

Even if it's Wrong

AN MFA THESIS

APPROVED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

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By A A Hedge Coke

Committee Chairperson

J. Davis, MFA

Committee Member

Mary M. Brodway Ph.D.

Committee Member

FADE
IN:

EXT. WINNIE THOMPSON'S HOUSE - DAY

An ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER leads a muzzled dog, BODIE, across the front yard. Big dog. WINNIE THOMPSON, 34, follows behind. She's crying but trying to ignore that fact.

WINNIE

Isn't there some kind of appeal or something?

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER

With six complaints? There's nothing to do. Just don't see how you can stop it.

Animal control truck parked against the curb, in line with the front door of the house. FOUR ROOFERS look on from their own work truck, parked in the street.

WINNIE

I've had him eight years. I've had him since before my daughter was born. He's...he's family.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER

Look, you've already got a previous complaint. It's an official report. Sorry, but it's how it is.

WINNIE

He's good.
(desperately)
He's not baaad.

As the officer lifts the dog in a kennel--hind legs first--Winnie pets the dog's head.

PRICE SINGLETON, 31, stands in the doorway with his arm around ANSLEY THOMPSON, 7. PATRICIA HUTCHENS, 26, is with them too.

WINNIE

Is there a way to visit him?

Bodie's sad, docile face. Winnie's hand strokes him. Hand has to get gets out of the way of the closing kennel door.

(CONTINUED)

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER
Euthanizations are on Wednesdays
and Fridays.

WINNIE
Today is Friday.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER
Well then you have until Wednesday.
The paperwork won't be done today.

Price and Ansley have moved further out onto the porch.

ANSLEY
Will Bodie be okay in there?

Price kneels in front of Ansley while she watches the animal control officer get in his car.

PRICE
I think we should paint the Boxboat
tonight. What color?

ANSLEY
It's already brown.

PRICE
You don't want it to be any other
color?

Sound of the engine starting. Winnie her face in her hands.

PRICE (CONT'D)
Tell you what. I need to talk to
your mom for a sec. Can you go
inside and you look through my
paints and see if you might want to
use any of them? Or we could glue
some ores on the side.

Price queues Patricia to lead Ansley inside.

PATRICIA
C'mon, Ansley. Let's keep the dogs
company, inside.

Ansley and Patricia go inside. Price joins Winnie curbside.
Animal control truck turns at a stop sign. Out of sight.

PRICE
Winnie, you know...I am so sorry.

Winnie can't talk about this. Shakes her head.

PRICE

I still owe you rent for the month.
I'll run to an ATM in a bit.
(beat)
When you need a babysitter, I
can...I can still watch Ansley.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TULSA - DAY

BEGIN TITLES

MONTAGE:

- A) Pinkish-orange sunrise breaks the Tulsa skyline.
- B) Boston Avenue: early morning shadows. With the Bank of Oklahoma building behind him, a cafe employee props up an "Open" sign.
- C) Center of the Universe monument. Tulsa Union Depot (train station) behind it. Trains move. Engineers walk between them.
- D) Boston Avenue Church.
- E) The Arkansas River flows.
- F) Walkers on the sidewalk next to the river.
- G) School bus pulls up to an elementary school. Kids step out. Ansley steps out giggling with friends.
- H) The Golden Driller statue stands.
- I) Pearl District: decorative lights swing over the street.
- J) Coffee drinkers reading on Brookside sidewalk.
- K) POV from Turkey Mountain: Tulsa traffic and skyline. Morning sun behind it all.

END TITLES

EXT. WINNIE THOMPSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Older suburban neighborhood. Worn, middle-class houses. Parked cars. Mailboxes. Wind bends trees back and forth.

A work truck pulls up in the driveway of Winnie Thompson's place. Four roofers exit. They move toward the back of the truck to gather supplies.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Ansley enters her school classroom. Hangs her backpack. Unzips her bag and retrieves a box of colored markers. One boy sharpens a pencil. All other children seated. Ansley sets her markers on her desk and walks toward the counter. She takes several sheets of paper from a basket marked "SCRATCH PAPER." Ansley returns to her seat.

The tip of a marker makes a crudely drawn boat. Ansley looks over her drawing. She reaches for another marker.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Ansley, no coloring until crafts time.

TEACHER writes the day's schedule on the board.

ANSLEY (O.S.)

Okay.

Bell rings.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

TOM DEARDON, 46, wife SARAH, 38, jog. MATTIE, BAILEY, and JACKLYN also run. Tom front and center.

INT. WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blackness. A cell phone rings. Rings again. Rings third time. Sound of Price coughing. Sighs.

A hand holds the cellphone. Incoming call reads: "HELL." Price Singleton, disheveled and needing a shave, puts the phone to his ear. His face is clearly visible but his surroundings are slightly out of focus.

PRICE

Hello.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Is this Price?

PRICE

How you doing, Mr. Williams.
Looking for a sub for Monday?

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS (V.O.)

As a matter of fact, if you are available, we could use you today.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Mrs. Lane, our special ed. teacher,
took a spill on some wax in the
north wing.

INT. WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A long, elaborately constructed cardboard box in the shape of a sailboat rests in the living room. Still hearing Vice principal Williams' voice. The boat has a mast made of paper towel tubes. A toy figurine is fixed to a plank.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS (V.O.,
CONTINUED)

She's on her way to for x-rays.
One of the new janitors saw it on
the work order and didn't know that
we only wax in the afternoon.

Tight on Price's face (strictly from the neck up).

PRICE
Mrs. Lane? Yeah, I've worked with
her. She okay?

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS (V.O.)
That's why we're calling. Since
you've worked with the special ed.
group before, you already know the
ropes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

PRICE'S MEMORY/DAYDREAM: Price hands a mini-basketball to TINY BOY IN WHEELCHAIR, 8. Price points at a basketball goal. The boy launches his arms but the ball only limps to the floor. Price's face saddens.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS (V.O., CONT'D)
We need someone ASAP. Can you can
make it?

Price quickly corrects himself and gives phony applause to the tiny boy in the wheelchair.

BACK TO:

INT. INSIDE CARDBOARD BOX, WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Price continues to talk on cell phone.

PRICE
I'd like to help, but...

INT. WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three dogs, INCLUDING BODIE, circle and sniff at the box.
Muffled hammering comes from outside.

INT. INSIDE CARDBOARD BOX, WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Price's head on pillow. A stuffed animal falls in front of
his chest.

PRICE (CONT'D)
sorry, East Central called...Mmmmm,
like forty-seconds ago,

INT. INSIDE CARDBOARD BOX, WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Price's head on pillow. A stuffed animal falls in front of
his chest.

PRICE (CONT'D)
so I'm just walking out the door.

Vice Principal Williams' keeps talking but his voice becomes
unintelligible. Price yawns.

Wider frame show a dozen stuffed animals covering Price.

PRICE (CONT'D)
Right. Right. Looks like I'm going
across town to be an algebra
teacher, but give me a ring next
time you need someone. Sorry I
couldn't help today. Thanks Mr.
Williams.

QUICK CUT:

EXT. ROOF, WINNIE THOMPSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Roofers hammering.

BACK TO:

Price gets comfy, closes his eyes. Seconds later, he gathers the stuffed animals closer. Closes eyes and fidgets. Still not comfortable. Price swaps his pillow for a stuffed animal. That's better. All three dogs crowd their way into the cardboard box.

INT. WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

More hammering. A dog whines. The box scoots. Jerks. Side of box says "SS BOXBOAT". Price steps out wearing yesterdays wardrobe. The dogs follow.

INT. WINNIE'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Random things on the dining room table--folded clothes, hangers, hairspray, lipstick, coffee mug, CIGARETTE LIGHTER--as Price passes.

INT. WINNIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Price enters the kitchen. More hammering banging from above. As he notices the sound but doesn't stop. Opens back door. Dogs go out.

Price starts to leave kitchen but the bananas on the counter catch his eye. He takes one from the bunch and peels. Big bite. Dazed and tired as he munches with his open mouth.

INT. WINNIE'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Price carries his banana into the dining room. He inspects random stuff on the table. Picks up the lighter.

PRICE

You're not supposed to be smoking,
Winnie.

Price puts the rest of the fruit in his mouth. Sets the peel on the table. Picks up the hairspray bottle. Sprays it (single pump). The mist falls. Then using the cigarette lighter and hairspray--WHOOSH--Price makes a big fireball.

INT. WINNIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Banana peel in the sink. Price douses it with hairspray. Sets peel on fire. Watches the flame burn out. Price runs the faucet for safe measure.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, LUXURY CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Dapperly dressed LOUIS FREUDENBURGER, 32, talks into his bluetooth headset. A car salesman walks into the office and rummages through a file cabinet.

LOUIS

(INTO PHONE)

Let me ask you this? What do you want from your car? Want it to go fast? Want it to play Internet Radio?

Poster on the wall: SELLING AIN'T ABOUT SALES. SALES=GETTING THE CUSTOMER TO COOPERATE. Items on the desk: hundred dollar bill paper weight, *What Americans Really Want...Really: The Truth About Our Hopes, Dreams and Fears* by Frank Luntz and Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Want it to have heated leather seats? Want to impress the person in the next lane? You tell me what you want the car to do and I'll make sure the car can follow orders.

The car salesman slams a drawer. Louis shushes him with middle finger.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Tell you what I'm going to do for ya'. I'm going to transfer you back to your contact person--you're with Jacob, right? Then I'm going to guarantee you that whatever car it is you want: White, black. Fast, slow. Standard, automatic. Chick magnet or dude magnet. If you want a mini-bar or machine guns that come out of the side. Without wings or with retractable, silver F-14 Fighter Jet wings--you know the kind from *Top Gun*. I'm going to get it for you. Because I am endowed. Big time. Tell Jacob what you want. Then come get it.

(CONTINUED)

Louis pushes a button on his phone. Talks into intercom.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Sending him back to you, Jacob. I
have a hand in every one of your
sales, I swear.

Looks at watch.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Remind me again of why I give you a
commission.

JACOB (O.S.)
You're a true patron of the arts.

INT. WINNIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Price shakes a flaming tennis ball. Flames won't go out. He
runs for the back door.

EXT. WINNIE'S BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Price busts out the back door. Heaves flaming ball over the
fence into a neighbor's backyard.

INT. LAW LIBRARY, LAW OFFICE - DAY

Patricia Hutchens takes a large volume from the shelf. She
sits at a conference table. Books piled around her laptop.
Patricia puts on eyeglasses. Peruses the material.

MICHAEL GOYA, 55, great hair/suit, knocks on the opened
door.

MICHAEL
Anything yet?

PATRICIA
Just tax law.

MICHAEL
That's why we have you. To do all
the *taxing* parts.

Michael starts to leave. But has a second thought.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh, my wife instructed me to write
you a check for your benefit.
Wednesday, right?

(CONTINUED)

Michael gets pen and fancy checkbook. Begins writing.

PATRICIA

Tell her thanks for me. Does that mean you aren't coming?

Michael subtly strums an air guitar.

MICHAEL

My wife is following in your footsteps of rocking for social justice. She is now the treasurer of Amnesty International's local chapter.

PATRICIA

Oh, that's awesome. So cool. I'll have to ask her about it.

MICHAEL

Not much to ask. I can show you right now how she's going to fill the treasury.

Rips out check. Hands it to Patricia.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Anyway, she invited some guy to come play folk songs at her Amnesty meeting. I'm sure they don't even usually have music at their meetings, but she says I have to be there. Soo, good luck Wednesday.

PATRICIA

That's all right. Maybe you'll actually learn something at her deal. We won't be. Just fun and fundraising.

MICHAEL

You sure you're comfortable with that? It won't be weird?

PATRICIA

I mean the band agreed to play for free and they have sold a lot of tickets. It's fine.

MICHAEL

Relying on ex-boyfriends for favors, Patricia, gets paid for in one way or another.

Michael leaves. Patricia looks at check. Wow.

EXT. LUXURY CAR DEALERSHIP LOT - DAY

Wearing his bluetooth headset, Louis walks the car lot.

EXT. FRONT PORCH, WINNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The dogs bark at the roofers. Price smokes a cigarette on the porch. The roofers still work over him. Price's phone rings.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PRICE AND LOUIS

Louis struts the car lot. Sees customers. Snaps at a salesman to go to them.

Price answers his phone.

PRICE

Uh, ya?

LOUIS (V.O.)

(up to no good)

HAUGH-HOOOOAUUAUAUAOGHOAGH...

PRICE

Whattya want?

LOUIS (V.O.)

...OOOAUUGOAGH. OH-HO. OH, Price.

(increasing mischevious)

Priiice. Priiiiice.

Next to Price, a rotten jack o'lantern in the corner. Price kneels and offers the pumpkin a smoke. Louis keeps going with his obnoxious noise.

PRICE

Can't be good--whatever you want. I know that sound. It's never edificatory.

Louis peers at something he doesn't like on a car. The handkerchief in his blazer helps buff the blemish.

PRICE (V.O.)

Ugh. I suck. I was supposed to throw this pumpkin away weeks ago.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

Huh? Pumpkin? I don't care about pumpkins. Listen, pumpkins don't buy cars, douche.

Cigarette dangles in Price's mouth. Cellphone pinched between his shoulder and head. Pair hands lift the jack o'lantern.

LOUIS (V.O., CONT'D)

Cherry. Cherry's where it's at. You pop a cherry. Put your dick in cherry.

Orange pulp squishes in Price's clasp.

LOUIS (V.O., CONT'D)

The only thing you put in a pumpkin is a candle. After you hollow the bitch with a knife.

Price puts out his cigarette. Heads inside.

PRICE

Can you take off for an hour? Wanna get some breakfast?

INT. SHOWROOM, LUXURY CAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Louis enters the lobby. Takes to popping JACOB, 27, in the ass with handkerchief.

LOUIS

What? No. I can't leave but you can bring me something. No pumpkins.

CONTINUE INTERCUTTING BETWEEN PRICE AND LOUIS

Price walks away from the front door. Carries a permanent black marker. His shoe scoots the pumpkin carcass off the porch into the bushes.

Louis sits in a luxury car parked in the showroom.

LOUIS

What are you doing right now?

Price draws butt cheeks on the back of the jack o'lantern.

PRICE

Teaching algebra.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS
CAAAASSSSINO! Casino.

PRICE
What was it I was saying about this
can't be good.

LOUIS
Fawn's outta town. Well she will
be. She's going to Ft. Worth to see
her mom. First time her mom's going
to see the ring in person.
(happily)
They're doing some early Christmas
shopping. CASINO!

PRICE
Ugghhh. You paying?

The roofers come back to their truck for a smoke. Price
gives them a wave.

LOUIS (V.O.)
Hey, the casino is MY early
Christmas present to myself. And
you're unwrapping it with me
tonight, pumpkin fucker.

PRICE
So Fawn doesn't know?

Louis opens car door.

LOUIS
Tell her. Go ahead and tell her. I
don't care. I don't give a goddamn.
I do what I want.

Price listening on phone.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Seriously though...

Louis slams car door behind him.
I'll kill you.

EXT. THE HOMELESS ALLIANCE - DAY

Building complex. A few ruffians enter from the street.
Across the street, HOMELESS MAN 2 sells copies of CURBSIDE
CHRONICLE.

INT. THE HOMELESS ALLIANCE - CONTINUOUS

A soup kitchen inside a gymnasium. The ruffians get in line for their grub.

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE HOMELESS ALLIANCE - DAY

Winnie Thompson sits behind her desk. A HOMELESS WOMAN, 50, scruffy and unkempt, sits on the other side. A few long hairs protrude from her chin.

HOMELESS WOMAN

It's so hard to ask. I was a social worker. I have a masters in social work. Ten years ago, it was *me* helping other people.

WINNIE

Well if you've been in a place like this then you already know there's no shame in it.

HOMELESS WOMAN

I don't do drugs.

Stacks of Curbside Chronicles on the floor behind Winnie's desk.

WINNIE

I'm not judging. We don't do that.

HOMELESS WOMAN

(an accomplishment)

Only had two cigarettes today.

INT. KENNEL ROOM, ANIMAL CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Lots of barking. A silver kennel door squeaks open. The animal control officer puts Bodie the dog in a cage. Bodie rises paws at the door. Officer doesn't care.

Barking continues. Long hallway. Kennels on both sides. Many dogs. Some are angry; some are indifferent. One lifts its leg. Pisses.

The officer walks through the exit door. It closes with dogs still barking.

INT. LOBBY, ANIMAL CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The officer passes by a secretary typing on her computer. Volunteers lead dogs by the leash. The officer goes through another door.

INT. CLINIC, ANIMAL CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A dog's eyes close. A VETERINARIAN retracts a needle from the dog. Still breathing though. The animal control officer enters. The vet inserts a second needle.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER
How many more today?

VETERINARIAN
Calling it quits after this.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER
Happy hour?

Needle comes out of the dog.

VETERINARIAN
For one. Kiddo has a Cub Scout meeting so I can't stay long.

The dog lays lifeless.

INT. HALLWAY, THE HOMELESS ALLIANCE - DAY

The hallway outside Winnie's office. The homeless woman exits.

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, THE HOMELESS ALLIANCE - CONTINUOUS

Winnie runs her fingers through her hair. Opens drawer. Retrieves e-cigarette. Keeps her head low and takes a puff.

EXT. RANDOM GUY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Garage open. Price and Patricia move furniture out of a garage and onto a truck bed. A handsome guy, in socks, jeans, and hoodie, leans against the front of the house. Smokes cigarettes. Watches Patricia and Price move. Not there to help.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Strip mall parking lot in front of Rex's Fixes shop. Asian Massage parlor next door. Price and Patricia unload a truck bed. Office furniture, chairs, sofa, desk. Patricia rolls away with a chair on wheels. Price really struggles to get larger chair over his head. Finally does. Heads across the into the shop.

PRICE

Your friend owes me big time.

(beat)

See if she can get a deal on Asian massage.

Patricia puts a key in the door. Price lagging behind.

INT. OFFICE, REX'S FIXES SHOP -- LATER

Price and Patricia organizing the office a bit. Price setting up a computer. Runs cables from monitor to desktop. Patricia sits in chair behind Price. She's texting.

EXT. STRIP MALL - LATER

Price and Patricia walking out of the store.

Later, Price and Patricia come walking out of Rex's Fixes. Store dark and locked up behind them.

Car pulls into lot next to the truck bed. MEREDITH LAWRENCE, 25, gets out of the car. She's fit and blond.

MEREDITH

Sorry, did you already get everything?

PRICE

I think we're good.

PATRICIA

I made my friend Price help me.

Slight wave in-between Price and Meredith.

MEREDITH

(to Patricia)

He's the album cover guy?

(to Price)

Let me ask you something, whenever she's with you, does she whine to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH (cont'd)
you about her rockstar ex all the
time and then tell you what a bad
friend you are.

PRICE
(smooth, taking it in stride)
I'm sure you'll whine to her about
the guy I met tonight.

MEREDITH
Oh I know. Thanks so much for
getting this stuff you guys. He and
I...do not need to see each other.

PATRICIA
Did he say anything?

MEREDITH
(winking)
I'll tell ya later. He texted.

PATRICIA
What'd he say?

MEREDITH
Laterrrrr.

PATRICIA
You can hang with us. We're just
going to watch a movie unless you
want to go out. Grab a drink?

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
(to Price)
I can't. I just swung by so you
guys wouldn't have to load my stuff
by yourselves.

Meredith's cell phone rings. This exasperates her.

MEREDITH
I know. I know. I'm coming.

Meredith mimes using a key.

PRICE
So Patricia says you're taking over
this space? What are you doing
here?

Patricia hands key to Meredith.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

I really, really gotta go. I'm sorry I was late guys. I'm sorry you had to move in everything yourself. Thanks again.

INT. LAW OFFICE, LAW OFFICE - DAY

Patricia talking on front. Sitting at table in front of laptop.

PATRICIA

Really? You're saying this to me now? Just when I'm about
(getting quieter)
to leave the law office.

INTERCUT IN-BETWEEN WINNIE AND PATRICIA:

WINNIE

I feel like I'm the security guard at K-Mart or something. I can help give a few people direction, but other than that, just because I carry a flashlight and a walkie-talkie, I resemble authority. But I'm not a threat to anyone. I'm here to...make the world *feel* better about continuing to have what it has.

Patricia taps "SEND" on her screen.

PATRICIA

Sending it now. If you're going to talk shit on it, try to stay off your walkie-talkie.

WINNIE

I'm not making light of this or what you're doing. Sorry. I'm tired. Grouchy. Ansley and Price built a fort all night.

PATRICIA

I'm sorry...I keep pestering you about the benefit. Gonna stop though. You're depressing, God.

Winnie looks over the event notice.

(CONTINUED)

WINNIE

I still care. I just have to look like I care even more.

Winnie scrolls over Patricia's meme/graphic.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Oh cool. You got that artist guy you wanted. You didn't tell me.

PATRICIA

Kinda made him promise me two pieces.

Patricia accesses her e-mail account.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Ya, we were probably already good, but it definitely gets us the goal.

WINNIE

Look at you. Rockstarrrr.

Patricia's e-mail inbox: message from TREY@THECOLONY.COM.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Do you think it'd be weird if I asked Price to donate something too? I thought it might be good for him.

WINNIE

I can't even get him to take his clothes out of the dryer.

Patricia clicks the link.

PATRICIA

(concerned)

Winnie, do you know...

WINNIE

What?

PATRICIA

Did...Nevermind.

INT. PRICE'S BEDROOM, WINNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Plastic drop cloth on the floor, splattered with paint. Piles of clothes on a futon. Piles of papers. Piles of books. Lots of used, stale paint brushes.

Several empty easels. Brush strokes on Price's current artistic project: The earth. One supercontinent. Big canons shooting various flags into the air.

EXT. FRONT PORCH, WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patricia marches up the sidewalk to the front door. She notices the ass on the pumpkin but doesn't stop. In fact, she walks right into the house. Doesn't knock.

INT. PRICE'S BEDROOM, WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Price hears the slam of the front door. Causes him to stop painting.

INT. WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patricia sees the BOATBOX in the living room.

PATRICIA
Price? Price?

INT. PRICE'S BEDROOM, WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Price remains seated in front of his painting.

PRICE
In here.

Patricia appears, the door is behind Price. With his back to the door he has returned to painting. She inspects his work.

PATRICIA
Ah. What do you call that?

PRICE
This is...Battling Pangea.

PATRICIA
Does that suck? Or is that deep?

Price turns and stands. A brush paints Patricia's cheek. Patricia begins to cry. Price quickly finds a rag. Wipes her face. Only smears.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Shit, I'm sorry. I didn't think you'd care.

PATRICIA

Trey e-mailed me.

PRICE

I'm sorry.
(inquisitively)
I don't think you should care?

Price comes in for a hug but she waves him away.

PATRICIA

He's seeing someone. For four months!

(accusatorily)
Did you know?

PRICE

I knewwww....

PATRICIA

Did you?

PRICE

Wait, no. No. I knew he met someone here, like nine or ten months back. Before they went back on tour.

PATRICIA

Fucker. Don't talk to me.

PRICE

What difference does it make? If you're not together then you're not together. He's either going to see someone or not, Patricia, if he's not with you. That's how it works.

PATRICIA

I hate your painting. I hope no one wants it.

Patricia looks around at the rest of the room.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Where're the rest, huh? Where are all your masterpieces, you sonnofabitch?

(CONTINUED)

Price gives Battling Pangea a longing look. Moves toward his desk. Drops his brush into a water glass. Brown swirls in the water.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

He's going to marry her, Price.

PRICE

Did he say that?

PATRICIA

I know.

PRICE

Jesus.

Price's open arms. He offers another hug. Patricia declines.

PATRICIA

(facetiously, lowering voice)

I mean I know I'm better off and *everything*.

PRICE

Do you really want to be with a guy who called you, "blondie," the first month you were together because he wasn't sure if you were Patricia or Phylcia?

PATRICIA

Do you think he loves *her* more than he loves music?

PRICE

Patricia, what's he going to do when it's all over for him? He's not Paul Simon. His resume has one goddamn job on it: "Dishwasher. IHOP. Only on Friday and Saturday nights. For four months." The rest of his CV is probably a buncha quotes from his album reviews.

Patricia sniffles/tears up.

PATRICIA

I just wish this was over.

He caresses her shoulder. She lets him.

PRICE

Just these one word
adjectives--*epic!*--all the way down
the page.

PATRICIA

Why won't people tell me things
about him?

PRICE

He once called 104.5 and requested
his own song.

PATRICIA

I need...I just want to do
something *worth* doing.

Price gives the unkempt room the once-over.

PRICE

I can see why you came to me.

PATRICIA

What else am I going to do? Go back
to work? Go be miserable? Fun.
Now.

PRICE

Aren't you supposed to be at work?

INT. BATHROOM, WINNIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Patricia cleans her face in the mirror. Price can be heard
through the open door.

PATRICIA

Where's that?

A slow, meticulous wipe makes a perfect line in the paint.

PRICE (O.S.)

The fairgrounds.

PATRICIA

What else you got?

Second wipe gets the rest. Neatly folds fresh toilet paper.
Dabs paper under faucet. Pats then circles cheek. Checks
makeup.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE (O.S.)

You know--I was being productive before you you got here. You nixed everything. Even making our own coffee mugs at the make your own coffee mug place.

INT. PRICE'S BEDROOM, WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patricia enters room from bathroom door. She marches across the room for the bedroom door. Price reclining in bed.

PRICE

Do you want to go sit in those massage chairs? The dollar ones? In the mall next to All-American Cookie?

PATRICIA

(unenthusiastically)

How do you manage to be everywhere at once and yet never get anything done?

Patricia gone.

INT. WINNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patricia walks across living room toward the front door.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Coming? Where you taking me?

INT. PRICE'S BEDROOM, WINNIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Price sees pumpkin on his shoes. Hunts for another pair. Finds a nice one.

Haphazardly moving, kicking stuff about. Price looks for matching shoe.

PRICE

We could go to the Asian mart and see if they have any Asian massage chairs.

Finds the other nice shoe.

Price walks out of the bedroom. On the wall opposite the bedroom door is a FRAMED ALBUM COVER: A wrecking ball smashes into The Tower of Babel. Inside the wrecking ball says THE COLONY.

EXT. WINNIE THOMPSON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Patricia walks to the passenger side of Price's vehicle.
Price keeps walking.

PRICE
We're taking yours.

He heads to her car, parked in the street.

PRICE (CONT'D)
It would take me an hour to make
room for you.

PRICE'S PASSENGER SEAT: pile of clothes, books, rags,
papers, LPs, sleeping bag, trash.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Cars in the parking lot. The awning. People exit the lobby.

INT. LOUNGE, HOTEL - DAY

Price and Patricia survey their options at a hotel's
continental breakfast. An elderly couple sits at their
table, staring at the news.

A SERVER lifts an empty tray from the food bar. Price checks
his phone.

PRICE
(to server)
You know what I like about this
hotel, sir? Do you know why we stay
here? It's because your free
breakfast goes the longest.

Price opens a bin of food. The eggs mostly entirely empty.
Server thumbs toward the kitchen.

SERVER
I've got more in back.

PRICE
You're not going to make anymore
are you? We're fine.

SERVER
It's already made. We're just gonna
toss it.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

It's already made? If you already have some, we'll take it, but don't go out of your way.

Slight nod. Employee goes to fetch.

Patricia motions toward a pastry case.

PATRICIA

The Danishes are sealed in plastic.

Price loads his pockets with Danishes.

PRICE

It's called groceries.

PATRICIA

Told you, I'm not eating this.

PRICE

Patricia, this is a continental breakfast. Do you hate the continents?

Patricia gets mug. Fills it with hot water.

PATRICIA

I'm *hungry*.

PRICE

You're missing out.

PATRICIA

You're settling.

PRICE

You can have it all
(beat)
as long as you're willing to compromise.

Siphons handful of cereal. Eats. Points at the waffle iron. Talks with his mouthful.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You can make any waffle you want. But you have to compromise on waffles. Which is why I usually opt for the whole buffet.

Employee returns with eggs. Yellow yuck.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

You're not being cute. I know this is normal for you.

PRICE

Look--

Slides a Danish into Patricia's purse.

you never needed Trey. Look around. I can feed you, water you, coffee you, never bore you. I can *neglect* you in person. I'll be here for all that.

Patricia lays her front forehead on Price's shoulder.

PATRICIA

It's never going to happen.

Price lowers his face closer to hers.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

When we're married
(beat)

you're always going to bore me.

Price hands styrofoam plate to Patricia. The elderly couple continue watching TV.

MONTAGE:

A) Price and Patricia take food samples from a woman behind a deli counter.

B) Patricia holds her hand under a granola dispenser. Price lowers the lever.

C) At a coffee shop, next to the sugar, napkins, and condiments, Price pours milk into a cup.

D) IN PATRICIA'S CAR: Price drives the car holding the cup of milk. The seatbelt warning light pings over and over.

E) Price passes by various officer workers at desks and cubicles. He nods casually. Waves. Patricia follows closely behind, looking worriedly at the office workers.

PRICE

It's cool. I think they all think I work here.

Break room/kitchen. Pours a pot of coffee into the cup of milk. Smiles triumphantly. Hands it to Patricia.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

The hotel had coffee. So did all
the coffee shops we drove past on
the way here.

PRICE

You are ruining everything.

F) Car slows at an intersection. HOMELESS MAN 1 has a sign that says 10-CENT CHICKEN DANCE=ONE DOLLAR. Price rolls down the window and gives homeless two bucks. Homeless man 1 begins the celebration. A couple good bounces.

Patricia leans across Price. The homeless man 1 slows down his dance just enough to take twenty bucks from Patricia. Window goes up. Price drives on but gives Patricia a curious look.

After a few stares--

PATRICIA

What?

PRICE

You're always trying to one-up me.
Always competing.

PATRICIA

You didn't give him enough, Price.

PRICE

He danced for me.

G) Price still isn't wearing his seatbelt. Car continues to ping at him. Patricia glares.

PRICE

What? I'm the person. I'm the
person here. I'm the person. It's
the THING. We built IT. We made it.
I don't have to do what it says.

H) Entrance to art museum: Price shows a faded student ID to the person working the desk.

PRICE

Free for students today?

The person nods. Price thumbs his way back at Patricia and, on her behalf, pleads her case.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE (CONT'D)

She's a student. She's just
embarrassed to show you her ID
because you'll think she's cheap.

J) A sign in front of a Baptist Student Union reads: TODAY,
USE YOUR FIVE SENSES: Feel the spirit. Smell the
frankincense and myrrh. See the fellowship. Hear the Gospel.
There will be Pizza.

In a dining hall full of young believers, everyone eats
pizza and gives a PASTOR their attention. The people are in
good spirits. Gleefully, Price and Patricia hold their
slices high.

PASTOR

Amen?

Congregational amen echoed back to the pastor.

K) A sample scoop of gelato handed to Price. Patricia
already has hers.

L) Price and Patricia in art gallery. Big room.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Same art gallery. Patricia sits on a couch. Price closely
inspects a painting.

PATRICIA

(bawdily)

It's all landscapes, houses,
people. Landscapes, houses, people.

PRICE

Yep. That's all painting really is,
pretty much. Although I hear there
have been rallies to expand the
canon to the lone wolf howling at
the moon, tomato soup cans, and
tracing your hand into a
Thanksgiving turkey.

PATRICIA

Battling Pangea?

PRICE

Too deep. Maybe after I'm dead.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

You're going to end up buried in a common grave, Price Singleton. And nobody's going to be sure which one. They'll be like *He's either over here or over there. We're not really sure.*

PRICE

Mozart.

PATRICIA

Yeah, but at least he did something first.

PRICE

Mozart never had a continental breakfast at the Ramada Inn.

Sound of a nose being blown. Security guard standing over a trashcan. Blows nose again. Throws away tissue. Leaves.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Curators everywhere will get teary-eyed about how the world didn't appreciate me.

PATRICIA

I could see the world mourning for you--like if there was this really cool tie that they buried with you. And nobody could find another tie like it.

PRICE

You are going to be such a wreck at my funeral.

PATRICIA

When are we going to see you on this wall, Price?

PRICE

Never.

PATRICIA

Well don't say that. You never know.

Price points all around.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

No, I mean this is 19th Century Impressionism. Besides, I'm still honing in on my landscapes, houses, and people.

PATRICIA

So what's your plan?

PRICE

You mean in life? Or do you mean for the rest of the day?

PATRICIA

For you, I feel like those are kinda the same thing.

Children laughing. The security guard returns. A class of school children behind him. Teacher is Ansley's teacher.

TEACHER

Remember, when I said no touching-- that meant no touching in the last room OR in this one.

Patricia smiles and opens her arms to welcome someone.

PATRICIA

Hey...

Ansley steps to Patricia. Big hug.

PRICE

You didn't tell me your class was taking a field trip.

Ansley hugs Price.

PATRICIA

I talked to your mom a little bit ago.

Patricia steps behind Ansley and loving twirls her hair.

ANSLEY

Mrs. Catherwood made me travel troll.

Ansley points at a bulky medallion around her neck.

ANSLEY (CONT'D)

I can get anyone in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER (O.S.)

Ansley Thompson, you know to stay with the group. You're supposed to be setting a good example.

PRICE

Ansley, can you get your teacher in TROLLble?

ANSLEY

Are you going to help me paint the boatbox tonight?

PRICE

I was thinking of painting it brown.

ANSLEY

Nooo. That's not a color.

PRICE

Brown's a color.

ANSLEY

Ugh. I said *paint* it.

Teacher's hands plant themselves on Ansley's shoulders. The security guard blows his nose again.

PATRICIA

Busted Ansley.
(to teacher)
Don't hurt her.

Teacher guides Ansley back to the group.

PRICE

It's okay. She's...my roommate.

Still under the teacher's grip, Ansley peers back.

ANSLEY

Price, mom says we have to move the boatbox. She hates it in the living room.

Patricia smiles. She watches Price to see his reaction.

INT. ART MUSEUM, STAIRCASE -- MOMENTS LATER

Patricia and Price descend a set of stairs. They get to the bottom step and Price carefully surveys his surroundings.

PATRICIA

C'mon. What are you doing?

Price continues to look about.

PRICE

Remember when I went to the MOMA a couple of years ago? I was all ready to go, following exit signs toward the door, got to the bottom of a flight of stairs...I bend down to tie my shoe...and there's *Starry Night*.

Patricia laughs.

PATRICIA

You're looking behind the staircase for a secret masterpiece? God, you're precious.

PRICE

What? Van Gogh! I almost missed it.

PATRICIA

You know, you might actually be the least threatening man of all time.

PRICE

It's a world renown, historical artwork. Sorry if I take a moment or two...to....

PATRICIA

Mmmhmm, and what do you see behind this staircase, precious?

PRICE

(excitedly)

The way Van Gogh rolled this flat space here...

Price motions toward the wall.

PRICE (CONT'D)

(facetiously)

very amateur.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

Come on. My turn to show you something.

Patricia starts to leave.

PRICE

(suggestively)

Another hotel?

Price follows. With their backs to the frame, their voices trail away.

PRICE

Where we going?

PATRICIA

You're gonna love it. Lots of staircases.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Tom, Sarah, Mattie, Bailey, and Jacklyn jogging. Heavy breathing.

EXT. WINNIE THOMPSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Bodie and the other dogs watch two roofers carrying ladder. Roofers walk toward back gate.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Small store fronts. Drab, cookie cutter kind of place.

INT/EXT. PATRICIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Patricia puts the car into park. Price is her passenger.

PATRICIA

Well, you've seen the backseat.

Price looks over his shoulder. Boxes. A few of them opened: binders, papers, flyers, and brochures.

The trunk opens. More binders, papers, flyers, brochures.

PATRICIA

So, as you know, this has been my office for the last couple of years.

INT. STRIP MALL, REX'S FIXES SHOP - DAY

REX, 56, looks at an old word processor. Screen says, "PRESS ANY KEY TO CONTINUE." Rex presses a key. Nothing happens. Presses another key.

Nothing. Fingers mash all the keys. Then repeated taps on the S-key. The processor remains unchanged.

Grabs screwdriver. Uses it to pop out five letters-keys off the keyboard.

Arranges the letters in his palm to say: RELAX.

Sound of jingling.

A bouquet of bells bundled to the front door handle. The door closes behind Patricia and Price. Typewriters, vacuum cleaners, and VCR's piled all over. The pits.

PRICE

Do you have more moving to do? Is that what you wanted to show me. And...there are no staircases.

Rex passes the front counter to greet them.

REX

Patricia. Hello again.

PATRICIA

I brought my friend to see the place. Rex, this is Price. Price, this is Rex.

Rex and Price shake hands.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Rex is the owner.

PRICE

I get it. His name is one the sign.
(to Rex)
You mean they don't just pay you to be the face of the company?

Rex pushes a dirty and faded business card into Price's hand. Card is for Atlantic Records.

REX

'Feller from Atlantic Records saw me play. He said give 'em a call when I had an album recorded.

(CONTINUED)

Price stutters for a response. Appeals to Patricia.

PATRICIA

Um, Rex is going into semi-retirement. He's going to work on his music and keep the business going out of his garage.

REX

A vacuum isn't a vacuum anymore. It's a robot.

PRICE

Uh, I use a broom.
(beat)
Wood floors.

REX

Going to focus on my music. So I'm getting out. It's their store now.

Rex points at Patricia.

PRICE

Is that why we moved that one night? You said it was to help out that one chick.

PATRICIA

(to Rex)

Is Meredith here? I didn't see her car.

INT. OFFICE, REX'S FIXES SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

A neat and tidy office space. Very orderly. Meredith pedals at her bicycle desk while watching Elizabeth Gilbert's "Your Elusive Creative Genius."

Price and Patricia enter. Meredith keeps pedaling.

MEREDITH

Rex is driving me nuts.

PATRICIA

Did he ask you out on a crazyman date?

MEREDITH

What? Hell no. He just keeps coming into the office and asking me to show him the Internet.

(CONTINUED)

Meredith picks up the pace. Fast. Feel the burn.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

I can't keep him out of here for more than twenty minutes. He's obsessed with YouTube tutorials. I now know how to build a guitar amplifier, make a homeade ice cube maker, fold origami, make homeade bubble gum, build a remote control sailboat, and how to replace a vacuum cleaner bag.

Stops pedaling. Sweaty and breathy now.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Maybe he was watching that one ironically.

Meredith towels her face. Gets a dab of hand sanitizer. Extends a handshake toward Price.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Album cover guy.

PATRICIA

(affectionately)

Price.

MEREDITH

(to Price)

So my cousin is really into *The Colony*. He wears a couple of your t-shirts.

PRICE

(happy to say this)

Ha, they're not *mine*. Never designed a shirt.

MEREDITH

I bragged to him that I'm in the inner circle.

PATRICIA

Us?

PRICE

I think they spend all their time in Brooklyn congratulating each other they're not in Oklahoma. It's probably why they can't finish the album.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Am I lame for pulling one of those
My friends are in a band things?

PRICE

Yes. Cause we're not a band.

MEREDITH

It's just my cousin thought it was
cool that--his favorite band--I
know the guy who did their album
cover.

PRICE

Old news. It's all been...covered.

PATRICIA

Has Rex made any headway on getting
his stuff out of here? Or will he
be with us for Christmas too?

MEREDITH

I haven't seen him pack a single
keyboard. Honestly. Whenever he's
not here, I think he drives around
town, finds this junk and carries
it in.

Knock at the open door. Rex in the doorway. He points at the
beat up acoustic around his neck.

MEREDITH

Yeah sure.

Rex sits at the desk. Loads up YouTube.

REX

Eight Flamenco and Spanish Guitar
Tricks Every Guitar Player Should
Know.

Meredith grabs her purse and a totebag.

MEREDITH

All right. Which one of you drove?
I was going to bike there, but
since you're here...

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Patricia in her passenger seat. Price stooped in backseat. He emerges with a big stack of boxes, making room for Meredith. He hikes off with the boxes.

INT. CINNAMON'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Price chuckles while keeping some distance from Patricia, Meredith, and CINNAMON, 19. Patricia in a chair. Meredith on the bed with Cinnamon. They're in good spirits too. A totebag at Meredith's feet. Wearing a robe over her underwear, Cinnamon smokes a cigarette.

CINNAMON

Ya'll, I really like ya'll but I'm still gonna kick your asses out in a few minutes. Thanks for the goodies

Cinnamon's hand flicks cigarette into ashtray on nightstand. A cell phone next to the ash tray.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

but I doos like to be spoiled in *other* ways.

MEREDITH

That's all right. We have some work to do anyway.

PATRICIA

Well, I don't know about Price.

CINNAMON

Nice meeting you, Price.

Price has taken to staring at a used condom in the trash.

PRICE

You too...Cinnamon. I feel weird calling you that.

CINNAMON

Sindee. These girls

Motions toward Patricia and Meredith.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

know. But either way. Used to both.

Meredith rummages through the totebag.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

We brought you a few extras this time. I have some vitamins here and some baby wipes...toothpaste, condoms, protein bars, peanuts, a phone card. Little chocolate.

On the floor, on the far side of the bed, Price notices a bunch of sex toys spilling out of a duffel bag. Beyond the duffel bag, the partially shut bathroom door.

CINNAMON

Any gum or mints? I'm conscious about my breath.

MEREDITH

No gum.

PRICE

Is it all right if I use your bathroom?

CINNAMON

The bathroom? Um, well room service won't hardly come no more so there are dirty towels but, ya, sure go ahead.

INT. BATHROOM, CINNAMON'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ugly yellow ceiling light. Price shuts and locks bathroom door. He looks at the shower curtain. Curtain hides the entire shower. Price breaths deep and long. Exhales. Turns and unlocks the door. He steps aggressively at the shower and flings it aside. Just a an empty bathtub.

INT. CINNAMON'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cigarette smashed into ashtray. Cell phone still next to it. Cinnamon exhales the smoke in her lungs.

CINNAMON

(to Patricia)

That boy of yours is pretty cute.

PATRICIA

Oh, he's not my boyfriend. He is best friends with my ex, so...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, CINNAMON'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Price stands over toilet. Sound of urine splashing water. He looks at the bathtub, shakes his head in disbelief. Laughs.

BACK TO:

INT. CINNAMON'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The three women giggling. Cinnamon holding a strap on. Patricia is red faced and embarrassed.

PATRICIA

I could never.

Price comes out of the bathroom. Patricia rises from her seat. Meredith comes behind Cinnamon, grabs the dildo, flings it to the floor and kicks it under the bed.

MEREDITH

(soft but forceful)

Enough.

Price joins the group.

PRICE

We ready?

They head for the door.

PATRICIA

(to Cinnamon)

I know I'm the newbie, but you have my number. Feel free to call anytime.

PRICE

Is there coffee in the lobby?

EXT. ROUTE 66 MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Motel needs paint. Trash and litter cover the grounds.

EXT. ROUTE 66 MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Price, Patricia, and Meredith approaching the car.

PRICE

You two will be glad to know that while I was in the bathroom I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRICE (cont'd)
checked behind the curtain and
there were no pimps, kidnappers, or
sex traffickers.

MEREDITH
What would you know about it.

PRICE
Just soap and tile.

Meredith grabs a fistful of Price's shit and slams him
against a car.

MEREDITH
It's not fucking funny, okay.

Another shove.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
This is people's lives we're
talking about. This is *my* life.
This is *their* lives.

Slaps Price's chest.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
It's not fucking cute. Not fucking
funny.

Patricia's face isn't happy with Price.

PRICE
Sorry. I'm really sorry. I'm a
child.

MEREDITH
Goddamn right.

PATRICIA
Guys, guys it's my fault. It's my
fault. I'm supposed to be at work
and if I were there this wouldn't
be happening. Price is here because
of me.

MEREDITH
(to Price)
Are you one of those people who
watches a movie like Blood Diamond
or Schindler's List and you're like
*"I'm so glad these awful things
really happened so Meryl Streep*
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH (cont'd)
*could be in this totally bad ass
movie."*

PRICE
It was insensitive. I shouldn't
have said it like that. I thought I
was helping.

MEREDITH
We don't go ghost hunting or
bugging bathrooms. We build
relationships with these girls. It
takes time to get them to trust us.

PRICE
I get it. I'm sorry Meredith.

MEREDITH
Okay. Thank you. There's just no
way to know. These girls could be
working under their own accord,
self employed, or they could have
been forced into this. It takes
time. We might never know if
they're trafficked.

She backs away from him.

PRICE
They might trust you more if you
didn't tell them Meryl Streep is in
Schindler's List.

Patricia's expression: that wasn't the right thing to say.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Tom and Sarah Deardon, Mattie, Bailey, and Jacklyn jogging.

INT/EXT. PATRICIA'S CAR - DAY

Price in the passenger seat. Takes vitamins out of his front
pocket and pops it in his mouth. Swallows them with the
coffee from earlier.

PATRICIA
Ulgh. Why do you always have
vitamins?

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

So I can live forever.

Offering.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Want one?

PATRICIA

I always thought I'd be like Meredith or Winnie. I thought I'd find what I wanted to do and it'd be like, *yeah I'm gonna do that.*

PRICE

My dad has this saying he tells me all the time. He says, "Price, you have to do *something*. Even if it's wrong."

(beat)

So I try to prove him right by arguing with him that he's wrong...is doing, in fact, *something*.

PATRICIA

Price, I'm 27--I had this breakup, I have this stifling job that saps my soul. I don't like the idea of having to be a normal person. I'm not used to it. Meredith is already a success and she's two years younger. She started this nonprofit.

Patricia passes a frozen yogurt shop.

PRICE

Aay? What about froyo? Their sample cups are huge.

Unphazed Patricia.

PATRICIA

Project Check.

Price's expression: What does that mean?

PATRICIA

We CHECK in on them.

Takes Price a moment.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Oh I get it--the women. I thought you meant sample cups. You check the women. Project Check.

PATRICIA

That's the name of the nonprofit, yes. Meredith named it. It's Meredith's idea.

(getting annoyed)

It's all Meredith's idea.

PRICE

(revelatory, increasingly happy)

The benefit isn't for Curbside Chronicle, is it? Or the shelter?

PATRICIA

Meredith, when I met her, was already way far into the process of registering this nonprofit. She has a board, lawyers...

PRICE

Really?

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

she has money in escrow, but it doesn't kick in until Project Check has raised its own funds for two years. People seem to think Meredith's like a sorority girl or something but I like her. She...makes things happen. We've really hit off and she

Patricia turns into a neighborhood.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

offered me a position.

PRICE

I can't believe you kept this from me. It's kinda big.

PATRICIA

Winnie knew. But you should have.

PRICE

You didn't think to say something as I'm moving office furniture into your future office?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

Do you really think I'd contact **Trey**? And ask him to do something for Winnie and the shelter? He owes me.

PRICE

Uh, why not? What's wrong with that? You have to do something even if it's wrong.

PATRICIA

Or we could all just find ways to get free breakfast and coffee in the morning.

Driving for a few moments. Price has a thought.

PRICE

You always thought you were going to be like Winnie or Meredith? I wanted to be Dostoyevsky. He gets convicted of treason, along with his Russian friends. Armed guards escort Dostoyevsky and the traitors to a firing squad, cover them with blindfolds, rifles aimed and ready...and then this soldier shows up saying that everyone's lives have been spared. Dostoyevsky and his inner circle are saved, but they all have to serve time in a Siberian work camp. None of them made it. Not really. Everyone in front of that firing squad that day either went crazy or killed themselves. Dostoyevsky: he sat down and wrote. He got *out*. And and he wrote. A lot of other men would've just said "fuck it" and raped and pillaged.

PATRICIA

God, what the fuck, Price? Is that why we're never going to see your work on that wall?...you're too busy raping and pillaging?

PRICE

I didn't say that. Just, for some people, life's too short to do something good.

(CONTINUED)

Silence for a few seconds as they drive. Rolling image of houses.

PATRICIA (O.S)
What the hell?

Patricia turns into driveway. View through front windshield: Bodie rabidly and wildly barking. Chomping. Big jaws. Tom, Sarah, Mattie, Bailey, and Jacklyn in the bed of roofers truck. They're armed with sticks. Tom with a rake.

INT/EXT. LOUIS' CAR, TULSA AIRPORT - DAY

Louis leaning over seat and kissing FAWN, 24. Several pecks.

FAWN
It's getting too cold. You always get a convertible during winter and then you never put the top down.

LOUIS
It's the idea of it. I have the potential of lowering down the top even if I never do.

Fawn keeps eye contact with Price as she reaches across her body with her left hand pops the handle. **BIG ENGAGEMENT RING ON HER RING FINGER.** Kisses Louis again.

FAWN
I'm just saying, get something off the lot with snow tires this time.

Fawn slips out toward the back. She leaves the door open and Louis pops trunk.

LOUIS
What if I don't want to drive in snow?

FAWN (O.S.)
Then you had better start selling worlds where it doesn't snow, instead of cars made to work on this one.

Fawn ducking back down into car. Meets eyes with Louis.

LOUIS
I love you, but if I buy a planet while you're gone, and it has an airport on it, I'm totally not coming back here to get you.

(CONTINUED)

FAWN

I love you.

Fawn heads for airport entrance. Louis watches her. He looks up. Sees the **DEPARTURE BOARD**.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Louis and a few of his car salesmen standing around a bar table (they're serving in other room). Beer glasses and empty plates all over. Louis' pulls Price close. Big bear hug.

LOUIS

Awww. Listen, you don't need a crappy room at Winnie's. You can stay with me. Fawn's out of town anyway, so it's perfect.

PRICE

I need a place to live, not a place to stay.

LOUIS

I bet I can get Fawn to agree to that. Let me talk to her.

PRICE

(disappointed in himself)
She said *don't leave the dogs out*, the roofers are coming.

Louis swirling his whiskey-rocks.

LOUIS

How much longer did you seriously want to rent a room from a seven-year-old and her mom?

PRICE

And Ansley's attached.

LOUIS

Perfect, dude. You should've used that as your excuse to get out of there long ago. You should've said, "Winnie, your kid keeps confusing me for her dad. I'm not comfortable with it." Nothing she could've said. If I ever date a chick with a kid, I'm using that as my way out.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE
You're manipulative.

Louis sips whiskey. Talks with ice cube in mouth.

LOUIS
Man, and fuck that kid. She's not your responsibility. That girl is the first grade slut of Edison Elementary. A grade A slut.

PRICE
I got a perfectly nice, healthy dog... killed. A domesticated mammal. That's pretty high up there on the killing-things-your-friends-care-about list. Like he's literally slept on my belly. Licked my face. Did funny things when it saw other dogs came on TV.

Jacob holds an open palm toward Louis. Louis reaches in his pocket while shaking his head. Louis retrieves a pill bottle and gives a pill to the employee.

JACOB
Two?

LOUIS
You're lucky I gave you one.

Salesman keeps staring.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Fine.

Gives the second pill.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Here.

Price scrounges the table for scraps but he watches the Jacob leave.

PRICE
It's weird you do that.

LOUIS
I can't believe how much of a babysitter I am for grown-ass men. They always want to leave work to run errands. They come in late. Their angry girlfriends show up. I

(CONTINUED)

Shaking the pill bottle.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
give everyone Adderall. They smoke
in front of the building even
though they're told DON'T SMOKE IN
FRONT OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

PRICE
I'm the same way. I'm the one who
left the dogs in the backyard.

LOUIS
And so she kicked you out?

PRICE
Well, I just assumed, really. Plus,
how can I go back there with this
eternal catacomb-like silence to
Bodie the puppy dog?

LOUIS
So you could go back? She didn't
ban you.

PRICE
Um...

CUT TO:

EXT. CURBSIDE, WINNIE THOMPSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Standing in street, Price watches Patricia drive away from
house. He sighs. Moans. Groans. He's miserable. Lean over.

PRICE'S POV: His own car thirty feet away. Deep breaths.
Rubs his eyes. He looks back at the house. Anguished face.
Pulls his car keys out of his pocket. He looks at his car
again.

INT. BATHROOM, WINNIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Price masturbating in his bedroom. His back to the door and
his pants on. Low, throaty gasps turn into erratic
breathing.

Carrying an armful of clothes, Winnie steps in.

WINNIE
I thought you left with Patricia.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Louis laughing heartily. Surfer Blood's "Slow Six" begins playing.

PRICE

What? When we used to live together, I walked in on you all the time.

LOUIS

(can't stop chuckling)
Yeah but you didn't kill my dog first.

INT. WINNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Surfer Blood's song "Slow Six" continues playing. Winnie and Ansley watching television on Winnie's bed. Ansley rolls out from under her mother's arm and leaves the room. Winnie leans toward nearby nightstand and retrieves the Animal Control incident report. Finds Sarah Deardon's signature and phone number. Winnie dials on her phone.

INT. BAR - LATER

Smokers on the patio. Price and Jacob compete at CONNECT FOUR (the board game) on a cellphone app. Louis in line at the bar. Bartender adds soda to gin.

Patricia enters bar. Finds her way to Louis.

Cellphone screen: Price's finger drops gold chip to get four in a row on Connect Four. Price wins.

Louis and Patricia at the bar.

LOUIS

You want a drink?

PATRICIA

I'm not going to sleep with you, Louis.

LOUIS

That's okay. I'm not going to keep buying you drinks forever.

Louis strokes her back. Patricia retracts, half-heartedly.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA
Coop Ale and a shot of anything.

Bartender comes to take Louis' order.

Price and Jacob at the table.

JACOB
I don't have cash, is that all
right?

Price more interested in his phone than Jacob.

PRICE
It's whatever. We're not done
playing anyway.

JACOB
Na, na. Put a drink on my tab. You
would've bought me a drink. In
fact, I'll get it.

PRICE
Branca Menta.

JACOB
I don't even know what that is.

PRICE
It's like...a gentleman's
Peppermint Schnapps.

Jacob goes to the bar, leaving Price to his phone. Price
closes out the Connect Four game. Sends Text message to
Winnie: I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. I'M SORRY ABOUT
EVERYTHING.

INT. WINNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Winnie next to her bed. Leaves a voicemail.

WINNIE
If you could call me back, I'd
really appreciate it. Again, I am
sorry, but I'd like to apologize
for what happened today in person.

Winnie reads Price's text message. Doesn't respond.

INT. BAR - LATER

Patricia, Louis, and Jacob take shots. Hip bar crowd. One car salesman shakes hands with Louis and Jacob, leaving for the night. Price scrolls through songs on juke box.

Later

Meredith and Patricia have their own table. They talk.

Price and Jacob smoking in biergarten. Louis with them.

LOUIS

You didn't tell me you were going to bring Patricia.

Price shrugs. Takes a drag.

JACOB

You're costing him more money.

LOUIS

I dropped Fawn at the airport.

PRICE

Uh-huh.

LOUIS

And I went to the Delta desk and I got us three tickets to Vegas. Flight's in a little over two hours.

Price restrains his smile. Smirks.

JACOB

And we're not going in luxury cars.

LOUIS

Booked at the Bellagio.

PRICE

I have to get my stuff out of the house, man.

LOUIS

Lies. You *lizer*. I have to get Patricia a ticket now. That's why he's saying you're costing me money, ass hole. I know I'm going to have to get her to come with us for you to be any fucking fun.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

He said you'd come. But you'd spend
the whole time in the corner,
texting.

Bar door opens Price peers at the bar crowd.

LATER

Louis, Price, Jacob at Patricia and Meredith's table. Louis
encouraging and beckoning Patricia. Patricia laughs and nods
at Meredith.

MEREDITH

You guys are crazy. No, no I can't
do that.

Everyone laughing.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Okay, here's the deal.

(to Louis)

If you can get me back in Tulsa by
four on Sunday then I'm in.

LOUIS

I'm offering you a weekend in
Vegas, free, and you're giving me
conditions?

MEREDITH

I wanna go. Duh, but I still have
things to do too.

JACOB

C'mon. We need 'ya.

MEREDITH

(to Louis)

You don't even know me.

LOUIS

I was already planning on inviting
these three, so I guess--since
you're here--might as well bring
along one more ass hole. And I
won't even try to get to know you
if you don't want me to.

PRICE

(matter-of-factly)

His credit card is one of those
heavy ones, made of metal. It's
okay. It's what he's for.

EXT. RUNWAY, TULSA AIRPORT - NIGHT

A quiet, lit runway. Employees loading luggage. The flight tower. Close on: runway light. Sound of plane landing.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL, TULSA AIRPORT - NIGHT

Very quiet, empty airport. Two people walk main concord. Closed restaurants and shops. Empty terminal. Another empty terminal. A single terminal has waiting passengers. A little girl on her hands and knees playing with her toy.

Price and Patricia seated together. Across from them: Louis. Jacob and Meredith facing in their chairs. They're in good spirits. Jacob and Meredith in good spirits.

MEREDITH

I'm not coming near there. If I say no to you now I don't have to say no to you then.

JACOB

Bring in your Avalon. We'll look it over. Find out what it's worth.

MEREDITH

I try not to drive but, when I do, I love my car.

JACOB

You might find something of ours you really want. And you'll...

MEREDITH

I'm not looking to trade up.

JACOB

(playful/flirtatious)

We also do estimates on people. We do that for new customers. Tell you what you're worth--what kind of person you are...if you're worth trading in. Or buying.

Louis' face has been starring at Meredith and Price. Louis turns and looks the little girl down the aisle. He looks at Price and Patricia who are also talking.

LOUIS

What kind of person, in the middle of the night, takes a little girl to Vegas?

(CONTINUED)

Price and Patricia still talking. Nobody paying attention.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(louder)

I wonder how Ansley is sleeping
without her puppy.

PATRICIA

Awww. So mean.

Price gives Louis a frown. Patricia lovingly rubs Price's shoulder. Louis mischievous grin meeting Price's while Patricia's hand consoles him.

PRICE

So Jacob.

Jacob and Meredith give their attention.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Louis won't let me come work for
him and sell cars?

JACOB

Do you want to?

PRICE

That's not the point. It's the fact
that he says I wouldn't be good at
it.

JACOB

What? You'd be awesome at it. Be
like, "*Buy a car! Or I'll kill your
dawg.*"

Louis loves it. Evil laugh.

Shot of the aisle: Rows of seats facing each other. Price on left. Louis on right. No bag around Price.

MEREDITH

You're really going to sleep in
those?

Referring to his clothes.

PRICE

I woke up in these.

INT/EXT. DELTA AIRLINER - NIGHT

Passengers boarding. Louis is in the middle of the line but he's at the front of Patricia, Meredith, Price, and Jacob. Louis comes to his seat all other seats are full. He turns to face his friends, holding up the line.

LOUIS

Listen, I meant to say this earlier but do not Tweet or status update this shit. Do not mention me. Don't check me in on anything.

JACOB

You know I'm not saying shit.

PRICE

It's on you buddy.

LOUIS

I'm serious guys. No one says anything to Fawn. Nobody puts anything on the Internet.

Louis waves at the passengers in line.

LOUIS

Sorry. We are just making a pact before we takeoff right, guys?

PRICE

(calm-but-firm)

Louis. Move.

Louis doesn't.

Flight attendant coming behind Louis. Price notices.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Flight attendant's coming.

Louis sees attendant coming, so he seats himself.

Price shuffles past Louis' chair.

LOUIS (O.S.)

You most of all. You are my favorite boyfriend, but NOW I am also your room and board. Don't kill my dog, Price.

Jacob, Patricia, and Meredith find their seats too. Stewardess check bins, check seatbelts. The pilots in cockpit.

(CONTINUED)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (O.S)
Ladies and gentlemen please make
sure all electronic devices are
stored and turned off. Please make
sure your chairs are in their
upright positions. Thank you.

Louis texts. His message to FAWN: *Have you landed? How's your mom? I won't love you if you get fat like her. Hanging with poor ass Price at Drake's Pub.*

Price plays Connect Four on his phone. Sound of shuffling in seat behind him.

Louis presses send on his phone. Then he adds: *Price left Bodie and the dogs out. Bodie attacked some neighbors, so they are going to put him to sleep.*

PATRICIA (O.S.)
(half serious)
How's your paintinngg going?

PRICE
Don't tell people that I did a
second album cover.

PATRICIA
Why? What's wrong with that?

PRICE
You only know about it because of
Trey. I never told you that.

PATRICIA
Trey told me he gave you the cover
and you'd already made it and
everything. He told me it was
great.

Price goes back to his game.

PRICE
No. No Trey talk. You're cutoff.

EXT. GUTHRIE GREEN (PUBLIC PARK), TULSA - DAY

Lots of booths. Visitors and foot traffic. The echo of a voice on a PA system. Homeless Alliance sign. Winnie and Patricia work at a booth together. Various brochures and stacks of Curbside Chronicle on the booth. Winnie and Patricia hand them to passersby. Meredith enters frame. Takes a magazine from from Winnie. Patricia says something to the two of them and the three laugh.

(CONTINUED)

LATER

Patricia and Meredith sitting in chairs behind the booth. Only a few stragglers. People packing up one of the booths in the distance.

MEREDITH

After Fayetteville?

PATRICIA

After school, I worked as a social worker. Well, at first I was a barista but then I was a social worker...In Oklahoma City for two years. I followed my boyfriend's band to Tulsa. Did stuff at a trade association for a while and that lead to the legal aid stuff I do now.

(lightheartedly)

It's stupid. I don't want to talk about my job.

LATER

Winnie brings Patricia a latte. Winnie pulls up a chair. Joins Meredith and Patricia. Happy together.

PATRICIA

(to Winnie)

Do you know the Beautiful Dream Society?

WINNIE

Yeah, we've worked with them.

PATRICIA

She started a non-profit last year that's contracting with them.

WINNIE

How so?

MEREDITH

Well...Beautiful Dream society's number one mission is prevention. They do good work. Feed women. Safe houses.

PATRICIA

But she's going commando

(CONTINUED)

WINNIE

I think my stories from work are sad. Some of what those people have gone through--I can't do it.

MEREDITH

What we do is more hand-on, more aggressive approach.

PATRICIA

...Once the problem is past the point of prevention.

INT. DELTA AIRLINER - NIGHT

Plane in flight. Engine humming. Low light. Some passengers read, listen to headphones.

Price scribbling faces on celebrities in a magazine. He sees the flight attendant coming. Waves her down.

PRICE

My friend here

Motions toward his slumbering neighbor.

PRICE

wanted me to order a Bloody Mary Mix for him.

She repeats the order, softly. Leaves.

Price draws on cocktail napkins. He draws four people, each standing on a circle/coin. Drawing quickly, he adds arms, then hands. Two drawings on the left hold hands. The two drawings on the right hold hands. He writes LOUIS under the first figure. FAWN under the second. He writes PATRICIA under the third figure. Writes TREY under the fourth. He inspects the drawing. Pen strokes change "TREY" to "TREY'S GHOST." On the drawing: Above Trey, another figure is drawn. Has a sheet around it, like a shiva flying out of Trey.

Airline attendant returns with can of Bloody Mary Mix. Price thanks her and she puts the can in the pouch in front of Price's sleeping neighbor.

Price drinks the Bloody Mary Mix. On his napkin he draws another figure. Writes PRICE next to it. Very slowly and deliberately draws an extended arm with an opened hand. Draws a hand inside the hand. Then arm, body, and another person. Price Figurine holds hands with...Jacob. Scratches out Jacob altogether. Draws a dog. Writes BODIE'S GHOST.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Whatcha doing?

Price turns over napkin. Their talk is hushed.

PRICE
Teaching algebra.

PATRICIA
You're probably killing ants with a magnifying glass, or playing with fire. Or coloring.

PRICE
Hey, I was thinking we should road trip to St. Louis to see David Byrne and St. Vincent.

PATRICIA
I was going to ask you to go.

PRICE
I'm going to have to sub all the time to find a place *and* pay Winnie. If I'm up at the school for the next three or four straight weeks...maybe I can find something.

PATRICIA
How do you do it? You're weird. All our friends are weird. It's like I'm stuck with all of you, but you were Trey's friends first. He's screwing me over and we're not even together.

Price sipping his drink. They continue to whisper.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
How are you even alive? How do you pay for things? You're talking about road tripping to a concert when you can't drive your own car to free breakfast.

PRICE
If you must know, you ass, I thought I was getting paid for the second album cover. Eighteen-hundred bucks... but still. Six months ago, Trey said it was cool. It was a go. Everything was cool.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

Ya, that's what he told me.

PRICE

I just assumed I would get some paperwork eventually.

Price leans back in his chair. Price's POV: Patricia's upside down face. Her open nostrils. Dark shadow at her eyes. Can't tell if she's looking back at him.

PRICE (CONT'D)

He never asked anyone else. He spoke too soon. *The label said no*, he said.

(beat)

I don't want you telling people I did another album cover because I already told a bunch of people and now I'm not...it's not happening. I can't decide if I told them because I was bragging or if it was news. But it's false information.

INT. WINNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Winnie's two dogs howl in front of the door. Pathetic, desperate howls.

WINNIE

He's not out there guys.

Winnie opens the backdoor. The dogs run outside anyway.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Price painting. Doesn't notice paint drizzling from his brush to the floor.

LATER

Winnie carries a can of paint remover into Price's room. Later, on his hands and knees, Price scrubs floor. Paint remover next to him.

B) Winnie pulls men's clothing out of the dryer. All clothes are discolored. Winnie finds several paint pens at the bottom of the dryer.

LATER

Winnie scrubbing out inside of dryer.

(CONTINUED)

C) Price taking last banana from fruit basket.

D) Price parking behind Winnie's car in driveway.

E) Price finds the trash to be full. He grabs the bag and takes it with him.

F) Price watching television on Winnie's bed. Winnie and her date come in the front door. Price hurries out of bedroom.

G) Winnie looking for food. Empty fruit basket.

H) Price finds a new trashbag, still folded, laying over the trash lid. He snaps trashbag open and lines the trash can with it.

G) Winnie coming out to leave for the day. Sees Price's car behind hers.

INT. CASINO FLOOR -- DAY

Louis and Jacob playing blackjack. Louis holds coffee cup between hands. Jacob stays. Louis hits. Busts. Dealer busts. Lewis' eyes: tired, red, darkened. Hair a little greasy.

EXT. CINNAMON'S HOTEL - DAY

A covered swimming pool. Cinnamon dressed in baggy sweats. Ballcap. A joint dangling in her fingers. She's a bit spaced out.

LATER

INT. CINNAMON'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Cinnamon sleeping without sheets or blankets. Television's on. Liquor bottles around. She wakes. Kinda drunk and out of it. Slowly rolls and lumbers out off the mattress. Cinnamon tries to smell her own breath. The bag Meredith gave her is on the dresser. Cinnamon dumps out the contents: toothpaste, condoms, protein bars, peanut bags, phone card. Amongst the items, Cinnamon also finds Meredith's business card.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

Meredith, Patricia, Price walking the busy sidewalk. A man on a busy corner passing out escort service handbills. Price declines but Meredith takes one of them. She gives the handbill a good look.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Vegas would be a good place to start a chapter of Project Check. Price, lots of hotel bathrooms for you.

Meredith gives the handbill to Patricia.

PATRICIA

It's legal here, right?

MEREDITH

Have you ever been to a hooker?

Patricia gives Meredith wide eyes.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Not you. I was talking to him.

PRICE

Me? I feel like this is one of those questions where I'm wrong no matter what I say. Even by asking me it's like one of those Obama birth certificate deals...or vaccinating your baby causes autism. Once it's out there it's out there you can never completely remove it from people's notions. No. No, I've never been to a hooker and yes I have considered it. Me answering you at all, in a way, justifies your question.

PATRICIA

Jesus Christ, you're defensive.

MEREDITH

I guess I was just wondering.

PATRICIA

You're clearly hiding something, Price.

PRICE

I should've stuck with blackjack.

MEREDITH

Sorry for prying. Oklahoma is a huge stomping ground for sex trafficking. I-40, I-35, I-44...they all cross each other back home. All these women get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH (cont'd)
 moved back and forth, to and fro,
 while we're...
 (searching for the words)
 eating froyo or watching Netflix.

PRICE
 Prostitution and sex trafficking
 are not the same thing. You asked
 if I'd been to a hooker. I haven't.
 So I would assume that keeps me out
 of the realm of sex trafficking
 patronage.

Patricia pushes the handbill into his pocket.

PATRICIA
 Here. Add this to your collection.

Patricia checks her phone.

MEREDITH
 I don't know why I asked. I'm
 sorry. I get protective.

PRICE
 I guess, if I'm being honest, I am
 a guy. The idea of crossing that
 line--money for sex--but I'm sure,
 under the right circumstances, I'd
 cave. And maybe it's as simple as
 not having extra cash for hookers.
 Just 'cause I'm broke doesn't make
 me good.

PATRICIA
 You guys. Guess who just texted me?

Showing her phone.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
 Fawn. She sent of a picture of her
 trying on clothes.

PRICE
 So?

PATRICIA
 And she asked what I'm doing.

PRICE
 Well don't tell her. It's not fair
 to Louis. It's not your place to
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRICE (cont'd)
interfere so dramatically with
their lives.

PATRICIA
She's my friend too. What am I
supposed to do, lie to her?

PRICE
He's not the same. He doesn't blow
four grand in a week anymore. He's
too busy to let it be a problem. I
know he shouldn't be gambling but
he's going to.

PATRICIA
If Fawn finds out...if I lie to
her...

PRICE
Patricia, look where we are. This
little mini-vacation we're enjoying
right now is because of him. You're
walking the strip. You got to ride
in an airplane. You're staying at a
nice hotel tonight. I thought you
liked people who make things
happen.

INT. CASINO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Price, Jacob, Meredith, and Patricia nurse beers and
cocktails. Jacob and Price play Connect Four on an iPad.

MEREDITH
What's with you and that game?

JACOB
It's easier than keeping up with
Louis at the blackjack table.

PATRICIA
He's still going to meet us here.

Price's phone rings. He checks it.

PRICE
Speaking of--

Answers phone.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE(CONT'D)

Hi Fawn. Sorry, we were in a movie earlier. How you doing? Um, he had to run to one of the dealerships but he'll be back. I'm with Patricia want to talk to her? I'm sure he's just busy. He's supposed to meet up with us later.

Price extends a middle finger to someone offscreen.

PRICE (CONT'D)

You know what, Fawn. He just walked in. Here, I'm going to let you talk to him.

As Price hands the phone to Louis, Price mouths the word "Fawn." Louis takes the phone.

LOUIS

Baby, guess what. I got a bonus today. From corporate. They catered dinner and drinks for being number one in the region.

Louis listens to Fawn. He reaches into inside blazer pocket and pulls out a large wad of big bills. Sets it on the table in front of everyone. Same goes for a front pocket and a back pocket. Price has his cell in his hand.

PRICE

Hey, hold that cash up by your face.

LOUIS

I just want some food and I want to go to bed. I didn't sleep last night and that was a fourteen hour run.

Price clicks a picture of Louis.

LATER

INT. CASINO FLOOR -- DAY

Flashback: Price and Fawn walk up on Louis at a full blackjack table. Average chip stack in front of Louis.

LOUIS

Where's Trey?

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Do you really wanna know?

FAWN

We are leaving, Louis. One more hand and we're leaving.

Louis pushes half his chip stack onto table.

LOUIS

Okay, okay. Fine. I'm pretty much at even. Fucking unsatisfying.

Dealer starts dealing.

PRICE

Trey took a cab to the airport. Said he'd meet us there.

LOUIS

That mother fucker kicks me out of the band. I take him all over the country.

Louis' first card is a king.

FAWN

One more hand, babe. We need to get home. I have work. Trey's has studio and rehearsal tomorrow. Price...

PRICE

I'm going to paint something tomorrow. I promise.

Louis' second card is a king. Dealer's first card is four.

LOUIS

Fuck it. Everybody's got to do what they wanted on this trip. I'm fucking peacing out with a bang.

Louis gives the signal to split his cards.

DEALER

You want to split those.

BLACKJACK PLAYER 1

You sure you want to do that?

A nine on top of the first king. Louis stands. A ten on top of the second king. Louis gives a delightful squeal.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

Going to make back some of that money I've been wasting on my lousy friends all week. Airport-going assholes.

Dealer's next cards: seven, ace, two, ace, six.

DEALER

Twenty-one.

FAWN

Okay. Sorry baby, but *last deal* was the deal.

Louis throws down his credit card.

LOUIS

I can get it back. Shouldn't have split those. I just have to stick to basic strategy for ten minutes and I'll get it back.

BLACKJACK PLAYER 1

You cost all of us. If you would've stood on your kings, he'd bust.

LOUIS

Don't talk to me. You hit fifteen last hand when he had a three. My hand! Whether I fucking split it or keep it together is up to me. Same goes for your face.

DEALER

How much you want.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Louis watches the cards being dealt. Everyone gets high cards except for him.

B) Louis has an eight, seven, and six. Dealer has a twelve. Turns over card and has a nine.

DEALER

Push.

C) Waitress taking drink orders. He mouths the word *two*.

D) Fawn walks off in disgust. Price continues to watch the game.

E) Fawn orders booze at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

F) Louis sets his credit card down on the table. Nods at the dealer.

G) Waitress comes back with drinks.

WAITRESS
Two Redbull vodkas.

H) Fawn holding a drink and talking to Price.

FAWN
Talk to him. Say something.

I) Price arguing with Louis. Louis violently shaking his head.

J) Casino crowd much thinner. Different waitress taking drink orders.

K) Fawn screaming at Louis and pushing him.

L) Fawn getting escorted out of hotel by security. Price follows behind her.

INT. CASINO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Louis, Price, Patricia, Meredith, and Jacob at same table as earlier. Louis grabs the iPad flips on Connect Four and slides game in front of Price.

LOUIS
Hundred bucks a game?

PRICE
Sure, cause you can't beat me.

LOUIS
You don't even have a hundred dollars.

PRICE
I will in a minute.

They start playing Connect Four.

PATRICIA
Louis, I lied to Fawn today.

LOUIS
Thank you.

MEREDITH

They all told me you're like a huge ex-gambling addict.

JACOB

His fiance will leave his ass if she ever hears that he's set foot in a casino.

MEREDITH

And you still go to casinos?

PATRICIA

Louis took Fawn, Price, and Trey on a ten day vacation.

LOUIS

I asked everybody where they wanted to go. Trey chose New York, Fawn chose Vancouver. Obviously, I opted for Las Vegas, Nevada. This is an infamous story amongst all of us.

PATRICIA

Where was I? Oh wait, I wasn't invited. Thanks Louis.

LOUIS

Trey and I hadn't really talked much in more than two years. I was trying to start over with him.

MEREDITH

Where did you choose to go, Price?

PRICE

Pensacola. Salvador Dali museum.

LOUIS

Fawn bitched but it was cool.

Price motioning for money. He's won the game.

PRICE

Pay up.

INT. PATRICIA AND MEREDITH'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia on her bed. She responds to a text message from Price. He has written WANT TO RENT A MOVIE? OR WE COULD GO TO THE ROOF AND LOOK AT THE CITY. Patricia writes: THINK I'M TOO TIRED. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

(CONTINUED)

Meredith comes out of the bathroom in towel. Patricia has her laptop open. She's rereading Trey's e-mail. Meredith applies makeup in front of mirror.

PATRICIA

Are you going somewhere?

MEREDITH

Jacob invited me to his room. Going to see what that's about, I guess.

PATRICIA

What about Price?

MEREDITH

I get the feeling that Price is going to stay in Louis' room, unless...

Stops applying makeup. Turns to face Patricia.

PATRICIA

What?

MEREDITH

Unless you want Price to stay in here.

PATRICIA

Of course he can stay in here. I don't care.

MEREDITH

In the same bed?

PATRICIA

(contemplatively)

He's never going to change. He's always going to piddle...piddle with jobs and art. He's always going to think it's cool to wear thrift store clothes and get his milk at Starbucks. He's always going to drive the car that makes a noise.

MEREDITH

Is he ever going to stop being there for you? Is he ever going to change that?

INT. LOUIS' HOTEL ROOM, CASINO - NIGHT

Sound of knocking on door. Louis answers. Price on the other side.

LOUIS

Oh no. I haven't slept in like 55 hours. You have three hundred dollars of my money because of that stupid game. Plus, when we get home tomorrow night, you're going to be there.

PRICE

Jacob kicked me out. He's putting moves on Meredith.

LOUIS

I'm the reason they're both here, that bastard. Do you think, if I gave money to Meredith's charity, she'd sleep with me?

PRICE

Don't you get tired of putting your relationship with Fawn at risk?

LOUIS

Don't you get tired of following Patricia around? Don't stay with me. Go to her room, pussy.

PRICE

Dude...she knows. She *KNOWS*. I don't know how to be any more forward without ruining our *everything*. Our past, present, future.

LOUIS

It's because you don't have any power. She can't help it. She's attracted to power, man. She likes you better than she liked Trey. But Trey...

PRICE

I know. Goddamnit, I know.

Louis gets phone call from Fawn. He answers.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

Hi baby.

FAWN (O.S.)

I'm about to watch *Extra* with my mom and I just wanted to say goodnight now.

LOUIS

Night, baby. I love you even though your mom extra hates me. Okay. Okay. You too. Bye.

Louis hangs up.

PRICE

(in awe)

You have found the most perfect balance of being brutally honest and full of horseshit at the same time. Everybody likes you because you own up to being a dick, but then you actually get to use your shitiness as a shield. People are like, *Hey that wasn't very nice* and you're like *yeah, that's cause I'm a cunt to everyone*.

LOUIS

Am I that bad? Do you think I'm worse than when I drummed in the band?

PRICE

You never listen to me, so what's it matter. When you were making pot candy I tried to get you to make it without marijuana.

LOUIS

Adding drugs to salt and sugar is a recipe for success. Ya, the profit margin on plain candy: not so high.

PRICE

(rhetorically)

But was jail worth it? And when you finally cheat on Fawn for real, are you going to be cool with it?

LOUIS

Look who's talking. At least, she said "yes." Dude, it's already too late for you to make a move.

(CONTINUED)

Price makes his way to the window. Looks out. Quiet. He pulls the three hundred dollars out of his pocket. Sets in on the dresser. Phone and keys too.

PRICE

How much does one of your salesmen make the first year?

LOUIS

My guys? Probably eighty.

PRICE

And you really wouldn't hire me if I asked you for a job?

LOUIS

Not going to do it. I still have bosses too.

(beat)

You should stick to Connect Four.

PRICE

Do you remember that painting I did. The father hugging his wife in one arm and his daughter in the other? Father's back to the frame?

LOUIS

No.

PRICE

Of course not. My paintings don't result in a profit margin worth remembering. Anyway, behind the wife and the daughter there's a hill and on the hill there are all these people looking at something on the other side of the hill, but you never know what it is. And the father's consoling them.

LOUIS

So what. Are you designing an album cover for Adele?

PRICE

It's like...I'm too in love with her to make a move.

LOUIS

Patricia?

PRICE

Ya. I...I just love her. I wish I could have known Patricia for her whole life. I know she's gorgeous but I want to know everything she's thinking and everything she's thought. I wonder about what she was like when she was five. I want to know how she reacted the first time she lost at tether ball...whether she cried when her tooth fell out...whether she was scared to ride the bus the first time. We get along on too many levels to let sex screw it up.

LOUIS

You're idealizing.

PRICE

No. God that's asinine. I've just known her a long time. Don't give me that shit. Everyone has trouble separating the idea of a person from the real person. It's like...I don't know...I care about her too much to make a move.

LOUIS

If you don't fuck her, someone else will. And then you'll be fucked. You've already lost one of your best friends to fandom and touring. You lost that album cover. You got Winnie's dog killed and lost your cheap room for let. And soon, very soon Price, Patricia is going to slip right past you. Price, it's not the big that eat the small. It's the fast that eat the slow.

PRICE

(calmly)

I know. I know. I've never been one to push myself...make things happen. Patricia has made me want that. I want that for me.

LOUIS

What does this have to do with the painting?

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

I am trying to tell you--that painting was my way of saying I want to know all of her. I want to be there for her. The wife and the daughter both need comforting. For the man the role is eventually the same.

LOUIS

Huh?

PRICE

I love her so much that I wish I was her dad, okay?

Louis cannot stop laughing.

LOUIS

Well DON'T tell her that. Jesus.

More laughing. Price sheepish. Embarrassed.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Price. Price. You fucking sugary, pushover, no-drugs-in-my-candy, sap. Try telling her you love her so much you wish you were her dad and see what kind of power comes from that.

EXT. CASINO ENTRANCE - NIGHT

FLASHBACK: Louis and Fawn seat themselves in the back of a cab. Price is in the front passenger side.

PRICE

Airport.

Louis is disheveled. Drunk. He pulls a debit card out of his breast pocket and gives it to Price who gives it to the CABBIE. The cabbie swipes the card a couple of times.

CABBIE

It says declined.

Louis starts laughing.

LOUIS

I lost forty-five thousand dollars in three hours.

(CONTINUED)

FAWN

It's not funny, Louis. We have to get on another flight.

LOUIS

It's cool. I get paid again in a week.

FAWN

You are never doing this again.

(beat)

Louis. Louis, I have to leave you.

Louis unphazed.

LOUIS

Price, do you have forty-five thousand dollars to pay the cabbie to get us to the aeropuerto por favor?...

INT. LOUIS' HOTEL ROOM, CASINO - NIGHT

Price wakes. The light is on in the bathroom. Price rolls over in bed. Sees that Louis' isn't in bed. Price gets out of bed. Checks the bathroom: nobody there. He turns off the light and goes back to sleep.

INT. LOUIS' HOTEL ROOM, CASINO - DAY

Price packs up Louis' bag. Takes it with him, rolling it behind. Price texts Louis: I'VE GOT YOUR BAG. WHEN'S OUR FLIGHT?

MOMENTS LATER

Price talks to Jacob in her doorway. Jacob's cranky.

JACOB

She's the one in a hurry. Go ask her what she wants to do and then come get me.

PRICE

I thought she was staying with you.

Door shuts. Price walks to the next room and knocks.

INT. AIRPORT CONCORD, LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - NIGHT

A ticket dispenses from a departure kiosk. A hand snatches it. Price, Patricia, and Jacob talking. Meredith, holding the boarding pass, storms up to them.

MEREDITH

4:10. Our flight leaves at 4:10. I told him I had to be back in Tulsa by four.

Jacob check the time.

JACOB

It's only 10:20. Maybe we can catch an earlier flight.

MEREDITH

Don't. Don't try to be helpful.

PATRICIA

Let's just see. We don't all have to go back on the same flight. Maybe there'll be one seat for you.

MEREDITH

I doubt it. Layover in Dallas is three hours. And, back home, it's not 10:20. It's 12:20. Betcha didn't think about that.

PRICE

Sorry guys. He...this is what he does.

MEREDITH

If they can't get us on an earlier flight we're going to be stuck. Doing nothing. I've already done nothing for a day-and-a-half.

PATRICIA

(to Price)

She has a meeting to go to.

PRICE

Can you reschedule? Who's it with?

MEREDITH

My brother-in-law. My sister's husband. I am meeting him in the Pearl District for cocktails.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Sooo. He'll still be your brother-in-law after today, won't he?

MEREDITH

More importantly, I am meeting him to discuss finances for Project Check. He and his dad's drilling company are funding me. They're my escrow and they were so impressed that Patricia and I put this benefit together they might go ahead and release some more money to me. I'll be able to move beyond volunteers. Or I'll be able to actually pay my employees, depending on how you look at it. But now I'm going to miss the meeting and I'm stuck in an airport for the next five hours with that asshole.

PRICE

We don't know yet. Maybe we'll still make it.

QUICK CUT:

INT. RETAIL STORE, LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - DAY

Patricia and Meredith looking at magazines.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM, LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - DAY

Jacob and Price at urinals. Louis' bag just behind them.

PRICE

Should I ask? She seems pretty pissed.

JACOB

Fucking bitches, man. Can't ever decide what they want.

INTERCUT: PRICE/JACOB AND PATRICIA/MEREDITH IN AIRPORT.

Meredith gets out of her seat.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

I've got to go for a walk. This place is big enough.

Meredith begins to walk away. Patricia half stands then sits.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Maam, is that your bag?

MEREDITH

What's that? Oh, yeah.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE

You can't leave those unattended.

Meredith grabs the bag and power walks away.

Terminal seating. Price lying on floor. His feet up on a chair. He slides Jacob's bag under his head. A piece of paper next to Price: It's his boarding pass. Price returns to drawing on the back of the boarding pass: AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT. TWO MEN FALLING BENEATH. ONE MAN HAS PARACHUTE BEGINNING TO OPEN. BELOW HIM, THE SECOND MAN FREE FALLS. NO CHUTE.

Patricia passes a couple with three small children, one in a stroller. A few behind them, a handsome young professional walks quickly and talks even faster.

Jacob and Price ordering coffee. They walk the terminal. They pass Meredith who doesn't acknowledge them.

Jacob steps up on a a shoeshine stand.

PRICE

I didn't even know those still exist.

JACOB

It's great. Louis got me into it.

PRICE

I've never even shined my own shoes.

Patricia trying on perfume testers. Price runs into her.

PRICE

You're learning.

Price takes several of the perfumes and spritzes himself.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

You should try bathing instead of that.

PRICE

I'm clean. My clothes are not.

Meredith sitting in airport charging station/business cubicle. Laptop in front of her.

AIRPORT INTERCOM (O.S.)

Meredith Lawrence, can you please report to customer service desk at gate seven. Meredith Lawrence, please report to the customer service at gate seven.

MEREDITH

Oh thank God.

Price and Jacob at airport bar. Price leaves voicemail for Louis.

PRICE

Hey buddy, we're still at the airport. If you end up spending the night here...um, I wouldn't recommend it. Fawn will be home tomorrow, plus I've got all your stuff.

JACOB

Anything?

PRICE

Straight to voicemail. Probably dead now.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

There you are.

Patricia joins Price and Jacob at the bar.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Layovers are like little prison sentences and the only two things to do are sit in your cell or spend money.

JACOB

No word from Louis. Where's Meredith?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA
Flying standby. She's probably
boarding now.

INT/EXT. DELTA AIRLINE - DAY

Meredith in her assigned seat. So are all the other
passengers.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen, you may
continue to use your hand held
electronic device for your
entertainment, however you must
turn off all cellular and wi-fi
capabilities. Again, all phones and
electronic devices must put away
during takeoff.

Meredith's phone rings. She's puzzled but answers.

MEREDITH
Hello.

INT. CINNAMON'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cinnamon using the motel phone.

CINNAMON
Meredith, can you come over?

INTERCUT BETWEEN CINNAMON AND MEREDITH

MEREDITH
Sindee? I'm in Nevada. I'll be in
Tulsa in a few hours.

CINNAMON
You're not close?

MEREDITH
No. No, I'm in Las Vegas. Is
everything all right?

CINNAMON
I...

MEREDITH
Do you need something? Do you want
me to call someone.

Flight attendant intervenes.

(CONTINUED)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2
Maam, you're going to have to put
that away for takeoff.

MEREDITH
Okay.

CINNAMON
When will you get here?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2
Right now.

MEREDITH
Cinnamon, I'm going to call you
when I land in Dallas. What number
is this?

Cinnamon hangs up.

Meredith starts to dial again.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2
Do you want the fine or do you want
to be escorted off the plane, maam?

Meredith shuts off her phone with a flare of mockery.

INT/EXT. DELTA AIRLINER - DAY

Back of the plane. Patricia by the window, Price, and Jacob
has the aisle seat. A couple final passengers also find
their spot.

PATRICIA
How are you going to stay at Louis'
place if he's not home?

PRICE
I know the code to his building. If
I can't get into his apartment...I
dunno know. I'll sleep in the
hallway.

(beat)
Hey, did Meredith tell you what
happened between she and Jacob?
He's being coy.

Price elbows Jacob. Jacob and Patricia exchange glances.

(CONTINUED)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT 3 (O.S.)
 Ladies and gentlemen, welcome
 aboard Delta Airlines Flight 4954
 nonstop Las Vegas to Dallas. The
 time is currently 3:57 pm. Our
 arrival time for DFW Airport is
 5:03 where it is 61 degrees and...

LOUIS (O.S.)
 OOOAUGOAGH. OH-HO. OH, Price.
 (increasing mischevious)
 Priiice. Priiiiice. Let's go to the
 casino. And win back my honeymoon
 money.

Patricia starts laughing. She can't believe it.

PATRICIA
 Gawddamnit. I really am stuck with
 you guys.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis greets Price, Patricia, and Jacob at the back of the
 plane. A flight attendant follows closely behind him.

LOUIS
 Jacob, get up. I'm going to sit
 with the peasants. You don't even
 get hot towels, guys. You don't
 even get hot towels.

Jacob: Doesn't do much. Hesitant to undo his seatbelt.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 Ya, for real? What, do you need an
 Adderall to make it from here up to
 first class? Go. Go.

Jacob rises. Has his iPad with him but Louis seizes it.

LOUIS
 We might want that. Got a lot of
 sitting to do.

Jacob starts to walk down the aisle but Louis has a thought.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
 Actually, Patricia, you go take my
 seat. Jacob, you stay. Let's have
 boys club back here.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

She's fine right here. In fact, why don't you go up front have a sleep.

LOUIS

Once you hear how much I lost, and once you have to pay for a wedding, try saying that to me.

(beat)

You wouldn't be able to sleep either.

INT. TOM AND SARAH DEARDON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Logs added to a fire. A poker moves them into place. Tom Deardon controlling the poker. Sarah Deardon, wine in hand, Mattie, Bailey, and Jacklyn on couches and recliners. Winnie Thompson standing in the middle of the room. She's a little teary eyed and shaken.

SARAH

We appreciate you coming over, Winnie we do.

Tom moves away from the fire. Rejoins the group.

TOM

If you were in my position, Winnie, you'd understand that my hands are tied.

JACKLYN

The whole neighborhood's at risk. It was really scary.

SARAH

You might not see it this way but he's a danger to everyone.

TOM

And this has happened before. He got out and bit Kelly Armstrong.

WINNIE

He did not bite Kelly Armstrong. He snapped at him and then he ran back into our yard.

SARAH

And it's just so dangerous for Ansley. Think about her. She's so small she could never protect herself if Bodie lost control.

(CONTINUED)

WINNIE

He's just territorial! He was protecting Ansley! And the house!

JACKLYN

It's probably too late anyway. How do you know they haven't already...

WINNIE

(desperately)

I have until Wednesday. I already said that. Please. I know I don't know you all very well. I know you're upset and angry about what happened. I would be too. But if you all will call or email Animal Control tomorrow, then I promise Bodie will never live in city limits again. That's all I ask. My sister in Arkansas will take him and he'll never find his way home again.

TOM

I won't do that. I have Sarah to think about. When we're on our runs, I have everyone in this room to think about. Your dog isn't the only one that's territorial.

SARAH

Ugh. We keep going over and over the same things. It's getting unwieldy.

INT/EXT. DELTA AIRLINER - NIGHT

Jacob drinking a beer and staring out the window. Many passengers sleeping. Some shaken awake by the turbulence. Plane is shaky. Louis, Price, and PATRICIA still in back.

LOUIS

Does Trey ever talk about me?

PRICE

Trey barely talks to me.

LOUIS

Not you. I meant you, Patricia?

Patricia only gives a look of disdain. Plane jerky.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

Price told me that you're going to leave the law office to work with hookers. Let me know if any of them need a job.

PATRICIA

Louis, you are like all those people I've been slaving away for. Every week, some rich asshole hires my bosses to twist laws around. Protect their interests. Secure their comfort. I'm sick of it. It's obnoxious.

LOUIS

But do you want to help hookers? Or do you just want to do something different?

PATRICIA

We help girls--trafficked girls. I can find meaning in that. Has nothing to do with...prostitutes.

Patricia unbuckles her belt. Waves both guys to get up. Price points at the illuminated seatbelt sign.

PRICE

We have to do what it says.

Louis and Price get out of the way and Patricia goes to the lavatory. Price and Louis return take the two inside seats.

PRICE

Are you sure this staying with you thing is cool? Did you tell Fawn I'm going to be around?

LOUIS

I mean we'll adopt you, Price. Don't worry. Try not to draw on the walls. Fawn can Gerber you. When you get old enough to leave the house on your own, we'll make sure the closest continental breakfast carries baby food.

Silence a bit. Price looking at the wing's flashing light.

PRICE

Should I ask?

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

How much I lost? It's a number.
What difference does it make?

PRICE

More than last time we were in
Vegas?

LOUIS

Let's not...not saying.

Louis grabs iPad from under seat. Flips on Connect Four.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Here. Double or nothing.

PRICE

It's a *solved* game. That's why I
always win.

LOUIS

What does that mean?

PRICE

It means, no matter what you're
opponent does, you can always win
if you know what you're doing.

LOUIS

C'mon. Double or nothing.

PRICE

I'll play you. Not for money. No
more gambling until the next Vegas.

LOUIS

I'm going to go to the Indian
casino when we land.

PRICE

God you're...asinine. Okay, deal.

LOUIS

Double or nothing?

PRICE

You can't win, Louis. I know how to
always win.

LOUIS

I'm going to get my three hundred
bucks back.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

If I win, I am really going to make you pay me three hundred dollars.

LOUIS

Your time has come.

PRICE

I'll say it again: I will play you for shits and giggles. I promise you--I promise--you won't win. You can't. I play this game because it's like shaving your beard or mowing a lawn: the outcome's always the same but there's a simple pleasure in the routine.

Louis drops the first coin in the bottom center row. A red coin.

LOUIS

You're yellow.

Price takes three hundred bucks out of his pocket. Jams it into the flap in front of Louis' seat.

LATER

The plane in flight. Still bumpy. Passengers reading. Passengers sipping out of plastic cups. Passengers napping. Flight attendant making fresh pot of coffee. Price and Louis labor away at their game. Twelve spaces left open. Both men smirking at their own absurdity. Louis drops a coin. Price inspects the board. He's about to make his move

PATRICIA

Don't go there.

Patricia's finger points at an open slot on the game board.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Go there.

Price complies. Louis takes the iPad into both hands. He stares at it a moment. Flips the power off.

PRICE

What the fuck? I was about to win. I had it counted up.

LOUIS

We're starting over.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Fuck that. I won.

LOUIS

The only fair thing to do.

Plane jerks a bit and Patricia sits down.

PATRICIA

Are you too children seriously
arguing over Milton Bradley?

PRICE

Louis, it doesn't fucking matter. I
can play you again right now and
you will fucking lose. I am good at
this the way I am good at
breathing. I tried telling you--I
just...can do it.

LOUIS

Fine. Let's start over and if you
win I will give you another three
hundred dollars.

PRICE

It's a forgone-fucking-conclusion
you fucking asshole. You just lost.
You will lose again. It's not about
the money. It's the fact you're not
getting your way.

LOUIS

That's right. You know what else is
a forgone fucking conclusion? Me
getting my way. I do what I want.

Louis snatches the cash out of the flap. Pockets it.

EXT. THE PEARL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Downtown skyline in background. Park and pond in the
foreground. All lit up.

INT/EXT. MEREDITH'S CAR - NIGHT

Meredith puts her car into park. Puts phone to her ear.

MEREDITH

Sindee, it's Meredith. I'm just
checking in. Is everything okay?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH (cont'd)

Um, I'm back in town now so let me know if you need anything.

Meredith gets out of the car.

INT. WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Two well dressed men at a table. They stand and Meredith enters frame. Greetings.

INT. PARKING LOT, TULSA AIRPORT - NIGHT

Price, Louis, Jacob, Patricia heading to the car.

PATRICIA

Can you guys just quit fucking talking about it? Stay away from each other.

PRICE

(to Louis)

This is the kind of shit that got you got kicked out of the band. This is why you aren't living in Brooklyn right now. Because you are completely obstinate.

LOUIS

Play me. All you had to do was play me.

PRICE

You don't get to shutoff the game when you don't like how things are going.

LOUIS

I don't know what you're fucking problem is. I don't know why you can't hang on to a job or a girlfriend but it's not my problem. But you are really pissing with, bro. Say one more thing--one more thing--and you can go peddle Curbside Chronicle for all I care.

PRICE

I understand the only reason I have that money is because of you but give me back the three hundred.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRICE (cont'd)
It's not yours anymore. I didn't
lose that to you for sure.

LOUIS
You're out. That's it. You don't
know when to keep your mouth shut,
huh?

Louis starts walking toward car. Jacob gives Patricia a
shrug and follows. Patricia waits on Price's reaction. Price
gets out his cell phone. Finds the PICTURE OF LOUIS AT
CASINO RESTAURANT WITH STACKS OF CASH.

PRICE
Three hundred is fucking fair. Give
it back or I send this picture of
you at the casino. TO FAWN.

LOUIS
Fuck you.

Louis keeps walking.

PRICE
(like a rabid animal, see the
spittle)
I mean it. If you don't give me
three hundred dollars
right-fucking-now she is going to
see a picture of you at a casino.
In about one second.

Price comes triumphantly close to Louis with the picture in
hand. Louis lunges toward Price but Price protects the
phone.

PRICE (CONT'D)
Okay. Fine.

Pushing buttons on his phone.

LOUIS
I'm not giving you SHIT!

PRICE
Take a photo? Or choose existing?
Hmm...existing. Here we go...

Louis reaches into pocket and flings cash onto parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

Here! Fucking, fucking, fucking...

Price kneels down. Picks up the bills. He counts out three hundred and gives the rest to Louis.

Louis looks at the cash in his hand.

PRICE

You're, you're steali...

Fist in Price's face. Price almost falls topples over. Wobbles and shakes to keep his footing. Price has horrified, confused look. Price and Louis' eyes meet. Louis comes charging. A barrage of punches.

LOUIS

Fuck with me?! Fuck with my life?!
That's my fucking life!

Price can't take any more and, while cover his head with his arms, his ass hits the pavement. Drops the money.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

We're either going to fight. Or
you're going to give me my money
back. Because that's what men do.

PRICE

I'm not giving it to you.

Louis undoes his tie. Flings jacket.

PATRICIA

Louis. Stop it. Think about what
you're going to say to Fawn. How
are you going to explain being
bloody, black and blue?

LOUIS

It's too late for that now.

Price picks up the cash and stands. He dramatically counts the money again. Then puts it in his pocket. Louis rushes him.

LOUIS

Sonnofabitch.

Louis pummels Price. Price takes it but with a glint of anger. Patricia screaming. Finally, Jacob pulls Louis away.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

The only reason you're not dead
right now is because of your
friends are watching.

Pulls his arm away from Jacob.

LOUIS

Don't touch me.

Louis picks up his clothes. Fishes for his keys. Jacob follows him. Patricia helps Price to his feet.

PATRICIA

C'mon.

LOUIS

Don't. Don't help him. Because
that's the fucking problem. What's
wrong with him is *us*. And if you
(Jacob) come back here or give him
a ride, you're fucking fired.

LATER

Price alone in airport parking lot. No one around. He leans against a lamppost and draws. He's a little scratched up.

Patricia's car enters the parking lot. Pulls up next to Price. He opens passenger door. Patricia behind the wheel.

INT/EXT. PATRICIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Patricia and Price in car. Music playing. No talking. Price starts to change radio station but Patricia's face tells him not to. Patricia's phone rings. We only hear Patricia's side of the conversation.

PATRICIA

Hello.

(beat)

Right now? I'm with Price.

(beat)

Yeah, we can swing by. I'll try
calling her too.

Patricia hangs up. Calls another number on her phone.

PRICE

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

I have to go see Sindee. You can stay in the car.

EXT. CINNAMON'S HOTEL - NIGHT

When Patricia parks, Meredith is on the breezeway in front of Cinnamon's hotel. Patricia gets out. Price stays put.

MEREDITH

Unless she's hiding with the lights off, with me pounding on the door for the last thirty minutes, she's not here.

PATRICIA

Well, what does that mean?

MEREDITH

I don't know. I'm just worried. Something didn't sound right. When she called me at the airport I didn't get very far.

PATRICIA

Maybe she was just calling to chat. Just bored.

MEREDITH

She has never called me ever. I have always called her. I should've got off my plane and talked to her and rode with you guys.

PATRICIA

How'd the meeting go?

MEREDITH

Can we find track down Sindee first?

MOMENTS LATER

INT. MOTEL LOBBY, CINNAMON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MOTEL CLERK behind counter in motel lobby. Desktop computer in front of him. Meredith and Patricia on opposite side of counter.

(CONTINUED)

MOTEL CLERK

I know which girl you're talking about but I've never even had a conversation with her or swiped her credit card. Just seen her in passing.

MEREDITH

Nothing else?

MOTEL CLERK

According to this, she is still a guest at this hotel...and I'm not even supposed to tell you that.

PATRICIA

Can we go to her room?

MOTEL CLERK

I can't let you in there.

MEREDITH

Can we at least leave a message for her? We just want to make sure she's okay.

MOMENTS LATER

EXT. CINNAMON'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Price smoking in parking lot. Meredith hurrying off toward her car, which is somewhere past Patricia's.

PATRICIA

Call me if you hear anything.

PRICE

Everything all right? Bye Meredith.

Meredith stops her march and turns.

MEREDITH

Don't worry, Price. If she's really in trouble you can help by checking the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN, LOUIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis tosses keys on kitchen counter. Drinks water directly from tap.

FAWN (O.S.)
And just where have you been?

Louis' eyes widen. He sticks his whole head under tap.

FAWN (O.S., CONT'D)
You're right,

Fawn walking down hallway in nightgown.

FAWN (CONT'D)
sometimes my mother is obstinate.
She won't let the doctor switch her
from pills to shots...
(beat)
Jesus.

Louis' looking TERRIBLE. Water dripping down his head too.

LOUIS
Don't be mad. Jacob took me to a
strip bar. Early wedding present.
Price came too.

FAWN
You went to a strip club? Do you
want me to go right back to my
mom's for good?

INT. LIVING ROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Price puts a pillow on the armrest of a couch. A cat hops up and Price pets it. A blanket plops into his lap. Patricia has tossed it from a few feet away.

PRICE
Don't worry. I won't leave the cat
out.

Patricia sits on the couch.

PATRICIA
I want to talk to you about
something.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

I'm not giving you three hundred dollars. I don't care if you do punch me in the head.

PATRICIA

Listen. You can stay here. It's not a big deal but I have conditions.

PRICE

I'll figure something out. I just need to go teach for the next couple days and then maybe I can go to Oklahoma City next weekend and stay with my mom. Could I get any more lame right now?

PATRICIA

First of all, you have to earn your keep.

PRICE

You want me to cleanup.

PATRICIA

That's a lost cause. You don't even take your clothes out of the dryer. I want a painting.

PRICE

What?

PATRICIA

A painting. I want you to donate something for the benefit.

PRICE

That's dumb. Nobody's going to buy it.

PATRICIA

It'll look good. The Colony is doing the fundraiser and you have done album covers for the The Colony so it works. We look more legit.

PRICE

Nobody's going to buy it.

PATRICIA

It is 1:30 on Sunday night. You have until 7:00 on Wednesday to get me a new painting.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

I know this nice spot behind the staircase. At the art museum. I'll just cut you a piece of that.

PATRICIA

I'm serious, Price. A new painting by Wednesday or else you're out. Plus, I'm going to be pissed at you.

PRICE

Landscape, house, or a people--which do you want?

PATRICIA

There's something else. I...I don't...

Painfully long, awkward silence.

PRICE

What? You're being weird. I've stayed here before. We've slept under the same roof like a thousand times. Let's fucking go to bed.

PATRICIA

(blurting)

I'm never going to have sex with you.

Price just stares. Pets the cat. Puts on his shoes. Gets his cellphone on the coffee table.

PATRICIA

No, I'm sorry.

Price begins shuffling to the door. He opens it.

PATRICIA

(crying, shouting)

I enjoy your company more than anything.

Price turns to face her.

PRICE

What do you want me to do with that? You just said something that makes it impossible for you and I to ever...be...be anything. You and I, whatever this is, is over.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

Are you giving me an ultimatum?

PRICE

No. It's your ultimatum.

Patricia shaking her head.

PRICE (CONT'D)

When you started down this road with me, months ago, you put us here. This is your ultimatum. We are exactly where you've led us.

PATRICIA

I've thought about dating you. I think about it. Of course I have.

PRICE

Patricia, I don't know what to tell you. You either have to shit or get off the pot. You and I either have to happen or we have to divorce each other. A lifelong separation.

PATRICIA

I didn't promise...I haven't promised you anything.

PRICE

Fuck you. Patricia, are you fucking serious? Like...cunt. You cunt. Jesus, I am in love with you because you have asked me to be. It never would have occurred to me to have feelings for you. You were Trey's girlfriend. And my roommate. And my drinking buddy. And my smoke break buddy. It's one thing to ask me to spend time with you. It's another to ask me to spend my feelings on you.

PATRICIA

I'm really confused. That's all. You don't have to go.

PRICE

(calmly)

Do you want to play Connect Four over it? If I win I get to have sex with you.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

That's exactly what I'm saying,
Price. If you stay here, I need to
know you're not going to initiate
those advances.

PRICE

Trust. This is about trust?
(increasingly angry)
How have I not already earned that?

Patricia can't look him in the eye.

PRICE

(to himself)
Fuck, what am I supposed to do?

Price comes closer. Extends an open hand to her.

PRICE

Come here. Follow me.

Patricia won't come.

PRICE

Fine.

Price goes down the hall. Patricia remains on couch.

INT. BEDROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Price waits in the bedroom. He looks at the things on her
dresser and bookshelf. Typical stuff.

Patricia slowly and cautiously enters. Keeps some distance.

PATRICIA

What are you doing in my room?

PRICE

Sit on the bed.
(a little more civil)
Please. Please just have a seat.

Patricia sits at the foot of the bed.

PATRICIA

This is your idea of not making
advances?

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Do you trust me?

PATRICIA

Maybe I should but...

PRICE

Let's start with this. Either you trust me or you don't. And if you don't, I think I need to go and we should do our best to have very little to say to each other when we're around each other.

Price steps in-between Patricia and her bedroom door. He puts his back to her.

PRICE

This is unorthodox, I know. But everything about this thing between us, whatever it is, it's obviously outside the bell curve. Patricia, I want you to--if you trust me--I want you to take off your pants.

Patricia begins to cry.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Look, this is real. This is happening. I'm sorry but we need this.

PATRICIA

I can't do that.

PRICE

It's up to you. If I say anything else it's coercion on my part. You have to decide for yourself. Do you trust me?

Price keeps his back to Patricia. Price close in the foreground. Patricia behind his shoulder. She stands. She goes blurry as her pants go down.

PATRICIA

Now what?

PRICE

Can I approach you?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

You can't do this to me. This is bullshit.

PRICE

(apologetically)

I'll take that as a no. You've been my friend, Patricia, for a very long time. I'm glad you were.

Price takes a step.

PATRICIA

Okay. God. Goddamnit. Okay. You can sleep with me, but then I'll resent you for it.

Price closes his eyes and turns around. He puts his hands out in front to guide him. When he reaches Patricia he opens his eyes. Their eyes meet.

PRICE

Keep looking at me.

Price kneels down but never breaks eye contact with Patricia. Then, as Price rises, slight sound of clothes sliding against skin. Price kneels again and continues to keep his eyes locked with Patricia's.

Pair of blue jeans limp around the ankles. A pair of hands grab them bring them up the legs and stop at the waist. Patricia's clothes back on.

PRICE

Do you understand now?

Patricia embraces him. Long, quiet embrace.

INT. BEDROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - DAY

Price wakes up next to Patricia. Their backs next to each other. Both fully dressed. He turns his head, sees she's still sleeping, and gets out of the bed.

INT. OFFICE, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Price door behind him. Makes his way to the ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SECRETARY'S desk.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Morning. Morning. I'm just seeing if you guys need a sub today, so you don't have to call.

The secretary gets out her calendar.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SECRETARY

I don't think we need anyone today. But we do need someone tomorrow and Wednesday.

PRICE

I'll take those.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SECRETARY

And I can get back to you if we need someone else later in the week. What's your name again?

PRICE

Price Singleton.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SECRETARY

Oh right. Can you hang on a second?

The secretary leaves her desk and goes down the hall. She returns with VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS

Mr. Singleton. How was your day at East Central last Friday?

PRICE

Friday? Oh, well you know...pretty typical.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS

I used to be the in-school suspension director at East Central. So I called them and asked if we could steal them away from you. The special needs class goes a lot smoother when people know what's going on in there.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SECRETARY

Excuse me.

Secretary leaves the office. Just principal and Price.

(CONTINUED)

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS
 Of course they informed me you were not subbing for them last Friday. Plus, their regular algebra teacher is on maternity leave so they have a long term substitute for that class. So, given all these factors, you are no longer needed here. It's simple arithmetic.

Price nods. Turns to leave.

VICE PRINCIPAL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 Oh, and I called Melissa Kirby at the school board--the one that finds subs in the morning--and I told her that you are unreliable...and to make sure she keeps you very low on her list. She won't be calling you unless you're her last resort.

INT/EXT. PATRICIA'S CAR - DAY

Patricia driving and talking on the phone.

PATRICIA
 God that's awful.

INT. WINNIE'S OFFICE, THE HOMELESS ALLIANCE - DAY

Winnie on phone. Curbside Chronicles still in her office.

WINNIE
 I don't blame them for being pissed. They can even be scared of Bodie, but what's wrong with taking him out of the city forever? They'll never see him again?

INTERCUT BETWEEN PATRICIA AND WINNIE

PATRICIA
 Have you gone to visit him yet?

WINNIE
 I'm taking Ansley after work today.

PATRICIA
 You'd think people wouldn't feel so entitled when killing anything.

(CONTINUED)

WINNIE

God, they were smug. I can't decide if they're stubborn or just delusional. They say they're doing the right thing.

PATRICIA

Maybe you're lucky, you know. At least nobody was hurt.

WINNIE

Don't say that. Just because I can't be sued doesn't mean I'm lucky.

Patricia pull into parking lot. Puts her car in park.

PATRICIA

I just mean...he might have actually hurt someone, eventually.

WINNIE

Well he didn't. And he can't hurt anybody on a farm out in the middle of nowhere. But thanks for choosing your new friend, Meredith, over helping me.

Winnie hangs up.

INT. LOUNGE, HOTEL - DAY

Styrofoam cup. Creamer added. Cup placed under a nozzle and coffee swirls into the cup. Price is at the hotel where he and Patricia had a continental breakfast. Price pockets a Dansih.

SERVER (O.S.)

What room are you in?

Price sees the same server from a few days earlier.

PRICE

Which room?

SERVER

I can just bring some of those to your room, if you want. Any morning you'd like.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Oh, I don't mind coming here to get them. You don't have to do that.

SERVER

You sure? Because it's no problem, really.

PRICE

Thanks. I like coming down from my room and considering my options. I don't always want one of these.

He means the Danish in his pocket.

SERVER

I bet you are our guest who actually likes our breakfast. You know, randomly, of and on for almost a year.

PRICE

If you don't like it, I can gladly stay at another hotel.

SERVER

Can you really? Then maybe you should.

David Bazan's "Gas and Matches," begins to play.

MONTAGE

- A) Price walks near downtown bus depo. Has his coffee in hand. Regular morning traffic passes.
- B) Winnie walks out of her office carrying two boxes.
- C) Patricia walks from her car into her law office building.
- D) Ansley in her classroom. Watching the teacher give a lesson.
- E) Puppy calendar on desk. Patricia flips on her computer. There's an e-mail from TREY@THECOLONY.COM. She clicks the link.
- F) In front of a church, Price notices twenty or thirty people in a group.
- G) Teacher catches Ansley drawing. Teacher takes it away.
- H) Winnie opens her trunk. The boxes are in it.

(CONTINUED)

Winnie cuts the tape on the boxes. Stacks of Curbside Chronicle inside. She cuts into another box. Takes out a big armful of the magazine. Hands it to a homeless man. Several other people wait their turn to receive the same.

I) In front of the church, Price sees that the group of people are receiving food from volunteers. A homeless woman unwraps the foil from a submarine sandwich.

J) Winnie shuts her trunk. Winnie drives down the street, passing Price and the small mob. She's not looking out the window, so she doesn't notice him.

K) Jacob walking the car lot with customers. Trying to make a sale. Louis and another salesman come up to them. Louis shakes hands with the customers. Waves Jacob to come with him. He does. The other salesman shakes hands the customers.

L) Price watches people walking away from the folding table, including HOMELESS MAN 3 who nears. Music lowers.

PRICE

How you doing?

HOMELESS MAN 3

They're all out.

PRICE

What's that?

HOMELESS MAN 3

They're out for today. Have to come back Thursday.

PRICE

(disappointedlly)

Oh, are they? Dang.

Music back up. Price watches homeless man 3 walk down the sidewalk. The homeless man passes a PLASMA CENTER. Price takes a sip of his coffee.

M) Patricia clicks the link for the e-mail from Trey. It opens but then there's a knock at the door. Music off. Michael in the door way.

MOMENTS LATER

Michael leads Patricia to conference room.

MICHAEL

It wasn't my idea, Patricia. I'm sorry. I told them I'm against it.

Two other men in suits in there. Patricia enters room. Michael shuts door behind him.

EXT. LUXURY CAR DEALERSHIP LOT - DAY

Jacob carries a box of his personal items to his car.

Jacob in the driver seat. Box in the passenger seat. Jacob squeezes steering wheel and screams the word *fuck* (it goes unheard).

INT. PLASMA CENTER - DAY

Surgical tape over a needle. Needle at the base of the bicep. Tape comes off. A hand slightly jostles the needle back and forth. Sound of Price's voice reacting.

PRICE

Blah.

A PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1 has her head close to Price's. She wears clear goggles and a doctor's mask. Price turns away from the needle. It's in his arm. Price reclining in a plasma center. A pretty crowded room of donors and their centrifuges.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

Sorry.

PRICE

Is this normal?

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

A lot of people have trouble their first time, but not like this.

PRICE

I don't mind needles but I've got my limits.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

Let me get someone else to look at it.

Plasma support technician walks away. Price calls Patricia on his phone.

PRICE

Guess what I'm doing now?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Price, now now? Aren't you supposed to be subbing?

Price gives the room the once over.

PRICE

I'm not at work. God, I hope I'm not at work.

PATRICIA

At least you have a job. I just got fired.

INT. OFFICE, REX'S FIXES SHOP - DAY

Patricia on the phone in Meredith's office. Patricia rubbing her temple with her free hand. She's tense, stressed.

PRICE (O.S.)

They fired you?

PATRICIA

For leaving work Friday.

INTERCUT INBETWEEN PRICE AND PATRICIA

PRICE

You're okay. You are young. You are still in shape. Got a full head of hair. You were about to quit anyway.

PATRICIA

Yeah, but not for a few more weeks. Plus, I don't want to lose all those references.

PRICE

References? To who? Meredith?

PATRICIA

I hated that job. One time Michael took me to lunch and asked if I liked it there and I started crying.

PRICE

Sounds like you stayed too long already.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

I got fired because I was upset
about Trey. And that e-mail.

The plasma center technician returns with PLASMA CENTER
TECHNICIAN 2. Price recognizes they want to talk to him.

PRICE

Well, do you want your job back?

Patricia tiny cherry vodka bottle from purse.

PATRICIA

No.

PRICE

Do you want Trey back?

Patricia drinks the cherry vodka

PATRICIA

Of course not. It wouldn't be the
same.

PRICE

I have to go. I've gotta go back to
work here. But it doesn't sound
like you have any interest in going
back.

PATRICIA

K. Call me back.

Plasma center technician 2 looking at Price's plasma bottle.
The clear bottle only contains a little brown-yellow liquid.
Mostly empty.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 2

So you're cycle keeps stopping?

PRICE

Ya it keeps stopping but I've even
cycled through three times and
that's all that's come out.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 2

How long you been here?

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

At least an hour, right?

PRICE

You stuck me like an
hour-and-forty-five minutes ago.

The technicians consult for a moment.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

There's no reason for me to keep
digging in your arm. I can tell
it's making you uncomfortable and
it doesn't look like the machine is
going to separate any more plasma
from you. You can try again in
three days.

PRICE

That's fine. I'm just ready to go.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

I'm sorry. Maybe once or twice this
has happened. We can get you out of
here and on with your day.

PRICE

Do I still get paid? This is my
first time. It said thirty dollars
for first timers.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

You'll have to give your max
donation before you can get the
thirty.

PRICE

(lightheartedly)

Literally my blood, sweat, tears in
there.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

Yeah, and that's not even enough
that we can ship it. It'll just get
tossed.

PRICE

With the medical waste? I am worth
more than that.

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 2

You still get a two dollar sticking
fee for today.

Price doesn't have much of a reaction to that. Plasma
technician pushes some buttons. Restarts the machine.

(CONTINUED)

PLASMA SUPPORT TECHNICIAN 1

The return cycle should take about 12 minutes and then, when it ends, raise your hand and one of us will come assist you. And you can pick up your money at the front desk cashier.

LATER

The tip of a shoe. Shoe belongs to a plasma donor. Price, with his arm raised, in the midsts of a busy plasma center. One donor squeezes a stress ball. Liquid collects in the clear container.

A plasma center technician comes to Price's side. Price lowers his arm and the plasma center technician begins to unhooking Price from the centrifuge.

The plasma center technician cleans Price's arm. Bandages him. Plasma center technician wanders off...leaving behind the mostly empty bottle of plasma. Price gives the bottle a serious gaze.

Price UNHOOKS THE PLASMA BOTTLE and takes it with him.

Price casually marches past the front desk. He doesn't collect.

EXT. PLASMA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Price walking away from plasma center. Passes an alley on a walk. There's a man drinking a beer in the alley. Price tips his plasma bottle to the man. Cheers.

INT. OFFICE, REX'S FIXES SHOP - DAY

Meredith enters office. Patricia has her hands buried in her face.

MEREDITH

(sarcastically)

You look like you're feeling better?

Patricia leans back in chair. Demeanor of defeat.

PATRICIA

On my desk in my office, I had this daily puppy calendar. New picture with every new day. This one

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (cont'd)
lawyer, Alonzo, would always pop in to look at my tits but he'd pretend he wanted to see the "puppies."

MEREDITH
He'd say it like that?

PATRICIA
They don't know what they're losing. God, I put up with so much shit for so long there.

MEREDITH
Well...now you're out. So this is a good thing.

PATRICIA
Are you worried about me and you working out here?

MEREDITH
Should I be? Are you going to jump ship in a year or two the way you did at the law office? Or the way you were planning to, at least.

PATRICIA
That's not why they fired me though. I hadn't even told anybody I was leaving yet.

MEREDITH
Then this is what I have to say: If you walk out on me once, because you're upset, you're forgiven. But if you keep looking for other things to do with your time, other ways to be happy--if you go looking for something better--of course you are free to do it. But the tradeoff is you and I will be done. I don't have time for ambiguity, Patricia.

PATRICIA
Getting fired is embarrassing.

MEREDITH
But you were going to leave them.

PATRICIA
Ya, to help you.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

Meredith and Patricia walking through a relatively neat and tidy store. Most of Rex's stuff gone.

PATRICIA

Rex has been busy. He did this over the weekend?

MEREDITH

Had to happen sometime. We're slowly inheriting less of a mess.

PATRICIA

Sindee?

MEREDITH

Not yet. Still trying.

Ding at the door. Rex comes in with DARLA GOYA, 48. Darla and Patricia recognize each other.

DARLA

Patricia, how are you?

Meredith pats Rex on shoulder.

PATRICIA

I'm...good. Yeah, I'm good. Um, this is my friend Meredith. She runs Project Check--the group you and Michael wrote the *check* for.

Meredith and Darla acknowledge each other.

DARLA

Good news: that's why I'm here.

REX

She was going to have me play her Amnesty chapter meeting this Wednesday.

DARLA

But all these know-it-alls said they didn't have time to discuss their agenda *and* listen to music. Activists take themselves so seriously, darling.

REX

I didn't want it to turn into a thing, so I told Darla her that we should try it some other time.

(CONTINUED)

DARLA

And I was thinking that Rex could just play your event. He could open your show? I don't need to those unappreciative Amnesty pussies.

PATRICIA

Darla, I don't work at the law office anymore. They sorta let me go. Today.

DARLA

I know. We just came from there. So sorry, dear.

Awkward silence.

MEREDITH

Darla, what'd you have in mind?

DARLA

I think Rex should play after your band--after the one you have scheduled.

PATRICIA

We have such a busy night already.

REX

I just like playing, girls. Doesn't have to be Wednesday.

Patricia expression seeks advice from Meredith. Meredith shrugs *why not*.

MEREDITH

Do you think Trey will care?

PATRICIA

Oh shit. That's right. Trey e-mailed me.

Patricia gets out her phone to read the e-mail.

REX

Nobody's even mentioned how the place looks. Got almost everything out.

Darla looks around. She's not impressed.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Rex, you did good. How did you ever get all that junk in here in the first place? How did you manage? Everything was in the way of everything.

REX

My greatest accomplishment.

Patricia reads her e-mail. Last line of Trey's e-mail says:
SORRY, BUT I'LL SEE YOU WEDNESDAY.

PATRICIA

You guys, Trey says the rest of the band isn't playing the show.

MEREDITH

What do you mean?

PATRICIA

He says he'll play the show solo...but the rest of the band just wants to spend time with friends and family. They just want to be home, not bothered with music stuff.

MEREDITH

We're charging thirty dollars a head. Are people still going to pay that?

PATRICIA

I...I don't know. I mean he's the main one.

MEREDITH

You have anything in writing?

PATRICIA

Writing? I asked him for a favor. He told me the band would do the show. We've been coordinating. I thought we were anyway.

MEREDITH

And just now, they're deciding they don't want to do it?

PATRICIA

He said he spoke too soon. He promised a concert on the band's behalf.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Without talking to the band?

PATRICIA

He used to pull this kind of shit all the time. See what I had to deal with?

MEREDITH

Patricia, then you should have done a better job of taking care of business. How can you get duped like that?

PATRICIA

He said we were a go. He promised to play and...he is, I guess.

MEREDITH

We can't cancel. The Mayo isn't going to donate the free space a second time.

PATRICIA

What do you want me to do?

MEREDITH

Damnit, Patricia, why are you even here? Are you sure you want a job that requires you to build relationships with people?

PATRICIA

Don't yell at me.

MEREDITH

It's completely inconsiderate. And unprofessional. Take care of your shit.

PATRICIA

Trey is the songwriter. He's the singer. People will still want to see him, I think.

MEREDITH

(matter-of-factly)

Let's hope so. We have a fuck lot riding on it.

DARLA

I'm thinking Trey should play first? Or should Rex play first?

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL CENTER, ANIMAL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A dog's tongue licking small fingers. The fingers grip a cage. Ansley gripping the kennel. Winnie watches Bodie and Ansley, separated by the cage but happy to see each other.

LATER

INT/EXT. WINNIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Only a trace of sunlight left. Mostly dark out. Winnie driving Ansley home. Rubs Ansley's head. Ansley watches out the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Price puts finishing touches on elaborate fort. Cushions. Blankets. Patricia enters the house, stumbling horribly. DRUNK.

PATRICIA

You owe me a painting.

PRICE

Um, this is my first installation.

PATRICIA

If you stay here, you can't fuck me
and you have to make a *painting*.

Patricia nears the fort. The fort separates Price and Patricia. Patricia wobbles. Too drunk to stand.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(bawdily)

Why you do you build stupid shit
when you're capable of doing
something better?

PRICE

Where've you been?

PATRICIA

I went to Drakes. By myself. Nobody
wanted to go with me.

PRICE

I would've.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA
You don't count.

PRICE
Did you get my text earlier?

PATRICIA
YOU!...

Patricia falls over. Price takes a step or two but doesn't go to her. He can't see her under the blankets and cushions. Sound of Patricia trying get up.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
(not too bad)
Oww.
(beat)
Help me, asshole. I'm hurt.

Price casually makes his way toward Patricia.

PRICE
What'd you do?

PATRICIA
I hurt my...good parts.

PRICE
Damaged goods.

PATRICIA
I don't have to text you if I don't want to.

Price holds out his hand to help up Patricia. She won't give her hand to him.

PRICE
What's broken here.

Price gets on both knees next to Patricia.

PATRICIA
I can't stand up.

PRICE
That's not an injury.

PATRICIA
After seven years, this is where you bring me?

Price's face in contemplation.

PATRICIA
I'm thirsty.

PRICE
Well, do want me to help you up or
do you want me to get you a water?

PATRICIA
Water.

PRICE
Okay.

Starts to stand but Patricia lays a hand on his.

PATRICIA
Not the kitchen. It'll *take too
long*. Hey, hey, I got *fired* today.
Meredith almost fired me I
think...and she's not even paying
me yet.

Band-aid on Price's arm from the needle. Patricia notices.

PRICE
I know. I got fired today too.

Patricia rubs Price's hands with hers.

PATRICIA
Really, Price? Here? On the floor?

Price stares at her.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
(snidely)
Where's my water?

Patricia pulls Price's face toward her.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Ugh, your saliva will have to do.

Just before their lips meet, Price places a finger on
Patricia's lips.

PRICE
Are you sure?

They kiss. Patricia really into it. Price hesitant--a little weirded out but going with it. Patricia pulls Price closer. He straddles her. Aggressive kissing. She grabs one of Price's hands and places it on her breast. They continue to kiss while Patricia's hands unbutton and unzip Price's pants.

INT. KITCHEN, MEREDITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Webpage photos of girls in their underwear. Meredith eats sliced apples and peanut butter. She scrolls through the photos. Meredith picks up her phone. Meredith's phone screen: scrolls to Cinnamon's phone number. The webpage goes from girl to girl to girl. Finally, several pictures of a scantily clad Cinnamon.

MEREDITH

Gotcha.

The phone number listed on the webpage differs from the one Meredith has listed in her phone.

MEREDITH

Got your new number, bitch.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cinnamon in pajamas brushing her teeth in front of mirror. She flips on the faucet. Immediately she hears muddled cries for help. Shuts off the water. Another *HELP!*

Cinnamon opens her door. TWO THUGS hustle past her door. Cinnamon comes onto the walkway. The second thug turns around to address her.

THUG 2

Get back in your room.

Thug 1 has a card key for the room next to Cinnamon's. He swipes it and they go in. Cinnamon runs up behind them to peer into the hotel room.

THUG 1

Get off 'er, mother fucker.

CINNAMON'S POV: A man on the bed has his hands over a girl's mouth. The door shuts.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - DAY

Patricia's sleeping face. Blankets and cushions in disarray. A water glass gets set next to Patricia. Price gently wakes her.

PRICE
(hushed)
Hey. Hey, Patricia.

PATRICIA
Hmm.

PRICE
I have errands. I have to run.

PATRICIA
I need water.

Price shakes the water for her to see. He kisses her.

PRICE
Bye.

He kisses her again. Price walks away. Sound of his footsteps and the door opening/closing. Patricia sits up. Downs the water.

INT/EXT. GARAGE, WINNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Price hurriedly collecting paint supplies. Sets a tube of paint at the front of the open garage. An assortment of other paint items gathered there. An innertube gets moved. Behind it a blackened, charred tennis ball. Price picks it up.

WINNIE (O.S.)
That's strange.

Price turns to find Winnie in the garage.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
The neighbors were just asking me if I knew anything about scortched tennis balls.

PRICE
How have you been?

WINNIE
I should call animal control and tell them there's a pest in here.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Seeing me in cuffs wouldn't do?

WINNIE

And have them house and feed you?
You'd never leave. You'd commit
crimes inside to stay longer.

PRICE

Nah. I'd...find a way to
accidentally push a guard into an
electric chair or something. God,
why am I such a fuck up.

WINNIE

You were asking about *me*. And I'm
fine...Horrible.

(beat)

I took Ansley to say goodbye
yesterday.

PRICE

I feel like I let her down. In a
lotta ways.

WINNIE

You're not her dad, Price. You're
just her mom's tenant.

PRICE

I've been staying at Patricia's.

WINNIE

You've been staying in Vegas.

PRICE

That too. Patricia told you?

WINNIE

I feel like I'm not even part of
the group anymore. Before Ansley
was born, people never got on
planes and rode to Vegas for the
fuck of it.

PRICE

You're not missing out on anything.
Just some Connect Four.

WINNIE

Did you come here for all your
stuff? Or just paint supplies?

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

You know I wasn't sure if you really wanted me out until just now.

WINNIE

I don't care that you jerk off, Price. I just...I even like having the extra rent money...but it's time. Maybe it's the wrong thing to do, but at least it feels like I'm being proactive....doing something.

PRICE

I...love that dog, Winnie. If I could help you break him out of there I would.

WINNIE

Thanks, but that won't change my mind. Besides, you've gotta be tired of using stuffed animals for blankets.

(beat)

Here.

Winnie walks to closet, opens it, and retrieves a painting covered with a sheet.

WINNIE

Don't forget this.

PRICE

Do you know what that is?

WINNIE

Yeah, I've seen it.

PRICE

That's not what it is. It's...it's, oh, it's not important.

Winnie passes the painting to Price.

PRICE (CONT'D)

It's just something that felt right at the time. That's all I can remember.

WINNIE

Yeah, I get it. Price, I can't be like that anymore. You and I--we're old now. It's just me and Ansley.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WINNIE (cont'd)

I've got the shelter, which is amazing and rewarding and truly awful all at the same time. You do what you need to do. And maybe someday you'll see this floating/living in the now/hedonism are all choices not to make choices. An unguided life still ends up somewhere even if you're not steering it.

Price begins tossing his paint supplies in a trash bag.

PRICE

Okay, but for right now, Patricia wants a painting from me.

EXT. BACKYARD, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - DAY

Price warms his hands. His breath visible. He sets up an easel and canvass. Arranges his paints.

INT. MAYO BUILDING, THE GRAND HALL - DAY

A sign that says PROJECT CHECK: CHECKING ON THEM WHEN NO ONE ELSE DOES. Meredith and Patricia hang a painting, and some other volunteers set up for the benefit. A table spread over the table. Rolls of microphone cables and a banner for The Colony on stage. People carrying in boxes. Painting gets hung. Patricia backs away from the group and begins writing into her phone.

PATRICIA

Catch ya later, I'm going on lunch.

MEREDITH

Okay, me too.

INT. MALL, RETAIL STORE - DAY

A line of GoPhones on a rack. Meredith takes one off the rack.

MOMENTS LATER

Meredith pays for the phone at the counter. She walks out of the store into the mall's main corridor. In a department store far up ahead, Louis and Patricia walk in.

INT. MALL, DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Louis and Patricia strolling through large cosmetics department.

LOUIS

Obviously, I'm not in the mood to talk about him.

PATRICIA

What's his deal? Why's he retarded when he's not retarded?

Counters and tables of colorful makeup.

LOUIS

God, there are so many beauty products. How do you know what they do? How do girls do that?

PATRICIA

I really need you talk to me.

LOUIS

Something happen between you two?

PATRICIA

Nope.

LOUIS

You sure?

PATRICIA

I don't want to screw him over.

LOUIS

Is that hard not to do?

PATRICIA

Quit it. Louis, I came to you for insight. I *need* you to tell me what to do about him.

LOUIS

Price, he'd never understand why someone would spend an hour in a cosmetics department getting their skin properly matched with their makeup.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - DAY

A few steps away from painting in its early stages, Price studies the work. Lights a cigarette. Plops in his chair. Keeps his eyes on the work.

LOUIS (O.S)

He is either trying to feel something he's never felt OR he's trying to remember something he's already felt, so he can feel it again. Some people have photographic memories. Price has photographic feelings. I have known him for way to long, and I am pretty sure Price's whole life is at his disposal in a way that isn't available to most of us.

BACK TO:

INT. MALL, DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Louis sprays tester cologne on himself.

LOUIS

He is in constant rebellion of doing what everyone else does. I think it makes him lonely but it's also why he feels free.

INT/EXT. CAR, PATRICIA'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

A text message being written: HOW MUCH FOR ONE-HOUR INCALL? WOULD LIKE TO MEET SOON, IF POSSIBLE. The packaging for the go phone next to her. Sitting in her car in the driveway, Meredith reads over the message then adds: YOU'RE LOVELY. She opens her door.

MOMENTS LATER

EXT. PATRICIA'S DUPLEX, BACKYARD - DAY

Price painting. Hears the door behind him. Meredith on the back porch.

MEREDITH

Sorry, I knocked.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

I'm just painting something for Patricia, per our agreement.

MEREDITH

Can I take you away from it? I need a *huge* favor. Is it okay I ask you?

Price puts his brush down. Wipes hands on towel.

PRICE

I really am making good progress too. What's up?

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

Meredith driving. Price in passenger seat. Price reads a text response on Meredith's phone: HEY BABE. I AM AVAILABLE FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, BUT I ONLY TALK RATES IN PERSON. COME TO 10TH AND SHERIDAN. I'LL GIVE YOU ROOM NUMBER WHEN YOU GET HERE.

PRICE

Is this even legal?

MEREDITH

What--what we're doing? Or what they're doing?

PRICE

I feel odd. Isn't this kinda like what you got mad at me for?

MEREDITH

Just make sure it's really Cinnamon, not someone using her pictures. Ask if she's okay and if she needs anything. Tell her, if she wants to contact me, I'll be watching her window at 9:00 am on weekends. She can open her blinds and I'll know.

The phone pings with a text.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

What's it say?

PRICE

I forgot to ask. Are you a police officer or affiliated with the authorities in any way?

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

Yep.

Price starts texting.

MEREDITH

Don't say that!

PRICE

Do you think I'm an idiot?

Later

Meredith parks the car in an alleyway.

MEREDITH

It's a block over. You'll have to walk. And I'll wait here.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Price in front of hotel room door. It opens. Price enters. Cinnamon behind the door. Wears a sweatshirt and underwear. She closes and locks it.

CINNAMON

Patricia's boy.

PRICE

We've been looking for you.

CINNAMON

Changed hotels and phones.

Price scans the room. Phone chord is on the dresser but not the phone.

PRICE

You still have her number, right?

CINNAMON

You sure you didn't just look me up for a hookup.

PRICE

I can get you their numbers if you don't have them. I'm supposed to tell you to move your blinds at 9 am on the weekends if you want Meredith to get in contact with you.

(CONTINUED)

CINNAMON
Ready for business?

PRICE
Wait a second. Are you all right?
Why'd you move?

Cinnamon put herself in-between Price and the door.

CINNAMON
Fuck, this isn't good.

PRICE
You know what, I gave you the
message. I hope you're okay. I do.
Let Meredith know if she can help
you.

Price unlocks the lock with Cinnamon still against the door.
He pulls at the knob but she remains there. Price pulls
really hard, causing Cinnamon to slide over the floor as the
door opens.

CINNAMON
Wait. Wait. You can't go.

PRICE
I have to go now, Sindee. It was
nice seeing you though.

CINNAMON
Stop!

PRICE
Why?

CINNAMON
Because he's never going to believe
you walked up here for an hour
appointment and didn't bring any
cash.

PRICE
Are you serious?

CINNAMON
Please, did you hear about that
girl that got stabbed 17 times on
the highway?

PRICE
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CINNAMON

That's these guys. I have to give them the dough for this appointment.

PRICE

Meredith didn't say anything about money.

CINNAMON

Meredith doesn't need to. She's not up here, now is she?

Price fishes for his money.

PRICE

How much is it?

CINNAMON

I'm sorry. I don't have a phone anymore. You texted them to get here not me.

PRICE

Is forty enough?

CINNAMON

For an hour? With me?

PRICE

Well?

CINNAMON

It's two hundred.

Price counts out the two hundred.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

You know they were listening to us the whole time the girls were there.

PRICE

How? I checked the bathroom.

CINNAMON

They weren't in the damn room, dope. They listen through a phone.

Price starts to give her the money but hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Is you name really Sindee?

She nods. He gives her the whole three hundred.

PRICE

For gum.

INT/EXT. CAR, PATRICIA'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Price standing on the passenger side. Meredith behind the wheel.

PRICE

You did good.

MEREDITH

So did you.

PRICE

What happens now?

MEREDITH

What happens now. We keep settiing
up for the concert and we get her
help.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Price asleep. Front door opens and Patricia enters. She
flips on a light causing him to squint. Drops keys in her
purse.

PRICE

Hey.

PATRICIA

Hey.

She walks toward the hallway. Leaves light on. Doesn't look
at him.

PRICE

You sober?

PATRICIA

What's that?

PRICE

You sober?

Out of Price's sight.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Oh yeah. Very sober. Very.

PRICE
Night.

PATRICIA
Not sorry about the light.

INT. MAYO BUILDING, THE GRAND HALL - DAY

Patricia and Meredith placing center pieces on tables.

MEREDITH
So she's top priority once these
festivities are over.

PATRICIA
He didn't even say anything. That's
crazy.

MEREDITH (O.S.)
Lawyers will have a field day if it
ever comes to that. Oh, and he gave
her that three hundred bucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - DAY

Price painting. Paint in one hand, brush in the other. Soft,
delicate strokes. Gust of wind knocks painting into Price's
face. He tries to catch it but he tips his paint all over
the painting.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
He's pretty cool, huh?

MEREDITH (O.S.)
Very cool. When he's not looking
for tall strangers lurking in dark
corners.

LATER

Banana peels and tennis balls piled on the ruined painting.

PRICE
Fuck it.

Price sets fire to the ruined painting. A lovely burn.

EXT. ANIMAL CONTROL CENTER, BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

The painting Winnie returned to Price is still covered. Price pulls it out of the passenger seat. Pushes down some stuff to make room in the trunk. Puts it there.

Price leans on the hood of his car, which faces the back wall of Animal Control. Price takes a long, peaceful breath. Looks at sky.

The backdoor to the center opens. The veterinarian leads Bodie out on a leash. Price hops to his passenger side and opens the door. Bodie gets in.

Price gives HUGE wad of cash to the veterinarian.

PRICE

Thanks man.

VETERINARIAN

Thank you. National Cub Scout Jamboree just got paid for.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - DAY

The front door opens and Bodie comes running into Patricia's place. Price says in the door way.

PRICE

No one's home. But still--don't attack nobody.

Price shuts door.

EXT. MAYO BUILDING - NIGHT

Red sign reads MAYO. At the top of the Mayo Hotel.

INT. MAYO BUILDING, THE GRAND HALL - NIGHT

Packed room. People bidding on items at silent auction. All guests in formal attire. Guests sipping wine. Guests dancing to house music. Guests selecting food choices from banquet table.

Price and Meredith sit behind a greeting table.

PRICE

You know it didn't occur to me until just now, but this is not The Colony's audience.

(CONTINUED)

MEREDITH

It got people here.

PRICE

I called and texted Trey. He didn't answer.

Darla and Rex join Price and Meredith at the table.

DARLA

(motioning toward the stage)

Did she tell you guys yet?

Patricia on stage. Someone helps her with the microphone then steps away.

PATRICIA

Hello everyone. I hope everyone is enjoying the first annual Project Check Banquet here at the beautiful Mayo building.

Candle flickers at Louis and Fawn's table.

Michael comes up to Darla. She gives him a big hug and kiss on the cheek. PATRICIA (CONT'D)

We are honored you've come to spend the evening with us and help us raise money for these women who so desperately need it. Um, unfortunately Trey Vaughan of The Colony will not be with us tonight. His plane has been delayed several times in New York today, and we have only just now received word.

Darla elbows Rex. Rex walks toward the stage.

PATRICIA

However, we do have local folkster, Rex. And, also, I'd like to add that you should keep your tickets or e-mail receipts for tonight's event. There's a chance Trey will play this Friday at Fassler Hall. We are still working on the details, so Trey Vaughan has not been able to confirm that show.

Rex stands with his guitar behind Patricia.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Put your hands together for Rex. He has his hands full for this evening.

Applause. Rex starts playing. He's kinda bad. But Darla bops her head. Patricia comes to the front table with Louis and Fawn.

PATRICIA

Darla, Michael this is Louis and his fiance Fawn.

Everyone shakes.

DARLA

Louis, have you taken your fiance on any nice vacations lately?

LOUIS

Vacations?

He looks to Fawn to help him answer

LOUIS

Not Vegas. Definitely not Vegas. Actually, yeah, we went to the Salvador Dali museum in Florida not too long ago.

Darla excitedly pats Michael on the arm.

DARLA

Ooh. Honey. Honey? Did you hear that? They went to the Salvador Dali museum.

(beat)

We own two Dalis. Um, the one by the staircase and the one...

Price hands out a brochure. Patricia catches his attention. She mimes like she's painting. Price frowns.

EXT. MAYO BUILDING - NIGHT

Price grabs the covered painting from his car. Marches back inside.

INT. MAYO BUILDING, THE GRAND HALL - NIGHT

Price comes through the crowd. Finds the other mounted painting. A small plaque identifies his designated display space. The cover comes off the painting. From the perspective of the display wall, Price hangs the painting. Only see the back of it. Louis joins Price. They remain in view from the painting's perspective.

LOUIS

That it?

PRICE

Uh-huh.

LOUIS

The cover they didn't want.

PRICE

I don't know. Well they said they wanted it.

LOUIS

If I was still in the band I'd get you that cover.

PRICE

Dude, so what was the deal with Jacob and Meredith in Vegas.

LOUIS

Apparently, Jacob had a red spot on his dick so she didn't want to.

PRICE

Like Herpes?

LOUIS

I don't know dude. I didn't see it.

PRICE

Where is he? Did you invite him?

LOUIS

Oh yeah. You and I haven't really talked much. I had to fire him.

PRICE

What he do?

LOUIS

Well, everytime we sale a car, the customer gets a survey e-mail. And

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS (cont'd)
if their salesman gets a hundred percent on all his ratings, then he gets a hundred dollar bonus.

PRICE
And?

LOUIS
So he faked like fifty e-mail accounts. Gave himself perfect score for every sale in the last seven months.

PRICE
He stole like five grand.

LOUIS
Yup.

PRICE
Did you hit 'em?

EXT. MAYO BUILDING - NIGHT

Price in driver's seat. Turns the key. Nothing happens. Tries several more times.

PRICE
Nothing? Come on. At least get me somewhere.

He pumps the pedal. Turns the key. Nothing.

INT. MAYO BUILDING, THE GRAND HALL - NIGHT

In the background Patricia and Devon look at a water fountain. Price comes into the foreground. Heads their way.

LATER

Price sits on a curb in front of the hotel. Bored, haunted face. Patricia and Devon walk out of the hotel. Price stands. He and Devon shake hands.

DEVON
Nice meeting you, Price. Have a good night.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE
You too. You as well *devil*.

INT/EXT. PATRICIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Patricia steers through Tulsa. Price in the passenger seat.

PRICE
I haven't even had a chance to tell
you--Bodie lives. I saved him.

PATRICIA
What do you mean you saved him?
What'd you do?

PRICE
I bribed the guy. At the animal
control. A dog's life for lots of
cash.

PATRICIA
(angrily)
You did what?

PRICE
I made a bet with Louis. Took the
money to get Winnie and Ansley
their dog back.

PATRICIA
You talked to Louis? What'd he say?

PRICE
What's with you? Nobody's upset
about tonight. Everything will be
okay.

PATRICIA
You know what? You didn't make a
new painting. You just brought one
you already had. So our deal's off.
You're out buddy. Out.

Price's hands go up with exasperation. He looks out the
window.

EXT. PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Patricia pulls into left side of driveway. Winnie is waiting in her car on the right.

PATRICIA
(angrily)
What is Winnie doing here?

Winnie waves. Tries to give a smile but it's not a great one.

PRICE
I invited her. To come get Bodie.

PATRICIA
Where's Bodie?

PRICE
In the house.

PATRICIA
I'm glad that dogs alive but I'm either going to kill it, or you, or both if you don't get it out of there.

Everyone gets out of their cars.

WINNIE
I think I know why you brought me here.

PRICE
No way.

WINNIE
Price, if there's a puppy in there...that's just not fair. Bodie isn't a battery in a remote control. And then everything works again.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
(unenthusastically)
He's alive. He's alive. Price *saved* him.

WINNIE
What?

MOMENTS LATER

INT. DUPLEX - NIGHT

Winnie, Price, and Patricia enter the house. Price calls for the dog but it doesn't come.

WINNIE

Just stop. You're starting to upset me.

Bodie trots out of hallway. Starts running when he sees Winnie. Lots of loving. Lots of petting.

WINNIE

Did you talk to the Deardons?

PRICE

Would you believe me if I said I sold a painting?

WINNIE

I'd say, you bailed him out for forty bucks.

PRICE

Kind of a compliment.

PATRICIA

Price, you can't even get your clothes out of the dryer. How'd you do this?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Price walks up to Louis, Fawn and a few others from the car lot. Price carries the plasma bottle, still containing plasma.

FAWN

Price! Long time, no see.

Price tries to meet eyes with Louis but Louis keeps his sight at bay. Fawn notices Louis' rudeness.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Say hi.

PRICE

Hey man. I never told you this but when Trey kicked you out of the band, I told him he should've done it long before he did.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

You. Get outta here. Leave.

PRICE

He was right to do it, Louis. You're meglomaniacal, you're inconsiderate, you're narcissistic. I can't be a superficial friend to you. You can't convince me to like you because you're charismatic or rich.

FAWN

Hey. Easy now.

PRICE

Your friendship still means something to me, but I'm not here to make up or make apologies. I came to ask for a favor.

LOUIS

Get the fuck out of here. Not talking to you. You're here, so I can *help you with something?*

FAWN

What's going on guys?

Louis stone faced.

PRICE

I'm always going to think of you as a brother. You piss me off and mean too much to me to stop now.

FAWN

You guys are talking weird. What happened? Did something happen this weekend?

PRICE

Is the wedding still on?

FAWN

What? Maybe you *should* leave.

PRICE

Just checking. Look, every since freshman philosophy--me, you, Trey. I'm not interested in throwing away thirteen years. And you hardly hear from him. I hardly hear from him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRICE (cont'd)

So it's me and you, if you want to keep it that way. You don't have to like me anytime soon. I'm not sure I even like you right now. I just need your help. And it's not for me. I wouldn't ask if it were for me.

LOUIS

That was the class I yelled out loud?

PRICE

Ya, so Fawn, did you ever tell you about when we were in this class the professor tells us about this philosopher.

LOUIS

Peter Singer.

PRICE

Ya, Peter Singer. And Peter Singer has this thing where he asks if you have brand new four hundred dollar shoes and you see a drowning child in shallow water, would you hesitate to run after him? Because it'll obviously damage and maybe ruin the shoes.

LOUIS

(excitedly)

Asshole.

PRICE

So Trey and I were already friends. We were sitting in this class, and the guy behind us says

LOUIS

That guy's an asshole.

PRICE

That guy's an asshole.

FAWN

I don't get it.

PRICE

Louis here, was calling the philosopher an asshole for thinking of the question.

(CONTINUED)

Fawn playfully backhands Louis.

FAWN

You wouldn't save the little baby?

LOUIS

I'd help out a little. I'd point to where it needs to swim to. But that wasn't even the point of the story, the point is that we are in those kinds of situations everyday.

PRICE

I want to try something and if it doesn't work, I'll give you your money back tomorrow. If it does work

Price shakes the plasma bottle.

PRICE (CONT'D)

I am going to give you two hundred dollars a month--all the money I earn by donating plasma for a year.

FAWN

What's that?

PRICE

Plasma.

LOUIS

You're asking me for two grand?
What for?

PRICE

It's important to me. I just want to try something.

FAWN

Wait, there's plasma in that?

LOUIS

It's my money. What are you going to do with it?

PRICE

Buy peace of mind.

Louis gives Fawn the *what should we do*.

(CONTINUED)

FAWN

But why do you have plasma right now?

LOUIS

Drink the plasma.

FAWN

Ya, drink the plasma and I'll make sure you've gotta deal.

Price gives the bottle an

PRICE

I feel we need something in writing. No turning the game off.

LOUIS

You're going to do it, aren't you?

PRICE

Jesus, this is two days old.

Price opens the bottle and sips. He makes a pained howl.

PRICE

Oh my god.

LOUIS

C'mon pussy. Pretend it's pumpkin.

Drinks the rest. Price dry heaves violently. Red faced, watery eyes.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Winnie, Price, Patricia in living room. Bodie too.

PATRICIA

Gross. You drank your own plasma?

Winnie, teary-eyed, hugs Price.

WINNIE

Thank you. Ansley and I thank you. And you are totally insane.

PRICE

I remember I was catching up this guys at my high school reunion. One

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRICE (cont'd)
became a stock broker, the other
was a CPA. They told me I was
living the dream.

PATRICIA
They were just saying that.

WINNIE
I have my dog back.

PATRICIA
Well I'm glad somebody got what
they wanted out of the night. Price
couldn't you drink a little plasma
for me too?

WINNIE
I bet it was just...foul.

PRICE
It wa...

PATRICIA
The event got fucked. I look like a
loser. Met a cool guy. Didn't get
fucked.

WINNIE
That guy I saw you talking to?

PATRICIA
I'm serious. You're a cockblocker.

WINNIE
Oh. I think I should go guys. You
seem to have stuff to talk about.

Bodie follows Winnie to the door.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
Thanks again, Price. So amazing.
Patricia, I'll call you.

PRICE
Oh, Winnie--make sure the neighbors
don't see Bodie. You might have to
keep him somewhere else.

She nods. Winnie gone.

PATRICIA
Living the dream!

PRICE
How am I a cockblocker?

PATRICIA
Everyone thinks we're a couple.

PRICE
We are a couple. We need to start admitting it.

PATRICIA
Why do guys always think they can escape the friend zone? I'm not going to sleep with you, Price.

PRICE
We...had sex.

PATRICIA
Ya, that was stupid. I'm not going to marry you, dipshit.

PRICE
You're favorite saying is *When we're married we'll...*

PATRICIA
Ya, that was stupid too.

Price's phone rings.

PATRICIA
I think you think too much.

PRICE
(shouting)
Do you? Do you? Is that what you *think?*

Price is tearing up. Incoming call: TREY. Price heads for the backdoor and goes out. He takes the call.

EXT. BACKYARD, PATRICIA'S DUPLEX - DAY

The easel still in the backyard. Price's breath visible. Price's sits on chair in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Trey?

TREY (O.S.)

Hey bud. Well I'm just sitting at the airport waiting to fly your way.

PRICE

Yeah, am I actually going to see you?

TREY (O.S.)

Well, it's just a few days and I've got to see the mom/sister/grandma trio. I think my dad is even going to make it.

PRICE

So I won't see you?

TREY (O.S.)

Well, you should come over or something. Mom's going to make Indian tacos.

PRICE

I love her tacos.

TREY (O.S.)

See, you should come.

PRICE

We'll see.

TREY (O.S.)

Are you mad at me?

PRICE

Am I mad at you? Nah man. I'm not mad at you. Did someone say I was?

TREY (O.S.)

You know I'm shit with my phone when I'm on the road. It's dead probably five days out of the week. But you and I, bud, we're always okay. I know it's not like it was. Not living together. Four dollar beer and shots. Then Village Inn. Then 7/11. Jam sessions at four in the morning. Bed at six or seven. I bet that was my life, everyday, for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TREY (O.S.) (cont'd)
three years. Like everyday. That's
why you and I are always okay.

PRICE
It was longer.

TREY (O.S.)
What's that?

PRICE
It was...nothing.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL, JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Only the back of Trey. He's seated with the phone to his
ear.

TREY (O.S.)
So what have you been up to? What
are you working on?

INT. MAYO BUILDING, THE GRAND HALL - NIGHT

From the perspective of Price's painting: a few faces
looking up at Price's painting. After a few seconds of
looking, they casually walk away. Others walk by not even
noticing.

FADE OUT.

THE END