

THE CAST MEMBERS

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Version 17
2-8-2021
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"It's all about your fear of entering into something you weren't prepared for, which is the way I feel about mostly everything." - Dave Grohl

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A hand puts an earbud into an ear, revealing HANNAH WARWICK (17), intrepid, in a flannel Foo Fighters shirt and jeans, browsing a college fair on the campus of her high school in Duluth, Minnesota.

At the USC booth she grabs a brochure featuring the USC School of Cinematic Arts, before wandering over to the neighboring UCLA table.

COLLEGE FAIR WORKER

Hi! I'm Kristin, let me know if you have any-

Hannah raises one finger in the air as she searches for a brochure. She grabs one, opens it, then changes the song on her iPod as she walks away from the booth, softly singing "Doll" by Foo Fighters.

HANNAH

You know in all of the times that we shared...

She looks up at spots SYDNEY (17), a captivating boy with a gleaming smile, chatting up AMBER (17), who has the confidence and style of a woman twice her age.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I've never been so scared.

Sydney makes eye contact with Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Doll me up in my bad luck.

Hannah turns away and walks in front of frame.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DULUTH - DAY

Hannah now walks along the mostly empty streets of the quaint arts district of downtown Duluth along Superior street as the song continues.

HANNAH

I'll meet you there.

A swarm of firetrucks rushes to a PERSON ON THE ROOF across the street. Her phone chimes.

She flips it open to a text from Sydney: Where'd you go??"
She closes the phone and stops in front of an antique store.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Hannah casually browses the store until something catches her eye; an old 16 MM Film Camera. We see the price tag: \$399.99

HANNAH
*Doll me up in my bad luck, I'll
meet you there.*

EXT. WARWICK HOME - DUSK

A loud party at the Warwick home is a drastic contrast to Hannah's headphone world, as a thick-bearded folk guitar and mandolin DUO plays in a corner; GIRLS in burlesque outfits dance; a FIRE BREATHER exhales flames; and an eclectic assortment of Midwestern CREATIVE TYPES mingle.

INT. WARWICK HOME - DUSK

At the bar, MRS. WARWICK (47), dressed as aberrant as anyone in a flashy fur coat, finishes pouring herself another drink. CLAIRE (26), Hannah's sister and spitting image of their mother stands with STEPHEN (28), her handsome, and well-dressed boyfriend around a counter full of snacks.

MRS. WARWICK
Claire sure is lucky to have you
after her last mess.

CLAIRE
Can you not do this again please?

MRS. WARWICK
What?! I mean look at him. Square
jaw. Full of ambition. That
hairline!

CLAIRE
Mom!

STEPHEN
(chuckles)
It's fine, Claire, I know your mom
only means well.

MRS. WARWICK
(leans in)
Please, call me Rosie.

CLAIRE
Jesus Christ.

MRS. WARWICK
What are your plans after grad
school then, Stephen?

STEPHEN
Look into a good firm on the west
coast. Or at least a bigger city.
Maybe Chicago.

MRS. WARWICK
Ooo! Chicago! That would be
exciting.

CLAIRE
I don't remember the West Coast
being something-

MRS. WARWICK
Why does it matter, Claire? He's
handsome, he's fit, he's going to
be making at least six figures...
(from the corner of her
wine glass to Stephan)
I'm begging you, propose to my
daughter.

Mrs. Warwick takes her last swig of wine.

CLAIRE
For fuck's sake, Mom!

MRS. WARWICK
Don't worry, she'll say yes.

Hannah casually strolls through the front door, humming the
opening bars of Foo Fighters "Monkey Wrench," her face buried
in the USC brochure.

MRS. WARWICK (CONT'D)
A little late to the party, missy.

HANNAH
Huh?

MRS. WARWICK
Huh?! That's all I get from you?
You were supposed to be home two
hours ago!

HANNAH
What were you expecting from your
seventeen-year-old daughter who
doesn't have a car?

MRS. WARWICK
Not to mention your principal
called and said you skipped out on
your last two periods again!

Hannah doesn't look up from the brochure as she goes to grab
a plate of snacks.

HANNAH
How many times did I miss Mom
hitting on your boyfriend, Claire?

CLAIRE
Hannah!

A few guests have turned their attention to the family.

MRS. WARWICK
(through faux smile &
gritted teeth)
Please, people are looking! Hannah,
go see your father. He wanted to
talk to you.

Hannah rolls her eyes and puts her earbud back in.

MRS. WARWICK (CONT'D)
(to Stephen)
Kids, right?

She cackles loudly, takes another sip of wine, and goes back
to over-tending to her party.

INT. WARWICK HOME - DEN - DUSK

MR. WARWICK (52), a picturesque Midwest father, sits watching
the Twins game trying to ignore the noise around him by
raising his TV to inhuman levels, and watches Hannah enter
the room looking at the UCLA brochure. He lowers the volume.

MR. WARWICK
Hannah, honey.

HANNAH
(removing an earbud)
Yeah, Dad?

MR. WARWICK
How many classes do you have?

HANNAH
In a day?

MR. WARWICK
In a day.

HANNAH

Six.

MR. WARWICK

So that's thirty a week. Are you attending all thirty?

HANNAH

We have study hall on Thursdays, so twenty-nine actually.

MR. WARWICK

Ok, so are you attending all twenty-nine?

HANNAH

Define "attending."

Mr. Warwick leans forward and grabs the UCLA brochure and looks it over.

MR. WARWICK

UCLA huh? That's a really competitive school.

HANNAH

They have a really good film program.

MR. WARWICK

(snorts)

Film program? Hannah we've gone over this-

HANNAH

I was looking at USC, too! They both have good programs I can get a minor in and-

MR. WARWICK

You aren't even attending all your high school classes, Hannah! What makes you think you're going to get into some of the best schools in the country?!

HANNAH

My grades are doing fine!

He hands the brochure back to Hannah.

MR. WARWICK

I've already told you, I'm not spending \$100,000 to have you waste four years in liberal la la land, Hannah! You need a career!

HANNAH

There are plenty of careers in film! I mean look at what Mom does up here, she-

MR. WARWICK

Is that what you want, Hannah? This? You know I love your mother, but being a part-time talent agent in Northeast, Minnesota doesn't keep this roof over your head. You can do so much more with your life!

HANNAH

But why can't I do this with my life?

MR. WARWICK

Because your grandfather worked his life away on the range to give me and my brothers a halfway decent life - a life where I still struggled, but didn't have to sacrifice my body for it. And I've worked my ass off to make sure I can set you and Claire up for an even better life. But that starts with a good education.

Hannah looks as if she's heard this 1,000 times before, and she speaks over her father's mouth movements.

HANNAH

(dubbing Mr. Warwick)

Hobbies are good for you, Hannah, but you have to grow up and enter the real world at some point. Health insurance, car insurance, renters insurance, groceries, gas - these things all cost money. And I can't support you forever.

Hannah looks up in agony-

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DUSK

-and falls with a heavy sigh onto her bed. She sets the brochures down on her nightstand. She spots a Foo Fighters CD case: *The Colour and the Shape* and chuckles.

HANNAH

Feel like I can do anything right?

She bolts up, finds an empty jar, and sets it under a white board. She draws a basic "fill up" chart, with \$400 at the top, smiling. The door bell rings. Her face drops as she peeks out her bedroom door. It's Sydney. She quickly shuts her door and throws on a jacket, packs a small backpack and opens her window. She presses play on her iPod and the Foo Fighters "Monkey Wrench" picks up from the opening bars. She pushes her dresser to the side and steps out onto the ledge.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A man slumps over a keyboard, the computer monitor the only thing illuminating him in his dark apartment, "Monkey Wrench" plays through his speakers.

The front door swings open and a COUPLE bursts in, passionately making out. The man at the computer slowly lifts his head, revealing the face of ALEX REILLY (25), with kind eyes and a nice Midwest aesthetic, who makes eye contact with the man, his roommate SHIMANSKY (36). Shimansky makes an "I'm sorry" expression and quickly moves his LADY (25) to the bedroom. The door slams shut and Alex buries his head.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Hannah approaches the counter with a large soda and a chocolate bar while taking out an earbud, avoiding eye contact with the no-nonsense CLERK (40's).

CLERK

Is that everything?

Hannah looks over at the cigarettes.

HANNAH

And a pack of... American Spirits.

CLERK

Ha. No.

HANNAH

But I'm-

CLERK

Do you want the soda and the candy
or not, kid?

Hannah scowls and throws some cash on the counter.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Hannah walks up to the town's main theater chain, a Royal Cinemas. Walking down the stairs to the box office, she slips on a loose step, but catches herself on the railing.

She fiddles with it a little more, shakes her head, chuckles, and continues forward.

Hannah approaches DEVIN (26), a charming employee, at the box office as MR. MADOVITCH (70's), the theater's ever-present patron with a cane and newsie cap, watches from a bench.

HANNAH

Can I get one for *Grindhouse* at 9:55, please?

DEVIN

That'll be \$7.50. ID please?

HANNAH

(looking through bag)
Uhh, it's usually right here. I mean, do I really not look seventeen?

DEVIN

I mean, I normally don't care but... I really can't. Heard the secret shopper was coming in this week.

HANNAH

The what?

DEVIN

The person who comes in here once a month to check on this stuff from corporate. I'm not gonna be the one who slips up this time. Sorry, kid.

HANNAH

I sincerely promise that I am not that person.

DEVIN

Isn't that exactly what the secret shopper would say though?

Mr. Madovitch walks up to Hannah and gestures to her, looking annoyed. She looks confused. He takes out a \$20 and slides it to Devin. She follows along.

HANNAH

Are you going to ID my grandfather, too?

Hannah winks. Madovitch nods. Devin takes the money.

DEVIN

Nah, if you're with Madovitch, you're cool. Enjoy the movie.

Madovitch hands her the ticket and points her forward. She smiles and enters the theater.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Hannah turns around after putting butter on her popcorn at the self serve station and sees Sydney walk into the lobby.

HANNAH
Dude, take a hint.

She bolts down the hallway looking for some place to hide. She spots a door near a theater and throws it open.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - STORAGE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

As the door closes she realizes she is in a pitch black supply closet. She jiggles the door handle. Locked.

HANNAH
Classic, Hannah. Real nice.

EXT. WARWICK HOUSE - MORNING

The house is calm. A little messy from the party. The birds are singing.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Mrs. Warwick throws open Hannah's door.

MRS. WARWICK
Hannah, I said breakfast is ready!

Upon seeing the wide-open window, she realizes Hannah is nowhere to be found and gives an absurdly dramatic, seven second scream and collapses to the floor.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - HALLWAY - MORNING

Alex, now dressed in a suit and tie for his day job as a middle manager at the theater, packs cigarettes as he walks down the screening hallway. He suddenly stops.

He listens as a faint beat taps. Consistently. He follows the sound and stops in front of the storage closet.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - STORAGE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Alex swings open the door and finds Hannah in the dark, looking frazzled with her earbuds in, banging a broom to a beat. Hannah startles. Alex startles.

The door thuds closed and it's dark. All you can hear is faint music coming from Hannah's headphones.

Alex lights his cigarette, the lighter illuminating his face. He then points it toward her. He makes a face at her. She laughs, then cocks her head.

HANNAH
Is that you, Alex?

ALEX
Are you listening to Creed?

HANNAH
Eww. What? No, definitely not.

ALEX
Your sister still owes me \$30 then.

Alex releases the lighter. Only the glow at the tip of his cigarette remains, flaring as he puffs.

HANNAH
What?

ALEX
Don't worry about it.

HANNAH
How - how are you?

ALEX
Fantastic. You seem to be doing quite well yourself.

HANNAH
(chuckling)
Am I on the back of a milk carton yet?

ALEX
No, but now that you mention it, I'm pretty sure the awful shrieking I heard leaving this morning was your mom from halfway across town.

HANNAH
I'm sure it was an Oscar-worthy performance.

ALEX
How exactly did you wind up in my
storage closet anyway?

HANNAH
Well, uhh, I was looking for the...
bathroom and got lost.

ALEX
That sounds like bullshit.

HANNAH
Ok, maybe I was running away from a
problem.

ALEX
What problem could that be?
Homework?

HANNAH
Ha-ha. It's a boy problem, you
wouldn't understand.

ALEX
I wasn't a teenage boy?

He puffs his cigarette.

HANNAH
I don't think you should be smoking
that in here.

ALEX
I don't think you're supposed to
sleepover in here either, yet here
we are.

HANNAH
Why does this door lock from the
inside anyway?

ALEX
It's on a list somewhere of things
management is supposed to fix.

HANNAH
Aren't you management?

ALEX
Yes, which is why I know about it.

He reaches up to a ledge, grabs a key, and opens the door.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Smartass.

Hannah makes a face. Alex puts out his cigarette.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Want to see where the magic
happens?

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - PROJECTIONS ROOM - MORNING

Alex and Hannah enter the projections room. Operating the projector is Q, the theater's lifer projectionist with an odd, ageless quality. He observes Hannah.

ALEX
(to Q)
Did the cans ever show up
yesterday?
(to Hannah)
Go ahead, take a peek.

Hannah approaches the pane in front of the projector. Through it we see the screen and the audience beneath it. Hannah looks to Q.

HANNAH
Did it just start?

Q
(Quoting: *The Man Who Fell
to Earth*)
*I'm not a scientist, but I know all
things begin and end in eternity.*

Hannah quizzically turns to Alex. He shrugs. Hannah continues to gaze in awe of her new perspective. Alex turns to Q.

ALEX
Kind of need an answer Q. The
premieres will be ready to go
tomorrow, right?

Q
(Quoting: *Star Wars*)
*The Death Star will be completed on
schedule, my master.*

HANNAH
Does he have a problem?

ALEX
He's mad because at the last staff
meeting I suggested to Javy we get
one digital projector.

Q grunts.

HANNAH
Sorry. Not looking for trouble,
Darth.

Q
 (Quoting: *Zorba the Greek*)
*Life's trouble. Only death is not.
 To be alive is to undo your belt
 and look for trouble.*

HANNAH
 Is he... OK?

ALEX
 Q is... well he's been like this
 for as long as anyone who works
 here can remember. But he's
 harmless.

Hannah looks at Q. Q returns the look. Q squints his eyes.

Q
 (Quoting: *The Ninth
 Configuration*)
*I am a Buddhist. In case of
 emergency, call a llama.*

HANNAH
 Ninth Configuration. Right?

Q
 (Quoting: *Star Wars*)
Impressive, most impressive.

Q leans back and nods approvingly. Hannah eases up, smiles.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM - DAY

OSCAR BRAVO (30's), a well dressed manager in a suit and tie,
 enters the break room to find IZZY (25), a bubbly, blonde
 free-spirit, and LEA (23), brunette, almost equally as
 bubbly, peering into a box, giggling.

OSCAR
 Have either of you seen Alex today?
 He's not on radio.

LEA
 (giggling)
 No, I haven't.

IZZY
 (giggling)
 He wasn't at box earlier either.

OSCAR
 What gave you two the middle school
 giggles?

Izzy reveals large box of assorted sex toys and condoms.

IZZY

They sent it to the wrong address.
And you know what they say... when
life gives you a box of free dildos-

OSCAR

I don't need to know how that ends.

LEA

Did you check his office?

OSCAR

Wasn't there.

IZZY

Well wherever he is, I'm sure it's
important.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY

Hannah watches some USHERS talk and sweep in the halls and
CONCESSIONS WORKERS tossing popcorn at each other.

HANNAH

What's your average day look like
around here? Walk around, pop some
corn and watch a couple movies?

ALEX

Essentially, but you make it sound
so easy. And I hardly have time to
watch anything anymore since my
promotion.

A MAN leaves the lobby bathroom.

MAN

(to Alex)

What is going on in there is amoral
and disgusting! I will definitely
be complaining to corporate!

ALEX

That's more like it.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BATHROOM - DAY

Loud banging comes from the far end stall, shaking the stalls
next to it. Shimansky and Devin lean on the counter sporting
bookie visors, two piles of cash between them. Shimansky has
a pencil behind his ear and a log-book in his hand. Alex
arches a brow at the shaking stall, now accompanied by
intermittent moans, as he and Hannah round the corner.

ALEX
Jesus Christ, Shimansky.

HANNAH
Oh God.

SHIMANSKY
A to the Lex. I think there was a customer looking for a manager...

ALEX
I can't imagine what his complaint was...

Alex gestures toward the stall as the banging increases in volume and speed; the occupants are definitely fucking.

SHIMANSKY
You mean our friends Tally and Hally from the ol' Twin Cities? No. They're fine. They just like it a little freaky.

DEVIN
A nooner at noon, every Tuesday since the start of May.

SHIMANSKY
(pats cash stacks)
We've got money on how long they last. Who's the kid?

ALEX
She's uh-

HANNAH
I'm the new trainee. I start tomorrow.

Alex glares at Hannah.

SHIMANSKY
Welcome to the family then! Want in? Minimum buy is \$10.

ALEX
What? No! This is not ok!

SHIMANSKY
But they asked Devin and I to be here! It's a sex therapy thing.

The pair are audibly getting 'closer'.

DEVIN
Kinkaaaay.

HANNAH
What's the line?

ALEX
Hannah!

SHIMANSKY
Five minutes; over/under.

DEVIN
The over is paying 3-1 right now.

HANNAH
And how long has it been?

SHIMANSKY
(glancing at a stopwatch)
Coming up on three minutes!

The moaning gets louder.

HANNAH
I could use the cash.
(placing money down)
\$20 on over.

SHIMANSKY
A woman of risk! I like her
already.

ALEX
(shaking his head)
This is disgusting, and I want it
broken up.

Alex slams cash down on the pile.

DEVIN
Under?

ALEX
Definitely.

EXT. DULUTH LAKEWALK - DAY

Alex and Hannah walk along the lakefront back to the parking
lot, Alex smoking a cigarette.

HANNAH
Claire always hated you smoking.

ALEX
That's why I did it.

HANNAH
They're not good for you.

ALEX

So I've heard. Nice deflecting by the way. We were talking about you.

HANNAH

How about we just drop it?

ALEX

(chuckles)

You're still just like her.

HANNAH

(kicks a rock)

Weren't you ready to be done with the whole teenager thing before high school, too?

ALEX

(Alex kicks same rock)

Sure, I was ready to graduate on my first day of high school. I hated this place. But please don't tell me you're trying to model your life after mine.

HANNAH

(kicks rock, game continues)

I mean you are the only person I've ever met who's lived in LA.

ALEX

And where did I end up? Back here, kicking rocks with teenagers and working at the same job I had in high school. Not a good role model.

HANNAH

But you tried.

Alex stops.

ALEX

Damn you're good.

HANNAH

What?

ALEX

We started talking about me again. Come on, I used to solve your problems in middle school. Let me give high school a shot.

HANNAH
(rolling her eyes)
It sounds so dumb to say it all out loud. I don't have a car. My Dad doesn't want to pay for the college I want. My Mom smothers me.

ALEX
And who were you running from?

HANNAH
Another stupid high school problem.

ALEX
Hmm. I see.

Alex kicks the rock again and starts walking.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Well, I don't know. That all sounds like standard teenager to me.

HANNAH
(kicks rock)
You've definitely lost your touch.

ALEX
Do you really want that job?

HANNAH
(stopping)
Are you serious?

ALEX
I mean, I already gave you the same rundown I give most new employees. But you got to meet Q. So you're actually ahead of the curve.

Hannah squeals and hugs Alex.

HANNAH
I don't know why Claire dumped you. You were always my favorite.

ALEX
It was complicated. And I'm an asshole. But I mean, she's going to hate me for hiring you, so I at least have that going for me.

HANNAH
Claire will be fine.

ALEX
(looking out at the lake)
She always wanted to take a gondola
out here. Why the fuck do I
remember that?

HANNAH
Because you loved her.

ALEX
It was different than that.

HANNAH
Different than love?

ALEX
You'll understand when you're
older.

HANNAH
Don't do that to me.

ALEX
The literal lost child I'm
returning home?

Alex walks out of frame leaving Hannah, stopped again.

HANNAH
I would've made it home if your
storage room had a working door! I
should sue!

She continues out of frame as the boats on the lake remain.

INT. WARWICK HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A LATE TEENS ALEX walks through the Warwick house. He spots Hannah's door ajar and notices a PRE-TEEN HANNAH in her room, looking generally discontent with her circumstances. He pops his head in the door.

ALEX
You ok, Pipsqueak?

HANNAH
Yea...

Her expression is a poor liar. Alex spots a CD on her nightstand: "The Colour and the Shape." He picks it up.

ALEX
Have you listened to it yet?

HANNAH

No. It's some dumb CD my sister got me for my birthday. She also got me that one.

Hannah points to a CD that was under the one Alex picked up. Creed's "Human Clay."

ALEX

Well that album is trash. That's why you hated it. It actually means you have good taste.

HANNAH

His voice was weird.

ALEX

But this is what I listen to when I want to feel better. It makes me feel like I can do anything.

Alex hands the CD to Hannah, who puts it in her stereo. He skips to track 3, "Hey, Johnny Park."

ALEX (CONT'D)

Check this one out.

Hannah starts slowly rocking her head. She's not entirely convinced. Then the first verse lyrics boom in. "*Come and I'll take you under, this beautiful bruises color.*" Hannah's eyes grow wider.

ALEX (CONT'D)

If you like this one, just wait...

They share a smile as Alex walks out, leaving Hannah to discover the music on her own.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DAY

Oscar stands with Shimansky and Devin, both wearing dark aviator sunglasses. The area has been caution taped. On the floor is a goopy grey outline of a small body.

OSCAR

What the hell am I looking at, Shimansky?

SHIMANSKY

Evidence.

OSCAR

Evidence?

DEVIN

For the insurance claim.

OSCAR
The ins- ok start from the
beginning, please.

Shimansky squats and removes his glasses.

SHIMANSKY
A small boy, approximately 4'8",
was lodged-
(motioning to outline)
-somewhere in this area, for about
a screening and a half.

Devin removes his sunglasses and squats down to touch the
outline. He brings it to his nose.

DEVIN
Best guess is a buildup of multiple
soda spills that went unnoticed and
hardened.

SHIMANSKY
The perfect crime.

OSCAR
(rolling his eyes)
The kid ok?

DEVIN
The kid was sticky, but he's safe
with his parental units now.

OSCAR
So why isn't this cleaned up then?

SHIMANSKY
Well, the insurance company said
they may have to send someone.

OSCAR
Since when are you handling our
insurance?

SHIMANSKY
Our insurance?

DEVIN
Shimansky took out his own policy.

Shimansky's grin is in the dictionary next to "shit eating."

OSCAR
So you don't know where Alex is?

SHIMANSKY
That would be a negative, Big O.

DEVIN

I think you mean a positive?
Because we don't know where he is.

OSCAR

Just clean this shit up, please.

SHIMANSKY

(faux-salutes)
Roger roger Oscar, Bravo.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DAY

Alex walks back into the foyer of Royal Cinemas, looks up at the malfunctioning showtime display above the box office, and shakes his head.

Mr. Madovitch sits quietly on a bench waiting for his next feature. Alex waves, and he gestures back. Alex approaches concessions, where Izzy is stationed.

ALEX

Look at that, they finally did it.
Senior. Cast. Member. How does that
make you feel, Ms. Modi?

Alex points to Izzy's name tag.

IZZY

A fifteen cent raise with almost
all the responsibility of a
manager... living large, Mr.
Reilly.

ALEX

Don't call me that. Makes me feel
like my dad.

IZZY

I can call you Daddy instead, if
that's what you'd prefer.

ALEX

How do you have the same sense of
humor as my kid cousin?

Alex moves behind the counter and begins counting cups.

IZZY

Because I never grew up.

ALEX

Have you taken your break yet?

IZZY

Actually... I was hoping to get off early...

ALEX

What could possibly be more important than staying here and doing stock with me?

IZZY

Trying something that scares me.

ALEX

(looking at the empty lobby)

I guess that's a good answer. Have fun then, kid.

IZZY

Don't ever change, slick.

Izzy makes a finger gun and rushes away. Shimansky slams cash down on the counter.

SHIMANSKY

Bastard needs to learn baseball.

ALEX

I call 'em like I see 'em.

(grabs the cash)

Can I have my house key back?

SHIMANSKY

Haven't had time to make more copies yet.

ALEX

More?! What happened to the ones you made yesterday?

SHIMANSKY

Already passed out to a few lady friends!

ALEX

So how many copies of my front door key are floating around eastern Minnesota?

SHIMANSKY

Don't ask questions you don't want answers to.

Shimansky winks and walks away.

ALEX
You know I can change the locks,
right?

SHIMANSKY
(chuckling)
Yeah, but that would require effort
on your part.

Alex's face says "he's right" as his eyes connect with Mr. Madovitch, who shakes his head. Alex shrugs back.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM

Lea and Izzy shove various sex toys and fistfuls of condoms
into the pockets of hanging coats.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - HALLWAY - DUSK

Alex walks down the hallways, sounds from the films echoing through. At the end of the hall is Oscar, standing on a ladder, removing the smoke alarm.

OSCAR
The prodigal son returns.

ALEX
Wouldn't that mean I got to blow an
inheritance on a life of excess?

Oscar descends the ladder. He hands Alex a cigarette, puts one in his own mouth, and lights them both.

OSCAR
I was talking about the part where
you come back and beg for
forgiveness. The fuck you been for
like ninety percent of today?

ALEX
Is personal time a good excuse?

OSCAR
Not when you're on the clock!

ALEX
I know. I've been a piece of shit
lately.

Alex shakes his head as the men take a loooooooooong drag.

OSCAR
When I got you that promotion I
thought I was getting another one
on my team.

ALEX
Really, I'm sorry, Oscar.

OSCAR
It's fine. Just don't let it happen again.

An even loooooooooooooooooonger drag.

ALEX
Do you ever just lose track of time? Like... years?

OSCAR
Ha. Welcome to the grind, Reilly.

Oscar puts out his cigarette.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
I'm off now, but the new cans came late. Need you to finish loading them with Q.

ALEX
Ooo, I, uh, sort of had a date tonight in Minneapolis.

OSCAR
(chuckling)
A date? Good one. You owe me.

Oscar walks away. Alex sucks down the cigarette.

INT. DINER - DUSK

Hannah ignores her food as she finishes a Sharpie Tattoo on her arm, with the ever present earbud slyly in one ear. Claire sits across from her, at her breaking point.

CLAIRE
Hannah!

Claire stabs Hannah with her fork.

HANNAH
Ow! Jesus, I was thinking, you didn't need to stab me!

CLAIRE
Calm down, drama queen. Remind me why you didn't go into acting again?

HANNAH
(continues tattoo)
Because you gave it up.

CLAIRE

There's that nasty little habit of deflecting any conversation about yourself to someone else.

HANNAH

If everyone knows I'm going to do it why do you all still relentlessly question me?

CLAIRE

Come on Hannah, I saved your ass back home! Mom was going to ground you until you graduated!

HANNAH

I kind of wish she did.

CLAIRE

Why won't you talk to me anymore?

HANNAH

I hate small talk.

CLAIRE

Then let's do big talk.

HANNAH

(looks up)

I thought you wanted to eat...

CLAIRE

What happened with you and Sydney? I mean you told me about the test.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

...because if I knew I was going to be cornered into conversation I wouldn't have come.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're impossible.

HANNAH

I learned from the best.

CLAIRE

I was not as bad as you. At all.

HANNAH

The yelling matches you and Mom still have might disagree. I just run away.

Hannah takes a bite of food, smirks and gets up.

CLAIRE

And how is that better?

HANNAH

You got the check, right, sis?

Hannah exits frame. Claire throws her fork down.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM - DUSK

Alex enters the break room. In the corner, alone, is Lea.

ALEX

Lea can you-

She looks as if she's rolled around on a theater floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Woah, what happened to you?

LEA

The front of theater 3. It was a nightmare. Shimansky was supposed to come help me, but...

ALEX

Never count on Shimansky.

LEA (CONT'D)

Never count on Shimansky.

LEA (CONT'D)

Yea, tell me about it. What did you need?

ALEX

Nothing. I feel bad now.

LEA

It's ok, I'm here till nine anyway. Might as well help out a friend.

ALEX

Can you help Q finish loading the premieres then? They got here late.

He opens his wallet and grabs the money he won in the bet.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I have some ill-gotten winnings you can take in exchange.

LEA

You were in on that stall line, too?

ALEX

Yea. Wait, were you?

LEA

(taking money)

Yeah. I lost. Well, now I broke even.

ALEX
The over? Really?

LEA
A girl can dream, Alex.

ALEX
(chuckling)
Good night, Lea. And thanks again,
I appreciate it.

LEA
Night, Alex.

Alex grabs his coat from the coat rack and exits.

EXT. I-35 SOUTH - NIGHT

Alex drives his truck along the I-35 toward Minneapolis.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

Alex exits the freeway.

EXT. APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Alex pulls up to a modestly upscale apartment complex by the river.

EXT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Alex looks in the rearview, fiddles with his collar, primps a little. He gives up on fixing his tie, which looks abysmal.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex knocks on the door. It's opened by FELICITY (early 30s). She's all made up.

FELICITY
I'm just feeding Rocko, come in.

Alex smiles and follows her in. Felicity walks to the back of the apartment. Alex stands more confidently, slightly smug.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Alright. I'm good.

As she leans into Alex for a kiss, her hand falls on his pocket, and her face scrunches into a question mark.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

A blank-faced Alex drives through the night, alone.

EXT./INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex approaches the front door and sees a key left in the lock. He shakes his head and grabs it, entering the one bedroom apartment.

A queen-size mattress lies in front of the couch in the living room. Alex spies a sock on his door handle, the vague sound of Shimansky's romp coming from behind it. He rolls his eyes, takes off his coat and throws it on the couch.

A pile of condoms, two small vibrators, and a dildo fall out. He glares at them as he walks out of the room and sits down at his desk. He stares at the blinking cursor and sighs.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Hannah, having just fitted herself with her Royal Cinemas polo and nametag, looks at herself in the mirror. She slyly smiles, looks over at her empty "\$\$\$ To Camera" chart, slips in her earbuds, and slides out the window.

INT ROYAL CINEMAS - CONCESSIONS - DAY

The Foo Fighters song "Wind Up" plays through this montage.

Hannah loads popcorn for the first time with Shimansky and burns herself.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - KITCHEN - DAY

Hannah struggles to lift and reach a top soda that needs changing as Devin watches, "training her."

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - CONCESSIONS - DAY

Hannah carries a tray of sodas and popcorn back to a customer as she slips and collides with Lea.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

The jar fills up with her first paycheck. The graph gets 20%.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

Hannah stands by an empty trash can ready to clean a theater as large groups of guests leave a kids' movie, nearly all of them missing the empty can or continuing to pile the trash on the overflowing can.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BATHROOMS - DAY

Hannah and Izzy both tackle and utterly disgusting restroom.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 13

Hannah walks in on a couple having sex.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

The jar fills. The graph is at 30%.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 4

Hannah walks in on a couple having sex again.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

The jar fills. The graph is at 50%.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - HALLWAY

Hannah rounds a corner and finds a couple seemingly rounding third base in the hallway. She chases them away with a broom.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

The jar fills. The graph is at 75%

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - CONCESSIONS - DAY

Hannah effortlessly puts out a popper fire and completes a guests order. Shimansky and Devin take notice.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

The jar fills. The graph is at 85%. Hannah smirks.

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE - DAY

A pencil sticks into the ceiling as Alex tries to waste away his on-the-clock hours. His tie looks awful. Hannah opens the door and enters.

ALEX
(throwing a pencil)
Did you get to 12-

HANNAH
Yes, boss. I finished scrubbing the lobby floor with a toothbrush and did your laundry, too.

ALEX
Ha-ha.

HANNAH
You seem hard at work.

ALEX
Yes, you are interrupting an important study: which brand of #2 pencil stays in the ceiling longest.

HANNAH
My money is on the ones they give for the SAT's. Paychecks in yet?

ALEX
Some days I feel like that's the only reason you took the job.

Alex shuffles around his desk.

HANNAH
I saw the tile is still loose on the step out front.

ALEX
I didn't break it.

HANNAH
You didn't fix it. I almost died.

ALEX
That's awfully dramatic.

HANNAH
It would have been bad.

ALEX
I filed a work order with Javy. That's about the extent of my middle management powers.

HANNAH
That's a very middle management
answer.

ALEX
(hands her paycheck)
I keep telling you to lower your
expectations of me. This the one?

HANNAH
I hope so. Plan to pick up the
camera this weekend.

Oscar raps on the door.

OSCAR
(to Hannah)
Sup, Pip.
(to Alex)
Izzy and I are having a drink at
Brewers. Want in?

ALEX
I'm sort of busy O.

Oscar looks up to the pencils.

HANNAH
He is most definitely not. And I'm
down.

ALEX
You're not part of this discussion!

HANNAH
I clocked out five minutes ago,
boss. You're not a part of this
discussion. Brewers serves food til
11, don't they?

OSCAR
I have a feeling even if they
didn't you wouldn't care.

ALEX
Does my opinion not matter at all?!

INT. BAR - DUSK

The BARTENDER sets down a double shot in front of Izzy, a
beer in front of Oscar and a cocktail in front of Alex, then
a lemonade, revealing Hannah.

HANNAH
(to the Bartender)
Hi, yes, actually I wanted this
with vodka.

ALEX
(extending an arm)
No, she didn't. She's a minor. The
lemonade is fine.

HANNAH
You're no fun.

OSCAR
How you liking the gig, Pip?

HANNAH
It's been... a lot more life
experience than I thought two
months could give me.

IZZY
I'll drink to that.

She finishes her shot and signals for another.

OSCAR
Where are you thinking about
applying for college?

Hannah's face drops.

ALEX
Hannah doesn't like talking about
the future.

HANNAH
That's not true. I know what I
want. It just seems... impossible
to get there most days.

OSCAR
That's a bullshit position Pip.
You're more functional than half my
staff. Including this clown.

ALEX
Excuse me.

IZZY
Don't worry about college right
now, enjoy your senior year. You'll
have the rest of your life to
figure out the rest of your life.

ALEX
Real deep there, Plato.

IZZY
Hey, I only recently figured out
that I want to try stand up.

OSCAR
Comedy?

IZZY
Yes, asshole.

OSCAR
Please let me know when and where.

ALEX
Make that a plus two!

HANNAH
I think you'd be great.

IZZY
(smiling)
Thank you, Hannah.

The Bartender approaches Izzy.

BARTENDER
Lady over there bought you this.

The Bartender sets a whiskey in front of Izzy. Izzy smiles as she picks up her drink and stands up.

OSCAR
(drinks)
When did that stop being me? It's
like every woman under thirty got a
memo the day I turned forty.

IZZY
It's a brave new world, O; we're
all in a group chat, too. No one
uses memos, old man.

Izzy smirks at Oscar as she walks down the bar to the WOMAN.

OSCAR
And like Columbus you found it by
luck!

Izzy flips Oscar the bird.

ALEX
I gotta bounce. More schedules to
sort out. And a teenager to drop
off at home.

HANNAH
Don't blame your lack of game on
me.

OSCAR
She's growing on me.

Hannah sticks her tongue out.

ALEX
Let's go.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

Alex and Hannah walk to the car. Alex packs his cigarettes.

ALEX
What are you going to do after
graduation? Senior year... time to
start applying to schools...

HANNAH
Please don't.

ALEX
It's an important question, because
I certainly won't let you work here
after graduation. I will
legitimately fire you to make sure
you have a better life.

HANNAH
Gee thanks. Not putting any more
pressure on me.

ALEX
Ok - fuck everything - in a perfect
world, what do you want?

HANNAH
Do you still write?

ALEX
Are you a professional redirector?
Do they teach that in school now?

HANNAH
(stopping)
No really, I'm curious now. Do you
still write?

ALEX
(lights cigarette)
If I answer will you?

HANNAH

Sure.

ALEX

I try. Sometimes. It's hard.

HANNAH

You should. You were good... And I don't know! I want to go to film school. I saved up to buy this damn camera but it's just my dad...

ALEX

Your dad what?

HANNAH

He won't pay for it. He made that very clear. On multiple occasions. It's not a 'real degree'.

ALEX

So what the fuck are we doing all day then?

HANNAH

Right?!

ALEX

Los Angeles is literally a city full of twenty million people who practically only work in the entertainment industry. Or say they work in the entertainment industry. There are plenty of jobs... maybe not here but -

HANNAH

They're trying to do to me exactly what they did to Claire. Slowly grind it out of me.

ALEX

Don't say that. You're not Claire.

HANNAH

You sure? My mom would say otherwise. And my dad wants me to be a carbon copy of her.

ALEX

Claire wouldn't stay out past sunset until our senior year because she was worried about getting in trouble with your mom.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

You're sneaking out of the house
routinely and weren't you working
this job in secret until recently?
(Tosses car keys)
You'll be fine.

HANNAH

(catches)
Are you-

ALEX

We're like five minutes from your
house. You can handle it. And I
have been drinking, so it's the
responsible thing to do.

HANNAH

(opening the driver door)
So I can just-

ALEX

But, you have to promise to apply
to those schools. And when you get
in we'll figure out what to do, ok?

Hannah pulls up the seat and inserts the keys.

HANNAH

And I'll get to keep driving?

ALEX

Sure.

HANNAH

Fine. Only if you quit smoking.

ALEX

Ha. Good try. Drive.

Hannah starts the car. Alex turns up the radio, and the
chorus of "Hey, Johnny Park" plays as the car pulls away.

INT. WARWICK HOME - DUSK

Hannah enters to find another small gathering of Mrs.
Warwick's artistic friends/clients. She passes her father
blasting the game in the den.

INT. WARWICK HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hannah peeks into the kitchen and takes out an earbud.

STEPHEN

This is what you said you wanted,
Claire!

CLAIRE

No, I said I was fine with it. It's a big decision. How could you just make it without me?!

STEPHEN

Because I thought we already made the decision together. I'm trying to do what's best for us!

CLAIRE

I don't know how you thought that conversation meant that we were done with this and you could make a decision!

MRS. WARWICK

For Christ's sake, Claire, you're making a damn scene! Take your meltdown outside!

CLAIRE

Fuck, Mom, really? This is why I don't come back home!

Claire storms off.

STEPHEN

(following)

Claire!

Mrs. Warwick storms outside.

MRS. WARWICK

(loudly)

Don't worry, everything's fine. She's always so overdramatic when she's dealing with men.

MR. WARWICK

Keep it down out there!

Mr. Warwick turns up the TV.

The noise from the party and her father's TV all rise as the chaotic noises from the intro of Foo Fighters "My Poor Brain" play, and the camera slowly pushes in on Hannah until she pops in her earbuds as the song settles into the calm pop punk verse beat, and she exits frame.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DULUTH - NIGHT

Hannah walks around downtown Duluth, as if in her own music video, finally stopping in front of a tattoo parlor. She looks down at her sharpie tattoo, up at the sign, but then walks away.

EXT. BREWERS GARAGE - NIGHT

Hannah passes by Brewers, the bar & grill that doubles as a small music venue. An ALT ARTIST plays digital soundscapes to a mostly empty bar. Rain starts coming down slowly. She notices a flyer for a film festival in Minneapolis. First prize: \$25,000. She tucks it into her pocket.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - JAVY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An empty Five Hour Energy bottle sits next to two other capless bottles. JAVY (45), the general manager with an ever-present five o'clock shadow and bags under his eyes, pops an Adderall and presses a nicotine patch onto his arm.

Alex enters with a knock on the door. Javy slams his drawer labeled "stress relief" shut.

JAVY

Alex! My favorite manager! Sit sit sit sit!

ALEX

Hi, Javy. How are you?

JAVY

Me? I'm fine, I'm fine. You know. Besides corporate, who have me thinking I want to like -aarhhhg-

Javy mimes choking himself.

ALEX

Yeah, uh, that sounds, suffocating.

JAVY

I survive, though, Alex. I'm a survivor. I survive.
(leans in close)
You know Vivian took a run at my job?

ALEX

She did?

JAVY

(closer)
Because you two were close.

ALEX

I promise she did not tell me anything.

Javy gives Alex a once over, then smiles.

JAVY

Of course, of course. I have to trust you then, right, Alex? I can trust you with important tasks, right? Managerial duties?

ALEX

Of course. What do you need, Javy?

JAVY

I'm going to need you to do difficult things, Alex. Dirty things. Things that will make you feel very queasy. Things that keep you up at night, leaving you in cold sweats-

ALEX

Javy! What do you need?

JAVY

I need you to fire Lea.

ALEX

What? Lea?!

JAVY

Yes.

ALEX

But she's the best lead usher I have!

JAVY

Corporate wants me to fire, like, half the staff, ok?! There's no room to complain. It was either her or the new kid that you personally asked me to hire.

Alex looks pained.

JAVY (CONT'D)

But the new girl makes \$5.85, so she lives to see another day. Tough times make tough people. Are you a tough person, Alex?

ALEX

Sure Javy, I'll handle it.

JAVY

(grinning)
Excellent.

Alex breathes in-

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BOX OFFICE - NIGHT

-and breathes out.

LEA

(sobbing)

How could you do this to me?! You
know I need this job!

ALEX

I'm sorry, Lea! It's just a
downturn right now, overhead is
high, and-

LEA

Sorry? You're sorry? Why am I being
fired? Huh? I do what I'm asked.
I'm a good employee. Why not
Shimansky?

ALEX

Lea-

LEA

I covered his ass yesterday! Or
what about you? I covered for you,
too!!

ALEX

Lea, I'm really sorry!

LEA

You're not sorry! You're just
invested in you and your buddies,
so you chose to fire me instead!
You could have fired that new girl
you hired two months ago!

ALEX

Lea, this wasn't my call, Javy-

LEA

I'm fucking good at my job, Alex!

ALEX

(snapping)

It doesn't matter, Lea! You're
fired! People get hired and fired
from jobs every damn day! Get over
it!

LEA
(sobbing)
I thought we were friends, you
prick.

Alex reaches for his pack of cigarettes, reaching to put one
in his mouth.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The rain is a downpour as Alex finishes a cigarette outside.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex heaves his tired body through the door. He falls onto
his sofa. He opens a jar on the table. One vibrator, the
dildo, and half the condoms remain.

ALEX
(chuckles)
Shimansky.

He stares over at the computer and groans. His phone rings.

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Hannah kicks a rock down an underground skyway tunnel, her
ear to a payphone.

HANNAH
Alex?

INTERCUT:

ALEX
Hannah? I thought you said your mom
was having a party tonight.

HANNAH
Yea but then my house sort of
became another episode of Real
World: Duluth.

ALEX
What happened?

HANNAH
I don't know. Claire was back home
visiting and had some big blow up
with Stephen.

ALEX

Really?

HANNAH

Yeah. And then Mom kept making it worse and started screaming at Claire. She ended up leaving. And I kind of followed right after.

ALEX

Shit. I'm sorry Pip. You all good otherwise?

HANNAH

Yeah. I'm fine. Just bored and want a tattoo but no one will give me one.

ALEX

Soon.

HANNAH

It's no fun, I have a job but nothing to spend money on.

ALEX

Enjoy that while it lasts... for the record, would you happen to know where Claire went?

HANNAH

Not a clue. Stephen couldn't find her either.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

A sea of umbrellas covers the street. One umbrella lifts and reveals Alex looking at the diner. He spots Claire in the window, her standard seat at the diner. She doesn't see him.

Alex moves his umbrella in front of himself as cover from her, leaving himself vulnerable to the rain. He closes his eyes, breathing heavy. He gets up to the door, stops, and turns to walk away, but then collapses his umbrella.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Alex pushes through the door and makes eye contact with SHANNON (40), the lone waitress. They nod familiarly as she takes a cup of coffee to Claire. She doubles back to Alex.

SHANNON

Been a while, Alex. The usual?

ALEX
Thanks, Shannon.

SHANNON
Good luck.

Alex moves toward Claire, who faces away. He sits in the empty booth directly behind her. Claire sips her coffee. Alex leans back and tries to disguise his voice.

ALEX
I know this might sound crazy, but you look like a smart woman. And I could use some advice.

Beat. Claire's head raises.

CLAIRE
Uhm, OK.

ALEX
See, I'm a little nervous about talking to this girl, and I was wondering what you'd say.

Claire looks back. Alex hides his head.

CLAIRE
Look, my dude, whoever you are, this is very cute, but I've seen this before. Thanks for playing.

Beat. Alex slowly pops up.

ALEX
Ok, no bullshit. Please, just give a guy advice. See, I want to marry this girl...

CLAIRE
Ever thought of talking to her?

ALEX
If you insist.

Alex steps out of his booth and stands over Claire.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hi.

Claire looks up and does a double-take.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Can I sit or uh-?

CLAIRE
You still come here?

ALEX
Been a while, but yeah, sort of in
my neighborhood.

CLAIRE
Then welcome back.

Alex smiles and sits across from Claire. Shirley comes with
Alex's coffee.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I feel like I should be more
worried about why you're here. But,
I'm not.

ALEX
Hannah talk much?

CLAIRE
No. I know she's been hanging
around the theater a lot.

ALEX
She didn't tell you?

CLAIRE
Tell me what?

ALEX
I can't-

CLAIRE
(punches Alex's shoulder)
Tell me what about my baby sister,
Alex?

ALEX
Relax! I just gave her a job. Jeez.

CLAIRE
You what!?

ALEX
Maybe she didn't tell you because
she thought you'd be upset.

CLAIRE
And why would she think that?!

ALEX
I mean, you seem a little upset.

CLAIRE
I'm not upset, I'm just...
surprised.

ALEX

Hey, I was only her sister's goofy boyfriend... who influenced her favorite music, movies, and bought her Grand Theft Auto when your mom wouldn't. Don't take it personally that she likes me better.

CLAIRE

(chuckles)

Oh yes, how could I forget, Alex Reilly, the pinnacle of responsibility.

ALEX

It's easy to make kids like you when you're not concerned with their well-being.

(sips coffee)

But, why don't we cut to the chase.

CLAIRE

The chase?

ALEX

Yes. Someone told me you ran off tonight. And no one knew where you were.

CLAIRE

And because you did I should reward you with something? Is that what's happening here?

Alex raises his hands in defense.

ALEX

Hey, don't bite. I'm just a... concerned third party.

Claire leans back in the booth.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I mean words are sort of what our relationship has been based on aren't they?

CLAIRE

(eyeing Alex)

I guess... uh, Stephen, my boyfriend... accepted a promotion that would take us out of state. Pacific Northwest. Sometime before Christmas. And I'm just thinking of everything that comes along with that.

ALEX

That?

CLAIRE

You know, moving farther than a few hour car trip away from family. Finding some stable, life-long career. Getting married. Having kids. I'm staring down the potential rest of my life. It came so fast, and it's... intimidating.

ALEX

Do you love him?

CLAIRE

Yes. Why?

ALEX

If you didn't love him, then you'd have a real reason to be here.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah? Is that how this works doctor?

ALEX

Hey, at least it sounds like your life is pretty figured out minus some minor details. I'm cleaning up puke on a more consistent basis than I'm making serious life progress. Or getting laid.

CLAIRE

(chuckling)

So I'm being silly then? Is that it? Is my mom right?

ALEX

No. You're being.

CLAIRE

How deep of you, Alex.

ALEX

Blowing something that otherwise seems good into pieces over something small and insignificant is a very you thing, Claire.

CLAIRE

And things were going so well.

Alex stands up and leans on the table.

ALEX
Look, Claire, just please go home soon, and get there safe. Hannah seemed really worried about you.

Alex turns to walk away.

CLAIRE
Lane's music store closed. All these streaming services finally killed it. Do you remember?

Alex's turns back. He nods.

ALEX
I remember.

EXT. LANE'S MUSIC STORE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It's another drizzly evening. Late Teens Alex wears jeans and a flannel over a Foo Fighters shirt. Through the window pane of a music store he sees LATE TEENS CLAIRE.

INT. LANE'S MUSIC STORE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Late Teens Alex browses through records on one side of the wall, while Late Teens Claire is on the other.

ALEX
Can I ask you a question?

Claire startles.

CLAIRE
Uh. Sure. Shoot.

ALEX
Is that for you or someone else?

CLAIRE
Why?

ALEX
I want to know if this is a self-harm situation or if you're planning to harm someone later.

Claire steps out from the aisle to look for her accoster.

CLAIRE
Well, if you must know, it's for my little sister.

ALEX
Do you want to make her ears bleed?

CLAIRE

Her birthday is coming up, smart
ass, and I wanted to expand her
musical horizons from Hannah
Montana.

ALEX

With -
(clears throat)
Forgive Me.

CLAIRE

Please don't.

ALEX

But I'm helping you see the error
of your ways.

CLAIRE

The error of my ways?

ALEX

I see you in the window, right?
With that Creed album in your hand,
and admittedly it took me a second
to find the balls to come help, but
- what was your name again?

CLAIRE

Claire.

ALEX

But, Claire, there's still time.
It's not too late. We can save your
kid sister from whatever terrible
tastes you have in music.

CLAIRE

I like Creed. They're catchy.

ALEX

(looks away)
Maybe I am too late.

CLAIRE

Okay, Mr. Impeccable Taste, please,
what would you buy my sister?

Alex looks through the shelf. He confidently picks out a Foo
Fighters album: "The Colour and the Shape" and hands it over.

ALEX

This thing has gotten me through my
best days and my worst days, and it
kinda makes me feel like anything
is possible.

Claire inspects the album.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'll make a bet with you.

CLAIRE
This should be good.

ALEX
I'll buy the Foo Fighters album,
you buy the Creed album, and then
you give your sister both and ask
which she likes better. If you win,
I vanish from your existence. If I
win, we do dinner and you pay me
back for my purchase.

CLAIRE
I need to run some quality control
first. Pick a track. If I like it,
how about you pay for both albums?

Claire cocks her head and grins.

ALEX
Fine. But this is just \$30 you'll
owe me in the future.

Alex goes to the listening station with the CD, he starts
playing "Up In Arms" by Foo Fighters. *"The rain is here, and
you my dear, are still my friend."* Claire looks over at a
smirking Alex and returns the smile.

INT. DINER - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Claire and Alex stand at the entrance. Shannon stacks menus,
watching. The rain is still pouring down.

CLAIRE
Well this was... nice. I think.

ALEX
Til next time.

They make brief eye contact before Claire turns away. Shannon
watches nervously as Claire leaves. Alex stands motionless.

SHANNON
How'd it go?

ALEX
(sighs)
If love doesn't win, the terrorists
do, Shannon.

Shannon cocks her head as Alex chuckles and departs.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Hannah smiles as she tears down her camera chart and puts up a new one, "Money for a Car" near the bottom (\$2,500), and "College Fund" (\$25,000) near the top. She looks over at the camera she bought from the antique store on her shelf, smiles, and grabs it as she walks out in her work uniform.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - MORNING

Javy ascends the steps to the Royal, eyes bloodshot. The end-of-summer morning sun already bright in the sky. He slaps a nicotine patch on an arm full of patches.

He pops an Adderall and spots Devin playing with the loose tile on the stairs, the one Hannah slipped on. He prepares some spackle. Javy stands over him shaking his head.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

Hannah rounds the corner with her camcorder as Shimansky and Devin are playing a game of SodaBall (i.e. 'Basketball' using leftover sodas as the 'ball' and a garbage can as the 'basket') from the top rows of the theater. Devin shoots and scores one large soda to the trash can down below.

DEVIN

Five points, count it!

SHIMANSKY

No, five points is only the top two rows. I'm still up by one.

DEVIN

We need to write these rules down.

SHIMANSKY

(motioning to head)

Nah, they're all up here.

(spotting Hannah)

Hey! Finally got the camera!

DEVIN

Nice! Congrats, Pip!

SHIMANSKY

Make sure you get this game-winning shot.

Shimansky fades away and sinks the shot and celebrates.

HANNAH

Impressive, certainly. But I was looking for more B-Roll of you doing your actual jobs.

SHIMANSKY

Is the theater not being cleaned?

DEVIN

You need to ush more. Alex has you
all concession brained.

The pair are now on the floor with Hannah and begin wheeling
the garbage cans out of the theater.

HANNAH

Speaking of Alex, have you seen
him? I wanted to ask him some
questions.

DEVIN

He's in his cave.

SHIMANSKY

(raising his eyebrows)
Make sure you knock first.

Hannah looks confused at his inference. He keeps raising his
eyebrows, as her face says, "WTF?" He waits for her to get
it, eyebrows dancing, but she doesn't - she just rolls her
eyes and walks away.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ALEX'S OFFICE

Hannah's smile beams as she sets up her new camera.

HANNAH

Can you please just sit down for
me? What crawled up your ass?

Hannah adjusts the tripod.

ALEX

So you're one of those directors
huh?

Hannah glares and messes with the camera settings.

ALEX (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(sitting down)
School starts next week. You got
your prize. Should I expect your
resignation soon?

HANNAH

Ha. Not a chance. The camera is the
start. I need a car. And then I'm
going to need money for college.
Since my dad is still being a hard
ass about the whole thing.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(presses button)
Alright, we're rolling.

ALEX
Rolling? What? I don't remember
agreeing to any on camera work!

HANNAH
Come on. It'll take two seconds.

ALEX
Ok fine, but my appearance fee is
coming out of your paycheck.

HANNAH
Ha-ha. Have you ever thought about
trying stand up?

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Izzy stands alone in the break room. She's set up several
empty seats in front of her.

IZZY
I think the best time to break up
with a man is during sex. You wait
until he's just right there, you
know, give or take ten seconds.
Then just spill it. "We're done."
"It's over." "I fucking hate you."

Hannah slowly opens the door and records through the cracks,
keeping her laughs to herself.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Whatever suits your specific
relationship bullshit. Half the
time, he'll finish as soon as the
words come out of your mouth. And
then he's in a great mood as you
walk out of his life... forever.

Hannah can't hold it in anymore and Izzy yelps.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I didn't think anyone was in here!

HANNAH
(hiding camera)
Well now you can say you've done it
in front of someone. And it was
great!

IZZY

I might go up at Jocelyn's in Minneapolis on Friday. But I'm terrified.

HANNAH

Sorry for interrupting. I'll go finish my break watching "Superbad" for the tenth time. Maybe I'll see you at Jocelyn's on Friday.

IZZY

It's a 21-and-over club, kid. Otherwise I'd drive you up there.

HANNAH

(Quoting: "Superbad")
Chicka chicka yeah, fake I.D.

Hannah winks and exits as Izzy shakes her head.

IZZY

You're crazy.
(performing)
So. Let's talk about how absolutely terrifying childbirth is.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY - DAY

Shimansky watches an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN buy concessions from Hannah. He looks at her dreamily, leaning against his mop. Mr. Madovitch sits beside him and whispers into his ear.

SHIMANSKY

I prefer my dating tips from men who can still get it up. Beat it, gramps.

Mr. Madovitch makes a face and walks away when he spots Sydney heading towards Hannah's concessions line. His face grows concerned.

HANNAH

(barely looking up)
Welcome to Royal Cinemas may I interest you in- *Sydney*?

SYDNEY

Hi, Hannah.

HANNAH

Hi, uh, what do you want?

SYDNEY

Can we talk?

HANNAH
About your order? Certainly.

SYDNEY
Come on Hannah, you've been
avoiding me for over two months.

HANNAH
Sorry sir-
(louder)
I don't think we serve that here.
Especially not right now.

Sydney pauses, bites his tongue, then rolls his eyes and walks away. Hannah grunts in a mix of satisfaction and dissatisfaction simultaneously. She watches him head towards the doors when Mr. Madovitch intercepts and whispers something in his ear. He turns around and heads back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Madovitch no!

SYDNEY
Can I have a large popcorn, box of
M&M's, and a coke icee?

HANNAH
(smirks)
Oh really? And is there a reason
you would want those specific
items?

SYDNEY
I thought we had to keep things
business related. That is my order.

Hannah continues her smirk and starts compiling his order. Sydney looks over to Madovitch who gives him a thumbs up.

HANNAH
Ok, sir, that'll be \$12.25.

Sydney takes out his card. Hannah grabs it and swipes it, eyeing him and then Madovitch off in the corner.

SYDNEY
(grabbing card)
Thank you, ma'am. Have a good day.

Sydney grabs the items and shuffles a few feet over to an empty register. He puts the items back on the counter and 'arranges them'.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
(gestures)
For you.

HANNAH
That's it?

SYDNEY
I'm just trying to show some
affection and appreciation for you.
As advised to me. I miss you.

Hannah stands frozen. Sydney takes a beat and then turns and walks away. He makes eye contact with Madovitch and shrugs. Hannah notices Izzy sweeping across the lobby.

HANNAH
(O.S.)
Sydney.

His eyes beam. Madovitch gives him a thumbs up as he turns around.

SYDNEY
Yes?

HANNAH
You still have a car, right?

SYDNEY
Certainly do.

HANNAH
You can take me to Minneapolis on
Friday night. I need a ride.

SYDNEY
I'm there.

HANNAH
Pick me up at my house. 6 PM.

SYDNEY
6 PM. Your house. Done.

HANNAH
And you're paying for everything.

SYDNEY
(smirks)
Aren't you the one with the job?

HANNAH
Those are the terms buddy. Take it
or leave it.

SYDNEY
Taken. I'll see you Friday.

Sydney walks away beaming, and runs up to Madovitch giving up a big hug.

Shimansky leans from concessions and nearly falls. He looks around, confused, and takes a few steps towards Madovitch. He pauses. His face becomes cheerful as he approaches.

SHIMANSKY

Hi, Mr. Madovitch. I just wanted to ask you-

Madovitch turns his nose in the air and walks away. Shimansky freezes, then he nods in agreement and walks the other way.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah has lightly dolled herself up. Moreso than usual, but the regular band t-shirt and jeans remain.

EXT. WARWICK HOME - NIGHT

Sydney pulls up. Hannah waits at the curb.

SYDNEY

You look nice.

HANNAH

Ok, laying some ground rules right now.

(getting in car)

No needless compliments, no questions about us, and no physical contact. Just music until we get there.

SYDNEY

Do you need my signature on a terms sheet somewhere?

HANNAH

Ha. Ha. Drive.

SYDNEY

Trying to lighten to mood...

EXT. DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shots of Sydney and Hannah driving through Downtown Minneapolis, arriving at Jocelyn's.

EXT. JOCELYN'S CLUB - NIGHT

A line ropes through the street for entrance into a trendy club in Minneapolis.

Hannah notices a SEXY WOMAN in a flashy thigh high red dress near the front, whispering something to her typical CLUB BOYFRIEND before cutting the line. The two high schoolers stand out among the older crowd around them.

SYDNEY
Isn't this a 21 and over club? Are we even supposed to be here?

HANNAH
Relax, Dante.

Hannah leaves him and makes her way toward the entrance. The BOUNCER, a large man, sees her poking her head around the front and gives her a stern look.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Hey, I was here last night and left something-

BOUNCER
(chuckles)
Beat it kid.

The bouncer ushers in the woman in the red dress. Hannah sneers and walks back to Sydney.

SYDNEY
Didn't you say you knew someone here tonight?

HANNAH
Hush, child.

Hannah goes up to the Club Boyfriend.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Your girlfriend was the blonde in the trappy red dress, right?

CLUB BOYFRIEND
Uh, excuse me?

HANNAH
I was walking up to ask about using the bathroom, and I saw the skeevy bouncer make some chick in a thigh high red dress flash her tits to get in. I mean, IDGAF, but thought I saw you talking to her.

Hannah motions to the Bouncer.

CLUB BOYFRIEND
Hey you fucking perv!

Club Boyfriend rages out, pushing forward to brawl with the Bouncer. Hannah trails behind the commotion and walks through the door. A gape-jawed Sydney follows.

INT. JOCELYN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Hannah peeks over the crowded club, searching. Sydney bumps into people, uncomfortably following Hannah. A WAITRESS hands him a menu.

SYDNEY
The prices here are criminal!

HANNAH
You agreed to the conditions buddy.
I'll have the bacon wrapped fillet
mignon, rare.

SYDNEY
I guess I'll just... even water is
four dollars!

Hannah spots Izzy heading backstage.

HANNAH
I'll be right back.

INT. JOCELYN'S CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Hannah approaches Izzy. She's nervous, jutting around.

HANNAH
Hey you.

IZZY
Hannah?! How... Why?

HANNAH
I wanted to wish you good luck.

Izzy shrugs and tugs at a necklace, revealing a rabbit's foot under her shirt.

IZZY
I'm trying everything.

HANNAH
How about some advice then?

IZZY
You're seventeen. Astonish me.

HANNAH
I think your dreams are worth
fighting for.

IZZY

That it?

HANNAH

That's it.

IZZY

You're amazeballs.

Izzy hugs Hannah.

M.C. (O.S.)

Next up, give a big, warm Jocelyn's
welcome to Izzy Modi!

HANNAH

You're gonna kill it!

Hannah pulls out her camera from her bag and smiles big at
her friend as she heads onstage-

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Hannah's face is uneasy as she walks back to the car a few
paces ahead of Sydney.

SYDNEY

Hannah can you slow down for a
second? Was I that bad tonight?
Because you were amazing.

HANNAH

No Sydney, you were fine, but I
thought we agreed not to talk about
it.

SYDNEY

I don't even think I know what "it"
is anymore!

HANNAH

(turning around)

You know what "it" is! The subtext
to this whole night around you and
me. And I really don't want to ruin
a good night by talking about it.

SYDNEY

So you broke up with me two months
ago, never told me why, and now I'm
the bad guy for just wanting an
answer?! Literally any answer,
Hannah!

HANNAH

I got freaked out, ok?! Things were moving so fast and - ugh, I said I don't want to talk about it, ok?!

SYDNEY

Clearly, but I have a right to know!

HANNAH

A right?! Why do I have to explain myself to you? I did what I did at the time because that's what I felt I needed to do. If you care about me, that should be enough for you.

Hannah walks away.

SYDNEY

Seriously, Hannah?
(following her)
I drove us all the way up here. I paid for dinner. An expensive dinner! Don't I at least deserve an explanation?

HANNAH

(whipping around)
Oh so that's what this was to you then?! A transaction?

SYDNEY

No, that's not what I meant - ergh - I was trying to say-

HANNAH

Do you really think pressing me on this is going to help?! - it's about more than this - you're not letting me -

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(walking away)
I'm just going to have Izzy take me home, ok? Goodnight, Sydney.

SYDNEY

Hannah, please, give me one second -

He reaches to turn her around and she responds with a full handed slap across his face that wastes no surface area. She turns around and smiles, satisfied, as she walks back toward the club. Sydney stands in shock, then chuckles and smiles.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You know I heard that new Foo Fighters song the other day. *"What if I say I'm not like the others, what if I say I'm not just another one."* It's on the radio all the damn time now.

Hannah stops.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
And I not only immediately thought
of you when I heard it, but I knew
you loved it.

Hannah smiles, still not facing him.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
That's the thing Hannah, you've
become this virus in my brain. I
see you everywhere. I can't get you
out of my mind. Every Foo Fighters
song I hear. Fuck, most music in
general. Like all the movies.

Hannah looks at him over her shoulder.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
I don't even care about why you
broke up with me a few months ago
anymore. That's not why I have been
relentlessly trying to put myself
back in your life. I've been doing
all this because I needed to tell
you I still love you and haven't
stopped thinking about you. And
there's something so
unapologetically authentic about
who you are, it kills me that I'm
not spending time with you.

Hannah smiles, turns around completely, and takes a beat.

HANNAH
If love doesn't win, the terrorists
do, Sydney. Remember that.

Sydney furrows his brow as Hannah walks away.

SYDNEY
What? What does that even mean?!

HANNAH
Means I'll see you around, kid.

Hannah winks at him and smirks before walking back toward the club. Sydney squints and doesn't take his gaze off her. He grabs his red cheek and smiles.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex taps his foot sitting in front of the computer screen, messing with the font in Final Draft.

He glances back at his phone anxiously. A naked Shimansky comes out of the bedroom and goes to the coffee table to grab another set of condoms.

SHIMANSKY
You're almost out. Gonna have to order more.

ALEX
Those weren't mine.

Shimansky doubles back and grabs a dildo.

SHIMANSKY
When in Rome...

Alex shakes his head as Shimansky trots back into the room.

ALEX
At least someone's using them.

Alex hears some noises coming from the bedroom, picks up his phone and heads towards the door.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Screw it.

INT. WARWICK HOME - SAME TIME

Mr. Warwick answers the home phone.

MR. WARWICK
Warwick residence.

INTERCUT: Alex outside his apartment.

ALEX
Mr. Warwick? This is Alex. Alex Reilly, sir.

MR. WARWICK
(beat)
Alex? Good God, son, it's been a while. What are you calling about?

ALEX
Well, you know Hannah has been working at Royal this summer and-

MR. WARWICK
You still work there, too?

ALEX
Hah, yeah. I still work there.

MR. WARWICK

Don't misunderstand me, I respect... you always seemed like a smart guy to me... but I didn't think you could eat shit, Alex.

ALEX

I, uh, yeah, I didn't think so either, Mr. Warwick.

MR. WARWICK

(long beat)

Ahem.

ALEX

Look, I can't blame you if you're a little surprised or off-put, but I've kind of struck up a friendship with Hannah. I guess I've tried to be a sort of big brother or mentor figure or... whatever. I know she had a date tonight and was just wondering if she's back yet.

MR. WARWICK

Oh yes. Rosie was over the moon she had a date again.

ALEX

And you?

MR. WARWICK

I needed a son.

Mr. Warwick puts the phone to his chest, doesn't get up.

MR. WARWICK (CONT'D)

Hannah! You have a call!

Hannah saunters into the den.

HANNAH

Who?

MR. WARWICK

Alex. You know, Claire's old squeeze.

HANNAH

Thanks, Dad.

Hannah takes the phone and we follow her back to her room.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Alex?

ALEX
Hey Pip, how was tonight?

HANNAH
(beat)
Do you believe people deserve second chances? Like, no matter how badly someone fucked up, and I mean like, really bad, maybe it doesn't mean they're a shitty person?

ALEX
(chuckling)
I kind of have to, don't I?

HANNAH
(smiling)
Yeah. I guess I do too.

EXT. WARWICK HOME - NIGHT

Snow sprinkles down as the Christmas lights from Hannah's house illuminate her street.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah gets ready in the mirror singing along to the poppy Foo Fighters song "See You." She is dressing up more formally than we have ever seen her before. Hair done with a full face of makeup. The same soft smile she has when she's holding a camera creeps across her face as she does a final check.

EXT. WARWICK HOME - NIGHT

Sydney's car pulls up. Hannah jubilantly gets in and greets him with a kiss.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Hannah and Sydney sprint up the steps to The Royal. At the top, Hannah pulls Sydney away from the loose step. Sydney laughs as he sees how loose and wobbly it is. The line at the box office is massive. Hannah leads Sydney past it unobstructed and waves at Izzy.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - CONTINUOUS

The theater is a madhouse of activity. ADULTS and CHILDREN everywhere, the busiest we've seen it to date. Hannah leads Sydney through the crowd, leaving him at concessions to approach an exasperated Alex.

HANNAH
Merry Christmas!

ALEX
I don't know whose idea it was to
make seeing movies a Christmas
thing, but fuck them.

Hannah slaps his shoulder. She starts fixing his tie.

HANNAH
You're welcome.

ALEX
You mean you're welcome. You're
only not working tonight because I
wanted to punish Shimansky.

HANNAH
(finishing his tie)
Oh shut up. You know you love me.

ALEX
So what's on deck tonight?

HANNAH
The Wrestler.

Alex leans around Hannah and looks at Sydney.

ALEX
He's into that?

HANNAH
(smirking)
I told him it was a WWE film.

ALEX
(smirking back)
I'm proud of you, you know that?

HANNAH
Why?

ALEX
You look like a seventeen-year-old.

HANNAH
What's that mean?

ALEX
You'll know when you're older.

HANNAH
You need a new line.

Hannah makes the same goofy face Alex used to make at her and returns to Sydney. Alex smiles for a brief moment before a CUSTOMER yells at him from the self serve butter station.

CUSTOMER 1
Hey! You're out of butter over
here! Can you please get on it,
stat? My movie's about to start.

Alex's face loses its brief luster.

JAVY
(over radio)
Alex, lines at concessions are too
long. Can you pull some Ushers
please?

ALEX
(mumbles)
Shimansky.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

A NERVOUS MAN (40s) paces manically outside. He looks up at the roof of Royal.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Shimansky and Devin have opened and laid out a large square footage of black garbage bags, essentially lining a path on the theater floor. They each are lined up on opposite ends with a pouch of theater butter (essentially oil) that has been drained over the bag.

SHIMANSKY
3...2...1.... joust!

Shimansky and Devin run at each other and then slide using the children's booster seats 'jousting' with their brooms. Shimansky knocks Devin off.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)
The king remains atop the throne!

ALEX (O.S.)
Are you serious right now,
Shimansky?!

SHIMANSKY
What? You want to challenge me?

DEVIN
(rubbing shoulder)
Don't. It hurts.

ALEX

I have been calling you for backup
at concessions for the last ten
minutes and then had to run around
to find you!

SHIMANSKY

(checks side)

Whoops. Radio was off.

(clicks on)

Problem solved. What's up, boss?

ALEX

I can't even fucking do this with
you, Shimansky. Not tonight. Clean
this shit up, and then go help Q
load in the new digital projectors.
Devin, you're going back to
concessions with me.

DEVIN

Copy that, boss.

ALEX

Bring the butter.

DEVIN

There's not much-

ALEX

Bring. The. Butter.

Alex storms off.

DEVIN

Dude needs to get laid or
something.

SHIMANSKY

Sort of hard for him to do without
a bed.

DEVIN

Oh you're bad.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - CONCESSIONS - NIGHT

The lines have died down as Alex counts money at a register.

OSCAR (O.S.)

Jesus, Reilly, really?!

Oscar approaches and points at Devin.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Your ass should be over at six.
It's getting out now.

DEVIN
He made me.

Devin scurries away.

ALEX
Really?

Oscar
That sure as shit doesn't sound
like "I'm sorry, Oscar."

ALEX
For what? Doing my job?

OSCAR
You poached my ushers! And you
didn't even ask! You know how much
I hate that!

ALEX
You mean your two ushers who were
screwing around while I was
drowning back here on our busiest
day of the year?

OSCAR
Jesus you're starting to sound just
like him!

ALEX
Are you really blowing up at me
over this?!

OSCAR
It's not just about this! It's
about all the little shit just like
this since you fired Lea!

ALEX
You keep acting like that was my
decision! Javy made me do it!

OSCAR
Javy didn't make you do shit! You
don't think that prick has asked me
to fire people before?

ALEX	OSCAR (CONT'D)
He would have done it anyway!	Do you want to know what I
	told him?

OSCAR (CONT'D)
I told him to fuck off! You became his hitman, Reilly! And it sounds like you keep fucking doing it!!

ALEX
Whatever man, I'm just trying to keep the position you recommended me for.

OSCAR
Don't remind me.

Oscar exits. Alex looks like he has a migraine.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

Shimansky plays around with the projector settings, headphones on, with an annoyed look on his face. Q looks at him sternly.

Q
(Quoting: *Sixteen Candles*)
Would you stop feeling sorry for yourself? It's bad for your complexion.

Shimansky shifts one muff off his ear.

SHIMANSKY
Uhhh, hold on, I think I know this one... "Breakfast Club"?

Q glares at him. Shimansky presses another button, the projector shuts off.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)
That wasn't my fault.

Q brushes him aside.

Q
(Quoting: *Jaws*)
It proves that you wealthy college boys don't have the education enough to admit you're wrong.

Q shoos him away.

SHIMANSKY
I don't know what movie that is, but I'm definitely not wealthy nor did I attend college. Sooooo.

Q continues pointing toward the door. Shimansky takes the hint.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)
Ok ok. Just make sure to quote
something that tells Alex you made
me leave.

Q shakes his head and fiddles with the projector.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The glow from the movie reflects across Hannah's and Sydney's smiling faces. The screening abruptly shuts off, and the lights come on. Confused Customers look around.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Alex finishes counting cash as a couple Customers walk up.

CUSTOMER 2
Hey, theater two just stopped.

CUSTOMER 3
Yeah, so did theater seven.

ALEX
(to radio)
Shimansky, what's going on up
there?
(to customers)
We'll get right on it.

IZZY
(over radio)
Uhh, Alex. I'm gonna need you
outside. Like stat.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ROOF - NIGHT

Shimansky is on the roof smoking a joint when he starts to hear a growing murmur. He slowly round the corner when he see's a NERVOUS MAN on the ledge of the roof.

SHIMANSKY
Great. Once again, Shimansky has to
save the day.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Alex walks up to Izzy among the growing crowd. She points to the roof.

ALEX
Have the police been called?

IZZY
I think Javy did.

A frantic Javy bursts through the entrance doors.

JAVY
Did he jump yet? Our liability only
extends to the sidewalk! If he
lands on the street the city has to
clean him up!

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - PROJECTIONS - NIGHT

Shimansky bursts into the room.

SHIMANSKY
Q! there's a guy on the roof! He's
gonna jump!

Q looks over and seems uninterested.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)
I'm serious!

Q gives him another glare.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)
"Lethal Weapon"?!

Q's eyes go wide.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ROOF - NIGHT

Q kicks open the door and appears on the roof to approach the
Nervous Man.

Q
(Quoting: *Lethal Weapon*)
*You're not the first guy to think
of this you know? A lot of people
have got problems, especially
during the silly season.*

NERVOUS MAN
It's my life!

Q
(Quoting: *Lethal Weapon*)
*I know that. It's not like you're
murdering anyone or anything.*

NERVOUS MAN
That's ri- exactly! Now leave!

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - SAME TIME

Izzy and Alex look up in wonder.

IZZY
Do you think he's doing "Lethal
Weapon"?

ALEX
Is that really what's going through
your head right now?

IZZY
It's a reasonable question!

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ROOF - SAME TIME

Q takes another step toward the Nervous Man.

Q
(Quoting: *Lethal Weapon*)
*Come on. Give me a break, will ya,
guy? My boss is down there, and
he's watching us, and I gotta make
it look at least like I'm trying to
save you. Come on, I'm just going
to stand here and talk to you.
That's all.*

The Nervous Man recoils from Q. He moves closer to the ledge.
Q rushes and locks arms with him.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Alex spots Hannah and Sydney in the growing crowd.

IZZY
That's definitely "Lethal Weapon."

ALEX
Jesus Christ.

Alex lights a cigarette.

JAVY
No, no interaction! The liability!

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ROOF - NIGHT

Q and the Nervous Man rock back and forth on the ledge.

Q
 (Quoting: *Lethal Weapon*)
*Now, you can jump if you want to,
 but you'll be taking me with you,
 and that makes you a murderer.*

Q looks behind him.

SHIMANSKY
 I got you buddy.

Shimansky helps grab the pair as Q throws himself backwards.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LATER

Ambulances and police cruisers light up the street red and white and blue.

SYDNEY
 Could have been a lot worse, right?

ALEX
 I never doubted him.

HANNAH
 I still can't believe it.

ALEX
 He's giving an interview to Channel
 Five right now, but I don't think
 they understand what's going on.

Alex points over to Q talking to a confused reporter with Shimansky trying to interpret. Hannah chuckles before her expression turns.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
 Thank God. Thank you, God.

Claire bear-hugs Hannah.

HANNAH
 Did you really think it was me you
 worry wart?

CLAIRE
 Let's go home, okay? Mom heard
 sirens and is worried sick.

ALEX
 (elbows Sydney)
 Actually, I think Sydney and Hannah
 were going somewhere-
 (whispers to Sydney)
 Right?

SYDNEY
Um yeah, right!
(to Hannah)
Right?

CLAIRE
It's Christmas Eve! Where else were
you two going to go?

SYDNEY
Well, I-

HANNAH
To Cook County, to see the northern
lights over the lake.

ALEX
I heard it's going to be beautiful
tonight.

Hannah snickers.

CLAIRE
It's like two hours away! Just go
to Bentleyville!

ALEX
More like an hour and a half if you
stop pestering them! It's a
spiritual experience, Claire.

Hannah kisses Claire on the cheek and walks over to Sydney.
Alex looks over his shoulder at her and winks. She winks
back.

CLAIRE
And what am I supposed to tell Mom?

HANNAH
That the movie restarted, duh.

Claire shakes her head and chuckles.

CLAIRE
Who even are you anymore?

HANNAH
Love you, too.

Hannah leads Sydney away. Alex looks at Claire and shrugs.

ALEX
Kids, right?

CLAIRE
Goodnight, Alex.

ALEX
Did we really do that bad?

CLAIRE
I just don't want to do any of this
tonight. It's Christmas Eve.

ALEX
I'm surprised you even came back.

CLAIRE
(sid-eyes Alex)
... Stephen's firm pushed the start
date back to the summer, so we're
still in Minneapolis.

ALEX
Oh, cool...

CLAIRE
...well I'm sure my mom is going to want to-
ALEX (CONT'D)
Can I show you something?

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Alex leads Claire down a dimly lit underground concrete tunnel.

ALEX
Almost there, promise.

CLAIRE
You know I'm starting to remember
why I usually say no when someone
asks me to follow them into an
underground tunnel.

ALEX
Ha-ha.

Alex arrives at an out-of-place door.

CLAIRE
If we end up on the inside of a
vault...

ALEX
Just trust me.

He opens the door gestures for her to walk through.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

They appear 'backstage' in a dark hallway. Alex seems to know the way through the dark. Claire reaches out to grab onto him as a guide. They come through a curtain.

INT. DULUTH SYMPHONY HALL - CONTINUOUS

They stand on a beautiful wood stage looking out at an empty, dimly lit, gorgeous 2200-seat theater.

ALEX
I remember you telling me you
always wanted to see what the view
looked like from the stage.

Claire takes it in, dumbfounded.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I thought of you as soon as I
figured out where this went.

Claire shakes her head, takes a few steps around the stage.

ALEX (CONT'D)
And you know, I've been thinking
about you and the wa-

Claire's expression quickly changes.

CLAIRE
You! Erg! Jesus, Alex. How does a
man who can be so creative, so
thoughtful, so... THIS-

Claire motions to the scene around her; voice echoing through the empty concert hall.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
How are you still working at Royal?
How have you not aspired to more in
six years?! How are-

ALEX
Woah woah woah! Where is this
coming from?! I have a career,
Claire! It may not be glamorous-

CLAIRE
Alex. Please. You brought me here.
Away from my family and boyfriend
on Christmas Eve. I get to talk
first.

Alex swallows his tongue.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(pacing on stage)
It's just... you hold so much
influence over Hannah, and I didn't
get it. Honestly, Alex, I didn't.
But I think I understand now. She
sees the big dreamer you were.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It inspires her. Or gives her hope.
But all I see someone who isn't
living his life with any desire to
achieve anything himself.

ALEX

I have bigger ambitions than that
theater, Claire.

CLAIRE

Do you, Alex? What is one step
you've taken towards any dream
since you came back from LA?

ALEX

Are you really in a position to be
talking to me about giving up on
dreams?! At least I gave myself a
chance. You never even tried!

CLAIRE

Don't turn this around on me. I was
talking about you for a reason. You
got Hannah that job. You are now
the only person she seems to tell
anything to. You are the reason she-

ALEX

Oh come on Claire, we can't talk
about me without talking about you!

CLAIRE

So you admit it then!

ALEX

Admit what?!

CLAIRE

That all of this hanging out with
Hannah has just been to get to me!

ALEX

Wow. Ok. Is that what you're-

CLAIRE

Just cut the bullshit, Alex. I know
you're still in love with me.

ALEX

You're changing the subject again!
Did you want to talk about Hannah
or talk about me? Did you want to
talk about my job or your clearly
apparent concern that Hannah is
going to go to LA and flame out
like me? Do you know what she tells
me, Claire?

CLAIRE
Alex, this isn't-

ALEX
She tells me that she doesn't want to turn in to you! I was there when you decided stay here instead of going to UCLA. You were good. You could have kept acting, even when you decided to stay here, but you let your dad take your ambition and your mom scare-

CLAIRE
How fucking dare you! I stayed to be close after my dad's heart attack. You know that!

ALEX
No one asked you to do that! It was your life Claire!

CLAIRE
Says a middle manager at a fucking Royal Cinemas chain in Duluth Minnesota! The kid I loved in high school had dreams. Grand ambitions. You were going to build the life you always talked about and "leave Duluth forever." Where did that Alex go?

Alex looks to the upper row this is the first time the argument has taken a breath. A long, silent pause.

ALEX
I just wasn't good enough, Claire.

Claire snorts and then also looks out at the empty theater.

CLAIRE
The lies we tell ourselves to get through the day, huh?

They face away from each other, silent for once.

"February Stars" by Foo Fighters begins to play as Claire turns around, setting her phone on a nearby stand.

ALEX
This song?

CLAIRE
Yes this song. You and your memory.

Claire extends her hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Would you do me the honor?

EXT. COOK COUNTY - LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

Hannah and Sydney sit atop his car in a makeshift bed of blankets and sleeping bags, looking out at the Northern Lights. "February Stars" plays through the car stereo.

SYDNEY
Wow. I didn't think you were
actually going to drive us all the
way up here.

HANNAH
It sounded fun. And I didn't have
to buy the gas.

Sydney chuckles as they stare into the vast, infinite beauty.

SYDNEY
So... can I ask you a question I
know you're not going to want to
answer?

HANNAH
It's way too cold to try that
tonight, Sydney!

SYDNEY
No. Not that.

HANNAH
Then what's up?

SYDNEY
Why did you break up with me at the
end of junior year?

Hannah's face looks even more frozen.

HANNAH
Oh Jesus... Syd... do we really-

SYDNEY
It's ok. I won't make you. But it
would mean a lot to me.

Hannah looks from him back to the Northern Lights.

INT. DULUTH SYMPHONY HALL - SAME TIME

Alex and Claire dance as the song floats between the scenes.

ALEX
You're right you know.

CLAIRE
About what?

ALEX
That I'm madly in love with you.

CLAIRE
(looks at him in eyes for
a solid beat)
And you know I'll always love you,
Alex.

ALEX
Well if love doesn't win, the
terrorists do, Claire.

Claire smacks his chest playfully.

CLAIRE
After all this time how do you not
have another line?

ALEX
I told you, I'm a hack.

CLAIRE
Just shut up and keep dancing.

Alex laughs and lowers his head to hers.

EXT. COOK COUNTY - LAKE SUPERIOR - SAME TIME

Hannah turns back to look at Sydney.

HANNAH
It just sounds so stupid to say it
all out loud.

SYDNEY
You can write it down if you want.

HANNAH
We were moving so fast. And it's
not like I didn't ask for us to
have sex. But... I had a pregnancy
scare and went through this whole
thing where I didn't want to ruin
your life since yours was all
figured out. You knew you wanted to
go to UNM, criminology... and I
didn't have any clue what I was
doing.

SYDNEY

Hannah-

HANNAH

I know. I suck. Seriously. I felt pretty fucking stupid after I finally told Claire and she bought me another four pregnancy tests that were all negative. I didn't know what to tell you. Words are hard... I'm really sorry.

Sydney kisses her on the forehead.

SYDNEY

You know I love you.

HANNAH

I know. I love you, too.

They embrace and then look back at the sky.

SYDNEY

So what are you thinking of doing after we graduate?

HANNAH

Ugh. You, too?

SYDNEY

We don't have to talk about-

HANNAH

No it's fine... I've been looking into some film programs in LA that look really interesting.

SYDNEY

You should totally go for it then!

HANNAH

I know... but if I got in... I'd be halfway across the country.

SYDNEY

Oh yeah, huh.

Sydney's face drops, but his perpetual smile never ceases.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

How serious are you about it?

HANNAH

I don't like to talk about it. And my parents will probably disown me. But... I think I'm pretty serious.

SYDNEY

Huh. Well. That's cool. I'm happy for you, Hannah. I love you.

HANNAH

I love you, too.

They kiss and smile at each other, but then sit in silence. Hannah rests her head on Sydney's chest as they watch the colorful light dance through the sky. *"February Stars / Floating in the dark / Temporary scars"*

INT. DULUTH SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

Alex and Claire continue their dance, but Claire starts to fade in and out of the scene, and eventually a differently dressed Alex is seen dancing by himself in the empty hall.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - JAVY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Javy sits in his office. A single cigarette sits on his desk. He stares at it with a lighter poised in one hand that he keeps flicking. The line of nicotine patches extends out of his cuff. He lights the cigarette and goes to take a drag. A knock sounds at the door, and Javy swallows the cigarette.

Alex walks in.

ALEX

You wanted to see me, boss?

JAVY

(coughing)

Uhh, yes, yes, sit, sit, please.

ALEX

Are you okay?

JAVY

(clearing throat)

Yes. I'm fine. Lungs are just burning a little.

ALEX

So what's up?

JAVY

(sipping water, coughing sporadically)

The industry is on fire, Alex. Smoking. Smoldering. Slowly turning to ash.

ALEX

I've been trying to push the upsells on concessions, but you'd be surprised how hard it is to motivate people to hold up a bag of candy.

JAVY

No. I mean Cineplex is looking to buy us out. Global consolidation. So corporate is slashing expenses, fifteen percent across the board.

ALEX

How are we going to make that up?

JAVY

That's why we took your suggestion and upgraded everything to those digital projectors. They're simple. I can work it. You can work it. Shimansky can work it. My mother could work it, and she's basically dead, Alex. We could probably even train some capuchin monkeys to-

ALEX

Javy. What do you need me to do?

JAVY

The point I was building to, Alex, is that a salaried projectionist really isn't justified or needed to run this theater anymore.

ALEX

I don't, wha-

JAVY

The march towards the singularity continues. Q's obsolete, Alex.

He hands Alex a letter.

ALEX

He's practically been here since they built the place!

JAVY

He likes you. That's why I thought you'd want to do it. But if I need-

Alex reluctantly grabs the paper.

ALEX

It's fine. I'll do it.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Alex peers into the projection room at Q, diligently working. Alex takes a deep breath and enters. Through the door we watch as Alex speaks to Q.

He hands him the letter. Q becomes agitated. He shakes his head and walks away from Alex. His gestures are big. Alex stands solemnly at center. Q comes back and throws himself on Alex, bawling.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DAY

Alex smokes a cigarette. Shimansky comes around the corner and looks at Alex. He walks down the hall toward him, then turns to see the red-eyed and broken Q departing. Shimansky looks between the two and chases after Q.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DAY

Q descends the staircase to the Royal Cinema. Shimansky jogs to the foot of the staircase behind him.

SHIMANSKY

Q!

Q turns around.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

(Quoting: *Dirty Dancing*)

*I'm scared of walkin' out of this
room and never feeling the rest of
my whole life the way I feel when
I'm with you.*

Q raises an eyebrow. Shimansky starts playing "The Time of My Life." He raises his arms out wide.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

(Quoting: *Dirty Dancing*)

Nobody puts baby in the corner.

Q runs full force toward Shimansky and leaps into his arms to re-create the famous dance scene lift.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah looks at a pile of acceptance letters from prospective colleges. All local places. Hannah places the letters down and presses play on her stereo, "Enough Space" by Foo Fighters plays. She grabs an acceptance letter from USC and then looks over at her car/college fund chart, which is barely at the car line. Her face falls.

INT. WARWICK HOME - DIRECT TO CAMERA

MRS. WARWICK

But you don't know anyone out there, Hannah. You have no family out there. No friends. No support. You don't even have a car! You'll be stuck on campus. And you can't just walk around downtown Los Angeles.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah spies the brochure for the film festival she grabbed from Brewers. She grabs it. "First Prize: \$25,000."

INT. WARWICK HOME - DIRECT TO CAMERA

MR. WARWICK

The film industry is too competitive, Hannah! You're going to leave after four years with a useless piece of paper! That's why I'm not paying for it!

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah is now separating out money from her jar to submit to a few different festivals: One in Minneapolis, one in New York and one in LA.

INT. WARWICK HOME - DIRECT TO CAMERA

CLAIRE

Are you sure you know what you're in for? It's cutthroat, Hannah. Ask Alex. You don't only need an insane level of talent, you need grit, Hannah. Don't make this choice just to spite Mom and Dad. You'll regret it.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah is now sitting at her computer, transferring and editing footage from her camcorder. Three postmarked envelopes have money sticking out of them and submission due dates. Hannah looks over at them and smirks.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - CONCESSIONS - DAY

Alex counts money on a register as a Customer approaches, his eyes are dead.

CUSTOMER 4

Hey buddy, can I have a large
popcorn, soda and... two pickles.

Alex barely looks up.

ALEX

Two what?

CUSTOMER 4

Pickles.

ALEX

I'm sorry. Maybe it's just this day
I'm having. Did you say pickles?

CUSTOMER 4

Yea... pickles. You know those
long, round green things. You don't
have those single pickles in a bag?

ALEX

Pickle in a bag? What movie theater
have you ever gotten a bagged
pickle at?!

CUSTOMER 4

Like, every movie theater I've ever
been to! I can't eat my popcorn
without my pickle juice!

Shimansky looks over from across concessions.

ALEX

Well you're shit out of luck, guy,
there are no pickles here!

CUSTOMER 4

I don't appreciate your tone!

Shimansky approaches the situation.

SHIMANSKY

Woah there, ok, looks like my
manager is about to go all Postal
on you. So let's get him...
anywhere else.

Shimansky ushers Alex away.

ALEX
I'm fine, it's the pickle pusher
 who has a problem!

He brushes Shimansky aside, storming off.

SHIMANSKY
 Sorry. He's cranky when he doesn't
 get his beauty sleep. Did you say
 something about a pickle?

CUSTOMER 4
 Yes! I can't believe ya'll don't
 have them.

SHIMANSKY
 Oh, I can get you a pickle. But
 it'll cost ya.

The Customer's face brightens.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Hannah sits in the 'family booth', picking at slice of pie
 while tattooing her wrist. Claire slides into the booth.

CLAIRE
 Hey birthday girl.
 (noting the lack of
 earbuds)
 No music?

HANNAH
 (indicating her iPhone)
 It died.

CLAIRE
 How have you and Sydney been?

HANNAH
 We've been... fine. I guess.

CLaire
 Are you-

HANNAH
 Yes, we're using condoms, Claire.

CLAIRE
 Good. So... the big decision is
 coming up. What other letters have
 you got besides UMN-

HANNAH
 Jesus, Claire, do you have to Mom
 the fuck out on my birthday, too?
 (MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What happened to my rebel older sister? I'd like her back.

CLAIRE

She grew up, Hannah.

HANNAH

Then can grown up Claire tell me why everyone's making me feel like I'm asking to go to college on the moon?! Or like, Europe? It's fucking California! Alex went! He's still breathing.

CLAIRE

You're making my case for me.

HANNAH

What? Because he came back that means it's pointless for me to go?

CLAIRE

Hannah, let's not do this now.

HANNAH

Why not? Why don't you fucking support me on this, Claire?!

CLAIRE

(taking a deep breath)

Do you really want to know, Hannah?

HANNAH

Yes!

CLAIRE

(deep breath)

Alex was really talented. Like, really talented. He made everything a video project in high school. He was sharp. Hilarious. And he was the most determined person I'd ever met. And if he couldn't make it work... I just... worry about you.

Hannah looks like she's been hit with a sack of bricks.

HANNAH

Wow. Well. Thanks for your... honesty.

Hannah grabs her iPhone and bolts.

CLAIRE

Hannah. Hannah! Fuck.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - MID MORNING

Alex's eyes are bloodshot as he lifts his head to the cursor in its ever-present position on the page. Beer bottles cover his desk. The small apartment is the messiest we've seen it. Shimansky comes out of the bedroom. Two HOT CHICKS follow him. He stretches his arms.

SHIMANSKY

Another rough night, man?

ALEX

What kind of question is that?

SHIMANSKY

A friendly one?

ALEX

Do you have any other operating system besides smarmy asshole? Is there a sincere bone in there?

SHIMANSKY

Well, there's some type of bone-

ALEX

Jesus, dude, you're like a literal teenager! It's embarrassing, Shimansky. You're pushing forty!

SHIMANSKY

Ok, slow down, Mom. First of all, don't talk to me like that in front of guests. It's rude. Second, it's more like pushing thirty-seven, and I have the body of someone in his late teens. And thirdly, I get that you're in a bad way right now, but the Q thing was over a month ago. You need to snap out of it.

ALEX

This is great. The man who's been mooching off of me, living rent-free for the past two years, is now going to lecture me on my attitude when I'm in my own apartment? What have you done for me? Not just recently, but fucking ever?!

SHIMANSKY

Are you kidding me?! I've been saving and covering for your zombie ass since you entered the maximum mope-zone after Christmas, dude! The time you forgot to load in the premieres.

(MORE)

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

The week you were seemingly just not going to send in the stock order.

ALEX

Ok, maybe I've been a little off.

SHIMANSKY

A little off?! You were going to shove a pickle up that guy's ass last week!

ALEX

Alright! I'll try to do something about it! ...I'm sorry.

SHIMANSKY

Thank you. Love you, bro.

ALEX

Yeah yeah. I'm late for work.

Alex grabs his keys.

SHIMANSKY

Now -

(looks back at Hot Chicks)

Who wants some eggs and a Plan B?

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DUSK

Two rejection letters for the NY Film Festival and the LA Film Festival lay next to her. Hannah takes a deep breath and opens an envelope. Her face drops.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Alex lifelessly closes down a register. Izzy leans up against the counter.

IZZY

You ever look at a total stranger and imagine a different life where they weren't a complete stranger? But like, your best friend, or soul mate?

ALEX

Can't say that I have. Why?

IZZY

No reason.

ALEX
Why does it feel like it's been
weeks since I've seen you?

IZZY
Because I cut back to two shifts a
week.

ALEX
Since when?!

IZZY
Since, like, right after Christmas.

ALEX
Wow. Linear time is a bitch.

IZZY
And today's my last day.

ALEX
What?!

IZZY
I made sure to get one last shift
with you, but you haven't been
around much.

ALEX
Well shit, Izzy. You're really
leaving?

IZZY
Yeah, I'm gonna move to Chicago and
give the comedy thing a real go.

ALEX
What pushed you to make the jump?

IZZY
Hannah.

ALEX
Hannah?

IZZY
She told me "my dreams are worth
fighting for." And she's right. So
fuck it, if I don't try, I'll never
know.

ALEX
Remember me when you're famous.

IZZY
You know I'm going to miss the hell
out of you, right?

ALEX

Well, she's right. Your dreams are worth fighting for.

Izzy beams. Alex hugs her and smiles.

EXT. WARWICK HOME - NIGHT

A pair of FIRE BREATHERS finish a routine during a loud late spring party. The party is even larger and more eclectic than the first one.

INT. WARWICK HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannah walks over to the bar and spies her mom chatting up a FOLK SINGER outside. She looks away to mix herself a cocktail in her party cup. Turning around, she runs into her mom.

MRS. WARWICK

Oh Hannah! There you are!

HANNAH

I was just leaning- leaving.

MRS. WARWICK

What is in that cup?

Hannah turns the cup away from her mom and slightly stumbles.

MRS. WARWICK (CONT'D)

Are you drunk?

HANNAH

I'm eighteen, Mom.

MRS. WARWICK

The drinking age 21, Hannah!

HANNAH

If I can go to war and die for my country, I should be able to drink!

MRS. WARWICK

Oh well then, please, go join the army, Hannah! At least you'd have some structure and a salary!

HANNAH

Jesus, not everything I say is supposed to be taken literally.

MRS. WARWICK

Well how am I supposed to know when to take you literally? Have you been drinking?!

HANNAH
Why does it matter?!

Mr. Warwick walks over holding a printed sheet of paper.

MR. WARWICK
When did you plan to tell us about
your cross country trip, Hannah?!

He puts the printed flight itinerary on the counter.

HANNAH
California is only halfway across
the country, Dad.

MRS. WARWICK
She's drunk, Bob!

MR. WARWICK
Damn right, she's definitely not
going- wait, she's what?!

MRS. WARWICK
What did we do wrong with you?
Skipping school last year, now you
have a drinking problem, planning
secret trips-

HANNAH
Will both of you just fucking stop,
please?!!

The party outside has started to quiet and direct their
attention to the family argument inside.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
How am I always talked about like I
have absolutely no autonomy in my
own life?

MR. WARWICK
Because you are my child living
under my-

HANNAH
Let me finish! For once!! Then you
can keep yelling at me.

Her parents remain silent.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
First, I didn't even book the
ticket yet! Because I'm having all
sorts of second thoughts even
though I got in to USC.

Both her parents look shocked at the news.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right. I got into USC, but I didn't tell you because I was afraid of what your reaction would be. But guess what? I don't even care anymore, because I don't think I want to go!

MR. WARWICK

Hannah-

HANNAH

Congratulations, you did to me exactly what you did to Claire, who used to practice her Oscar speeches in the mirror. If no one fucking believes I can do this, then why should I even try?!

Hannah chucks her drink in the trash and leaves.

MR. WARWICK

Hannah that's not-

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah bursts into her room, bawling. She packs a bag and ducks out through her window.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex cracks open a beer and sits at his computer. He looks more inspired to tackle the blinking cursor than ever before.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DULUTH - NIGHT

Hannah wanders alone through downtown Duluth, eventually stopping in front of a Tattoo Shop.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex is making progress on the script for the first time.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

Hannah quickly walks out of the tattoo shop.

HANNAH

Third tattoo shop was not the charm I guess.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex is in the zone as he picks up his ringing cell phone: the song "My Hero" by Foo Fighters.

ALEX
Yo, Pip, what's up?

INTERCUT:

HANNAH
Everything sucks and I hate life
right now and I need to talk to
you.

ALEX
Where are you?

HANNAH
Walking. Somewhere along Eighth I
think.

ALEX
(gets up)
Just start talking. I'll be there
soon.

HANNAH
Well... first I got a little drunk.

ALEX
Oh this should be good.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Hannah kicks a rock down a dimly lit, lonely street.

HANNAH
(softly singing "New Way
Home" by Foo Fighters)
*I know this leash that holds me,
when I try to run away.*

Headlights come around a corner. Alex's truck pulls up.

ALEX
(head out window)
You kick rocks around here often?

HANNAH
About time. You drive like my
grandma. Or Claire.

ALEX
I can just leave...

He starts pulling away.

HANNAH

No!

INT. ALEX'S CAR - NIGHT

Hannah gets in the passenger side, puffy-eyed. "New Way Home" continues on the stereo as Alex pulls away.

ALEX

So. How can I help?

HANNAH

I don't know. Wasn't the first thing you told me not to follow in your footsteps to LA?

ALEX

Hannah-

HANNAH

Because literally, like, all I'm getting are signs from the universe not to do this. Fuck, Alex, I couldn't even place in a film festival in fucking Minnesota!

ALEX

When did you enter a film festival?!

HANNAH (CONT'D)

How can I expect to compete with people at USC?!

ALEX (CONT'D)

When did you get into USC?!

HANNAH

And then Claire-

Hannah looks out the window.

ALEX

Claire what?

HANNAH

She told me she doesn't think I can do it.

ALEX

And you believe her?

HANNAH

I just... I don't know anymore.

Alex abruptly u-turns, heading back toward the freeway.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

ALEX
We're going to LA.

HANNAH
What? Now!?

ALEX
I can't hear anymore of this Hannah
quitting talk. I won't have it.
We'll tour USC as soon as we get
there if that's what it takes to
change your mind.

HANNAH
Alex, you don't get it. Everyone
thought you were so-

ALEX
No, you don't get it, Hannah!

Alex abruptly pulls the car off the road. Beat, just music.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Izzy was telling me all about you
and how you were encouraging her to
move to Chicago, to chase her
dreams and... I finally figured out
why I liked spending so much time
with you.

HANNAH
Oh yeah? Why's that?

ALEX
Because you're going to make it.

HANNAH
How... why do you say that?

ALEX
Because you're not me, Hannah. I
spent... fuck, I spend an
inordinate amount of time concerned
with what others think about me. I
figured if I quit before I even
really started, maybe people would
forget all about my stupid dreams
and shit talking. I didn't care
enough about myself to keep trying.
So I came home. But you? You put
yourself first, Hannah. You care
about yourself. Don't let anyone
tell you that's a bad thing.

Hannah's eyes brim with tears.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Do you know what I did for the
first time in... ages... tonight,
because of you? I fucking wrote!
Not much. But more than I've done
in a long time.

Hannah is beaming.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Just keep dreaming, damnit! Because
I know you if you do, you will get
everything you want and more.

HANNAH
(wiping tears)
Fuck you.

Alex puts the car in drive.

ALEX
You know it's true.

HANNAH
I love you.

ALEX
No you don't. I'm 26-year-old
manager at a shitty chain movie
theater. I'm essentially a loser.

HANNAH
Not like that, asshole.

ALEX
I know. I love you, too, kid. If
you want USC, we'll figure it out.

They pull up to a tattoo parlor.

HANNAH
What are we doing here?

ALEX
Well, I'm not getting a tattoo.

Hannah's eyes light up.

ALEX (CONT'D)
But there's one thing you have to
promise me.

HANNAH
What?

ALEX
I get to see the film you
submitted.

HANNAH
Ugh. Seriously?

INT. THEATER - THEATER 7 - NIGHT

Hannah stands nervously in the corner as Alex watches her film. She has Saran Wrap over a fresh shoulder tattoo.

As the lights and sounds flash across Alex's face, his expression changes from intrigue to a sly confident smile, to a near shit eating grin. He looks back at Hannah and shakes his head with a big, proud smile.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Montage: Alex writing furiously to "My Hero" by Foo Fighters.

EXT. SHOTS - I-35S - DAY

Alex smiles, driving along the I-35 South to Minneapolis.

EXT. SHOTS MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

Alex enters the city, arriving at an apartment complex next to the river.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

A hand knocks on a door. The door opens, revealing Stephen.

STEPHEN
Yo, what's up?

Alex's face drops.

ALEX
Oh. You must be Stephen, right? Is
Claire home?

STEPHEN
Yeah. And no, she just left to grab
some groceries. What's up, dude?

ALEX
Well... have we met before? I'm
Alex.

He extends his hand. Stephen's face relaxes.

STEPHEN
Oh Alex! Claire's high school
boyfriend, right? Knew I recognized
you from somewhere. What's up?

ALEX
It's actually, well, I know you
guys are moving and... Hannah's
heading off somewhere for college,
so I was trying to organize a send
off for... both of them.

STEPHEN
So you drove all the way over here
from Duluth to tell Claire that?

ALEX
Well no, I was actually in the
area.

STEPHEN
Claire will probably be back from
Lunds in an hour or so, but you can
wait and kick it here if you want.

ALEX
Oh. You know what, I'll just go. I
have... things to do.

Stephen furrows his brow and chuckles.

STEPHEN
Unlikely. But whatever, dude. Take
care.

Stephen closes the door. Alex looks at the sky and mutters.

ALEX
Maybe God doesn't hate me.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Alex enters the trendy downtown grocery store. He looks
around a few aisles and then spots Claire. He goes around to
the other side of the aisle she's on and starts searching for
her through the merchandise. He finally finds her browsing.
He clears an area on the shelf and speaks through it.

ALEX
I thought you were a Coca Puffs
girl. He really has changed you.

Claire peers through the hole Alex created.

CLAIRE
Alex?

ALEX
Hi, Claire.

CLAIRE
What... why... what's up?

ALEX
I just really needed to talk to
you.

They both start walking toward the end of the aisle.

CLAIRE
Right here? Right now? In the
cereal aisle?

ALEX
Yes. I need you to see something
before you leave.

CLAIRE
And what would that be, Alex?

ALEX
Can you just meet me at Royal
tonight at midnight?

CLAIRE
Royal? Alex that's a four hour
round trip! We leave for Seattle
next week. I don't have time to-

They meet each other at the end of the aisle. Alex gently
grabs Claire's shoulder and looks her in the eyes.

ALEX
On my life Claire, you meet me at
Royal and it'll be one of the most
memorable experiences of your life.

Claire purses her lips and looks at the OLD LADY next to them
shopping for canned food.

CLAIRE
Why do I always do this? He's not
even that cute.

Alex turns to an OLD MAN next to him.

ALEX
Is she agreeing? Did I-

CLAIRE
I walk away if I don't like it.

ALEX
You are in charge of your feet.

CLAIRE
So that's it?

ALEX
That's it.

Alex backs up toward the exit.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Eight o'clock!

He smiles big as Claire shakes her head.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - PARKING LOT

Claire gets out of her car, her breath visible in the cool spring air. She shakes her head as she looks at the neon marquee missing various letters while walking forward.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Claire enters the lobby to find herself greeted by Devin.

DEVIN
Right this way, ma'am. Your private screening will be in theater seven.

CLAIRE
(chuckling)
Thank you Devin.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7 - NIGHT

Claire cautiously enters the theater.

CLAIRE
Hello? Alex?

She looks around and doesn't see anyone. She spots a piece of paper on a seat dead center. She smiles and approaches.

The paper says "Reserved For Claire Warwick" with a small handwritten note: "Hannah isn't me, Claire. Enjoy from your favorite seat in the house." As Claire looks around, the lights go down and the screen lights up. She takes her seat.

HANNAH (O.S.)
So what did you think you would be doing when you graduated High School?

Claire's eyes open wide. We now see Hannah's short movie in real time.

It opens on a black screen with a note: *To my sister Claire.*

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM

IZZY

(direct to camera)

Well, I always wanted to be a ballerina. But I wasn't really good on my toes. Or my feet in general. I don't know. It's always been a changing, fluid thing for me. At least until recently.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ALEX'S OFFICE

Alex looks directly at the camera.

HANNAH (O.S.)

What's your favorite memory of working here?

ALEX

(direct to camera)

Oh god... that's... Oh.

(laughing)

Ok. This is one of my favorites.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - AUDITORIUM

SHIMANSKY

(direct to camera)

My favorite part about the job? That's easy. The people.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - HALLWAY

DEVIN

(direct to camera)

Honestly, after my first day I didn't think I was going to last two weeks. Yeah, I mean this job isn't easy. It's dirty. The fifteen cent raises aren't super motivating. But I'm working a job with people who are my friends. I laugh, like, constantly. Every day.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ALEX'S OFFICE

ALEX
 (barely able to keep
 himself together)
 And this couple would not stop. So
 after the fourth complaint, he
 (hurting laughing)
 He gets Mr. Madovitch to play dead
 and-

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - AUDITORIUM

SHIMANSKY
 (direct to camera)
 I mean, isn't this whole 'life'
 thing really just about who you
 surround yourself with? The
 important relationships we have?

INT. DINER - DAY

The camera is clearly 'secretly' recording Claire.

CLAIRE
 What did I want to be when I grew
 up? Hannah, you know that. I
 dreamed of absolutely losing myself
 in the arts. I didn't know exactly
 what. But something.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

Claire is consumed, and teary eyed, as the film continues.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ALEX'S OFFICE

ALEX
 (through pained laughs)
 - and then Shimansky gets Q to turn
 on all the house lights and stop
 the film. He accosts the couple,
 accuses them of killing Madovitch
 with their passionate, public
 affair, and says he's calling the
 police.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM

IZZY
 (direct to camera)
 I'm so excited really.
 (MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm scared sure. Chicago is big. The comedy scene there is legendary. But, I know I have all of you rooting for me whether I come back a success or failure. And that's why I finally felt I could try.

INT. DINER - DAY

CLAIRE

For a long time I settled on acting. It was... a way for me to connect to parts of myself that I don't have a great way to access without it. At least, not easily.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - HALLWAY

DEVIN

(direct to camera)

Are you kidding me? It's kind of been a dream job. Not the type of dream job I thought I'd have, but I'm going to miss it like hell when I graduate next year, because I don't think I'll ever have as much fun anywhere else as I do here.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - AUDITORIUM

SHIMANSKY

(direct to camera)

I mean doesn't it make sense that the people you spend the most time with are going to have an impact on who you are? It's going to determine your whole daily outlook! I had a real crappy childhood environment... So I choose as an adult to create and surround myself with the opposite. And I've been so lucky that these are the clowns I get to spend my time with.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ALEX'S OFFICE

ALEX
 (still cracking up)
 And as the guy is trying to get his
 dick back in his pants, he gets it
 caught in the zipper and starts
 howling and bleeding all over his
 date, and then Madovitch gets up,
 and the guy screams and passes out.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NEAR ENTRANCE

MR. MADOVITCH
 (direct to camera)
 Well, Hannah, I think you're going
 to have a lot of great experiences.
 See the world. Have a lot of sex.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM

IZZY
 (direct to camera)
 Girl you are going to be FINE. You
 put Shimansky to shame on your
 first day here. It's been so cool
 to watch you grow.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - HALLWAYS

DEVIN
 (direct to camera)
 Are you kidding? My sister is your
 age and her main obsessions are
 makeup and myspace. You're gonna
 blow us all away.

INT. DINER - DAY

CLAIRE
 ...and if Alex couldn't make it
 work... I just... worry about you.

HANNAH (O.s.)
 Wow. Well. Thanks for your...
 honesty.

CLAIRE
 Hannah. Hannah! Fuck.

Claire starts sobbing. Really hard.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

Alex has rounded the corner and watches as Claire sobs even harder in the seat than on screen.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ENTRANCE

MR. MADOVITCH

(direct to camera)

You're going to live fully, which means you're going to feel a lot. The good will feel really good. And the bad... it's going to be hard. But I really think you're going manifest whatever you dream into existence, Hannah Warwick.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - PROJECTIONS

Q

(Direct to Camera,

Quoting: *The Sandlot*)

Remember, kid, there's heroes and there's legends. Heroes get remembered, but legends never die. Follow your heart, kid, and you'll never go wrong.

Hannah's film then fades to black with text on screen:
I hope you know I'll be fine. And I love you. - Hannah

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

The screen goes dark. Claire is a mess. The house lights slowly raise. She grabs her purse from the ground and notices a stack of paper under the seat next to her. It's a script, written by Alex, with a Post-It note on it: *"It's never too late to keep dreaming, Claire. I was always writing this with a part for you in mind."*

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Claire sits drinking a coffee reading over Alex's script in the same booth she always inhabits. She's emotional and enthralled. "Everlong" by Foo Fighters starts playing over the diner radio. Claire looks up and shakes her head.

SHANNON

Do you want another cup hun?

CLAIRE

No. I'm good. Just the check.

Claire looks out the window.

SHANNON
I know. I'm surprised he hasn't
stopped by either.

CLAIRE
Excuse me? Who?

SHANNON
Alex! I'm surprised he hasn't
stopped by. I mean, I know you only
stop by every once in awhile when
you're in town... but I swear that
man walks by here at least once a
day looking for you in this booth.

CLAIRE
He what?

SHANNON
You heard me. I'll be back with the
check.

Claire frantically scrolls through the script more until she
spots something near the end and has an epiphany moment.

EXT. DULUTH LAKEWALK - NIGHT

Claire rounds the corner of the docks, revealing a row of
gondolas lit by paper lamps, their orange color seeming
almost ethereal reflected on the water.

ALEX
I was wondering if you would show.

Claire covers her mouth, shocked.

CLAIRE
Alex, you-

ALEX
Yes. I remembered.

Claire smiles.

EXT. LAKE MINNETONKA - GONDOLA - LATER

Alex and Claire sit in a gondola out on the water. Alex
reclines, looking up at the stars while Claire seems
agitated. The sounds of the lake fill the air. Alex relaxes
in the silence. Claire does not.

ALEX
Are you ok? Do we need to go back?

CLAIRE

No, it's just... what's all this about, Alex? You know you scare the shit out of me. And I'm leaving for Seattle next week... why did you do all of this for me?

Alex takes a long breath in and out.

ALEX

When we first broke up, I must have written you, what... fifteen, twenty different notes? One every day for at least two weeks. And I knew not one syllable was changing your mind once you had made it up. But I did it anyway.

CLAIRE

(turning away)

It takes a while to get yourself back from another person.

ALEX

I don't think you ever do, actually. You just learn to live with all the pieces of them that are still with you.

CLAIRE

I don't carry you around with me, Alex.

ALEX

That's not the point. The point is, both you and Hannah are very important people in my life. And you always will be. And when I saw her film... I just knew you needed to see it, Claire. She doesn't know I showed you, she'd probably kill me, but I needed you to know that Hannah isn't me, Claire.

CLAIRE

I know. I'm sorry. ...I'm a terrible big sister.

ALEX

No. You love her. You're just a person. And people suck.

A moment passes, just the sound of the water and the night.

CLAIRE

And where'd the script come from?

Alex looks up at the sky.

ALEX

After I saw you in her movie, I...
it was the first time I had seen
the girl I fell in love with in a
long time. And for whatever reason,
I could finally write again.

Claire slyly smiles. The waves rap against the gondola.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Los Angeles fucking sucked, Claire.
I was alone. I was terrified. I was
broke, like, immediately. Do you
know gas is like almost four
dollars out there? The city is like
thirty little cities in one big
city. The second I stepped off that
plane I knew it was only a matter
of time before I was back home.
...And then I got back home and
felt like I let you down. Let us
down. Those two teenagers who
dreamed together. And I just
couldn't do it anymore.

Claire looks up at the stars.

CLAIRE

You know I always believed in you.

ALEX

So is that why you came down
tonight then Claire?

She turns her head and smiles slyly.

CLAIRE

No. That's wasn't the only reason.

ALEX

What then?

Her grin grows.

CLAIRE

Because if love doesn't win, the
terrorists do, Alex.

They laugh and share a smile. She lays her head down on Alex.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DUSK

TIMELAPSE: Customers stampede the Royal Cinemas gates.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - GREETERS STAND - CONTINUOUS

Alex approaches an exhausted Oscar.

ALEX
Why don't you head home. I can
handle the seven PM without you.

OSCAR
Alex? Alex Reilly?

ALEX
The one and only.

Oscar
Are you sure? Because you're
almost... happy. And today was
absolute hell and now you're
telling me you're gonna cover me?

ALEX
What can I say?

OSCAR
Sorry?

ALEX
I'm sorry, Oscar.

Oscar raises a fist. Alex bumps.

OSCAR
Welcome back, Reilly. But, I'm
going to bounce before you change
your mind once you see how bad
theater nine is.

EXT. DINER - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A light drizzle showers the streets on a gray day.

INT. DINER - DAY

Hannah sits across from Claire, who sips her coffee.

HANNAH
I know what I want and what I have
to do to get it.
(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I need you to know it's not that I don't care what you think, it's because this is what I need to do for myself, Claire.

CLAIRE

(smiling, nodding)

I know.

Hannah leans forward and sips her coffee. The rain smacks against the window gently, punctuating the silence.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DUSK

Alex stands at the greeter's stand in a packed lobby with an irate KAREN and her two TEENS.

KAREN

But I am their mother, and I am telling you, I don't care if they go see this movie.

ALEX

Ma'am, that's not the problem. It's a corporate policy. You have to be in the theater with them.

KAREN

Well it's a stupid policy, and you're stupid if you enforce un-American laws like that!

Another Customer approaches.

CUSTOMER 5

Hey, are you the manager?

ALEX

Can you give me a second?

CUSTOMER 5

No! Your stupid marquee had the showtime for Terminator at 7:20 but it's already half over! Restart it or give me my money back!

Two more Customers come up and chime in.

CUSTOMER 6

Yeah, your marquee isn't working.

CUSTOMER 7

It was already playing when we walked in, too.

ALEX
(to radio)
Javy, I need you in the lobby.

INT. JAVY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Javy shuts off his radio and loosens his tie. Classical music plays. He sees his Adderall bottle is empty.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY - DUSK

Karen gets more belligerent as Alex stands taller.

KAREN
Well I'm just going to walk them
into the theater and leave.

ALEX
No! No they can't go in without
you! If you're going to let your
children be corrupted you at least
need to be there when it happens!

Another Customer walks up.

CUSTOMER 8
Hey, I just walked into theater
four and it was halfway over.

CUSTOMER 4
I think you owe us some free candy!

ALEX
(to radio)
Javy!

Customer 4 knocks down a rack and starts grabbing candy.

INT. JAVY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Javy raises his head up from his desk coming off a deep
inhale, with white powder on his fingers and nose. He eyes
the pack of cigarettes in his drawer.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY - SAME TIME

A mob of restless Customers has now started knocking down
concessions racks and taking candy in the lobby. Alex looks
on, powerless. A loud whistle freezes the mob. Alex spots
Shimansky and Devin in suits and ties walking towards him.

SHIMANSKY

People, people, people, please! An angry, violent mob has never solved anything!

CUSTOMER 4

What about the Boston Tea Party?

SHIMANSKY

Fuck you, buddy.

Shimansky stands on the concessions counter.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

This poor middle manager is just a spinning cog in the machine. Don't blame him for our corporate follies. Everyone, just please line up at the box office in an orderly manner, and we will take care of you. Everyone except John Adams over there.

Shimansky points to Customer 4.

DEVIN

You heard him, single file, people!

The crowd moves to the box office. Alex is dumbfounded.

SHIMANSKY

Found this the other day-

Shimansky taps to the name tag on his jacket: it's Javy's.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

You know, I could pick up way more chicks if I wore a suit to work everyday.

ALEX

I think I'm going to quit.

SHIMANSKY

Wait, what? You were supposed to make a quip about how I'll never be a manager here. Then I was gonna fire back how I'm a better manager-

ALEX

I'll be right back.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - JAVY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Javy prepares another line, but hesitates and grabs the pack of cigarettes. He lights one and takes a drag.

Alex, looking haggard from the mob, opens the door into the office, spotting Javy's 'stress management'.

ALEX
You've got to be kidding me. This
is too perfect.

Javy drops his cigarette, igniting his trash can.

JAVY
Alex! I thought the door was
locked.

ALEX
A trash fire. What a truly fitting
end to my time here.

JAVY
(stomping trash fire)
Ahh! Look, Alex, I know it looks
bad, but, but, really - wait what?

ALEX
You know, I thought I was going to
come in here all mad and really
just go off on you about your awful
management, how nothing is ever
fixed around here, how you made me
your hitman for dirty work you're
too weak to do yourself... But you
know what? I actually fucking feel
bad for you.

Alex looks down at his messy tie and shakes his head. He
undoes it and then unclips his nametag.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Take care, Javy.

He throws the nametag on Javy's desk and walks out.

JAVY
Fuck! ALEX!

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DUSK

Javy, high, having a panic attack, chases Alex.

JAVY
Alex, this is a very hasty
decision. We're friends right? And
friends don't let friends make
hasty decisions!

Alex walks through halls, past concessions, into the lobby.
Mr. Madovitch watches the scene.

JAVY (CONT'D)

Hey! I know your performance review has been due for a few months. How about we start now? First, a raise. How about a dollar? Two dollars? No, I could never get two approved, but maybe \$1.25. Ok \$1.50!

As Javy walks past Madovitch he sticks out his cane and Javy eats it. Alex looks back and Madovitch winks at him. Shimansky stands over Javy.

SHIMANSKY

You know what, solidarity, brother. I'm out, too.

Shimansky hands Javy his own nametag. Javy cocks his head as Shimansky follows Alex.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DUSK

Alex and Shimansky walk to the staircase. Javy chases them.

JAVY

(out of breath)

Alex, please, you're making a big mistake. I'm sorry you-

SHIMANSKY

Just give it a rest, bro! Good luck handling this weekend without the two best employees this place has ever seen.

Shimansky backtracks, facing Javy, toward the staircase.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

When was the last time you put out a popper fire? Huh? Felt the grease burns on your arms? Turned over a packed summer showing of a Pixar movie in fifteen minutes? You're soft, Javy. Weak.

Shimansky continues backwards. He approaches the loose step.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

And you will never see a more attractive or personable employee-

Shimansky slips on the loose step and falls - bad. Horrified, Alex rushes down after him.

ALEX

Oh shit. Adam!! Are you ok?!

Shimansky starts laughing and keeps laughing. At first in a very pained way and then louder and more maniacal.

SHIMANSKY
(pained laughs)
Ferris Beuller, you're my hero.

ALEX
What? Who? Me?

SHIMANSKY
(pained laughs)
No, me.

ALEX
Ok, we need an ambulance.

Alex takes out his cell phone.

JAVY
Is that really necessary?

SHIMANSKY
I'm going to be so rich.

JAVY
Well, I'm sure we can work out a reasonable severance.

SHIMANSKY
The insurance policy. And you said it was worthless.

ALEX
You're a forward thinker.

JAVY
So we're good here then guys?
Insurance will cover it?

Shimansky laughs harder. And grimaces more.

SHIMANSKY
You've known about this step for a year and half. Alex even had me file a work order for it. You told Devin to quit working on it. You're so liable... it hurts...

JAVY
I'm sure I can talk to corporate and we can-

SHIMANSKY
Alex?

ALEX
Yeah, buddy?

SHIMANSKY
I said it hurts... please call that ambulance.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DUSK

Alex sits on the tailgate of his truck. Hannah approaches.

HANNAH
Out of cigarettes?

ALEX
Decided to quit today actually.

HANNAH
Good for you. I'm about to start.

ALEX
I wouldn't advise that. What's up?

HANNAH
I feel like this has all been worthless.

ALEX
Why's that?

HANNAH
(pacing)
Well, I got into USC. I did the fucking thing, right? I should have the validation I need. I should feel like I'm on the right track. I should be comfortable with my decision. But I'm fucking not.

ALEX
Hannah-

HANNAH
The tour is next week, and I still don't have any way to get there! If I buy a plane ticket it hurts my car fund, and if I just buy a car now I feel like I won't have enough for when I have to pay for school. And If I can't even do the tour, how will I know if I like the school? What if I hate the weather?!

ALEX
Hannah-

HANNAH

Like why am I going to put myself through all of this? What if my mom is right? What if my dad is right? Why can't I just be happy with a regular life? Claire is settling in. Is there something wrong with me, Alex? Do I need to grow up?

ALEX

Hannah!

HANNAH

What?!

Alex smirks, looks off at the sunset for a second. He reaches into his pocket, looks at Hannah, and tosses her his keys.

ALEX

Hannah Warwick, you're going to make a hell of a woman.

HANNAH

What?

ALEX

I told you, whatever you want, you'll have. You're going to love LA, I know it. Or wherever you want to drive to.

HANNAH

Alex, are you just-

ALEX

Yes, it's yours. For good. Everyone needs a break once in a while. Here's yours.

Hannah stands speechless as Alex walks away. She rushes toward him and gives him a big hug. They stand in front of the theater as the camera widens.

INT. ALEX'S TRUCK - DAY

Hannah turns the key in the ignition. She connects her iPhone to the AUX cable and turns it up. The beat of "New Way Home" by Foo Fighters thunders. Bags and pillows fill the truck.

Hannah looks over at her right shoulder: a tattoo of the Los Angeles skyline and a small palm tree with the words "Keep Dreaming Damnit" written under it. She smiles and drives off down the I-35 South towards Los Angeles.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS.