

St. Patrick's Day

by  
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FADE IN

INT. - SHOWER - 11:23AM

PATRICK DONNELLY, 40, brushes his teeth while crying. He's in good shape, average looking.

INT. - BEDROOM - 11:31AM

He gets dressed, still crying.

PATRICK  
(barely audible)  
Stupid fuckin'....fuck  
you...stupid...fuckin'...

INT. - KITCHEN - 11:38AM

He eats a bowl of Lucky Charms. He scoops a spoonful with several green clovers in it. He puts the spoon back in the bowl, covers his face and blubbers.

PATRICK  
(quietly)  
Oh, goddammit. Goddammit,  
why...why?

INT. - KITCHEN - 11:47AM

He puts a shot glass down on the counter, having just drained its contents. He picks up the bottle of Jameson next to it, pours another shot, throws it back.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - 11:59AM

He sits on the sofa and opens a medicine bottle.

PATRICK  
(mumbling)  
I don't care...I don't fuckin'  
care...fuck you...don't fuckin'  
care...stupid...goddamn...fuckin'

He shakes a couple of pills into his hand and pops them into his mouth. He takes the bottle of Jameson and chugs from it.

He puts the bottle down and lets all the effects kick in. He burps.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(clearly)  
Fuck it.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - 12:08PM

He sits on the sofa, very still. He looks at his watch then quickly gets up and walks away.

INT. - BANK - 12:16PM

He waits in line wearing dark sunglasses. In front of him stands PLAIN JANE, 33, wearing boots and a skirt. Jane is plain. They're both wearing green shirts.

INT. - BANK - 12:21PM

The BANK TELLER, 48, black, punches some numbers into her computer. She speaks through thick glass.

BANK TELLER  
And how would you like that, Mr.  
Donnelly?

PATRICK  
Three hundred one hundred dollar  
bills, please.

BANK TELLER  
All hundreds?

PATRICK  
Yes, please.

The teller counts them out.

INT. - BAR - 12:36PM

BRIAN, 37, studly, talks on the phone. He looks at a piece of paper taped to the wall.

BRIAN  
You're on at three. Nope. Three.  
Okay, see you then. Eh, not yet.  
Just the lunch crowd. Yep. Alright,  
see ya then.

Brian hangs up. Patrick enters the bar, climbs a stool. Brian walks over to him, puts out a hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Patio Furniture.

PATRICK  
Brian.

They shake.

BRIAN  
What'll it be?

PATRICK  
One pint Guinness, two shots  
Jameson.

Brian gets the drinks together. Patrick slides a shot to Brian's side of the bar.

BRIAN  
Oh, no, I couldn't...well, okay.

Patrick holds up his shot.

PATRICK  
Happy St. Patrick's Day, Brian.

BRIAN  
Erin go bra-less.

They clink glasses and throw back their shots. Brian collects the empty shotglasses.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
You take off today?

PATRICK  
Quit.

BRIAN  
You quit?

PATRICK  
Yep. Two days ago. Fuck it.

BRIAN  
Yeah, fuck it.

PATRICK  
Hey, lemme ask you something.

BRIAN  
Shoot.

PATRICK

How much you guys gonna do today?  
Volume-wise?

BRIAN

Whaddya mean?

PATRICK

How much will the bar make? On  
drinks?

BRIAN

Ooosh. Today? Shit. Probably do  
close to twenty-five thousand  
today.

PATRICK

What'd you do last year?

BRIAN

On St. Patrick's Day?

PATRICK

Yeah.

BRIAN

Bout that. Little over twenty-four.  
Why?

PATRICK

I wanna pick up all the tabs today.

BRIAN

What?

PATRICK

Drinks are on me. All day.

BRIAN

Are you serious?

PATRICK

I wouldn't joke about that.

BRIAN

You have that kind of money?

Patrick breaks out a huge wad of cash.

PATRICK

Here's thirty grand. Just in case.

BRIAN  
Holy shit! Where'd you get that  
kind of money?

PATRICK  
Followed a rainbow. But look, don't  
tell them it's me. Tell  
them...shit, I don't know, tell  
them drinks are on St. Patrick.

BRIAN  
Are you being coy or did you just  
decide to canonize yourself?

PATRICK  
Ha. Hadn't thought about that. No,  
I just don't want people to know  
it's me. Can you do that?

BRIAN  
Sure. No sweat.

PATRICK  
Thanks. You up for another?

Brian holds out his arm. Patrick twists it.

BRIAN  
Okay, okay.

INT. - BAR - 1:12PM

Brian walks over, stands in front of Patrick.

BRIAN  
So does your offer extend to people  
who are eating?

PATRICK  
Oh, hell no.

BRIAN  
Kay. Just checking.

PATRICK  
Fuck them.

BRIAN  
Okay.

PATRICK  
Did you include the restaurant in  
the twenty five grand?

BRIAN  
No. Just the alkies.

PATRICK  
Yeah. Just the alkies. God bless  
'em.

BRIAN  
I couldn't live without 'em.

PATRICK  
What'll the restaurant do today?

BRIAN  
I have no fuckin' idea. Don't care.  
Like you said, fuck those assholes.

PATRICK  
Yeah, fuck 'em.

Patrick lights up a smoke.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, does Jill have a sister?

BRIAN  
Don't think so.

PATRICK  
No?

BRIAN  
No. Why?

PATRICK  
There's this girl comes in here  
every once in a while drives me  
fuckin' crazy. Kinda looks like  
Jill. Or like she could be Jill's  
sister. You know who I'm talking  
about? She's got a tinkerbelle  
tattoo on her shoulder? Short hair?  
So fuckin' cute.

BRIAN  
Lotsa cute girls come in here.

PATRICK  
Yeah but this one just rings my  
bell. Something about her.

BRIAN

I think she's got a brother but  
don't think she's ever mentioned a  
sister.

PATRICK

Huh.

BRIAN

So you got a crush on Jill?

PATRICK

No. Just the girl that looks like  
her sister. I think I overheard her  
introduce herself as Sarah one  
time.

BRIAN

You'll have to point her out to me.

PATRICK

Yeah. Hope she comes in. D'you ever  
get with Jill?

BRIAN

No.

PATRICK

I don't believe you. She workin'  
today?

BRIAN

Yeah. She comes on at three.

Patrick drags on his smoke.

PATRICK

So how soon before we hear 'The  
Unicorn Song'?

BRIAN

Oh, Jesus Christ. I forgot.

Patrick looks around. The barroom has filled somewhat.

PATRICK

I'd give it an hour.

INT. - RESTROOM HALLWAY - 1:38PM

Patrick leans against a wall and waits for one of the three  
unisex bathrooms to open up.

Leaning on the wall across from him is a CUTE GIRL in her early thirties. She wears a 'Kiss me I'm Irish' T-shirt.

PATRICK

Is that just a t-shirt or an invitation?

Cute Girl looks at him somewhat askance.

CUTE GIRL

For now it's just a t-shirt.

Patrick nods. A door opens up.

CUTE GIRL (CONT'D)

You're up.

PATRICK

Ladies before gentlemen.

CUTE GIRL

Age before beauty.

Patrick gives her the same askance look and starts for the empty room.

PATRICK

Pearls before swine.

INT. - BAR BATHROOM - 1:42PM

Patrick stands at the sink, his hands trembling. He looks hard at himself in the mirror. He takes a baggie out of his pocket, removes some pills from it, pops them in his mouth.

He runs the water, hand scoops some water into his mouth, stands, swallows, bends over again and splashes water on his face. He looks at himself in the mirror again.

He looks at his hands. They stop trembling. He takes a deep breath, pulls some paper towels from the dispenser, dries his hands and face.

INT. - BAR - 1:47PM

Patrick climbs back on his stool. 'The Unicorn Song' plays on the juke box. A group of drunken girls pantomime the song. Patrick rolls his eyes. Closes them. Brian comes over.

BRIAN

Your favorite song.

PATRICK  
Can't you take it out of the juke  
box?

Brian shakes his head, notices someone on the other side of  
the bar.

BRIAN  
People love it.

He walks off. Patrick lights up another smoke. Cute girl  
suddenly sidles up next to him.

CUTE GIRL  
Can I bum one of those?

Patrick opens the pack, shakes one out. She takes it. He  
lights it up.

CUTE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

PATRICK  
No worries.

CUTE GIRL  
So did you just call me a pig back  
there?

PATRICK  
Did you call me old?

CUTE GIRL  
Pig is worse.

PATRICK  
You've never been old.

Brian comes back.

CUTE GIRL  
Can I get my check please?

BRIAN  
You're all set.

CUTE GIRL  
What?

BRIAN  
All set. St. Patrick took care of  
your bill.

When Patrick's not looking, Brian shifts his eyes toward him, indicating he paid her bill. Cute girl points toward Patrick, mouths, 'Him'? Brian subtly nods.

CUTE GIRL

Well, sweet. Tell St. Patrick I said thanks.

PATRICK

You're leaving already?

CUTE GIRL

I gotta pick up my friend at the airport.

PATRICK

You coming back?

CUTE GIRL

Yeah. I'll be back.

PATRICK

I'll be here.

Cute Girl squeezes his arm.

CUTE GIRL

Thanks for the smoke. And the drinks.

Patrick looks at Brian, who casts his eyes heavenward, trying to look innocent.

PATRICK

Big mouth.

BRIAN

Dude, she was cute.

PATRICK

Yeah.

BRIAN

Nother pint?

PATRICK

Do you really need to ask?

BRIAN

Good point. Nother shot?

PATRICK

That's a fucking fantastic idea.

BRIAN  
Hey, I have my moments.

PATRICK  
You're a great bartender.

BRIAN  
I try.

PATRICK  
Fucking genius.

Brian pours a couple shots of Jameson. They toast and drink.

INT. - BUSINESS OFFICE - 2:22PM

JOHN DONNELLY, 43, average-looking, works on his computer. The cell phone on his desk rings. He picks it up, looks at the display, answers it.

JOHN  
Hello?

PATRICK (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Hey, dude.

JOHN  
Hey.

PATRICK  
Happy St. Patrick's Day.

JOHN  
Yeah, you too. Where are you?

PATRICK  
I'm at the Shamrock.

JOHN  
Oh yeah?

PATRICK  
Yeah.

JOHN  
Not working today?

PATRICK  
Nah.

Silence.

JOHN  
So, what's up?

PATRICK  
Well...

Silence.

JOHN  
Pat?

PATRICK  
Yeah. I'm here.

JOHN  
What's going on?

PATRICK  
I just wanted to uh...I just...you  
were always a good brother to me.

JOHN  
How much have you had to drink?

PATRICK  
A lot. A good bit. But that's not  
it. I never tell you that. Never  
told you that. So...thanks. Thanks  
for being a good brother.

JOHN  
Are you okay?

PATRICK  
Yeah, I'm fine.

JOHN  
You sure?

PATRICK  
Yeah. Yeah. I'm fine.

JOHN  
You're worrying me.

PATRICK  
Why?

JOHN  
I don't know. You just sound...I  
don't know.

PATRICK

No. I'm fine. I just wanted to tell you that. That's all. Thanks.

JOHN

Yeah. No problem.

PATRICK

Sorry to bother you at work.

JOHN

No. Don't worry about it. You sure you're okay?

PATRICK

Yeah. I'll be fine. Take care.

JOHN

Yeah. You too. You gonna be there a while?

PATRICK

Yeah. Probably.

JOHN

Maybe I'll head over after work.

PATRICK

You should. Can you get it sanctioned by the W.I.F.E.?

JOHN

I'll try.

PATRICK

Oh, that'd be great. Be good to see you again.

JOHN

Yeah. Yeah.

John's land line rings.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, I gotta take this call. I'll try to get over after work.

PATRICK

Yeah, yeah. Talk to ya later.

JOHN

Kay. Bye.

EXT. - BEHIND THE BAR - 2:22PM

Patrick sits on a curb. He closes his cell phone, his thoughts far, far away. He sits there for a moment, then breaks down crying again.

PATRICK

Oh, Jesus Christ. Oh, dear God.  
Goddammit. God fuckin' dammit.

He cries a thousand tears until Brian comes out the back door. Seeing Brian, Patrick tries in vain to compose himself.

BRIAN

There you are.

Patrick wipes his eyes with the backs of his hands, wipes his nose with his sleeve.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Dude, you okay?

PATRICK

Umm...no. Actually.

BRIAN

What's up?

Patrick takes a moment. He gets very calm.

PATRICK

I'm gone, dude. I'm gone.

BRIAN

What are you talking about?

PATRICK

I mean I'm sick.

BRIAN

Sick how?

PATRICK

Sick. You know I turned forty last month?

BRIAN

Yeah.

PATRICK

Well, I went to the doctor figuring, you know, I'm getting older, I haven't exactly been taking very good care of myself...

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Just wanted to get checked out, you know...make sure everything was okay.

Patrick lights up another smoke.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Well...turns out everything's not okay. In fact....

He can't finish the sentence. He just shakes his head and tries unsuccessfully to fight back tears.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Jesus. I totally wasted my life.

BRIAN

Fuck, man. I had no idea.

PATRICK

Yeah.

BRIAN

Jesus.

PATRICK

Yeah.

BRIAN

How bad is it?

PATRICK

It's bad. I won't be here next St. Patrick's....

He breaks down in tears.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, bro.

He sniffles. Pulls himself together.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck it. Let's get wasted.

BRIAN

Amen to that. You wanna help me smoke this skinny joint?

PATRICK

Oh fuck yeah.

BRIAN

Banger gave it to me as a tip.

PATRICK

Banger was here?

BRIAN

He just came in for a shot on his lunch break. Fuckin' guy.

Brian lights up the joint, takes a few hits, passes it over to Patrick. Patrick hits it a couple times, passes it back. They continue while they talk.

PATRICK

Know what the worst part is? Worst part is the pressure. It's like, I know my days are numbered, you know. And it's like, I feel like I can't sleep in, or watch reruns, or anything like that.

BRIAN

I love both of those things.

PATRICK

Me too.

BRIAN

Can't let society get in your head, bro. You wanna do those things, do 'em. Fuck what everybody says.

PATRICK

Yeah. Fuck 'em. Society is the worst person to be giving advice.

BRIAN

It's a fuckin' hypocrite is what it is. Totally neglects human behavior. Do this, don't do that. Well, fuck you, society, I got a hundred thousand years of instinct telling me to do it.

PATRICK

Damn straight.

BRIAN

The ten commandments can suck my dick.

PATRICK

Yeah.

BRIAN  
Half of them are total bullshit.

PATRICK  
More than half.

BRIAN  
More than half. You shouldn't kill.  
Or steal. The rest...

He makes the wanking motion.

PATRICK  
Man, I wish you'd been God.

BRIAN  
Oh, me too. I'd a done it so much  
better.

They pause for a while.

PATRICK  
You know, the good part is that I  
got nothing to lose now.

BRIAN  
No.

PATRICK  
No holding back now.

BRIAN  
Why would you?

PATRICK  
Why would I? I'm gonna do thirty-  
eight more shots today and then  
fuck twenty-seven hookers tonight.  
And you know what?

BRIAN  
What's that?

PATRICK  
I'm gonna get me a nice black  
whore.

BRIAN  
That's a great idea.

PATRICK  
Never been with a black girl.

BRIAN  
Well, my friend, tonight's the  
night.

PATRICK  
Yeah.

BRIAN  
Dude.

PATRICK  
Huh?

BRIAN  
You're totally gonna do a black  
chick tonight.

PATRICK  
At least one.

Brian takes a few last puffs.

BRIAN  
Alright. I gotta get inside. My  
dad's gonna kill me.

PATRICK  
Is he here?

BRIAN  
No, but he said he might come in.

PATRICK  
What're you worried about? You  
already have a big day in the bag.

BRIAN  
Well...I do have to serve drinks  
still.

PATRICK  
That's true.

BRIAN  
Thirsty people and all.

PATRICK  
Yep. Thirsty people.

BRIAN  
You want any more of this?

PATRICK  
I'm good. Thanks for the buzz.

BRIAN  
Yeah, man. Sorry...about...

PATRICK  
Ah, fuck it.

BRIAN  
Yeah.

PATRICK  
Happens to the best of us.

BRIAN  
Yeah.

INT. - BUSINESS OFFICE - 2:36PM

John calls his wife on the phone.

WIFE (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Hey, baby.

JOHN  
Hey sweetie. How's it going?

WIFE  
Ugh. Cory is being a pill today.

JOHN  
Oh, I'm sorry.

WIFE  
He woke me up like five times last night.

JOHN  
Did he?

WIFE  
Yeah. Course you slept right through it. And the snoring didn't help any.

JOHN  
Was I snoring?

WIFE  
Yes. Very annoying. So, yeah, I'm working on pretty much no sleep and Cory is whining non-stop. My life is awesome.

JOHN  
Oh, I'm sorry.

WIFE  
Yeah, well. What's up?

JOHN  
Pat called me.

WIFE  
Pat your brother?

JOHN  
Yeah.

WIFE  
What's he up to?

JOHN  
I don't know. He sounded really weird on the phone.

WIFE  
Whaddya mean?

JOHN  
I don't know.

WIFE  
Weird how?

JOHN  
He was like, I don't know, he was just like, you were always a good brother to me.

WIFE  
He said that?

JOHN  
Yeah. He was like, I just wanted to tell you that you were always a good brother to me.

WIFE  
He called you from work?

JOHN  
No, he was at the bar.

WIFE  
Was he drunk?

JOHN  
Oh, he was hammered, I'm sure.

WIFE  
Still.

JOHN  
I know.

WIFE  
I hope nothing's wrong.

JOHN  
I know. I'm a little worried.

WIFE  
Didn't he just turn forty?

JOHN  
Yeah. Last month.

WIFE  
Maybe he's just getting sentimental  
in his old age.

JOHN  
Could be.

WIFE  
Or maybe he's going through a mid-  
life crisis.

JOHN  
Wouldn't surprise me. Guys tend to  
when they hit that age.

WIFE  
You didn't.

JOHN  
Well, no. I mean, I've got you. And  
the little ones. And a career. Not  
that it's the best but still...

Beat.

WIFE  
Are you happy with your life?

JOHN  
Yeah.

WIFE  
Really?

JOHN  
Yeah. I love my life.

WIFE  
You are a good brother, you know.

JOHN  
I try.

WIFE  
No, you are.

JOHN  
Well...

WIFE  
You should go out tonight.

JOHN  
Well, I was gonna ask but if you're having a hard day...

WIFE  
Oh, no. I'll be fine. I'm just a little cranky. Go out. Go meet up with Pat. Make sure he gets home safe.

JOHN  
Yeah, I probably should. You sure you don't mind?

WIFE  
No. I'll be fine. I was gonna just watch garbage TV tonight anyway.

JOHN  
Okay. Maybe I will then.

WIFE  
You coming home first or are you just gonna go out?

JOHN  
Eh, I'll probably just go from here. He's just over at the Shamrock so...

WIFE  
Okay. Well, don't worry about us. Just call if you're gonna be late, okay?

JOHN  
Okay.

WIFE  
Try not to be too late, okay?

JOHN  
Okay.

WIFE  
I love you.

JOHN  
Love you too.

WIFE  
Be careful.

JOHN  
I will.

WIFE  
Promise?

JOHN  
Promise.

WIFE  
Okay. Love you.

JOHN  
Love you too.

INT. - BAR - 2:54

Patrick is belly-up to the bar again. Plain Jane pulls up onto the stool next to him.

PLAIN JANE  
Heyyyyy. You're the guy from the bank.

PATRICK  
Hey. You're that girl with the...skirt...and the...boots.

PLAIN JANE  
That's me.

PATRICK  
So. How was your...transaction?

PLAIN JANE  
Fine. Yours?

PATRICK  
Awesome.

Plain Jane looks at him, expecting him to say something.  
There's an uncomfortable silence.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You here by yourself?

PLAIN JANE  
My friend's coming. She's parking  
the car. Parking is horrible out  
there.

PATRICK  
Uh huh.

More uncomfortable silence.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
So. If you had a billion dollars,  
what would you do?

PLAIN JANE  
I'm sorry?

PATRICK  
What would you do if you had a  
billion dollars?

PLAIN JANE  
Why would I have a billion dollars?

PATRICK  
It's a test...or...like, what do  
you do now? For a living?

PLAIN JANE  
I'm a lawyer.

PATRICK  
Oh yeah? What kind of law?

PLAIN JANE  
Real estate mostly.

PATRICK  
Do you like it?

PLAIN JANE  
Yeah. It's pretty good.

PATRICK

So, if you had a billion dollars...if money wasn't an object...what would you do? Would you still be a real estate lawyer?

PLAIN JANE

Probably. Either that or a dental hygienist.

Patrick laughs, sees that Plain Jane is not laughing.

PATRICK

Oh. You're serious?

PLAIN JANE

Yeah.

PATRICK

So let me get this straight. If you had a billion dollars, if money was no object, you could do anything you wanted, or nothing at all, you would be either a real estate lawyer or a dental hygienist?

PLAIN JANE

Yeah. And I'd probably get another cat. I love cats.

PATRICK

Wow.

Plain Jane's friend comes up and sits on the stool next to her. She turns her attention to her friend and they talk about how crazy the parking is. Patrick lights up a cigarette, shakes his head.

INT. - OFFICE - 3:02PM

John stands by the copier, waiting for his job to finish. CLARE, 28, fun, attractive, sneaks up and pinches him. John, startled, looks at her.

JOHN

Ow. What was that for?

CLARE

You're not wearing green.

JOHN

My last name's Donnelly. I don't have to wear green.

CLARE

No. That means you should definitely wear green.

JOHN

Why? I'm Irish all the time. Not like the rest of you wannabe posers.

CLARE

Oh, shut up. You're about as Irish as apple pie.

JOHN

I'm more Irish than you.

CLARE

Whatever. You were born in Ohio.

JOHN

Well my great, great, great, great, great, great, grandfather was...ah, you're right. So you going out tonight?

CLARE

Yep. You?

JOHN

Yeah, I might head out for a few after work.

CLARE

Really?

JOHN

Yeah.

CLARE

Your wife going?

JOHN

No.

CLARE

Where you goin'?

JOHN

The Shamrock.

CLARE

Well that's original.

JOHN  
Where you going?

CLARE  
The Shamrock.

JOHN  
So we're both original.

CLARE  
Hey, it's St. Patty's Day.

JOHN  
That it is.

CLARE  
So I guess I'll see you there?

JOHN  
Yep.

CLARE  
Your brother going?

JOHN  
He's there already.

CLARE  
See? That's what I shoulda done.  
Just taken the day off and gone  
right to the bar.

Your girlfriend's going, you know.  
She'll be happy to hear you're  
going.

John shakes his head, smirks. Clare smiles.

JOHN  
You have no idea how much I wish I  
hadn't told you about that.

CLARE  
(sing songy)  
But you di-id. Now I kno-ow.

JOHN  
Did she say anything?

CLARE  
No. Not today anyway.

JOHN  
What did she say?

CLARE  
Nothing.

JOHN  
No, I mean, before.

CLARE  
When?

JOHN  
Whenever. What did she say?

CLARE  
Just that she wishes you weren't married.

JOHN  
Liar.

CLARE  
Swear to God.

JOHN  
Do you think she's cute? Be honest.

CLARE  
Oh yeah. She's cool as hell, too.  
We've been hanging out lately.

JOHN  
Seriously?

CLARE  
Yeah. Well, we went out together  
for happy hour a couple times.  
We're going to the Shamrock  
tonight. Wait till I tell her  
you're going.

JOHN  
Don't go causing trouble now.

CLARE  
Oh, it won't be me causing trouble.  
Oh, shit, Ron's back. Gotta run.

JOHN  
See ya.

CLARE  
Yeah. See you at the bar.

JOHN  
Yep.

Clare runs off, pinches him again on her way.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Ow. Bitch.

CLARE  
You love it.

INT. - BAR - 3:14PM

Brian is talking to JILL behind the bar. Jill is in her late twenties. Every guy in the bar is infatuated with her.

JILL  
So just put everything on his tab?

BRIAN  
Right. Except for his drinks.

JILL  
Who's paying for his drinks?

BRIAN  
I am.

JILL  
That's mighty white of you.

Brian purses his lips, wanting to say something but not letting himself.

JILL (CONT'D)  
What?

Brian shakes it off.

BRIAN  
Nothing.

JILL  
Tell me.

Brian stares at her.

BRIAN  
You can't say a word.

JILL  
I won't.

BRIAN  
He just told me he's...no, you know what? Forget it. Nevermind.

JILL  
He's what?

BRIAN  
Nope.

JILL  
Tell me.

BRIAN  
Nope.

JILL  
You have to tell me.

BRIAN  
No. I can't.

JILL  
I won't tell.

BRIAN  
No, it's not that. I can't even say  
it. Just put everyone's drinks on  
his tab, but put his drinks on my  
tab.

JILL  
You better tell me.

BRIAN  
I can't. I'm serious. I couldn't  
even get the words out.

JILL  
You suck.

Brian walks off to serve a customer. Jill walks toward  
Patrick. Brian stops, turns to Jill.

BRIAN  
Oh, and one other thing.

Jill turns, walks to meet Brian.

JILL  
What's up?

BRIAN  
You can't tell anyone he's paying.

JILL  
Why not?

BRIAN

He doesn't want anyone to know.  
Just say drinks are on St. Patrick.

JILL

Oh, he's a saint now?

BRIAN

No...just...say whatever, I don't  
care. Just don't say it's him.

JILL

You're being very mysterious.

BRIAN

No, it's just that.

JILL

Okay. I got it.

Brian walks off again. Jill walks over to Patrick.

JILL (CONT'D)

Hey.

PATRICK

Hey.

JILL

Happy St. Patty's Day.

PATRICK

Yeah. You too.

JILL

So I hear you're St. Patrick.

PATRICK

No.

JILL

No?

PATRICK

No. I'm sinner Patrick.

JILL

Well, that's more fun anyway.

Patrick shrugs.

PATRICK

Hey, I been meaning to ask you, do  
you have a sister?

JILL

Unh uh. Why?

PATRICK

There's a girl comes in every now and then. Kinda looks like you.

JILL

Nope. Got a brother but he works for the state, if you know what I mean.

PATRICK

Really?

JILL

Yeah.

PATRICK

What's he in for?

JILL

Knocked over a convenience store. Needless to say we're not real close.

PATRICK

Huh.

JILL

So who's this girl? I'm curious.

PATRICK

Don't know. Never met her. Pretty sure I'm in love with her though.

JILL

Really?

PATRICK

Course it could be the booze talkin' but, yeah.

JILL

You'll have to point her out to me next time she's in here.

PATRICK

Kay.

JILL

You bout ready for another Guinness? That one's getting low.

PATRICK  
Sure. What the fuck.

JILL  
That's what I like to hear.

PATRICK  
You up for a shot?

JILL  
No. Little early for me. But you should do one.

PATRICK  
Eh, I'll wait as well. You'll do one with me later, though?

JILL  
Sure. Lemme get your pint.

Jill walks off to the taps, starts pouring a pint. Brian comes over and whispers in her ear. Jill looks surprised. She looks over at Patrick, whispers something back to Brian. She fixes two shots of Jameson and walks them over to Patrick.

PATRICK  
You change your mind?

JILL  
Well, it's later, right?

PATRICK  
That it is.

Jill holds up her shot glass.

JILL  
Cheers.

PATRICK  
Cheers.

They clink glasses and throw back their shots.

INT. - BAR BATHROOM - 3:22PM

Patrick sits on the toilet but isn't using it. He's crying again, his face in his hands.

PATRICK  
I'm sorry. Oh, God, I'm so sorry.  
I'm sorry Mom and Dad. You were right. You were right.  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I should've done something. It's not your fault. It's not your fault. All my fault. I should've listened. I should've...No! No, fuck you...fuck you I'm...

He pulls his bag of pills out of his pocket with some effort.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck it all. Fuck it all. This is how it goes down. This is it. This is...fuck you, life.

He shakes a few pills out. Suddenly he stops crying, looks at the pills in his hand. Keeps looking. Looking still. He slowly puts them back in the bag, puts the bag back in his pocket. Sniffs one last sniff.

He gets up, looks at himself in the mirror, splashes his face with water, dries his face off.

He takes the bag back out, shakes out a single pill.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck it.

He pops the pill in his mouth and exits.

INT. - BUSINESS OFFICE - 3:43PM

KELLY, 34, good-looking, stands in the doorway to John's office. John works at his computer, unaware.

KELLY

Hey.

John looks up.

JOHN

Hey.

KELLY

Heard you're going to the Shamrock.

JOHN

Yeah. Should be fun.

KELLY

What time you heading over?

JOHN

Well the plan was to leave at the crack of five but I gotta get this spreadsheet done so...

KELLY

Blow it off. Let's go now.

JOHN

I wish.

KELLY

Just do it.

JOHN

You're the devil.

KELLY

Come on, let's go.

JOHN

Begone, devil.

KELLY

It'll be fun.

JOHN

You guys go ahead, I'll catch up.

KELLY

Clare said your brother's there?

JOHN

Yep.

KELLY

What's he look like? Is he cute?

JOHN

He looks pretty much like me.

KELLY

Oh. Well. Can't wait to meet him.

JOHN

Wouldn't set your expectations too high, he's pretty much wasted already.

KELLY

Is he the black sheep?

JOHN

Pretty much.

KELLY

And you're the one who can do no wrong? Why can't you be more like Johnny? Is that what your parents say to him?

JOHN

They used to, yeah. Made me feel like shit.

KELLY

Hey, it's not your fault you're perfect.

JOHN

Hardly.

KELLY

Your wife going tonight?

JOHN

No. Not really her scene.

KELLY

Gotcha. Well, I'll leave you to it. See you over there if I don't see you before.

JOHN

Yep. See ya there.

INT. - BAR - 3:58PM

Patrick sits at the bar, writing something on a napkin. Cute Girl comes up beside him.

CUTE GIRL

Hey.

Patrick looks over, quickly puts the napkin in his pocket.

PATRICK

Oh. Hey.

CUTE GIRL

Whatcha writin'?

PATRICK

Oh, you know. The great American novel.

CUTE GIRL

Oh yeah? What's it about?

PATRICK  
Uh, it's about this fuckin' jerkoff  
who, uh, hates rabbits.

CUTE GIRL  
A jerkoff that hates rabbits?

PATRICK  
Yeah. But don't go spoiling it for  
everyone.

CUTE GIRL  
Ooooookay.

PATRICK  
So how was the airport?

CUTE GIRL  
Sucked. Her flight was delayed like  
an hour.

PATRICK  
Was she flying Delta?

CUTE GIRL  
Of course.

PATRICK  
Fuckin' Delta.

CUTE GIRL  
Tell me about it. So, did you miss  
me?

PATRICK  
You know what? I did. I got stuck  
talking to the most boring girl in  
the world.

CUTE GIRL  
Why was she boring?

PATRICK  
Where's your friend?

CUTE GIRL  
She went to the bathroom. Why was  
that girl boring?

PATRICK  
Oh, she just kept looking at me,  
like, you know, I was supposed to  
say something.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But then when I'd ask her a question or whatever she'd give me these one word answers. Girl had no game whatsoever.

CUTE GIRL

I didn't think girls had to have a game. Thought that was a guy thing.

PATRICK

Oh, no. You've been misinformed. Girl must have game.

CUTE GIRL

Huh. Good to know.

PATRICK

Like you? You got a good game.

CUTE GIRL

Thanks.

Juat then, Cute Girl's FRIEND comes up and joins them. Friend is cute but not as cute as Cute Girl.

FRIEND

Hey.

CUTE GIRL

Hey. (to Patrick) This is the friend I just picked up from the airport.

PATRICK

Hey, Friend.

FRIEND

Hey.

PATRICK

Flight got delayed, huh?

FRIEND

Yeah. Fuckin' Delta.

PATRICK

I hate them.

FRIEND

Me too.

PATRICK

Well, shit, you guys need some drinks. What're you having?

Cute Girl looks at Friend.

CUTE GIRL  
You want a Killian's?

FRIEND  
Uh, yeah. That'd be good.

PATRICK  
Two Killian's?

CUTE GIRL  
Yeah. We'll be Irish.

PATRICK  
You mean from Ireland, Colorado?

CUTE GIRL  
Huh?

PATRICK  
Killian's isn't really Irish. It's  
made by Coors.

FRIEND  
You're kidding.

PATRICK  
Swear to God.

FRIEND  
I hate Coors.

CUTE GIRL  
Why's it called Killian's Irish  
Red, then?

PATRICK  
Marketing, I guess.

CUTE GIRL  
Well that sucks. What's a good  
Irish beer?

Patrick holds up his pint of Guinness.

PATRICK  
This is the best beer in the world.

CUTE GIRL  
Too heavy. What else?

PATRICK

You want a dark beer or something like Budweiser?

CUTE GIRL

What's the dark one?

PATRICK

If you want a dark one you should get a Smittick's.

FRIEND

What's that like?

PATRICK

It's great. Really creamy, not too heavy. Good stuff.

FRIEND

It's not like that (points to Patrick's pint) is it?

PATRICK

No. Regular weight. Not as light as Harp's, though. If you want just a regular ol' beer I'd get Harp's.

CUTE GIRL

(to Friend)

Wanna try a...what was it again?

PATRICK

Smittick's. It's spelled like Smithwick's but it's pronounced Smittick's. Don't ask me why.

FRIEND

Why?

PATRICK

Fuck if I know. Probably because it's Irish and that's the way it comes out when you're on your fifteenth.

FRIEND

Yay!!! God Bless the Irish.

PATRICK

Here here.

He drinks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Okay, two Smittick's?

The girls look at each other and nod.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
Brian, two Smittick's.

Brian makes change at the register. He waves his hand to acknowledge.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Comin' right up.

CUTE GIRL  
Thanks.

PATRICK  
So, how do you guys...

CUTE GIRL  
So, wait, tell me about this boring girl.

PATRICK  
Oh, right. So she's sitting there and...you know, I don't mind sitting next to someone and not talking...that's fine with me. But she's looking at me like she wants to have a conversation but she's giving me nothing, so...

...well, I find a good way to find out what makes people tick is to ask them what they'd do if they had a billion dollars. You ever heard that?

CUTE GIRL  
No but that makes sense.

FRIEND  
Spas. Every day.

CUTE GIRL  
And margaritas.

FRIEND  
Yep. Spas and margaritas.

PATRICK

Right. So I was expecting something like that. You know, some kind of ice breaker. Something to get the conversation going.

Brian sets two bottles of Smithwick's down on the bar. Patrick hands them out, holds up his pint.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Happy St. Patty's Day, ladies.

CUTE GIRL

Happy St. Patty's Day.

FRIEND

Happy St. Patty's Day. Woo hoo!

They toast and drink. Friend tries to give Patrick a twenty.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Here.

PATRICK

Oh, don't worry about it.

FRIEND

Oh, no, you don't have to buy us drinks.

PATRICK

No, don't worry. They're having a special. I know the bartender. It's cool.

FRIEND

You sure?

PATRICK

Yeah. Yeah. All good.

FRIEND

Thanks.

CUTE GIRL

Yeah, thanks. Again. Can I bum another smoke?

PATRICK

Absolutely.

He shakes a couple out. Cute Girl takes one. He offers one to Friend.

FRIEND

Ummm, yeah, what the hell.

Patrick lights their smokes.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Thanks.

CUTE GIRL

Yeah, thanks. So you were saying...

PATRICK

I was...what was I saying?

CUTE GIRL

About the billion dollars.

PATRICK

Oh yeah. Yeah. So I ask this boring  
whore what she'd do with a billion  
dollars and she says...okay, so  
she's a real estate lawyer, that's  
what she does for a living now,  
right?

CUTE GIRL

Uh huh.

PATRICK

So if this boring-ass hooker had a  
billion dollars, you know what  
she'd do?

The girls shake their heads.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Real estate law.

FRIEND

Ewww.

PATRICK

Right? Or. This gets even better.  
You know what other thing she'd do?

CUTE GIRL

Tax seminars?

PATRICK

Close. She'd be a dental hygienist.

FRIEND

Shut up.

PATRICK

I shit you not. She would be either a real estate lawyer or a dental hygienist. And she would get another cat. She loves cats.

CUTE GIRL

Wow.

PATRICK

That's exactly what I said.

FRIEND

I can't imagine what a cold and lonely place her soul must be.

CUTE GIRL

God. If I ever get to that point please kill me.

FRIEND

Be all spas and margaritas for me. And the best food in the world.

CUTE GIRL

I'd have to have a personal chef.

FRIEND

At least one. Maybe more.

CUTE GIRL

Beach. I'd buy a mansion on a beach.

FRIEND

Hell, you could buy an island. Fly there in your private jet.

PATRICK

I'm glad you guys get it.

CUTE GIRL

I sure as hell wouldn't be a dental hygienist.

PATRICK

Hey. Here's to you guys. Y'all are cool.

They toast again.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

How'd you guys meet?

FRIEND

College.

CUTE GIRL

College roomies.

PATRICK

Where at?

CUTE GIRL

Franklin?

PATRICK

Never heard of it.

CUTE GIRL

It's a little college in Tennessee.

PATRICK

Cool.

FRIEND

How'd you guys meet?

CUTE GIRL

He insulted me while we were waiting for the rest rooms.

PATRICK

We-ell, let's not exaggerate the situation.

CUTE GIRL

He called me a pig.

FRIEND

What?

PATRICK

No. It was like this. We were waiting for a rest room to open and one opened and I said, ladies before gentleman. Cause I'm a gentleman.

FRIEND

Chivlarous.

PATRICK

Exactly. And then she said...

CUTE GIRL

No. He got there first so I said, age before beauty.

Friend makes a face.

FRIEND

Ohhhh.

PATRICK

See?

CUTE GIRL

What? I just meant that he should go next, cause he was there first.

FRIEND

Yeah, but...

CUTE GIRL

And then he goes, thanks, pig.

Patrick's jaw hits the floor.

PATRICK

(gasps)

Liar!

CUTE GIRL

You did.

PATRICK

Why do you turn this bar into a den of lies?

CUTE GIRL

You did. You called me a pig.

PATRICK

What I said was...

FRIEND

Did you call her a pig?

PATRICK

What I said was...no. My feelings were hurt at this point, okay? So, okay, I might have been a little hurt, a little defensive, and I said, pearls before swine.

Friend makes the same face.

FRIEND

Ohhhhh.

PATRICK

My feelings were hurt. She called me old.

FRIEND

Well, sounds to me like you both tried to be nice but it backfired.

PATRICK

Yeah.

CUTE GIRL

Yeah. That's about right.

FRIEND

Okay. Well, kiss and make up and then we'll all be friends again.

PATRICK

No, I can't, it's just a t-shirt, not an invitation. That's how we started talking in the first place.

FRIEND

What?

CUTE GIRL

My shirt.

Friend reads the shirt.

FRIEND

Oh.

CUTE GIRL

What I said, though, was that it was just a t-shirt for now. Could be an invitation later.

PATRICK

So is it an invitation now?

CUTE GIRL

No. I have a boyfriend.

PATRICK

Oh. Should've guessed.

FRIEND

Just a make up kiss. Gary won't mind.

CUTE GIRL

I don't know.

PATRICK  
Hug, then?

CUTE GIRL  
Okay.

They hug. Superficially at the shoulders to start but then something unseen happens and they pull each other closer. They embrace longer than the situation warrants.

PATRICK  
I'm sorry, Cute Girl.

CUTE GIRL  
Bertha.

PATRICK  
Bertha?

CUTE GIRL  
That's my name. Bertha.

PATRICK  
Bertha? You can't be a Bertha.  
Bertha is a fat girl's name.

CUTE GIRL  
Shut up. No it's not.

PATRICK  
It is. Bertha is a girl who eats  
like five bear claws.

CUTE GIRL  
It is not.

PATRICK  
Bertha can't dial a cell phone  
because her fingers are too fat.

CUTE GIRL  
That's a horrible thing to say.  
See, now you just ruined a nice  
make-up hug.

PATRICK  
Your name can't be Bertha. (to  
Friend) Is her name Bertha?

Friend makes a face and nods. Fraid so.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Am I wrong? Does she look like a  
Bertha to you?

FRIEND

No. I had the same reaction. It's like if you meet a girl named Millie or Helen you expect them to be like eighty-five years old.

PATRICK

Exactly.

CUTE GIRL

So what's your name?

PATRICK

Helmut.

CUTE GIRL

Helmut?

PATRICK

Yeah. My parent's are German.

CUTE GIRL

Helmut? Do you have a sister named Shoulder Pads? Or a brother named Jock Strap?

PATRICK

Oh ha ha. Very funny. It's better than Bertha.

CUTE GIRL

No, it's not. Bertha is just a name. Helmut is protective headwear. Helmut. What a stupid name.

PATRICK

See, there you go again. Hurting my feelings. Not very Christian.

CUTE GIRL

Oh. I'm sorry, Helmut.

PATRICK

It's okay, Bertha.

They hug again, this time no inhibitions, just melt right into each other.

CUTE GIRL

Oh. That's our second hug and poor Helga hasn't had any.

PATRICK  
 (to friend)  
 Your name's Helga?

FRIEND  
 (smiling)  
 Uh huh.

PATRICK  
 Okay, now I know y'all are fuckin'  
 with me.

The girls start laughing. The gig is up.

INT. - HOSPITAL - 4:20PM

An OLD MAN lies in a bed, tubes in his nose, I.V. in his arm. The DOCTOR comes in, picks up the chart hanging from the foot of the bed.

DOCTOR  
 Good afternoon, how we doing today?

OLD MAN  
 Seen better days.

DOCTOR  
 Well, let's see what we got here.

The Doctor looks at the chart. He knits his brow.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Hmmmm. Will you excuse me one  
 second, I'll be right back.

The Doctor leaves.

INT. - HOSPITAL (NURSE'S STATION) - CONTINUOUS

NURSE, 50s, glasses, no smile, sits behind a desk. Doctor approaches her with the chart.

DOCTOR  
 I think I got the wrong lab results  
 here.

He hands it to Nurse.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 This test is for a forty year old.  
 My patient is clearly older than  
 forty.

Nurse looks at it.

NURSE

Huh. I wonder if...just a second,  
please.

Nurse gets up, goes back into the file room. She emerges shortly with another file.

NURSE (CONT'D)

(looking in folder)

Looks like there's another Patrick  
C. Donnelly. Date of birth ten,  
twelve, thirty-five. Does that  
sound like your patient?

DOCTOR

That sounds more like it.

Nurse hands him the file.

NURSE

There you go. Sorry about that.

The Doctor looks at the file.

DOCTOR

Oh dear.

NURSE

What's wrong?

DOCTOR

Well, I hope we didn't give my  
patient's results to the other  
Patrick Donnelly. My patient is  
terminal.

NURSE

Uh oh.

They look at each other.

INT. - BUSINESS OFFICE - 4:33PM

Clare and Kelly pop into John's office.

CLARE

Put it up.

KELLY

Let's go. Time for drinkin' o' the  
liquor.

JOHN  
Almost done.

CLARE  
Alright, we'll see you over there.

KELLY  
Don't be long.

JOHN  
I won't.

Kelly walks off. Clare lingers for a couple beats.

CLARE  
(imitating Kelly)  
Don't be long.

John looks up, whips a pen at her. Clare runs off, giggling.

JOHN  
(loud)  
Never should've told you.

CLARE  
(same volume)  
But you did.

EXT. - BEHIND THE BAR - 4:41PM

Patrick is smoking a joint with Brian and BANGER. Banger is a big white dude, 44, lots of tattoos, facial hair. They pass the jay around while they shoot the shit.

BRIAN  
So if you could murder a celebrity,  
who would it be?

BANGER  
Just one?

BRIAN  
Yeah.

BANGER  
Ooooooh. That's a tough one. There's  
so many celebrities I'd like to  
kill.

BRIAN  
Like who?

BANGER

God, where do I start? Uh, Paula Deen would probably be first. Though I don't know that I'd pick her if I could pick only one. Though I might.

BRIAN

What's wrong with Paula Deen?

BANGER

I fuckin' hate that fat, hillbilly bitch. Always lookin' at me with those fuckin' dead eyes on the magazine cover. Fuckin' stab her in the anus. Fuck her. And her gay sons.

BRIAN

Jesus. I had no idea you felt that way about Paula Deen.

BANGER

Oh yeah. Fuckin' pie-holdin bitch. She's always holding up a pie or something and she has that overly airbrushed look. It's like she's made of plastic. Like that one little whore, what's her name? Her parents killed her or some such shit. You know who I'm talkin' about?

PATRICK

JonBenet Ramsey?

BANGER

Yeah. That little whore. Looked like she was made out of porcelain or whatever? Fuckin' creepy, man.

And Paula Deen's always got that big shit eatin' grin on her face. Like (imitating Paula Deen) Hey, y'all, look at my butter pie. I just ate a huge pile of shit from a rottweiler.

BRIAN

Butter pie. That's great.

BANGER

Oh, yeah. Fuckin' all she does is put five sticks of butter in everything. Fat fuckin' butter-cookin' whore. Know what I'd do? I'd go Se7en on her ass. Put her in handcuffs and make her eat butter till she died. Death by butter. That's what I do for you, Paula. Fat whore.

BRIAN

Wow. So you've given this some thought.

BANGER

No. I just hate some people. She's one.

BRIAN

Who else?

BANGER

Tyra Banks'd be next. I fuckin' hate that ghetto-ass retard. How did she get her own show? Can somebody please tell me that.

PATRICK

Oh, and it's not just one. She's on like two or three shows.

BANGER

(incredulous)

I know! I know! That girl is dumber than my balls! How does she get a show? How the fuck does that happen? Have you ever heard her talk? She says shit that is so fuckin' stupid you can't believe a grown up would actually say it. I'm serious. The kind of shit that comes out of her mouth you would expect to hear from a four year old with Downs syndrome. Not kidding. Stupidest fuckin' piece of shit ghetto whore on the planet. Fuckin' hate her.

BRIAN

Know who bugs me? Sarah Michelle Gellar.

PATRICK

Ewww. I'm with you on that one.

BRIAN

Is it just me or is she fugly?

PATRICK

No, she's fugly. If you painted her green she'd be a witch.

BRIAN

I don't understand how she got famous. She looks like an anorexic horsewoman.

PATRICK

Yeah. Not a fan at all.

BANGER

Maybe she let some producer give her a Cleveland steamer.

PATRICK

It would have to be something like that. She's not getting by on her looks, that's for sure.

Jill pops her head out the back door.

JILL

(to Brian)

Dude, how long you gonna be? We're slammed in here.

BRIAN

Alright, alright. Here, you want some of this?

He holds the joint up and offers it to Jill. Jill thinks about it.

JILL

Yeah, what the hell.

Brian hands it to Jill and heads inside.

BRIAN

Here, I'll cover for you. Thanks, Banger.

BANGER

Anytime, bro.

JILL  
What's with the skinny joint?

BANGER  
I usually smoke 'm by myself. If I  
rolled them too fat I'd be too  
wasted to work.

JILL  
I see.

Jill hits the joints a few times. Tries to pass it to Banger.

BANGER  
I'm good.

She passes it to Patrick.

PATRICK  
Fillin' up in there, huh?

JILL  
Yeah. Your phone was ringing  
earlier. Those two girls were  
asking where you went.

Patrick passes the joint back to Jill.

PATRICK  
Yeah. Better get back in.

JILL  
Yeah, me too.

Jill quickly takes a couple more puffs and hands it back to  
Patrick.

JILL (CONT'D)  
See you in there.

PATRICK  
Yep.

JILL  
Thanks, Banger.

BANGER  
Yep.

Jill heads back inside. Patrick kills the joint.

PATRICK  
Man. I am seriously fucked up.

BANGER  
You say that like it's a bad thing.

PATRICK  
Jesus. I can't remember the last  
time I was this trashed.

BANGER  
Yesterday?

PATRICK  
Yeah, right?

BANGER  
Hey, man. Brian told me what was  
going on. Sorry to hear it, bro.

PATRICK  
Yeah. Fuckin' sucks. Wish I'd done  
more, y'know?

BANGER  
I hear ya'. Can't lose hope,  
though. Can never lose hope. You  
never know. Miracles do happen.

PATRICK  
Yeah.

BANGER  
You're a fuckin' awesome guy, man.  
I'll be praying for you.

PATRICK  
Thanks, Banger.

BANGER  
Here, bring it in.

He spreads his arms and makes the come on in motion with his  
hands. Patrick and he hug warmly.

BANGER (CONT'D)  
I love you, man.

PATRICK  
Love you too, bro.

BANGER  
I mean it, man. I'll be praying my  
ass off for you.

PATRICK  
Thanks, Banger.

INT. - HOSPITAL OFFICE - 4:54PM

DR. GOODMAN sits at his desk, telephone in hand. Dr. Goodman is a good-looking man of 58 who wears a white lab coat. He's calling Patrick.

PATRICK (O.S.)  
 (recording through phone)  
 Hey, this is Pat, sorry I missed your call. Please leave a message and I'll be sure to get back with you. Thanks and have a good day.

BEEP.

DR. GOODMAN  
 Yes, this is Dr. Goodman for Patrick Donnelly. Mr. Donnelly I apologize for calling again but it's very urgent that I speak with you. Please call me back as soon as you get this message. My number is five five five eight three nine one. Hopefully I'll hear from you very soon. Bye.

EXT. - BAR ENTRANCE - 4:58PM

Patrick and Banger come around the corner and see John walking toward them from the other direction.

JOHN  
 Hey.

PATRICK  
 Hey. How's it going?

JOHN  
 Good.

PATRICK  
 You remember Banger?

JOHN  
 Yeah, how's it going?

They shake hands all around.

BANGER  
 Hey, man, I gotta take a leak. John, see you inside?

JOHN  
Yeah. See you in a bit.

Banger goes back in the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
So how's it going? Were you guys  
just toking up?

PATRICK  
Yeah. Can you tell?

JOHN  
Little bit.

PATRICK  
Do I smell like it?

JOHN  
Little bit.

PATRICK  
Shit. Glad you told me.

He takes his pack of cigarettes out.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Cover up the smell.

JOHN  
Lemme get one of those?

Patrick shakes some smokes out. They light up.

PATRICK  
You come by yourself?

JOHN  
Couple girls from the office are  
already here.

PATRICK  
Oh yeah? Is that one chick here?  
What's her name?

JOHN  
Kelly?

PATRICK  
Yeah. She here?

JOHN  
Yeah.

PATRICK  
She still carrying a torch?

JOHN  
Oh yeah.

PATRICK  
Are you?

JOHN  
Oh yeah.

PATRICK  
Anything go down yet? No pun  
intended.

JOHN  
No.

PATRICK  
Anything gonna go down?

JOHN  
You know, I don't know. I never  
thought I'd be that guy but I  
really like her.

PATRICK  
Can't wait to meet her.

JOHN  
She said the same about you.

PATRICK  
So it sounds like you got yourself  
a moral dilemma.

JOHN  
I know. Kinda sucks.

PATRICK  
Yeah, well. You only live once.

JOHN  
Unless you're James Bond. Then you  
live twice.

PATRICK  
Or a cat.

JOHN  
Oh, shit, there they are.

Patrick follows John's gaze to a bar window where Kelly and Clare are dancing to 'The Unicorn Song'. They stop dancing and wave. John and Patrick wave back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Christ. I forgot about The Unicorn Song.

PATRICK

Which one's Kelly?

JOHN

On the left.

PATRICK

She's pretty cute.

JOHN

Yep.

INT. - BAR - 5:04PM

Cute Girl and Friend are sitting at the bar, dancing to The Unicorn Song. Patrick walks up.

CUTE GIRL

Helmut!!!

She gives him a big hug.

CUTE GIRL (CONT'D)

Where did you go?

PATRICK

I had to...

He thumbs over his shoulder

PATRICK (CONT'D)

...you know. Take care of some things.

FRIEND

We missed you.

PATRICK

Yeah, I missed you guys. You doin' alright?

FRIEND

Yep.

CUTE GIRL  
Your phone keeps ringing.

PATRICK  
Oh yeah?

CUTE GIRL  
Do you have any cigarettes?

Patrick pulls out his smokes, gives her one, lights it for her as he's looking at his phone. He doesn't recognize the number from repeated missed calls.

CUTE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

PATRICK  
Uh huh.

He starts to walk off, listening to his phone.

CUTE GIRL  
Where're you going? Helmut!

Patrick turns around. Cute Girl waves him back. He walks back. She waves him in closer. He moves in closer. She whispers in his ear.

CUTE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Okay, just one.

PATRICK  
One what?

CUTE GIRL  
One kiss.

Patrick pulls back. Laughs.

PATRICK  
(whispering close)  
Can't. You have a boyfriend.

CUTE GIRL  
Just one.

PATRICK  
No such thing.

CUTE GIRL  
Why not?

PATRICK

I don't know. It's just a myth.  
Like one beer. People always say,  
I'll just have one but they never  
do. Same goes for peanuts. And  
potato chips. And kisses with cute  
girls.

CUTE GIRL

Just one.

PATRICK

No can do.

CUTE GIRL

Just one.

PATRICK

Maybe later. I gotta make a call.

Cute Girl holds up one finger in the most adorable fashion.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

How drunk are you?

Cute Girl makes the teeny, weeny, little bit sign with her  
fingers. It's equally adorable.

Patrick shakes his head, walks off.

CUTE GIRL

Wait! Come back! Helmut!

EXT. - BAR ENTRANCE - 5:11PM

Patrick dials a number, puts the phone to his ear.

INT. - HOSPITAL OFFICE - 5:11PM

Dr. Goodman sits at his desk. His phone rings. He looks at  
the display, quickly picks it up.

DR. GOODMAN

Dr. Goodman.

PATRICK (O.S.)

(through phone)

Uh, yeah, hi, this is Patrick  
Donnelly. You've been trying to  
call me?

DR. GOODMAN

Yes. Mr. Donnelly. Thanks for getting back with me.

PATRICK

No problem.

DR. GOODMAN

Yes, well, I'm, uh, I'm not really sure how to say this so I'll try to be direct. Um...we had an error in recordkeeping here, Mr. Donnelly. Uh, understandable given the circumstances but...well, long story short, we have two different files for Patrick C. Donnelly.

PATRICK

Uh huh.

DR. GOODMAN

Yes, well, as remarkable as it might sound, about a month ago you were both given the exact same lab tests.

PATRICK

Uh huh.

DR. GOODMAN

Well, I'm afraid the results were put into the wrong files so it's very likely that you were given the other Patrick Donnelly's results and vice versa.

PATRICK

So....

DR. GOODMAN

Well, the good news, uh, at least for you, the good news is that your test results came back normal.

PATRICK

Normal?

Dr. Goodman picks up a folder, starts looking through it.

DR. GOODMAN

Says here Dr. Patel is your doctor, is that right?

PATRICK

That's right.

DR. GOODMAN

Yes, well, I'm afraid Dr. Patel is in India right now or else he'd be calling you. Uh, it's not his fault, I don't believe and, as I said, it's somewhat understandable given the remarkable circumstances but there you have it.

So I, we, the hospital, we apologize for the mix up. I know you must have been going through a lot but...well, the good news is that your test results are normal and you have every reason to expect to live a long healthy life.

Dr. Goodman waits for a response. None comes.

DR. GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Donnelly?

EXT. - BAR ENTRANCE - 5:13PM

Patrick stands slackjawed in front of the bar, his hands down by his sides. Dr. Goodman can be heard faintly coming through the phone.

DR. GOODMAN (O.S.)

(through phone)

Hello? Mr. Donnelly?

INT. - BAR - 5:13PM

Clare, Kelly and John are sitting at a table, sharing a pitcher of green beer.

CLARE

I thought you said your brother was coming.

JOHN

Must've had to use the little cowboys' room.

KELLY

(pointing out window)

Isn't that him out there?

JOHN

Yeah. Must've had a phone call.

They watch as Patrick hangs up his cell phone, then throws his arms in the air and whoops loud enough for them to hear through the glass. Then he starts skipping up and down the sidewalk, laughing and whooping. Finally, he drops to his knees, makes praying hands and starts thanking God.

KELLY

Did he just win the lottery?

JOHN

Looks like it.

INT. - BAR - 5:16PM

Cute Girl and Friend sit at the bar, entertaining a potential suitor, KEVIN. Kevin is late twenties, average looking.

CUTE GIRL

I'm Bertha and this is Helga.

KEVIN

Nice to meet you. I'm Kevin.

FRIEND

Nice to meet you, Kevin.

KEVIN

Can I buy you ladies some shots?

FRIEND

No. We're good. Thanks, though.

KEVIN

You sure?

FRIEND

We're sure. Thanks though.

CUTE GIRL

Do you think there's anything unusual about our names?

KEVIN

No.

CUTE GIRL

Do I look like a Bertha to you?

KEVIN

I guess. I mean, if that's your...

Patrick storms up to them, hugs all three at once.

PATRICK  
I'm gonna live! Thank God Almighty  
I'm gonna fuckin' live!

He starts laughing/crying. He looks around, sees Brian talking to Banger at the other end of the bar.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
I'm gonna live. Brian! Banger!

Brian and Banger look over from the other end of the bar.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna live!

BRIAN  
What?

PATRICK  
I'm gonna LIVE!!!

Brian holds up a finger. Be there in a sec.

CUTE GIRL  
Are you okay?

PATRICK  
I'm great. I'm fuckin' great. I'm  
gonna live.

CUTE GIRL  
Were you dying before?

PATRICK  
That's what they told me. But there  
was a mix up. I'm gonna live.

Brian and Banger come over.

BRIAN  
What the hell are you saying?

PATRICK  
There was a mix up at the hospital.  
There was another Patrick Donnelly.  
They mixed up our records. I'm  
gonna live!

BRIAN  
No way!

PATRICK

Way!

Brian rushes from behind the bar and gives Patrick a bear hug. They embrace for a long time, laughing and practically crying. Banger joins in the group hug.

BANGER

Dude! I told you! I fuckin' told you, man! You can never give up hope.

They high five and hug and laugh and cry like silly, silly people. Cute Girl, Friend and Kevin look on, confused.

BRIAN

We gotta celebrate.

Brian goes back behind the bar and makes a dozen shots while Banger and Patrick hold each other and rock back and forth. Brian passes shots out to whoever's around. He holds up his shot.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Here's to you, Saint Patrick. Today is the first day of the rest of your life.

Everybody cheers.

BANGER

Amen, motherfucker.

PATRICK

Amen.

Everybody clinks glasses and takes their shots.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey, Brian, lemme get a couple more packs of smokes.

BRIAN

You got it.

CUTE GIRL

So...what the hell's going on?

PATRICK

I'm gonna live.

CUTE GIRL

I got that. What made you think you were gonna die?

PATRICK  
 Hey, this is my friend, Banger.  
 Banger, this is Cute Girl and her  
 Friend.

BANGER  
 Nice to meet you ladies.

CUTE GIRL  
 Bertha.

BANGER  
 What?

CUTE GIRL  
 My name's Bertha.

FRIEND  
 And I'm Helga.

BANGER  
 Bertha? Helga?

CUTE GIRL  
 Uh huh.

BANGER  
 Bertha is a girl who does shot put.  
 You're not a Bertha. And you're not  
 a Helga. Helga is a fat woman who  
 eats children. Y'all are lying.

Cute Girl and Bertha try to look offended but they can't pull  
 it off. Banger puts a big, meaty arm around Patrick.

BANGER (CONT'D)  
 Congratulations, man. That's  
 awesome.

PATRICK  
 Dude, you have no idea.

BANGER  
 Man, I'm so glad to hear it. I was  
 so bummed out.

PATRICK  
 Oh, me too.

CUTE GIRL  
 What the hell are you guys talking  
 about?

Brian hands a couple packs of cigarettes over to Patrick.

PATRICK  
Thanks, man.

Patrick gives a pack to Cute Girl.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Here. Present from me.

CUTE GIRL  
Oh. Thanks. What happened to you?  
Why did you think you were dying?

PATRICK  
About a week ago a doctor was  
telling me I had two years to live  
at the most. But there was a  
mistake in the records. There was  
another guy with my name who got  
tested for the same thing. His came  
back positive, mine came back  
negative. So they just called me to  
tell me.

CUTE GIRL  
Jesus Christ. So this whole time  
you thought you were dying?

PATRICK  
Yeah.

CUTE GIRL  
Oh my God. That sucks.

PATRICK  
I know.

CUTE GIRL  
But now you're gonna live?

PATRICK  
Uh huh.

CUTE GIRL  
You got a second chance.

PATRICK  
I know.

CUTE GIRL  
Kiss me, then.

PATRICK  
I can't. You have a boyfriend.

CUTE GIRL  
You're no fun.

PATRICK  
Maybe later. My brother's here, I  
gotta go find him.

Patrick walks off.

CUTE GIRL  
No. Come back. Helmut!

Kevin, who had stood on the sidelines the whole time, re-  
enters the game.

KEVIN  
So, you girls live around here?

Cute Girl and Friend just stare at him.

INT. - BAR - 5:28PM

Patrick joins John, Clare and Kelly on Clare's side of the  
table. He's grinning from ear to ear.

JOHN  
Hey.

PATRICK  
Hey. How's it going?

JOHN  
Good. This is Kelly, that's Clare.

PATRICK  
Hi Kelly. Hi Clare.

CLARE  
Hey. I guess you're John's brother.

PATRICK  
I am.

JOHN  
We saw you skipping around out  
there like a fairy. Did you win the  
lottery or something?

PATRICK  
Better.

JOHN  
Better than winning the lottery?

PATRICK

Yep.

CLARE

Was it a girl?

PATRICK

No.

JOHN

What the hell?

Patrick smiles a big, broad smile. He grabs a smoke, offers them around. John and Kelly each take one. Clare declines. He lights them all up.

PATRICK

It was the hospital.

JOHN

Hospital? Jesus, are you okay?

PATRICK

Yep.

JOHN

What happened?

PATRICK

Well, without getting too personal, I had some tests done a little while ago and at first they told me the results were bad. Real bad. Like I only had a couple years to live bad.

JOHN

Jesus Christ! When was this?

PATRICK

Couple weeks ago. But get this. Turns out there was another Patrick C. Donnelly who had the same test done at the same time. They got our records mixed up. So instead of me dying and him living, he's gonna die and I'm gonna live. I mean, sucks for the other Patrick Donnelly but...

JOHN

Holy shit! So that's why you called me earlier?

PATRICK

Yeah. Oh, yeah. Forgot. Sorry to freak you out, mon frere. Been a rough day up until like, ten minutes ago.

JOHN

I guess so. So you've been thinking you were gonna die for a couple weeks now?

PATRICK

Pretty much.

JOHN

And you didn't tell anyone?

PATRICK

No. I couldn't. Couldn't even say the words.

JOHN

Jesus Fuckin' Christ, Pat, I had no idea.

PATRICK

How could you?

CLARE

Oh my God I couldn't even imagine.

PATRICK

Oh, man. I can't tell you how miserable I was.

CLARE

You need to sue that hospital. That's mental anguish.

JOHN

Damn right it is. You need to call a lawyer.

PATRICK

You know what? I'm not even worried about it. I got a second chance, man. Life is beautiful.

KELLY

Not to sound morbid or anything but what was it like?

John and Clare look at her like, 'what the hell'? Patrick seems to understand, though.

PATRICK

You know what? It was really weird. I saw everything so clearly. For the first time in my life I saw what really mattered. And what really mattered wasn't the things, it was the people.

Kelly nods as she looks dead into Patrick's eyes. They seem to be alone in the world.

KELLY

Yeah. You know, it's so easy to forget that. Shame it takes a brush with death to remind you. Must've been really hard for you, though. Having to reckon your life at such a young age.

PATRICK

Oh it was. I've been crying my eyes out. And I'm not a cryer.

KELLY

Are you married?

PATRICK

No.

KELLY

So no kids?

PATRICK

Not unless you know something I don't.

KELLY

No. Do you regret that now?

PATRICK

Oddly enough I did then but now that I know I'm gonna live....I'm okay with it.

KELLY

Yeah?

PATRICK

Yeah. I've forgiven myself. I'm okay with it.

KELLY

You know, just because society tells you that you should get a job, get married, have kids....I mean, it's like Tylenol, you know? Tylenol bottles say that adults should take two tablets but that makes no sense. You're telling me that Shaquille O'Neal gets the same dose as an Asian woman half his size?

PATRICK

Yeah. Wow. Nice to meet someone who gets that. You're Clare?

Kelly points to herself.

KELLY

Kelly.

She points to Clare.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Clare.

PATRICK

Sorry.

KELLY

No worries.

JOHN

So do Mom and Dad know?

PATRICK

No. Don't tell them, either, Mom would have a coronary.

JOHN

You weren't gonna tell them? You weren't gonna tell me?

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK

I like to keep myself to myself.

KELLY

I'm the same way.

They look at each other again.

The WAITER comes up. He's 22, boyish, has too much product in his hair.

WAITER  
Y'all doin' alright?

PATRICK  
Uh, can I get a glass?

WAITER  
Sure.

PATRICK  
Y'all wanna do some shots?

CLARE  
Hellz yeah.

JOHN  
I'm good.

KELLY  
I'll have one. Sure.

PATRICK  
Four shots.

JOHN  
No, really...

PATRICK  
(to waiter)  
Four. Please.

JOHN  
None for me.

PATRICK  
(to waiter)  
Please, my sister doesn't know what she's saying. Four shots please.

WAITER  
Okay. You sure?

PATRICK  
We're sure. I'll do two if I have to.

WAITER  
Okay.

Waiter walks off.

KELLY  
(to John)  
So let me guess, you're the  
responsible one?

JOHN  
No.

PATRICK  
Yes.

JOHN  
No. Not always.

CLARE  
(to Patrick)  
And you're the problem child?

PATRICK  
Pretty much.

CLARE  
You're the second child?

PATRICK  
Uh huh.

CLARE  
That's the way it usually goes.

Something out the window grabs Patrick's attention suddenly  
and completely. He looks out like a dog that just saw a  
squirrel.

PATRICK  
Holy shit, there she is.

JOHN  
Who?

PATRICK  
This girl I have a massive crush  
on.

CLARE  
Which one?

PATRICK  
That one, there. With the short  
hair and the pixie tattoo.

CLARE  
Her?

PATRICK

Yeah.

CLARE

She's with someone.

PATRICK

I know. Every time I see her in here she's with a different guy. Can't figure out why.

CLARE

Uh, cause maybe she's a slut.

PATRICK

No she's not. She's a magic princess.

JOHN

Dude, I hate to break it to you but she's not that cute.

PATRICK

You shut up. She's a beautiful, beautiful princess.

JOHN

You're fuckin' hammered. She's a six, tops.

PATRICK

I love her.

JOHN

You need help, dude. She's not all that.

CLARE

And she's a slut.

PATRICK

Maybe not. Maybe she just has bad taste in guys. Maybe she just hasn't found the right one yet.

KELLY

That's a possibility. All the good ones are married or gay.

Clare looks at Kelly, then at John. John gives her a subtle, dirty look.

PATRICK

Or just too shy to talk to her.

KELLY

If you like her just say hi to her.

PATRICK

No. I couldn't do that.

KELLY

Why not? Even now?

PATRICK

What do you mean, even now?

KELLY

You just came face to face with death and lived to tell about it. What do you have to lose?

PATRICK

Yeah. You're right.

KELLY

What's the big deal? Go up to her, say hi.

PATRICK

She's with someone.

KELLY

He's probably a douchebag like the rest of the guys she dates. Just say hi.

PATRICK

Yeah. Maybe I will.

KELLY

You only live once.

JOHN

Unless you're James Bond.

CLARE

Or a cat.

The waiter comes back with shots. They all take one and raise them up.

PATRICK

Here's to second chances.

They toast and drink.

INT. - BAR - 7:16PM

Patrick stands near the hallway leading to the bathrooms. He's looking out into the crowd. Jill comes out of one of the bathrooms, sidles up next to Patrick.

JILL  
How's it going?

PATRICK  
Good.

JILL  
Heard you got some good news.

PATRICK  
The best. Hey, that girl's here.

JILL  
Which one?

PATRICK  
The one I thought looked a little like you.

JILL  
My sister?

PATRICK  
Yeah.

JILL  
Where is she?

PATRICK  
(pointing)  
Over there. With the Tinkerbell tattoo on her shoulder.

JILL  
You think she looks like me?

PATRICK  
Kinda.

The girl turns to profile.

JILL  
Oh yeah.

PATRICK  
Could pass for your sister, don't you think?

JILL

Yeah. I can see it. Same coloring.

PATRICK

Same chin.

JILL

Yeah. You're right. Yeah, I can see it. I'm cuter though.

PATRICK

Well, you're cuter than everybody.

JILL

That's sweet. How you feeling?

PATRICK

I'm fuckin' wasted.

JILL

You're supposed to be.

PATRICK

What's my bill up to?

JILL

It was up to fifteen last I checked.

PATRICK

(laughing)

Awesome.

JILL

We can start charging people if you want to call it off. Now that you know you're...you know.

PATRICK

Nah. Fuck it. I'm not gonna save anything for rainy days anymore.

JILL

Carpe diem and all that, huh?

PATRICK

I always hated that saying. Such a cliché. It's true, though. Gotta live for the moment.

JILL

Yep. Well, can't right now. Gotta get back to work.

PATRICK  
You ever hook up with Brian?

JILL  
No.

PATRICK  
Liar.

Jill goes back behind the bar. She whispers something in Brian's ear as she passes him. He nods. Brian comes over to Patrick with a couple shots.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Oh Jesus.

BRIAN  
One last one.

PATRICK  
Good God.

Patrick takes a shot. They toast and drink.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, my girl's here.

BRIAN  
Oh yeah?

PATRICK  
Yeah. Over there.

BRIAN  
Where?

PATRICK  
The really cute one.

BRIAN  
Where?

PATRICK  
With the tattoo on her shoulder,  
talking to that scrub in the  
baseball hat.

BRIAN  
Oh. Her?

PATRICK  
Yeah.

BRIAN  
You think she's cute?

PATRICK  
Absolutely gorgeous.

BRIAN  
I don't know about that. She's  
okay.

PATRICK  
Girl just rings my bell.

BRIAN  
If you say so. I thought you said  
she looked like Jill.

PATRICK  
I said she looked like Jill's  
sister.

BRIAN  
Uh...yeah. I can see that. Not as  
cute, though.

Patrick just looks at him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
What? I'm just sayin'?

Patrick looks back at his girl.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
I'd give her a seven.

PATRICK  
Go away. You're ruining it for me.

BRIAN  
Sorry, dude.

Brian walks away. Patrick sees Cute Girl sitting in the same place, swaying back and forth on her stool. She notices Patrick looking at her, holds up one finger in the most adorable way. Patrick shakes his head.

INT. - BAR - 9:54PM

Patrick moves slowly through the crowd as 'The Unicorn Song' plays and drunken people dance and stagger into him. He's getting bumped around pretty good, beer spilling everywhere. Suddenly he gets pushed up against SARAH, his crush. Sarah is 28, always smiles, has a young face. They lock eyes.

PATRICK

You are fucking gorgeous and don't  
ever let anyone tell you different.

Sarah makes a face as if to say, Awwwww. She hugs him warmly.

SARAH

Thank you. Nobody's ever told me  
that before.

INT. - BAR - 10:31PM

A live band plays in the background. People are jumping and dancing all around. Cute Girl sits on the same stool. Friend and Kevin are making out next to her. Patrick sidles up to her.

PATRICK

Got any smokes left?

Cute Girl hands him the pack. He takes one out and lights up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Friend seems to be having a good  
time.

CUTE GIRL

I guess so.

PATRICK

Didn't think that dude had much of  
a chance.

CUTE GIRL

Yeah, well....beer goggles and all.

PATRICK

Guess so.

CUTE GIRL

So, how are you doing? Kiss me.

PATRICK

I'm alright.

CUTE GIRL

Having a good time kiss me?

PATRICK

Yeah. Pretty good.

CUTE GIRL

Band's pretty good, huh, kiss me?

PATRICK  
Yeah. They're pretty good.

CUTE GIRL  
You're no fun.

PATRICK  
Maybe next year. If you don't have  
a boyfriend.

CUTE GIRL  
Is that really why?

PATRICK  
Yes.

Patrick feels a tug on his back pocket. He turns around to see Sarah walking away. He pulls a folded up piece of paper out of his pocket, tucks it back in.

CUTE GIRL  
If I didn't have a boyfriend would  
you?

PATRICK  
Of course.

CUTE GIRL  
How do I know?

PATRICK  
I was the one who asked you,  
remember? All those hours ago.

CUTE GIRL  
That's right. You did ask me.

PATRICK  
I did. You said it was just a t-  
shirt.

CUTE GIRL  
I said for now it's just a t-shirt.  
It's been an invitation for a while  
now.

PATRICK  
Any takers?

CUTE GIRL  
Couple.

PATRICK  
So it worked, then?

CUTE GIRL

Yes it did. They weren't prudes,  
like you.

PATRICK

I know.

CUTE GIRL

They didn't care if I had a  
boyfriend.

PATRICK

Where is your boyfriend, anyway?

CUTE GIRL

Chicago. He travels a lot on  
business.

PATRICK

I see.

CUTE GIRL

Yeah. Kinda sucks. Not really.  
Sometimes. Today it does. I gotta  
go to the bathroom.

Cute Girl pours herself out of her stool. Patrick takes the  
paper out of his pocket, unfolds it, reads it.

INSERT - NOTE:

This guy is BORING! Call me, Sarah 555-3786.

Patrick grins. John comes up but Patrick doesn't notice.

JOHN

Hey.

PATRICK

(looking up)

Hey, man. How's it going?

JOHN

I'm gonna take off.

PATRICK

Alright. Clare and Kelly leave?

JOHN

Clare left a while ago. Kelly's  
pretty hammered, though. I'm gonna  
take her home.

PATRICK  
Oh, really?

JOHN  
Yeah. You need a ride?

PATRICK  
Nah, I'm good.

JOHN  
I'll stick around if you want.

PATRICK  
Nah, I'm just gonna call a cab.  
Thanks, though. Where's Kelly?

JOHN  
Bathroom.

PATRICK  
Gotcha.

JOHN  
Alright, man. I'm gonna go then.

PATRICK  
Kelly's a cool girl.

JOHN  
Yeah. We been talking all night.  
She's awesome.

PATRICK  
She seems to get it.

JOHN  
I know.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Hey, I'm really glad about your  
test results and all. Would've  
killed me if you died.

PATRICK  
Thanks.

JOHN  
I'm serious, man. I love you. I do.  
We should say it more.

PATRICK  
Yeah. We should.

JOHN

Big hug.

John and Patrick hug warmly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Love you.

PATRICK

Love you, too. You okay to drive?

JOHN

Yeah, I been drinking cokes the past couple hours.

PATRICK

Okay. Go get Kelly home.

JOHN

Yeah. Just so you know I'm gonna tell the missus I took you home.

PATRICK

Copy that. Enjoy your forbidden ass.

JOHN

We'll see.

Kelly comes up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You ready?

KELLY

Ready, Freddy. Bye, Patrick, it was great meeting you.

PATRICK

Yeah, you too. I'll see you around.

They hug. John and Kelly leave. Cute Girl comes back, grabs Patrick's face and plants a big one on him.

CUTE GIRL

Take that.

PATRICK

Don't have much choice, do I?

CUTE GIRL

I been dying to do that all day.

PATRICK  
That was pretty hot.

CUTE GIRL  
You're welcome.

PATRICK  
Hate to hit and run but I gotta use  
the facilities.

CUTE GIRL  
There's a line now.

PATRICK  
Awww, just like when we met.

CUTE GIRL  
Yeah.

PATRICK  
Be right back.

CUTE GIRL  
Hurry back.

INT. - BAR - 10:38PM

Patrick waits in line for a bathroom, decides it's gonna take too long, heads for the door.

EXT. - BAR - 10:45PM

Patrick walks out of a grove of trees, takes out his cell phone and the piece of paper. Standing with some difficulty, he dials as he reads the numbers off the piece of paper. He finishes dialing and holds the phone up to his ear. It rings three times.

SARAH (O.S.)  
(through phone, over loud  
music)  
Hello?

PATRICK  
Hey. It's me.

SARAH  
Hello?

PATRICK  
Hey. It's me. I got your note.

SARAH  
Hold on a sec, I can't hear  
anything.

The music through the phone gets quieter.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Hello?

PATRICK  
Hey. It's me. I got your note.

SARAH  
Oh, hey! What took you so long? I'm  
bored out of my mind with this guy.

PATRICK  
Sorry. Had to shake someone.

SARAH  
That girl you were kissing?

PATRICK  
You saw that?

SARAH  
Yeah, I've been watching you. I  
mean...I don't mean that in a  
creepy, stalker way I just...where  
are you?

PATRICK  
I'm outside.

SARAH  
Outside where?

PATRICK  
In the parking lot.

SARAH  
Why are you in the parking lot?

PATRICK  
Fresh air. Quiet.

SARAH  
Hold on, I'll be right out.

Patrick walks toward the bar entrance, sees Sarah come out,  
talking on the phone. To him.

PATRICK  
Look to your right.

SARAH

Oh, there you are. Who was that girl?

PATRICK

Some drunk girl. She doesn't mean a thing to me. Who's that guy your with?

At this point they're three feet away from each other but still talking on their phones.

SARAH

Some guy who's boring me out of my mind.

PATRICK

Why'd you go out with him?

SARAH

He asked me.

Patrick hangs up his phone. Sarah follows suit.

PATRICK

I've seen you in here before. Quite a bit actually.

SARAH

Why didn't you introduce yourself?

PATRICK

I'm shy.

SARAH

That's cute.

PATRICK

Plus you're usually with someone.

SARAH

Yeah. Lord knows I try. I've seen you before, too, you know.

PATRICK

Yeah?

SARAH

Yeah. I guess I always thought I'd meet you eventually.

PATRICK

And so you have.

SARAH  
And so I have. I'm Sarah.

PATRICK  
Patrick.

SARAH  
That was really sweet what you said earlier.

PATRICK  
I meant it.

SARAH  
I know you did. I could tell.  
That's why it was so sweet. Do you  
have any cigarettes? I left mine on  
the bar.

Patrick gives her a smoke, lights it for her, lights his own.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

PATRICK  
Welcome. I love your pixie tattoo.

SARAH  
(embarassed)  
Oh. Thanks. I was eighteen.

PATRICK  
Weren't we all.

SARAH  
Guess so.

PATRICK  
Thanks for giving me your number.

SARAH  
Thanks for calling me. You know  
there's a rumor going around that  
St. Patrick is picking up the tabs  
today. For everyone.

PATRICK  
You don't say.

SARAH  
There's another rumor going around  
that you're St. Patrick.

PATRICK  
Nope. I'm sinner Patrick.

SARAH  
That's more fun.

PATRICK  
(smiling)  
Sure is.

They look at each other. Just full on eye contact.

SARAH  
Well, I better get back to my date.

PATRICK  
Yeah. I better get back to  
that...girl...that...

SARAH  
That you were making out with?

PATRICK  
I, no, I...well...

SARAH  
It's cool. Just save some for me.

Sarah walks off, flicks her cigarette, stomps on it.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the smoke.

PATRICK  
Anytime.

SARAH  
And the drinks.

PATRICK  
Anytime.

Sarah re-enters the bar. Patrick stands there, dreamy eyed.

INT. - PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Patrick sleeping, cell phone RINGING. Patrick opens two horribly bloodshot eyes. He gathers his wits, then reaches down to the floor. He fishes through his pockets, removes a pack of cigarettes, a receipt, a crumpled up napkin, a lighter, a wad of hundred dollar bills and, finally, his cell phone. He looks at the display, doesn't recognize the number. He answers it.

PATRICK  
Hello?

SARAH (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Patrick?

PATRICK  
Yeah.

SARAH  
Hey. It's Sarah. From last night.

PATRICK  
Oh. Hey.

SARAH  
How ya' feelin'?

PATRICK  
I'm glad to be alive.

SARAH  
Did I wake you?

PATRICK  
Oh, don't worry about it.

SARAH  
I'm sorry.

PATRICK  
It's fine.

SARAH  
Shoudl've known.

PATRICK  
No big. I'm glad I finally got to  
meet you last night.

SARAH  
Yeah, me too. Wish I'd been there  
with you instead of the guy I went  
with.

PATRICK  
That bad, huh?

SARAH  
Pretty bad. Yeah. Which kind of  
leads me to the reason for my call.  
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

Um, I hate to ask this of you but...Okay, here's the thing: my neice's birthday is tomorrow and the whole family is getting together for cake and ice cream or whatever.

PATRICK

Uh huh.

SARAH

Right. Well, the thing is, I'm getting to that age where, you know, every time I get together with my family, they're always asking me why I'm not married, am I seeing anyone, my friend Brenda has a son about your age....

PATRICK

Ooof. Brutal.

SARAH

Oh it's hell. Not kidding. Hell. The thing is, though, if I show up with a guy, I don't get any of that. I mean they still ask a thousand questions and they're pretty overbearing but at least it's not as depressing. So, the reason I was calling is...and I hate to ask and I realize it's short notice and I totally understand if you have plans or if you don't want to go but...will you go with me?

PATRICK

Sure.

SARAH

Really?

PATRICK

Love to.

SARAH

Really? You don't mind?

PATRICK

Nah. Been there a hundred times before. Piece of cake.

SARAH  
They're gonna grill you.

PATRICK  
Of course.

SARAH  
Really? You'll go with me?

PATRICK  
Yeah. I know where you're coming from. Just leave it all to me.

SARAH  
Oh, you're the best. Thank you soooo much.

PATRICK  
No problem. Glad you asked. Is it formal? I mean, should I wear khaki's or...

SARAH  
Oh no. Please. No, we're blue collar through and through. Jeans and a t-shirt will be fine.

PATRICK  
Kay. How old's your neice?

SARAH  
She'll be eight, I think. Eight or nine.

PATRICK  
So what are they into at that age? Spongebob or...

SARAH  
Oh, no, you don't have to get her anything. I got that covered.

PATRICK  
Okay.

SARAH  
That's sweet, though.

PATRICK  
Yeah, well. Kids love presents. You want me to pick you up?

SARAH

Um, yeah, that would be great, actually, cause the brakes on my car just started making weird noises. I gotta take it in today.

PATRICK

Kay. Where do you live?

SARAH

Uh...you know where Kudzu Junction is?

PATRICK

Yeah. I live there.

SARAH

Shut up. Where?

PATRICK

Mimosa Grove.

SARAH

Shut up. You're kidding.

PATRICK

Why would I joke about that?

SARAH

I'm in Post Magnolia.

PATRICK

Oh no way.

SARAH

Yeah.

PATRICK

We're practically neighbors.

SARAH

I know. God, that's so funny.

PATRICK

What unit you in?

SARAH

Building 1700, apartment 204.

PATRICK

Okay.

SARAH

You gonna remember that?

PATRICK

Yeah. That's an easy one. What time you want me to pick you up?

SARAH

Uh, oooh, I forgot to mention, it's like an hour drive.

PATRICK

That's alright.

SARAH

Uh, I think my mom said one so...you wanna pick me up at noonish?

PATRICK

Sure. They gonna have food there or you wanna grab some lunch first?

SARAH

Oh no. There will be a ton of food. Good food, too. My mom makes some kickass fried chicken.

PATRICK

Kickass, huh?

SARAH

Kickass. Best in the world.

PATRICK

Well good. I'm sold. Okay, well I guess I'll see you tomorrow noonish.

SARAH

You remember the apartment?

PATRICK

Building 1700, apartment 204.

SARAH

That's it. See you then.

PATRICK

Looking forward to it.

SARAH

Kay. Bye.

PATRICK

Bye.

Patrick hangs up the phone and tosses it on his nightstand. He reaches down again and picks up the pack of smokes, shakes it. It's empty but he opens it just to be sure. He tosses it aside.

He picks up the crumpled napkin, uncrumples it and looks at it.

INSERT: A wrinkled napkin with the scribbled words, LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF PATRICK CHRIST

Patrick giggles. He picks up the receipt and looks at it. He leans back against his pillows and looks at it more closely.

INSERT: Receipt shows his bill of \$23,478. A tip amount of \$2,622 is scribbled underneath that, barely legible. Finally, the total amount of \$26,000 is handwritten under that in equally shaky, drunken, barely-legible handwriting.

Patrick chuckles at first, then starts to laugh. His laughter builds and builds to belly-shaking proportions.

FADE TO CREDITS  
CUE UNICORN SONG