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

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 tinkerbell 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 subtley 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.
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.

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, 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
Oooookay.

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.

Just 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
Chivalrous.

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)  
Hmmm. 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
Ooooh. 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

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

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

No problem.

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.

Uh huh.

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

Uh huh.

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.

So....

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

Normal?

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

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 cliche. 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

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)
Um, I hate to ask this of you but...Okay, here’s the thing: my niece’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
Oof. 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 niece?

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