

THE MIGHTY FLYNN

by Lorene Scafaria

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- MORNING (DECEMBER)

The heart of Manhattan. Rush hour. Traffic, car and pedestrian, is moving in FAST FORWARD.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Have you ever watched a man on his way to work? Seen his morning routine?

Within the pace of the rest of the city, A FEW DIFFERENT MEN (20s-60s), all in suits, move at NORMAL SPEED.

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

Where he buys the paper...

ONE MAN (30s), with toilet paper stuck on the cuts he made shaving, buys a NEWSPAPER from a corner stand.

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

What he puts in his coffee...

ANOTHER MAN (40s) looks at a BUS SCHEDULE. Unknowingly, the end of his TIE dips into his COFFEE CUP.

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

Where he sits on the train...

INT. NJ TRANSIT -- MORNING

A FAT MAN (50s) searches for a seat on the train, like a kid looking for a good seat on the school bus.

JIMMY (V.O.)

It seems he could be anything.

CLOSE ON A FEW SUCCESSFUL-LOOKING MEN.

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

A stock broker, a district attorney, an investment banker. But these days, chances are... he's nothing.

FOCUS on SEVERAL MEN; sweating, spinning their wedding rings, holding newspapers opened to the CLASSIFIEDS.

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

Chances are he's pounding the pavement.

CLOSE on their FACES; age and exhaustion in their eyes.

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

Chances are he's somewhere in between the man he used to be and the man he wants to be.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

An ALARM CLOCK SOUNDS. A MAN'S HAND shuts it off with ease. He rises out of bed, wearing nothing but a full head of hair. From the back, he's well-built, postured, rigid.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Unemployment is at a nine-year high.
More than two hundred thirty-six
thousand people were fired in the
first half of this year alone.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JIMMY (V.O.)

I had something to do with that.

He slaps water on his face and looks in the mirror. This is JIMMY FLYNN (38). And this is his morning routine. He brushes his teeth electrically.

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

There are many different names for
what I do. Hatchet-man. Ax-man.
Terminator. My favorite is Efficiency
Expert. An expert of efficiency.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy squeaks open the bedroom blinds. Still dark out.

JIMMY (V.O.)

In other words... I find short-cuts.
It takes an average idiot forty-five
minutes to get ready for work in the
morning. Why? Because they don't
see the short-cuts.

He stands naked before his perfectly-pressed BLACK SUIT.

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

Laying your clothes out in advance.

He puts on his dress shirt.

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

Buttoning your shirt from top down
to avoid missing a hole.

IN THE KITCHEN, Jimmy's coffee cup is waiting for him.

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

Putting coffee grounds in the machine
the night before and setting an
automatic timer.

BY THE FRONT DOOR, a SHOEHORN does its job.

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

A shoehorn. Instead of struggling with your heel and slowly destroying good Italian leather, a shoehorn can shave seconds off of your morning routine.

Jimmy looks at his watch. He is pleased. He opens the door of his brownstone. The NEWSPAPER lands at his feet.

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- LATER

Jimmy slides through the train doors as they close behind him. A CROWD of other COMMUTERS are running up. But they all just miss it, groaning, cursing.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Just think of all the time you could save up for other things. All that valuable time, added up.

EXT. MIDTOWN -- LATER

Jimmy walks with purpose to a SHOE-SHINE STAND.

JIMMY (V.O.)

For the simple pleasures in life.

A BLACK MAN (20s) gets to work on his Italian leathers.

SHOE-SHINER

The usual, Mr. Flynn?

JIMMY

Yes, thanks, William.

Jimmy hands William a FIFTY. During the shoe-shine, William slides a PLASTIC BAG into Jimmy's sock. A done deal.

EXT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN COMMERCIAL CONSULTANTS -- LATER

The Atlas Building. Jimmy strides past the statue of ATLAS holding the world on his shoulders.

INT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN -- CONTINUOUS

And through the lobby doors. He types on his BLACKBERRY, never looking up at the SECURITY GUARD (40s).

JIMMY (V.O.)

I've worked at the top commercial consulting firm in Manhattan for eleven years.

SECURITY GUARD

First one in the office, as usual, Mr. Flynn.

JIMMY

First thing you say to me every morning, Darren.

Jimmy steps in the elevator, pushes the TOP FLOOR.

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

Fortunately for me, the only secure jobs in our modern world are undertakers and executioners. Those who bring out the dead...

A RUSH OF EMPLOYEES bursts into the lobby. Before they reach the elevator, JIMMY PUSHES DOORS CLOSE.

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

And those who dropped the ax.

INT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN COMMERCIAL CONSULTANTS -- LATER

Jimmy sits in his huge, windowed office, playing with a RUBBER DESKTOP STRESS TOY. Across from him is his new assistant and protege, BRIAN (23), scrawling notes on a legal pad.

JIMMY

It's simple enough. We get hired by a company to give an assessment of their business performance. I tell them where to trim the fat. And with every pound of fat I lop off, an ounce of it winds up in my pocket.

Jimmy's office assistant, KAREN (30) pokes her head in.

KAREN

Jimmy? Charles Bowman called. They're expecting you at WebMD by ten o'clock.

JIMMY

Fine.

KAREN (tentative)

And, uh... Mr. Derwin wanted you to have this?

She holds up a FRAMED INSPIRATIONAL PICTURE that reads: "TEAMWORK." A CREW TEAM IS ROWING A BOAT.

JIMMY

No.

KAREN

Everyone's hanging them in their offices...

JIMMY

No. Karen, have you met my shadow,
Brian? Brian, Karen.

KAREN

Good luck, Brian.

BRIAN

Thanks. Hi.

She walks out. Jimmy turns to Brian, sizes him up.

JIMMY

Ready to roll some heads?

INT. WEB-MD, CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Jimmy gives a speech before a SEA OF NERVOUS EMPLOYEES.

JIMMY (to the employees)

And instead of filling out a different
time sheet for each work day, you
will now hang on to your time sheet
and use it for the entire work week.

Brian flanks him, still taking notes.

JIMMY (to the employees) (CONT'D)

But remember, these organizational
tips only apply to the workplace.
Do not try them at home.

He smiles at his own wit. Nobody else does. CLOSE on Brian's
legal pad as he writes: "Don't try this at home."

INT. WEB-MD OFFICES -- LATER

Jimmy is led through the halls by CHARLES BOWMAN (50), CEO,
a robust man in a pinstriped suit. Brian follows.

BOWMAN

I suppose with the upcoming merger,
they thought it best to do a little
analysis. But as you can see, we
run a tight ship. Only in the last
year have we seen a slip in revenue.
Here. You can use this office.

Bowman opens the door to an unused office. Jimmy and Brian
set themselves up. Bowman lingers in the doorway.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

I know this will be a time for...
reduction... rather than expansion,
but... we've had some of the same
employees for five, six years now,
(MORE)

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

and... I just want to make sure it's handled... delicately. You know?

JIMMY

Well, we're not there yet, Chuck. Now, I'm gonna need a list of the complete financial records from each department over the last five years, including equity position, tax records, that sort of thing. And...

Jimmy looks down at Bowman's TIE. It is adorned with glued pieces of elbow macaroni. Bowman lets out a proud bellow.

BOWMAN

My kid made it for me. She's eight.

JIMMY

Hm. Terrific age.

BOWMAN

Yes, it is.

Bowman stands there awkwardly for a moment, then walks out.

INT. WEB-MD, CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

Jimmy does a series of termination interviews, Brian at his side. We JUMP CUT between THREE SEPARATE EMPLOYEES; an INDIAN MAN (40s), a YOUNG PREPPIE (20s), and a HEFTY WOMAN (30s).

JIMMY

And how long have you worked at WebMD?

INDIAN MAN

A year and a half.

YOUNG PREPPIE

Nine months.

HEFTY WOMAN

Nine years.

INDIAN MAN

I came from the Chicago office...

YOUNG PREPPIE

...Right after grad school...

HEFTY WOMAN

...My husband worked in pharmaceutical advertising...

INDIAN MAN

But the merger put a strain on my department's ability to...

YOUNG PREPPIE

See, I was never fully trained in that specific area of marketing...

HEFTY WOMAN

And the woman who hired me said that my computer skills were qualified...

JIMMY

We're going to have to let you go.

The Indian man sits wide-eyed across from him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You'll return to your office to find that my assistant has already removed your computer from your desk. You have fifteen minutes to clean out of your office any personal affects. And then a security guard will escort you out of the building.

CLOSE ON JIMMY'S MOUTH as he utters these words:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Your services are no longer required.

CLOSE on the YOUNG PREPPIE opening an EMAIL that reads:
YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED.

CLOSE on the HEFTY WOMAN returning to her desk to find a POST-IT NOTE that says: YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED.

INT. WEB-MD, CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

A CUTE BLONDE GIRL (20s) now sits across from Jimmy. She's somewhere between oblivious and flirtatious.

CUTE GIRL

But I usually deal with customer-service on that, so...

JIMMY

Uh-huh, I think that's all we need.

CUTE GIRL

Oh, okay, well... thanks.

She shakes his hand and starts out. Then turns back.

CUTE GIRL (CONT'D)

So, are you, like, gonna be here next week or...

JIMMY

Uh, yeah. Should be.

CUTE GIRL (giggling)
Cool. Maybe... um, I'll see ya'.

She walks out. Jimmy looks at the closed door for awhile. Brian takes his time getting up the nerve to speak frankly.

BRIAN
She's cute.

JIMMY
Yeah.

BRIAN (small laugh)
I think... I think she was flirting
with you... a little.

JIMMY
Yeah, I kinda picked up on that.

Jimmy gets lost in this thought. Brian clears his throat.

BRIAN
Shame you have to fire her.

INT. WEB-MD, OFFICE LOBBY -- LATER

Jimmy steps up to the ELEVATOR, pushes the DOWN BUTTON.

CUTE GIRL (O.S.)
Mr. Flynn?

He turns to see the cute girl.

JIMMY
Yes, uh... Miss...

Amy. CUTE GIRL (pointing at herself)
Can I talk to you for a sec?

JIMMY
Hm?

AMY/CUTE GIRL
In there?

She points to the COPY ROOM.

INT. WEB-MD, COPY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

She closes the door behind them. They are alone.

AMY
I know what you're doing here. They
call you a consultant, but... I know
what that interview was all about.
And I also know that...

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)
(then, changing)
You seem like a decent guy.

JIMMY
That's not what you were about to say.

AMY (touching his arm)
Look, I would... I would do anything to avoid losing my job.

She leans her body against his, licks her lips.

AMY
Anything.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WEB-MD, COPY ROOM

Jimmy braces himself against the copy machine; his eyes wide with shock/confusion/ecstasy. Amy is on her knees, giving him head. He nears the finish, slams his hand back, hitting the COPY button, setting the machine off. The LIGHT FLASHES, the COPYING SOUND, and then... DING!

INT. WEB-MD, OFFICE LOBBY -- MOMENTS EARLIER

Reality. The ELEVATOR DINGS OPEN snapping Jimmy out of his fantasy. A GROUP OF PEOPLE pour out of the elevator. He looks ahead at the only person left inside... AMY. She holds a CARDBOARD BOX of her office belongings and wipes tears away; she already received her pink slip.

Jimmy enters the elevator and stands next to her. She shifts uncomfortably. He clears his throat. The doors close.

INT. WEB-MD, GLASS ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

They ride down the elevator together. Her sadness seems to turn to anger. And then disgust.

The silent ride lasts for far too long. He finally opens his mouth to say something. But the doors open, bottom floor.

AMY (under her breath)
How do you sleep at night?

Jimmy just nods. Amy walks out. The elevator doors start to close. He realizes at the last moment that he needs to get off, as well, but the doors shut before he can move.

INT. SQUASH COURT -- LATER

Jimmy and Brian play squash. They talk between the out-of-breath strides and hits.

JIMMY

Most will drop the ax on a Friday to avoid confrontation. But I say, why do tomorrow what you can do today? It usually isn't the factory worker that'll give you trouble. It's these corporate execs who have to be put on suicide watch.

Brian hustles across the court. Scores a point on Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A man without work is a man without definition, Brian. Remember that. Firing a large group at once lets people know that they're not alone. It's the difference between shooting a guy between the eyes and dropping the bomb from twenty-thousand feet.

Jimmy hits the ball, it slams between Brian's shoulder blades. Brian lets out a whimper, tries to shake it off.

INT. SAUNA -- LATER

Jimmy and Brian sweat it out in the sauna. Brian seems uncomfortable with male nudity.

JIMMY

It doesn't matter if he's a nice guy. Doesn't matter if he has a son going off to college. Doesn't matter if he has a second-mortgage. Or it's his birthday. Or his wife just found out she has cancer...

Brian lets out a sympathetic exhale.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're making it personal, Brian. I can feel you making it personal.

BRIAN

No, I mean, I'm, I'm trying not to...

JIMMY

Now, it used to be that as long as you replaced an older worker with someone over forty, you'd be safe from age discrimination suits. But the Supreme Court got wise.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Jimmy sits at the bar with Brian, drinking the day away. Brian is shredding his beer label into pieces.

JIMMY

Course it is tougher when dealing with females, minorities, cripples, and anyone pushing retirement. Tougher, but not impossible. With all these new P.C. rules, you can't even fire an alcoholic unless you've first offered him counseling. So, if you can't find a reason to fire someone, you encourage them to resign.

(then, cocky)

But you can always find a reason.

Jimmy watches Brian take a big gulp of his drink.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How do you think you'll do on your first execution?

BRIAN (slight laugh)

Oh, I'd probably throw up on myself.

JIMMY

It's not uncommon.

BRIAN

Yeah? I feel my food coming up just thinking about it.

JIMMY

Why's that?

BRIAN

I don't know. Just seems... unfair. And my fiancee thinks...

JIMMY (stopping him)

Where did you go to school, Brian?

BRIAN (weak)

Um... Brown?

JIMMY

Is that a question?

BRIAN

What? No, I...

JIMMY (laughing)

Well, say it with conviction, Brian. It's Ivy League, for Christ's sake.

BRIAN (laughing along)

Right. Sorry, I... Brown. Brown.

JIMMY

Are you knee-deep in college loans?

BRIAN

Uh... no.

JIMMY

Why's that?

BRIAN

Well, my, my parents paid for it.

JIMMY

Your parents paid for it, did they. That's nice. And did they buy you that suit, too?

BRIAN

Um, well, it was a gift... for graduation...

JIMMY

Brian, if you shrink down the global human population to a small village of a hundred people, do you know what it would look like? Six of those hundred people would possess fifty-nine percent of the entire wealth. Eighty would live in substandard housing. Seventy would be unable to read, fifty would suffer from malnutrition, and only one, yes one, would have a college education. That's the kind of world we're living in. You are dealt a certain hand of cards. That's the only thing fair.

He clinks bottles with Brian.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't be ashamed of it, Brian. You were born into upper middle-class white America. You're in the prime of your youth, you're of the dominant gender, and I can only assume you're straight, despite that tie and the manner in which you walk. Consider yourself lucky.

Jimmy slaps him on the back.

EXT. BAR -- LATER

Jimmy and Brian walk outside where Jimmy's BMW is waiting for him. Brian stands near it. Jimmy looks at him, wondering what other people say to each other at this moment.

JIMMY

Uh... need a ride home?

BRIAN

Aw, that's okay. I'll ride the rails.

Jimmy looks relieved. Brian reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a PAPER INVITATION. Hands it to Jimmy.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's for my bachelor party. It's coming up. I thought maybe...

JIMMY (awkward)

Hm. Yeah. Look at that.

Jimmy slides it in his inside suit pocket. Turns the car alarm off. Walks to the driver's side.

BRIAN

I thought you took the subway.

JIMMY

Only at rush hour. 'Night, Brian.

Jimmy opens the door, climbs inside.

BRIAN (one more thing)

'Night... Wait, Jimmy?

But Jimmy closes his door shut. After a moment, he rolls down the passenger window. Brian bends down to see him. He is silent until Jimmy motions for him to ask.

BRIAN

Why do you always tell the workers not to apply these tips at home? I mean, why wouldn't they want to?

JIMMY

Well, I'll tell you, Brian, and then I have to go. I did a study once of my wife's morning routine of making me breakfast. And I saw that she made a lot of trips between the refrigerator and the stove, from the table to the cabinets. And often she was carrying only one item at a time. So, I asked her, "Why don't you try making less trips by carrying several things at once?"

BRIAN

And? Did it save time?

JIMMY

Yes, it did. It used to take her twenty minutes to make me breakfast. Now I make my own in seven.

Jimmy rolls up the window and drives away.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jimmy walks up his brownstone steps. Leaning against his door is a BRAND NEW PHONE BOOK, still wrapped in plastic.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

He brings it inside. There is the distant sound of a VACUUM. Jimmy immediately goes to his refrigerator and fixes himself a PINK RUSSIAN; half Vodka, half Pepto-Bismol.

He looks at his ANSWERING MACHINE. THREE NEW MESSAGES. He pushes PLAY. They're all hang-ups.

He takes a seat on the couch, puts his feet up, reaches into his sock and pulls out the plastic bag given by the shoe-shiner. He removes TWO RED PILLS, holds them in his hand.

JIMMY (to self)
How do you sleep at night?

SOFIA (O.S.)
What you say, Mister Flynn?

Jimmy's maid, SOFIA (40s) comes vacuuming into the room.

JIMMY
Nothing, Sofia.

She vacuums back out. He pops the two pills and turns on the TELEVISION. After a moment, his PHONE RINGS.

JIMMY (into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- SAME TIME

A SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD BRUNETTE, dressed in a brightly-colored CHINESE COSTUME, stands in the booth. She is near tears.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
Hello. Um...

Her voice shakes. She clears her throat. There is a pause.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
Are you still there?

JIMMY
Yes, you called me.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
I, um... Aren't you supposed to answer
the phone in a... special way?

JIMMY
What?

She starts to cry, but stifles the sound.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
I think I have the wrong number.

JIMMY
I'm counting on it.

Jimmy hangs up. Looks at the phone, confused. A moment later, it RINGS AGAIN. He reluctantly answers.

JIMMY (in phone)
Wrong number.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
Jimmy?

For the first time, his voice becomes somewhat pleasant.

JIMMY
Oh, hey, Grandma. How you doing?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JIMMY'S SISTER'S HOUSE -- SAME TIME

JIMMY'S GRANDMOTHER (80s, sunburnt) talks on the phone.

GRANDMA
I'm a lobster. Who gets sunburnt on
an Alaskan cruise? Did you get that
package I sent you?

He looks over to the coffee table. The *Chicken Soup for the Soul* book is still half-wrapped.

JIMMY
Uh-huh. I've got it open to page
ten. It's really doing the trick.

GRANDMA
Hold on, your sister wants you.

JIMMY (suddenly irritated)
What? Why?

Jimmy's sister, TRISH (30s) takes the phone.

TRISH

You're coming tomorrow, right? Don't be an asshole.

JIMMY

Okay, Trish. I won't be an asshole.

TRISH

It's just thirty minutes outside the city. This is important.

JIMMY

So is thirty minutes of my time.

TRISH

There's a train at six-fifty.

JIMMY

You know I don't like to travel off the island.

TRISH (scoffing)

You are an island.

Jimmy rolls his eyes. His grandmother takes the phone.

GRANDMA

Jimmy? You still there?

JIMMY

Yeah, listen, don't put her on the phone like that. She's just using you to get to me.

GRANDMA

What are you saying? You sound tired.

JIMMY

Yes, I'm very tired.

GRANDMA

Well, wrap yourself in some warm laundry. You'll be out like a light.

JIMMY

Okay. I'll do that.

GRANDMA

Alright. Love you.

They hang up. He opens his BRIEFCASE and starts sorting through WebMD's employee files. He stops on CHARLES BOWMAN'S PAGE. CLOSE on Bowman's annual salary: \$350,000.

Jimmy turns to the bag of pills in front of him. He takes out one more. Swallows it.

Then, he shuffles into the kitchen. Puts coffee grounds in the machine, sets the automatic timer.

INT. JIMMY'S SISTER'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Trish answers the door to see her brother.

TRISH

You're early.

JIMMY

Of course.

He walks into the living room where TRISH'S SON (3 months) is rolling around on the floor in a white baptismal outfit.

TRISH

I just have to pack stuff up for the reception after, which I'm sure you'll be staying for.

JIMMY

Where's Grandma?

TRISH

Warren took her in his car. Aren't you going to say hello to your nephew?

JIMMY (to the baby)

Hello, nephew. Why are you in a dress?

TRISH

It's not a dress. It's a baptismal gown.

She starts out of the room.

JIMMY (more to himself)

A gown is a dress.

(stopping her)

Hey, are we leaving soon?

TRISH (scoffs)

You gotta rush back to the guillotine?

JIMMY

I have work to do, Trish, and you know how I hate this shit.

TRISH

Don't curse in front of the baby.

JIMMY

He has no idea what I'm saying.

TRISH

He's a sponge. He'll pick up on it.

JIMMY

No, he won't.

TRISH

Could you just not? Okay?

She walks out of the room. After a moment, Jimmy turns to the baby, nonchalantly.

JIMMY (low)

Shit. Cocksucker. Fucker.

She walks back into the room, shooting Jimmy a look.

TRISH

What is wrong with you?

She stares him down, walking out again.

INT. ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH -- MORNING

Packed with GUESTS listening to the PRIEST give his sermon. Trish and her husband, WARREN (40), stand up front with their baby. Jimmy sits next to his grandmother in the front pew.

He impatiently bounces his leg. She puts her hand on his knee to stop the bouncing. He removes her hand, but holds it. They whisper to each other.

GRANDMA

Warren's been out of work for months.

JIMMY

Yeah.

GRANDMA

He collects unemployment even.

JIMMY

I know.

GRANDMA

Maybe you could find him something.

JIMMY

That's not exactly what I do.

GRANDMA

Why didn't you bring that girl?

JIMMY

What girl?

GRANDMA

That girl you're seeing.

JIMMY

There's no girl.

GRANDMA

There was. That girl from the party.

JIMMY

That girl? No. Not that girl.

GRANDMA (sighing)

You need a girlfriend, Jimmy. Someone to distract you from yourself.

She looks at his face. And then at his posture.

GRANDMA (proudly)

You sit so straight.

She pats his back. The priest acknowledges Jimmy and the GODMOTHER (30s), also in the front pew. They both rise. She takes hold of the baby. Jimmy is handed the LADLE.

He pours the holy water on the baby's head. He watches it wash over him. Over and over. He FOCUSES on the baby's blue eyes, almost like he's trying to feel something.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Have you ever watched a man on his way to work?

INT. NJ TRANSIT -- MORNING

SLOW PUSH on Jimmy's face as he sits on the train. There is motion around him, but he is perfectly still, not blinking.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Seen his morning routine?

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME TIME

Brian is now rushing off to work. His FIANCEE (22) helps him with his tie, while he chugs a mug of coffee.

JIMMY (V.O.)

What he puts in his coffee...

She gives him a kiss, but he barely responds, in a rush.

INT. TRAIN -- SAME TIME

JIMMY (V.O.)

Where he sits on the train...

Charles Bowman and HIS DAUGHTER (8) are seated on the train, looking out the window at the passing landscape.

JIMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It seems he could be anything.

INT. WEB-MD, CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

JIMMY (V.O.)
But he chose to be this.

Jimmy strides in, briefcase in hand, whistling. Brian is seated at the large conference table.

BRIAN
What are you whistling about?

JIMMY
Big day, Brian. Heads will roll.

BRIAN
Whose head?

JIMMY
I get to fire Charles Bowman.

BRIAN
Today?

JIMMY (sarcastic)
Yes, Brian, today. If that's okay with you.

BRIAN
But... didn't you see the banner?

JIMMY
What banner?

Brian points up. We follow his finger to a GIANT BANNER that reads: BRING YOUR DAUGHTERS TO WORK DAY. Jimmy looks at it, reading it over and over again. A faint grin appears on his face, as he turns back to Brian, who is not grinning.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It's just another day, Brian. Just a number on a calendar.

BRIAN
But why can't it wait 'til tomorrow?

JIMMY
Because time does not start and stop when someone hangs up a banner, Brian. WebMD is being bought out by Medscape.
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The merger is contingent on a staff reduction. You think they want us to start with the receptionists?

INT. WEB-MD OFFICES -- CONTINUOUS

Bowman enters the lobby with his daughter. The RECEPTIONIST (20s) is in front, eating candy from the jar on her desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Morning, Mr. Bowman.

BOWMAN

Katie, this is Abby. She's in charge of all the phone calls that come in.

RECEPTIONIST (mouth full)

Nice to meet you, Katie.

KATIE

What's in your mouth?

RECEPTIONIST

A Gobstopper. You want one?

Katie nods 'yes'. Abby gives her a piece of candy.

BOWMAN

C'mon, Katie, I'll show you my office.

Bowman walks Katie proudly through the halls.

JIMMY (to Brian, O.S.)

If Bowman gets the ax today, the buy-out goes ahead and Medscape's stock goes up by half a point.

INT. WEB-MD, CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We return to Jimmy and Brian.

JIMMY

If I don't fire him, a lot of people stand to lose a lot of money. *Namely, yours truly.* Now when you start getting paid, you'll understand.

INT. WEB-MD, HALL -- LATER

Jimmy combs the halls, sizing up the employees. They look at him with fear. Bowman taps Jimmy on the shoulder.

INT. WEB-MD, CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bowman walks in first; Jimmy follows. It takes a moment for him to notice BOWMAN'S DAUGHTER at the far end of the table DRAWING WITH CRAYONS. Bowman smiles at her.

JIMMY

Well, I've done an assessment of WebMD's performance for the past five years, and considering...

Jimmy looks at the little girl coloring.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Perhaps, we could find another room...

BOWMAN

No, this is fine. Don't sugar-coat it. What're we looking at?

Bowman takes a seat. Jimmy sits across from him.

JIMMY

Your services are no longer required.

Bowman's face goes white.. Not what he was expecting.

BOWMAN

What?

JIMMY

We're going to have to let you go.

BOWMAN

We?

Jimmy doesn't blink.

JIMMY

Think of it as more time with your daughter.

BOWMAN

You little shit.

KATIE (scared)

Daddy...

BOWMAN

I am chairman of this company. You lack the authority...

JIMMY

I'm a turnaround artist, Chuck. The board brought me in as an interim CEO to clean house, and that's what I'm doing.

BOWMAN

Don't call me Chuck you, you... Who do you think you are?

JIMMY

They've got five of you in upper management doing the job of four. It's simple mathematics.

BOWMAN

You pompous fuck. You non-entity fuck.

KATIE (starting to cry)

Daddy...

JIMMY

My assistant is currently removing the computer from your desk. Of course you won't have access to the company files. You have fifteen minutes to clean out of your office any personal affects. A security guard will escort you, and your daughter, out of the building. Oh, and I'll need your key card.

BOWMAN

Is this what you do? Is this what gets your blood pumping?

He grabs his daughter's hand, leading her out the door. He turns back to Jimmy, who has already returned to his files.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

How do you sleep at night?

INT. WEB-MD LOBBY -- LATER

Jimmy looks out the window at Bowman and his daughter, boxes in hand, being escorted out of the building by a SECURITY GUARD. It is now raining. Brian comes up behind Jimmy.

JIMMY

"How do you sleep at night?" Of all the questions to ask me, that's the one I get the most. "How do you sleep at night?"

BRIAN

How do you sleep at night?

Jimmy slides his hands in his pockets, starts back to work.

JIMMY

Like a baby in the back-seat.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: THE ANSWERING MACHINE. TWO MESSAGES. PLAY.

GRANDMA (on machine)
Jimmy, it's Grandma. Did you ever
see this show called 24? It all...

Jimmy sits on the couch, watching TV and drinking his drink. Sofia vacuums in, drowning out the sound of Grandma's message. She lifts up Jimmy's feet to clean beneath him, sets them down, and shuts off the vacuum. We return to the answering machine. This time, a MALE VOICE.

MALE VOICE (on machine)
...I guess I'm feeling pretty screwed
up about it.

BEEP. Jimmy turns to the machine, confused.

SOFIA
Okay, Mister Flynn, I finish.

JIMMY
Alright, Sofia. That's fine.

SOFIA
My son has piano recital.

She looks at him, expecting more conversation. Nothing.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
See you next week.

She walks out. After a moment, he remembers the answering machine. PUSHES PLAY, listening again.

GRANDMA (on machine)
Jimmy, it's Grandma. Did you ever
see this show called 24? It all
takes place in twenty-four hours.
You would not believe what happens
to these folks in a day. "Sixty
Minutes" is on tonight. Love you.

BEEP. The next VOICE STARTS.

MALE VOICE (on machine)
Um... hello?

Jimmy turns to the machine, listening to the unfamiliar voice.

MALE VOICE (on machine) (CONT'D)
I never did this kinda thing before,
but, um... Do I leave a callback
number, or...

(MORE)

MALE VOICE (on machine) (CONT'D)
(sighing)
It's just... things are real bad...

Jimmy inches closer to the machine.

MALE VOICE (on machine) (CONT'D)
And with the holidays coming, it's...
my wife, she usually... I don't know.
I don't know where to begin.

CLOSE on Jimmy's face, his eyes wide.

MALE VOICE (on machine) (CONT'D)
I guess I'm feeling pretty screwed
up about it.

BEEP. The machine stops. Jimmy can barely move. The silence is deafening. Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS. Jimmy jumps, backing away from it. He lets it ring three times before...

JIMMY (into phone)
Hello?

MALE VOICE (O.S., relieved)
Oh. Good. You're there.

JIMMY
Who is this?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
This is Jerry. Oh, wait, am I
supposed to give a fake name?

JIMMY
What are you talking about?

JERRY (O.S.)
See, I'm not sure how this whole
thing works. I'm new.

There's a long pause.

JIMMY (impatient)
Can I help you with something, Jerry?

JERRY (O.S.)
I'm just trying to put things in
perspective, I guess. My wife isn't
around anymore. She died. Of breast
cancer. And my one son is living in
England with his own family. And
with the holidays coming...

JIMMY (cutting him off)
Yeah, Jerry? What can I help you
with?

JERRY (O.S.)
I just wanted someone to talk to...

JIMMY
I'm not the someone, Jerry.

JERRY (O.S.)
But isn't this the...

JIMMY
I'm hanging up now, Jerry. You're a
weak man.

Jimmy hangs up. He opens up a nearby drawer, takes out the same red pills. Pops two. Swallows.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Jimmy is in his office, shuffling through paperwork. Brian enters, takes a seat in front of him.

JIMMY
What's up?

Brian just stares at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

BRIAN
Uh...

Brian swallows.

JIMMY
What? What is it?

BRIAN
Jimmy, I...

And with that, Brian vomits on himself. Jimmy looks at him. Brian doesn't have to say anything more. Jimmy knows.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Oh, God. I'm sorry... I...

Brian continues to speak, but his voice is drowned out by the thoughts in Jimmy's head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm not cut out for this. I majored in finance, but my father said...

INT. DERWIN'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy storms in to see the man in charge, LENNY DERWIN (50s). Above Derwin's head hangs an INSPIRATIONAL PICTURE that reads: "PERSEVERANCE". A ROCK CLIMBER DANGLES OFF A CLIFF.

JIMMY

You're squeezing me out, Derwin?

DERWIN

Calm yourself.

JIMMY

I should've been a partner by now with the amount of commission I've brought in.

DERWIN

And what about the amount of defamation suits you've brought?

JIMMY

Not for three years, Derwin, and you know as well as I do...

DERWIN

You've cost us too much money and nearly our reputation.

JIMMY

Reputation? You wouldn't have a reputation if it wasn't for...

Derwin slaps a stack of papers down on his desk. Jimmy looks at them. RESIGNATION PAPERS.

DERWIN

Bring Your Daughters to Work Day, Flynn. There was a banner and everything.

Jimmy looks up at him, lets out a laugh.

JIMMY

C'mon, Lenny, you know the merger...

DERWIN

Katie Bowman and my Stephanie go to the same Hebrew Day School. Charles Bowman has eaten my wife's cheesecake. I already have his lawyers ringing our business affairs hungry for war. They want compensation.

Derwin clicks a pen and slides it next to the papers.

JIMMY

You're firing me over cheesecake.

DERWIN

Teamwork, Jimmy. You're not what we call a team player. You make it personal. You go for the throat when all that's needed is the wrist. You've only gotten worse by the year.

JIMMY

You're ridiculous, you.

DERWIN

Yes, I'm well aware of what you think of me. Now let me get a little personal with you, Flynn.

(leaning in)

I have never liked you. This entire office has never liked you. See, this is just the nail in the coffin, Flynn. This is your golden parachute failing to open.

JIMMY (scoffing)

What are you, replacing me with Kipper over there? The kid threw up on himself firing me.

DERWIN

Whatever. Today I'm happy.

JIMMY

This will not stand, Derwin. I've got lawyers, and, and...

The security guard, Darren, appears in the doorway.

DERWIN

Darren will escort you back to your office where you can collect your things. Of course, you won't have access to any of our contacts. Your corporate account will be terminated. Oh, and your computer, Blackberry, and key card will be confiscated.

Jimmy struggles for a way to react. He swipes the resignation papers off of Derwin's desk like a pouting kid. Darren puts a hand on Jimmy's shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm gonna have to ask you to leave now, Mr. Flynn.

Derwin shrugs ironically.

DERWIN

Your services are no longer required.

EXT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN COMMERCIAL CONSULTANTS -- LATER

IT IS RAINING. Darren escorts Jimmy out of the building, his entire office in a CARDBOARD BOX in his hands.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- LATER

Jimmy sulks through the rain. The box is now filled with water. He starts across the street, when his box rips open and the contents spill out onto the pavement.

His ROLODEX, his FILE FOLDERS, even his RUBBER STRESS TOY; all slide down the rain's current, into a GUTTER.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER (STILL MORNING)

Jimmy shuffles into his apartment, empty-handed. His phone is already ringing. Ringing ringing ringing. He slowly walks towards it and yanks the cord out of the wall.

Immediately, he drags himself into the kitchen and fixes a Pink Russian. He finds his pills. Takes the last two.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Jimmy does sit-ups, his feet under the couch.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

It is quiet. He lies on the floor, staring upside down at a nearby clock. He watches as the minute hand slowly clicks. When it does, he leaps into action, scurrying out, into...

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - DEN -- CONTINUOUS

He swings open his file cabinet. He thumbs through his files as quickly as possible until he finds...

HIS OLD RESUME. JIMMY FLYNN ON PAPER. At age 25. CLOSE ON SPECIFIC WORDS: "eager... determined... works well with peers..." CLOSE ON HIS OLD CONTACT INFO: 36 Ardsley Court, Lansing, Michigan. (514) 366-9087.

Jimmy stares at this number. He takes a moment, then picks up the phone and dials. After two rings, a MAN ANSWERS.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Jimmy slams the phone down and rips the cord out of the wall, this time, breaking it. He holds up the frayed wire.

INT. KINKO'S -- LATER

Jimmy sits at a public computer, retying his resume. A PIMPLY-FACED KINKO'S EMPLOYEE (19) sticks his head in.

KINKO'S EMPLOYEE (winks)
You know, they're hiring here, buddy.

JIMMY (scoffs)
Thanks, I think I'm a bit
overqualified to work at Kinko's.

Jimmy returns to typing. The kid walks off.

INT. KINKO'S -- LATER

Jimmy photocopies his resume ONE HUNDRED TIMES. The pages start spurting out on legal-sized paper. Jimmy fumbles with them. He calls to the pimply-faced kid.

JIMMY
Uh... Kinko's? Kinko's Boy? It
keeps coming out on legal-sized.

KINKO'S EMPLOYEE (calling to him)
That's cause you're printing from
tray two instead of tray one.

JIMMY
Well... could you assist me in
tackling the problem?

The kid slowly walks to the machine. Extends his middle finger to Jimmy. Uses it to push one button. Slides his finger back in his pocket. And walks away.

INT. FEDEX -- LATER

Jimmy licks and seals a hundred envelopes. He hands the last one over to the FEDEX GIRL (20s).

FEDEX EMPLOYEE
When would you like these to arrive?

JIMMY
A-SAP.

FEDEX EMPLOYEE
So... tomorrow morning?

JIMMY
If that's A-SAP, yes.

The Fedex employee clicks buttons on her computer.

FEDEX EMPLOYEE

Okay, that'll be eight hundred thirty-six dollars and twenty-eight cents.

She looks up at him. He tries not to blink.

JIMMY

Hm. I suppose next day... is fine.

INT. HOME DEPOT -- LATER

Jimmy combs the industrial aisles until he finds the section he needs. PHONE JACKS and CORDS. He selects a package.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER (AFTERNOON)

He re-screws the phone jack into his wall and slides the cord back in. THE PHONE RINGS IMMEDIATELY. He answers.

JIMMY (infuriated)

GOOD GOD WHAT!?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RESTAURANT FREEZER -- SAME TIME

The girl in the Chinese costume now stands in a gigantic freezer, on the phone, the cord stretched in from outside.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME

What what?

JIMMY

Give the phone a rest, that's what.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME

Whatever, jerk-off. It says here you're twenty-four hours.

JIMMY

What are you talking about?

The freezer door opens. A CHINESE MAN (40s) in a tan suit pokes his head in, CLAPS AT the girl.

CHINESE BOSS

Get back to work.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME

I'm on the phone.

CHINESE BOSS

Table twelve.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (the finger)

Number one.

She holds up her middle finger. He shuts the door.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Who is this? What's going on here?

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
Hi. You work for the suicide hotline.

JIMMY
For Christ's sake, this is not the
suicide hotline. This is not the
lonely hearts club. This is not the
please-take-on-my-sad-sack-of-shit-
life phone num...

Something catches Jimmy's eye. The NEW PHONE BOOK.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (O.S.)
Who do you think you are, treating
people like this?

JIMMY (floundering)
Uh... uh...

He runs to it, rips open the plastic, and locates the number
for the suicide hotline. We see it is the exact phone number
labeled on his telephone. His eyes widen.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
You think peoples' lives are yours
to mess with?

JIMMY
Honestly, ma'am, if you're looking
to kill yourself, I don't think I'm
the one to talk you out of it.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
Oh, you think?

JIMMY
There's been a mistake.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
You bet there's been a mistake, pal.
A big one!

She slams the phone down. Jimmy throws the phone book across
the room, bashing it into the wall.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Jimmy makes a call, trying to keep composed.

JIMMY (into phone)
This is Jimmy Flynn.
(MORE)

JIMMY (into phone) (CONT'D)
There's been a err of epic proportions
in your yellow pages. It seems that
my phone number has been listed as
the local suicide hotline for all of
Manhattan.

NAISLY VOICE (O.S.)
Seriously?

JIMMY
I am looking in the yellow pages and
under suicide hotline, it has *my*
phone number. I have freaks and
losers calling *me*, crying for help.

NAISLY VOICE (O.S.)
I know how you feel.

JIMMY
No, you don't know. It's the holiday
season, for Christ's sake. This is
the city that never sleeps. I am
living in Crazy-Land and the only
phone in town is ringing in my head.

NAISLY VOICE (O.S.)
I can put in a change for next issue's
directory, but I'm afraid that won't
be delivered for another six months.
May I make a suggestion?

JIMMY (taking a sarcastic breath)
Sure. You sound like an educated
person. Let's hear it.

NAISLY VOICE (O.S.)
May I suggest that you temporarily
change your phone number?

JIMMY
That would be a lovely suggestion,
Miss Yellow Pages, however... I have
one hundred resumes out there with
my home phone number listed as my
only contact. I cannot change my
phone number until I hear responses
from those one hundred companies.

NAISLY VOICE (O.S.)
Hm. That's quite a pickle.

Jimmy abruptly hangs up. His PHONE RINGS IMMEDIATELY. He
slams his head on the table. Lets the machine get it. BEEP.

TRISH (O.S.)
Jimmy? Are you there?

Trish is sobbing hard. He still doesn't answer.

TRISH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's Grandma. She's had a stroke.

He hurriedly picks up the phone.

JIMMY (into phone)
A stroke of what?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- LATER (DAY)

Jimmy stands in the doorway. His grandmother lies in the hospital bed, hooked up to machines. Trish is crying at the edge of it. She turns to Jimmy and walks towards him.

TRISH
She's been waiting for you. She has something she wants to tell you.

Jimmy walks towards his grandmother and looks at her. Her eyes are barely open. Her face is white, despite the sunburn.

Trish leaves them alone. Jimmy shuffles in place.

JIMMY
Hey, Grandma. How...
(clears throat)
How are you?

She manages to pat the bed, indicating for him to sit. He does. He can't help but feel the cliché of the moment.

JIMMY (nervous laugh)
What do we do now?

She opens her mouth to speak, but only a whisper pours out.

JIMMY
Hm? What's that?

He leans in closer. She tries again.

GRANDMA
Je... me... yer...

The stroke has made her speech inaudible. Jimmy shakes his head, not understanding. As she continues to mutter, he gets increasingly more frustrated.

JIMMY (impatient)
I can't... I can't understand what you're saying, Grandma. What are you saying?

She tries again. It's even more inaudible. Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY

That's not even a...
(calling out)
Trish? Trish, could you...

Her heart rate flat-lines. He looks at her. She is gone.
A LARGE NURSE (30s) enters the room. Jimmy looks up at her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Can you wake her up?

NURSE

She's DNR.

JIMMY

What does that mean?

NURSE

Do not resuscitate.

The nurse unplugs the machine. Jimmy is on the brink.

JIMMY

Just for a minute?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy walks out of the hospital room. Trish stands before him, sobbing. She throws her arms around his neck.

TRISH (whispering in his ear)

I'm the only family you got left.

She hugs him hard. He pats her back with one hand.

TRISH

Me and Warren.

Jimmy looks over her shoulder at Warren, shuffling nearby, holding their crying baby boy in his arms.

TRISH (CONT'D)

And little Avery, of course.

Jimmy abruptly pulls away from her.

JIMMY

I gotta go.

TRISH

What?

JIMMY

I gotta get going.

TRISH

Are you serious?

JIMMY
I'll be back. At some point.

Warren steps forward.

WARREN
Stick around, Jimmy. It's time to be with family.

TRISH (snapping)
No, forget it. He needs to be alone.
Anyone else would be a mirror for him to look in.

JIMMY
What's that supposed to mean?

She just looks at him, wiping her tears away.

JIMMY (shouting)
I gotta go, alright? What?

He storms off.

EXT. MIDTOWN -- LATER

Jimmy takes a seat at the shoe-shine stand. He puts his white sneakers on the metal stirrups.

SHOE-SHINER
The... uh... usual, Mr. Flynn?

JIMMY
Yes, the fucking usual, William.

He hands him a fifty. William awkwardly starts shining his sneakers. He slips the plastic bag in Jimmy's sock.

SHOE-SHINER
Hey, you know what works for me?
Wrap yourself in some warm laundry.
You'll be out like a light.

Jimmy stares daggers at him.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER (EVENING)

He sits on the couch, the television blaring. He pops the pills like they're candy, chasing them with Pink Russians. He is sweating profusely, his face red, his eyes glazed.

He stares at the pills. FROM JIMMY'S POV: THEY ARE FLOATING IN HIS HAND, COMING TO LIFE, PERHAPS SINGING.

SOFIA (O.S.)
Is ready.

He turns to Sofia. She is holding a pile of clean laundry.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
You told me say when laundry ready.
I just fold it now.

JIMMY
No, you don't have to fold it, Sofia.

SOFIA
No?

JIMMY
Just come here and throw it on top
of me.

She stammers in place for a moment.

SOFIA
What?

JIMMY
Come here and cover me in it. Lay
it on me.

SOFIA
The laundry?

JIMMY
Uh-huh.

She cautiously walks to him. Rests the laundry in his lap.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's it. But more all over.

She drapes the sheets and pillowcases over his shoulders. He leans forward and pops one more pill. She sees this.

SOFIA
You sweating a lot, Mister Flynn.

JIMMY
I'm fine.

He continues channel-surfing. She steps back, goes to the front closet to put on her coat.

SOFIA
Okay... well... I finish.

JIMMY
Oh, already, Sofia?

SOFIA
I made you eggplant. Is in the
fridge. You heat on stove, okay?

JIMMY

Alright... but, uh... you don't have to go, yet. Do you?

SOFIA (coming back)

You have more for me?

JIMMY

Well, no. But, uh... you can stay and... and... we could watch the tv?

He flips the channel again and arrives at HBO's REAL SEX. ON TV: PEOPLE DRESSED AS HORSES RIDE EACH OTHER.

They stare at it horrified for a moment. He changes the channel. Turns to her. Sweating.

SOFIA (starting out)

My kids are waiting.

JIMMY

Oh, okay. Good-night, Sofia.

The door shuts. He turns back to the television. The NEWS. ON TV: The FEMALE NEWSCASTER (30s) reports.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

... Power plant in Flint, Ohio where former employee, Carl Heyman, arrived on his last day of severance with a high-powered rifle, shot fourteen people and then himself. And just one week shy of the Christmas bonus.

Jimmy watches, zoning out. His vision is blurring. We see it through his eyes for a moment.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

And now for the weather. Ted?

The WEATHERMAN gestures before the green screen.

WEATHERMAN

The five-year forecast, there's going to be a gigantic grey cloud hovering over Jimmy Flynn with a ninety-percent chance of thunderstorms. Everywhere else in New York City, sunny and clear with a high of sixty.

Jimmy stands, stumbling for a moment. He continues downing the pills, tripping over things as he goes. He is far gone, sweat dripping off of him. He enters the kitchen...

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Turns on the gas stove, finds the plate of eggplant. He uncovers the plastic wrap, smells his dinner, and then...

HIS EYES ROLL BACK. He falls back, fainting. SLAM. His head hits the floor. Out cold. The remaining pills spill out onto the floor around him. FADE TO: BLACK.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

The girl in the Chinese costume huffs up the steps of his brownstone and BANGS LOUDLY on his door. She folds her arms, waits for a response. Nothing. She bangs again. Nothing.

She looks around, removes a chopstick from her hair and inserts it in the lock. Wiggling it until... CLICK.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

She comes into the living room. Smells something strong.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
Hello? Jerk-off?

She scopes out the different rooms, her wooden sandals clinking. The smell grows stronger, she covers her nose.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
Asshole? Major asshole?

She clinks INTO THE KITCHEN to see... Jimmy passed out on the floor, surrounded by pills, the gas stove turned on.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

She quickly shuts the stove. Dives down, feeling for a pulse. She takes his arms, drags his lifeless body out into...

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

She drags him into the shower, turns on the water. The cold water runs over them until they are soaked.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
C'mon, wake up, wake up, wake up,
you dumb fuck.

She slaps him repeatedly. Hitting him harder and harder until... he coughs awake.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
Open your mouth.

He looks up at the strange girl. Smacks her hand away.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
You need to throw up.

She forces her fingers in his mouth until he gags. He leans over the toilet and starts vomiting. She holds his head.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
Get it all.

She pats his back while he continues to purge. After a minute, he's finished. He leans back. They sit on the bathroom floor, both exhausted, out of breath, soaking wet.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
It's pink. Your puke is pink.

He reaches up and flushes it.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- LATER

He lies face down on his bed. The girl brings him a cup of water, stands over him while he takes a sip.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
No wonder you're the worst suicide hotline worker ever.

JIMMY (mumbling)
I wasn't trying to kill myself.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
No? Just hanging out, drinking, popping pills, the stove going...

JIMMY (mumbling)
I was making eggplant...

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
You know, after our lovely chat on the phone, I just had to stop by and spit in your face. Then, when you didn't answer I thought maybe I'd steal your wallet or something, but... Never expected to find the suicide hotline worker attempting to do himself in.

JIMMY
I'm not a... Yes, it's ironic.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
You know, you can get the address to any listed phone number?

He shuts his eyes, falling asleep. She stands over him, looks at the lines in his face. Something comes over her.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
You're older than I thought.

His eyes open.

JIMMY
You want me to pay you or something?

She squints at him; the moment is gone. She rips the pillow out from under his head, throws it on the floor to lie down.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
I'm gonna crash on your floor tonight,
make sure you don't swallow your
tongue or your vomit.

Jimmy is exhausted. His eyes closing again. Pillowless.

JIMMY (barely audible)
This is a very strange dream.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
You know there's this ancient Chinese
proverb that says if you save
someone's life, you're responsible
for them forever?

Jimmy lets out a sleepy sound.

GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME (CONT'D)
My name's Boaty, by the way. It's
my last name. Well, it was.

She rolls on her side.

BOATY/GIRL IN CHINESE COSTUME
Don't touch me funny or nothing.

He doesn't know how to respond to that. He starts drifting off. He wakes for one last moment.

JIMMY
Don't take my wallet.

She closes her eyes.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- DAY

Jimmy's eyes peel open. The clock in front of his face reads 12:26. He sits up. Light is slicing through the blinds.

JIMMY (confused)
Is that..? Is that p.m.?

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Strange noises are coming from his kitchen. Jimmy shuffles in to see Boaty cooking, every appliance going unnecessarily.

JIMMY

What the hell are you doing?

BOATY

It's called breakfast, you ingrate. Hey, your floor sucks. My back's killing me. You slept forever.

JIMMY

I... yeah, haven't slept this late in years... seriously, what are you doing?

BOATY

There's no point in taking those pills anymore. They won't work. This girl I know once took a bunch of aspirin at once and now when she gets a headache, like nothing works. She's totally immune.

Jimmy watches her inefficiency in the kitchen; his face twitches just looking at it. He walks out of the room. And returns with his WALLET. He holds out a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL.

BOATY (CONT'D)

What's that for?

JIMMY

It's for your cab home.

BOATY

You're kicking me out? Why?

JIMMY

Because I don't think this is a hot idea, you being here.

BOATY

It's cool. I don't have to be anywhere. I dropped out of school. Why does everybody have to go to school anyway? I read a shit-load.

JIMMY

Look, uh, Girl, I'm not looking for a roommate or anything, so, why don't you head back to your parents or your parole officer or...

BOATY

Didn't you hear what I said last night? I'm responsible for you.

JIMMY

Well, that's very strange of you, but I think we're about even.

She looks at him sharply.

BOATY

We're not even close to even.

JIMMY

Here. Here. How much?

He sorts through his money again, holding it out.

BOATY

I have a job. You're my hobby.

She cracks TWO EGGS IN A BLENDER and switches the machine on, shouting over the blending noise.

BOATY (CONT'D)

Now, first thing we're gonna do is find you a job. I saw your resume laying out there. Doesn't look like much but I'm sure there's something we could smudge. I made a call. You got an appointment at three, so you better get...

He forcibly unplugs the blender.

JIMMY

Stop right there.

BOATY

What? You need a job, right? Isn't that why you were doing what you were doing?

JIMMY

First of all, I wasn't *doing* anything. And second of all, *you* were the one calling the number, remember?

BOATY

But you are unemployed, correct? You don't have a job. You - Are - Without - Work.

His face twitches. The words sting.

BOATY (CONT'D)

I'd never forgive myself if I left you unemployed forever and you tried something like that again.

He fumbles through his wallet, pulling out more cash.

JIMMY (losing it)

Okay, I, I... what's the word... appreciate what you did for me last night and all, and... You're a weird kid, but... I'm not looking for a little friend or anything, so...

BOATY

My dad killed himself.

He looks at her in disbelief.

JIMMY

Oh, yeah?

BOATY

Yeah.

(then)

That's why I was calling, in case you were wondering. In case you were ever wondering.

He looks at her, realizes she means it. He sighs, defeated. And holds out the entire wad of money.

JIMMY

Look, I just want to be left alone.

She looks at the money. And then up at him, red-faced.

BOATY

You want me to leave you alone? You wanna make it even? Let me find you work. Let me find you a job. Let me do this. Or I'll tell the police you made me touch your privates. Now how do you like your eggs?

JIMMY

I have a five-minute answer to that question.

BOATY

Scrambled it is.

She starts the blender again, the eggs churning inside.

INT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY -- LATER

Jimmy impatiently bounces his leg. He sits across from MR. WASHINGTON (40s, African-American).

MR. WASHINGTON

This is a very impressive resume,
Mr. Flynn.

JIMMY

I know.

(then, tries again)
Or "thank you".

Mr. Washington reads from his resume, but Jimmy scans the other unemployed LOSERS seated throughout the room.

MR. WASHINGTON

Undergrad at MSU. MBA from the Wharton School. A steady career at the same company for eleven years, that's a rarity these days.

Jimmy's gaze around the room lands on Boaty, standing in the lobby with a supportive thumbs-up. He quickly turns away.

MR. WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

The thing is, Mr. Flynn, we've never really had anyone of your... uh...

JIMMY

Caliber? Stature? Je ne se qua?

MR. WASHINGTON

Well, your usual field of expertise isn't... We don't exactly... See, this is more of a temp agency. And unfortunately, nobody's really hiring the week before Christmas.

JIMMY

I see.

MR. WASHINGTON

The economy's a flop. Everybody needs money.

JIMMY

I don't need money. I've saved ten percent of my paycheck since I was sixteen. I need work. A man without work is a man without definition.

Mr. Washington leans back in his chair, strokes his chin.

MR. WASHINGTON

Who said that?

JIMMY

I did.

MR. WASHINGTON

Just now?

JIMMY

Yes, just now. But I've said it before.

MR. WASHINGTON

I like that.

Mr. Washington talks it out, while writing it down.

MR. WASHINGTON (while writing)

A man... without work... is a man without definition.

(looks up)

What does it mean?

JIMMY

It means that a man defines himself by what he does. Look, this isn't the ideal situation for me. I haven't been without work in...

MR. WASHINGTON

Without definition...

JIMMY

... That's right, in fifteen years. And I plan on moving into freelance as soon as this shit-storm blows over. But in the meantime, I suppose I... need something to... fill the...
(then, giving up)

Forget it, I don't know what I'm doing here. Thanks for your time. Nice meeting you. Blah blah blah.

Jimmy shakes his hand and walks out.

INT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY ELEVATOR LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy and Boaty fast-walk off the elevator, INTO THE LOBBY.

BOATY

So? How'd it go?

JIMMY

Swimmingly.

BOATY

Are they getting you a job?

JIMMY

Yes. Immediately. So thanks for everything.

He pushes her away. She bounces back, squeezing into the REVOLVING DOOR with him.

INT. REVOLVING DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

She spins him in the revolving door one too many times.

BOATY

What kind of job? Doing what you were doing before? I think you need to do some *real* work. I bet those hands haven't seen a day of real work in their whole lives, have they?

She reaches for his hand. He recoils, struggles free from the revolving door. She bursts onto the sidewalk with him.

EXT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY -- CONTINUOUS

BOATY

Are you walking to the subway? I could walk with you.

JIMMY

Boaty, I was hoping this could be a time for quiet reflection.

He walks in a straight line. She makes a series of leaps and bounds, getting in his path, breaking his rhythm.

BOATY

Well, are you headed home? I have to be at work in an hour. You know The Blue Lotus on Mott Street? They have the best dim sum. So, did he say what kinda job? Cause I think it's important that you like what you do. I'm just wondering, did the guy say? Did he say when you'd start or for how long or...

Jimmy stops short, grabs her arm roughly.

JIMMY

Look, I get it, alright?

BOATY

Owww...

JIMMY

Your father killed himself. You thought I was gonna kill myself.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I get it, okay? Uh... good job.
You saved a life worth saving.
Balance has returned to the universe.
All is right with the world. Now
goodbye, Boaty. This is me saying
goodbye. You've eaten enough of my
time already.

He starts away. She rubs her sore arm.

BOATY

He did it over a job, fucker. He
got fired on a Tuesday and we buried
him in the same suit on Friday.

Jimmy stops short. Slowly turns back to her.

BOATY (CONT'D)

People piss their pants when they
hang themselves, did you know that?

JIMMY

When was... um... when was this?

BOATY

Two years ago. So do whatever you
want. I don't care.

(backing up)

And if you ever grab my arm again,
I'll shove the other one up your ass
'til I hit elbow!

(then, shouting out)

Jimmy Flynn touched my privates!

He reacts. Watches her disappear in the sidewalk traffic.

BOATY (shouting out)

Jimmy Flynn touched my privates!

Jimmy hurries off in the opposite direction.

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- LATER

He is now squeezed in a phone booth.

JIMMY (using fake voice)

Could I speak to Karen, please?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN COMMERCIAL CONSULTANTS -- SAME

Karen sits at her desk. She answers her ringing phone.

KAREN (into phone)

Brian Raimo's office.

Jimmy is rendered speechless.

KAREN

Hello?

JIMMY

Yeah, Karen, Jimmy here. Jimmy Flynn.

She spins her chair into a corner, starts whispering.

KAREN

Jimmy? What are you doing?

JIMMY

Just seeing how things are. How are things?

KAREN

You're not supposed to call. I mean, I'm not supposed to talk to you.

JIMMY (suddenly furious)

Who told you that? Derwin? That cocksucker...

(then, trying to laugh)

Hey, c'mon, you can talk to me. How are you? How's work? How's your new boss? Big Boy Brian, is it? How is the little fella?

KAREN

Um... Fine. Everything's fine.

An AMBULANCE roars past Jimmy, its SIREN BLARING OUT. Karen can hear it through the phone AND on the streets below.

JIMMY

Brian's working out then?

KAREN

Yeah, he's... different.

She walks to the window, looks down, and sees Jimmy standing in the phone booth ACROSS THE STREET from the office.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Is that you down there?

JIMMY

Hm?

He looks up and sees her in the high window.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, hey! Yeah, there you are. Nice to see you. How 'bout that.

He waves. She just looks at him.

KAREN

Well, thanks for checking in, Jimmy...

JIMMY

Wait, Karen, hang on a sec. I, uh, wanted to ask you something.

KAREN

Yeah? What's that?

JIMMY

I'm just wondering, you know, since Derwin made me leave my files behind, and whatnot, I'm wondering if you could do me a tiny favor and take a peak at the ol' files for me? I'm trying to locate a certain employee's name on the execution list, last name Boaty? Something Boaty?

KAREN

I don't know, Jimmy...

JIMMY

Just a quick peak.

KAREN

I could lose my job for that...

JIMMY

You're not going to lose your job.

KAREN

I think they're in Derwin's office...

JIMMY

C'mon, Karen, I know it's a risk, but I just need to know if this name was on the list. After everything we've been through together, couldn't you... couldn't you do me this one thing? After everything I've...

Jimmy stops short. There is a long pause. Then...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You still there?

KAREN

I'm waiting for you to finish that sentence, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What?

KAREN

I'm waiting to hear all the things
you've done for me. Let's hear it.

JIMMY

Um... well...

KAREN

Like maybe how when you first hired
me, you told me you'd base my salary
on a "need-to-pay basis". Or when I
told you I was pregnant, you said I
should think of my maternity leave
as a precursor to unemployment. Or
how about when my father had a heart
attack and you said I was out of
personal days, so I had to take a
week off without pay. Is that what
you were gonna say you've done for
me? Huh, Jimmy?

JIMMY (giving up)

Alright. Fuck it. I tried.

He slams the phone down.

INT. SQUASH COURT -- LATER

Jimmy plays squash by himself, hustling across the court at
top speed. He pulls a hamstring. Limped to a stop.

INT. SAUNA -- EVENING

Jimmy sits in the sauna next to ANOTHER MAN. The man smiles
at him. Jimmy crosses his legs, uncomfortably.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Jimmy sits at the bar, drinking a beer, shredding the label
into pieces. The PRETTY BARTENDER (20s) comes up to him.

BARTENDER

Your credit card was declined.

She hands it back. It's his American Express BUSINESS CARD.
He nods. Pulls out another card.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR/CEMETERY -- DAY

It is raining. The wipers slide the rain aside. Jimmy sits
in his car, drinking from a SILVER FLASK, looking through
the windshield, at his GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL.

THROUGH THE GLASS: The CONGREGATION is made up of anonymous
people dressed in black, holding umbrellas.

The crowd disperses, back to their cars. Trish is among them. She spots Jimmy and climbs into his passenger seat.

TRISH

Nice view. Didn't want to get your suit wet? Are you drinking?

JIMMY

Who is everybody?

TRISH

Most are from the senior center and the church. A few of my friends.

He stares straight ahead. She turns to him, tries to console.

TRISH (CONT'D)

She was eighty-four years old, Jimmy. She wasn't gonna last forever. This shouldn't be such a surprise.

He doesn't budge. She turns away.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Are you gonna come to the house? We got a caterer.

JIMMY

I can't.

TRISH

Ugh. Warren was right.

JIMMY (turning on her)

Yeah? What was Warren right about?

TRISH

Let's not do this now. Okay?

They sit in silence for a moment. Then, she turns to him, looks at his face, suddenly concerned.

TRISH (CONT'D)

I know sometimes it's hard being around us cause of everything...

JIMMY

It's fine. I'm fine.

She turns away from him again, looks out the window at the rainy procession of mourners. She lets out a sigh.

TRISH

We're the only Flynn's left. Well, I'm technically a Dugan, so... the buck stops here.

Jimmy takes a swig from his flask. Wallowing in it.

TRISH (turning to him)
You should come to the house, Jimmy.

He nods. Then, he reaches out to touch her, but only gets as far as a pat on the shoulder. She climbs out of the car.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jimmy wakes from a light sleep, the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* book open on his chest, as if he fell asleep reading. He puts the book down and wipes the sweat from his forehead.

He stands and suddenly screams out in pain. SOMETHING is stuck in his foot. He flops back on the bed and pulls it out: Booty's NAME TAG from the Blue Lotus.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy shuffles into the room in his boxers. He goes to his answering machine. There are fourteen messages.

JIMMY (to the machine)
One hundred resumes. Talk to me.

He winces and pushes PLAY. First message.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S., on machine)
I'm trying to reach the sui...

Jimmy skips to the next message.

SHAKY MAN'S VOICE (O.S., on machine)
Yeah, I'm on the edge here and...

He skips to the next message.

JERRY (O.S., on machine)
Oh, hi. It's Jerry. Again. I... I understand what you're doing with this... tough love business, and I appreciate it, but...

Jimmy's PHONE RINGS, cutting off the machine. He answers.

JIMMY (into phone)
Please. Stop calling. I can't help.

A different voice responds:

MR. WASHINGTON (O.S.)
Mr. Flynn?

JIMMY
Yes?

MR. WASHINGTON (O.S.)
This is Mr. Washington with the West
End Temp Agency?

JIMMY
Oh. Right. Um...

MR. WASHINGTON (O.S.)
Well, I don't know if you're at all
interested... but if you're still
without definition, I do have
something that could define you for
a day or two.

Jimmy rubs his temples, like the thoughts in his head hurt.

JIMMY
I thought you said nobody was hiring
before Christmas.

MR. WASHINGTON (O.S.)
Well, as it turns out, not everybody
celebrates Christmas.

EXT. FISH MARKET - CHINATOWN -- DAY

A HUGE FISH is tossed into Jimmy's arms. He is wearing a
rubber apron, gloves and boots, surrounded by CHINESE WORKERS
all speaking a language he doesn't understand.

Fish after fish is thrown into his arms. He drops one on
the ground. The other employees all SHOUT AT HIM.

EXT. FISH MARKET - CHINATOWN -- LATER

Jimmy carries a bucket full o' fish guts towards a dumpster.
His boots slip on some street sludge and down he goes. The
fish guts pour all over his chest.

The same co-workers who shouted at him, now laugh at him.

As Jimmy sits up, he hears the RING OF A BICYCLE BELL. He
turns to see a CHINESE BOY (20), with spiked hair and Doc
Marten lace-ups, riding a bike past him. In the basket,
Chinese delivery bags from the Blue Lotus.

Jimmy watches the bike turn the corner. Pulls off his apron.

INT. BLUE LOTUS -- LATER

Jimmy is seated, scouring the crowded restaurant, until he
spots Boaty, cleaning a table. Her boss, the Chinese man in
the tan suit, stands over her.

BOATY'S BOSS
You missed spot there. Here, too.

BOATY (snapping)
Yeah, this isn't wax-on, wax-off,
Mr. Miyagi. I got it.

She turns to see Jimmy seated in her section. He tries to smile at her. She hardens and approaches.

BOATY
What're you doing here?

JIMMY
I was nearby actually, slinging fish over at the market. That's what I do now. Hence the smell.

BOATY
You got a job?

JIMMY
Just for a few days. You know, real work. I'm on my lunch break.

BOATY
And you expect me to wait on you?

JIMMY
I could sit in someone else's section.

She looks around the room.

BOATY
Chen over there's got a mole on his chin with three long hairs growing out of it. I could send him over.

JIMMY
That'd be lovely. Thank you.

She drops a menu, starts away. He stops her.

JIMMY (gently)
Listen, Boaty, I'm not fully equipped for this kinda thing, but I'm... I'm sorry for grabbing your arm...

BOATY
It's fine. I'm fine.

JIMMY
No, it was wrong. Ssss-orry.

She looks at him. Notices the cuts and scrapes on his hands from real work. A veiled acceptance of his apology.

BOATY
Yeah, well, I've got other tables, so if you wanna order something...

JIMMY (looking in menu)
Sure, sure. I'll have the, uh...
Number 18. And a Tsing Tao. One of
the big ones.

BOATY (while writing)
One of the big ones. I see you got
rid of that drinking problem.

JIMMY
Yeah, it goes down real easy now.

She hides her smile. Takes the menu. Walks away.

INT. BLUE LOTUS -- LATER

Jimmy eats, his chopsticks give him great difficulty. He
watches Boaty serve her CUSTOMERS with extreme inefficiency.

BOATY'S CUSTOMER
Excuse me, Miss? I didn't get my
dim sum?

BOATY (snapping)
Yeah? And when God created me, he
only gave me two hands.

Jimmy laughs to himself; a little scared, a little impressed.

INT. BLUE LOTUS -- LATER

Jimmy has been finished eating for some time. He waits for
Boaty to approach him. She finally does.

BOATY
All done?

JIMMY
Yeah. I better get back.

She starts to clean up the area around him, balancing the
plates on top of each other without reason. The silence is
deafening as she reaches across him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
So... all that stuff with your
father... Do you know where he worked
exactly?

She looks at him strangely.

BOATY
Why do you want to know that?

JIMMY
I'm just curious. The... job hunt.

BOATY (shrugs)
I don't remember the name.

JIMMY
You don't remember where he worked?

BOATY
I was never invited.

JIMMY
Well, what kind of job was it?

BOATY
I don't know. In the beginning he fixed up people's houses that burnt down, getting money and junk. He used to bring me things that didn't burn in the fires. Like one time I got a walkman. Junk like that.

JIMMY
So... insurance?

BOATY
I guess. But then he...

ZEN (O.S.)
Hey, Boaty?

Boaty turns to see ZEN, the Chinese boy on the bike, standing in the kitchen doorway. She hands Jimmy a FORTUNE COOKIE and goes to Zen.

Jimmy watches them for a moment and then opens the cookie. His fortune reads: "YOUR APPRECIATION FOR THE ARTS WILL BRING NEW OPPORTUNITIES."

ZEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's where you were the other night?

Jimmy looks up at Zen and Boaty. Their conversation has turned sour. Zen points aggressively at Jimmy.

ZEN (CONT'D)
With that... old man?

The restaurant goes quiet. Everyone turns to Jimmy and stares. Jimmy turns around, tries to look at someone else.

Zen shouts something in Chinese and storms off. Boaty returns to Jimmy, flustered.

JIMMY
What was that?

BOATY

That's Zen. He's delivery. And sometimes my boyfriend. You better get goin'. He's über-jealous and trained in the art of Kung Fu.

With that she rips the CHECK off her pad, hands it to him, and disappears into the kitchen. He turns to the check; \$6.

Jimmy reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ten. He deliberates. Then pulls out a twenty. Then he pulls out a hundred dollar bill. HE LEAVES THE HUNDRED.

EXT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN -- LATER (EVENING)

Jimmy stands across the street from the Atlas building, trying to conceal himself behind a telephone pole. He keeps his eyes on the building's front door, until... Brian emerges.

Jimmy zeroes in on the SQUASH RACKET in Brian's hand.

INT. SQUASH COURTS -- LATER

Just outside of the men's locker room, Jimmy jogs in place, trying to work up a sweat. He watches the door until...

Brian and a SLICK GUY (20s) emerge, rackets in hand. Jimmy stops jogging, walks towards them "nonchalantly".

JIMMY

Brian?

Brian turns. Doesn't look thrilled to see him. Hides it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Brian Raimo, it is you.

BRIAN

Oh, hey, Jimmy. How you doin'?

They shake hands. Jimmy's grip tightens.

JIMMY

Great, great. Things are going really great for me right now. Couldn't be better. So, what are you doing here?

BRIAN

We're competing in that doubles tournament. Semifinals.

(making introductions)

Oh, uh, Jimmy, this is my friend Cartwright. We went to Brown together. This is Jimmy Flynn. We used to... work together.

Jimmy and Cartwright shake hands.

JIMMY

Good to meet you.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah. Do you smell fish?

JIMMY

Hmmm? No. No? No.

CARTWRIGHT

No, something smells a lot like fish.

JIMMY (recovering)

Oh, that must be my lunch. I had a business lunch.

CARTWRIGHT (making joke)

Where d'you eat? The bottom of the ocean?

Cartwright laughs far too loud, and far too long.

JIMMY

So, Brian, I was hoping to run into you actually, and... I've been meaning to drop by the office, but...

(forced laughter)

Suddenly I feel like a vampire...

BRIAN (dismissive)

Well, maybe we can meet up for a beer some time.

JIMMY

Yeah. Okay.

BRIAN

I'll, uh, email you.

They walk away. Jimmy watches them go. Then smells himself.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Cloaked in a WHITE BATHROBE, Jimmy hangs up his clothes. He cleans out the pockets of a suit jacket and finds... the INVITATION to Brian's bachelor party. FRIDAY.

He throws it in the trash. There's a KNOCK AT HIS DOOR.

EXT. JIMMY'S BROWNSTONE -- A MOMENT LATER

Jimmy opens it to see Trish standing on his front stoop. There is a LARGE OAK ARMOIRE in the middle of the sidewalk behind her. Her van is double-parked next to it.

JIMMY

What are you doing here?

TRISH

I couldn't have her stuff there for another minute, it's too depressing.

JIMMY

Who?

TRISH

Who? Grandma. Here, help me lift it. I nearly killed myself trying to drag it out of the van.

JIMMY

I don't understand.

TRISH

It was part of her estate.

JIMMY

Estate? You mean, my inheritance?

TRISH

Don't give me that, Jimmy. It's an armoire, she wanted you to take it, so you have to take it.

JIMMY

What does it do?

TRISH

Will you just help me up the stairs with it? Warren's home with the baby and he doesn't like to be left alone for long. Get on that side.

Jimmy and Trish stand on either side of the armoire and begin to struggle with it up the stairs.

JIMMY

Jesus, it's heavy.

TRISH

I know.

JIMMY (struggling)

Was it carved from a single tree?
Are you even lifting?

TRISH

I'm trying.

One of the drawers opens to reveal a stack of CLIPPED COUPONS. Jimmy tries to shut it with his knee, but coupons spill out.

JIMMY

You didn't even empty the drawers?

TRISH

I thought you might care to see the contents.

JIMMY

Yes, Grandma's coupons are a must-see. Maybe try to angle it.

TRISH

I'm on the heavy side.

JIMMY

They're all heavy sides. Just lift.

BOATY (O.S.)

Why did you leave me that money?

They turn to see Boaty, standing on the sidewalk, her eyes tearful, a GREASE-SOAKED PAPER BAG in her hand.

JIMMY (dumbstruck)

Um... what?

BOATY

The hundred? Why d'you give me that?

Trish squints at Jimmy. He nearly loses his grip.

JIMMY

Uh... I... I figured I owed you.
(to Trish)

It was a tip. For a meal.
(to Boaty)

I owed you a tip for, for the meal.

BOATY

Yeah, well, you really screwed me is what you did. Zen saw and he totally flipped out, started asking all these crazy questions... Do you guys need help?

She puts the greasy paper bag on top of the armoire and gets her hands underneath it, helping them up the stairs.

BOATY (CONT'D)

About me staying here the other night and we got in this huge fight. I really think it's the end this time.

(to Trish)

Hi, I'm Boaty.

(to Jimmy)

Is this your girlfriend? She's too pretty to be your girlfriend.

TRISH (flattered)

I'm his sister.

BOATY
Sister. Interesting.

JIMMY
Why is that interesting?

BOATY
I'm just surprised that there's more
of you.

They reach the top of the stairs. Trish unlocks the door.

BOATY (CONT'D)
Anyway, I usually sleep at his place,
but he kicked me out, and I didn't
have anywhere else to go, so... I
brought some take-out.

She holds up the paper bag as a plea bargain. When she does, Jimmy notices a BRUISE on her arm.

JIMMY (suddenly concerned)
My God, did he do that to you?

Boaty looks down at the bruise.

BOATY (matter-of-fact)
No. You did.

Jimmy can feel Trish's eyes burning into him.

JIMMY (sinking)
Oh.

BOATY (more to Trish)
But it's turning yellow. See? That
means it's healing.

Before they can react, Boaty gets behind the armoire and begins to drag it through the doorway.

BOATY
So, can I crash here for a smidge?

JIMMY
What? No. Of course not...
(for Trish's sake)
You crazy kid.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Boaty scrapes the armoire across the floor.

BOATY
You want me to sleep on the street?
After everything I did for you?

TRISH

What exactly did she do for you?

JIMMY

Nothing. Nothing. God, no, nothing like that. She's been... uh...

(looking around)

... Helping me... clean up the place.

Boaty kicks off her shoes and flops down on his couch.

BOATY (trying not to laugh)

Yeah, I'm his maid.

TRISH

Maid? What happened to Sofia?

JIMMY (lying)

I... I... had to... let her go.

TRISH (appalled)

You fired Sofia? Are you that diabolical? Why would you do that? You know, it's a good thing we're of blood-relation or I'm sure I'd be "let go" as your sister.

Boaty lets out a laugh. Trish lowers her voice.

TRISH

And isn't she a little young to be "cleaning up the place?" I don't even think that's legal.

JIMMY

Neither was Sofia.

Trish stares at him. Boaty flips on the television; the sound of rapid fire channel-surfing. Jimmy breaks.

JIMMY (turning to Boaty)

No, she's right, Boaty, you better run along home.

BOATY

Why can't I stay? Just 'til I can find something else.

JIMMY

There is something else. It's called "home".

BOATY

My mom and I aren't talking this month. Or last month. It's complicated.

JIMMY

I'm sure it is. Up we go.

He stands her up. She looks him in the eyes.

BOATY (suddenly vulnerable)

Please, Jimmy, don't make me leave.

TRISH (O.S.)

What's this?

He turns to see Trish, HOLDING HIS RESUME.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Is this your resume?

(then)

Why do you need your resume?

JIMMY (stammering)

Uh...

Boaty sees him stammering. Trish's mouth starts to curl, almost gleeful at what this could mean.

TRISH (almost gleeful)

Wait a second. Don't tell me...

BOATY (quick)

Oh, that was for me.

Jimmy turns to Boaty.

BOATY

Yeah, he was... showing me what one of those looks like. I'm trying to... branch out... if you will.

TRISH

Huh.

She puts down the resume. Jimmy seems relieved. He hurriedly scoots Trish out the door.

JIMMY

Well, thanks for bringing the armoire, Trish. Good stuff. I'll treasure it forever and ever.

TRISH

But, wait...

He shuts the door behind her. He is motionless. Everything is quiet again. After a beat...

BOATY

You got something to drink?

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

The armoire is now awkwardly squeezed in the corner of Jimmy's living room; an antique in the middle of his modern world.

Boaty observes it. There are about forty small drawers underneath a glass-paneled door. And held inside the glass is an extensive SPOON COLLECTION.

The tiny silver spoons have the fifty State's names written on them, adorned with colorful emblems representing each.

BOATY (calling out)
What're these little spoons?

JIMMY IS IN THE KITCHEN FIXING TWO DRINKS. He dumps half the booze into his glass, and only a splash in hers.

JIMMY
My grandmother. She traveled a lot,
bought a spoon in every state.

Boaty takes a closer look.

BOATY
One's missing.
(looking)
She's never been to Michigan?

JIMMY
She's from Michigan.

Boaty chooses one of the armoire's drawers and opens it. She gets a glimpse of a stack of OLD PHOTOGRAPHS. When Jimmy enters, she quickly shuts the drawer.

JIMMY (entering)
We both are.

He returns with the two glasses, but forgets which one is watered down. He hands her the one he thinks it is.

JIMMY
She pretty much raised us.

BOATY
Your folks dead?

JIMMY
Yeah. Well, my mother died when I was six. And my father left us a little while after that.

BOATY
Right on.

She clinks his glass. And chugs it.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

They are eating the take-out. Getting drunk, in conversation.

JIMMY

But if you get into the habit of saving ten percent of your paycheck, it helps control your spending.

BOATY

No, I have a system for that. See, I took my credit card and I put it in my freezer and froze it in this block of ice. And any time I want to buy something I can't afford, I gotta go to the freezer, pull out the block of ice and wait for the thing to melt. And usually by the time it melts, I've already talked myself out of buying whatever it is.

JIMMY

That's the most ridiculous waste of time I've ever heard.

BOATY

Counting time is a waste of time. Here, try this. It's a delicacy.

She hands him something that looks like a dumpling. He takes a bite of it. Gags. Spits it into a napkin. She laughs.

JIMMY

What the fuck is that?

BOATY

You don't like it? The Chinese swear by it.

JIMMY

Of course they do. They say, "What the fuck is that?"

She cracks up laughing.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

They are wasted by now, though she may be exaggerating it.

BOATY

And this is called the downward dog.

She contorts herself into a difficult yoga position. And then starts laughing until she falls to the ground.

JIMMY

Stretching isn't exercise.

BOATY

It's not about exercise. It's about harnessing your chi, man.

Jimmy lets out a laugh we don't hear often.

JIMMY

You sound like my ex-wife.

BOATY

You were married?

He nods 'yes'. She climbs up onto the couch, lies down.

BOATY (CONT'D)

What happened?

He searches for the answer.

JIMMY

Things... have a way of unraveling.

BOATY

Was it your fault?

JIMMY

Yeah, it was my fault.

BOATY

What, d'you hit her?

JIMMY

Of course not.

BOATY

You cheated on her?

JIMMY

No. Things just fell apart. I got the job in New York. She stayed in Michigan. She kept the house. She kept the dog. And soon after that she remarried some real estate agent. He moved into my house. He walks my dog. And he fucks my wife.

Jimmy takes a big swig of his drink. His speech slurs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I haven't seen her in over ten years.

BOATY

Seriously? Why not?

JIMMY

Didn't you hear what I just said?

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A real estate agent is sleeping in my bed, walking my wife and fucking my dog. I have nothing to say to her.

BOATY

Sounds like it.

(then)

I think you should call her.

JIMMY

Oh, do you, little girl?

BOATY

Why not? What are you afraid of?

JIMMY

I'm not afraid of anything, and you don't know anything about it.

BOATY

What's to know? You were married to the woman. She's still family. Don't be such a pussy and call her.

JIMMY

Yes, let me take advice from a teenage runaway.

BOATY

I'm not a runaway.

JIMMY

Right. You're just one of those kids who bums around St. Mark's all summer begging for change 'til the fall comes and you go back to your fancy prep school.

She sits up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And I hate to break it to you, Boaty, but... you're white. Dating a Chinaman does not make you Chinese.

BOATY

Okay, first of all, I've never hung out on St. Mark's. And I don't even go to a prep school. My mom freaked out at me cause of something I did and we got in this big fight and I said I wasn't coming back and she said maybe I shouldn't and I left and I've been crashing with Zen ever

(MORE)

BOATY (CONT'D)
since. That's when he got me the
job at the restaurant. That was two
months, one week and four days ago.
(slight laugh)
But who's counting.

Boaty sinks a bit. Takes a breath.

BOATY (CONT'D)
It's just me and her there, you know?

Boaty is far-off, lost in the thought. Jimmy is affected.
He finds himself nodding his head. Boaty shrugs it off,
lies down on the couch, pulling a BLANKET over herself.

BOATY (CONT'D)
Anyway, she's totally depressing.
She barely leaves the house except
for work. You'd probably like her.
I keep thinking if she just met
somebody new... somebody nice...
maybe things would be different.

Jimmy swallows. He is quiet for a moment, then...

JIMMY
What's her name?

BOATY
Suzanne. Why?

JIMMY
She still goes by Boaty?

BOATY
Yeah. Why wouldn't she?

JIMMY
And where does she...

BOATY
I'm tired of talking, Jimmy.
Someone's gotta work around here.

She yawns a sleepy yawn, closes her eyes. He looks at her.

BOATY (CONT'D)
So, I can stay, right?

They are quiet for awhile. Then...

JIMMY (to Boaty)
I think I did something.

She says nothing. Passed out.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Jimmy lies awake in bed. He finishes the last chapter of the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* book and puts it down. It's quiet. Boring. Restless. Suddenly, his phone rings. He looks at the clock, three am. And quickly answers.

JIMMY (into phone)
It's three in morning where I live.

JERRY (O.S.)
I know. I know. I don't know why
I'm calling again really.

Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY
What's up, Jerry.

JERRY (O.S.)
Oh, nothin'. Just counting the days
'til Christmas, you know?

JIMMY
Mh-hm.

JERRY (O.S.)
When my wife was around, and my son
was little, we used to wake up early
to open the gifts. And she'd make
these chocolate chip pancakes while
the kid played with his toys.

JIMMY
Listen, I can't...

JERRY (O.S.)
And this year, I'm spending Christmas
in Harlem, working the toll plaza on
the Triborough.

JIMMY (on the bright side)
Hey, that's a government job.

JERRY (O.S.)
Please. People pay a toll and I let
them cross my bridge. I'm a troll.

JIMMY (on the bright side)
Well, you're a government-paid troll.

JERRY (O.S.)
I work a twelve-hour shift in a two-
by-two cube, wearing rubber gloves,
inhaling exhaust, handling money
that pays for more construction which
(MORE)

JERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
causes more traffic and more exhaust.
How could they not expect me to, one
day, walk to the middle of the bridge,
strap a cement block to my ankle and
throw it over?

JIMMY

You know why, Jerry? Because a man
defines himself by what he does.
Take me for instance. I rob men of
their definitions. That's what I
do. That's my definition.

JERRY (O.S.)

I didn't always hate my job.

JIMMY

You can get used to anything. Sooner
or later it just becomes your life.

JERRY (O.S.)

Yeah. I guess so.

Jimmy looks up and notices the PHONE BOOK at the far end of
the room. Something comes over him.

JIMMY

Okay, Jerry. I'm gonna get going.
Keep your chin up.

Jimmy hangs up. He scurries to the phone book and brings it
back to bed. He flips through the pages until he comes upon
the B's, then he scrolls the names until... BOATY, SUZANNE.
He copies the address: 320 East 110th Street, 2nd Floor.

INT. 320 EAST 110TH STREET, 2ND FLOOR -- MORNING

Elevator doors open. Jimmy steps off into the lobby of a
MODEST-LOOKING DOCTOR'S OFFICE. Past the waiting area, a
CHUBBY NURSE sits behind the glass window. She smiles.

JIMMY

I guess I'm here to see Suzanne Boaty?

CHUBBY NURSE

Okay. Do you have an appointment?

JIMMY

Appointment? Uh... No.

CHUBBY NURSE

Oh. Well, if you'd like to see her,
I'm afraid you need an appointment.

JIMMY

Okay, well, let's get one of those then.

CHUBBY NURSE (flipping through pages)

Okay... I don't see anything until after the new year, but we did have a cancellation for two o'clock today, if you want to wait 'til then?

He looks at his watch. It's not yet noon.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jimmy sits on the metal table, impatiently bouncing his leg and reading *Highlight's Magazine for Kids*. In walks SUZANNE BOATY (40), mostly pretty, with features like young Boaty.

SUZANNE

Sorry to keep you, Mr. Quinn. This nine year-old kid ate a peanut and blew up like a balloon.

He sizes her up without saying a word.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

So, what brings you in here today?

JIMMY

Uh... I'm not sure really. Just a... check-up, I guess?

SUZANNE

Anything in particular we're looking out for?

She starts to roll up his sleeve, revealing his arm.

JIMMY

Well, I can almost guarantee you high blood pressure, so...

She lets out a small laugh.

SUZANNE

Let's start you off with what's called an intradermal allergy test, give you a series of injections of the suspected allergens and then we'll wait for a reaction.

JIMMY

Reaction?

SUZANNE

Redness, swelling.
(MORE)

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Could see results in less than five minutes. Rarely takes longer than twenty.

She puts on rubber gloves. Pulls out a PACKET OF SYRINGES.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Pick your poison.

JIMMY

What?

SUZANNE

What should we start with? Wheat, dust, dander?

JIMMY (confused)

Uh.... whatever... you recommend...

SUZANNE

Dander it is.

She chooses a particular needle. He looks at her. He recognizes this attitude. He tries to make conversation.

JIMMY

So, that's an interesting name.
Boaty. Is it Scanda...

The needle jams into his arm. Jimmy loses his breath. His eyes widen. He lets out a pained grunt.

JIMMY (nods, pained)

Mmmmm. Stings. A bit.

SUZANNE

Sorry about that. In a few minutes it should evolve to a kind of dull throbbing. Let's try pollen.

She unsheathes another needle. Jimmy flinches.

JIMMY (pained laughter)

Oh, we're doing that again, are we?

SUZANNE

We need to do a series of injections in order to pinpoint the allergy.

She prepares his arm for another needle.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

One down... thirty-nine to go.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- 37 NEEDLES LATER

Jimmy's arm is spotted with bloody puncture wounds. His face is stark white. Sweaty. His eyes bleary, as he tries to talk through the pain.

JIMMY (barely audible)
So, you live around here?

SUZANNE (not hearing)
What's that?

JIMMY (a little too loud)
I said are you married?

SUZANNE (taken aback)
Oh. Um...

She looks down at the ring on her finger.

SUZANNE
I was. It's... I don't know why I
still wear the...
(trails off)

She prepares another needle. He swallows.

JIMMY
It's hard, isn't it?

SUZANNE
What?

JIMMY
Being... out there again.

SUZANNE
Mm-hm. It can be.

He looks at her. She is busying herself, avoiding eye contact. Jimmy takes his time saying this.

JIMMY
Look, I know it's none of my business,
and... I'm sure it doesn't make it
any easier when you have kids, but...

SUZANNE
Oh, I don't have kids.

She inserts the thirty-ninth needle. He winces, sits up.

JIMMY
Are you sure?

SUZANNE (slight laugh)
None that I know of.

JIMMY
You don't have kids?

SUZANNE
No.

JIMMY
Not one kid? One bratty little
misguided kid?

She looks at him strangely. Then at his arm.

SUZANNE
Ooh, it looks like we've got a
reaction.

He starts to breathe deeper, his face turning red.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
Quite a few, actually.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Jimmy walks through the door, his face is lit with anger.

BOATY (O.S.)
In here.

He walks into the KITCHEN to see Boaty and Sofia sitting at the table, folding laundry, talking closely.

SOFIA
Oh, hi, Mister Flynn.

BOATY
Jimmy. You look like shit.

JIMMY
I was at the doctor's.

BOATY
Are you sick?

JIMMY
No.

BOATY (laughing)
Then why the hell d'you go to the
doctor's? You're silly.

She stands and smacks him on the shoulder. He whimpers.
She moves towards the stove where a pot is boiling.

BOATY
Doesn't it smell good? Sofia helped.
I found a recipe book in the armoire.

JIMMY

Boaty, don't go looking through that.

BOATY

Why not? You never do. You didn't have all the ingredients so I improvised. You can use potato flour instead of regular flour, right?

JIMMY

I'm allergic to starch.

BOATY

Since when?

JIMMY

Since today, Boaty. I'm allergic to all of it.

Sofia shuffles out of the room. Boaty lowers her voice.

BOATY

Did you know Sofia came all the way up from Guatemala City to Mexico when she was nine months pregnant, so she could make it across the border just in time to give birth to her son on American soil so he would be a citizen? Isn't that wild?

JIMMY

That's wild.

Jimmy gets the pepto-bismol out of the refrigerator and drinks it straight from the bottle.

BOATY

I can't believe she's been with you for like ten years. That's longer than most marriages.

JIMMY

She's undeniable.

BOATY

You know, she's been saving up to buy her son a piano? He's totally good at it and he has to practice on cardboard keys. Doesn't that suck?

Jimmy starts out of the room.

BOATY (CONT'D)

It's just like when my dad was at Alcon. I always wanted...

JIMMY (stops short)
Alcon? Alcon Insurance? That's
where he worked? I thought you didn't
remember the name.

BOATY
It... just came out of me.

JIMMY
Is today Friday? Is that clean?

Jimmy grabs a shirt from the laundry basket, puts it on while
walking out of the kitchen. She follows him through the
LIVING ROOM, into the BEDROOM.

BOATY
Where are you going?

JIMMY
Out.

He pulls the invite to Brian's party out of the trash.

BOATY
But I made food.

JIMMY
I'll eat it later.

BOATY
Are you coming back late?

JIMMY
Probably.

BOATY
Are you serious?

He stands in front of the mirror, starts buttoning the shirt
from top down. She looms behind him. Ignored.

BOATY (bursting)
Fine. Go out. I don't care. I
probably won't be here anyway. I'll
probably be out real late doing God
knows what with God knows who. So
why don't you just stay out all night,
Jimmy? Why don't you never come
back, okay?

JIMMY
What's with you?

BOATY
You know what the problem is with
people... they're always looking out
for themselves.

Jimmy realizes he missed a button.. He stops, frustrated.

JIMMY

No, the problem with people is they're always looking for someone else to make them happy. And what they don't realize is the one fundamental truth; You make your own happiness.

He unbuttons his shirt and starts over. Boaty looks at him, squints her eyes.

BOATY

No you don't.

He turns to her.

BOATY (CONT'D)

You make someone else's happiness.
(then)
And they make yours.

She stares into him.

BOATY (CONT'D)

That's the way it works, Jimmy.

They stare at each other. Suddenly she bursts.

BOATY (CONT'D)

You fucking... invertebrate!

She storms into the bathroom and slams the door behind her. A second later, the shower turns on.

JIMMY

Boaty...
(knocking)
Boaty, I need to get in there...

He bangs harder on the door, looking at his watch.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Boaty, the train leaves in fifteen minutes and I'm not wearing deodorant.

He continues banging until he notices Sofia standing next to him, holding the laundry basket. She shuffles in place.

SOFIA (walking on eggshells)

So... how you two... meet?

JIMMY

She called my number thinking it was the suicide hotline cause her father killed himself after he was fired

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)
and I need to find out if I'm the one who did it, cause if I didn't do it then there's no reason for her to be here and I won't have to look at her anymore thinking that it might have been. Does this need ironing?

She looks at him, confused. He grabs his coat, throws it over his wrinkled shirt and walks out.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION -- FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Jimmy rushes through the CROWD, trying to catch the subway. But the subway doors close right in front of him.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy walks through the freezing rain, trying to hail a cab. A TAXI pulls up, but just close enough to splash dirty snow sludge on Jimmy, and pick up another PASSENGER.

INT. FOXWORTH COUNTRY CLUB -- LATER

The epitome of new money. Brian stands with his SLICK FRIENDS, all young upstarts, on the brink of success.

Jimmy drinks alone at the bar, his suit splattered with dirt. He works up the nerve to join them. They are laughing from a previous joke. Jimmy tries to blend in, laughs with them.

BRIAN
Enjoying yourself, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Oh, yeah. Good times. So, I've been meaning to ask you...

CARTWRIGHT (O.S.)
Hey, Raimo?

Brian turns to Cartwright, who is waving a CIGAR.

CARTWRIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The Cubans are waiting.

BRIAN
Excuse me, Jimmy. I'm gonna get some "fresh air".

Brian follows Cartwright into the HUMIDOR. The room is filled with MEN IN SUITS and a great deal of smoke. It is sound-proof. They laugh successful, silent laughs.

After a moment, Jimmy straightens his posture and walks towards the humidor. He knocks on the glass. Cartwright slides it open a few inches, cigar in mouth.

CARTWRIGHT

Sorry, dude. The humidor is for club members only.

JIMMY

Oh. I... didn't know everyone in here was a member.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, it's for club members and their invited guests only.

Cartwright starts laughing, a moment before he slides the door shut. The laughter continues without sound.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT

Jimmy, now fairly soosed, watches scantily-clad GIRLS dance for Brian's FRIENDS. He spots Cartwright, standing with his own group of SLICKSTERS, and stumbles up to him.

JIMMY (to Cartwright)

Hey, you seen Brian?

CARTWRIGHT (winking)

I think he's in the back room.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy stands across from a BURLY BOUNCER, covered in tattoos.

BURLY BOUNCER

I'm gonna need your credit card.

Jimmy hands him a credit card.

BURLY BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Divine will be right with you.

The bouncer opens the curtain. Jimmy wanders into the back room. A FEW MEN are getting lap dances. Brian sits by them, talking loudly with his BUDDIES. He doesn't notice Jimmy.

BRIAN

Doesn't matter if he's a nice guy.
Doesn't matter if it's his birthday.
At the end of the day, it's a
business. Just like anything else.

Jimmy takes a seat in the corner, listens in.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you shrink down the world's population to a hundred people, do you know only person would be a college grad? We are dealt a certain hand of cards. We're the lucky ones.

BRIAN'S FRIENDS
Fuckin' A.

They all clink shot glasses and shoot. Brian spots Jimmy.

BRIAN
Hey! Flynn, you getting a lap dance?

JIMMY
Nah, I'm just looking. So, Bri...

DIVINE (O.S.)
Are you Jimmy?

DIVINE (20s), a robust redhead, stands over him. Brian's friends cheer for him, howling.

DIVINE (CONT'D)
Lap dance is twenty.

JIMMY
Oh. The, uh, gentleman at the door
took my credit card.

DIVINE (laughs)
Well, the lady only takes cash.

Brian strides up, hands her a twenty.

BRIAN
Here, doll, I'm buying. And, uh, go
easy on this guy. He just...

Brian whispers the rest in her ear. It makes her giggle.
It makes Jimmy crazy. She stands over him.

DIVINE
Here we go.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BATHROOM -- LATER

Jimmy is washing a stain off of his pants. A MAN (30) comes out of the stall to see him. Jimmy tries to play it off.

JIMMY
I... spilled my...

The man walks out of the bathroom. Jimmy washes his hands in the sink, looking at his reflection in the mirror.

JIMMY (into mirror)
I spilled my drink. My drink.

Brian comes into the bathroom with ANOTHER FRIEND (20s). They are drunk, laughing. Jimmy tries to join them.

JIMMY
Brian Raimo. The groom to be.

BRIAN (annoyed)
That's me.

Brian stands at the urinal. Jimmy stumbles towards him.

JIMMY (slurring)
So, how's work, Brian? You doing
anything over at Alcon these days?

BRIAN
Alcon?

JIMMY
You know. The insurance company?

BRIAN
The one up in Washington Heights?

Uh-huh? JIMMY (guessing)

BRIAN
I'm pretty sure that place went
chapter eleven about a year ago.

JIMMY
Really?

BRIAN'S FRIEND
Yeah, I heard about that. Whole
place went down.

Brian goes to wash his hands. Jimmy stands too close.

JIMMY
Brian, I know this may be against
protocol and whatnot, but...
(then, laughing)
We're way beyond that, right?

BRIAN
What's up?

JIMMY
Well... there are a few... things at
the office that I wouldn't mind having
a look at. Uh... nothing major.
Just the execution list of 2002.

BRIAN
I can't give you that, Jimmy.

JIMMY
It's so meaningless really...

BRIAN

Sorry, dude. Can't do it.

Jimmy tugs on Brian's jacket.

JIMMY

C'mon, man, I'm just asking for a fucking favor...

Brian smacks his hands away and shoves him into the wall hard. Jimmy's head hits the HAND DRYER, turning it on.

BRIAN

What's your problem?

Brian's friend stands behind him like a shadow.

JIMMY (shocked)

Nothing. I just... I just needed to take a look at something.

BRIAN

Well, take a look at this, Flynn.

Brian gives him the finger and storms out of the bathroom, friend in tow. Jimmy can't move. The hand dryer shuts off.

INT. TAXI CAB -- LATER

Jimmy sits behind the INDIAN CAB DRIVER (40s). In Jimmy's one hand is a piece of paper, in the other a can of beer.

JIMMY

I think this is it. On the right.

The cab pulls over. Jimmy looks up at a bleak, grey building. Then he turns back to the RUNNING METER. \$8.30. \$8.60.

INT. BLEAK, GREY BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy rides up the RICKETY ELEVATOR, the fluorescent light buzzes above him. The lift comes to a jarring stop. But the doors do not open.

He uses his fingers to pry them apart. The elevator is stuck between floors. Jimmy pulls himself up to the 7th floor.

INT. 7TH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

The room is virtually empty; lights flickering, fiberglass strewn about, peeling paint. A ROACH crawls across the floor next to a ROW OF TELEPHONES. There are chairs, but no desks.

Jimmy takes a seat in one of the chairs. He slowly rolls it across the carpet, taking the room in. He finally sees one remaining sign, broken in half, for ALCON INSURANCE. The remnants of a business he helped to destroy.

INT. TAXI CAB -- LATER

In the back-seat again, staring out the window, Jimmy rides along the FDR. The taxi passes a SIGN for the TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE. Jimmy sees it. Rubs his temples. Then...

JIMMY

Uh... could you get off here?

CAB DRIVER

I thought you said...

JIMMY

Yeah, I know. I have to... Could you just take the bridge please?

The driver turns off the exit.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE -- LATER

The cab sits in traffic, slowly creeping up to the TOLL PLAZA. Once they reach the BOOTH, Jimmy looks inside at the TOLL COLLECTOR, whose nametag reads INEZ (30s).

JIMMY (to the driver)

Here. I've got it.

Jimmy rolls down his window. The cab inches forward.

JIMMY (to Inez) (CONT'D)

Say, is, uh, Jerry working today?

INEZ

Who?

JIMMY

Jerry something? He's supposed to work here?

INEZ (thick accent)

Yerry... Yerry... Oh, yeah. I think he working lane three.

JIMMY (looking)

Can we make a u-turn?

INEZ

Sure. Seven dollars.

JIMMY

We still have to pay even though we're making a u-turn?

She looks at him, annoyed. He equals her look. Then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. She sighs at the hundred, annoyed, makes change slowly.

JIMMY (to the driver)
Okay, u-turn, lane three.

The driver sighs. And does as he's paid to do.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

LANE THREE. The toll collector's nametag reads LOU (50s).

LOU
Seven dollars.

Jimmy counts out the money again.

JIMMY
I'm actually just looking for Jerry?

LOU
Who?

JIMMY (losing patience)
Jerry? He's your co-worker?

LOU (motioning to the booth)
You see anybody else in here?

JIMMY
He's supposed to work lane three.

LOU
Must be outbound.

JIMMY
What?

LOU
Other side, other side.

Lou grabs the seven dollars.

JIMMY (to the driver)
Could you go around again?

CAB DRIVER
Are you serious?

The driver makes another difficult maneuver.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

The driver pulls back up to the tolls, steers into lane three.
But the toll collector inside is named PETE (20s).

JIMMY (irked)
Please tell me where I can find Jerry.

PETE

Who?

CAB DRIVER (losing it)

Jerry. Jerry.

PETE

Jerry? Short little round dude?
He's in lane four. Inbound.

JIMMY

Are you sure?

PETE (pointing)

Yeah, he's right over there.

JIMMY (shy)

Well, don't point right at him.

Jimmy ducks down in his seat, hands Pete the toll. Pete looks at Jimmy, smiling, as he makes change.

PETE

Somebody's got a little crush, huh?

CLOSE on the DRIVER'S EYES in the rear-view staring at Jimmy. The driver mumbles to himself and makes another u-turn.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

The cab squeezes through the honking cars, creeping up to LANE FOUR. Jimmy can see the silhouette of a "short little round dude" inside the booth.

As the car ahead of them pulls away, Jimmy starts to get nervous. Tapping his fingers. Planning what to say.

But they pull up to the booth to see a large, African-American woman, nametag MARCY, just starting her shift. The "round dude" in question is switching to another booth.

JIMMY (losing it)

Goddamn it, what are you doing here?

MARCY

I've been asking myself that same thing for six years.

JIMMY

What happened to the other guy?

MARCY

What other guy?

CAB DRIVER

Short little round dude.

MARCY

He moved to a different lane.

JIMMY (snapping)

Well, which lane, Marcy? Which lane?

MARCY

Look, my shift just started, so...

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah, seven dollars. It's a matter of life and death, but...

Jimmy leans back. The driver stares at him again.

JIMMY (motioning)

Back to the island.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE -- MOMENTS LATER

They pull up to the toll, Jimmy starts counting out his money. When he looks up, he sees the COLLECTOR's nametag: JERRY. This is JERRY (50s). Jerry gives Jimmy a chubby smile.

Jimmy counts and recounts his money a few times, fumbling with the bills, before he finally reaches out the window and hands a twenty to Jerry. He watches Jerry count out change.

CLOSE on Jerry's receding hairline. CLOSE on his double chin. CLOSE on his wedding band.

JERRY

Have a nice day.

Jerry hands Jimmy the change.

JIMMY

Jerry...

JERRY (confused)

Yes?

Jimmy looks at him for an uncomfortable moment. The cab driver watches Jimmy in the rear-view.

JIMMY

Could I... get a receipt?

Jerry prints out a receipt. He hands it to Jimmy. Jimmy takes it, nods, and the cab pulls forward, crossing the bridge back to Manhattan. The driver looks at him. Life and death?

Jimmy sinks in the seat, disappointed in himself. He looks at the running meter: \$57.30

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The phone is already RINGING. Jimmy stumbles into his apartment, straight to the phone and answers.

JIMMY (into phone)
Hello, Jerry.

JERRY (O.S.)
Oh. Yeah. It's me, hi. I wasn't sure if anyone was there.

Jimmy looks. The blanket Boaty was using is now folded on the couch. A NOTE reads: *Found something else. But thanks.*

JIMMY
I'm here, Jerry. I'm here forever and ever.

Boaty is gone. He pulls the blanket around his shoulders, slides onto the floor against the armoire.

JERRY (O.S.)
Well... it's almost Christmas.

JIMMY
Yes, it is.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JERRY'S TOLL BOOTH - SAME TIME

Jerry sits in his booth, on an oversized cell phone.

JERRY
And the thing is, things haven't changed, you know? And I don't see how they will. And I don't think I can handle another year on my own, you know? There's so much to do, but I don't know what needs to get done. I don't know what to do with my hands..

JIMMY
It's the plight of man, Jerry.

JERRY
Yeah. Yeah. Being a man in this day and age... it used to mean something, you know? And now, I just wanna be... happy.

JIMMY
Well, if there's one thing I was right about, Jerry, it's this: You
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

make your own happiness. Nobody else will do that for you. And if you can't make it yourself, well, then I guess there's nothing left to do but give up.

JERRY

Yeah. Yeah, you're right.

(then)

I'm gonna do it. Christmas it is.

JIMMY

Okay, I'm gonna pass out now, Jerry. It was good talking to you. I think we both learned a lot.

Jimmy hangs up. Passes out.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Jimmy wakes up on the floor, his clothes strewn about, his drool in a puddle. He puts his hand to his throbbing head, manages to slowly sit up.

The answering machine is blinking. He pushes PLAY.

TRISH (on machine)

Hey, it's me. I'm just... wrapping gifts to myself from Warren. I think he'll be really surprised at what he got me this year. So... are you coming over tomorrow? Cause it's just gonna be the three of us here and I thought about making that ham that Grandma usually... makes...

She starts crying. Jimmy leans towards the phone.

TRISH (stifling tears) (CONT'D)

Would be nice if you came, that's all I'm saying.

He is about to pick up the receiver when another MESSAGE STARTS. A MALE VOICE BOOMS.

BOOMING MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Jimmy Flynn, this is Ted Schapiro with Schapiro, Webber and Lynch, calling about your resume. I'm, uh, working through the holidays here and would love to hook up if you have any free time. Give me a call on my cell at 212...

Jimmy hurriedly writes the phone number down.

BOOMING MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
...957-0144. Hope to hear from you.

Jimmy rips the page off with enthusiasm.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM -- MORNING

He slaps water on his face and looks in the mirror. Suddenly, he is Jimmy Flynn again. The routine is back. He brushes his teeth electrically.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

IN THE KITCHEN, Jimmy's coffee cup is waiting for him. He drinks it fast, dressed in his perfectly-pressed suit.

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- LATER

Jimmy slides through the train doors; they close behind him.

INT. CITY STREET -- LATER

Jimmy climbs up the subway steps and walks across the street to a HUGE WINDOWED BUILDING.

INT. SCHAPIRO, WEBBER & LYNCH -- DAY

Jimmy sits across from TED SCHAPIRO (40s), flashy suit, flashier smile. He is knee-deep in the interview and it seems to be going well.

JIMMY

... And then the woman looks up at me with these glassy eyes and says, "But I don't even work here."

They share a hearty laugh.

TED SCHAPIRO

You know, I used to work with Lenny Derwin over at Madison.

JIMMY (getting nervous)

Really.

He waits for a response. Ted's cheshire grin grows.

TED SCHAPIRO

That guy's a cocksucker.

Ted laughs hard and loud. Jimmy joins him. They laugh into a deep sigh. Ted leans back in his rolling chair.

TED SCHAPIRO (CONT'D)

I like you, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You say that as if other people don't.

TED SCHAPIRO

Do I?

Ted laughs again.

TED SCHAPIRO (CONT'D)

I mean, I've heard a lot about you.
Your reputation. Your tactics.
Your techniques.

(then)

You go for the jugular. You don't
hold back, Jimmy. I like that. We
need someone like you on our team.
Someone who doesn't make it personal.

Jimmy sinks a bit.

TED SCHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Someone who knows what it means to
cut corners at all costs. Someone
with a big swinging dick. I mean,
that "Bring-Your-Daughters-to-Work"
story is already legendary.

Ted laughs again. Jimmy tries to, but can't.

TED SCHAPIRO (CONT'D)

One of our senior partners is
retiring, and we're looking to replace
him by the new year.

JIMMY

Partners?

TED SCHAPIRO

We'd like you to start immediately.

Ted squeezes the STRESS TOY on his desk.

TED SCHAPIRO (CONT'D)

We may be the second largest
commercial consulting firm in New
York City, I'm confident that with
your...

(laughing ironically)

..."People skills", we can make it
to number one.Ted pulls out a BRAND NEW BLACKBERRY and slides it towards
Jimmy. Jimmy clears his throat, bounces back.

JIMMY

Well, you know what they say... You
don't win silver. You lose gold.

INT. MACY'S -- LATER

Men's Department, Christmas bustle. The store is packed with LAST MINUTE SHOPPERS. Jimmy is happily whistling in the SUIT SECTION. A SALESMAN (50s) approaches him.

SALESMAN

Are you shopping for someone in particular?

JIMMY

Myself. This is for me.

He holds up an expensive suit. His eyes glow.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

He is looking in the mirror, wearing his brand new suit, the tags still on. He opens his BLACKBERRY and mock-works on it, getting a glimpse of the him he wanted back for so long.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Jimmy looks through an old address book. Taking notes. He is working like we haven't seen in awhile.

There is a KNOCK at the door to the rhythm of "Wipe Out". Jimmy answers. It's Boaty.

She looks at him. The suit. Doesn't look pleased.

BOATY (disappointed)

Whoa. Look at you.

JIMMY

Boaty. What's up?

BOATY

Hung and Shane are downstairs. We're gonna go sneak into Rockefeller Center. You wanna come?

JIMMY

Ice skating?

BOATY (scoffs)

Yeah, ice skating. Nah, Shane scored some opium from his uncle and we're gonna go smoke it on the ice after it's closed. I've never done it before. Have you?

JIMMY

No.

BOATY

Well, come with. I've got drink.

She holds up a CANTEEN full of liquor.

JIMMY

I can't, Boaty. I nailed a job interview. I need to prepare my rolodex for next year.

BOATY

But it's Christmas Eve.

JIMMY

That doesn't mean anything.

BOATY

It did to Jesus.

JIMMY

He wasn't even born yet.

His BLACKBERRY STARTS VIBRATING. Jimmy pulls it out and starts clicking away at it, not looking up again.

BOATY

Can't you spare sixty minutes for me on Christmas Eve? Hm?

(then)

C'mon, Jimmy? What would Jesus do?

JIMMY

Perhaps if Jesus had stayed home and worked...

BOATY (rolling her eyes)

God, you sound like my father. He always worked on Christmas Eve...

JIMMY (snapping)

Well, I'm not your father, Boaty. Alright? Let's get that straight.

BOATY

I wasn't saying that...

JIMMY

We're two completely separate people. So, I don't need you coming here all the time and making me feel guilty about whatever he did.

She looks up at him, hurt, speechless. Then...

BOATY

"My services are no longer required."

He finally looks up at her.

JIMMY

What?

BOATY

That's what his note said. That's all it said.

(then)

And I guess so are mine.

She turns, runs away. After a moment, he shuts the door. Returns to work. But slowly, we see the guilt hit him. Then, all at once, he grabs his coat and heads out.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER GATES -- NIGHT

Jimmy stands outside of the Rockefeller Center gates. He shakes his head, hardly believing he's there.

He slinks into the shadows and climbs the fence, quite uncoordinated. He flips over the railing, crash-lands. And there is Boaty, in the middle of the ice with her friends. She smiles at him, surprised, calls him over.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Boaty, Jimmy, HUNG and SHANE (20s, Chinese) are lying on their backs, laughing, passing a long, skinny OPIUM PIPE. It's hitting them hard. Jimmy is especially zoned out.

JIMMY

Considering that we sleep one-third of our day away, work one-third of it, that means that we have eight hours of everyday for everything else. The average American wastes twenty percent of this time because they don't see the short-cuts.

(then, impressing)

Over the last decade, I have managed to save eleven months, two weeks, four days and twelve hours. By doing a few simple steps. Almost a year of time saved. And it's mine.

Boaty cracks up, laughing.

BOATY (sarcastic)

Jeez... what are you gonna do with all that time you saved? Where are you keeping it? In your pocket? In a safe? No, don't tell me. It's best if you don't tell me.

She keeps laughing. He rubs his forehead.

JIMMY

I did my job and they took it from me. And they won't even let me in the building to get something that I need to look at for a fucking second.

Shane and Hung speak to each other in Chinese and laugh.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What did they say?

BOATY

It won't translate right. But roughly it's, "Be nice to people on the way up. They're the same people you meet on the way down."

She giggles. The giggle RESONATES into a thousand voices in Jimmy's head. His eyes are glazed. He closes them.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

Jimmy opens his eyes. The opium is working.

HE IS SUDDENLY ALONE ON THE ICE. He can hear the ice starting to break. He panics.

Slowly, the ice around him starts to separate. It creates a chasm beneath him. He falls through it, into darkness.

BOATY (O.S.)

Jimmy? Jimmy?

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER -- LATER

Jimmy wakes up to reality. He is lying on the ice again. Only Boaty remains. She leans over him.

JIMMY

Where is everybody?

BOATY

They left. We've been here for hours.

(then)

Who's Hollis?

JIMMY

What?

BOATY

You said the name Hollis.

He shifts.

JIMMY

My ass is freezing.

BOATY

I've got such cottonmouth. I feel like I ate a t-shirt.

She takes a sip from the canteen and looks around. The tree towering above them. It should be snowing, but isn't.

BOATY (CONT'D)

It's Christmas. Can you believe it?

JIMMY

I'm supposed to be at my sister's. But that's the last place where I'd want to be.

BOATY

Everybody has off on Christmas. Except the Chinese.

(then, revelation)

Hey, we should break in there.

JIMMY

Where?

BOATY

Your old office. Find whatever it is you're looking for.

JIMMY

That's crazy.

BOATY

The place is empty. It'd be perfect.

(then)

That is, if it means that much to you.

INT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN - FREIGHT ELEVATOR -- LATER

They stand before the freight elevator. She holds one of the chopsticks from her hair, jimmying it in the round keyhole, until it goes... CLICK.

JIMMY

Why do you know how to do that?

BOATY

I've been a latchkey kid since I was eleven.

INT. DERWIN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Jimmy and Boaty are staring at the inspirational picture hung over Derwin's desk.

BOATY

Can I smash it?

JIMMY

Sure.

She pulls it off of the wall and throws it to the ground, crashing the glass into a thousand pieces.

Jimmy peruses Derwin's desk. He points at a framed picture. CLOSE ON a SEARS PORTRAIT; Derwin, his CHUBBY WIFE, his CHUBBY DAUGHTER and TWO SMALL WHITE DOGS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Those fucking dogs would come to work all the time. Come into my office. Piss on the carpet.

(then)

I'm gonna piss on the carpet.

Jimmy goes to the corner and starts urinating on Derwin's rug. Boaty grabs a MONEY CLIP off his desk. She slides it in her jacket. Jimmy finishes with the carpet and moves to the file cabinets.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Alright, it's gotta be in here somewhere.

Boaty watches as he pulls open the TOP DRAWER and thumbs through the files. Suddenly, she starts to fidget.

BOATY

So... how long did you work here?

JIMMY

Eleven years.

She pulls out a pocket knife, plays with it, carves her initials in the wood desk. J.B. Jimmy slides open the NEXT DRAWER. Thumbs through the folders.

BOATY

What kind of stuff did you do?

JIMMY

Just... business type stuff.

She goes to the door, stands guard. Starts pacing. Jimmy kneels on the floor, opens up the BOTTOM DRAWER.

BOATY

Was it boring?

Jimmy finds the folder labeled EXECUTION LIST '02.

BOATY (CONT'D)

Hey, did you find it?

He opens the folder. He pulls out the sheet of paper. He scrolls the list of names.

BOATY (CONT'D)
Jimmy, is that it?

And there it is... RICHARD BOATY. Executed by Jimmy Flynn. He slides down onto the floor, defeated.

BOATY (CONT'D)
Jimmy?

He looks up at her, his eyes heavy with guilt.

JIMMY
My wife always wanted to have kids.

BOATY
What?

JIMMY
I wasn't sure we were ready. And I didn't know if I should bring someone into this world the way it is. And I knew it would change us as soon as he was born.

BOATY
Who?

JIMMY
But then he was... he wasn't what I expected. He didn't cry that much unless he meant it. He looked like her. And soon I wasn't afraid of him anymore. I liked him.

He smiles. It makes her smile.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
He got in one of the cabinets at home and drank some drain cleaner.
(then)

My wife and I were still asleep. It took fourteen minutes for the ambulance to get there. Three miles in fourteen minutes. I drove that three miles all the time. I could make it in less than five without traffic. And the way they plotted around when they finally got there. Vital moments slipping past.
(then)

I think about what they were doing that morning. The drivers. What short-cuts they didn't know to take.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What extra moments of life they were indulging in. That extra cup of coffee. Finishing a newspaper article or a crossword puzzle or a bowl of cereal.

(then)

I think about the red lights they hit. And the person in the car in front of them. Talking on the phone or listening to music too loud, not hearing the siren, not pulling over far enough. Seconds ticking away. And the person in front of them. What put them in the way? What put them on that corner at that exact moment? What were they late for?

Jimmy leans back and exhales. She sits next to him.

BOATY

Maybe they were early.

He turns to her, thinks about this. Shakes it off.

JIMMY

My first job after that, I was barely twenty-six. We lived outside of Detroit at the time. I was hired to compile a report for an automotive manufacturer. It wasn't the first time I did a mass firing, but it was definitely the largest to date. Out of forty-eight hundred employees, I read the names of the two thousand people that would be let go. It took me ninety-five minutes to read them all. Entire towns were wiped out from the blow. I couldn't drive to the city without rocks being thrown in my car window.

BOATY

Jesus.

JIMMY

You have to become numb to it. "They're not economically viable," you tell yourself. You begin to love it. People take swings at you. You revel in the power. You can't sleep, but you don't know why. You couldn't feel stronger.

He turns to her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And then you find yourself firing
someone while passing them in the
hall.

He stares in her eyes, as if those words mean something.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And sooner or later, you forget what
put you there. You forget your wife.
You forget your kid. You forget
what your father did.

He lies down on the floor. Suddenly he is crying. Hard.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You forget they're gone.

The tears are leaking out of him at an embarrassing rate.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Look at me. I'm almost forty years
old. And I'm still somebody's son.
And I'm still somebody's father.
And they're just... ghosts.

She inches closer to him, not knowing how to console him.
His head lands in her lap.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I mean, if you can't define yourself
by what you do, and you can't define
yourself by who you are to other
people... then what are you?

She hugs his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Being a man where a *man* has no
definition. It used to mean
something.

BOATY

You should try being a girl.

He thinks about this.

JIMMY (sincere)

Yeah, that's gotta be hard.

She wipes the tears from his face. It calms him.

BOATY

I like the lines on your face.
(then)
Especially these ones.

She traces the lines on his forehead.

BOATY (CONT'D)
Makes you look curious.

JIMMY
I have to tell you something, Boaty.

BOATY
Hm?

JIMMY
I have to tell you something that
you're not going to like hearing.
(then)
When I first...

BOATY
I can't believe you're not going to
your sister's. It's Christmas, for
Christ's sake.

She stands abruptly.

JIMMY (confused)
What?

BOATY
If I had a brother and he didn't
show up to my house on Christmas,
I'd totally kill him.

JIMMY
What's wrong with you?

BOATY
You're what's wrong, Jimmy. You're
just plain selfish. I can't even
look at you anymore. I'm out.

JIMMY
What? Where?

She starts backing out. He looks at her, strangely.

BOATY
Merry Christmas, Scrooge.

She runs out of the room. Jimmy is alone again.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Jimmy shuffles into his empty apartment. He flops down on
the couch. Turns to the answering machine. It is blinking
ONE MESSAGE. He PUSHES PLAY.

JERRY (on machine, O.S.)
It's Jerry. I just wanted to say
thanks for talking to me last night.

Jimmy tries to remember this, but can't seem to.

JERRY (on machine, O.S.) (CONT'D)
You were right. I can't make my own
happiness, so... I guess that's it.

Jimmy's eyes widen.

JERRY (on machine, O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you could give me a call 646-872-
9762, I could really use one last
talk. But try to reach me before
noon, cause I plan on being dead by
then. Oh-kay. Bye-bye.

BEEP. Jimmy looks at the clock. It is almost eleven.

JIMMY
Oh, God.

He sprints out of his apartment.

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy races out of the building, into the street.

JIMMY
Taxi! Taxi!

He hurriedly hails a CAB, climbs inside.

INT. TAXI CAB -- CONTINUOUS

JIMMY
The Triborough Bridge.

The DRIVER (40s) makes a left.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, which way are you going?

CABBIE
I'm gonna take the West Side Highway.

JIMMY
No no no, take 57th up to the FDR.

CABBIE
Hey, buddy, I've been driving these
streets for fifteen years.

JIMMY
But I know the short-cuts. Go.

The driver makes a u-turn, steps on the gas.

MINUTES TICKING BY... They speed down 51st Street, racing through every yellow light...

Turning onto the FDR... Flying across the highway lanes... passing Roosevelt Island... passing the crowded streets of Manhattan...

Finally making the exit onto the TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE, where...

TRAFFIC STRETCHES OUT AHEAD OF THEM.

Jimmy hands the driver cash. Runs out of the cab.

EXT. TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

He races through the rows of traffic, until he gets stuck between cars. Climbs onto the roof of a STATION WAGON.

He runs across the car rooftops, bouncing from one to the other, the NEW YORK DRIVERS all shouting at him as he goes.

He finally arrives at THE TOLL PLAZA... In the distance, he sees THE FIGURE OF A MAN lumbering towards the middle of the bridge, CARRYING SOMETHING HEAVY.

Jimmy takes off towards him...

Running through a bevy of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, the cause of the traffic, through the orange cones. They shout at him as he goes... Sprinting to the middle of the bridge...

And there is JERRY, dressed in his TOLL COLLECTOR UNIFORM and RUBBER GLOVES. He holds a CEMENT BLOCK in his hands, attached to a chain around his ankle.

He climbs over the railing. Jimmy rushes towards him.

JIMMY

JERRY! Jerry, don't!

JERRY

Leave me alone.

Jimmy comes to a stop, now only a few feet from Jerry, who is inches from plunging to his death.

JIMMY

Jerry, it's me. We... spoke on the phone the other night. The hotline.

JERRY

Oh. Oh, yeah, hi. How are you?

JIMMY

I'm okay, Jerry. How are you?

JERRY

Well... there's this.

JIMMY

Yeah, I see that.

(then)

My name's Jimmy. Jimmy Flynn. And you are Jerry...

JERRY

Babitsky.

JIMMY

Right. Well, Jerry Babitsky, why don't you climb back over the railing so we can talk about this?

JERRY

We already talked about this. I can't make my own happiness. And nobody else will do that for me.

JIMMY

Wait, you've... You've got a son, right? Where does he live again?

JERRY

England.

JIMMY

What's your son's name?

JERRY

Danny. He turned thirty in March.

JIMMY

Don't you think Danny would be devastated if you did this?

JERRY

I don't know. I guess so. We don't talk much.

JIMMY

I'm sure of it, Jerry. I lost my son a long time ago. And you don't get over something like that. Ever.

Jimmy takes a step towards the railing.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Jerry. I was wrong.

You don't make your own happiness.

(then)

You make someone else's happiness.

(then)

And then they make yours.

Jerry looks up at him. The words mean something to him. It hits him all at once. Jerry starts sobbing.

JERRY

I miss my wife.

JIMMY

I know. Give me your hand, Jerry.

JERRY

Okay.

Jerry reaches for Jimmy's hand, RELEASING HIS GRIP ON THE CEMENT BLOCK still attached to his ankle.

Jimmy grabs Jerry's hand just in time, but the cement block pulls roughly, sending Jimmy sliding forward. He grips onto the bridge for support, struggling with the weight.

JIMMY

Hang on, Jerry. I got you.

A FEW CONSTRUCTION WORKERS run to help. They grab onto Jimmy, while he holds onto Jerry.

It takes all of Jimmy's strength. Leaning back, pulling, taking hold of Jerry's belt, the heavy cement block, until...

Jerry is lifted to safety. They all lie back on the ground, out of breath. Jerry throws his arms around Jimmy, sobs on his shoulder. A CROWD HAS FORMED.

RED FLASHING LIGHTS shine on them. Police cars surrounding. A TEAM OF UNIFORMED OFFICERS runs towards them.

JERRY (wiping tears away)

This man's a hero. He saved my life.

Jimmy nods his head, trying to be humble, but loving it.

JERRY

His name is Jimmy Flynn. J-I-M-M...

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

A POLICE OFFICER (40s) now shows Jimmy a PLAYBACK of a VIDEO SURVEILLANCE TAPE: JIMMY AND BOATY IN DERWIN'S OFFICE.

POLICE OFFICER

So, seems as if you were caught on video surveillance breaking into your former employer's office, urinating on his carpet, stealing confidential files, drunk, with a sixteen year-old runaway...

ON TAPE: Jimmy lies in Boaty's lap.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Followed up by what looks to be a
good cry.

(turning to Jimmy)
Anything I'm missing?

JIMMY
No, I think that about covers it.

INT. POLICE STATION - CELLS -- LATER

Jimmy sits behind bars. Across from him, in her own cell, is Boaty. They stare at each other, speechless, until...

BOATY
My mother's gonna be here any second
to bail me out. I'm sure she could
get you out, too.

JIMMY (sarcastic)
Yeah, I'm sure your mother and I are
gonna be great friends.

BOATY
I'll tell them it was my idea.

JIMMY
It was your idea.

BOATY
Right. The truth. Better.

JIMMY
Boaty, can I ask you... How do you
know he did it over the job? I mean,
how do you know that was the reason?

She thinks, lowers her head.

BOATY
I didn't. Not for awhile anyway.

She takes a breath. She takes her time.

BOATY (CONT'D)
They always fought about me. You
know? Every fight they had was about
me or how to handle me or what to do
with me. And they were talking
divorce. And he was gonna have to
leave the house. And I was kinda
happy about it. Isn't that terrible?
But we never got along. Not since I
was little. He wasn't the nicest
guy. And he never listened. And he
was so selfish, really, just selfish,
right to the end.

(MORE)

BOATY (CONT'D)

(then)

And then six months ago, I found that selfish little note, and... It was nice to have someone else to blame, you know? It was nice to think that it wasn't all my fault.

He shakes his head.

JIMMY

It's not your fault, Boaty.

BOATY

I know.

JIMMY

It's not your mother's fault either.

She looks up at him. This hits her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Two people... going through something like that... you carry it around with you for so long, it... becomes bigger than both of you.

She nods, understanding. Leans her head back, purged.

BOATY

Guilt's a bitch. 'Aint it?

JIMMY

Yeah.

BOATY

But I guess you can't change the past, even if you wanted to.

JIMMY

I guess not.

BOATY

But maybe wanting to is the important part.

She looks at him, knowingly. ANOTHER COP comes in, starts to unlock Boaty's cell.

ANOTHER COP

You made bail, Girly.

She climbs out of the cage, stands on the opposite side of the bars. She leans in close to Jimmy.

BOATY

Come here, Jimmy.

He leans in. She gives him a quick kiss through the bars. Nothing romantic. Sweet and forgiving.

BOATY (CONT'D)

He never liked his job, Jimmy. I think getting fired was a kinda wake-up call. Like a blessing in disguise. He just took it the wrong way. Cause sometimes the worst jobs are the hardest ones to leave.

He looks at her, a little confused, a little relieved.

BOATY (CONT'D)

Good thing my mother likes what she does.

JIMMY

What does she do?

BOATY

She works for the Yellow Pages.

Jimmy looks at Boaty. A wry smile spreads across her face, as she is led out by the officer. Jimmy's eyes widen. The SUICIDE HOTLINE. He finally gets it.

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

Have you ever watched a man on his way to work? Seen his morning routine?

EXT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

FROM ACROSS THE STREET, we see the newspaper land at Jimmy's feet as he emerges from his front door. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Boaty watches Jimmy stride down his steps.

BOATY (V.O.)

Where he buys the paper...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS -- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

FROM ACROSS THE STREET, we see the shoe-shiner slide a PLASTIC BAG into Jimmy's sock. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Boaty watches.

BOATY (V.O.)

What he puts in his coffee...

INT. CUBICLE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: Suicide Hotline. Boaty deletes the 800 number and retypes Jimmy's digits. When she minimizes the screen, a FIGURE APPEARS BEHIND HER.

BOATY (V.O.)

It seems he could be anything.

Boaty gets out of her MOTHER's way.

BOATY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The thing is, he could be anything.

EXT. BERMAN, DERWIN & ALLEN -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Darren leads Jimmy out into the street, his cardboard box in hand. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Boaty is watching. She watches him shuffle off in the rain.

BOATY (V.O.)
He could be anything.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

A FEW HOURS LATER, Jimmy is sleeping in his cell. The bars are opened. The same officer is standing there.

POLICE OFFICER
You made bail.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING

Jimmy stumbles down the front steps. The streets are surprisingly empty, now covered in SNOW. A TAXI CAB skids down the street. Jimmy hails it, climbs inside.

INT. PENN STATION -- LATER

Jimmy stands at a TICKET WINDOW across from a TICKET AGENT.

INT. TRAIN -- LATER

Jimmy sits on the train, staring out the window at the passing landscape. It moves from city to suburbia.

EXT. TRISH'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Jimmy walks up the driveway of his sister's house, covered in blinking Christmas lights. He knocks on the front door. There is no answer. He tries again.

Finally, Trish opens the door a crack, like he's a stranger.

JIMMY
Merry Christmas.

She doesn't speak, looking at him, hardened.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Did you hear me? I said Merry Christmas. For the first time.

Her face turns red.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Are you really that mad?

Suddenly, she starts to cry.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What? What is it?

TRISH (crying)
The ham tastes like ass.

INT. TRISH'S HOUSE -- LATER

Jimmy, Trish, Warren and Avery are seated around the table, trying to eat the ham. Warren makes phony food noises.

WARREN
Mmm...

TRISH
I miss Grandma.

JIMMY
Yeah. Me, too.
(off her look)
I didn't mean cause of...

Trish tearfully leaves the room, Warren dutifully follows her. And Jimmy is left alone with Avery.

He looks at the child next to him, stares into the baby blue eyes. They look at each other for what seems like a minute, sharing a moment. Avery points at Jimmy, letting out a happy gurgling sound. It makes Jimmy smile.

TRISH (O.S.)
Sorry. I'm fine. Holidays.

Trish reenters. But Jimmy never takes his gaze off the kid.

JIMMY (to Trish)
He looks like you.

TRISH
You think?

JIMMY
Yeah.

She smiles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Trish...

(then)

She was trying to tell me something.
You said it was important, but I
couldn't understand her.

TRISH

You mean, you don't know?

He nods 'no'. Trish leans in.

TRISH (CONT'D)

She got divorced, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Who did?

TRISH

Hollis. She'd kept in touch with Grandma for years. They wrote letters to each other. Every now and then talked on the phone.

Jimmy is speechless.

TRISH (CONT'D)

It was final a few months ago. She moved out of the house. Maybe you should try her new number.

JIMMY

I don't have it.

Trish looks at him. Puts her hand on his.

TRISH

It's gotta be in there somewhere.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Jimmy sits against the armoire. Almost every drawers is now opened, its contents spread out around him; old photographs, countless letters, but not exactly what he's looking for.

He notices ONE DRAWER remains closed. He turns to it, slides it open. A PHOTO ALBUM tucked inside. He slowly opens the album to see...

POLAROIDS OF CAKES AND PIES. German chocolate cake, lemon souffle, key lime; every page has different polaroids of homemade baked goods. Jimmy turns the pages, intrigued.

Then... a LETTER falls out from between the pages. Signed Hollis. The post-script reveals a new telephone number.

Now his hands are shaking.

Jimmy turns to the phone, picks up the receiver and pretends to dial. He can't bring himself to do it. He takes a breath.

And works up the nerve to do it for real. Dials. Slowly. All ten digits. Three rings in, he is about to hang up...

HOLLIS (O.S.)
Hello?

He tries to speak, but no sound comes out.

HOLLIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

He opens his mouth, but can't form the words.

HOLLIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

JIMMY
Hollis?

There is a long pause. Jimmy doesn't breathe. He doesn't know whether to hang up or speak again. Then...

HOLLIS (O.S.)
What took you so long?

A smile floods his face. We PULL AWAY from him as they continue to talk. It's good.

INT. BLUE LOTUS -- DAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)

Jimmy walks into The Blue Lotus, up to the HOSTESS (20s).

JIMMY
Hi. I'm looking for Boaty?

HOSTESS
Who?

JIMMY
Boaty? She's a waitress here?
(then)
Weird little white girl?

HOSTESS
Oh, no. She doesn't work here anymore.

JIMMY
Really? Well, where did she go?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

The BELL RINGS. Jimmy stands on the street in front of the school, as the STUDENTS pour out of the front door. Among them is Boaty. She spots Jimmy and smiles. He waves.

She comes up to him. They stand on either side of the fence.

BOATY

Jimmy Flynn. I thought you'd be up
the river by now.

JIMMY

Derwin dropped the charges. I had
to write a letter of apology. It
brought him glee.

BOATY

How d'you find me?

JIMMY

I went to the Blue Lotus and they
said you were here. How is it?

BOATY

It sucks. But I'll be done in a
year and a half. I guess I can stick
it out. Makes my mom happy anyway.

She looks at him, bites her lip, a little guilty.

BOATY (CONT'D)

I got them to change the number back.

JIMMY

I know.

(then)

Anyway, I just came to say goodbye.

BOATY

Where are you going?

JIMMY

I'm going back to Michigan for a
little while.

BOATY

Yeah? I thought you got a job.

JIMMY

I decided not to take it.

She smiles.

BOATY

So, how long you gonna be gone?

JIMMY

Well, I figure I saved up about eleven
months, two weeks, four days and
twelve hours. Minus five hours spent
in jail.

She lets out a laugh.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'd say somewhere around there.

(then)

If she'll let me stay. We'll see.

They look at each other.

BOATY

Well, bring me back a spoon.

BOATY'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Hey, Jennifer!

Boaty turns to her FRIEND calling for her. She turns back to Jimmy, a little embarrassed.

JIMMY

Jennifer?

BOATY

Shut up.

She gives him a sly smile and walks away. Turning once to wave goodbye. Jimmy walks back to his car.

He climbs inside, takes a breath, and starts it. As he drives away, his radio PLAYS A SONG that continues over...

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Jimmy's apartment is empty. Nothing but floors and walls.

The front door is unlocked. And in walks Sofia. She looks around, confused. Then, she sees an ENVELOPE in the middle of the floor. She picks it up.

It reads: DEAR SOFIA. YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED.

She opens the envelope. Inside is a HUGE STACK OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS, about twenty thousand dollars or so.

Her smile grows, ear to ear. Her laugh pours out, as we...

CUT TO: BLACK.