run off, but they're closing soon and I've got a lot of calls to still make before tomorrow's book signing...but give me a call next time you're in town and we'll talk some more, because I definitely want to hear more about this new young San Francisco author that everyone's been talking about and you've just signed. So do me a favor and give me a call next time you're in town and we talk some more, ok?

HEATHER

Definitely.

JERRY

Ok. Then I'll be waiting for your call, ok?

HEATHER

Yeah.

Evan walks over.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Evan, oh my god! How are you? I can't believe it's you!
what are you doing here, Kerouac?

EVAN

I was in the mood.

HEATHER

Yeah. So anyway, how are you?

EVAN

You wanna grab a drink or two at "Versuvio" for old times sake?

HEATHER

Sure, why not, but I can't stay out to long because I do have to meet an author in the morning, and then have a flight from San Francisco back to New York around noon. Ok?

EVAN

Yeah. In the name of love.

HEATHER

Yeah. Not me. The SFSC. Your cave. Let's go.

Evan and Heather walk out of "City Lights," and across "Jack Kerouac Alley," and enter the Versuvio bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLD RUSH APTS. @ MINNA/JULIA ST., (SAN FRANCISCO, CA)-
7 YEARS EARLIER

A cab pull up in front of the apartment building, and stop. On the bottom of the screen it says "5-7 years earlier."

The back door opens, Evan steps out. He gabs his bags and closes the door. Evan puts the bags on the sidewalk momentarily, reaches in to his pocket, grabs some money, and pays the cab driver. The cab speeds away. Evan picks up his suitcases, turns around and walks into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD RUSH APTS.(MAIN LOBBY) - CONTINUOUS

Evan walks in the front door and stops in the main hallway. He sees a copy of the painting "Son of a Man" by Rene Magritte." Evan puts his bags down on the floor and looks at the painting for a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLD RUSH APTS. (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

Evan walks up to a door the number 12 on it. He puts the bags on the floor, and takes a key out of his pocket. He unlocks the door and opens it, then puts the key back in his pocket. He picks up his bags and walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT (GOLD RUSH APTS.) - CONTINUOUS

Evan carries his bags in and closes the door behind him. There are two beds. He walks over to the one closer to the window and puts his bags down on the floor next to it. Evan sits down on the bed, then lays back on it and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTINGTON PARK, SAN FRANCISCO - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

The sun is shining over the park and glistening off of the park fountain's water. Evan is sitting on a bench with his legs outstretched in front of him, looking at the fountain's water as the sun glistens off it. All of a sudden, Evan looks at his watch and stands up. Evan begins walking away from the bench and towards "The San Francisco Socialist Club."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIALIST CLUB/THE MARK HOPKINS BUILDING

The San Francisco Socialist Club is located in the old Mark Hopkins Hotel. A purchased, and refurbished building, used as an office building Evan arrives at the door to the club where there's a guard standing next to the door. Evan stops in front of the guard.

CLUB GUARD

How can I help you sir?

EVAN

I have a meeting for breakfast with Mr. Paul Handcock this morning.

CLUB GUARD

Let me check the list real quick.

The club guard picks up a notebook off a chair, riffles through the pages, then puts the notebook back on the chair.

CLUB GUARD (CONT'D)

This way Mr. Mayfair...

The club guard opens the door, and they both enter with the door closing behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIALIST CLUB (MAIN HALLWAY) -

CONTINUOUS

The club guard leads Evan down a hallway, until they arrive at the dinning room where the guard stops, followed by Evan.

CLUB GUARD

I'll be right back sir, I'm just going to let Mr. Handcock know you're here, ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

The guard walks into the room. The room is basic dinning set up with several round tables people are having breakfast. The club guard begins walking towards Mr. Handcock who's speaking to another man next to an entrance to another park of the club. The club guard whispers in Mr. Handcock's ear. Mr. Handcock stops speaking to the other man for a second and says something to the club guard, then begins speaking to the other man again. The club guard walks back to Evan momentarily.

CLUB GUARD

Mr. Handcock will be right with you sir, ok?

EVAN

Yeah, thanx.

The club guard continues walking past Evan, down the hallway, and towards the side door.

Mr. Handcock shakes the other man's hand, they say goodbye to each other. Then the other man turns around and walks towards Evan, passing him, then walking out of the entrance to the dinning room

Mr. Handcock waves briefly at Evan, who waves briefly at Mr. Handcock in return. Mr. Handcock walks towards Evan, stopping directly in front of him, then extends his hand towards Evan to shake.

MR. HANDCOCK

Good morning Evan.

Mr. Handcock shakes Evan's hand.

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

How are you this morning?

EVAN

I'm doing good, and thank you for meeting with me today. I really feel honored to be even considered sir.

MR. HANDCOCK

It is us who should be honored Evan.

But more on that later.

Mr. Handcock turns around and looks at an empty table being setup by a waitress, then turns back around towards Evan.

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

Anyway, it looks like our table is ready, so let's head over so we can start breakfast, ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

Mr. Handcock turns around around and starts walking towards the table followed by Evan. When they both are at the table, they both sit down on chairs on opposite sides of the four person circular table.

MR. HANDCOCK

So, how was your flight in Evan?
Not too rough I hope.

EVAN

No, it was pretty smooth, but thank you so much for the apartment, it's amazing.

MR. HANDCOCK

Evan, please. I've known you since before you were born. Your father and I have been friends since before I can remember. You belong here, and that's why I brought you here to work on your first novel, which I'm sure will be amazing like everything else you've ever done.

A waiter walks over to the table.

WAITER #B

Hello Mr. Handcock, what can I get you and your guest to drink this morning?

MR. HANDCOCK
(looking at Evan)
Coffee ok Evan?

EVAN
Yeah.

MR. HANDCOCK
(looking at the waiter)
Yes, two coffees will be fine, and
we'll order when you come back. ok?

WAITER #B
Yes sir.

The waiter turns around and walks towards, and in to the kitchen.

Mr. Handcock and Evan look at menus that were on the table.

After a few moments Mr. Handcock puts his menu on the table.

MR. HANDCOCK
Well Evan I'm going to get the Eggs
Benedict, and I'd highly recommend
it.

So what would you like, it's on me.

EVAN
Thank you, the Eggs Benedict sounds
good.

The waiter walks over with two coffees and places one in front of each of them.

WAITER #B
Are you ready to order sir?

MR. HANDCOCK
Yes.

We'll have two Eggs Benedicts.

WAITER #B
Is that all sir?

MR. HANDCOCK
Yes.

The waiter picks up both menus, and then walks away towards and then into the kitchen.

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

By the way Evan, there was another reason I asked you here today. Look around it's the type of place you'd be honored to be a member of. Right?

Evan looks around the dining room, then back at Mr. Handcock.

EVAN

(humbled)

Yeah.

MR. HANDCOCK

Well, that's why I've decided to sponsor you for membership at the club.

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee.

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

If that's alright with you.

EVAN

Yes, of course it is. Thank you Mr. Handcock.

MR. HANDCOCK

Please, call me Paul.

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee.

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

First off I want you to walk the maze at the cathedral, and tell me what you find. They'll be choir boys most likely around. What are they saying and why?

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee. The waitress named Sara (skinny late 20's to early 30's year old girl) serves breakfast and they begin to eat it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLD RUSH APARTMENTS -EVENING

Evan is standing with his back against the front wall of the apartment building. He's relaxing, drinking some type of a Starbucks Frappuccino.

The front door flies open, and Chris (tall, lanky, early 20's, with a shaved head) and Jingo (short, average build, early 20's, with short curly brown hair) walk out of the main entrance to the building, stop, and look at each other.

CHRIS

So? Where you wanna smoke this joint?

JINGO

I don't care. Up at the top of the hill?

CHRIS

Sounds good.

JINGO

Cool. Are the other guys coming?

CHRIS

Yeah. Don't worry, they'll find us. Actually...

Chris looks at Evan.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey.

Evan looks at Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do me a favor and tell our friends we went up the hill when they get out here. Ok?

JINGO

Should we ask him?

CHRIS

Nah. He's cool though. Right?

EVAN

Yeah. I'll let them know. Cool?

CHRIS

Yeah, and thanks. Hey, maybe next time. Cool?

EVAN

Yeah. Thanks.

CHRIS

No prob.

Chris turns towards Jingo.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Cool. Let's go.

Chris begins walking down the block followed by Jingo. At the end of the block Chris and Jingo turn right and disappear.

After a couple of minutes the front door to the building opens again. Evan a short, mid 20's, Portuguese-American and Cynthia, an early 20's, skinny, mid western American, with short brown hair walk out of the apartment building.

CYNTHIA
(looking at Evan)
Where are they?

EVAN
(looking at Cynthia)
I don't know? Maybe they played us?

EVAN (CONT'D)
Hey. A couple of guys left a message for a couple of guys to meet them at the top of the hill.
Ok.

CYNTHIA
Thanks.

EVAN
No prob.

Cynthia looks at Evan.

CYNTHIA
Let's go before they're done. Ok?

EVAN
Yeah. Let's go.

Evan and Cynthia begin walking in the same direction as Chris and Jingo.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIALIST CLUB (SIDE DOOR) - THE NEXT MORNING

Evan walks up to the side entrance, and the security guard opens the door. Evan walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIALIST CLUB

The room is not that big with a medium sized rectangular table filling most of the room. There are three chairs on each side, and one chair at head of the table on each end. There is a 37 year old stock broker named Jon Mahogany sitting at one end of the table opposite the entrance to the room, with a pencil and several folders filled with papers sitting on the table in front of him.

Evan walks in to the room and over to the man wearing jeans, dress shoes, and a T-shirt.

EVAN

Hello, Mr. Mahogany?

Jon stands up.

JON MAHOGANY

(extending his hand, and shaking Evan's hand)

Please, call me Jon. So have a seat.

Jon sits back down and Evan sits down next to him.

JON MAHOGANY (CONT'D)

So, I'm going to give you the rules, regulations, and pretty much everything here at the club. Cool?

EVAN

Yeah.

JON MAHOGANY

First off though, I want you to understand one rule, even if it is in the constitution, and implied in pretty much every amendment that's ever been written.

(MORE)

JON MAHOGANY (CONT'D)

You don't ever speak about business at the club or pretty much ever mix business with pleasure here, although there have been a few applicants like you who have been sent home for trying to test the rule. You understand what I'm saying?

EVAN

Yeah.

JON MAHOGANY

And there's also one other rule that is imperative that you understand, because it is taken very seriously because of the social standings of some of the members, and their children here. You don't ever try to stair climb with a member's daughter, without the member's consent first. You understand?

EVAN

Yeah.

JON MAHOGANY

Because there was even once an applicant who tried to steal a member's daughter from a legacy member so he could not only be accepted here, but also increase his social standing. But when the membership committee found out what he was up to, he didn't just lose his application, but everything he had ever worked for in life.

EVAN

Wow.

JON MAHOGANY

So you understand, right?

EVAN

Yeah.

Evan, and Jon Mahogany continue talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Evan is standing outside with his back against the wall. Evan, and Cynthia burst out of the building, then stop in front of Evan.

CYNTHIA
Hey, what do you think?

EVAN
You just moved into the building,
right?

EVAN (CONT'D)
Yeah.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Cool. You smoke?

EVAN (CONT'D)
Yeah.

CYNTHIA
Cool, let's go.

Cynthia begins walking down the street followed by Evan and Evan.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO SOCIALIST CLUB BUILDING BOARD ROOM - DAY

Jon mahogany walks in to the boardroom. There is one long table, with 6 guys and 7 chairs. Jon sits down in the empty chair.

JON
You all know each other. You grew
up in the choir at church together.
How would you like to run this city
together?

The group looks at each other.

JON (CONT'D)
In case you don't know the person
next to you, let me give you a role
call.

Jon pauses.

JON (CONT'D)

Sitting next to me on the right hand side is the representative from the Castro District is Leopold. Next to him is Jon representing the Southern San Francisco districts and areas. Next to him is Sidney representing the areas North and South of Golden Gate Park from the Sunset of the city, to the Presidio. To my left is Fredrick representing the Financial District. Next to him is Danny representing the mission and tenderloin districts. Next to him is Vincent representing the Lombard street areas from the Marina, to North Beach, Russian Hill, and Chinatown. Sidney will work with the women and mothers of San Francisco too, and Frederick with the money. I'm the head of the board, the Nob Hill representative, and will run this for you all to make money, and keep our generation cool.

Jon pauses.

JON (CONT'D)

Each of you together with me, make up what I like to call our generational "Heritage Reclamation" council.

The group claps, all at same time.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - DAY

There are 6 children, all 6 year old boys sitting in a circle. There is a gate that's normally not there between you, and the kids/Cathedral walking maze. They start talking.

BOY 1

Pooh bear.

BOY 2

But we, not.

BOY 3
To tell the story.

BOY 6
We do.

BOY 3
Done.

BOY 5
He.

BOY 4
Mom.

BOY 2
2 steps from dad.

BOY 6
Say 3.

BOY 5
2.

BOY 2
Son.

BOY 3
Sight, see, me, he, J, Judge, do,
done.

BOY 4
Excuse.

BOY 5
No.

BOY 6
Nah.

BOY 1
He did. Done.

BOY 3
Taken.

BOY 5
Keys.

BOY 2
Picture.

BOY 4
This.

The boys stop their talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - EVENING

The gate blocking the Cathedral walking maze is gone, as are the children. Evan is standing still in front of the maze entrance.

EVAN

What do we see when we are about to enter the maze. A question. What is the question? I don't know. What will I find?

Evan takes one step into the maze and stops.

EVAN (CONT'D)

What do I see when I've entered? Curiosity. What's there.

Evan begins walking the maze to the middle. Evan reaches the middle. He looks at all sides of the middle of the maze.

EVAN (CONT'D)

All connected, like the city and the world. Choices in the middle of the maze. What makes it out of the maze with me.

Evan walks around the middle of the maze, out of the middle, then walks back around the maze to the entrance. Evan stops before the entrance to the maze.

EVAN (CONT'D)

What was here? Questions that I can't figure the words or answers to.

Evan walks out of the maze, and stops. Looks at the maze from outside it.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm on a path now to find the present. What lays ahead I don't know, but I feel like I do have a path that I'm on though.

Evan leave Grace Cathedral.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - NEXT MORNING

Mr. Hancock and Evan are sitting around the walking maze on benches.

MR. HANDCOCK
What did you see in the maze Evan?

EVAN
Potential life.

MR. HANDCOCK
Now, to make it true.

Evan and Mr. Hancock continue talking.

CUT TO:

BEGIN SEQUENCES (VIDEO)

INT. BOARDROOM

Jon is drawing a diagram on a large drawing pad situated on the table next to a smaller writing book that he's scribbling in. Jon is standing.

JON
(to himself)
Ok, now. When they created the club it was designed for those where tired of the 20th century and wanted to work into creating a 21st century San Francisco and world. It started with the Masons, The Cathedral, and Huntington Park. Structural Integrity.

BEGIN SEQUENCE OF PAST EVENTS AS THEY BUILD THE CLUB (VIDEO)

1)

The Grace Cathedral school boys are singing.

GRACE CATHEDRAL SCHOOL BOYS
Huntington, Huntington. Park not with them. Mason friend. Me. May. Now. Start. The 21st century. End. Pooh. Start. The Mark Hopkins. Now. Then.

The boys stop singing.

MEMBER

(to himself)

This is the answer. We can start with the first Bush so we already have the CIA, and bring Reagan through on two terms, thus we have a firm republican foundation. The abstraction of the explanation, hangman set, and to build a solid, working bridge into the 21st century based on the problems of the 1990's generation.

The original member walks away.

- 2) A few members are talking and having dinner together in a restaurant.
 - 3) There is a meeting of a few more people at a dinner.
 - 4) Memberships are applied for, and given out.
 - 5) The Top Of The Mark restaurant is at the top of the Hotel and looks out towards the city. There are a few Club members and the owner of the Mark Hopkins Hotel sign papers to confirm the sale of the Hotel to the Club.
 - 6) The Club meets with representatives from The Masons, Grace Cathedral, and Huntington Park at the Hotel while renovations are being done.
- They aren't interested in Club/Hotel/etc. affiliations. They don't want any affixation. They are a Societal Club. They would like to be a rational version of a Club in opposition to President Donald Trump's version.
- 8) One of the early members is doing research on society, different societal club's constitutions, for a Club Constitution.
 - 9) A different member is typing a Club Constitution on a computer.
 - 10) A printing company prints out Constitutions, and they're handed out to all the early members.
 - 11) They meet with San Francisco government officials and are given the rights to operate.
 - 12) The actual doors to the hotel, the refurbished club open.

13) A meeting is held to appoint executive positions at the Club.

14) The first annual Members only dinner is held. Every member, or the Club itself is no exclusion for being. Has respect. Art is the 90's. Pooh. You.

15) The elected Club officials are presented to the whole Club membership.

16) Inside the Club dining room. A Club member, a Priest from Grace Cathedral, a Mason from The Masonic Temple, a Parks Department official, and The District Attorney of San Francisco.

END SEQUENCE OF PAST (VIDEO)

PRESENT RETURN TO SCENE

JON

(to himself)

It was the board. Each covered a territory in San Francisco, and in an extension of there. With Indian Reservation rights, and percentage of preservation board, parks department, the Masons. It's not a tree from the Club board out. Yup. It's Structural Integrity. It's an umbrella. Now how do I break it, and build my own? To break, you start with the structural integrity. I can start with the Marina, and under cut Nob Hill with their own castaways and outcasts. War, and Reward. Just cut the ballon into a million pieces and recycle the rubber! Let the homeless and The Marina idiots hand it out life slices of bread!

Jon continues working.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTINGTON PARK (SAN FRANCISCO) - DAY

Jon is standing in the middle of the park. He looks around laughing and smiling in the Cathedral's direction, The Mason's, The Club, down at the Huntington Park, and finally the San Francisco trolley.

JON

You just create progressive societal and economical integration within each district. Have each of the other districts use the same integration plan, and connect them all with Nob Hill, me. With Financial in a corner pocket to keep the money safe. The way the trolley is built, and stops in motion is an electrical current that starts and stops. We can just truncate a bunch of interest on our investment at every second the trolley ever stops electrically in motion, and grab the money on the first spark of the gear. I'll make all the legal title and ownership of all the property of the Club vested in my signature for the Club. My control, and I'll undercut the President's signature with my code for generational progression to the next century. First I'll create a liar's version of the original constitution. And they won't have an answer to change. Just respect for me. With no regard except for me, Jon. Yes. Done.

Jon leaves the park.

CUT TO:

INT. SFSC BOARD ROOM - DAY

Jon is front of his board standing up, and speaking.

JON

Here's how we'll re-regulate the positions of precedence at The Club and throughout the city of San Francisco. Nigerian Dwarfing a Goat. Yes. A goat, and yes Tom Brady too, maybe Micheal Jordan. Anyway. We'll disregard the Goat, and turn him into Sheep.

MEMBER 1

Disregard?

JON

Marina District dive everyone no matter where they live in San Francisco.

MEMBER 2

Kill their social standing?

JON

Kill them, and drink the blood if you can. Yeah. Degrade. I'll talk to Tom, it should be all good though. Ok?

MEMBER 1

Yeah.

Jon continues to speak to the board.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK (SAN FRANCISCO) - THE NEXT MORNING

Evan, Cynthia, and Chris are sitting on one of the two tennis courts passing around a joint and joking around.

Evan walks over and sits down in between Cynthia and Evan, and across from Chris. Chris takes a hit from the joint.

CHRIS

(sarcastically)

Hey, it's our new buddy!

EVAN

You mind if I get a hit?

CHRIS

I don't know? You're late, and after last night? Here.

Chris hands the joint to Cynthia who takes a hit then hands it to Evan. Evan takes a hit then hands the joint to Evan who takes a hit, then hands it to Chris.

EVAN

So anyway, Evan, don't be shy. It's all cool, Chris said he was with Cynthia, and he saw you at the "SFSC" last night.

Chris finishes taking a hit then hands it to Cynthia. Chris laughs for a few seconds.

CHRIS

Yeah, so what were you doing there?

EVAN

Whatever, it's all cool. Ok? Just don't say anything stupid about it. Ok? Cool?

CHRIS

Yeah, whatever. Anyway, could you just get that joint over here please.

CYNTHIA

One sec.

Cynthia takes a hit.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Anyway...sounds cool. Good luck with it.

Evan shrugs his shoulders. Cynthia hands Evan the joint and he takes a hit.

EVAN

Thanks.

CHRIS

(laughing)

Anyway, just so you know before I leave, and you claim I didn't warn you, they do not joke there, you understand what I mean? I mean I had to have my entire family vetted before I could go on even a single date with Cynthia, so you really better watch out. you know what I'm saying?

EVAN

Yeah. Thanks. I appreciate it.

Evan hands the joint to Evan. Evan takes a hit, then hands it to Cynthia.

CHRIS

(confused)

I don't know Evan...you think he gets it?

Evan looks at Evan's that's semi-serious.

EVAN

Yeah, I think he gets it.

Evan hands the joint to Evan who takes a hit.

Evan gets up.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Anyway. I gotta get outta here. I've got a meeting at the club.

Evan, Cynthia, and Chris laugh. Each of them says "Later" to Evan. Evan walks away from the group and off the tennis court on to the grass.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIALIST CLUB (DINNING ROOM) -
CONTINUOUS

Mr. Handcock is sitting opposite another member named Mr. Simmons.

MR. HANDCOCK

So the family's all doing good?

MR. SIMMONS

Yeah. Everybody's doing great, and they're all happy as hell, especially the kids, because I don't know if you heard, but I just bought a house in Cape Cod.

MR. HANDCOCK

No. But congrats.

MR. SIMMONS

Thanks. You have a place up there too. Right?

MR. HANDCOCK

Yeah.

MR. SIMMONS

We should get together and play a round of golf because I already got a membership to Royal Cape Cod.

MR. HANDCOCK

Sounds good. I'll have my secretary call yours. Sounds good.

All of a sudden an employee of the club walks over to the table.

MR. SIMMONS

Yeah. It sounds good.

Mr. Handcock and Mr. Simmons notice the employee, and discontinue their conversation, look at the employee. The employee has a piece of paper in his left hand.

CLUB EMPLOYEE #1

(looking at Mr. Handcock)

Excuse me sir, but Mr. Handcock I have an urgent message for you.

The employee hands the piece of paper to Mr. Handcock. Mr. Handcock reads the piece of paper. It says that Evan's back in the city. Mr. Handcock then crumples it up and puts it in his pocket.

MR. HANDCOCK

(looking at the employee)

Thank you.

The employee walks away.

MR. SIMMONS

Is everything ok?

MR. HANDCOCK

Yeah, there's just something I have to go take care off...

Mr. Handcock stands up.

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

I'll have my secretary call your's though to set up a tee time. Ok?

MR. SIMMONS

Ok.

Mr. Handcock walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

Evan is sitting at a table eating tacos. Sara with fresh made tacos smiles at Evan, then sits at the same table as Evan, across from him.

SARA

Hi.

EVAN

Hi.

Evan and Sara begin talking as they eat their tacos.

CUT TO:

THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIALIST CLUB (DINNING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Evan is sitting at a table having breakfast with Mr. Hancock. Sara is working, running between the kitchen, and different tables, but Laura is Evan's, Mr. Hancock's waitress.

MR. HANDCOCK

So Evan, there's a really important reason I asked you to meet me today, and I'd prefer if you never said anything about it, ok?

Mr. Hancock takes a sip of his coffee.

EVAN

Yeah, what is it?

MR. HANDCOCK

Have I ever told you the story of an old applicant of mine named Evan Levy, who was an applicant at the same time as Jon Mahogany was?

EVAN

No.

Mr. Hancock takes a sip of his coffee followed by Evan.

MR. HANDCOCK

Well, Evan was from Sacramento, and a little rough around the edges, but seemed to have a good track record with some stock deals he put a few of the members in to, and had gone to college with Jon and his fiancé Amber, who you probably already know is a daughter of a member?

EVAN

Yeah.

MR. HANDCOCK

So what nobody knew, was that a secret war had been going on with them since college over Amber, even though at the time she wasn't interested in either of them, even if she cared more about Evan as a friend, and despised Jon's egotism. Both Jon and Mike looked at Amber as the trophy they wanted to win for her beauty, social standing, and their pride at defeating the other.

EVAN

Wow.

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee.

MR. HANDCOCK

Yeah, and that's where the problem began, because one day they were all in college together, and the next Amber was back at home having dinner her with dad, and Jon and Evan were applying for membership at the club. You could see where a problem might've developed, right?

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee.

EVAN

Yeah.

MR. HANDCOCK

And that's where Mike decided to use connections through out the city to spread gossip about him and Amber, Jon Mahogany, and the club supposedly leaked by Jon Mahogany. The only problem was that Jon Mahogany figured out what had happened, and blamed his own smear campaign which he gave Mike credit for, so he could clear his hands, and then presented it to the board, and used it against Amber so she'd agree to marry him, but none of this has ever been able to be proved. However, everyone has always waited for Evan to seek revenge, and suddenly a day or 2 ago someone said it.

(MORE)

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

So I thought it would be a good idea if you knew the truth just in case anything happens.

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee.

EVAN

Thanks.

Evan takes a sip of his coffee.

MR. HANDCOCK

You see the funny thing about Mike, was that he loved to use history against people, like you like to read it, and "BEAT Generation" writing.

Evan takes a sip of his coffee.

MR. HANDCOCK (CONT'D)

And I don't know how, but he found out about an old story from the end of the 19th century involving a club member's daughter, President Grant's son Buck, and some stairclimber like himself named Cameron Wishborne, and swore to himself that he would succeed where the other guy had failed.

EVAN

Wow.

MR. HANDCOCK

Yeah. The next thing I want you to do, is figure out how the cave that you walked into is built, and use an example from life. Think about the Club, the maze, and what is in the dark cave, so you might discover how to escape, and rebuild the cave if you can, and desire to. Ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. SFSC BOARDROOM - DAY

Jon speaks with financial treasurer.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

In the original constitution this is what it says about Treasurer and financial matters. "It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys belonging to the Club, and he shall deposit the same with the bank, or banks, designated by the Board of Directors, in the name of the Club. He shall submit a statement of the Club's accounts at each monthly meeting of the Board of Directors, for approval. The funds of the Club shall not be loaned to any member."

JON

No money will go to any member, with the exception of interest from our investment of time, that'll enable us to use position and interest from our work, to re-invest into the properties with the club money. They pay us to re-invest their's so we can re-invest, and grow our board ourselves. No oversight.

JON (CONT'D)

Yeah. Also keep an eye on everyone for me above, below, and on our board. Ok? This is the one thing from the old constitution that can help us keep control.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

What?

JON

Article VII of the old constitution
The Club shall retain the power of
vacating the from Office place or
places of the Board of Directors or
of any member thereof, or of the
President, Vice-President,
Secretary or Treasurer, on good
cause shown, by an affirmative vote
of not less than three-fourths of
the members present at a special
meeting convoked for that purpose.
Cool?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

So you can control the board at any
point.

JON

Yup.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Ok. One other thing.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

I guess that'll work.

JON

Yeah. Also keep an eye on everyone
for me above, below, and on our
board. Ok? This is the one thing
from the old constitution that can
help us keep control.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

What?

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the members present at a special
meeting convoked for that purpose.
Cool?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
So you can control the board at any
point.

JON
Yup.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
Ok. One other thing. In the
restrictions of the house section
of the original constitution reads
as.
"

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)
I guess that'll work.

JON
Yeah. Also keep an eye on everyone
for me above, below, and on our
board. Ok? This is the one thing
from the old constitution that can
help us keep control.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
What?

JON
Article VII of the old constitution
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of any member thereof, or of the
President, Vice-President,
Secretary or Treasurer, on good
cause shown, by an affirmative vote
of not less than three-fourths of
the members present at a special
meeting convoked for that purpose.
Cool?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
So you can control the board at any
point.

JON
Yup.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
Ok. One other thing. In
restrictions of the house in the
original constitution.

(MORE)

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

No single wager, bet or forfeit
shall be made
in the Club to exceed Ten Dollars.

JON

I'm the dealer. Dealer rules.

They continue talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - EVENING

Evan stands in front of the walking maze thinking.

EVAN

What is the maze? How's it built?

Evan enters the maze and begins walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - MORNING

(Beginning of dream sequence.)

The Grace Cathedral choir boys are talking behind the fence.

BOY 1

Jump rabbit.

BOY 3

Time.

BOY 4

Carrot.

BOY 6

Jump. Eat. Carrot.

BOY 2

Jump rabbit.

BOY 5

My.

BOY 6

Who?

BOY 3

I.

BOY 4

Carrot.

The boys stop talking.

DISSOLVE TO:

There is now no one at the Cathedral or anywhere else in the city. There are hundreds of carrots covering the walking maze.

DISSOLVE TO:

Evan is in the Club boardroom. The room and the city are empty. There is one carrot on the table next to a platinum plated member's watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

Evan is in the Main Dinning Room at the empty club. He is looking at himself in a mirror with the member's watch on, holding a carrot. End of dream sequence.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - EVENING

Evan is now in real time with people all around and out of the dream sequence, sitting on a bench next to the walking maze.

CUT TO:

INT. SOCIALIST CLUB BUILDING BOARD ROOM - EVENING

Tom and Jon are the only people in the room. There's a map of San Francisco on the table.

JON

So, we split it up, and fix a line.

TOM

I know that. How?

JON

You cross the money through, and send it straight up the Washington Monument, and grab the lower case i and turn it into our own personal capital I. Belief is out on why.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

I'll make all the legal title and ownership of all the property of the Club vested in my signature for the Club. Your control, and I'll undercut the President's signature with your use of my generation code, and your signature for generational progression to the next century. First I'll create a liar's version of the original constitution. And they won't have an answer to change. Just respect for you.

TOM

And regard?

JON

Regard above all.

TOM

Mine. Money, control, and regard?

JON

Honor.

TOM

Me.

JON

Taken care of.

TOM

Then done.

JON

Done.

Tom leaves the boardroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTINGTON PARK (SF) - DAY

Evan and Sara are sitting on a beach towel drinking wine, and talking.

SARA

So tell me. What's the difference between The SFSC, and any other private club in any part of the world. It's political. Right? That's what everyone says.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

You guys elect Presidents once in a while. Right?

EVAN

It's not how I generally look at it. There are some who do, it's probably where you heard it. Not that it's true.

SARA

And Jon? Is he being honest?

EVAN

No.

SARA

Who is Jon though. No one knows who he knows.

EVAN

He's the butler's kid.

SARA

The butler? I think I know that name.

EVAN

Yeah. You know it.

SARA

Yeah.

Evan and Sara continue talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHERN SAN FRANCISCO UNIVERSITY COURTYARD - MORNING

Evan is sitting around a circular table with a couple of girls telling them a story.

EVAN

So, anyway.

this guy meets this girl at a bar who leaves before he can get her number so he follows her home without her knowing, and then follows her to work the next day so he has a little info to use to run in to her again by accident.

GIRL #1

Wow Andy! That's amazing!

Girl #2 takes a sip of her Gatorade, followed by "Andy."

EVAN

Yeah, but it gets better. You wouldn't guess where she worked.

Evan takes a sip of his Gatorade.

GIRL #3

Where?

EVAN

The "SFSC!"

GIRL #2

Are you fuckin serious?!

Girl #2 takes a sip of her drink.

EVAN

Yeah.

But anyway, you can't get in there without a membership, or a member invite right?

GIRL #3

So how'd he get in?

Evan takes a sip of his drink.

EVAN

Well, he probably could have taken another route, but he figured this would be a good chance to stairclimber, so he got in close enough to a member, or something so that he could apply for membership and go through training there, giving him access to the girl who was a waitress, and some prestige he could use against her, even if it wasn't real. You know what I'm saying? It was messed up, I know, but that's where it got ugly.

Evan takes a sip of his drink. A guy named Jake (earl 20's, short red hair, and a slightly muscular build) walks over to the table and sits down.

JAKE

Hey what's up guys?

Girl #3 takes a sip of her drink.

GIRL #2
Hey Jake, what's up?

GIRL #3
Hey Jake.

JAKE
So anyway, what are you guys up to?

Girl #1 takes a sip of her drink followed by "Andy."

GIRL #2
I don't know, we were just
chilling, this guy we just met was
telling us this guy, this girl, and
the "SFSC."

JAKE
Really? What happened?

Evan takes a sip of his drink.

EVAN
It's Jake, right?

Jake takes a sip of his coffee that he brought with him.

JAKE
Yeah.

EVAN
Hey, I'm Evan. Anyway, this guy
tracked this girl who was a
waitress at the "SFSC" after
meeting her one night, and figured
he could get her, and stair climb
into upper San Francisco society if
he could get in with a member who
could him a membership and the
girl.

Jake takes a sip of his coffee.

JAKE
Wow.

GIRL #3
Yeah.

Girl #1 takes a sip of her drink.

EVAN
So anyway, that's where he got
really stupid though.

Girl #1 takes a sip of her drink.

GIRL #1

Why?

EVAN

Because he started getting too addicted to society, that he started screwing a high ranking member's son's fiancé on the side.

GIRL #1

So what happened?

EVAN

They figured it out, and him and the waitress haven't been heard from again, and I think the member's son broke off the engagement, or his family did. I'm not sure, but none of it turned out well.

Evan takes a sip of his drink.

GIRL #3

Wow.

GIRL #2

Wow.

JAKE

Yeah.

GIRL #1

Yeah, how do you know this though?

Evan takes a sip of his drink.

EVAN

I know a friend of the fiancés, but I really can't his name, you know what I mean?

Laura (SFSC" waitress #2) shows up.

LAURA

Hey "Andy," you telling that stupid story again, we have to get out of here, ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

LAURA

And by the way, if you were wondering, it wasn't his friend, the waitress was my friend, but I don't talk to her anymore after I found out what happened, and she got fired. Ok "Andy?" Can we get out of here now, if we don't get outta here we're gonna be late.

Evan stands up.

EVAN

Anyway, it was nice meeting you, but I gotta get outta here.

Evan walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE

Jon grabs a coffee, and sits down next to a man he's never met before.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELESS TENT ON STREET

Jon walks over to a homeless man in a tent. He shows him a cannabis vape pen. The guy smiles. They go into the tent and sit down. They begin smoking the vape pen, and talking about the streets and what's been going on. The guy tells Jon about a vape club.

CUT TO:

INT. VAPE CLUB

Jon and a couple of people are sitting smoking vape, and talking about society, politics, economics among other things.

CUT TO:

INT. AA MEETING

Jon sneaks into an AA meeting in the Marina to find a few answers about Jon's plan. They say he called it "From Drunk to Dream." Jon gets it. The "dream" is that you'll ever be anything more than a drunk. The dream is fun though.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIKER BAR

Jon is smoking a joint outside with a few bikers taking economics and society.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Jon walks in.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

Hi. Sorry about that. What can I get you?

JON

Just a cup of dark roast. Cool?

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

It'll be \$2.75.

JON

Yeah.

Jon takes some money out of his pocket, and pays for the coffee.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

You want that to stay, or go?

JON

To go.

Jon walks out of the coffee shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Jon is having a meeting with the guy who represents the financial district.

JON

So, the reason I wanted to meet with you separately is we control the money. The money that operates this city is in financial district and needs to be given to me, our board of directors, Nob Hill, and eventually me. For verification of correct use.

FINANCIAL REP.

Can you explain how it works?

JON

Yeah, sure. I was just about to.

FINANCIAL REP.

Good.

JON

So this is how the money's going to work. We start with a few leasing companies that have a key to the San Francisco leasing game.

FINANCIAL REP.

Property equals rights, use of property is controlled by owner. In San Francisco any piece of ground is federal property because of the earthquake.

JON

Thus they say, indoor or outdoor in San Francisco pot is illegal It's still under federal law because of the earthquake. So pot is illegal in San Francisco even if it's legal in California.

FINANCIAL REP.

Ok, where's the money hiding?

JON

In my pocket. I'm kidding. Interesting it's in the choir boys song.

FINANCIAL REP.

Pooh.

JON

Pa. Dad. Their parents of old Nob Hill and San Francisco.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

They run a little known leasing company in the Financial District. Thus through San Francisco law, if we get Nob Hill through breadding and Grace Cathedral. The money will fall into our laps.

FINANCIAL REP.

I think I get how. From where though? The leasing rent?

JON

No. From the homeless. Though they're always a good to grab a couple of bucks from Nob Hill. Not leasing though. It's percentage of stock in the leasing company. So thus respect and political connections, will increase stock worth and profits. Actual money. Not rent.

FINANCIAL REP.

Lease worth. Not rent.

JON

Exactly. It's about owning the one piece of property that isn't under any other leasing or property ownership laws in The United States of America. The town of San Francisco. Then we can be Kings, Queens and Princes. Rule the city. We'll do it right. We're the Indian reservation state outside of the government. The right to make decisions in San Francisco is ours and more powerful, and lucrative than any where else in the world. Our club's leasing company will be worth more than the English Queen's fortune in property. We have a conservatorship in, of, and over all the property in San Francisco. The name of the real estate company is Societal International.

They continue talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH STREET COFFEE SHOP - THE NEXT MORNING

Chris is sitting at a table outside the coffee shop alone, drinking a coffee, and reading a Photographic Professionalism Magazine. Along walks Evan who stops at Chris' table.

EVAN
(excited)
CHRIS!

Chris puts his magazine on the table next to the table.

CHRIS
Evan.

EVAN
A seat. Oh one sec. Let me grab a coffee real quick.

CHRIS
Yeah.

Evan walks in and out of the coffee shop with coffee.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So Evan, it's been a while.

Chris takes a sip of his coffee and then puts it back on the table.

EVAN
Yeah.

CHRIS
I heard there might be a few new writers and artists, and figured I'd see if I could grab a spark or something.

EVAN
Yeah. Evan, also known as me.

Chris drinks more coffee.

CHRIS
You got anything new going on?

EVAN
Nah, it's pretty much all the same if you knew what I mean? Still just trying to find that one page.

CHRIS

Oh, Yeah.

At that moment Doug walks out of the coffee shop.

DOUG

A cup of joe is always good.

CHRIS

Hey, you know him?

EVAN

Yeah.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Cool.

CHRIS

Yeah, thanks.

Chris takes a sip of his coffee followed by Evan.

EVAN

So tell me a little about these new artists I've heard so much about. You know know any of them, I mean you've got to know at least one of them, right?

CHRIS

Yeah, I think I might know one, two of them, but you know how it is in San Fran, everyone's got their own groups, their own parts of the city.

EVAN

Yeah, so that guy Doug, he part of the group around here?

CHRIS

Yeah, and nah. He's actually a pretty interesting painter who lives around here that I've gotten to know through a few people I know around here.

EVAN

Oh, that's cool. So anyway, I heard some young Kerouac like writer's got Handcock to sponsor him.

CHRIS

Yeah. His name's Evan. Me. Your's truly. You're right too. Everyone prays at his alter like he's Kerouac back from the dead in San Francisco, and yeah I was kinda at the club where I've never been to though and did see him and I think I did notice Handcock, but I don't know, and when I asked Cynthia, she told me to stay out of it and it wasn't my business, had nothing to do with me.

EVAN

I really don't wanna lose this one.

CHRIS

Come On Evan, just let it go.

EVAN

Don't worry Chris, it's all cool. We're just talking.

CHRIS

Fine.

EVAN

Cool.

CHRIS

So anyway, like I said, his name's Dean. He moved here probably around 2-3 months ago from some upstate suburb of New York or something.

EVAN

Now I heard something really stupid about him, and I didn't think it could possibly be true, but supposedly someone said he started dating one of the waitresses at the club or something...I mean no one's that stupid, right. I mean, if you don't wanna say anything about it I understand, but I mean, if anyone ever did try to start doing that, they'd seriously be one of the biggest idiots in the world, right?

CHRIS

Yeah.

He would be, and he is. That's why I have nothing to do with it, ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

Chris takes a sip of his coffee followed by Evan.

CHRIS

Cool, anyway, it was good seeing you, and welcome back to town, but I've got to get outta here, ok?

Chris stands up.

EVAN

Yeah.

Evan shakes Chris' hand.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'll see you later, ok?

CHRIS

Yeah.

Chris turns around and begins walking down the street. Evan takes a sip of his coffee, then looks at Doug inside the coffee shop and briefly smiles to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - BOARD ROOM

Jon is sitting at the table with the financial representative. They looking a few books on the table.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

So, I looked at all the commission districts and this is what we have.

JON

Laying it on the table and let me know what we've got. First though how the money expanding from the financial district.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Let me show you the social dynamics and how we grow the money through each district. Then I'll explain how it re-distributes itself.

JON

Ok, what are the answers to each district.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

The Castro is the first because of the contrasting society. Always at change.

JON

Not my decision. You're right there needs to be a lock box so San Francisco doesn't get rid of them. The Castro isn't known for keeping their mouths shut.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

The next one are the moms and dads west of Divisadero St. North of Noe Valley and The Castro. South of The Marina district.

JON

So the outside of Hill as I call it.

FINANCIAL AT REPRESENTATIVE

Exactly.

The financial representative opens an accountant's margin book and begins explaining it to Jon.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Let's start here. The first thing about the area and society is simple. It's a waste land San Francisco. To begin with. One supermarket in the whole area. A Safeway. The place is a San Francisco waste land.

JON

I know. Like the Marina. But the drunks control the Marina from The Dry Dock AA hole on Greenwich street. It's a providence. We grab the vote, and abstain it with our own. A purchased vote that we don't have to pay for. Is there money generated anywhere there?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Just the vote.

JON

Then we'll grab the vote. Empower it. Grant ownership through conservator ship, and use the vote as a duplicate or useful vote on the council.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

The representative from there?

JON

She's useful, I'll give her the point. Next.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

The Castro.

JON

It's not the society there. They're like hippies there.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

That's why income earned and spent are always abstracting. Businesses go up and down daily. Some are paid free rent and food in kind rather than money.

JON

That's San Francisco. Give'em a bone, and they'll chew. It's family.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

And they have their own families there.

JON

How do we drain their pocket books then?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Give them a piece.

JON

A piece of what? They a seat on the board. Our discretion. They have a voice.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

They want a Nob Hill level vote to join.

JON

No. Talk to them about free trade. Higher level of distribution rights of their income and how it re-enters their district. Give them a cut under. Not through or with.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Ok.

JON

Tell me about the alcoholic drunks of The Dry Dock, the Nob hill drunks of heritage.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Heritage?

JON

The drunks of Greenwich st., and the skinny tall blonde outcasts of Nob Hill. The illegal immigrants of San Francisco that reside and hide out in the The Marina.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Drunk either way.

JON

Yeah.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

The money there is as void of any possibility like the drunks. The under has the bikers.

JON

Then give the bikers the vote and free pot in their way through San Francisco. I've known too many Nob Hill whores who fell down the hill into Marina District to ever let even one out of their prison there. Ok.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Ok.

JON

Yeah. The next.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

In kind of Nob Hill and The Financial District that asked for.

JON

Money up, money through, and even more money back for you and me so we have all the money, power and control in San Francisco. Then we can have fun for the rest of our lives.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Interesting.

JON

We can get back to the separate districts. Explain to me how the swing ride will work.

Image of Carnival Swing ride crosses across the screen quickly.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

You cut each district and their representative up as separate swings.

JON

How do you get the money?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

You cut a whole in their wallets. Watch the money drop, and get a janitor to keep picking up the money for us.

JON

How do you re-distribute the amounts of money we decide each district is owed. A merry go round. Yes. That I know how to do, the tickets that'll give us control of the Carnival. Yes! We have the Bikers cut the city in half like usual. Then societally we can re-create it as usual in our dimensions. Pooh for everyone else.

The financial Rep. chuckles as he grabs a different book, and opens it up.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

You know Nob Hill. All leasing.

JON

Yeah. Very societal though. And oh, the bikers can control the under as insurance through The Marina and The Dry Dock.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Yeah.

JON

What about the Financial District?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Money, leasing, stock, you know the rest.

JON

A money conversion system at worst. Right.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Yeah. We just convert, and send the money back up the hill for redistribution.

JON

Cash for the board for all the work we're doing on their behalf.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Ok.

JON

What about Mission, Market, and that area? What's there? Nothing.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

It's a an actual vote that you can with a homeless shelter.

JON

So have a homeless shelter built, and give me the vote on the council.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE

Ok.

JON

The Marina is nothing more than motorcycles, drunks and cast off's from Nob Hill. What's their vote and money?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
Nothing. Just dirty property.

JON
Then cut their vote and send it
back up to me for gardening work.

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
Ok.

JON
How do you begin after identifying.
You prove abstraction in regard to
worth. Yourself. Myself. Me.
Your. Right?

FINANCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
Yeah.

They continue talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Sara is sitting on a bench, checks her watch. Evan walks up
to her.

EVAN
Hey, what's up? You all set?

SARA
Yeah...I mean I was starting to
wonder if you weren't going to
show, and was just thinking about
leaving if you didn't get here
soon.

EVAN
Oh, sorry, I had to take care of a
few things that I wasn't expecting
to have to take care of today. So,
I mean sorry for the delay, but
I'll try to make it up to you. Ok?

SARA
Yeah.

EXT. ALAMO SQUARE PARK

Evan and Sara are sitting on the ground smoking cannabis
vape, and drinking wine.

SARA
I'm glad we met Evan. You're fun.

EVAN
Thanks. You too.

SARA
More wine?

EVAN
Ok.

Sara pours wine into her and Evan's glass.

SARA
So, tell me about this club everyone's talking about. The San Francisco Societal Club that took over the old resting place of The Mark Hopkins Hotel. I guess it's really Top of the Mark now. Right.

EVAN
There are many answers to that. Most I don't know. Just gossip like you heard.

CUT TO:

INT. "CAFE KEROUAC" - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Sara walk in to "Cafe Kerouac," and a waiter walks up to them.

"CAFE KEROUAC" WAITER
Two?

EVAN
Yeah.

The waiter leads them over to a table, and they both sit down.

"CAFE KEROUAC" WAITER 1
I'll be right back in a second to take your drink orders, ok?

EVAN
Yeah.

The waiter walks away.

SARA
So this is your little cafe?

EVAN
(nonchalantly)
Yeah.

SARA
(giggling)
Cool.

So is Jack Kerouac gonna jump out, out nowhere any second now?.

Sara discontinues her giggling.

EVAN
Nah.

I think I kinda doubt that one.

You know what I mean? Sara starts giggling, then takes a sip of her drink.

CUT TO:

INT. "CAFE KEROUAC" - A LITTLE LATER THAT NIGHT

Evan and Sara are sitting at a table drinking wine after dinner.

EVAN
Anyway, I learned a lot from reading Kerouac. He once said "maybe that's what life is... a wink of the eye and winking stars." You know what I mean?

SARA
Yeah.

I think so. It's like to

live for today or something, and enjoy anything that may come of it. Right?

EVAN
I don't know, but I think I'd probably agree with you. Anyway, how's the Amarone?

Sara takes a sip of her wine.

SARA

It Amazing. I don't think I've ever had any type of wine that was this sweet.

EVAN

That's why I love it.

Evan takes a sip of his wine.

SARA

So you said you like history. Reading anything interesting right now?

EVAN

Actually, yeah. It's this really interesting book about this daughter of a San Francisco socialite from the 19th century named Jennie Flood and President Ulysses S. Grant's son Buck, and the affair they had around 1875 after he finished college and was visiting some friends in San Francisco.

SARA

So what happened?

EVAN

Some piece of shit stairclimber found out some info for some asshole politician in Colorado who he wanted Buck to marry, and they spread the info around San Francisco, throughout the country till it got to Washington D.C., and it was believed that it would be beyond disrespectful of the president's son to marry such a dishonored woman, no matter how much money her father had, or how much Buck and Jennie loved each other.

SARA

Wow.

EVAN

And of course the Colorado senator swept in and cleaned up the president's son's record, and collected the president's son as a husband for his daughter as payment.

SARA

Wow. You think that happens anymore?

EVAN

I don't know? There are probably some people who still try it, but I don't know anyone can really pull it off anymore.

SARA

Yeah. With media and everything, right?

EVAN

Yeah. Evan takes a sip of his wine.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH STREET COFFEE SHOP - THE NEXT MORNING

The coffee is your run of the mill local coffee shop with a Counter in front of the back wall inside, and a set of tables and chairs inside, and outside. Evan is walking down the sidewalk towards the coffee shop. In front of Evan is a guy about the same age drawing in charcoal on a small piece of canvas, that's sitting on a table. The guy (Doug) has a cup of coffee next to the small piece of canvas that he keeps taking swigs from. Evan approaches Doug.

EVAN

Hey Doug, what's up?

Doug stops drawing and looks upwards at Evan.

DOUG

Hey, what's up Evan? Grab a seat, grab some coffee.

Doug walks inside the coffee shoop. Doug takes a swig of his coffee. Evan walks out of the Coffee shop and sits down at the table opposite Doug.

EVAN

So anyway, Doug what have you been up to?

Evan takes a swig of his Iced Caramel Macchiato, and then puts it on the ground next to him.

Doug takes a swig of his coffee, then puts it back on the ground next to him.

DOUG

I don't know...drawing, working here, you know...anyway, what about you?

I haven't seen you in a while.

Where've you been?

EVAN

I don't know. Just kinda chilling, and trying to do some writing if you know what I mean.

DOUG

Yeah, I mean I heard about something else kinda stupid and didn't know if it was true or not?

EVAN

What do you mean?

Doug shrugs briefly.

DOUG

Well I saw this kid I haven't ever seen before named Jon or something talking to Chris, and they were talking about you, the club, some girl, and a bunch of other stuff. And it was serious shit too! You got me?

EVAN

Don't worry. It's supposedly already being taken care of, but thanks for the heads up.

Evan takes a sip of his coffee.

DOUG

Yeah.

So anyway Evan, how's the writing going?

EVAN

Uhhh....I still just can't figure out a story that I wanna tell and will affect the world in some amazing way.

Evan takes a swig of his coffee.

DOUG

You need to chill Evan. You know Kerouac didn't write "On The Road" until he was like 35.

EVAN

Yeah, and you do know that he died like around 10 years later from some stupid stomach medical problem because of years of drinking too much.

They continue talking.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETAL CLUB" (MAIN DINNING ROOM) -
MORNING

Evan and Mr. Handcock are sitting at a table drinking coffee.

EVAN

So anyway, like I was saying, I stopped by to see one of my friends yesterday who works at a coffee coffee, and it seems from what he said, he saw Jon talking with Chris, you know the guy who's dating Cynthia Draper? Right?

MR. HANDCOCK

Yeah, not really a societal award for her father, but after a bunch of stuff that I actually think had to do with Jon and some other people you may know, I guess she a good example of how the mighty can fall.

EVAN

Yeah.

Mr. Handcock takes a sip of his coffee followed by Evan.

MR. HANDCOCK

Well no matter what, if Jon's back in town talking to people about plans involving the club or not, it's gonna have an affect on the club no matter what. So keep an eye on what's going on if you don't mind, and I'm gonna do a little research on my side.

Mr. Hancock takes a sip of his coffee.

EVAN

Ok.

Evan takes a sip of his coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO STAND

Evan and Sara are eating tacos where they first met.

SARA

I'm not kidding. You have only one chance.

EVAN

That I don't have a question about. I was asked for a favor. Being a member of the Club after everything. I don't know.

SARA

For me?

EVAN

For any reason.

SARA

Then be a man.

EVAN

Yeah.

They continue talking and eating.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Evan is standing in his bathroom in front of the mirror and sink. He's wearing jeans, and dark grey sneakers with no shirt on. Evan turns the faucet on, then splashes some water on his face then turns the faucet off, and dries his face with a towel.

Evan walks out of the bathroom and into the bedroom. He grabs a grey T-shirt off his bed and puts it on. Evan walks over to a night table that's next to his bed, and opens a draw. He grabs his wallet and a set of keys, then puts them in his pockets, then closes the draw.

Evan walks back into the bathroom and looks in the mirror, brushes his hair back, then smiles at himself briefly, then walks out of the bathroom, through his bedroom, and then into his den. He walks up to the front door, opens it, and walks into the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Evan arrives at Sara's apartment building and walks up to the front door. Next to the door is a call box. Evan pushes one of the buttons. Sara's voice begins being projected from the call box.

SARA
(off camera)
Hello?

EVAN
Hey.

It's Evan. You ready?

SARA
(off camera)
Yeah, I'll be right there, ok?

EVAN
Yeah.

The speaker from the call box cuts out.

A couple of minutes later Sara walks out of the apartment building.

SARA
So, you all set?

EVAN

Yeah.

You?

SARA

Yeah.

Cool. Let's go. Evan and Sara begin walking down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTINGTON PARK - CONTINUOUS

They stop at the sundial, and they both look at it for a moment.

EVAN

It's weird, isn't it.

SARA

Huh?

It's just some piece of stone with some words on. What's so great about it?

EVAN

Well, first off, it's a sundial, which is an old school clock that's run by the sun, which is why it's called a sundial.

SARA

Cool.

EVAN

Yeah, but you see what the inscription says?

SARA

Yeah, it's says "In Loving Memory of Mollie and Benjamin Friend for the Children of San Francisco." So?

EVAN

Well, does anything not make sense about the inscription?

SARA

No, it seems pretty self explanatory.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

Someone donated it, or some money to the park, and it was for the kids of San Francisco in memory of Benjamin and Mollie, whoever they were. And the clock's there to tell you when it's playtime or something, right?

EVAN

You're close, and that's what you'd think, but there's a little bit more to it than that. It was after the earthquake.

SARA

Oh.

They continue talking.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S OFFICE

Jon is holding a phone and standing up.

JON

Fuck Evan. "The smoking of pipes is prohibited in the public rooms of the Club." In my office. Fuck the Club. Now Evan

INT. HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD - CONTINUOUS

Medic #1 is on the phone with Jon.

MEDIC #1

Ok sir. I understand. I'll take care of it right away. Ok?

JON

(off screen)

Yes.

Thank you.

Medic #1 hangs up the phone, and looks over at medic #2.

MEDIC #1

Ok, we got a pickup, ok?

Medic #2 puts down a clipboard on a counter.

MEDIC #2
Ok, let's go.

The two medics turn around and leave the hospital psych ward.

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Evan is sitting on his couch when he hears a knock at his front door. He stands up, walks over to the door, unlocks it, and open it up. Medic #1 & #2 are standing there. Medic #1 grabs Evan and turns him around. Medic #2 handcuffs Evan's hands behind his back.

INT. PSYCH WARD HOSPITAL (INTERVIEW ROOM)

PSYCHIATRIST
Evan, do you understand why you're here?

EVAN
No.

PSYCHIATRIST
So you don't understand the problems that some people feel you aren't able to handle right now?

EVAN
No.

The psychiatrist stands up, and walks over to a medical attendant.

PSYCHIATRIST
Put him on a five day hold. Ok?

MEDICAL ATTENDANT
Ok.

The medical attendant turns around and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

EVAN'S PSYCH WARD ROOM - A LITTLE BIT LATER THAT NIGHT

That night Evan's laying on a small bed, in a small psych ward room. He begins to daydream about Mia.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE

Jon is sitting in Tom's chair laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL LUNCH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evan's sitting at a small square table eating a pre-made breakfast. Amber (a tall, fully built, late 20's year old girl with shoulder length brown hair) who's carrying a pre-made breakfast tray walks over to the table where Evan's sitting, and stops in front of it.

AMBER

Hey.

You mind if I sit down?

EVAN

Nah.

AMBER

Cool.

Thanks.

Amber sits down at the table across from Evan, and puts her pre-made breakfast tray on the table.

AMBER (CONT'D)

So I guess you're new here?

Evan stops eating, and looks up at Amber.

EVAN

Yeah.

AMBER

I'm sorry, I don't mean to bug you, but I saw you and I was bored, so I came over because I thought you might be interesting to talk to. If you want me to go though it's fine.

EVAN

Nah.

I don't care. It's cool.

Evan meets Amber during breakfast

AMBER

So anyway, name's Amber, but you can call me "asshole amber" because everyone else does, because I'm a real cunt if I don't get my way. You know what I mean?

Evan takes a sip of his coffee.

CUT TO:

INT PSYCH WARD DINNING ROOM - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Evan and Amber are sitting around the same table eating breakfast again.

AMBER

So let me get this right, the "SFSC" went to town on one of their own applicants, right?

EVAN

Yeah, supposedly this guy named Jon's behind it, or something.

AMBER

Jon.

Fuck. I know what

happened. It actually involves me,

and I think I know why they stuck me in here again. I might have an idea how to clear our names though, if you're interested?

EVAN

Sure.

What is it?

AMBER

Well first off, let me give you a little background info on me, Jon, and this guy at club named Evan Mahogany that you might know.

EVAN

Wait a second, mahogany's the guy who's helping me through training.

AMBER
(sarcastically)
Wow, lucky you.

Evan snickers.

EVAN
Yeah.

AMBER
Well first off, Jon probably spread some gossip that wasn't true about you through out the city, and then Evan probably used it to his advantage and got the president or the board of directors of the club, or something to put a hit on you.

EVAN
Fuck. You wanna help me. You have the experience.

AMBER
Fuck! It's been a while since I've partied and fucked Nob Hill. I'm in!

EVAN
Cool. Let's do it.

Evan and Amber continue talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. PYCH WARD - AFTERNOON

Evan walks out of the hospital a free man.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETAL CLUB - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Evan walks up to the entrance to the club, the security guard stops him.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm sorry sir, you're no longer welcome here. Evan turns around and walks away.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSH STREET COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Jon and Chris sit around a table drinking coffee, laughing, and talking.

INT. DRY DOCK AA MEETING BUILDING

Amber is smoking a cigarette outside the building. Evan arrives.

EVAN

We don't have to go in? Right?

AMBER

No. I just like meeting here.
It's easy.

EVAN

That's what everyone says.

Amber puts out her cigarette on the sidewalk.

AMBER

I know this little Cafe nearby,
let's go. I feel like some wine
and a small salad.

EVAN

Ok.

Evan and Amber begin walking.

EXT. MARINA DOCK CAFE

Evan and Amber are sitting at a table. A waitress brings over 2 glasses of wine, and a small salad for Amber. They eat and drink.

AMBER

So, here's the answer. It starts
when they bought The Mark Hopkins
Hotel. Certain early members from
before the purchase

EVAN

How'd he get the vote?

AMBER

Tom the butler, who Re-assed one of the original member's on the leasing property company's vote.

EVAN

He stole an original member's vote. How did he do that? An original vote from property, to leasing board. Did he move up with interest, and provoke interest in his son. Then both Tom and Jon worked together to gain a voting interest and support. Am I even close.

AMBER

Maybe.

EVAN

So what's the answer? How? Who is the member any way?

AMBER

It's you. They stole it by Tom receiving owner's equity in the club and the leasing company. The new Mayor of San Francisco!

EVAN

My vote?

AMBER

Yeah. Your generational presidential vote, even if you decide not to go into politics. It's still your vote. They always give one to a single generational president.

EVAN

Seriously? Me?

AMBER

Yeah. You.

EVAN

I guess Mr. Hancock wasn't kidding.

AMBER

No.

Evan and Amber continue talking.

CUT TO:

INT. CYNTHIA HANDCOCK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Cynthia and Evan are sitting on a couch talking.

CYNTHIA

I swear Mia, even my father's hands are tied, and can't do anything at this point.

EVAN

Are you sure?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, I already asked him. Have you even heard from him yet? Do you know where he is?

EVAN

I think so. Cynthia told me that he called him, and asked him to tell me to meet him tonight at Huntington Park.

CYNTHIA

So go, and see what's going on, what he has to say.

Tears start to well up in Mia's eyes, and the two of them begin hugging.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAFYETTE PARK (PARK BENCH) - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Evan are sitting on the park grass drinking beers.

SARA

So they cut your allowance because of Jon's report?

EVAN

Yeah, and they'll take away my residency if I don't finish an opening chapter that's ready to publish by the end of the week.

SARA

So ask for some help.

Evan takes a swig of his beer.

EVAN

Funny.

Sara takes a swig of his beer, then chuckles.

SARA

So what do you want to do? Evan takes a swig of his beer.

EVAN

I think it's probably just best to move on from everything, and just let things clear. Cool?

Evan takes a swig of his beer.

SARA

Yeah, whatever.

Sara takes a swig of his beer.

CUT TO:

INT. AA MEETING (FRIDAY NIGHT)

There's a large table with three pitchers of coffee, and assorted cups, and utensils on it. There's a guy in the front speaking to a group of people sitting in chairs, and drinking coffee. Evan walks in.

AMBER

So, you remember what to do?

EVAN

Yeah.

Jessie (a late 20's - early 30's guy who's average height and build, with normal length brown) is talking to a girl who's about the same age, and look. Evan, and Amber walk in to the room, and towards Jessie. The girl who Jessie was talking to walks away, and he sees Amber and Evan.

JESSIE

Amber.

AMBER

Jessie, my old mentor!

Amber hugs and kisses Jessie.

JESSIE

(looking at Evan)

Hey, I'm Jessie, I don't know what Amber's told you about me and the group, but you're welcome no matter what your problem is.

Evan shakes Jessie's hand.

EVAN

Thanks, by the way I'm Evan.

JESSIE

Nice to meet you Evan. So how are you doing Amber, staying strong?

AMBER

I don't know, you know how that club stuff gets to me.

JESSIE

Yeah.

So anyway, what brings you here tonight?

AMBER

It's time to come clean. I need to tell the truth about my redemption and sacrifice of the club in a meeting, and why that was the only way to redemption.

JESSIE

Why though? You're doing fine though, right?

AMBER

Yeah, but I need for it to be said, for Evan to hear it said honestly, so we can begin a honesty, and truthful relationship, not one built on lies.

JESSIE

You sure?

AMBER

Yeah.

Evan and Amber sit down. Jessie walks to the front of the room.

JESSIE

Ok, first up to speak, we have Amber.

Amber gets up and walks to the front of the room, Jessie takes a seat.

AMBER

First off I do wanna say that I do really love my Dad and everything he's ever done for me, but unfortunately I was adopted and have always been at least a little jealous of his real kids, I mean, my dad's a pretty famous author, political advisor, and socialite, and I mean every hung out in society and the party scenes of San Francisco because of who we were. But the only problem was that I was never really accepted in the societal scene which the party scene loved, and used to turn me into an alcoholic who would buy drinks for anyone who would hang out with her. And let's just say it didn't help with the type of guys I would attract, and the ones I would lose.

Amber takes a sip of her coffee.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I used to say that I was like this Nob Hill socialite. Not anymore.

Amber continues talking.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO

Jon and Cynthia walk into the studio, begin walking to a gallery worker who's showing photos to a woman.

CYNTHIA

Just like old times, huh?

JON

Yup, screwing over another boyfriend of yours that's not worth you.

CYNTHIA

Well, whenever you want, I'm waiting, and you know my dad would clear it between the clubs, right?

JON

Yeah, but you wouldn't ever wanna make your father that happy, would you?

Cynthia looks at Jon and blinks her eyes quickly and sarcastically.

CYNTHIA

Me, no, never.

Jon and Cynthia reach the gallery salesperson, stop.

GALLERY WOMAN

Cool. I'll take it!

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Ok. It'll be ready tomorrow, ok?

GALLERY WOMAN

Yeah, thanks.

The gallery woman turns around and walks out of the gallery. The gallery salesperson looks at Jon and Cynthia.

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Hello, how can I help you?

JON

We were actually looking at photographs by a particular photographer, or his father who's also a photographer.

GALLERY SALESPERSON

What's his name, I'll check.

JON

It's Chris

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Give me one second, and I'll check. Ok?

JON

Yeah.

The gallery salesperson turns around and walks into the backroom. Jon looks at Cynthia.

JON (CONT'D)

Bet you ten bucks that he doesn't have anything by Chris?

CYNTHIA

Whatever.

The gallery salesperson walks back out.

GALLERY SALESPERSON

I'm sorry, I just checked the entire computer mainframe, and there wasn't anything, and that includes the gallery and the storage facility.

JON

See.

CYNTHIA

Wait. Could you do me a favor? You have an applicant acceptance, and rejection room?

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Yeah, why? You want me to check it?

Because the stuff might not be that good no matter which pile it comes off of.

CYNTHIA

That's fine. Could you just do me a favor and check both piles though?

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Yeah.

CYNTHIA

Thanks.

The gallery salesperson turns around and walks into the backroom. The gallery salesperson walks back out with 5 photographs. He hands them to Cynthia.

GALLERY SALESPERSON

They were actually all in the rejection pile, but there are 4 from the kid, one from the dad. But anyway, there's something I have to take care of real quick, but I'll be right back. Ok?

JON

Yeah.

The gallery salesperson turns around and walks into the backroom. Cynthia flips through the pictures as Jon looks on.

JON (CONT'D)

Ha.

It looks like Chris' dad was some kind of local landscape photographer, and that was the last thing Chris wanted to be.

CYNTHIA

Why?

JON

Well, these are kinda more Walhol art, than actual photographs if you know what I mean? And it's probably why they got rejected too. You know what I mean?

CYNTHIA DRAPER

Whatever. Could we just take care of this?

JON

Yeah.

JON (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Excuse me, sir?

The gallery salesperson walks out of the backroom.

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Hello, have you made a decision?

CYNTHIA

How much are they?

GALLERY SALESPERSON

All of them?

CYNTHIA

Yeah.

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Since they were rejects, you can have them at \$20 bucks a piece and 77 for all five. Ok?

CYNTHIA

Yeah. I'll take all five, and I want to take them with me, ok?

GALLERY SALESPERSON

Yeah. Could I just have your credit card so I can run it through?

CYNTHIA

Yeah.

Cynthia hands her credit card to the salesperson, and he walks over to credit card machine, then walks back over, and hands the card and a receipt to Cynthia.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, do you have a garbage?

GALLERY SALESPERSON

(pointing at a garbage can across the room)

Yeah.

CYNTHIA

You want to do the honors, or should I?

Jon grabs the five pictures from Cynthia and rips them apart to shreds, then walks over to the garbage grinning, and throws out the garbage.

CYNTHIA DRAPER

(looking at the salesperson)

Thank you.

Cynthia turns around. Her, and Jon leave the gallery.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE

Evan grabs a coffee, and sits down next to a man he's never met before.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELESS TENT ON STREET

Evan walks over to a homeless man in a tent. He shows him a cannabis vape pen. The guy smiles. They go into the tent and sit down.

They begin smoking the vape pen, and talking about the streets and what's been going on. The guy tells Evan about a vape club.

CUT TO:

INT. VAPE CLUB

Evan and a couple of people are sitting smoking vape, and talking about society, politics, economics among other things.

INT. AA MEETING

Evan sneaks into an AA meeting in the Marina to find a few answers to Jon's plan.

EXT. BIKER BAR

Evan is smoking a joint outside with a few bikers taking economics and society.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Evan walks in.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

Hi. Sorry about that. What can I get you?

EVAN

Just a cup of dark roast. Cool?

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

It'll be \$2.75.

EVAN

Yeah.

Evan takes money out of his pocket, and pays for the coffee.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

You want that to stay, or go?

EVAN

To go.

Evan walks out of the coffee shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Evan is having coffee with Amber.

AMBER

So it's done. Here's a copy of the report I stole a few years ago.

EVAN

The ledger is incorrect as per membership. All votes are voided.

AMBER

And interest.

EVAN

Yeah. Money's increasing, but falling down the hill into the financial district and their leasing company.

AMBER

Exactly.

EVAN

Fuck!

AMBER

They'll be gone before the end of the day tomorrow finally.

EVAN

Hopefully.

AMBER

Nope. It'll work. Trust me. Ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

Evan and Amber continue talking.

INT. "THE SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETAL CLUB" PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT'S OFFICE - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

The president of "The Chosen Few Club" is sitting on one side of a desk in the office with his back to the window. Jonis sitting on the other side of the desk.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

So Jon, Francis told me what you heard, is there anything more you can tell me about what's going on? I think it's really important that the club protects itself this time.

JON

I totally understand. I mean from what I heard, and it's something I heard a couple of people talking about when I was walking by this coffee shop, but when I heard it, I wanted to know what the truth was, just in case. You know what I mean?

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

Yeah.

JON

So anyway, I still had Cynthia Draper's phone number sitting around, even though I swear, I haven't talked to her in a long time after everything that happened.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

Yeah, and she's seeing that imbecile stairclimber Chris whatever his name is, and has been pretty much disowned by the club and her father because of it. You know what I mean?

JON

Yeah, but I figured she might know something because I heard she still talks to Amber, and that Chris kid might be a good resource. You know what I mean?

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

Yeah.

JON

So, anyway there was a surprise. First off, unfortunately Austin is back in town screwing around supposedly for revenge, but Cynthia had broken up with Chris because she had found out a day or two ago that he was helping Austin out, and she needed to ditch him before she got screwed too.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

Fuck! This has already gone too far! I'm calling over to the "SFSC" this second! Adam Knight goes to pick up the phone on his desk.

JON

Wait. Mr. Knight.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

What is it?

JON

Just so you know before you call, theres already been a lot of blood spilled whether they know, or created it stupidly.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

What do mean?

JON

Mahogany had Amber and an applicant locked up for a week to cover his own ass. Jon's supposedly using a fake name, and some idiot waitress, or house keeper to get info, and there's a long line of associated people making they don't deserve, or losing a lot of money and happiness that they earned. So basically, it's not just the private clubs, it's the party scene, the college campuses, and pretty much the whole city, and every part of society in some way.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

One question though? Is it screwing society from the top down, and then from the bottom up all the way to Nob Hill like it started to do last time Austin tried to screw everyone over?

JON

Yeah.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT

Fuck. This shit's gone too far! This time's it's gonna be taken care of, no matter who we have to involve!

Adam Knight dials a number on the phone, and puts the receiver up to his ear.

PRESIDENT ADAM KNIGHT (CONT'D)

(in to the receiver)

Yes. Give me the President's office.

Adam Knight and Jon continue sitting there as Adam Knight waits for the person on the other end of the phone call.

CUT TO:

INT "SFSC" PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - MORNING

The president takes away Evan's membership, and outcasts him.

"SFSC" PRESIDENT

I'm sorry Evan. It's over this time. So can I please have your key, and then you can leave.

EVAN

Yeah.

CLUB PRESIDENT

You have to sign this, there's no going back. You will never get another chance. You understand?

EVAN

Yeah.

Evan stands up, takes a set of keys out of his pants pocket, takes key off of it, then hands it the president of the "SFSC."

CUT TO:

INT. WALNUT CREEK RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING

Evan walks in to the restaurant. Mr. Hancock is sitting at a table, and Evan walks over, and sits down.

EVAN

Good morning Mr. Hancock. Thanks for meeting with me, I understand it might not be the easiest thing for you to do at this point.

MR. HANDCOCK

It's not a problem, I just couldn't really meet you in San Fran, I hope Walnut Creek wasn't too far, I mean you understand why I wanted to meet all the way out here, right?

EVAN

Yeah.

MR. HANDCOCK

Anyway, I've got pretty good news for you. You have all the notes about what happened, and think you can right it?

EVAN

Yeah.

Mr. Hancock takes a sip of his coffee.

MR. HANDCOCK

Then the club said they'll take care of Jon and everything else.

EVAN

Ok.

Mr. Hancock stands up.

MR. HANDCOCK

And have fun writing the novel.

EVAN

Yeah. Thanks.

Mr. Hancock takes some money out of his pocket and puts it on the table.

MR. HANDCOCK

I've gotta get back to the city for some business this afternoon, but thanks for meeting me here. I can't wait to read the novel so make sure you send me a copy as soon as you finish it, ok?

EVAN

Yeah, thanks.

Mr. Hancock turns around and leaves the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY (AFTERNOON)

Evan walks over to a book shelf in his bedroom and grabs 3 notebooks off of it.

Evan walks in to the den, and puts the notebooks on the table next to his typewriter. On the cover of each one of them it says "Club Notes."

Evan sits down in front of his typewriter, and picks up one of the books and begins reading it, then puts it back on the table. Evan begins typing on his typewriter.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Evan is sitting in a chair in front of a table, and on the other side of the table there's a novel publisher in a suit signing a check. The guy hands the check, and a novel called "On The Hill" written by Evan Cartwright to Evan, then sits down. Evan looks at the check for a second then back at the guy.

NOVEL PUBLISHER

There's a first edition, the rest of the copies you wanted should arrive at your apartment in the next few days or so. Ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

NOVEL PUBLISHER

And the check for the amount we discussed, and based on sales, we'll see what the reciprocals are. Ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

NOVEL PUBLISHER

Ok, then I've got to take off because a lot of things I need to take care off before the first runs of your novels are released Monday, ok?

EVAN

Yeah.

Thanks. Evan and the novel publisher shake hands, then the novel publisher walks out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETAL CLUB (MAIL ROOM) - MORNING

Mr. Handcock walks in and takes a manila envelope out of a mailbox with his name on it. He opens the package, and takes out what looks like an unpublished manuscript for a novel with the title "On The Hill written by Evan Cartwright" On The cover. He breezes through a few of the pages, smiles briefly, then puts the document back in the package, turns around, and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF HOUSE

Evan is having dinner with Sara.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB BOARD ROOM

Tom is standing in front of the club board.

BOARD MEMBER

You're not us anymore. You're like the Mayor these days not a general manager running a McDonald's franchise. You are not us. What have you done for us?

BOARD MEMBER 2

Down the hill, back to the airport.

TOM

I've never said it enough. I am not the Mayor or anything else. I was given a membership outside of the club for my work with the club.

BOARD MEMBER 2

And leasing.

TOM

I created higher respect, political power, money, higher valued stock and club worth beyond intention.

BOARD MEMBER

Reverse, repeat. Never come back.

All the members leave the room leaving Tom alone.

FADE TO BLACK.