

Strayed.

Written by
S E Sheldon

sarah.e.sheldon1@gmail.com
Los Angeles, CA

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

JERRY WYLES, late 40s and aging without grace, stands at a street corner. Feet covered in plastic bags. Head roughly shaved bald.

He wears a stained sheet wrapped around his dad-bod like a toga.

PASSERSBY hustle along the sidewalk. Not giving him a second glance.

Jerry watches the street. Cars rush past.

JERRY (V.O.)

I'd like to say this is how I died.

A truck barrels down the road toward him.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Do you see *me*? It's kinda sad. No one told me I was looking that bad. No one ever tells you.

Jerry just lingers over the edge of the street. Foot hovering. Wanting to run. To jump. To become mincemeat by that truck. As it comes closer...

and closer.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)

I just wish I had looked in a mirror for once. Really looked.

He's about to take some leap.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Seen my hair going. Smile fading. Noticed that 20 years of late-night infomercials had done nothing to keep my physique--and I think I'm shorter. Don't you? People look smaller before they die. Everything about them just shrinks.

But he stops.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)

And that shriveled swollen man just looks dead already.

His foot hovers over a murky pool on the sewage stained street. Fossilized gum and grime rotting through asphalt.

And that's why he can't take that step.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 You think everything's clean and
 quiet and just the way it should be.
 Until you wake up in a nightmare and
 everything's wrong and...

A BUSINESSMAN flicks a cigarette into the puddle. Keeps on
 his way. The murky puddle swirls. Taking its next victim.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ...swirling and dirty. There's just
 not much point to suffering it
 anymore.

Jerry looks at his watch. A broken glass face. The second
 hand ticks closer to 12:00.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I could've said it happened at noon
 sharp. Right on the dot.
 11:59:50...
 11:59:51...
 That'd been nice. Clean. But I
 suppose the dying part takes some
 time. Messed that up too. Just like
 everything. I should've taken that
 into account. Should've tried harder.
 Jumped faster.
 (beat)
 Jumped at all.

He tries his foot over the ledge again.

INT. GLASS OFFICE - DAY

Jerry, cleaner, dressed in an expensive suit. Thick neatly
 kept hair. Straightens silver cuff-links on his wrists.

He keeps one eye on a herd of SUITS just outside his office,
 circling like vultures. That smell of death in the air.

Jerry breathes. Or tries too. Catches his hands shaking.

He checks his watch, gold inlaid, the face isn't broken.
 Reads 12:00 noon. And counts it out, one breath per: a
 calming routine.

JERRY
 (quiet, meek)
 1...2...3...4...5

One Suit steps from the crowd--all smiles, DENNIS, 40s and a
 bachelor, the kind of slime-ball you'd stay away from at any
 bar.

Dennis taps a nonexistent watch on his own wrist, an "it's time" motion.

Jerry holds out a single finger. Still shaky.

JERRY (cont'd)
...6...7...8...9....10.

Jerry takes sanitizer wipes from his pocket. Goes over his wrinkling palms with precision and procedure.

And then he's steady, calm. Goes back to cleaning his desk.

Pens perfectly lined up. One by one. Evenly spaced. Folders and papers neatly stacked. All labeled.

Jerry dusts a cabinet filled with mediocre trophies. But there's no dust.

He straightens a picture on his desk. A blonde bubbly wife and an emo son face away from him with fake smiles. The wife holds dearly to a pet--something closer to the well-dressed rat than a small dog.

He goes to the door. And Dennis is ready. Waiting for him.

DENNIS
You done?

Jerry nods.

DENNIS (cont'd)
This'll only take a moment, Buddy.
Okay?

Dennis smiles--it's not a discussion. He lets Jerry pass.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jerry scurries through the office.

The Suits turn and watch him. SECRETARIES whisper.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Jerry closes the door behind him.

A loud FLUSH comes from a locked stall.

He hurries past it. Grabs the pack of sanitizer wipes from his pocket. Uses one to open the stall at the far end.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM, STALL - DAY

Jerry locks it behind him. Trying to find calm.

JERRY
(whispers)
1...2...

A man HUMS loudly while taking a shit nearby.

Jerry gags.

He puts a seat cover on the toilet--about to sit down.
Thinks about it.

And puts another cover on.

The toilet water ripples. An indistinguishable stain on the rim taunts him.

So he puts on another.

And another.

Until he can't control himself. He rips off more and more seat covers until the toilet looks more like a fort than a crapper.

In the frenzy, the cover dispenser CRASHES to the floor.

The HUMMING immediately quiets.

Jerry sits on the covered toilet. Picks at invisible dirt under his nails.

The man in the other stall quickly zips and runs.

JERRY (cont'd)
(a growing whisper)
Did you wash your hands?

No answer. The door slams closed.

Jerry hides his face in hands. Pounding at his head. Pulling at his hair.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Dennis leaves Jerry's office. Talks to the group of Suits.

DENNIS
Have you seen Jerry?

NICHOLAS (30s), the resident 'Yes Man', joins the group.
Wipes his hands on his jacket.

NICHOLAS
Thought I saw him head to the
bathroom.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Dennis ducks his head in.

DENNIS
Jerry?

He eyes a single closed stall. Feet fidget beneath it.

DENNIS (cont'd)
We're ready when you are, Buddy.
Whenever you're--

JERRY
(whisper)
--I'll just be a minute.

DENNIS
I'm sorry, what? I didn't hear you.

JERRY
I said I'll just be a second.

DENNIS
Okay. Okay. Take your time.

Dennis leaves.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM, STALL - DAY

Jerry pulls out his sanitizing wipes again. Moves to open the lock on the stall, but slips on the seat covers littering the floor.

The wipes fall into the toilet.

Jerry steadies himself and stares. At the lock. At the bowl. At his hands.

He's trapped.

JERRY
DAMMIT!

He covers his mouth. Almost surprised. Almost breaking.

JERRY (cont'd)
1...2...

Jerry tries to open the lock with his elbow, but it won't budge.

JERRY (cont'd)

3...

Jerry kicks at the door. Hyperventilates.

JERRY (cont'd)

4...

Looks at the gap between the door and the ground. Kneels. About to go under. But can't.

JERRY (cont'd)

5...

He checks his watch. Seconds tick by.

And then. Almost curiously, he looks to the ceiling, seeing something we don't.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Jerry's above the stall. Legs dangling on either side.

He jumps. Mostly falling. Catches himself by bracing on the bathroom floor. Palms to the tile.

Jerry rushes to the sink. Washes his hands with too much soap.

Dries them. Washes again. And again. Rubbing the skin raw.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jerry comes out of the bathroom. Hands together. Hiding the redness.

He approaches the Suits. Dennis claps him on the back.

DENNIS

You'll be back soon. I'm not worried.
So you shouldn't be. We're in this
together, aren't we?

JERRY

Always have been.

A BUFF SECURITY GUARD approaches them with a BOX in hand. Dennis waves him closer. Motions for Jerry to take it.

Inside, it's his whole office. Photos, awards, pens. Spilling into each other--complete chaos.

JERRY (cont'd)
My...my laptop?

DENNIS
The company needs to hold onto it.
Just a precaution, you know. For
legal reasons.

Jerry hugs the box to his chest. Dennis leads him away from the crowd. EMPLOYEES stare as they go.

DENNIS (cont'd)
I'll get this all cleared up. We both
know you didn't do anything wrong.
But for now...for appearances. It's
just best this way.

Jerry walks past his disheveled office. IT GUYS search his computer.

JERRY
Just a couple days?

DENNIS
It's paid vacation, Jerry. When was
the last time you took any time off?

A pause. Too long.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Exactly.

Dennis hurries him to the elevator. Hits the down button.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Some "*you time*" is important. I'll
take care of everything, just like I
always do.

The elevator opens. Jerry drags his feet inside. Turns back to Dennis, who almost pities this sad sack clutching a little box.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Give me a smile why don't you?

Jerry tries to smile. Dennis grins back, all teeth.

The doors close between them.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Jerry's face to face with himself in the elevator, a distorted reflection of a forced smile. He clutches his jumbled possessions.

The elevator jerks into motion.

Jerry's smile fades.

Soft repetitive JAZZ plays. Mocking him.

An excruciating slow ride down.

The doors open. A HEAVY SECURITY GUARD is waiting.

HEAVY SECURITY GUARD
Mr. Wyles?

JERRY
Tha--that's me.

HEAVY SECURITY GUARD
May I escort you to your car.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Jerry drives through a sunny decrepit city.

All red stop lights and no smiles. Garbage spilling over cans. Decaying stucco building. A few out of place palm trees.

There's a HOMELESS PERSON or food truck at every corner.

WELCOME TO SUNNY CALIFORNIA.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jerry pulls up to an intersection. Deadlocked in traffic.

He rummages through his box of keepsakes. Tries to bring some order to it.

A homeless man zips through the cars. STURVEY--crazy eyed with a warm toothless smile. He holds a "VET" sign up drivers who pay him no mind.

Jerry rolls up his window as Sturvey approached. But they make eyes contact.

STURVEY
'Scuse me, sir?

Sturvey taps on the glass. Jerry flinches. Pretends not to notice.

STURVEY (cont'd)
Anything helps.

Jerry opens his window. Offers him the rest of his packet of sanitizer wipes.

And there's that warm toothless smile again.

STURVEY (cont'd)
All my thanks.

Sturvey takes the wipes with gratitude. Shakes Jerry's hand heartily. Claspng with both hands.

And Jerry audibly moans. Almost gags.

JERRY
Sorry, I need those back.

STURVEY
Need them back?

BEEEEEEPPPPPPP. The car behind him honks.

JERRY
Yes, I...

Jerry stares at his own grotesque hand. Utter disgust.

JERRY (cont'd)
...I need them.

Sturvey spits at Jerry. Walks off.

JERRY (cont'd)
No I--

The cars behind him HONK louder. Hold their horns.

The light in front of him is green.

He speeds off.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry's car swerves towards a plush house in the Hills. Secured behind a gate. Long green grass. Sprinklers running freely.

Out the car window, Jerry's hand is wrapped in a garbage bag. As far away from him as possible.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry rushes inside. Clutching his box. His garbage hand outstretched, as far away from him as possible.

He stops to wipe his shoes on a mat, takes them off.

The house is large and spacious. A copy of a sterile home living magazine. He's definitely out of place.

JERRY

Monica?

No answer.

A yappy dog scampers up to him. Nips at his feet--meet PRINCESS--with a collar and manicure to prove her royalty.

Jerry runs from her.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry furiously washes his arm in the sink.

Princess tears at his pant leg. Tiny teeth ripping at the hem.

JERRY

MONICA?

BANG.

He stops.

BANG. BANG.

The ceiling rattles above him.

Jerry and Princess share a look.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Jerry walks upstairs. Soft MOANING comes from one of the bedrooms.

He opens the door a crack. And there's MONICA, barebacked, riding the closest thing to a BLACK STALLION.

Jerry's wide-eyed. Horrified. Letting the door fall open. Nearly falling over himself.

MONICA

Yes...

JERRY
(whispers)
 no...

MONICA
 Yes!...YES!

Jerry looks to his watch. Trying to breathe.

JERRY
(inaudible)
 1...2...3

And watches them. Begging them to stop.

JERRY (cont'd)
 ...4...5

STALLION
 HEY. Who the hell is--

Monica screams. And it's not because she's seen Jerry.

The Stallion throws her off. She tumbles to the floor in a fit of flirty giggles.

JERRY
(louder now)
 6...7.

Monica jumps up. Bottle blonde hair bouncing.

But then sees Jerry. Everything she loves and hates in the whole freakin' world poured in 5"10' 170 of sad sack just watching her.

MONICA
 Jerry? What are you--

She covers herself in the sheet.

MONICA (cont'd)
 --why are you home?

Jerry looks away. Can't hold her gaze.

JERRY
 I...I--just..I--

He locks onto a small hole in his sock. Really latches onto it. Shuffles his feet together against the fraying fabric.

The moment lingers.

MONICA
Are you going to talk to me?

JERRY
I--can't.

MONICA
Can't or won't. Come on, Jerry.

He rips the sock off. And then the other one. Balls them up.

MONICA (cont'd)
LOOK AT ME!

Jerry stuffs the socks in his pocket. Timidly looks up. But Monica's done with him. Already getting dressed, angry. Throwing her clothes on.

STALLION
I should probably go...

MONICA
No, don't.

JERRY
You don't have to.

STALLION
We doin' a three-way thing?

Jerry twitches. Digesting that. Digesting everything. He takes a long moment.

Monica watches him curiously. Waiting to see how he reacts. Wanting anger or hatred or fire.

JERRY
Did you wash the sheets?

MONICA
Excuse me?

JERRY
Did I sleep in...

MONICA
Are you serious, Jerry?

MONICA (cont'd)
You want to know if I cleaned the sheets after I fucked in our bed?

Jerry digs at his fingernails. Eyes back to the floor.

MONICA (cont'd)
I had sex. GREAT SEX in our bed. Without you. And you're worried about the sheets?

JERRY

I just...he's quite sweaty...and
you...the juices and the thread
count... it's...

MONICA

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

She throws a pillow at him.

MONICA (cont'd)

LEAVE!

JERRY

But--

Monica grabs a VIBRATOR from the bed. Whips it.

He swings, but misses just as

DONG.

Right to the forehead. A rubbery crack.

And it turns on. ZZmmZZZmmm. Rolling away from him.

JERRY (cont'd)

What was that?

He sees it. Gags. Shrinks back.

And Monica goes for the remote.

Jerry slams the door just in time for--CRACK.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The Stallion sits at the counter dressed in a robe.

Jerry makes a panini on a press. It sizzles in the quiet
awkward moment.

He touches a soft bruising spot on his head.

JERRY

Water or juice with your panini?

STALLION

Coffee if you have it.

There's BANGING above them. Monica tearing apart some room.
They look to the ceiling until it calms.

The Stallion fluffs the cotton of the robe.

STALLION (cont'd)
What's this, 100% cotton?

Jerry shrugs.

STALLION (cont'd)
Could sleep like a baby in this.

JERRY
You...you can keep it.

Jerry presses the panini harder.

STALLION
I will. Thanks, Jerry.

Jerry flattens the life out of that sandwich. Watching it burn.

STALLION (cont'd)
You got a nice house here. Real nice.

JERRY
You come here often? An 'ole regular?

STALLION
Naw, don't do that.

Jerry passes him the black and crispy panini. Thin as a pancake. Takes a seat next to him. Hides his face in his hands.

STALLION (cont'd)
Don't know what you're doing down here with me. You got a big house. Big job. Go show her who's boss.
(a wink)
Trust me, she likes that.

Jerry grimaces.

STALLION (cont'd)
I'm serious. You got this.

Jerry takes the sandwich. Nibbles at the corner.

STALLION (cont'd)
Hey, I thought that was mine?

Jerry fans his mouth.

JERRY
Sorry--it's...huut. Very houot. Be careful.

The Stallion snatches the panini from Jerry. Grabs his jaw with a firm fist. Face to face. Too close. Jerry's burned tongue hanging out.

STALLION

No. You got this.

The Stallion takes a big melting bite of the panini.

Jerry stands. Suddenly. Perking up.

JERRY

I got this.

But the Stallion's all about the panini right now. Another manly bite.

STALLION

Hmnnhmmm.

Jerry rushes to the stairs. Stops.

JERRY

My house.

STALLION

Your house!

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry scampers from the house. Box in hand. Still barefoot.

He trips across the neatly manicured backyard.

Passes a shimmering pool. Straight to a small pool house.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

He pushes something blocking the door.

And squints. Eyes adjusting to the dark.

JERRY

Bradley, you home?

Something drips. But he's alone.

Inside, the walls are painted dark and covered in a disarray of posters. Garbage and food are piled up on stained furniture. This is the natural habitat of a teenager--and an angry one.

Jerry takes out his phone. Dials. A long ring.

JERRY (cont'd)

Hey, Dennis. Just checking in. Seeing how it's going.

(beat)

Didn't want you forgetting about my 3 o'clock. And checking in to see if you had any questions. Or if anyone in the office had any questions.

(beat)

Well, you know, just call me if there's a change or--or something. You have my number.

(long beat)

Just give me a call when you get this.

He pockets his phone. Survey the cave again. Breathes in the contaminated air.

And rolls up his sleeves. Starts cleaning.

INT. POOL HOUSE - LATER

Jerry lays on freshly washed sheets.

The place is spotless and bleached. The garbage full.

And he smiles. Not a lot, but it's something.

He closes his eyes.

BANG. The door flies open. Shoes kick off onto the floor.

BRADLEY, early 20s, skater cut and unlikely to grow out of his teenage angst or ripped hoodie.

BRADLEY

What the fuck?

Jerry doesn't move. Waiting for the storm.

BRADLEY (cont'd)

Dad, what are you doing in here? We agreed this was my--

JERRY

--this was yours as long as you kept it clean. That's what we agreed to.

BRADLEY

This was mine so I wouldn't make your stupid house dirty. THAT WAS THE DEAL.

Jerry sighs. Isn't about to argue.

BRADLEY (cont'd)
I'm gonna tell Mom.

Jerry sits up. The bruise on his head is dark and swollen.

BRADLEY (cont'd)
What the fuck happened to you?

Jerry picks up Bradley's shoes. Put them neatly by the door.

BRADLEY (cont'd)
Let me guess, your pimp finally put
you in your place. Or you were mugged
by a midget. No wait, I got it, the
universe just finally saw how
pathetic you were and punched you in
the fucking face.

Bradley throws a backpack to the ground. Pulls up the sheets
from the bed.

JERRY
Your mother threw a vibrator at me.

Bradley stops. Disgusted. Surprised.

BRADLEY
You win, fucking sicko. You been
waiting here just to tell me that?

JERRY
No. I--

BRADLEY
--Just go back to *your* house.

JERRY
No, I...I'm going to be around for a
little while.

BRADLEY
Finally gracing us with your
presence? Wonderful. Really. This
week of all the weeks of my life. Do
you know how much shit I have to do?

JERRY
School's busy?

Bradley rummages through the pool house.

BRADLEY
Quit that three months ago.

JERRY

What?

BRADLEY

Mom said I could. Talk to her if you have a problem with it.

Bradley tosses an empty drawer to the floor. Jerry sits back on the bed.

BRADLEY (cont'd)

You threw out my bong? What's wrong with you?

JERRY

I guess your week just cleared up a bit.

BRADLEY

What are you even doing home?

JERRY

Some vacation days. Just wanting to spend time with you.

BRADLEY

You don't take vacation.

JERRY

I do now.

BRADLEY

Bullshit! You're just here to ruin my life.

Jerry throws up his arms.

JERRY

You figured me out.

Bradley tries to tug Jerry off the bed. But he won't budge.

BRADLEY

You've gotten fat.

JERRY

Thanks for reminding me.

Bradley grunts and storms off. Resigns himself on the couch. Hands crossed. Pouty-faced like a child.

BRADLEY

You got canned, right?

JERRY

It's not like that. I'll be back by next week.

BRADLEY

You always tell me the job market's just getting worse and worse every day.

JERRY

It's just a misunderstanding. That's all.

Bradley kicks at the box next to him. Something breaks.

BRADLEY

Then why'd they give you a box, huh? That's like the fucking guillotine for old people.

(beat)

I got those McDonald's applications you gave me. With your experience

(whistles)

damn, you might even not have to clean the toilets.

JERRY

Thanks, Bradley.

BRADLEY

Is that why Mom's throwing your shit out?

JERRY

What?

BRADLEY

All over the lawn. Looks like crap. Seriously, that nosy HOA's gonna rip you to shreds in some passive aggressive letter I bet. Your worst nightmare. And don't forget about what the neighbors will say.

JERRY

Wait, my--my stuff is on the ground?

He jumps up.

BRADLEY

Yeah, was she pissed about the job?

JERRY

No, we're just having some problems.

BRADLEY

Did she sleep with someone?

Jerry sits back down. Preparing himself for some deep speech. Crosses his hands on his lap.

JERRY

It's not like that...it's just something we have to work through.

BRADLEY

Again? Seriously? Who was it this time?

JERRY

Again? What are you talking about?

BRADLEY

I thought you knew.

Something loud CRASHES outside.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry runs to the house. Sees a large TV shattered surrounded by clothes.

He tries to pick them up. Can't grab them all before--SMACK. A shoe hits him in the head.

Jerry looks up. Monica is at the window. Tosses his stuff indiscriminately.

MONICA

You...GOOD...FOR...NOTHING...

JERRY

Stop! Not on the ground. Please.

MONICA

Is that all you care about? Jesus!

JERRY

Is that someone else I should be worried about?

She glares at him from the window.

MONICA

It's pronounced HE-ZEEUS you freak. And he can clean out way more than just the pool filter.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Bradley shoves the box outside. Locks the door.

Jerry crosses the lawn. Arms full of clothes.

Tries the door.

JERRY
Bradley, open up.

Bradley puts on heavy gaming headphones. Makes an "I can't hear you motion".

EXT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

JERRY
I'm your father, I--I said open the door.

BRADLEY
(mocking)
I--I can't hear you.

Jerry tries the knob again. No use. Bradley flips him off.

CRASH.

Something large is tossed out the window behind him.

BRADLEY (cont'd)
Oumph, that looked expensive.

Jerry tosses his clothes on the ground.

Looks back to his house, and then to Bradley. Weighing the field.

Bradley just waves at him.

Jerry checks his watch.

JERRY
1...2...

The Stallion steps out of the house. Still in the robe. Watches the scene with interest while eating a bowl of cereal.

JERRY (cont'd)
3...4...

BRADLEY
Your move, old man.

CRASH.

And that's it. Jerry loses it.

He grabs his box and smashes it to the ground. It at it.
Scattering the contents.

Hurls a lounge chair into the pool. Rips at his pile of
clothes.

The noise from the house quiets.

Monica and Bradley watch Jerry. Surprised.

The Stallion cheers.

STALLION

Yeah, guy. Your house.
(quieter, to Monica)
That fucker's crazy.

Jerry stops, with nothing left to break. But breathing.
Huffing and puffing all air he could ever want.

He takes off his suit, down to his middle-aged tighty
whities. Folds them on a lounge chair. And turns to
Bradley, still watching from the window.

JERRY

You should go back to school.

Jerry steps into the pool. Slowly. Letting himself cool off.
Wade in the water.

His scattered possessions, clothes, and lawn furniture to
keep him company.

Jerry dips his head in. Swims to the floor and reaches for a
glass trophy.

One by one, he collects his possessions and leaves them at
the edge of the pool. Lined up neatly.

He's just about to get out. But decides against it.

Jerry lays with his back in the water. Floating. Stares at
the cloudless sky.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Monica watches him curiously from the upstairs window.

INT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Bradley watches Jerry from the pool house door.

He sees Monica in the main house. A shared look of concern and confusion. She waves.

Bradley closes the blinds.

EXT. POOL HOUSE - DAY

Jerry closes his eyes. Drifts in the calm water.

A leaf floats by and sticks to his face. Jerry spazzes.

JERRY

Dammit, Jesus.

INT. STORE - DAY

Jerry stares at a wall of packaged bedding. Clueless. He grabs two plastic wrapped sheets. Nearly identical.

A punky MOTHER and her BABY stand near him. He smiles at them, a little worse-for-wear. The bruise on his head, the wrinkled clothing. Not exactly someone you'd want to chit-chat with.

JERRY

Never can decide between the thread count and fabric weave. You know?

He chuckles. Tries to start up a conversation.

MOTHER

No...I don't.

JERRY

Well, it's an important investment.

She skirts him. Grabs something off the shelf he's blocking.

The baby sneezes. Boogers dribble down its nose. Jerry stumbles back and throws a package at them by accident.

The mother blocks her child.

MOTHER

Stop that!

JERRY

Sorry, I--its got
(pointing at the buggers)
--you should clean that.

MOTHER

Don't tell me what to do. And don't
throw shit at my kid, Fight Club.

The Mother grabs bedding off the shelf. Hurls them at Jerry.

MOTHER (cont'd)

How do you like *that*? Huh?

Jerry blocks them. Backing up.

JERRY

Want to do some serious damage, try a
vibrator.

MOTHER

What the hell is wrong with you?

INT. HOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jerry neatly lays out cleaning supplies from a plastic bag on the counter. He has toilet paper shoved up his bloody nose.

He cleans the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Jerry walks into a hotel room. Places the plastic bag and his box on a table.

He empties the bag. Pulls out fresh sheets. More cleaning supplies. A change of clothes.

Tears the bed apart. Puts on fresh sheets from the package.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

Jerry sits alone on the bed. Still in his suit. The TV hums in the background.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

He opens up to a BELLBOY with a tray of food.

BELLBOY

Mr. Wyles. Chicken and Asparagus.

Jerry grabs the tray. The Bellboy holds out his hand for a tip.

JERRY

One second.

Jerry digs through his wallet. Finds only a twenty.

JERRY (cont'd)
No cash. Do you take credit?

BELLBOY
Do I look like I'm a card reader?

JERRY
No. No, I suppose not.

The Bellboy pulls out his cell phone. Holds it up to Jerry. A card reader is attached to the top.

BELLBOY
Just joking. Of course I have one.

Jerry puts his wallet away.

JERRY
Let's say I owe you. Next time.

Jerry closes the door.

He sits alone at the table with his bare chicken. Looks around the tray for utensils. None.

JERRY (cont'd)
What am I supposed to eat this with?

Looks at his hands. A passing thought, but won't go through with it.

Jerry throws the food in the trash.

Opens his phone. Tries to bring up his work email. But it stalls. Won't connect.

"ACCOUNT SUSPENDED" pops onto the screen.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry sits uncomfortably across from a large oak desk. His suit is wrinkled.

A man enters--BLACKBURN (60s) you could start a fire off of the grease in his hair and buy a car for the price of his suit.

BLACKBURN
Sorry for the wait, Jerry. But you know how it is.

JERRY

No worries. I just appreciate you fitting me in today. It was all very last minute.

BLACKBURN

Admittedly, I was surprised you reached out.

Jerry shuffles in his seat.

JERRY

I was thinking about that poker game you invited me to a few years ago.

BLACKBURN

I don't think you came it.

JERRY

That's exactly the point. You invited me. I couldn't come. But I should have. Should've made it work. How long have you been working for me?

BLACKBURN

Ohh god, must be close to 20 years.

JERRY

And we've done well together. No hard feelings...about the poker game?

BLACKBURN

Jerry, are you okay. You seem... different.

Jerry pulls at his suit, softens the wrinkles.

JERRY

Change can be a good thing. That's what people say when it wasn't their choice, right. When everything's fucked and they're just along for the ride.

Blackburn stays quiet.

JERRY (cont'd)

I'm in some trouble. It'll probably get cleared up. I know it will. But I just want to know where I stand... legally.

BLACKBURN

I should probably stop you there--

JERRY

--No, just give me a second. It's work. They think I messed up the books. "Dirty" they're calling them. Can you believe that? After 25 years they're calling my work dirty.

BLACKBURN

Doesn't sound like you.

JERRY

They sent me home. Just for a few days till it's all settled. But legally...you're here. I just wanted to give you a heads up in case.

BLACKBURN

You're not working?

JERRY

I needed a vacation anyway.

BLACKBURN

Is that the only reason why you're here?

JERRY

What do you want, a murder confession? Sorry it's not more exciting.

Blackburn takes out a notepad. Writes something down.

BLACKBURN

Let me stop you, Jerry. Really stop you before I get into trouble.

Blackburn stands. Waves in a SECRETARY from the hallway.

BLACKBURN (cont'd)

I can't represent you in your dispute at work. If anything comes up, and it sounds like it could, I can give you some recommendations.

JERRY

Recommendations? Is this because of the poker game?

The Secretary comes in. Holds the door open.

BLACKBURN

Come on. Pull your head together. I can't represent you because I'm already representing your wife. That's why you're really here today, right?

JERRY

What? Why would you--

Jerry freezes.

BLACKBURN

Jerry, you're going to be served very soon.

Blackburn holds out a hand. Gives a greasy smile.

BLACKBURN (cont'd)

But we're old friends. I'd be happy to make a great recommendation to another firm.

Jerry in shock. He strolls toward the door.

BLACKBURN (cont'd)

And Jerry.

Jerry turns.

BLACKBURN (cont'd)

I'm having a poker game next week. You should come. Really.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry steps out of the firm. Hands in his pockets. Eyes to the ground.

A BURLY MAN approaches him with a thick envelope and camera.

BURLY MAN

Jerry Wyles?

Jerry's quiet. Stuck in his own head. The Burly Man taps him on his shoulder.

BURLY MAN (cont'd)

Excuse me, sir.

The man grabs his arm. Jerry flinches. Snapping out of it. Spins, punching.

The man ducks. Knees Jerry in the stomach. Knocks the air out of him.

Jerry crashes to the ground. Rolling and fetal. Tries not to touch the dirty sidewalk but can't stand.

The Burlly Man throws an envelope at Jerry and takes a picture of him on the ground.

BURLY MAN (cont'd)
You've been served, Jackass.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jerry nurses his ribs.

He pulls up to his gated driveway. Pushes the button to unlock it.

But it won't open.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry crashes through the gate. Speeds up to the house. Runs to the front door.

He pulls out a key. Tries it. Metal GRINDS in the lock.

Jerry slams his body against the door. No use.

He goes to the front lawn. Shouts at the house.

JERRY
What are you doing? You can't just change the locks. You can't just end the marriage. It's our marriage. This is OUR house. Monica, you can't--

Jerry's phone rings. Goes to silence it. Notices five missed calls. Picks up.

JERRY (cont'd)
Hello?

HOTEL MANAGER (V.O.)
Mr. Wyles?

JERRY
This is he.

HOTEL MANAGER (V.O.)
I'm calling from the Marriott on Pico. We've been trying to get in contact with you.

JERRY
It's been a crazy day. You wouldn't
even believe--

HOTEL MANAGER (V.O.)
--Mr. Wyles, your card was declined.

JERRY
Declined? That's not possible.

HOTEL MANAGER (V.O.)
Do you have an alternate payment
method?

JERRY
Yes. Of course. I'm not a--I'll pay.
I'll be right there.

HOTEL MANAGER (V.O.)
Mmmhmmm.

JERRY
Just give me an hour. Hold my room.
I'll be staying tonight.

HOTEL MANAGER (V.O.)
We'll hold your belongings until we
have payment. But if not, we have to
remove them from the premises.

JERRY
Yes. Right. You said that. One hour.

The phone cuts off. Jerry stands in the yard. The SPRINKLERS
turn on. Soaking him.

A window in the house shuts.

Jerry runs back to his car.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Jerry skids up to a curb. Parks outside a bank.

He's dripping from head to toe. His wet shoes squeak and
slosh with each step.

INT. BANK - DAY

Jerry rushes through the lobby. Stops short at the end of a
long line. He checks his watch. Seconds pass by. A puddle
forms underneath him. A SECURITY GUARD approaches.

Jerry jumps beneath the robe. Skips the queue and heads straight to the teller window.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me.

The SECURITY GUARD closes in.

JERRY

(frazzled)

I'll just be a second I promise.

(beat)

Please.

The entire line watches, hushed. No one tells the crazy guy to not skip the line.

BANKER

(to Guard)

I'll take care of this.

(to Jerry)

How can I help you, Sir?

JERRY

Thank you

(checks her name tag)

...Tina.

BANKER

Are you interested in starting an account with us? We only have a \$200 minimum.

JERRY

No. No that's not why I'm here. I'm a customer. I've been a customer for years. Started a saving account when I was 7. Youngest for this branch ever.

BANKER

Can I see your card?

Jerry pulls out his soaking wallet. Struggles to pull out the cards. Gives them to her.

BANKER (cont'd)

Thank you...

(reads the card)

...Jerry. How's your day been?

She starts typing.

JERRY

Really bad. Unbelievably bad actually. You wouldn't even--

BANKER

--Do you have another form of ID?

JERRY

What? No. Not with me. Why?

BANKER

Insufficient funds.

JERRY

That's not possible. I've had that account since--

BANKER

--since you were 7.

JERRY

Right.

BANKER

This morning a significant amount of funds were removed from the account. And as a result, your account was frozen.

JERRY

That. No...no. Check again please. It doesn't make any sense. No one else could have--

BANKER

A 'Monica Wyles' maxed out your transfer limit for today and it went to a private account. Normally it wouldn't be a problem, but...

Jerry sinks to his knees.

BANKER (cont'd)

...may I ask you something, Mr. Wyles? Are you involved in any legal situation that a transfer of this size would have been suspicious?

Jerry jumps up. Slams his fists on the glass.

JERRY

GIVE ME MY MONEY.

The Security Guard restrains him. Slams Jerry up against the glass.

The Banker smiles and slides Jerry his cards back. He stares down at her. Face squished on the glass. Eyes darting.

BANKER
Is that all for today, Mr. Wyles?

JERRY
YESHSSHH.

BANKER
If you're interested in creating a
new account with us we have a one-
time low minimum of \$200.

She smiles.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The Security Guard throws Jerry onto the sidewalk.
Passersby give him wary glances. Keep their distance.
There's a loud GRINDING behind him. Jerry turns to see his
car being towed.

JERRY
Come on! THAT'S MY CAR.

As it pulls away, a faded handicap symbol on the curb.
His car is dragged off. Jerry follows. Stumbling through
beeping CARS and speeding BIKERS.
Jerry follows the tow truck, huffing and puffing. It veers
onto the highway.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Jerry argues with a HOTEL MANAGER outside the building. The
Manager won't let him inside.

Jerry stomps off. Sneaks down an alley.

EXT. HOTEL, ALLEY - DAY

Jerry watches the BELLBOY toss his belongings in a dumpster.
When he's alone, he goes to the dumpster and looks inside.
His belongings are mixed with trash.
He reaches for his box. Nearly untouched by the filth. His
hand hovers. But he can't bring himself to do it.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Jerry wanders the city streets.

His suit is damp and ripped. Forehead black and bruised.
Gripping his empty wallet.

No one pays him any mind.

He approaches a SUIT at a bus stop.

JERRY

Hey, buddy. Mind if I use your phone?

The Suit puts his nose up to him. Puffs smoke from a vape in his face. Jerry coughs violently.

The Suit turns away. Not dignifying it with a response.

Jerry tries again with an OLD WOMAN.

JERRY (cont'd)

Ma'am. Could I make a quick call?

She hits him with her purse.

Jerry stumbles onto the road. BEEPING from all directions.

An OLD HOMELESS MAN across the street throws a bottle at Jerry. It shatters at his feet.

JERRY (cont'd)

I just need to borrow a--

Jerry falls back onto the sidewalk.

OLD HOMELESS MAN

This is my corner. Get outta here.
Not enough room for the both of us.

Jerry's horrified by the notion. He hurries from the road. Comes face to face with a FULL LENGTH mirror in a shop window.

Barely recognizes himself. Touches his face.

There's soft MUSIC playing in the store.

Jerry notices a TODDLER playing with a cell phone on the other side of the glass. Her PARENTS fuss over furniture to buy a few feet away.

Jerry knocks on the glass. The toddler looks up. Sees the very scary Jerry staring back at her.

INT. STORE - DAY

Jerry tiptoes in. CLERKS notice him immediately.
He approaches the toddler. Waves at it. Giggling.

JERRY

What do you have there?

He reaches for the phone, but the toddler holds tight.
Laughs innocently. Like playing with a new friend.

And then the whole store sees them. The Parents rush over.

Jerry rips the phone from the toddler's hands. Runs from the store.

INT. CONDO - DAY

Dennis cooks at the stove of a sparse condo with views of the city. A hip bachelor pad of someone trying to not look middle-aged.

He salsas to inaudible music as he tugs at his trim exercise clothing that have never seen a workout.

The intercom rings. Dennis holds the button.

DENNIS

Come on up!

He takes a selfie with the picturesque plates of food.

Dennis strides to the door. Hums to himself. Throws it open to find Jerry on the other side. Hand up, ready to knock. Dennis smiles.

DENNIS (cont'd)

Jerry Berry!

Dennis pulls him inside. Goes to hug him. Decides against it.

DENNIS (cont'd)

You look good. Tan. Been getting some sun?

JERRY

Just taking your advice on those vacation days.

DENNIS

Good man!

(pointing to Jerry's welt)
And what happened here?

JERRY
Paragliding.

DENNIS
Paragliding. Wow. I have to hear about that. Didn't know you had it in you.

The moment sits.

DENNIS (cont'd)
I was soooo surprised that you called by the way. Happy. Thrilled--but surprised.

Dennis adds a decorative finish to the food.

JERRY
Were you having company? Am I interrupting?

DENNIS
I don't think you've ever interrupted anyone in your life, Buddy. What can I do you for?

JERRY
I thought maybe you had an update about work. I'm very eager to get back.

Dennis slaps him on the back.

DENNIS
I would've called if there was any news. You know that.

JERRY
Sorry, I--I lost my phone.

Dennis weighs that.

DENNIS
Always happens to me too. Can't go more than a second without a screen, am I right?

Jerry looks at the food. His stomach grumbles.

DENNIS (cont'd)
You want something? I was just going to throw it out.

JERRY
Throw it out?

DENNIS
It was just for the picture.

JERRY
Ohh...right.

DENNIS
Look. I need to clear the air here.

Dennis takes a seat. Picks at the food. Jerry watches him.

DENNIS (cont'd)
I heard about Monica. That bitch!
Heard all about it from the girls at
the gym.

JERRY
Yeah, it was pretty...*bitch-y*.

DENNIS
Growing a backbone finally, Jerry?
WATCH OUT.

Dennis laughs.

DENNIS (cont'd)
You don't need those kind of people
in your life. They bring you down.
Break your bank account. Worse, they
make you look old, and fat. Stress is
horrible to the human body, Buddy.
Let me tell you!

Dennis takes another look at the sad-sack that is Jerry
Wyles. Standing in his kitchen: damp, miserable, and
hopeless.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Do you need some help, Jerry?

JERRY
I want to get back to work. That's
all.

DENNIS
That's not within my power. Not till
this gets cleared up.

Dennis stands. Walks over to him. Puts a comforting hand on
his shoulder.

DENNIS (cont'd)
I'd help if I could. You know that.
But for now, maybe you want to stay
the night?

JERRY

I have--I have a hotel room.

Jerry tries to seem sincere. Not too desperate.

DENNIS

Of course you do. You're not some hopeless vagabond living on the streets. But I've heard my company is better than no company.

Dennis gives him a winning smile.

JERRY

Maybe.

Dennis slaps him on the back hard.

DENNIS

I'll take a maybe for a yes!

Dennis gets a whiff of Jerry.

DENNIS (cont'd)

A shower might make you feel better?
Hot water. Soap?

Jerry smiles. Relaxes.

JERRY

That sounds like a great idea.

Dennis leads him to a bedroom. Points at the en-suite bathroom.

DENNIS

All you. Enjoy.

Jerry looks back at the food. His stomach grumbles.

DENNIS (cont'd)

I'll save that for you later.

Jerry turns. Tears brimming over. He hugs Dennis.

JERRY

Thank you for everything. Really. You don't--you don't understand.

DENNIS

After everything you've ever done for me, it's my pleasure.

Jerry goes into the bedroom. Dennis brushes off his clothing. Disgusted.

INT. CONDO, BATHROOM - DAY

Jerry stands naked in a scalding shower. Lets the heat burn him red.

He gets out, covers himself in a towel.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - DAY

Jerry smells his old clothes. His face sours.

He opens the door a crack. Dennis wanders the condo while chatting on the phone.

DENNIS (O.S.)
I'm a gracious host. I'm charitable,
what can I say?

Jerry closes the door again. Bothered by something. Dries himself with the towel.

DENNIS (O.S.) (cont'd)
(softer)
Yeah, I think he's out now. I'll call
you later.

Jerry wanders around the bedroom. Sees a framed PHOTO of an old office from the 80s. Young Dennis smiles with an arm draped around young Jerry--grimacing at the touch.

Dennis pops his head in the room.

DENNIS
Squeaky clean. Look at you, a whole
new man.

Dennis tosses Jerry so fresh clothes.

DENNIS (cont'd)
These might be a little...tight on
you. But they're clean.

JERRY
Thank you, again.

DENNIS
Don't mention it.

JERRY
Hey, I meant to ask how the meeting
went yesterday.

DENNIS
Which meeting?

JERRY

The 3pm APAC.

DENNIS

Hey hey hey. No business. Come on.
And don't twist my arm on it. Get
dressed and we'll get you something
to eat, okay?

JERRY

Okay.

Dennis nods. End of discussion. He leaves.

Jerry tries on the clothes. Much too tight.

And he sits at the desk. Closes his eyes. Missing it. That
feeling of being clean and behind a desk.

Breathing deeply. Smiling.

JERRY (cont'd)

1...2...3.

He runs his fingers along the desk. Dusting its corners
when. CLICK.

Jerry opens his eyes.

A small drawer unlocks and opens next to him.

He peeks at the side of the desk and sees a small button he
accidentally pressed.

JERRY (cont'd)

That's cool.

He tries to close the drawer. But it won't lock.

He goes to the door.

JERRY (cont'd)

Dennis?

Dennis is back on the phone again. A single "one minute"
finger up. And walks away.

Jerry goes back to the desk. Fumbles with the drawer to try
to close it.

Inside, a sliver of a page gets his attention. Pulls it out.

It's a blueprint. Something familiar and concerning to him.

He spreads it out on the desk, tracing his fingers over worn
pages.

Jerry opens the drawer further. Pulls out more paper. And buried beneath them, a laptop. Clean and nondescript, but it's something to Jerry.

He flips it, knowing exactly what to expect.

A sticker on the bottom: "PROPERTY OF JERRY WYLES, CFO".

INT. CONDO - DAY

Dennis talks to an unknown caller. Quietly now.

DENNIS

No, he doesn't know anything. He'll just stay for a couple days. Make sure he's quiet before I kick him to the curb.

(laughs)

You should really see him. No one would believe how--

The bedroom door opens. Dennis quiets.

DENNIS (cont'd)

I'll call you back later. Yeah.

(beat)

Good talking to you.

Jerry wears his dirty suit.

DENNIS (cont'd)

What happened to the clothes I gave you, too small?

Dennis notices the laptop under Jerry's arm.

DENNIS (cont'd)

What you got there, Jerry?

JERRY

Why--why do you have this?

Dennis goes back to the kitchen. Fusses around.

DENNIS

Needed to track some old financials is all. I gotta say it's been hell at work since I've had to carry all this. You still want some dinner?

Jerry shakes his head. Trying to come to terms with something. Dennis watches him carefully.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Legally, I can't have you fiddling
with company property right now. If
you could just...

Dennis holds out a hand. Expecting the laptop back.

Jerry shrinks back. Clutching the computer.

JERRY
Company property? I AM THE COMPANY.

DENNIS
And who's going to testify to that now?
Just give me back the computer. You can
still stay tonight.

Jerry tosses the blueprints on the ground.

JERRY
And what about this? We canceled this
project.

Dennis picks up the plans from the floor.

DENNIS
No. WE didn't. You ruined it.

JERRY
It was a poor investment.

DENNIS
It was a fucking lottery and you
burned it behind financials and
causality stats.

JERRY
Because it was dangerous. But you
knew that from the moment they tried
to buy us off.

DENNIS
Not all of us are you, Jerry. Thank
god, or we'd all be spineless fucking
jellyfish. How the hell did you even
make anything of yourself?

Jerry holds the laptop to his chest. Shrinks a little.

JERRY
I have to go.

Jerry hurries towards the door. Dennis tosses garbage can.
Food and trash spill out, blocking Jerry's path.

Jerry stumbles back. Dennis closes in.

DENNIS
You know I can't just let you leave
with that.

Dennis kicks a moldy apple towards Jerry. He flinches.

DENNIS (cont'd)
You sneaky little bastard. Come on. I
was trying to be kind.

JERRY
I'm not giving you--

DENNIS
--What? I can't hear you.

Dennis tosses an old half-eaten sandwich at him.

JERRY
Please I...

Dennis throws more garbage at him. Jerry swats at it.

DENNIS
What's that? Come on. Speak up!
You're too quiet, Jerry...you
spineless little--

Jerry attacks Dennis. They scuffle.

The laptop slides. And they crawl for it.

A pitiful middle-aged excuse for a fight, but still vicious.

Hair pulling, scratching, groaning.

JERRY
You. Framed. Me.

DENNIS
And you made it to easy. You let me.
Who's fault is it really?

Dennis kicks Jerry in the head. Splitting his bruise.

Jerry grabs the trash can. Tosses it at Dennis.

Smashing him to the floor.

Jerry looks at his hands. Infected. Surprised by what he's
just done.

But Dennis jumps right back up. Coming for him again.

Jerry snatches the laptop. SHATTERS it to the ground.

Dennis stops in his path. Stunned. Laughs. Cackles almost.

DENNIS (cont'd)
You don't know what you just did!

JERRY
But I--I...

DENNIS
YOU'RE DONE!

Jerry runs for the door.

EXT. CITY - DUSK

Jerry wanders an empty city street as the sun sets.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jerry lays on a graffitied bench. Stares up at the burnt orange city lights drowning out the black night.

Moths buzz excitedly at a street lamp.

A Police Officer walks up the bench. Arms crossed.

POLICE OFFICER
Can't stay here, Mister.

Jerry's deaf to the voice. Numb to the world. The Cop shoves him in the ribs with a baton.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
GET UP.

Jerry jerks up.

JERRY
I'm sorry...I didn't mean--

POLICE OFFICER
There's a shelter next to the Taco Bell on Menlo.

JERRY
No. You misunderstand. I'm not--

POLICE OFFICER
You got a bed?

Jerry shakes his head.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
Well, you can't sleep here.

The Officer crosses his arms. Not leaving first.

Jerry walks off.

EXT. CITY STREET, SHELTER - NIGHT

There's a line of MIDDLE-AGED MEN waiting patiently outside, standing in silence.

Jerry gets in the back of the line.

EXT. CITY STREET, SHELTER - NIGHT (LATER)

Jerry's halfway down the line. A herd of men waits behind him. Getting impatient. Nervous.

EXT. CITY STREET, SHELTER - NIGHT (LATER)

Jerry's nearly at the door.

The men in front of him complain. Start to walk off. A FRUSTRATED WORKER is at the door.

FRUSTRATED WORKER
No more, guys.

JERRY
What?

Jerry approached him. Gets too close. Tries to go inside.

The Worker pushes him back.

FRUSTRATED WORKER
Full up for the night.

JERRY
That can't happen. It's a shelter. It can't be "FULL". You have a budget and a flexible occupancy rate--with the right financial management. Let me see your boss.

FRUSTRATED WORKER
We're full. That's our occu-pan-see rate.

JERRY
Do you see how many people need a bed? We can't go or stay anywhere.
(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)
Except here. So let us in and give us
something.

Men still waiting in line agree loudly with Jerry. He's starting trouble.

The Worker gives one long look to Jerry's tattered suit and gold watch.

FRUSTRATED WORKER
New to this aren't you?

Jerry nods.

FRUSTRATED WORKER (cont'd)
The shelter on Pico and West doesn't
fill up as fast. Try there.

JERRY
That's 20 blocks from here.

The homeless men start to scatter. A large group walks together in the same direction.

The Worker point after them.

FRUSTRATED WORKER
Want to get there while there's still
room, right?

Jerry turns. Undecided. The Worker slams and locks the door.

Jerry sprints towards the Men. Runs straight past them. He's out of shape, possibly hasn't ever run in his life.

He blows past the group. The Men stare and watch. Some try to follow. Most laugh.

Jerry keeps on running. Not seeing an end in sight.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Jerry rushes through the city. Can barely breathe. Sweat dripping down his face and drenching his clothes. He loses a shoe in the gutter. Keeps going.

Trying harder. Running faster. Tripping through the dirty city. Cars HONK at him. Passersby stare.

A BIKER nearly wipes him out.

He stops only when he sees a line outside of a nondescript building on West Street.

It's a herd of MILLENNIALS staring at their phones. Jerry gets in line behind them.

A HIP GIRL turns and gives him a wayward glance.

HIP GIRL

You're doing the zombie walk a the Grove later too?

Jerry pants, looks down at his clothes. They're ripped, sweaty. He's down one shoe and red in the face. His bruise is pussy.

JERRY

I don't know what that is.

She turns from him.

Some Millennials come out of the building with small brown bags.

Jerry taps the girl on the shoulder.

JERRY (cont'd)

Wait. What's this line for?

HIP GIRL

Cronut NoNut just opened today. No nuts, eggs, or gluten.

JERRY

I don't know what that--nevermind.

He jogs to the Millennials. Grabs a Cronut from one of their hands. It has a large bite mark in it. He's disgusted. Throws it to the ground.

HIPSTER GUY

Hey, I waited 2 hours for that!

Jerry takes an uneaten Cronut from another Millennial and shoves it in his mouth.

JERRY

It's just a fucking donut.

Sturvey, the homeless man from earlier, rushes past him on a skateboard.

Jerry runs after him.

EXT. SECOND CHANCE SHELTER - NIGHT

Jerry follows him to a Shelter door. Sturvey slips inside.

There's a tired worker: SHONDA, 30s, bedazzled clothing and blue eyeshadow. She closes up behind her.

Jerry grabs the door just as it shuts. Jamming his watch. The glass face shatters.

Shonda pops her head back out. Sees Jerry. Smells Jerry. Puts up her nose.

SHONDA
We're closing.

JERRY
Please.

SHONDA
I can't just let anyone--

JERRY
I'll do anything.

She eyes him.

SHONDA
I'll take your watch.

JERRY
I...I can't do that.

SHONDA
But it's broken.

JERRY
Anything else.

SHONDA
Cuffs. My nephew needs a graduation present.

JERRY
Well, congratulations to him. But--

She starts to close the door.

JERRY (cont'd)
Fine. Fine.

He takes off his cuff-links. Hands them to her.

SHONDA
You wouldn't have kept them in here anyway.

JERRY

Are you sure you want these? They say my initials.

SHONDA

I'll scratch them off.

She opens the door. Nods him in. Gives a fake smile.

SHONDA (cont'd)

Enjoy your stay.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SHELTER, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry wanders through the shelter. The walls are bare and hallways thin. Mismatched tiles and fossilized grime.

He takes a deep breath. A small smile comes to his face.

SHONDA

What you smilin' 'bout?

JERRY

It smells like bleach.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SHELTER, ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry steps into a small cement room. Half a dozen BUNK-BEDS line the walls. Men of every age and creed claim beds. Chatter amongst themselves.

They all turn to see Jerry. A few stick out. You'll know them later. You'll love them later. But for now, Jerry is fresh meat. Fish food. And they'll treat him as such.

DOC, 70s - nursing a flask. Too old and a little too comfortable than he should be here.

REMMIE, 20s - long blonde wig, transgender, but rocking her adams apple.

FORREST, 40s - Nose in a book, squinting through shattered glasses.

Jerry walks in gingerly. Almost expecting the men to turn to rabid dogs.

Sturvey, the homeless vet from before, watches him from a bed.

STURVEY

Ain't the Four Seasons. Just take one.

Jerry spots the one bed that isn't taken. A top bunk next to a broken window in the corner. He walks over. Struggles to climb up.

The mattress is stained. The pillow uncovered. Nothing to warm himself. He looks around. Everyone else has a blanket.

He coughs. Collects his voice.

JERRY
Ex--excuse me?

No one turns.

JERRY (cont'd)
EXCUSE ME?

Everyone turns.

JERRY (cont'd)
Where'd you get the blankets?

DOC
Comes with the bed.

Jerry checks his empty bunk again.

JERRY
Mine didn't.

STURVEY
Short straw, brother.

Everyone goes back to their conversations. Jerry notices TINY (40s), more bison than man, across the room with two blankets.

He catches Jerry looking at him. Tiny stands--he's just a mountain of muscle and fat. He nearly blocks out the light in the room. He stares Jerry down. Tightens the blankets around his shoulders.

TINY
Tiny needs two.

Jerry's voice is caught in his throat.

TINY (cont'd)
Unless you want to share.

JERRY
No. I--I--think...

A loud ALARM rings out. The lights flicker and turn off. The room complies. Most men crawl into their beds. A small game of poker starts on the floor with flashlights.

SHELTER WORKERS call out from the hallway.

SHELTER WORKERS
LIGHTS OUT. LIGHTS OUT. LIGHTS OUT.

Tiny winks at Jerry and crawls back into his bunk.

Jerry lays in the dark. Waits for the walls to cave in.

He curls up in bed.

JERRY
1...2...3

REMMIE
SHUT UP.

Jerry shuts his eyes. So tight they might as well pop.

JERRY
(whispering)
4...5...6.

FORREST
We can still hear that.

JERRY
(mouthing)
7...

And then his bed shakes. Slow at first. He holds onto the safety bar.

The bed frame squeaks. The bunk wavers back and forth. And then a GROAN from underneath him.

The realization hits. His bunk mates are having some fun and no one else in the room seems to even bat an eye.

Jerry covers his head with the pillow.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SHELTER, ROOM - DAY

The room bustles to life. Grown men toss towels to the ground. Get dressed in dirty clothes.

Jerry wakes up. Hasn't slept much. Eyes red. Patches of scruff on his chin. He scratches at it.

Everyone goes about their routine. Jerry slowly comes from the bed and tiptoes through the room.

JERRY
Where's...where's the...

Sturvey points out the door.

STURVEY
End of the hall.

Jerry follows his finger.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SHELTER, BATHROOM - DAY

Jerry opens the door with an elbow and squirms inside. Men shave at the sink. They shower in open stalls. The cement walls leak green.

There are long lines at every shower. A loud BELL rings. The MEN groan and walk off. Leave the bathroom.

A HEAVY MAN steps out of a shower and bumps into Jerry--bare flesh and all. Jerry gags.

HEAVY MAN
Watch it!

Jerry rushes to an open shower. Undresses. Folds his clothing on a bench.

And then he's left with his one shoe. And the dirty tile floor covered in hair and who knows what else.

He starts the shower. Tries to balance as he stands on his one shoe--like an uncoordinated flamingo.

Jerry turns the heat all the way up. Scalding himself.

Scratches at his raw skin in the burning water. And then another RING! The water shuts off.

He tries the knob, but nothing happens.

Jerry gets out of the shower. The bench is empty. His clothes are gone.

He stands there. Naked and dripping.

INT. SECOND CHANCE SHELTER, ROOM - DAY

Jerry tiptoes into the room. Sliding his feet on paper towels, his single wet shoe covering his privates. Expecting laughter or pointing. But it's empty.

He grabs the sheet from his bunk and wraps it tightly around himself like a toga.

Sturvey comes in the room. Already holding a cardboard sign in hand. A bowl of oatmeal in the other. Takes one long look at Jerry and bursts out laughing.

STURVEY
Crazy night?

Silence.

STURVEY (cont'd)
Well, pleasure to meet you any way
you look at it. I'm--

Sturvey reaches out a hand to Jerry. Jerry won't touch it.

JERRY
--I'm not staying.

STURVEY
That's what everyone says.

Jerry ignores that. Struggles to get on his one shoe.

JERRY
It's filthy here. It's for criminals...
and...and not people like me.

Sturvey puts a hand on Jerry's shoulder. Jerry shrugs it off.

STURVEY
Have you looked in the mirror lately,
brother?

Jerry backs away. Tries to tighten his sheet.

STURVEY (cont'd)
Look, because you *"aren't coming
back"*. Let me give you some advice.

Sturvey hands him a belt from his own pants. Jerry's hesitant but takes it. Wraps it around the sheet. Secures it to his body.

STURVEY (cont'd)
Better?

Jerry nods.

STURVEY (cont'd)
Good. Also keep your hands clean.
It'll stop you from getting sick.

Sturvey offers a sanitizer wipe to Jerry. His eyes go wide at the package. He grabs the whole thing. Starts rubbing one wipe over his entire body.

STURVEY (cont'd)
It's good that you're into...personal hygiene. That's important.

JERRY
Thank you. Thank you really.

Jerry grabs Sturvey's hand. Shakes it wildly.

STURVEY
But then you should really think about getting rid of those curly locks up there.

Jerry scratches his head.

STURVEY (cont'd)
I can see them mating from here. Really. Little white buggers.

Jerry pulls at his hair. Can't see anything.

STURVEY (cont'd)
ZZZZZZZZZZmmmmmmmmmm.

Sturvey makes the sound of a razor and moves his hand over his head.

STURVEY (cont'd)
It's for the best. They'll itch like hell, and then it will get worse. It's the best way to stay clean.

Jerry points to Sturvey's dreadlocks.

JERRY
What about you?

STURVEY
I'm immune.

EXT. SECOND CHANCE SHELTER - DAY

Jerry steps outside into the blinding light. The toga is wrapped tightly. His one bare foot now tied in a garbage bag. His head shaved. Looks like he's gained a couple decades.

He scratches at his skin and rubs himself with another wet wipe. Looks at the package. Only a few more left.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerry paces near the reception desk of his lawyer's building. SECRETARIES get nervous.

He takes a huge dollop of hand sanitizer from a bottle at the desk.

Blackburn steps out of his office.

BLACKBURN

Jerry, is that you?

JERRY

Yeah, just got a haircut. New place. Very nice. Maybe took a little too much off the top but I needed a new look. You know, being a bachelor and all.

Jerry wipes the extra sanitizer from his hands on the sheet. Goes to shake Blackburn's hand. Blackburn won't touch it.

BLACKBURN

Well, it looks...new.

JERRY

Are you free to talk? I have some new information about--

BLACKBURN

--I can't be talking with you.

JERRY

Please. For an old friend.

BLACKBURN

I...

He looks up and down Jerry.

BLACKBURN (cont'd)

...I don't think I want to talk with you.

Blackburn closes his office door behind him. Approaches Jerry.

BLACKBURN (cont'd)

I need you to leave now, Jerry. You're causing a commotion.

JERRY

I'm not doing anything. We're just talking.

BLACKBURN
Come on. Be reasonable. You're a reasonable man, right? Look at yourself. I wouldn't even give you change on the street.

Jerry eyes the door behind Blackburn.

JERRY
Who's in the office?

BLACKBURN
A client.

JERRY
Who's the client?

BLACKBURN
That's confidential. You know that.

JERRY
WHO'S IN THE OFFICE?

The door cracks open. Monica peeks out to see the commotion.

JERRY (cont'd)
Dammit.

BLACKBURN
I told you to leave.

MONICA
Jerry?

Princess BARKS. Jumps from Monica's arms and runs to Jerry. She nips at his feet--at least she's treating him the same.

JERRY
I'm not...this isn't what it looks like. I was framed. Please don't... don't look at me like that.

BLACKBURN
You better leave.

Monica steps out.

MONICA
What the hell?

The office is hushed. Horrified.

Jerry snatches up Princess. Bolts from the room.

MONICA (cont'd)

Princess!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jerry pants while running down the road. Princess cradled against his chest. She bites at his hands.

Everyone he passes doesn't acknowledge him. Not a glance or a second look. They clear the sidewalk as he runs. Only a few COPS bat an eye.

He stops outside of his old work building. Sees DENNIS get out of a sleek black car.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

Jerry goes into the lobby. Straight to reception.

JERRY

I'm here for Smith and Wyles
Associates. 9th floor.

A STERN RECEPTIONIST gives him a questionable look.

JERRY (cont'd)

I have an appointment.

An elevator opens and fills nearby.

Jerry shoves Princess into the Receptionist's arms and runs to the elevator. He jumps the security checkpoint. The Heavy Security Guard jogs after him.

Jerry slides into the elevator just in time. The door closes in the Guard's face.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator is overfilled. But everyone gives Jerry a wide berth. A dozen bodies pressed up against the wall passing silent fearful glances. And Jerry in the center. Tightening the belt on his toga. Humming along with the JAZZ music.

The door opens on the second floor. Everyone hurries out-- careful not to touch him or make eye contact.

Until Jerry's alone. The door closes and he goes up.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The elevator opens. A Secretary puts down a phone. Watches Jerry step out into the office.

She runs off.

Jerry wanders through the cubicles. Everyone stops and stares as he goes.

DENNIS

Jerry, what are you doing here?

Jerry turns. Dennis comes up behind him. A herd of Suits at his back.

JERRY

Why is everyone asking me that today?

Jerry walks to the company sign on the wall. Pulls at the "Wyles" in "*Smith and Wyles*"?

DENNIS

What are you doing?

JERRY

This is our company. NOT YOURS. OURS.
You can't have my name too.

DENNIS

Fine. Take it.

Jerry struggles to remove the name. It's nailed tight. He can't get a good grip on it.

The whole office watches this toga'd man tug at the sign. His one shoe squeaks loudly on the linoleum.

Nicholas comes out of nowhere and bodyslams Jerry to the ground. The "Wyles" rips off the wall and crashes to the floor with them.

Nicholas pops up. The office cheers. He's all smiles. Jerry grunts loudly from the ground but holds dearly to his name.

DENNIS (cont'd)

Are you done here then?

JERRY

You ruined everything!

DENNIS

It looks like you did that to yourself, Jerry.

(MORE)

DENNIS (cont'd)
It's amazing that you held on this
long considering...your illness.

Jerry struggles to stand.

Dennis approaches him. The crowd silences.

JERRY
I'm not...I don't have--

Dennis licks his finger and wipes it against Jerry's face.

Jerry spazzes. Wipes and scratches at his face.

DENNIS
I'm SORRY YOU ALL HAD TO SEE THIS.
BUT, MOVING FORWARD WE WILL HAVE MUCH
STRONGER LEADERSHIP.

JERRY
It's mine. It's mine. I built it.

Dennis smiles.

DENNIS
You're not welcome at this company.
No one needs or wants you here
anymore.

Nicholas drags Jerry to the elevator. Jerry clutches his
name. Struggles to stay in the office.

JERRY
Dennis did it. He framed me! I didn't
do anything.

DENNIS
(to the crowd)
It's such a shame how fast he
deteriorated. It'd been coming for so
long but I didn't want to see it.

A Secretary comforts Dennis.

JERRY
NOTHING'S WRONG WITH ME!

Nicholas tosses Jerry into the elevator. Jerry loses his
last shoe in the door as it closes.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

The doors open. Jerry sits on the floor. The Heavy Security
Guard is waiting for him.

Jerry crawls under his legs and sprints through the lobby. He grabs Princess from Reception.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jerry runs through the street. Both feet wrapped in garbage bags.

Everyone avoids him. No one makes any eye contact. No human connection or acknowledgment.

Jerry stops. Bends over. Can't catch his breath. He puts Princess on a bench. She sits, watching him, judging him.

He looks at his watch. At the street.

JERRY
(screaming)
1...2...3

Passersby trade nervous glances. Avoid him by a few steps.

JERRY (cont'd)
(quieting)
4...5.

Jerry looks at his watch. Almost noon. *We've been here before.*

He steps to the curb. Stares at his broken watch.

Counting down the seconds...

His foot over the ledge...just like we've seen before.

Princess watches him closely.

And he just stands there. His foot hovering over a murky sewage puddle. Wanting to jump. Waiting for that barreling truck.

But he can't.

And the TRUCK speeds past.

Jerry lets out a tearful sigh. Falls back onto the sidewalk. Palms to the dirty cement.

No one stops to help him. He's just on the ground. Alone.

An OLD MAN throws a quarter at his feet. He goes to grab it, but it lands on a crushed piece of gum. He won't pick it up.

JERRY (cont'd)
I can't do this...
(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)
I CAN'T DO THIS!!!!

Princess jumps from the bench and playfully nips at his feet. She licks his hands.

A swell of compassion comes over him. Jerry stares into her black beady eyes. She doesn't seem to mind him.

He hugs Princess closely. Kisses her small wet nose.

Jerry picks her up and stands. Looks around the dingy city street.

He jogs off. The crowd parts as he passes.

And he smiles. Holding dearly to the dog. His toga flapping in the wind. Garbage bagged feet slamming against the hard ground. A wave of peace and insanity rippling through him.

Jerry darts through a crosswalk.

Sturvey watches him curiously from across the street. A broken grin on his face until--

BAM.

A car SLAMS into Jerry.

His body flies.

There's a HONK. A BEEP.

Wheels SKID and speed away.

CUT TO BLACK.