

Objects in Mirror

by

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INT. PADDED WHITE ROOM, INSANE ASYLUM - NIGHT

ANDY COEN, 27, struggles inside of a straight jacket.

He rolls around the padded floor, can't free himself.

INT. BEDROOM, ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

ALARM CLOCK BLARES. Andy, tangled in a straight jacket of blankets and sheets, sleeps violently. Sunlight pokes through curtains, dust particles glisten. Andy rolls off the bed, hits the floor hard.

ANDY (V.O.)

I know--stories aren't supposed to start with alarm clocks...but I can't remember what I did last night, so you'll have to forgive me.

One arm pokes free from the tangle of blankets, slaps his smartphone until the alarm silences. The privileged, entitled burnout rolls over onto his back, stares up at the ceiling.

ANDY (V.O.)

People seem to have a tough time with unemployment. For me, it's important to have a routine.

He rolls over into push-up position.

ANDY (V.O.)

That's why I start every morning with 50 push-ups.

He does pushups.

ANDY (V.O.)

Okay 30...*Fine*, 25.

He collapses after *maybe* 18 push-ups. Onto his feet, into his desk drawer, out with a joint and lighter. He pulls up the curtains on his window--reveals the beautiful NYC setting.

ANDY (V.O.)

I'm 15 stories up and I won't be here forever. My parents could give me the boot at a moments notice. So I've got to embrace this view while I have it.

He opens the window, hangs his torso out, lights the joint.

INT. BEDROOM BATHROOM, ANDY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy pees.

ANDY (V.O.)
Lotta advantages to living in a
doorman building. My favorite part?

Washes his hands, opens the mirrored cabinet over the sink.
When he closes the cabinet, he wears a pair of fake glasses
affixed to a fake nose and fake eye brows.

ANDY (V.O.)
People feel safe, so they don't always
lock their doors.

INT. 15TH FLOOR HALLWAY, ANDY'S BUILDING - DAY

Cheap disguise on, Andy meanders down the hallway, twists the
knobs of his neighbor's front doors, finds one unlocked.

ANDY (V.O.)
And Bingo was his name-o.

INT. BATHROOM 2, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy pulls open the medicine cabinet above the bathroom sink.
He looks through the various prescription bottles.

ANDY (V.O.)
It's not enough to read the labels.

He takes a pill out, Googles its symbol on his phone.

ANDY (V.O.)
A simple Google search will confirm
whether or not I'm about to get high.

INT. BATHROOM 3, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy pulls open yet another medicine cabinet.

ANDY (V.O.)
A few months back, I snagged what I
thought was a handful of Vicodin.

Andy finds a pill that he deems satisfactory, swallows it.
Chases with sink water, continues to rummage.

ANDY (V.O.)
Turns out they were estrogen tablets.

INT. 15TH FLOOR HALLWAY, ANDY'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER
Andy slips out of his neighbor's apartment, continues on.

ANDY (V.O.)
My nipples were sore for weeks.

The other front doors are locked.

ANDY (V.O.)
Most of the neighbors on my floor are
onto me.

Andy ducks into the stairwell, goes down one floor.

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY, ANDY'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER
Andy emerges on the 14th floor, tries all of the doors.

ANDY (V.O.)
That...or I've gotten quite a few
house keepers fired for petty theft.

The first two apartments are locked, but the third--

INT. BATHROOM 4, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER
He opens the cabinet over the bathroom sink.

ANDY (V.O.)
Every now and then...

This cabinet is *well stocked* with various prescription pills.

ANDY (V.O.)
I'll hit the jackpot.

Andy pours pills out into his palm, eats some, stuffs more
into his pockets.

ANDY (V.O.)
Can't be an idiot though.

He picks up a Tylenol bottle, pours some out into his hand.

ANDY (V.O.)
It's all about *appearances*.

Andy fills the prescription pill bottles with Tylenol.

ANDY (V.O.)
 This isn't exactly risk free...that's
 why I wear the fake glasses.

Andy closes the bathroom cabinet - he's pleased with himself.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Got pinched on a nanny cam some months
 back. Wound up pleading it out,
 getting shipped off to rehab.

Just as he's about to exit the bathroom--the CREAK OF A FRONT
 DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING. The apartment's RESIDENTS are home.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Oh shit.

Unsure how to proceed...he leaps into the bathtub, lays down
 flat, listens.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 If it was *your* mother, you wouldn't
 hesitate to move her in with us.

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 My mother isn't a conniving, lying,
 sociopath.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Don't be ridiculous.

MALE NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Like we need another person living in
 this tiny apartment? One more
 braindead bimbo to leave all the
 lights on?

The lights are on in the bathroom.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Crap.

The male neighbor sticks his hand into the bathroom, flicks
 the light off. Darkness

ANDY (V.O.)
 As long as no one needs to take a
 shower--

The female neighbor enters the bathroom, pees.

Andy holds his breath the whole while. The female neighbor gets up, snuffles, exits the bathroom.

ANDY (V.O.)
Well...least I'm high.

Andy fishes his hand into his pocket, takes out one of the stolen pills, pops it into his mouth.

ANDY (V.O.)
The movies will have you believe dry swallowing is no big deal. I assure you, that's nonsense.

He sits up, turns the bathtub faucet on ever so gently. A little drizzle comes out--enough to fill his palm with water so he can drink down the pill.

ANDY (V.O.)
I ask myself constantly...why am I like this? Why am I the way that I am?

He turns the faucet back off, lays down in the tub.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

8 YEAR OLD ANDY, innocent, oblivious sits in a circle with his CLASSMATES, two of whom wear birthday crowns.

The whole class plays a musical hand game, eats cupcakes. Young Andy looks up--someone's PARENTS have arrived, odd.

The TEACHER ushers Andy's YOUNG CLASSMATE over toward her parents, they leave.

ANOTHER SET OF PARENTS ARRIVE, take another one of Andy's classmates away. Confusion around the room, whispers.

ANDY (V.O.)
Am I a product of my generation? Was there one moment from my youth, that changed everything?

ANDY'S MOM is the next to show up. He's excited, confused.

Is that anger on her face? Fear?

Mom takes Andy's hand, ushers him out of the classroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANDY'S GRANDFATHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

8 year old Andy plays with an action figure on the floor. His DAD stands with his GRANDFATHER and mom, watches the TV as a newscast of the 9/11 terrorist attack plays.

Young Andy looks up from his action figure, confused by the horrid images he sees on the television.

ANDY (V.O.)
It's more than likely I'm not even remembering that correctly.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

13 YEAR OLD ANDY rides in the backseat of an SUV.

Dad drives, Mom rides shotgun.

Andy is confused, angry, as his parents bicker back and fourth--his dad unknowingly blows a red light, their car gets T-BONED in the intersection.

The SUV tumbles, lands upside down. A horrified young Andy dangles from his seatbelt, confused, afraid.

ANDY (V.O.)
Okay this one didn't happen at all.

The accident reverses like a VHS tape.

ANDY (V.O.)
I'm not a liar, I'm just making a point.

INT. BATHROOM 4, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andy wakes up, still in the tub.

The screaming match is over.

ANDY (V.O.)
Let's pretend this is the first time I've fallen asleep in a stranger's bathtub.

He wipes the drool from his mouth, rises, steps out of the tub, peaks his head out the bathroom door.

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY, ANDY'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Andy sneaks out of the apartment, heads for the stairwell.

ANDY (V.O.)

That was a close one. It's important
to know when to call it a day.

One foot in the stairwell, Andy hesitates.

ANDY (V.O.)

Ah, shit.

He backtracks, tries the knobs on his neighbor's doors.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - DAY

DREW, mid-20s, handsome, well-dressed, sits on the couch in
his nice apartment. Andy rolls up a joint.

ANDY

Dope crib, man.

DREW

Thanks, it was my Grandma's.

ANDY

She go down to Florida?

DREW

She died.

ANDY

Shit. I'm sorry.

DREW

It was a while ago. Both my uncles put
up a big stink about me moving in.
They're trying to sell the place.

ANDY

You have to pay rent?

DREW

Yeah, like a G a month. Which is a
great deal, don't get me wrong. But
it's not like either of them need the
money. One of them is a VP at JP
Morgan, and the other one's wife has a
really rich family.

ANDY
Interesting.

Andy lights the joint.

ANDY (V.O.)
All this guy talks about is other
people's money.

ANDY
How's work going?

DREW
It's good, you know Ray Liotta?

ANDY
From *Goodfellas*.

DREW
I met him last week. Nice guy. Snout
like a vacuum cleaner.

Drew takes the joint.

ANDY (V.O.)
Drew manages props on film sets. Gets
to work with some pretty cool people.
All he cares about is name dropping,
though. Guy couldn't name three movies
Ray Liotta's in.

DREW
Had to fire our armory guy again.
We're onto our third now, it's low key
a mess.

ANDY
What'd he do?

DREW
He was just incompetent.

ANDY
Damn.

DREW
Yeah, plus a gun went missing. You
still living at home?

ANDY
I am.

ANDY (V.O.)

Look at that--a question about myself.

DREW

That's nice, probably saving a lot of money. Still doin blues?

ANDY

From time to time.

DREW

Care to indulge?

Andy rummages through his pockets, pulls out a blue pill.

ANDY

Only got one left. We can split it.

DREW

Hell yeah. You wanna smoke it?

ANDY

Like, freebase?

DREW

You never--

ANDY

Nahh, is it dope?

DREW

Andy, it's *the dopest*.

Drew walks to the kitchen, returns with supplies.

DREW

Check it.

He cuts off both ends of a pen, spills ink everywhere.

DREW

See what I'm doing?

ANDY

Making a mess.

DREW

Yes, but also a cylinder.

All that's left of the pen is the cylinder-shaped, hollowed outer tube.

Drew crushes the small blue opiate, places half of it on a piece of tin foil.

DREW
Alright, hold this.

Andy tries hard to hold the foil steady, not spill the drugs. Drew puts the hollowed tube between his lips, uses a zippo lighter to heat the bottom of the foil. The crushed pill evaporates, Drew inhales the vapor through the tube.

ANDY
Damn.

They do it again--this time Andy freebases the drugs. The room takes on a soft pink glow, the couch envelops him, his brain is bathed in a hot spring of dopamine and serotonin.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK TRANSVERSE - NIGHT

Andy walks along the sidewalk of the transverse, where cars drive through Central Park from east-to-west, and vice versa.

ANDY (V.O.)
I'm always better off just getting high by myself. When I'm with other people, I tend to push my limits.

Pupils like pinpoints, Andy scratches his arms as he walks.

ANDY (V.O.)
Had a lotta good times in this park. Used to smoke joints here in the morning on my way to school.

Andy sees a sketchy figure up ahead in the distance. He cuts across the traffic to the opposite sidewalk, continues on.

ANDY (V.O.)
Simpler times. God, I love this city.

About to emerge from the park, he checks his watch.

ANDY (V.O.)
Too soon to head home. My parents could still be awake. If they don't notice my eyes, they'll definitely smell the kush in my pocket.

Andy takes out an Altoids container, opens it, another joint.

EXT. SIDEWALKS, 5TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Andy smokes the joint, strolls toward Madison Avenue.

ANDY (V.O.)

I could text some friends from the neighborhood, no point though. People never answer when you need them to.

He pulls a half-pint of rye whiskey from his back pocket.

ANDY (V.O.)

Hopefully Drew won't miss this...or notice it's gone for that matter.

He unscrews the cap, takes a long swig of whiskey, chases it with a hit from the joint, repeats the process.

ANDY (V.O.)

Opiate comedown is unmatched. Whiskey burn should bring me back to life.

The street glows with blue light. Then red. Then blue again.

ANDY (V.O.)

Shit, cops!

Andy tosses the half-pint, flicks the joint to the gutter, takes off full-sprint. He never sees his pursuers, but the flashing blue and red lights follow him, SIRENS WAILING.

He dashes across Park Avenue against the light, hauls ass to Lexington, hangs a right, darts downtown against traffic, makes another right, runs halfway back toward Park Avenue, jumps over a railing, hides at a basement-level platform amongst a building's trash bins, curls up in a ball, waits.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BASEMENT-LEVEL PLATFORM, BETWEEN PARK & LEX - DAY

Andy wakes up on concrete in the fetal position. A rat scurries by--he jumps to his feet.

ANDY (V.O.)

Fucking rats. This fucking city. It's all filth and squalor. Piles of trash, disease-stricken rodents.

Andy checks his pockets, his phone, walks up the stairs.

EXT. SIDEWALK, BETWEEN PARK & LEX - MOMENTS LATER

He takes the last joint from his Altoids container.

He's about to spark it up when--

BETH

Andy?

BETH, blonde, late 20s, big blue eyes you could swim in, stands ten feet away.

ANDY

Uhh, hey.

BETH

You look like shit.

ANDY

Slept with a rat last night.

BETH

Not sure if I hope that's a metaphor.

ANDY (V.O.)

My ex.

BETH

Do you...want to come upstairs and smoke that?

ANDY

Uhh...

ANDY (V.O.)

I shouldn't.

ANDY

Are your parents home?

BETH

They're in the Hamptons.

ANDY (V.O.)

But I will.

They walk side-by-side toward Park Avenue.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BETH'S LAVISH APARTMENT - DAY

Beth and Andy pass a joint back and fourth.

BETH

You wound up graduating on time?

ANDY

I did. Surprised?

BETH

Eh...

ANDY

Took classes every summer, otherwise I would'a been cooked. What about you?

BETH

Yeah, graduated on time.

She wipes invisible lint off the couch.

ANDY (V.O.)

I happen to know she missed too many credits to land that coveted *business major*, wound up in general studies. I'll keep that to myself, though.

BETH

We never talked about Jesse.

ANDY

You know he apologized to me?

BETH

He did?

ANDY

He told me it was part of the 12 step program...make amends and what not. I told him he didn't owe me an apology.

BETH

Interesting.

ANDY

He told me that he felt like he did.

BETH

Do you think *I* owe you one?

ANDY

Would I? If *I* started dating one of
your friends after we broke up?

Beth ponders a response...doesn't.

ANDY

No, you don't. But could you tell me
one thing?

BETH

Shoot.

ANDY

Why'd we break up in the first place?

BETH

Andy, you were *always* high.

ANDY

So were you.

BETH

Yeah, well smoking weed all day is one
thing. But then you started in with
the pills--just like my brother.

ANDY

Yeah.

BETH

You got so irritable all the time, my
friends started hating you. And pretty
soon they started hating me too.

ANDY (V.O.)

Sounds about right. I'm the destroyer
of all things good.

BETH

Ya know the worst part? You just
couldn't take responsibility for
anything.

ANDY

It's a disease, Beth.

BETH

You're not wrong. But I'dno...

ANDY

What?

BETH

It was like, you'd fuck up or make me sad, and then you wouldn't even feel guilty. *I'd* be the one who felt guilty. It was--

She takes a puff of the joint, searches for the word.

ANDY (V.O.)

Toxic.

Andy's phone rings, rejects the incoming call.

INT. LOBBY OF ANDY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Andy presses the call button for the elevator.

It arrives.

As he enters, MRS. ADDELSBURRY walks in the lobby, three bags of groceries in each hand.

MRS. ADDELSBURRY

Hold it please, hold the elevator.

Andy's eyes light up like a fiend.

ANDY

Mrs. Addelsburry, please. Let me help you with those.

He holds the elevator, takes the grocery bags as she enters.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy follows Mrs. Addelsburry off the elevator.

MRS. ADDELSBURRY

And who says chivalry is dead?

ANDY (V.O.)

I think when you reach a certain age, your mind is reduced to speaking in cliches.

Mrs. Addelsburry unlocks her front door, Andy follows her in.

INT. MRS. ADDELSBURRY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy places the grocery bags down on a table.

MRS. ADDELSBURRY

Thank you, dear. You know, I remember when you were just a little trouble maker. You've become a polite young man, your parents must be proud.

ANDY

Oh I don't know about that. Would you mind if I just used your bathroom quickly before I leave?

MRS. ADDELSBURRY

Of course, right through that door.

INT. MRS. ADDELSBURRY'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Andy rifles through her medicine cabinet. She's got an assortment of prescription pill bottles.

ANDY (V.O.)

Had a feeling she'd be well stocked, old folks usually are.

Andy pockets a handful of pills.

EXT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Andy meanders down the hall, checks the other front doors.

ANDY (V.O.)

Seventh floor. Haven't been down here since before rehab. Feels like ages ago.

He finds an open apartment, peaks his head in, enters.

INT. BATHROOM 5, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He goes through the neighbor's medicine cabinet.

ANDY (V.O.)

What I'd do to have a cool ass job, like Drews. I was somehow born to the only parents on the Upper East Side with zero connections in life.

Andy exits the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM 6, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He enters the next bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet.

ANDY (V.O.)

I got a job with a publicist after college.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy continues trying to open all of the front doors.

ANDY (V.O.)

Found the job listing on Craigs List...I know--red flag.

Andy finds an unlocked apartment, slips in.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy sneaks around a dark apartment, looks for the bathroom.

ANDY (V.O.)

Boss was a monster. Old, racist, elitist buffoon. Used to send me for coffee with his credit card. He'd say, *how bout you get us a couple coffees.*

He opens a door - it leads to a coat closet.

ANDY (V.O.)

Then one day while going over his bank records online, he said to me--*you know when I send you for coffee, you should be paying for your own, right?*

He finds the bathroom, enters.

INT. BATHROOM 7, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy opens the medicine cabinet--pill bottles lined up neatly.

ANDY (V.O.)

I blocked his phone number when I got out of rehab. It's important to filter out negative people from your life.

He reads the label on each one.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Couple perc-tens, Xanax, Vicodin.

Andy pops a pill, pockets a few more, sneaks out.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy exits the apartment.

ANDY (V.O.)
 I should head home, hide the
 loot...maybe just one more apartment.

Andy tries another doorknob--locked. He moves down one apartment--also locked. He slides down to the last apartment in the hallway--**this one's open.**

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 'M', - MOMENTS LATER

He slips in through the open front door. The lights are off.

ANDY (V.O.)
 I should come down to the seventh
 floor more often. These people know
 where the party's at--

Searching for the bathroom, Andy pops his head into a door--

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

--What he finds instead is a dark bedroom...

And a **chain** running along the floor.

And the slender, delicate **foot of a woman**, on the other end of said chain.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Holy mother-fucking shit!

FAINT SOBS.

Andy backs out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 'M', - MOMENTS LATER

He practically leaps to the front door of the apartment.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit. Jesus
 fucking Christ.

INT. DINNER TABLE, ANDY'S HOME - NIGHT

Mom makes a cocktail, Dad inhales food. Jeopardy's on. Andy hears nothing, lost in thought, inner-monologue run amok.

ANDY (V.O.)

What in the fuck did I just see?

He pushes chicken and pasta around his plate.

ANDY (V.O.)

That couldn't have been what it looked like--could it?

He spins his fork with his fingertips.

ANDY (V.O.)

An optical illusion. It was an optical illusion. Just, funny shadows--

DAD

What is medulla oblongata?

The TV confirms Dad's answer, cuts to commercial break.

MOM

Jay's coming to see us tomorrow. Maybe he can help you look for a job.

ANDY

Maybe.

MOM

There's plenty of jobs you don't have to be that smart to do.

ANDY

Thanks, mom.

MOM

Your sister's driving an ambulance.

DAD

Took three tries to get his license. He's gonna drive an ambulance?

MOM

He doesn't have to drive an ambulance, but he has to do *something*.

Andy stares at his plate of food.

MOM

I'm not going to keep making you
dinner, if you're not going to eat it.

Andy forces down a bite of chicken.

DAD

You mean *reheating*.

MOM

What was that?

DAD

You mean, you're not going to keep
reheating food from Citarella, if he's
not going to eat it.

MOM

Oh, you're both too good for
Citarella's chicken parm now?

DAD

Not at all, but accuracy is important.

Mom powers through the rest of her cocktail, gets up, leaves.

ANDY (V.O.)

Maybe she was just laying there. Maybe
you didn't really see what you thought
you saw.

Jeopardy comes back on.

ANDY (V.O.)

No, that was a fucking chain. She had
a chain around her foot. Fuck. What do
I do? Should I tell someone? I should
tell someone.

ANDY

Dad, I--

DAD

Hush, fuck. I couldn't hear the
answer, Andrew. Damn it.

Andy slumps into his chair.

ANDY (V.O.)

My older brother's visiting tomorrow.
He'll know what to do.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Andy enters his bedroom.

JAY, early 30s, sits at the computer.

ANDY
Hey brotha man.

JAY
Andy! What's good?

ANDY
Not a whole lot.

They dap into a bro-hug.

JAY
Staying out of trouble?

ANDY
More or less. You on a break from med school or something?

JAY
Yeah, between rotations. Got Family Medicine next.

ANDY
Sounds boring.

JAY
Probably will be. Especially compared to the last one. I got to scrub-in on a few brain surgeries.

ANDY
Holy shit. They actually let you near someone's brain?

JAY
Yeah, it's pretty wild.

ANDY
That's insane.

JAY
Not as insane as this little gift I brought us back from the supply closet.

Jay pulls a small vile out of his backpack, tosses it to Andy.

The label reads: MORPHINE.

ANDY

You did not.

JAY

Am I the best big brother that ever existed?

ANDY

Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever...

JAY

You wanna roll a blunt and we'll go up to the roof?

EXT. ROOF OF ANDY'S BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Andy and Jay are perched on the ledge of the building's water tower.

Jay unscrews the vile of morphine, shoots some into his mouth with a dropper, hands it off to Andy who does the same.

ANDY

Cheers.

Andy sparks the blunt.

JAY

Cheers. Ya know, I don't really get fucked up much anymore. This is nice.

ANDY

How come? Too busy?

JAY

Yeah, just trying to absorb so much information. Really need all my faculties. Last week, when I was scrubbed-in on this brain surgery. I was like, holding this sort of, hose thing. They use it to suck up blood during procedures.

ANDY

Damn.

JAY

And we've got this guys skull cut open, the surgeon is operating on his brain. And I'm standing next to him, just sucking up the blood whenever he tells me to. And I started moving the hose just a little bit too far--the surgeon freaked out like, "Woh, woh, woh, woh, hold it!"

ANDY

No way.

JAY

Yeah. He stopped me before I did any damage and was like, "In the brain, you never put instruments where you can't see." It was pretty intense.

ANDY

That is so intense.

Andy passes the blunt to Jay.

ANDY (V.O.)

I'm not gonna tell him about the girl I found. If it even *was* a girl. I can't explain it right. And even if I could, I'm not sure I feel like it.

JAY

Might catch up with some of my high school pals later. You wanna come?

ANDY

Nah, think I'm gonna go see my weed man.

Their movements slow dramatically as the morphine kicks in. The sky becomes more colorful, birds chirp with more rhythm.

ANDY

Shit, morphine's tight.

JAY

It's probably my favorite. You been in control of your habits, lately?

Jay passes the blunt back.

ANDY
Yeah, I have.

ANDY (V.O.)
I'm a lying piece of shit sometimes.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Andy stands in the stairwell, stares at the 7th floor sign.

ANDY (V.O.)
I don't even remember walking down
here. I chilled with Jay, I showered,
I blinked--now I'm here.

He pulls open the door, enters the seventh floor hallway.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy meanders down the hall, heads toward apartment 'M'.

ANDY (V.O.)
I guess I just...have to know.

Andy tries to twist the doorknob--it's locked.

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit. Didn't see this coming.

He looks at the door, disappointed.

The knob starts turning--it's being opened from the inside.

Frantic, Andy darts up the hall, slips into the stairwell.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

He hides, waits until he hears the sound of the elevator
arrive and depart.

ANDY (V.O.)
Now's my chance.

He slips out of the stairwell--

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

--darts back to the front door of apartment 'M', tries the
knob again...it's open.

He enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

Andy quietly makes his way through the apartment.

ANDY (V.O.)

Strange feeling. Usually when I do this sort of thing, I'm looking for pills.

He enters the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

Sure enough, a young woman sits on the floor, ankle chained to the radiator.

LILY, mid 30s, curled up in a ball, leans back against her bed frame looking more bored than scared.

Andy stands in the doorway, doesn't make a peep. Lily plays with her toes, picks out her toe cheese.

ANDY (V.O.)

Should I...Is it too late to turn back? She hasn't noticed me y--

LILY

Woh--who the fuck are you?

ANDY (V.O.)

Fuck.

ANDY

Uh--Andy, I'm Andy.

LILY

OK?

ANDY

Do you...

LILY

Wanna know what the fuck you're doing in my apartment?

ANDY

This-this is your apartment?

LILY

Well it definitely isn't yours.

ANDY
And...the person who just left?

LILY
Steve?

ANDY
Steve.

ANDY (V.O.)
I'm not sure how I thought this would go. Not like this.

LILY
You didn't answer my question.

ANDY
Uhh--

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit, what was her question again?

LILY
What are you doing here?

ANDY (V.O.)
Right.

ANDY
I thought maybe...do you need help?

LILY
Do you?

ANDY
Uh-I-I-guess, probably. But...I'm not the one chained to a radiator.

LILY
But, you are the one breaking and entering.

ANDY
True. Do you want me to--

LILY
You can sit down. If you'd like.

Andy looks over the bedroom, confused.

He sits down on the floor, a few feet from Lily.

ANDY
I'm Andy. I live upstairs.

LILY
Lily.

ANDY
Can I ask--

LILY
I'm *really* not in the mood to answer questions right now.

ANDY
Fair enough.

LILY
You can tell me about yourself, if you want.

ANDY
Wh-what do you wanna know?

LILY
For starters--have you been here before?

ANDY
It's possible.

LILY
You stole some pills out of our medicine cabinet?

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit, maybe I've been to the seventh floor more recently than I remember.

Andy nods.

LILY
Makes sense.

ANDY
Does it?

LILY
Steve thought I took them all. They were left over from his knee surgery a while back.

ANDY

Is that why you're--

LILY

Didn't I say I wasn't in the mood to answer questions?

ANDY

You did, you did, you did. I'm sorry.

LILY

So, are you like a junkie?

ANDY

Uhj-I...I'dno that word seems--

LILY

Harsh?

ANDY

Just, when I think about junkies, I think about like vagrants with track marks running down their arms.

LILY

And what, you don't use needles?

ANDY

No. No needles. Although...

LILY

What?

ANDY

I mean, I did freebase a Roxie the other night. I guess that's pretty junky-like.

LILY

Probably is, cause I don't even know what that means.

ANDY

It's not important.

LILY

You steal from all our neighbors?

ANDY

Yeah, but just pills. Not like jewelry or anything.

LILY
You don't need to get defensive, I'm
just curious.

ANDY
I guess I like, get this feeling.

LILY
What sort of feeling?

ANDY
It's like...*anxiety*? But it pushes me
to do things that I wouldn't,
otherwise. Things that, in normal
circumstances, *feel wrong*.

LILY
Interesting. I went through a brief
pothead phase in high school, but--

ANDY
You wanna smoke?

LILY
You have weed?

Andy takes a joint out from his Altoids container.

ANDY
Shall we?

LILY
Why not.

ANDY
Cool if we just spark up right here?
Steve won't mind?

LILY
What's he going to do? Chain me to the
radiator?

Andy lets out a chuckle.

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit, maybe I shouldn't have laughed
at that.

The grin on his face evaporates.

LILY
It's OK. I also laugh when I'm
uncomfortable.

Andy lights the joint up, they pass it back and fourth, ash
into the Altoids container.

ANDY
How long have you lived in the
building?

LILY
I think two and a half years now.

ANDY
Oh wow, don't think I've...uhh--

He cuts himself off.

LILY
I haven't been trapped in this room
the whole time, if that's what you're
thinking.

ANDY
This is probably the strangest
conversation I've ever had.

LILY
Glad I could play my part.

ANDY
How old are you?

LILY
Don't you know you're never supposed
to ask a Lady her age?

ANDY
Oh-uh, I'm sorry. I--

LILY
Relax, I'm yanking your chain.

She tugs on the chain.

LILY
How old are you?

ANDY
I'm 26.

LILY
Really? You look older.

ANDY
Well, I feel like a child.

LILY
You live with your parents?

ANDY
I do. They aren't around much, though.

LILY
Well, that's good.

ANDY
You think so?

LILY
I guess it depends.

Andy ashes the joint.

A brief silence ensues.

He studies her. Not creepy, more curious.

ANDY
Steve gonna get back soon?

LILY
Probably. And you definitely shouldn't
be here when he does.

Andy puts the joint out in the Altoids container.

He drops it inside, pockets the container, stands up to
leave, looks down at Lilly, tries to find the right words to
say...

Fruitless.

LILY
This was nice.

Andy tries to smile at her, a look of pity is all he can
muster.

He turns, catches a glimpse of a framed photo of Lily and
STEVE as he walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy crushes pills against Drew's coffee table.

DREW

What do you mean, *chained to the radiator*?

ANDY

Like, full on, imprisoned in her own home, *chained to a radiator*.

DREW

How high were you? Maybe your eyes were playing tricks.

Andy carves the crushed pills into neat lines.

ANDY

That's what I thought--you gotta bill? So I went back to find out.

Drew takes a hundred dollar bill from his wallet, rolls it up into a cylinder, hands it off to Andy.

Andy uses it to snort up a line of the crushed opiate.

DREW

And?

ANDY

And there she was, sitting on the floor, picking her toes, not at all bothered about the fact that she was *chained to a mother-fucking radiator*.

DREW

What'd she say?

ANDY

She invited me to sit down.

Andy hands the bill back to Drew, who snorts a line.

ANDY

We had a pretty lovely chat, actually.

DREW

Bro, that's so fucked up. Are you gonna call the police?

ANDY

I don't think so. I mean, I asked if she needed help.

DREW

What'd she say?

ANDY

Well, she sort of seemed insulted. And then she asked if I needed help.

DREW

Andy, maybe you should stay outta other people's apartments, man.

ANDY

Yeah well, we'll see how you change your tune once my stash of blues dry up.

DREW

I'll make some calls, try and find us a connect. How hard could it be to find opiates in New York City?

Andy snorts another line.

DREW

You gonna go back there?

ANDY

Most likely.

DREW

Dude, why?

ANDY

I can't explain it. I just need to talk to her again.

DREW

Who knows? Maybe this is the beginning of a demented love story.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY, ANDY'S BUILDING - DAY

Andy stands outside Apartment M. The lightbulb at the end of the hallway flickers.

He stares down at the doorknob, reaches out, stops himself.

ANDY (V.O.)

Shit.

The hallway light flickers off.

ANDY (V.O.)

What am I doing?

The light flickers back on.

ANDY (V.O.)

Oh, crap!

STEVE, mid-30s, lanky build, hipster beard, comes walking up the long hallway, eyes buried in his phone, oblivious to Andy's presence outside his front door.

Andy dances around, unsure where to go, what to do.

Steve swipes away at his smartphone, still oblivious to Andy's presence.

Andy twists the door knob, SLIPS INTO LILY'S APARTMENT RIGHT BEFORE STEVE LOOKS UP.

Steve arches an eyebrow...shrugs.

INT. ENTRANCE, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

Andy closes the front door gently, stutter-steps--where to go? WHERE TO GO?

The knob of the front door twists, he's out of time!

A second before Steve enters the apartment, Andy slips into the coat closet.

INT. COAT CLOSET, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

Andy watches through the slats of the closet door as Steve enters.

He holds his breath as Steve takes his coat off.

ANDY (V.O.)

Please don't hang that up, please
don't hang that up, please be a lazy
piece of shit...

INT. ENTRANCE, APARTMENT 'M' - SAME TIME

Steve takes his coat off, tosses it onto a chair in the corner.

It slides off the chair to the floor.

ANDY (V.O.) (O.S.)
Oh, thank God he's a lazy piece of
shit.

Steve walks into the bedroom.

INT. COAT CLOSET, APARTMENT 'M' - SAME TIME

Andy hears the CHAIN RATTLE, then a CLICK...

Andy watches through the slats of the coat closet door as Lily exits her bedroom, Steve hot on her trail.

STEVE (O.S.)
Just give it some more time, you'll
see. I know you'll change your mind.

LILY (O.S.)
You're so stubborn. You're not even
trying to have a real conversation
with me. It's like your brain has
evaporated out your ears.

INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

They enter the kitchen, Lily pulls open the fridge, finds nothing she wants. She turns--Steve's right behind her, practically on top of her.

He moves his hands gently towards Lily--she swats them away.

STEVE
I'm the stubborn one? We've got this
gift, this beautiful--

LILY
Not we. I've got this...*thing*. And it
doesn't *feel* like a gift.

STEVE
You just need to give it more time.

LILY
I know what you're doing.

STEVE
What am I doing? Loving you too much?

Lily cries.

STEVE
Seriously? Am I loving you too much
What am I doing, Lily? I'm not doing
anything.

He grabs her by the arm, steers her into the bedroom.

The CHAIN RATTLES...a SNAP and a CLICK.

He reappears a moment later, alone.

STEVE
You'll see, Lily. This is for your own
good. You just have to trust me.
You'll see.

He grabs his coat off the floor, grabs his keys.

STEVE
You know I'm only doing this because I
love you.

He leaves the apartment.

Stillness.

Andy emerges from the closet, takes a step toward the
bedroom...re-routs.

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY, ANDY'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Andy pops his head out the door of apartment M.

Steve's turned the corner, waits for the elevator.

Andy bolts for the staircase.

INT. STAIRWELL, ANDY'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Andy sprints down the stairs like a rabid dog is chasing
after him.

ANDY (V.O.)
Run Andy, run. Don't lose him!

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Andy follows Steve from one hundred feet back.

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit, what am I doing? Am I following
him?

Steve stops, puts his foot up on a streetlamp, ties his shoe.

Andy halts...turns around...tries to act natural..fails.

Steve continues on.

ANDY (V.O.)
Fuck, I'm following him.

Andy strolls down the block, watches as Steve hands a few dollars to a HOMELESS MAN on the corner.

ANDY (V.O.)
Always wondered what type of person
actually gives money to the homeless.

Steve heads down the steps of the subway.

INT. SUBWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy walks down the stairs, heads for the platform.

ANDY (V.O.)
Abuse your fiancé, tie her to the
radiator, cleanse your soul with a
small donation to the local vagrant.

Steve waits on the platform.

Andy swipes his metro card, hides behind a beam a few feet away.

ANDY (V.O.)
The hypocrisy...I oughtta shove this
guy onto the tracks.

THUNDEROUS VIBRATIONS from an oncoming train...

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit, maybe that's it. I shove him
down onto the tracks. Save Lily.

The train gets closer.

Andy looks around, studies the platform.

ANDY (V.O.)
 No one'll even notice. Just another
 kook who fell onto the tracks. Goodbye
 Steve.

Andy loops around the platform, approaches Steve from behind.

ANDY (V.O.)
 I'd be a hero.

The train is almost at the station.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Just do it. Just do it, Andy. Just
 shove him. Two hands. Shove him and
 run, be a hero. Be a hero, Andy. Do it
 for Lily--

The train arrives at the platform.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Shit.

Steve walks on.

Andy hesitates.

INT. DOWNTOWN 5 TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Steve claims an open seat.

Just before the doors close, Andy jumps aboard.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Like always, you have missed your
 opportunity.

Andy walks to the opposite end of the train-car, studies
 Steve from the distance.

The train comes to a halt, the doors open, Steve walks off.

EXT. SIDEWALK, CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Andy follows Steve into Chinatown.

A vibrant neighborhood, densely packed. Narrow sidewalks
 lined with souvenir shops, bubble tea stores, markets,
 tourists, foodies.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Maybe this is a waste of time. Maybe
 this asshole is just here for some
 dumplings. Maybe I *should* mind my own
 fucking business.

Steve turns onto Pell Street between Bowery & Mott.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Maybe he'll bring some takeout home.
 Feed Lily dumplings while she's
 chained to the radiator. Wait...

Steve approaches a HOODED MAN, 50s, green rain coat, smokes a
 cigarette, leans up against the restaurant 'Shanghai 21'.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Fuck, I'm too close.

Andy walks right passed Steve and the Hooded Man.

Ten feet away, he stops, bends down, pretends to tie his
 shoe, studies Steve and the Hooded Man.

HOODED MAN
 Finally.

STEVE
 I'm sorry for the delay.

HOODED MAN
 This is not professional. Not how I do
 things. I have important clients.

STEVE
 Look--

HOODED MAN
 Wait.

They both look over at Andy.

He *feels* their stares.

He finishes pretending to tie his shoe, stands up, walks off.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Fuck - I blew it.

INT. UPTOWN 5 TRAIN - NIGHT

Andy's seated.

ANDY (V.O.)
Fuck, fuck, fuck. I blew it.

His eyes betray his racing mind.

ANDY (V.O.)
You idiot. You fucking idiot. You
good-for-nothing, *useless* fucking
idiot!

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy bursts into his room.

ANDY (V.O.)
He said something about, *important*
clients.

Andy walks into his bathroom, emerges moments later,
disguised in his fake glasses.

ANDY (V.O.)
Who was that hooded man in the green
rain coat?

INT. 15TH FLOOR HALLWAY, ANDY'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Andy heads for the stairs.

ANDY (V.O.)
What type of clients? And what's that
got to do with Lily?

INT. BATHROOM 8, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andy goes through a neighbor's medicine cabinet.

ANDY (V.O.)
God damnit.

He doesn't find what he's looking for.

He's losing it, knocking over the contents of the medicine
cabinet, putting it back all wrong.

INT. BATHROOM 9, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andy flies into another neighbor's bathroom, tears through the medicine cabinet, comes up empty.

ANDY (V.O.)
Jesus Christ, is indigestion all
anyone suffers from anymore?

INT. BATHROOM 10, NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andy reads the labels of several pill bottles.

ANDY (V.O.)
I'm supposed to believe, there's not
one anxiety disorder on the whole
fucking twelfth floor?

Andy puts the pill bottles back into the medicine cabinet.

ANDY (V.O.)
Not one left over pain pill from a
wisdom tooth procedure?

He stares at himself in the mirror.

ANDY (V.O.)
Goofy fucking glasses. Grow up,
asshole. Grow up, grow up, grow up!

Andy punches the mirrored medicine cabinet--weak punch, it doesn't break. He grimaces, in pain.

INT. STAIRWELL, ANDY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Slumped shoulders, Andy walks up the stairs.

ANDY (V.O.)
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He stops, turns.

ANDY (V.O.)
But I do know a place that might have
some pills.

He heads down stairs.

ANDY (V.O.)
Or a person, rather.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy emerges on the 7th floor, heads for apartment M.

ANDY (V.O.)

There's no way Steve's home yet.

He reaches for the doorknob, twists...

ANDY (V.O.)

Is there?

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

Andy stands in the doorway.

Lily, chained to the radiator, sits on the floor, writes in her journal.

ANDY

Ya know, he could at least give you enough slack to sit on the bed.

If she's startled by his presence, she doesn't let on.

She doesn't look up, just keeps writing.

LILY

There's enough slack if I hang my foot off the bed.

ANDY

So why sit on the floor?

LILY

Sitting on the bed with a chain around my ankle makes me feel like a Disney Princess.

ANDY

Some fairytale...

LILY

Don't get any ideas. I don't need a Prince Charming. I don't need anyone to save me.

ANDY

Could've fooled me.

LILY

Trust me. At the end of *this story*, I am going to walk right out of this room, right out of this apartment, and never look back.

ANDY

Don't get me wrong...

She finally looks up at him, her glare could pierce steel.

ANDY (CONTINUED)

Endings are great and all. But it's all the stuff in the middle that makes the story.

LILY

Ah, I see.

ANDY

What?

LILY

You're one of those--*it's about the journey, not the destination types.*

ANDY

That's right, you got me. I'm a walking cliché.

LILY

What are you doing here, Andy?

ANDY

Uh--what do you mean?

LILY

I mean, you know Steve could be back any minute. What do you want from me?

ANDY (V.O.)

Don't ask her for pills.

ANDY

I thought you and I were building rapport.

She rolls her eyes, tosses her journal on the bed.

LILY

You're funny, I'll give you that.

ANDY
I followed Steve.

LILY
What? To where?

ANDY
Chinatown.

LILY
No, I mean--*why*?

ANDY
He's got you chained to the radiator,
Lily--

LILY
You don't know anything about it.

ANDY
Enlighten me. Please.

Cold stare.

And silence...

ANDY
He met some guy. It looked...sketchy.
They talked about a *clientele*.

LILY
Like what every business that has ever
existed needs in order to operate?

ANDY
Does your fiancé run a business?

LILY
No.

ANDY
Does he have clients?

LILY
No--

ANDY
See!

LILY
See what?

ANDY
Connect the dots.

LILY
Ruling out random tidbits of
information isn't fact-finding. Are
you high?

ANDY
No.

LILY
I don't believe you. Either way,
you're a shitty amateur detective.

ANDY
Hey.

LILY
What?

ANDY
I'm trying to help you.

LILY
I'm pretty sure I made it totally and
completely fucking clear that I do not
want, or need, your help.

Andy opens his mouth to respond--he's got nothing.

Eventually...

ANDY
Sorry I bothered you.

He turns and leaves--it's her mouth that opens but says
nothing this time.

INT. DOWNTOWN 5 TRAIN - NIGHT

Andy's back on the subway.

In a trance.

Man on a mission.

ANDY (V.O.)
I'll show her. She'll be grateful.

EXT. SIDEWALK, CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Andy follows the same path as earlier, navigates the crowded sidewalks, the souvenir shops, the bubble tea stores, the markets, the tourists.

Turns onto Pell Street, between Bowery and Mott.

ANDY (V.O.)
She'll thank me.

EXT. SHANGHAI 21 RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Andy looks up at the restaurant.

ANDY (V.O.)
Where are you?

He scans the nearby area for the Hooded Man, looks through the restaurant's large front window, can't find him.

His eyes light up--the Hooded Man struts up the sidewalk, approaches the restaurant.

ANDY (V.O.)
I got you motherfucker.

The Hooded Man enters Shanghai 21, Andy follows him in.

INT. SHANGHAI 21 RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The Hooded Man maneuvers through a line of FOODIES waiting impatiently for dim sum.

Andy stops, watches.

The Hooded Man walks to the back of the restaurant, heads down a dark staircase. Andy makes his move--instantly blocked by the HOSTESS.

HOSTESS
You make reservation?

ANDY
I already put my name down, I'm just going to use the bathroom.

Hostess checks her list, like she's validating his claim--it's too late, he's already on the move. Andy fakes for the bathroom, peeks over his shoulder--Hostess is distracted, he dances down the dark staircase.

INT. BASEMENT, SHANGAHI 21 RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Dark, damp basement.

A single ceiling lamp dangles, barely illuminates the faces of 8 MEN sitting at a large, round, felt table.

Poker game, 2-card Texas Hold'em.

Diverse group, the dealer's Chinese, as are a couple of players, a few older white guys, a few younger black guys.

Everyone looks up at Andy, who's made it to the base of the steps.

Their stares linger for what feels like an eternity...until one-by-one they return their attentions to the game.

A WAITRESS approaches Andy, offers him a cocktail from a tray she holds.

WAITRESS

Table is full. Have to wait for an opening.

ANDY

That's fine.

He takes a fancy-looking cocktail from the drink tray, sips it. The waitress brings the rest of the drinks to the players of the card game.

Andy meanders further into the basement which barely illuminates with each step into darkness. He finds a bar at the edge of the room, feels for a stool, finds it, claims it, watches the game.

ANDY (V.O.)

This definitely just got interesting.
But where's the Hooded Man?

Smoke hits Andy in the eyes. It burns, he tries to tough it out, blink it off.

He turns to find the source of the smoke, sees the Hooded Man standing behind the bar, puffing a cigarette, sizing him up.

HOODED MAN

You look familiar.

ANDY (V.O.)
Say something clever.

ANDY
I would hope so.

The Hooded Man digs around behind the bar, comes up with a bottle of Everclear and two shot glasses.

He pours two shots, hands one to Andy.

Andy tries to cheers with him, but the Hooded Man tosses back the shot too quickly. Andy follows suit.

ANDY (V.O.)
Jesus Christ that burns.

ANDY
Bathroom's back this way?

The Hooded Man nods.

Andy feels his way down a dark hallway, at the end of which he finds two open doors.

To his right, the shabbiest of bathrooms. Cockroaches crawl along the piss-soaked tile.

To his left, a room completely devoid of light.

He goes left.

INT. DARK ROOM, BASEMENT OF SHANGHAI 21 - MOMENTS LATER

Just boxes, tables, darkness.

Then a tiny beam of light, as Andy activates the flashlight on his smartphone.

He illuminates the boxes, rummages through them.

Watches. Handbags. Sunglasses. Nike sneakers.

ANDY (V.O.)
Counterfeit goods. Steve must be
involved with--

ANDY'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND--

INT. BASEMENT, SHANGAHI 21 RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy is thrown atop the poker table.

The card room' cleared out.

The Hooded Man stands before him, hands on hips.

TWO MEN DRESSED AS WAITERS pin Andy to the poker table by his arms, a THIRD fishes the wallet out of Andy's back pocket, hands it to the Hooded Man.

They speak Chinese.

Andy's chest rises and falls with panic.

The Hooded Man takes Andy's driver's license, studies it.

More Chinese, then--

HOODED MAN

Who sent you?

ANDY

What? No one, I--

One of the Waiters slaps Andy across the face.

HOODED MAN

You're police?

ANDY

No!

Another slap.

ANDY

I'm not police, I swear I'm not!

HOODED MAN

Then who? Federal?

Light shines down the basement stairs--someone up in the restaurant opened--an indiscernible dialect yells down, captures the Hooded Man's attention.

Andy reaches out for salvation...for anything...his right hand finds a beer bottle. He swings it across his chest, breaks it against the face of one of the waiters, rolls off the table, kicks a chair toward the Hooded Man, sprints up the stairs to the restaurant's main level--

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Andy bursts out the front door of the restaurant, sprints up the block, knocks over some tourists, b-lines across the street, puts several blocks between himself and Shanghai 21.

ANDY (V.O.)
Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ, Jesus
Christ. This is bigger than I ever
imagined.

BUZZING...his cell. He digs it out of his pocket.

DREW'S CALLING.

He answers.

ANDY (ON PHONE)
Hello?

DREW (O.S.)
Yo Andy, that connect I was telling
you about came through. I got blues.

ANDY (V.O.)
Perfect timing.

ANDY (ON PHONE)
I'm on my way.

He hangs up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drew sits in his living room, rolls a joint.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

DREW
It's open.

Andy enters.

ANDY
Hey player.

DREW
Great timing. You got a lighter?

Andy takes a pack of matches out of his wallet, hands them to Drew who fires up the joint.

ANDY
These them?

Andy lifts a doggy bag of pills off the table.

DREW
Yeah, they don't look like the ones
you usually get, so figured I'd wait
for you to check 'em out.

Andy unties the bag, pours the pills out onto the table.

ANDY
Shit.

DREW
What?

Andy sorts through them, studies each pill.

ANDY
Fuck.

DREW
What?

Andy lifts one up, studies it in the light, shows it to Drew.

DREW
Dude...

ANDY
Pressed.

DREW
Pressed?

ANDY
As in, not pharma-grade. Like, some
dealer got a shipment of powder,
probably from China or Mexico, and
pressed these into pills himself.

DREW
What's that mean? Not as high quality?

ANDY
Maybe. Could mean a lot of things.

DREW
So, what are you thinking?

ANDY

I'm thinking, we won't know 'til we
find out...

Andy lifts Drew's weed grinder, slams it down onto one of the
pressed pills, crushes it to powder.

DREW

You look terrible, dude. Why's your
face so red?

Drew hands Andy a credit card, rolls a hundred dollar bill
into a cylinder.

ANDY

You will not believe what I got into
tonight. Do the honors?

Andy carves the crushed pill into four neat lines.

Drew hands Andy the joint, snorts a line of the crushed
opiate.

DREW

Ahh, that burns something fierce.

Drew leans back, takes a deep breath.

ANDY

So...what do you think?

DREW

Idon'tknow, hardtotell.

Andy puffs the joint like he may never see it again, tries to
hand it to Drew--Drew's lost in ecstasy, his brain signals
can't reach his hand--Andy places the lit doobie on the
coffee table, takes the rolled up c-note, snorts one of the
little lines of crushed opiate--

ANDY (V.O.)

Ah, that nasally burn I like. How my
gentile friends must feel on Christmas
morning...oh shit, *what's that?*

The room takes on a pink glow.

Andy picks the joint back up, puffs away.

ANDY (V.O.)

A hint of...something unfamiliar.

Andy exhales smoke as the room turns upside down.

He leans back into the couch, which has taken on the consistency of water...

...or is it outer-space he now floats through?

ANDY (V.O.)

Oh shit, I need to...try and stand.

Andy digs deep, plants his feet, pushes up through pouring quicksand, rises--

INT. PODIUM, JEOPARDY SET - MOMENTS LATER

Andy is on the set of the hit game show JEOPARDY.

ANDY

What in the fuck is going on?

ALEX TREBEK informs Andy his question-answer is incorrect.

TREBEK

No, I'm sorry. The answer we were looking for is '*medulla oblongata*.' Back to you, Andy.

ANDY

Uhhh--I'll take, Regrets and Insecurities for 400, Alex.

Alex Trebek turns to the monitor...

INT. TV MONITOR, JEOPARDY - SAME TIME

Andy stands in a nice suit and tie, with a crappy wig on.

ANDY

Despite years of self-medicating, *this* is the feeling you wake up with every morning.

INT. PODIUM, JEOPARDY COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Andy rings the buzzer.

ANDY

What is...worthlessness and self loathing?

TREBEK
That answer is correct!

The Jeopardy set begins to spin.

ANDY (V.O.)
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

EXT. FIELD, FARMLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Andy stands in the middle of upside down farmland.

He's dressed like a COWBOY--hat, boots, vest over his cotton shirt, wool pants, gun holstered at his hip.

The farm spins slowly, until it lands right side up.

Andy gets his bearings.

SOMEONE WHISTLES AT HIM.

He turns--Steve's the whistler, stands twenty feet back, dressed in all black cowboy gear.

Steve hocks a loogie, moves his hand down toward his holstered gun.

Andy mimics Steve's movements--they're moments from drawing on each other.

The farm spins.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Back on the couch--the living room's upside down.

Just as Andy begins to fall, the spinning room completes its rotation, lands right-side-up.

ANDY
Jesus Christ, Drew. I think these pills are tainted.

Andy's nose bleeds.

ANDY
Drew?

He looks over at Drew, who sits perfectly still, blood and mucus running from his nose and mouth.

ANDY
Fuck, Drew!

Andy leans over, touches Drew's face.

ANDY (V.O.)
Definitely tainted. Oh, shit--

ANDY
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

Andy stands, almost falls over, balances himself, places two fingers on Drew's neck.

ANDY (V.O.)
What am I fucking doing? I don't know
how to find a pulse.

He kneels down, puts his ear to Drew's chest...

ANDY
Oh fuck.

He jumps back.

ANDY (V.O.)
He's dead, he's definitely dead. Jesus
Christ, holy shit. What do I do?

Andy fishes his cell out of his pocket, opens the phone app.

He looks at the numbers, dials 9--

ANDY (V.O.)
Fuck, wait. No. Be smart. Be smart, be
smart, be smart. This'll look really
bad. This'll look really, *really bad*.

Andy backs away from Drew, backs up further, further--his
back touches the door...he touches the knob...turns it, about
to leave--

ANDY (V.O.)
Wait. Hold on. Slow your roll. Think,
Andy.

He takes two steps forward, looks around, heads for the
bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy pulls open Drew's medicine cabinet, goes through the contents, finds a prescription pill bottle labeled VALIUM with three pills left.

He pockets them.

He finds another pill bottle labeled XANAX, stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He emerges from the bathroom, looks at Drew's corpse.

He studies the apartment, heads for the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy rummages through Drew's closet, finds nothing of note.

Into the bedside table--petty cash, bag of weed, small baggy of cocaine. He pockets it all.

Over to the nightstand.

Opens the top drawer--socks and underwear.

Opens the second drawer...freezes when he sees it...

...stunned...

He moves his hand into the drawer slowly, like he's scared of it, like it might snap up and bite him.

He grips it.

Lifts it slowly from the drawer...a HANDGUN.

ANDY (V.O.)

Woh.

He holds it in his right hand, runs his left hand through his hair. Puts the gun back, closes the drawer, turns to leave.

Freezes.

It calls to him.

Reopens the drawer, takes the gun, slides it in his back waistband.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He grabs Drew's wallet off the coffee table, takes the cash, drops the wallet on the couch, approaches the front door.

He turns the knob--stops.

ANDY (V.O.)

Wait. You're not thinking.

He runs into the kitchenette, re-emerges holding a hand towel, wipes down all of the surfaces he may have touched.

INT. BATHROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He wipes down the medicine cabinet.

Wipes down the sink handles.

Wipes down both sides of the bathroom doorknob.

INT. BEDROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He wipes down the knob of the closet's door, the bedside table, the nightstand.

He tip-toes out of the bedroom like he's scared of his own footprints.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He uses the hand towel to twist open the knob of the apartment's front door.

He exits.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE DREW'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He eases the door closed, heads for the elevator.

At the last second, just before he presses the elevator button, he veers right, cuts for the stairs, uses the hand towel to open the stairwell door, enters.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE DREW'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Andy exits Drew's building.

ANDY (V.O.)

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit. What did I just do?

He tosses the hand towel into the corner trash can, darts down the block.

ANDY (V.O.)
Nothing...You did nothing. It's a miracle you're not dead too. You've done nothing wrong, you're just covering your own ass.

He puts a hand to his chest, his breathing intensifies, he heads down into the subway.

INT. Q TRAIN - NIGHT

Andy rides the subway, leans back against his seat, feels the gun press up against his spine--his eyes erupt like they might bulge out of his skull.

ANDY (V.O.)
The gun, the gun, the fucking gun. Why did you take the gun?

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy bursts into his room, takes the gun out from his waistband, stuffs it into a drawer.

ANDY (V.O.)
What the fuck did you take the gun for, Andy?

He pulls Drew's Valium prescription from his pocket, eats all three pills, dives onto his bed.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. FIELD, FARMLAND - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Andy, dressed like a cowboy, looks out on the farmland--it's glorious.

SOMEONE WHISTLES AT HIM.

He turns slowly--Steve's the whistler, twenty feet back in his all black cowboy gear. He hocks a loogie.

They stare at one another, both slowly lowering their hands toward the weapons holstered at their hips--

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Andy wakes, stares at the ceiling.

ANDY (V.O.)
You know why you took the gun.

He's up...over at the window.

ANDY (V.O.)
You took the gun because you're sick
of sitting on the sidelines. You took
the gun because you're sick of
watching shitty humans act *shitty* and
win.

He pulls the window open, hangs his upper body outside,
smokes a joint.

ANDY (V.O.)
You took the gun because you're gonna
use it.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY, OUTSIDE APARTMENT 'M' - DAY

Andy stares at the letter M on Lily's front door.

ANDY (V.O.)
I took the gun, because today I'm
going to kill Lily's fiancé.

Andy reaches for the doorknob, grabs it, twists...

ANDY (V.O.)
And then what?

He stops.

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit. And then what are you gonna do?

He lets go of the knob, takes a step back.

The knob twists! The door starts to open from the inside--

ANDY (V.O.)
Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

Andy spins around, frantic.

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit, shit, shit.

He tries the door of Lily's neighbor--it's unlocked--he slips inside just as Steve exits apartment M, eyes buried in his phone.

Steve walks down to the end of the hall, clicks the elevator's call button. Andy pokes his head out the door, watches Steve enter the elevator.

ANDY (V.O.)
Jesus, that was close.

Andy enters apartment M.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY

Lily's on the floor, tears stream down her cheeks.

Andy stands in the doorway.

ANDY (V.O.)
Damn. It's something about women when they cry. She looks angelic.

LILY
You just going to stand there?

ANDY
I'm sorry, is this a bad time?

LILY
Is that what you usually ask after breaking and entering?

ANDY
I guess we should trade numbers, so I can text you ahead of time.

Andy takes a seat on the edge of the bed.

LILY
Steve checks my phone, we can't.

ANDY
Why do you put up with him?

LILY
What'd I say about you asking questions--

ANDY

No, no, no. We're done with that. Don't be ridiculous. He's got you locked up in your own home, he doesn't give you any privacy? We need to--

LILY

What? What do we need to do, Andy? Runaway? He'll find me. Or worse-- he'll go to my parents.

ANDY

Your parents? I don't understand--

LILY

How could you? Besides, he froze all my assets. Canceled my credit cards, emptied are joint bank account...I can't run.

ANDY

I'm not talking about running away.

Andy removes the gun from his back waistband.

Lily's eyes light up...then she...laughs?

LILY

What the fuck is that?

ANDY

It's a gun.

LILY

I know what it is, I mean why do you have it? Where did you get it?

ANDY

Where's not important. What's important is the *what*.

LILY

What's the what, then?

ANDY

I'm going to kill Steve for you.

LILY

For me?

ANDY

For you.

LILY

I didn't ask you to do that, Andy. I never asked you to get involved.

ANDY

You're just going to sit in this room the rest of your life, withering away?

LILY

Not the rest of my life.

ANDY

How long?

LILY

If Steve has his way...nine months. Well, eight and a half.

ANDY

Wait, what? I don't get it. What happens in--

Lily puts a hand to her belly.

ANDY

Oh, woh.

LILY

Yes.

ANDY

And you don't want to--

LILY

No.

ANDY

But Steve does.

LILY

See, you're not such an idiot-burnout after all. It's more complicated than you thought, isn't it?

ANDY

Not really.

LILY

No?

ANDY

No. This is a blue state. You've got the right to choose. Steve's out of line--and he's probably psychotic.

LILY

Says the pill-popping petty thief who's trying to plot a murder.

ANDY

I'm trying to save you, Lily.

LILY

Why you? Why's it got to be you?

ANDY

Because I'm here. Because of all the apartments I could've broken into looking for pills, I hit this one--

LILY

You've hit a lot of them if I'm to understand correctly.

ANDY

Sure. But I hit this one. And I could've jus raided your medicine cabinet and left, but I stumbled in here and I found you. Don't you see? It's--

LILY

Don't say *fate*, Andy. That's childish.

ANDY

What's childish is sitting here doing nothing, allowing a man to lock you away like you're fucking Rapunzel.

LILY

Don't be an asshole.

ANDY

I'm trying to save you.

LILY

I don't need to be saved.

ANDY

That's not how it looks from my perspective.

LILY

Well your perspective is warped. You only see things one way. You've got...*main character syndrome*.

ANDY

What the fuck does that mean?

LILY

It means this isn't your story, but you can't help but see things as though you're *the protagonist*.

ANDY

This isn't a literary class. You're chained to a Goddamn radiator!

LILY

And you're not welcome here anymore. Please leave.

ANDY

Lily--

LILY

Leave, Andy. You entered my apartment illegally, please go.

ANDY

What are you gonna do, call the cops?

LILY

Maybe I will. And maybe I'll tell them that it was you who put this chain around my ankle.

His jaw drops...he stares at her...

INT. BATHROOM 1, ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

...he stares at his own reflection in the mirrored medicine cabinet above the sink.

His eyes fill with rage.

ANDY (V.O.)

How could she be so...ahhh fuck it.

He opens the medicine cabinet--when he closes it, he's donned the fake glasses disguise.

ANDY (V.O.)
She'll thank me when it's over.

He pulls Drew's baggy of cocaine from his pocket, uses a key to snort it all up his nose.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

He rifles through his closet.

ANDY (V.O.)
Steve saw me out on the street, so
I'll have to improve my disguise.

He puts a fedora on his head, pulls a trench coat on to complete the look.

He takes the gun out from his back waistband, aims it at himself in the full-length mirror.

He slides it into the pocket of his trench coat, squares up with the mirror, lets his hand hover over the handle of the gun--he draws.

ANDY (V.O.)
Gotcha! Too fucking slow, Steve.

He slides the gun back into his pocket.

ANDY (V.O.)
Steve is a dead man. He's a dead man,
he's a--

He draws...then lowers the gun.

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit, you don't know where he is.

INT. STAIRWELL, ANDY'S BUILDING - DAY

Andy walks down the steps in his disguise.

ANDY (V.O.)
So you go back to their apartment, and
you wait him out. And if Lily gives
you grief--no, no, you enter quiet,
sneakily.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY, OUTSIDE APARTMENT 'M' - DAY

Andy stares at the front door of Lily's apartment.

ANDY (V.O.)
And you lie in wait.

He turns the knob...

INT. APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

The hinges on the front door creak as he lets himself in.

LILY (O.S.)
Hello?

ANDY (V.O.)
Shit. So much for quiet.

LILY (O.S.)
Is that you? I'm sorry for what I
said.

ANDY (V.O.)
She's sorry? I figured she'd come to
her senses...not this quick though.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER

Lily's on the floor, chained to the radiator.

Andy's seated a few feet away.

LILY
Thank you.

ANDY
For what?

LILY
For wanting to help me. I shouldn't
have snapped at you like that.

ANDY
I probably didn't go about springing
that on you in the best way possible.

LILY
True...I mean, we're talking about
murder.

ANDY

Are we? You didn't exactly seem up for it an hour ago.

LILY

You caught me off guard is all. Truth of the matter is, I've been thinking about doing it myself for a long time.

ANDY

Is that what this is about?

Andy removes the gun from his trench coat pocket, puts it on the floor, slides it over to her.

ANDY (CONTINUED)

You wanna be the one to pull the trigger?

She slides it back.

LILY

I'm sort of a true crime connoisseur. My Netflix que would make you think I'm a serial killer.

ANDY (V.O.)

Where is she going with this?

LILY

So I understand, at least in theory, that we have zero chance of shooting someone and getting away with it. Not in this city, anyway.

ANDY

So, what are you suggesting?

LILY

That if we're really going to do this, we're going to do it smart.

ANDY

You can lure him out onto the balcony, push him off. Fake a suicide note.

LILY

You're moving in the right direction, but there are too many variables there. People might see us from the street--

ANDY

Yeah and what if he overpowers you?

LILY

Sure.

ANDY

We could poison him.

LILY

If they find drain-o or bleach in his system during the autopsy, I'll be the first person they point a finger at.

ANDY

Well, what if we don't use a household product?

LILY

What'd you have in mind?

ANDY

This.

Andy fishes the bag of pressed pills from his pocket, tosses them to Lily.

LILY

Opiates?

ANDY

Yeah, but they're impure. Cut with something.

LILY

How do you know it'll kill him?

ANDY

Can't be sure. Based on personal experience, seems 50/50.

LILY

Well, what the hell does that mean?

ANDY

It means I'm lucky to be alive. It also means if you feed him two, and maybe slip him some of these, it should be lights out. Permanently.

Andy hands her Drew's bottle of Xanax.

CREAKS from the front door opening...

LILY
(whispers)
Oh shit, he's home! You have to hide.

Lily stuffs the bag of pressed pills into her braw, pockets the bottle of Xanax, points Andy toward the bathroom.

He grabs the gun, slides it into his coat pocket, jumps into the bathroom.

Lily takes a seat by the radiator.

INT. LILY'S BATHROOM, APARTMENT M - MOMENTS LATER

Andy hides, peaks through the cracked open door.

STEVE (O.S.)
Who were you talking to?

LILY (O.S.)
I wasn't talking to anyone.

STEVE (O.S.)
I heard you.

LILY (O.S.)
I was watching TV, Steve.

Andy turns, observes the confines of his hiding space.

STEVE (O.S.)
The television isn't warm.

LILY (O.S.)
What the fuck does that mean?

STEVE (O.S.)
It means you weren't watching TV, who were you talking to?

LILY (O.S.)
What the hell is wrong with you? I wasn't talking to anybody.

Andy opens the medicine cabinet, goes through the contents.

STEVE (O.S.)
Give me your phone, let me see it.

LILY (O.S.)
What? No, quit acting paranoid.

Andy picks up a prescription pill bottle.

ANDY (V.O.)
Vicodin, fifteen milligrams. Nice.

He opens the cap.

ANDY (V.O.)
Only three left...

He empties the bottle into his palm.

ANDY (V.O.)
Better save some for later.

He drops two pills back into the bottle, pops one into his mouth, puts the bottle back in the medicine cabinet, washes down the Vicodin with sink water.

STEVE (O.S.)
If I'm paranoid, it's because you're making me this way!

ANDY (V.O.)
Jesus, this guy's out of control.

Andy takes the gun out, goes back to the door, peeps through the crack.

ANDY (V.O.)
I could end this right now. Tell the cops the gun was his, that I wrestled it away from him.

LILY (O.S.)
How could I possibly want to bring a child into this house? You shouldn't be anywhere near children!

ANDY (V.O.)
But if they connect the gun back to Drew, it'll tie me to two crime scenes.

STEVE (O.S.)
How could you say that, Lily? You don't mean that.

ANDY (V.O.)
 So I'll point it at him. Force him to
 eat the pressed pills at gun point.
 Yeah, that's what I'll do--

He gets too excited, accidentally leans against the bathroom
 door--it closes.

STEVE (O.S.)
 What the fuck--who's here? Is someone
 in the bathroom?

ANDY (V.O.)
 Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

Steve pushes the bathroom door open--

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - SAME TIME

Steve backpedals away from the bathroom. Andy emerges, barrel
 of the gun pressed up against Steve's chest.

ANDY
 I've had enough of this cloak and
 dagger shit.

ANDY (V.O.)
 What the fuck does that mean? Say
 something intimidating.

ANDY
 You ever had a gun in your face,
 Steve?

ANDY (V.O.)
Jesus--that's the best you can do?

STEVE
 Who the fuck are you?

ANDY
 I'm the guy who was hiding in your
 bathroom--

ANDY (V.O.)
 HE KNOWS THAT YOU FUCKING IDIOT!

ANDY
 I mean--I'm the guy who knows what you
 did. I'm the guy who's gonna put a
 stop to it.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Alright, better. Now tell him to take
 a seat.

ANDY
 Sit down.

STEVE
 What?

ANDY
 Sit on the fucking bed, Steve. Do it.

Steve complies.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Now what? The pills, right. Make him
 eat the pressed pills.

ANDY
 Hand him the pills, Lilly.

LILY
 Andy--

STEVE
 How the hell do you know this kid?

ANDY
 Shut up!

LILY
 Steve...

ANDY
 Lily?

LILY
 Andy, I--

STEVE
 You fucking cunt.

ANDY
 Don't you dare talk to her like that!

STEVE
 I'll talk to her however I damn--

Andy pulls the trigger.

BANG!

A cloud of smoke, then...nothing.

ANDY (V.O.)
What the fuck?

Steve pats himself down, checks for damage.

ANDY (V.O.)
It misfired, do it again!

Andy pulls the trigger--BANG! Another cloud of smoke...

Steve flinches--but he's fine.

ANDY (V.O.)
Oh shit--

ANDY
Oh shit.

Andy looks at Steve, then at Lily.

Lily looks at Andy, then at Steve.

ANDY (V.O.)
The missing prop gun--

Steve tackles Andy into the wall.

They hit the deck, Steve pins Andy to the floor, punches and pummels him.

ANDY (V.O.)
You've never been in a fight before,
fucking do something.

Andy swerves his head away, Steve punches the floor.

STEVE
Ahh, fuck!

Andy smacks Steve in the head with the gun, shoves him off, tries to crawl away through the bedroom door.

Steve collects himself, touches the bloody gash on his forehead.

STEVE
You son of a bitch.

He lunges at Andy, grabs his foot, drags him back into the bedroom--

ANDY

Fuck you!

Andy rolls over onto his back, kicks Steve in the crotch.

Steve doubles over.

ANDY (V.O.)

Now's your chance--run!

Andy trips, stumbles, manages to climb to his feet, bolts out the bedroom door.

Lily, balled up in the corner by the radiator, astonished he's fleeing...

LILY

Andy, what the fuck!?

ANDY (V.O.) (O.S.)

Shit, shit, shit.

Steve finally catches his breath, stands up straight--Andy runs full sprint back into the bedroom, TACKLES STEVE.

They land on the bed, bounce off of it--Andy hits the floor, Steve falls on top of him.

ANDY

God Damn.

Steve sits on Andy's chest, wraps both hands around his throat, squeezes like he's wrangling a fucking cobra.

Andy looks up at his opponent, bested.

ANDY (V.O.)

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

His eyes flutter...the room starts to go dark...

ANDY (V.O.)

This isn't how it was supposed to go.

As the life slowly drains from his body, the last thing Andy sees is a chain wrapping around Steve's neck from behind--

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY [FLASHBACK]

On the couch, Lily eats a salad, watches 'New Girl' on TV.

She laughs at the sitcom, shovels lettuce into her mouth, chases it with LaCroix.

A poorly timed joke hits her in the gut, just as she takes a mouthful of greens--she vomits into her salad bowl.

LILY

Oh, fuck.

INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER [FLASHBACK]

She tosses the vomit/salad bowl into the trash.

She washes her hands, wipes her face with some paper towel.

She breathes into her palm, checks her breath. It's gross.

INT. LILY'S BATHROOM, APARTMENT M - MOMENTS LATER [FLASHBACK]

Lily rinses her mouth out with sink water, brushes her teeth.

She notices the box of tampons in the corner of her eye.

She slows her brushing, lifts up the tampon box.

LILY

Oh, fuck.

Toothpaste splatters the mirror.

INT. CVS - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Lily walks up and down the aisles of CVS.

She finally finds the Feminine Needs section, scans the shelf methodically.

Her eyes lock-in on it: **pregnancy test.**

INT. LILY'S BATHROOM, APARTMENT M - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Lily sits on the toilet, pees onto a pregnancy test.

She accidentally gets pee all over her hand.

LILY

Oh, fuck.

She stands, shakes her hand over the toilet, puts the test down on top of the toilet tank.

She washes her hands in the sink, stares at herself in the mirrored medicine cabinet, checks her watch.

She takes a deep breath.

She turns back to the toilet, flushes it.

Her eyes light up as she catches a glimpse of the test...

She lifts it off the toilet tank, holds it close to her face, like her eyes don't work well.

LILY

Oh, fuck.

She drops the test to the floor, closes her eyes, reaches out for the wall as the world shakes and quakes around her.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Lily sits on the couch, shoulders slumped, knees touching.

The pregnancy test on the coffee table.

Steve enters, senses something's wrong.

He kneels beside her, touches her face--she pulls away.

He sees it, on the table.

Initial confusion makes way for excitement.

He reaches for the test--thinks twice--drops his hand.

STEVE

I'm gonna be a dad!

He wraps his arms around her, he's blinded by happiness, he can't see that she doesn't feel it.

Her head rests on his shoulder, he smiles and cries.

She could cry too, but their tears would fall in conflict, in contradiction.

She closes her eyes tight.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

When she opens them, she's on her bed, reading about abortions on her laptop.

Steve gets home from work.

As he undresses, he leans over the bed, kisses her cheek--

STEVE

What the...

He sees her screen.

It can be unseen.

That's probably what she wanted, putting it in words was too heavy a burden.

He's shocked...saddened...betrayed.

She's fearful...apologetic...filled with self-hatred.

It can't be unseen.

She reaches out for him, he waves her away, leaves in silence.

She cries.

She rolls over, buries her head in their pillows, goes to sleep.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY [FLASHBACK]

FRONT DOOR SLAMS--She wakes up, rolls over.

LILY

Steve?

No response.

She moves to get up off the bed, to chase him out into the hallway, to stop him from going to work, to talk--

There's a tug at her ankle. She clears away the blankets.

What she sees astonishes her.

It can't be unseen.

LILY
Steve? Steve!

A chain wrapped around her ankle, the other end connected to the radiator.

LILY
Steve! Steve! Steve!

She cries, dejected, broken. She sleeps.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

She wakes up. She's angry, she's determined, she's dangerous.

Steve enters, home from work.

He pulls his tie off, drops it to the floor, approaches her, filled with regret and confusion and fear.

He unlocks the chain from her ankle.

He cries.

He embraces her on the bed, buries his head in her chest.

She stares up at the ceiling, pats his back, eyes seeth with pent up fury. She shuts them tight.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY [FLASHBACK]

When she opens them, she's staring at her laptop screen.

The chain is back, secured around her ankle.

She looks at various lock-picking kits on Amazon.com.

She makes a purchase.

INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT 'M' - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

She's at the stove, cooking dinner.

Steve sits at the table, reads the Wall Street Journal.

She eyes the stack of mail on the counter.

Steve gets up, hits the bathroom to take a leak.

She makes her move--rifles through the mail, finds her yellow Amazon envelope, stuffs it into her waistband.

Steve emerges from the bathroom, Lily continues to cook.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Steve gets dressed for work. Lily pretends to sleep.

He ties his tie, walks to the radiator, lifts the chain off the floor, fastens it around Lily's ankle.

He kisses her on the cheek. He leaves.

When the front door slams shut, Lily pops up out of bed.

She takes a seat on the floor beside the radiator.

She pulls up Youtube on her laptop, searches "lock picking tutorials."

She takes out her brand new lock picking kit, goes to town.

She struggles.

And struggles.

And struggles.

The video looks simple, easy.

It's not.

She starts to sweat.

The room darkens as the sun moves across the sky.

She squeezers her eyes shut.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

When she opens them, it's night time.

SOUNDS OF DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING AROUND THE APARTMENT.

Panic.

Tears runs down her cheek as she gathers her lock picking kit, hides it under the bed, shuts her laptop.

She feels a presence.

She looks up at the bedroom doorway--no one's there.

LILY
Hello...Steve?

Nothing.

She gets up, crawls into bed, melts into her sheets.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Steve shakes her awake. He's dressed for work.

She refuses to look at him.

STEVE
I left last night's dinner on the
nightstand. I know you don't like to
eat lunch, but you can't be skipping
meals anymore. It's not good for you,
it's not good for the baby.

He kisses her on the back of the shoulder, leaves.

She pops up out of bed, takes her spot on the floor, grabs
her lock picking kit, gets back to work.

She struggles.

LILY
C'mon, fuck.

She opens her laptop, loads a new YouTube tutorial.

She continues to struggle. She takes a deep breath.

She picks the lock. She fucking did it. It pops right open.

LILY
Oh, fuck!

Success.

She dances over to the closet, pulls out a duffle bag.

Dances over to the dresser, packs her clothes in the duffle.

INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT 'M' - MOMENTS LATER [FLASHBACK]

Lily sits at the kitchen table on her laptop.

She's got Delta.com pulled up on the browser.

She talks on the phone.

LILY (ON THE PHONE)

How could my Amex and my Visa card
both get declined, I'm in good
standing with my--wait. Sorry, I have
to call you back.

Mouth agape, she drops her phone.

She types Chase.com into her web browser.

Types in her username and password...

LILY

No, no--mother-fuck. Fuck.

She knocks her laptop to the floor in disgust, rage.

LILY

You motherfucker. You fucking son of a
bitch.

She leans over the table, out of breath.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Hunched over, defeated, she unpacks her duffle.

LILY

I should fucking kill you.

SOUNDS OF THE APARTMENT'S FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

Lily spastically hides the duffle bag under her bed, jumps
back to her spot on the floor, re-fastens the chain around
her ankle, tries to act natural...this manifests in her
picking the toe-cheese from between her toes.

She feels a presence in the bedroom doorway--she looks up.

Andy stands there...

LILY

Woh--who the fuck are you?

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT M - DAY

Lily watches from behind as Steve climbs atop Andy, wraps his hands around Andy's throat.

She gathers slack on the chain, approaches their tussle.

Andy gasps for air, his face goes purple, his eyes flutter.

Lily loops the chain around Steve's neck.

She leaps onto the bed--her foot pulls the slack on the chain, her momentum pulls Steve off of Andy.

Andy lay unconscious.

Lily lay on the bed.

Steve, suspended between the bed and the radiator, barely balances on one knee as Lily's chain crushes his throat.

He gasps for air...barks at her...can barely muster the words--

STEVE
You...bitch.

LILY
Fuckler!

Lily jerks her foot, the chain SNAPS Steve's windpipe.

She lays there on the bed...

...huffing and puffing.

When she finally catches her breath, uncontrollable laughter sets in.

It a joke. It's all a joke. One big fucking joke.

Until suddenly it isn't so funny anymore, she cries.

Sobs.

Sobs and laughs and sobs and purges all emotion from her system.

And then eventually, she sleeps...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY

She wakes, sits up, scans the room. Did that really happen?

Sure did.

There's Steve--dead--still suspended on one knee, caught between Lily's foot and the radiator.

And oh shit, her foot doesn't look so hot.

All purple and puffy and lacking in circulation.

She inches over to Steve, digs into both his pants pockets, finds the key to the chain around her ankle.

She frees herself. Steve's body slumps over.

She shakes her leg out, tries to get blood flow to her foot.

She spots Andy, limps over to her dresser, pulls out a small makeup mirror, holds it under his nose.

The little mirror fogs up--Andy's alive, still breathing.

Lily pulls her duffle bag out from under the bed, packs it up with her clothes and valuables.

She looks around the room.

Her eyes scan the floor--she sees it, the gun.

LILY

Oh, fuck.

She leaves the room.

Comes back in moments later, wears yellow rubber gloves.

She scoops the gun, wipes it clean on her blanket, puts it in Steve's hand.

She wraps his palm around the handle, curls his finger over the trigger--let's go.

The gun falls to the floor next to Steve's corpse.

Lily looks at the chain, studies Andy's unconscious body.

EXT. FIELD, FARMLAND - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Andy looks out on the farmland, it's glorious.

He's dressed like a cowboy again--hat, boots, vest over his cotton shirt, wool pants, gun holstered at his hip.

SOMEONE WHISTLES AT HIM.

He turns slowly--Steve's the whistler, stands twenty feet back, dressed in his all black cowboy gear.

Steve hocks a loogie.

STEVE

You ready to finish this?

Andy takes a dramatic deep breath.

ANDY

Reckon we oughtta.

STEVE

What would you like your grave stone to say? I was thinking--*died like he lived, a hero he ain't.*

ANDY

Smug talk for a cowardice woman-beater.

STEVE

I ain't never beat a lady, and I ain't never lost a gun fight.

Steve moves his hand down toward the gun on his hip.

Andy mirrors Steve's movements.

ANDY

Who's gonna call it?

STEVE

Why not her?

Steve nods to the right.

Lily, dressed in offensive Halloween-style indigenous attire, a feather coming up out of her headband, is tied up and gagged in front of a tree.

ANDY
I'm gonna save you, Lily. I'm gonna
save you, and I'm gonna kill Steve.

Lily tries to scream through her gag--the words jumble.

ANDY
What?

LILY
MmmmmmbbbbbbbAndymmmmmmmmbbbb!

ANDY
What?

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY

Andy's bruised eyes flutter. Lily stands over him.

LILY
Andy, wake up!

His voice is horse.

ANDY
What?

LILY
You're alive--are you okay?

ANDY
What? Uh--ahhh,
everything...everything hurts.

He touches his bruised windpipe, winces.

ANDY
Fuck.

He pulls his shirt up, more bruises.

LILY
Looks like you might've cracked a rib.
Hang on, let me get you some ice.

ANDY
No...no ice, I'll be okay. Let me just
get some Vicodin. You've got two left
in your medicine cabinet.

LILY
You sure?

ANDY
Positive.

He barely manages a thumbs up.

Lily leaves.

Andy pushes off the floor, sits up against the wall, takes stock of the room.

ANDY
Woh.

He spies Steve's body.

ANDY
Hey...you okay? Steve...hey, Steve?

Andy reaches his leg out, pokes Steve with his foot. No reaction.

ANDY (V.O.)
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

Lily reenters the bedroom, glass of water in one hand.

LILY
He's dead, Andy.

ANDY
I...

LILY
What?

ANDY
I...don't know.

LILY
I mean, what did you think would happen? When we *killed him*?

ANDY (V.O.)
Good questions.

He stares at Steve's corpse.

ANDY

I don't know. I saw someone dead once.
Recently, in fact. But he did it to
himself--

LILY

So did Steve. He did this to himself.
To both of us. You wanted this, Andy.

ANDY (V.O.)

She's not wrong.

ANDY

Yeah well, maybe I should've stayed
out of it. I mean, did you really have
to kill him?

LILY

It was him or you. He had you beat.

She approaches Andy, sticks her left hand out, opens it.

Two pills rest in her palm.

LILY

Open up.

Andy opens his mouth, allows her to drop the two pills in.

LILY

I want you to remember that, Andy.

She hands him the glass of water.

LILY

I want you to remember...that it was
him or you.

He washes down the medicine. She tilts the bottom of the
water glass up, urges him to finish it all.

ANDY (V.O.)

Why is she talking like this--

LILY

That I could've done nothing. I
could've let you die...I want you to
remember that.

ANDY (V.O.)

When?

He finishes the water.

ANDY

When?

LILY

When you wake up. *If you wake up.*

ANDY

I don't understand--

He looks at the empty water glass---powder residue on the rim.

ANDY (V.O.)

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

The room starts to spin upside down.

ANDY

Lily, what did you--what did you do?

LILY

I'm sorry, Andy. I really, genuinely am. But this isn't your story.

ANDY (V.O.)

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit--

LILY

It's mine. I'm the one who gets to walk out of this room and never look back.

Andy falls over onto his side.

The empty water glass rolls away.

The room continues to spin.

EXT. FIELD, FARMLAND - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Cowboy Andy stares at Lily, bound and gagged under the tree in her Disney's Pocahontas-looking costume.

As quickly as he blinks--she's gone. Disappeared. Vanished.

THE LOUD BLAST OF A GUN SHOT.

Andy turns his head, looks forward--Cowboy Steve, stands twenty feet ahead, aims his smoking gun.

Andy looks down--there's a bullet wound in his belly.

He bleeds.

ANDY

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

He reaches toward his hip, pulls the gun from his holster, aims, fires--

POP. POP, POP, POP, POP.

ANDY

No.

It's a toy gun, made of cheap, bright colored plastic.

Andy studies it in his hand, dismayed.

ANDY

No, no, no--

ANOTHER GUNSHOT. Andy topples over, defeated.

Steve approaches, fondles a length of rope.

He stands over Andy, looks down at him, face half-covered by his cowboy hat.

STEVE

Should'a minded your own business,
partner.

Steve ties his rope around Andy's foot, walks off, drags Andy behind him across the field.

ANDY

No, no, no!

Andy reaches out, tries to grab hold of the ground, but Steve just drags him along...

INT. EMPTY SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Steve kicks open the door of a small, dark shed, drags Andy inside.

ANDY

You motherfucker!

Steve ties off the other end of the rope to the ceiling.

ANDY
You mother--

Suddenly, it's not Steve.

The cowboy's face has changed--it's Lily.

LILY
Ain't your story, Andy.

Andy watches her leave as the shed begins to spin--

INT. PODIUM, JEOPARDY COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

THE JEOPARDY THEME SONG PLAYS.

No one's at the podium...

...just an empty Jeopardy set.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT 'M' - DAY

When the bedroom finally stops spinning, Andy is chained to the radiator next to Steve's corpse.

Lily is nowhere to be seen.

Faint POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

THE END.