

THE CAST MEMBERS

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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, an intrepid teenager in a flannel, Foo Fighters shirt and jeans, who browses a college fair on the campus of her High School in Duluth, Minnesota. She is at the USC booth and grabs a brochure featuring the USC film school, before wandering over to the neighboring UCLA table.

COLLEGE FAIR WORKER
Please let me know if you have any
questions-

Hannah raises one finger in the air as she searches for a brochure. The worker makes a face. She grabs one, opens it, then changes the song on her iPod as she walks away from the booth.

HANNAH
(softly singing "Doll" by
Foo Fighters)
You know in all of the times that
we shared.

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

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(softly singing "Doll" by
Foo Fighters)
I've never been so scared.

Sydney makes eye contact with Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(softly singing "Doll" by
Foo Fighters)
Doll me up in my bad luck.

Hannah turns away and walks in front of frame.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DULUTH - DAY

HANNAH
(softly singing "Doll" by
Foo Fighters)
I'll meet you there.

Hannah now walks the mostly empty streets of the quaint arts district of downtown Duluth as the song continues. A swarm of firetrucks rush to a PERSON ON THE ROOF across the street. She receives a text from Sydney: "Where'd you go??" She closes the phone as she stops in front of an antique store.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

HANNAH
 (softly singing "Doll" by
 Foo Fighters)
 Doll me up in my bad luck.

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

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 (softly singing "Doll" by
 Foo Fighters)
 I'll meet you there.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WARWICK HOME - DUSK

A loud party at the WARWICK HOME is a drastic contrast to Hannah's headphone world, as a heavily 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 other Midwestern CREATIVE TYPES mingle about the Warwick house.

INT. WARWICK HOME - DUSK

MRS. WARWICK, dressed as aberrant as anyone in a flashy fur coat, finishes pouring herself another drink from the bar. CLAIRE, Hannah's older sister, and spitting image of their Mother stands with STEPHEN, her square-jawed, 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
 Not again Mom, please.

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

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 6 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

(taking an earbud out)

What were you expecting from your 17 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 other 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, a picturesque Midwest father, who sits watching the Twins game trying to ignore the loud around him by raising his television to inhuman levels, observes his daughter enter the room looking at the UCLA brochure. He lowers the volume.

MR. WARWICK

Hannah, honey.

Hannah takes out one ear bud.

HANNAH

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
(overlapping)
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 North East 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

Hannah looks around at the family photos on the mantle.

MR. WARWICK (CONT'D)

- 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 rolls her eyes as if she's heard this 1,000 times
before, and her voice becomes dubbed 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 depressingly 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 and finds an empty jar and sets it up under a
white board. She draws a basic "fill up" chart, with \$400 at
the top of it. She smiles confidently as she hears the door
bell ring.

Her face drops as she peaks 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. Hannah slides her dresser to the side
and steps out onto the ledge.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A man is slumped over a keyboard, the computer monitor the
only thing illuminating him in his dark apartment, *Monkey
Wrench* continuing to play through his speakers.

The front door swings open and a COUPLE passionately burst through the door, making out. The man at the computer slowly lifts his head, revealing the face of ALEX REILLY, a 25 year old with kind eyes and a nice mid-west aesthetic, who makes eye contact with the male, his older roommate SHIMANSKY (33). Shimansky makes an "I'm sorry" expression with his eyes and quickly moves his lady to the room. The door slams shut and Alex buries his head.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Hannah approaches the counter with a large soda and a chocolate bar while taking out an earbud.

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 towns main theater chain, a *Royal Cinemas*. While 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.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Hannah approaches DEVIN (Mid 20's), 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

(shuffles in purse)
Oh come on... I don't have mine on me. And I walked all the way over here, can't you just let me in?

DEVIN

I mean, I usually would, but... I really can't. I heard the secret shopper was coming in this week.

HANNAH

The what?

DEVIN

The person who comes in here once a month to try and get us in trouble with ticky tack policy like this. 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. She spots Madovitch sitting on a bench in the lobby. He smiles and gives a thumbs up. She returns the gesture. She then spots Sydney walking into the lobby.

HANNAH

Dude, take a hint!

She quickly bolts down the hallway looking for some place to hide and throws open a door she spots near a theater. As the door closes she realizes she is in a dimly lit supply closet. She goes to jiggle the door handle. Locked.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Classic, Hannah. *Real nice.*

FADE TO:

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 was 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 chain, packs cigarettes as he walks down the screening hallway when he suddenly stops.

He hears a faint beat being tapped. Consistently. He follows the sound's intensity and stops in front of the storage closet.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - STORAGE ROOM - MORNING

Alex swings open the door to the pitch black room and finds Hannah, looking frazzled with her earbuds in, banging a broom to a beat. Hannah is startled. Alex is startled. Then it is pitch black. 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. 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 I heard your Mom wailing from halfway across town on my way in this morning.

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 doesn't this door open 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 this-
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 as she walks in with
Alex.

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 view.

ALEX
(to Q)
Kind of need an answer Q.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
The premieres will be ready to go tomorrow right?

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

Q glares at Alex.

HANNAH
He looks mad at you.

ALEX
He shouldn't be, I was trying to help him.

Q grunts menacingly.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Q)
Asking Javy for one digital projector to ease your workload wasn't an insult Q!

He glares at Alex, and then even harsher at Hannah.

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...
(whispers to Alex)
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.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM - DAY

OSCAR BRAVO, a well dressed manager in a suit and tie, enters the break room to find IZZY (20's), a blonde woman who has the carefree demeanor of someone who would have lived on a commune if she were born in a different decade, and LEA (20's), a brunette who is almost equally as bubbly, sit in the break room peering into a box, giggling incessantly.

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
You make it sound so *easy*.

A MAN leaves the lobby bathroom.

MAN
(looking at 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

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

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 ole' 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.

ALEX
Hannah!

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 those.

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)
I remember you as a teenager, weren't you also done with the whole stupid thing by senior year?

ALEX
(Alex kicks same rock)
Sure, I thought I was ready to leave here when I turned 14, 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. Claire is hardly ever home.

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 stops dead in her tracks.

HANNAH

Are you serious?

ALEX

I did already give you the same rundown I would give most new employees...but you got to meet Q. So you're actually way ahead of the curve.

Hannah almost squeals and hugs Alex.

HANNAH

I don't know why Claire broke up with 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
You're terrible. And Claire will be fine.

ALEX
(beat, 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 as the camera stays locked on Hannah, stopped in her tracks.

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.

FADE TO:

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 as he knocks.

ALEX
Uh-oh, what's wrong birthday girl?

HANNAH
Nothing.

Her expression is a poor liar.

ALEX
Nothing huh?

Alex spots a CD on her nightstand: *The Colour and the Shape*. He picks it up.

ALEX (CONT'D)
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. Creeds' *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* album 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. They share a smile as Alex walks out, leaving Hannah to discover the music on her own.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DAY

Oscar stands with Shimansky and Devin, both wearing dark aviator sunglasses. The area has been caution taped off. The floor has a goopy grey outline of a small body on it in the first row in front of the screen.

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 down closer to the 'crime scene' 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 rolls his eyes.

OSCAR
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 *neither* of you 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 in the lobby waiting for his next feature to start. Alex waves to him, 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. Riley.

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 excitedly 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 90% 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 is focused on finishing 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 pickup truck along the I-35 toward
Minneapolis.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

Alex exits the freeway.

EXT. APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Alex pulls up to a moderately 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 inside. 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.

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 large 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 loudly.

CUT TO:

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 is loading 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 on, "training her".

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - CONCESSIONS - DAY

Hannah is carrying a tray of multiple 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% full.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

Hannah stands by an empty trash can ready to clean a theater as large groups of guests leave a kid's 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 an utterly disgusting women's restroom.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 13

Hannah walks in on a couple having sex while theater checking.

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 - HALLWAYS

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.

CUT TO:

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
Somedays 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
I keep telling you to lower your
expectations of me.
(hands her paycheck)
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
Fitzgers. 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
teenager!

HANNAH
I clocked out five minutes ago
boss, you're not apart of this
discussion. Fitzgers serves food
till 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?!

SMASH CUT TO:

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 extends his arm.

ALEX
No she didn't. She's a minor, the
lemonade is fine.

HANNAH
You're no fun.

OSCAR
How you liking the job 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 outlook, 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 smiles at Hannah.

IZZY
 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 30 got a memo the day I turned 40.

IZZY
 It's a brave new world, O; we're all in a group chat too, no one uses memo's 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 re-director?
Do they teach that in school now?

Hannah stops.

HANNAH
No really, I'm genuinely curious
now. Do you still write?

ALEX
(stops, lights cigarette)
If I answer will you?

HANNAH

Sure.

ALEX

(puffs cigarette)

I try. Sometimes. It's hard.

HANNAH

You should. You were good...

(Alex clears throat)

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 at work then?

HANNAH

Right?!

ALEX

Los Angeles is literally a city full of 20 million people who virtually 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, Claire was different.

HANNAH

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

ALEX

(tosses car keys to Hannah)

Trust me Hannah, you're not Claire.

HANNAH

(catches)

Are you-

ALEX
 We're like five minutes from your house. You can handle it.
 (opening passenger door)
 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 for me. UCLA. USC. All of them. 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

Another small gathering of Mrs. Warwick's artistic friends/clients is taking place as Hannah enters. She passes her father blasting the game in the den.

INT. WARWICK HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hannah peeps 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 we were done with this and you could make a damn decision without me!

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

Claire!

He follows.

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 in there!

Mr. Warwick turns up the TV.

The noise from the party and her Father's TV, all increase in intensity as the chaotic noises from the intro of Foo Fighters "My Poor Brain" play while 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.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DULUTH - NIGHT

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

EXT. BREWERS GARAGE - NIGHT

Hannah passes by Brewers, the small bar & grill that doubles as a small music venue. Tonight, mostly empty, as some alternative artist who creates digital soundscapes plays. 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 is placed next to two other capless bottles. JAVY, the general manager with an ever-present five o'clock shadow and bags under his eyes, pops an Adderall and then 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 -aarhhgg-

Javy mimes choking himself.

ALEX
Yeah, uh, that sounds, suffocating.

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

ALEX
She did?

JAVY
(leaning in 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, keeping 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, putting one up to his mouth.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The rain is now 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.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Numerous umbrellas cover the streets. One umbrella lifts and reveals Alex looking at the diner. He spots Claire in the window, her ever present 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. His breathing is heavy. He gets up to the door. He stops and turns to walk away, but then sheathes his umbrella.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Alex pushes through the door and makes eye contact with SHANNON, the lone hostess/waitress. They nod familiarly as Shannon walks by to drop off a cup of coffee for Claire. She doubles back to Alex.

SHANNON

Been awhile 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 obliviously sips her coffee. Alex leans against his booth, back to back with her 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 move 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 yea, sort of in
my neighborhood.

CLAIRE
Then welcome back.

Alex smiles and sits across from Claire. Shannon 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
(socks Alex in the
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)
 Talking was always something we were sort of good at, right?

CLAIRE
 (eyeing Alex)
 I guess...

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

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 further 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 besides
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

Hey, 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
I drove down Superior St the other day and saw Lane's music store closed. 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 and 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 is startled.

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 Britney
Spears and the Spice Girls.

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 got 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
Well, 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.
Till next time?

ALEX
Till next time.

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

SHANNON
How'd it go?

Alex sighs.

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

Shannon cocks her head as Alex snickers and departs.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Hannah confidently 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 exits 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
You're a child.

Hannah exits walks the other ways as the group exit the
screening theater.

SHIMANSKY
I'm 33 actually! It's my Jesus
year! The nerve of her.

DEVIN
Didn't Jesus die at 33?

Shimansky furrows his brow and exits scene.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ALEX'S OFFICE

Hannah's smile has never seemed bigger as she tests out 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 starts messing 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.
(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 standup?

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 and Izzy yelps upon noticing her spectator.

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 10th 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
wild 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)
 (quietly to self)
 Madovitch no!

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

HANNAH
 (smirks)
 Oh really? Is that all?

SYDNEY
 Yes really. That'll be all.

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
 \$12.25 of my favorite candy, what a
 gesture.

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
him 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-

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

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

EXT. WARWICK HOME - NIGHT

Sydney pulls up.

 SYDNEY
You look nice.

 HANNAH
Ok laying some ground rules right
now.

 (getting in car)

 (MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

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...

SMASH CUT TO:

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 venue in Minneapolis. Hannah notices a 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, see's 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 Boyfriend.

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

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.

BOYFRIEND
Hey you fucking perv!

The 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-

MATCH CUT TO:

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 stops and turns around.

HANNAH

You know what "it" is! The giant subtext to this whole night around you and I. 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 right now.

Hannah starts walking away again.

SYDNEY

Seriously Hannah?

Sydney starts following.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I drove us all the way up here. I paid for dinner. An expensive dinner! Don't I at least deserve an explanation?

Hannah turns around.

HANNAH

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)

(starts 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 that face that wasted no surface area. She turns around and smiles beneficently as she walks back toward the club. Sydney is shocked for a second, 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 slyly 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 is repeatedly glancing back at his cell phone somewhat anxiously. A naked Shimansky comes out from 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

I know.

Shimansky doubles back and grabs a dildo.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)

When in rome...

Alex shakes his head as Shimansky excitedly heads back into the room.

ALEX

At least one of us is getting laid.

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
(long beat, clears throat)
I, uh, yeah, I didn't think so either, Mr. Warwick.

MR. WARWICK
(longer 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
(walking into the den)
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.

DISSOLVE TO:

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 in the mirror.

EXT. WARWICK HOME - NIGHT

Sydney's car pulls up, and 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
Oh shut up you know you love me.

She finishes his tie.

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 movies 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 patch of black garbage bags, essentially lining the whole area on the theater floor below the seats. The black garbage bags are filled with oil, as each of them are holding a broom standing at opposite ends of the theater.

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

Shimansky and Devin run at each other and then slide on the buttery trash bags 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
 Is there another challenger to the throne?

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

ALEX
 I have been calling you for backup at concessions the last 10 minutes and then had to run around to find you doing *this*.

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 muc-

ALEX
Bring. The. Butter.

Alex exits.

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 theater 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?

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's from
 but I definitely am not wealthy nor
 did I attend college. Sooooo.

Q continues pointing toward the door.

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

Q shakes his head as Shimansky exits 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 PATRONS look around.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NIGHT

Alex finishes counting cash as a couple CUSTOMERS walk up.

CUSTOMER 2
 Hey, theater two just stopped
 playing.

CUSTOMER 3
 Yeah, so did theater seven.

ALEX
 (to radio)
 Shimansky what's going on up there?
 (to customers)
 We're getting 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 rounds 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, who 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 frantically 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.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ROOF - NIGHT

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

Q
(*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
(*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 - NIGHT

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 - NIGHT

Q takes another step toward the Nervous Man.

Q
(*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
(*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.

SMASH CUT TO:

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
(sideyes 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 and walks 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 has a priceless look on her face.

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
6 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.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She sees the big dreamer you were. 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?! I at least 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 around 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 breathe. 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 are each turned away from each other. Thoughts of a 12 year relationship echoing through their heads. Similar fights. Similar makeups.

"February Stars" by Foo Fighters begins to play as Claire turns around, setting her phone on a nearby stand. 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" continues to play through the car's 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
 (groans)
 It's way to cold to try that
 tonight Sydney!

SYDNEY
 (chuckles)
 No. Not that.

HANNAH
 Then what's up?

SYDNEY
 (deep breathe)
 Why did you break up with me at the
 end of junior year?

Hannah's already cold face somehow goes colder.

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 over from him back into the Northern Lights.

INT. DULUTH SYMPHONY HALL - SAME TIME

Alex and Claire slowly dance along as the song seamlessly
 intercuts between the two 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)

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

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 damn 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.

The pair embrace again 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 them
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 about it.

SYDNEY
Huh. Well. That's cool. If you want
it, you should go for it.

They kiss lightly and smile at each other but then sit in heavy silence over the implications on their future relationship. 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 to the song, 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.

FADE TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - JAVY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Javy sits in his office. A single cigarette sits on his desk. He stares intently 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 in to take a drag. A knock sounds at the door, and Javy swallows the cigarette.

ALEX
(entering)
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 - DAY

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.

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 feelin' 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.

JUMP CUT TO:

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 depressingly looks over at her car/college fund chart, which is barely at the car line.

SMASH CUT TO:

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.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

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

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WARWICK HOME - DIRECT TO CAMERA

MR. WARWICK
 The film industry is too
 competitive Hannah!

(MORE)

MR. WARWICK (CONT'D)

You're going to leave after four years with a useless piece of paper! That's why I'm not paying for it!

CUT BACK TO:

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.

SMASH CUT TO:

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 but 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. THEATER - 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 in?!

CUSTOMER 4
 Like every movie theater I've ever
 been in! 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!

The CUSTOMERS FRIEND walks up.

CUSTOMERS FRIEND
 What's going on?

CUSTOMER 4
 These assholes don't have any
 pickles!

CUSTOMERS FRIEND
 They don't have pickles?!

ALEX
 Call me an asshole one more time.

CUSTOMER 4
 I didn't call you specifically an
 asshole, I was referring to your
 entire corporation.

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!

SHIMANSKY
 It's ok bud, the bad pickle man
 will be gone soon.

He brushes Shimansky aside, storming off.

SHIMANSKY (CONT'D)
 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 customers looks intrigued.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

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

CLAIRE
 Hey birthday girl.

Claire notices her lack of music.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 No music?

HANNAH
 It died.

She gestures to the iPhone on the table.

CLAIRE
 How have you and Sydney been?

HANNAH
 We've been-

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ENGLER PARK - DAY

Sydney inaudibly talks while Hannah's world slows down as she
 looks through her camera, and Sydney goes out of focus.

BACK TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

HANNAH
 -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? What happened to my rebel older sister? I could use 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
 (breath)
 Alex was really talented. Like, really talented. He made everything a video project in high school. He was sharp. Hilarious. And was the most determined person I had 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 mouse cursor in it's 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. A pair of LADIES 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 junior higher! 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 house guests. It's rude. Second, it's more like pushing thirty-seven, but 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 house? 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. 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 guys ass last week!

ALEX

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

SHIMANSKY

Thank you. Love you bro.

ALEX

Yeah yea. I'm late for work.

Alex grabs his keys.

SHIMANSKY

Now -

(looks back at Ladies)

Who wants eggs and a plan B?

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DUSK

Two rejection letters for both the NY Film Festival and the LA Film Festival lay next to her. Hannah takes a big breath and opens the third for the Minneapolis festival. 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've 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?

Izzy beams. Alex hugs his friend and smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WARWICK HOME - NIGHT

A pair of FIRE BREATHERS finish a routine during a loud late spring party. The party is even more eclectic and larger 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 another cocktail in her party cup. Turning around, she runs right 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 is twenty-one,
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 a printed sheet of a 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
 Can I please finish first?! 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 in to 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 than why
 should I even try?!

Hannah exits.

MR. WARWICK
 Hannah that's not-

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannah bursts into her room bawling. She packs a bag, fighting through tears 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 along various streets of downtown Duluth. Eventually wandering 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.

She continues walking.

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 in downtown Duluth.

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

Headlights appear in the distance. 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 with smeared makeup. *New Way Home* continues quietly on the car 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's smile catches her by surprise.

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 and your dreams and what you want. Don't let anyone ever 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)
So just keep dreaming, damnit! Because I know you if you do, you will get everything you want out of life 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?

SMASH CUT TO:

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 the biggest smile yet.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

SMASH CUT TO:

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 an apartment 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
Cool. 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 Super Ones 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 up 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 isles and then spots Claire. He goes around to the other side of the isle she's on and starts searching for her through the merchandise. He finally finds her browsing. He clears an area.

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

INTERCUT BETWEEN ISLES:

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.

The both start walking toward the end of the isle.

CLAIRE
 Right here? Right now? In-between
 the cereal isle?

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-

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

ALEX
 On my life Claire, you meet me at
 Royal it will 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 7.

Claire chuckles.

CLAIRE
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, two rows from the break in the Stadium seating. She smiles and approaches.

The paper says "Reserved For Claire Warwick" with a small handwritten note: 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.

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

HANNAH (O.S.)

So what did you think you would be doing when you graduated High School?

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

HANNAH (O.S.)

What's your favorite memory of working here?

ALEX

(direct to camera)

Oh god...that's. Oh.
(starts 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)

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
 (seriously hurting with
 laughter thinking about
 the story)
 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.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

Claire's expression is brilliant, and teary eyed.

CUT BACK TO:

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 confronts 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

I'm so excited. 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, it's been hard.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - HALLWAY

DEVIN

Are you kidding me? It's kind of been a dream job. Not the type of dream job I thought I would 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 at work as I do when I'm here.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - AUDITORIUM

SHIMANSKY

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? I had a real crappy childhood environment... So I've been really lucky to surround myself with these clowns most of my adult life.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - ALEX'S OFFICE

ALEX

(can not contain his
laughter)

And as the guy is trying to pull his dick back in his pants, he gets it caught in the zipper and starts howling and then bleeding all over his date... and then Madovitch gets up, 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.
 You're going to see the world. Have
 a lot of sex.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - BREAK ROOM

IZZY
 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
 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.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

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

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - NEAR ENTRANCE

MR. MADOVITCH
 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.

(MORE)

MR. MADOVITCH (CONT'D)
 But I think you'll accomplish all
 of your wildest dreams.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - PROJECTIONS

Q
 (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

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - THEATER 7

The screen ceases to illuminate her tear-stained face. Claire is a speechless 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 always was writing this with a part for you in my mind."*

CUT TO:

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
 come 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 hun. 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 night water.

ALEX
I was wondering if you would show.

Claire touches her lips. She's shocked.

CLAIRE
Alex, you-

ALEX
Yes. I remembered.

Claire smiles in awe.

EXT. LAKE MINNETONKA - GONDOLA - LATER

Alex and Claire have paddled out a bit from the pier. Alex reclines, looking up at the stars while Claire seems agitated. The sounds of the lake fill the air. Alex is comfortable in the silence. Claire is not.

ALEX
Are you ok? Do we need to go back?

CLAIRE
No it's just... what is 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 had to 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 still did it anyway.

Claire turns her head.

CLAIRE
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
Well physically, you don't, but
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, and she'd probably
kill me... but I needed you to know
that Hannah wasn't me Claire.

CLAIRE
I know. I'm sorry.
(beat)
I'm a terrible big sister.

ALEX
No. You love her. You're just a
person. And people suck.

There's a pause.

CLAIRE
And where'd the script come from?

Alex looks up at the sky.

ALEX
After I saw you in her movie just
light up when you were talking
about acting even for a moment...
I... it was the first time I had
seen the teenage 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?

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

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.

(beat)

And 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.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But I know you and that role is *perfect* for you.

She looks back slyly at Alex.

CLAIRE

I don't act anymore Alex.

ALEX

That's what you're here for? I do all this for you to tell me you're turning down the role of a lifetime?

CLAIRE

That's not the only reason.

ALEX

So then why'd you come back tonight Claire?

CLAIRE

Because if love doesn't win, the terrorists do, Alex.

Alex laughs. Claire never breaks eye contact. She leans in, and the pair begin to kiss passionately for the first time in a long time.

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 7 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 going to 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 is sipping her coffee.

HANNAH
I know what I want and what I have to do to have it. 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 smiles and nods her head.

CLAIRE
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 turns.

ALEX
Can you give me a second?

CUSTOMER 5
No! Your stupid marquee had the
showtime for Terminator at 7:20 but
I've already missed half the movie!
Restart it or give me my money
back!

Another Customer comes up and chimes 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.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAVY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Javy shuts off his radio and loosens his tie. Classical music
plays. He sees his Adderall bottle his empty.

BACK TO:

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY - DUSK

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!

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 having done a line of coke. He eyes the pack of cigarettes in his drawer.

INT. ROYAL CINEMAS - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Restless customers have now started knocking down and taking from concessions racks in the lobby. Alex has lost control of the situation. A loud whistle is heard. Alex spots Shimansky and Devin, both in suits and ties, walking towards him. The crowd quells.

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 the man, single file, people!

The crowd starts moving 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. And then I was gonna fire back about 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 have to be kidding me. This is too perfect.

Javy drops his cigarette, igniting his trash can.

JAVY
Uhh, Alex. I thought the door was locked!

ALEX
A literal dumpster 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
(shaking his head)
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...

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 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, and 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! Uhh, the
 employee has always exhibited great
 loyalty and is an extremely hard
 worker-

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
 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
 (pained laughs)
 I'm going to be so rich.

JAVY
 Well, I'm sure we can work out a
 reasonable severance.

SHIMANSKY
 (pained laughs)
 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...

Shimansky keeps pain chuckling.

JAVY
I'm sure I can talk to corporate
and we can-

SHIMANSKY
Alex?

ALEX
Yeah buddy?

SHIMANSKY
(stops laughing)
I said it hurts... please call that
ambulance.

EXT. ROYAL CINEMAS - DUSK

Alex sits on the tailgate of his truck. Hannah comes and sits
next to him.

HANNAH
What, are you just 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'm feeling like this has all been
worthless.

ALEX
Why's that?

HANNAH
(pacing)
Well I got into USC. I did the
fucking thing, right?

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

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.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S TRUCK - DAY

Hannah turns the key in the ignition. She connects her iPhone to the AUX cable and turns up the radio. The thundering beat of "*New Way Home*" by Foo Fighters blares. 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 TO BLACK.

CREDITS.