

TALKING BACKWARDS

by

Brenton Charles Lonkey

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK CITY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (RAINING)

ADAM DYER lies dying on the ground, blood gushes from his mouth and several stab wounds. The rain pours down on him with no mercy for his situation.

He wears a powder blue suit that looks like it's made of cheap wrinkled paper. His white dress shirt is covered in blood. Wrapped around his neck, a nasty beat to hell red tie being held together by tape.

ADAM (V.O.)

It's funny the kinds of things that  
run through your head as you lie  
dying in an alleyway while God  
pisses down on you.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK FRAME

TITLE CARD:

"People who love sausage and respect the law should never  
watch either being made"

QUOTE FADES OUT.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

Adam stands in the middle of the street as people run past him, away from a giant wave of white dust.

He wears his blue suit, carries with him his briefcase.

SUBTITLES AT THE BOTTOM READ: Welcome to New York City, Year  
2001. September 11th.

He watches as the wave gets closer, engulfing him and everything around him...

SMASH CUT:

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - DAY

Adam wakes up, looks around. He's in a small courtroom, waiting for the judge to make his arrival.

His thumb and index finger are both blue.

He wears the same light-blue suit that looks like paper and the same raggedy red neck tie. His haircut makes him look like "Shimp" from The Three Stooges.

OTIS (O.C.)

(whispers)

Yo.

Sitting beside him is OTIS WILLIAMS, a very sweaty young black man in a really nice suit and a fancy neck brace.

OTIS (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Why is it so fuckin' hot in here?

ADAM

(whispers)

Don't know.

OTIS

(whispers)

Where the fuck is this fool?

ADAM

(whispers)

I'm not sure. He's late.

Adam checks his watch.

OTIS

He needs to get here soon.

INT. JUDGE MANTEL'S CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE MANTEL eats a powdered sugar donut. He's in his 60's, old and mean as a rattle snake.

He gets some powdered sugar on his black robe.

JUDGE MANTEL

Shit! God damn it!

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - DAY

Adam looks like he's dead, like someone stabbed him in the back and left him there to die. He waits with his head down on the table.

OTIS

That's it, I can't stay in here, man. This heat is killin' me. I can't take it. The heat is makin' my neck hurt even more.

Otis messes around with the brace.

ADAM

(muffled)

Have a drink of water. He should be out soon.

(beat)

I hope.

A pitcher of water sits at the table. Otis pours the glass of water into a paper cup.

He gulps it down.

OTIS

This shit's warm.

ADAM

It's room temperature.

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - LATER

Judge Mantel finally walks in.

Everyone rises...

Everyone but Otis and Adam. They both have their heads down on the table.

A woman clear her throat to get their attention.

Adam dazes off, looks at the floor.

Red fire ants march along in a line. They reach all the way to some gum on the side of the table.

Adam looks at a pair of long sexy legs. A beautiful woman is attached to them. This is JEAN PARKER, 30's, the prosecutor.

JEAN  
(whispers)  
Stand up.

JUDGE MANTEL (O.C.)  
Mr. Dyer? Can we begin?

Adam springs to life.

He jumps up and salutes.

JUDGE MANTEL (CONT'D)  
I don't think that's needed. But I  
will need him awake.

Otis is fast asleep.

Adam kicks him on the knee.

OTIS  
What da fuck! Don't go kickin' me,  
man!

Otis looks around to see everyone standing.

ADAM  
(whispers)  
Stand up.

Otis stands and the judge sits.

JUDGE MANTEL  
Let's begin.

INT. COURTHOUSE PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

Adam stands alone in the courthouse bathroom staring at himself in the mirror.

Water blasts into the sink. He turns it off, dumps a giant handful of soap into his hands, scrubs hard to get the blue off his fingers.

LOUIS, 30's, walks in.

He slimes his way over to Adam.

LOUIS  
Adam, what's goin' on?

ADAM  
Hey, Louis. Nothing really.

LOUIS  
Good to hear.

Louis slaps Adam on the back, walks over to the stalls to take a leak.

LOUIS (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Heard you got Mantel. You poor  
bastard.

Adam scrubs harder.

The soap and water doesn't seem to have any impact on the blue dye on his fingers.

ADAM  
Yeah.

LOUIS (O.C.)  
You're up against Jean, right?

ADAM  
Jean?

Louis finishes and walks out.

He waits until he's out to zip up.

He walks over to Adam, they wash their hands together.

LOUIS  
Jean Parker.

ADAM  
Oh. Yeah. She's good.

LOUIS  
Fuckin' sexy too.

ADAM  
Yeah, I guess.

LOUIS  
I know, I don't need to guess.

Louis looks down at Adam's blue fingers.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
What's the story with that? Finger-  
fuck a Smurf?

Adam stops scrubbing and looks down at them, his thumb is still blue.

ADAM  
Happened when we had that party at  
the office a couple of days ago.  
Red, white and blue cupcakes.  
Freedom Cakes I think they called  
them. Shit won't come off.

Adam continues washing them.

Louis slaps Adam on the back again. He leaves a wet hand print on the back of his paper jacket.

LOUIS

We should hit the town tonight.

ADAM

We?

LOUIS

A couple of guys from the office.  
You should come.

ADAM

Sorry. Not tonight.

LOUIS

Busy? Got a date?

ADAM

No, nothing like that.

LOUIS

Let me know, we'll turn this town  
red.

ADAM

Sure.

Louis leaves.

Adam looks himself in the mirror and continues to wash his hands.

INT. ADAM'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Adam sits in traffic. The sounds of people and cars honking their horns.

This is the city life. The hustle and bustle of the working class hero.

Adam turns the radio on to tune out all other outside activities.



He switches around until he gets to a song he likes.

EXT. TIME SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Adam lives in a vast city with immense skyscrapers that seem untainted and never ending. The sky has a clear blue in it like it's been raining. The sun lights up every crevice.

On the ground, police with body armor and machine-guns stalk the streets. They flag people down in their cars and investigate what's inside.

Birds in the sky fly high up in the air. People on the ground walk up and down on the sidewalks with their briefcases and cellphones.

Next to Adam's car is a hotdog stand. A business man orders up a hotdog. The works from the looks of it.

He grabs the dog.

THE HOTDOG VENDOR grabs his wrist.

THE HOTDOG VENDOR

You gotta pay me.

The man breaks free of The Hotdog Vendor and spills the hotdog toppings on his nice white shirt. He reaches into his jacket and throws money at the Hotdog Vendor.

The Hotdog Vendor gives the man the finger.

THE HOTDOG VENDOR (CONT'D)

Yeah, go fuck yourself and have a nice fuckin' day, asshole!

Some armored police officers come over to investigate.

INT. ADAM'S CAR (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Adam turns the radio off. He rests his head on the wheel.

It honks.

An armored police officer taps on Adam's window.

ADAM  
Everything's fine.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adam walks into his small cramped apartment. A yellow lab is there by the door to greet him. The dog jumps up on Adam.

Adam rubs the dog's head, the dog runs off into the apartment.

Adam turns on the lights.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adam takes off his jacket and plops down on a green recliner in front of the television.

The dog comes back with a ball in his mouth. He shows it to Adam.

Adam turns the TV on.

ADAM  
Hey, buddy. Wanna play?

He takes the ball out of the dog's mouth and throws it across the room. The dog happily runs after it.

Adam gets up and enters the kitchen.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Adam turns the light on for the kitchen. It's nice. White tiles with a domino pattern. An old fashion refrigerator hums in the corner.

Adam opens the fridge and pulls out a microwave dinner. His dog sits there waiting for a handout.

Adam walks over to the microwave, opens the package, throws it in, sets the timer and pats his dog on the head.

ADAM

You must be hungry. Walk later,  
okay?

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Adam eats his TV dinner in front of the TV. He reclines in the green recliner.

His dog waits by his side for some food.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Adam sits on his leather couch. The city lights sparkle from the window behind him. The blinds are wide open for everyone to see.

Adam just stares at us.

Inside us.

Through us.

Beyond us.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam stands on a wooden chair nailing his tie to the top of the lintel of his bedroom doorway.

He stops hammering, throws the hammer on the floor. His dog stares up at him, cocking his head.

ADAM

(to his dog)

This is it. I'm gonna do it this  
time.

Adam takes a deep breath.

Hesitates...

Beat-

The chair CRACKS under his weight.

He panics.

Quickly he holds onto his tie as he dangles from it. The tie rips and Adam falls to the floor-

HARD.

He breathes fast, coughing, grabbing at his throat.

His dog licks his face. Adam just lies there looking up at the ceiling.

He pats his dog on the head.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Good boy. Time for that walk, I guess.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - NIGHT

Adam walks his dog in the park. People are out doing the same.

He holds up his ripped tie.

ADAM

What the hell am I gonna do about this?

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Lower Manhattan NY, seen from a distance. An older courthouse is sandwiched between two newer looking buildings.

INT. COURTHOUSE COURTROOM - MORNING

Judge Mantel sits on the bench towering over everyone like God.

Adam stands before him looking like a sweaty little kid. He wears the same blue suit as yesterday. His tie has a huge rip in it but is stitched together with clear Scotch Tape.

Over Adam's shoulder, there's Otis sitting at the desk sweating to death.

Behind Adam's other shoulder, Jean sitting impatiently. She shakes her head and stands up, walks over to Adam.

JEAN

Your Honor. I prepared for a dismissal without admission of any liability but Mr. Dyer refused to sign it.

ADAM

I can't settle this for nothing, your Honor.

JUDGE MANTEL

Mr. Dyer, have your client sign the settlement. Save yourself the costs.

ADAM

Your Honor! I would ask for a stay of the payments pending on the outcome of appeal.

JUDGE MANTEL

Settle this, Mr. Dyer.

INT. LAW FIRM - ADAM'S DESK - DAY

Adam sits at his desk with a client.

Adam looks like a bum compared to all the other people working at his office.

His desk is smaller. Empty. A picture of his dog sits next to an old crappy outdated computer.

MRS. WILLIAMS, an elderly black woman sits across from him. She holds her purse like a football in her lap. This is the mother of Mr. Otis Williams.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(whispers)

They're threatening to evict me and  
my son. What do I do?

Adam looks at his blue fingers.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Mr. Dyer?

Adam snaps out of it and pays attention.

ADAM

Mrs. Williams, I'm not sure if I  
can help you or Otis.

MRS. WILLIAMS

We need that money to live, Mr.  
Dyer. We need that money to eat. We  
deserve that money. He deserves  
that money.

ADAM

Mrs. Williams, you and your son are  
entitled to compensation. He was  
hit by the defendant while he drove  
a cab. The medical report and the  
police report proves his case.

Adam takes out a folder from his desk.

MRS. WILLIAMS

So what's the problem?

ADAM

You can't win. The insurance  
company won't-

MRS. WILLIAMS

The room is spinning around me.

ADAM

What?

Mrs. Williams faints. She falls out of the chair and hits the floor with a THUD.

Adam leans over his desk.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mrs. Williams? Are you okay?

EXT. LAW FIRM STEPS - DAY

Mrs. Williams is carried away in a gurney by two medics.

Adam sits on the steps of his office building with his head hung low.

The medics lift Mrs. Williams up onto the ambulance.

He watches as they get in the ambulance and drive away.

LOUIS

What's going on here?

Louis walks over.

ADAM

Client fainted.

LOUIS

Looks like you could use a hard drink.

Adam hangs his head.

ADAM

I don't drink.

LOUIS

Everyone drinks. I know this great club we could hit. You need to unwind. What do you say?

ADAM

Okay. Fine.

He slaps Adam on the back.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Adam and Louis stand around with drinks in their hands. Louis gives girls who pass by his best sexy look.

Adam just sips from his red fruity drink.

He wears the same blue paper suit.

LOUIS

You have to love it!

The loud music pulsates the club.

ADAM

Yeah. It's great!

Louis slaps Adam on the back. He spills some of his drink on his sleeve.

LOUIS

Don't bullshit me! You hate it here!

ADAM

I wouldn't say hate. It's just really loud.

LOUIS

What?!

ADAM

I said it's really loud!

LOUIS

It's a fuckin' nightclub, the music needs to be loud!

A girl in tight leather walks by the two. Louis humps the air.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Something is pulling me in this direction.



ADAM

You're leaving me?

LOUIS

I can't help it. Once I'm caught in  
it's gravitational pussy pull, it's  
all over for me.

Louis dances off to where the girl was engulfed by the crowd.  
Soon he is engulfed as well.

Adam's left all by his lonesome. He looks up to see the  
second floor is pretty much empty.

He pushes his way through the crowd.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Adam sits alone at a table, sipping from his drink, looking  
out at the party people.

Jean sits down at the same table across from him. She too has  
the same girly drink. There's a yellow flower in it. She  
looks a little intoxicated.

JEAN

I thought that was you. So what's a  
guy like you doing in a place like  
this?

ADAM

A guy like me?

JEAN

It's you just seem more like the  
quiet type. Like these kind of  
places are foreign to you.

Adam smirks.

ADAM

I guess that's about right. I feel  
out of place.

She plays with the straw in her glass.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Are you with someone?

She laughs.

JEAN

Just surfing the crowd. Full of Rogaine wearing assholes. Saw you and thought I'd come say hello.

Adam looks everywhere but her. He looks at his drink and at the crowd.

But not her.

She on the other hand stares at him with a smile.

There's a long uncomfortable moment of silence.

Adam looks at her.

Their eyes make contact.

He buries his face in his drink.

Jean throws her hands up. She lays her head down on the table.

She plays dead.

ADAM

What's wrong?

JEAN

The awkward silence has killed me.

She jolts up and points her finger at him like a gun.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Have you ever had a fried blue berry?

ADAM

No.

JEAN

You would love it!

ADAM

Are you drunk?

JEAN

Wanna go home with me?

ADAM

What?

JEAN

You heard me. You can take advantage of me. I know you like me.

ADAM

I don't, I mean...

JEAN

Jesus, look at you, can't even talk. I'm not asking for you to fall in love or marry me. I just wanna get laid. Pocket Rocket can only get you so far. You in?

ADAM

I don't think that would be such a great idea.

JEAN

Why not?

ADAM

It's not very professional.

She rolls her eyes.

JEAN

You're no fun. Least you could do is make sure I make it to my door safely.

She stands up.

ADAM

Now?

She grabs his hand and they walk off.

INT. JEAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

On a bed of mangled white sheets with arms and legs everywhere lie the sleeping bodies of Adam and Jean.

A loud beeping sound fills the bedroom.

Jean springs up with her club clothes still on. Her hair is a tangled mess.

She reaches over to turn off the alarm clock. It falls on the floor and smashes on impact.

She lies back down.

Adam staggers up.

He wears a yellow flower in his hair.

He yawns and takes one long stretch. He's missing his jacket and pants. Only his white shirt, red tie and green boxers remains on.

Still sleepy eyed, he goes into the bathroom next to the bed. The door closes with a SLAM.

Jean sits up, looks around for the source of the noise.

INT. JEAN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

The wallpaper is pink with flowers. The toilet has a pink shag carpet on the seat.

A pink shower curtain hides the tub. Little pink flowers sit in a dish by the sink. They look like candy.

Adam, still sleepy eyed, takes a leak in the toilet. He sees the flowers in the dish bowl, takes one and eats it.

The realization that it's soap hits him like a brick. He quickly spits it out into the toilet, runs over to the sink and rinses his mouth out.

ADAM

Oh, God!

INT. JEAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jean yawns and scratches her head.

She gets out of bed, opens the door to the bathroom. She enters rubbing her eyes.

She screams, comes running out.

She trips on the broken alarm clock, falls onto the bed.

Adam comes out in a hurry.

ADAM

You okay?

JEAN

What are you doing in my bedroom?!

ADAM

(calmly)

Listen. Stay calm.

Jean finds a shoe, chucks it at him. It hits him right between the eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Shit!

Adam falls back, hits the wall, trips over his own feet and lands on the floor face first.

He just lies there, blood leaking from his nose.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Please don't call the cops. I can explain everything if you give me a chance.

INT. JEAN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Adam sits on Jean's girly couch pantless. He holds his nose with his head back. Blood leaks down his cheek, onto his white dress shirt.

JEAN (O.C.)

So what happened last night?

ADAM

(muffled)

You passed out and I carried you inside.

JEAN (O.C.)

Did we...

ADAM

No.

JEAN (O.C.)

If nothing happened, then why don't you have any pants on?

ADAM

You threw up on them. You really don't remember any of this?

JEAN (O.C.)

Nope. Not really ringing any bells.

Jean comes in with a medkit.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Did you eat one of my soaps?

Beat.

ADAM

No.

She sits down in front of him and opens the box, shoos away his hands and shoves cotton balls up his nose.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ouch.

JEAN  
Is that better?

ADAM  
(nasally)  
It still hurts.

She looks closer.

Adam holds the cotton balls in place, throws his head back.

JEAN  
I'm sorry.

ADAM  
(nasally)  
It's fine.

JEAN  
I don't think it's broken if that helps.

She sticks a huge Band-Aid on his nose.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
This may sound strange considering I almost killed you with a shoe. But would you like to have dinner with me?

ADAM  
(nasally)  
Seriously?

JEAN  
I owe you that much, I think. You did get me home safe and sound. Not to mention the whole almost bludgeoning you to death thing.

ADAM  
(nasally)  
Shoe crime's a serious matter.

JEAN

Good thing we're both lawyers.

ADAM

You really wanna go on a date with me?

JEAN

Sure. Why not?

ADAM

Maybe it's the fact I got cotton balls stuffed up my nose. Not a fan of pity dates.

JEAN

Just a date date. No pity involved.

ADAM

All right.

JEAN

Then it's settled. We got a date.

She sniffs the air.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You smell that?

She gets up and walks over to a chair. She holds up Adam's blue pants. On the crotch is a huge vomit stain.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I guess you weren't lying about me throwing up on you. You should just throw these away.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Adam sits naked in an empty laundry room flipping through an old magazine.

His machine buzzes.



INT. COURTHOUSE CAFETERIA - MORNING

Three lawyers sit around a table eating their breakfast. In the middle sits Louis.

To the right of him is MITCHELL, late 30's, smug, typical asshole type.

On the left sits JOHNSON, 40's, has dark skin and a stain on the collar of his pink shirt. His hair has a salt and pepper mix.

JOHNSON

Where the fuck is Afghanistan anyway?

MITCHELL

I say we nuke the whole fuckin' thing. You take out two of our buildings, we take out your whole fuckin' country.

LOUIS

Hey, you two hear about that teacher that screwed her student?

MITCHELL

Another one?

Louis reads from the New York Times.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Let me read that.

He hands Mitchell the paper.

LOUIS

I don't care if it is rape. That shit is hot. Who here wanted to fuck one of their teachers when they were younger?

JOHNSON

Yeah. Ms. Jacobs. 8th grade. All the kids wanted her. Heard she was a lesbian now or something.

MITCHELL

That's just mean. A sexy girl only interested in other ladies, just mean.

JOHNSON

We're obsolete, my friend.

Adam comes in with his tray. One milk, one apple, one piece of toast, one bowl of cereal.

His blue paper suit looks cleaned but is wrinkled. A blood stain is still visible on his white dress shirt. A Band-Aid smacked across his nose doesn't help his image any.

Louis waves him over.

MITCHELL

Christ, what are you doing?

LOUIS

What? I like this guy. He reminds me of this nerdy kid I picked on constantly in high school.

MITCHELL

Look at him, he looks fuckin' homeless, man.

Adam sits down with the three.

Louis automatically picks up on the fact that Adam looks like he's been in a fight.

LOUIS

Shit, Adam. What's with the nose?

ADAM

Ran into the door this morning.

LOUIS

Don't lie, wife was beatin' you up again wasn't she? Want me to talk to her for ya?

MITCHELL

Fuckin' Christ.

Mitchell throws the paper on the table.

LOUIS

What's your deal?

MITCHELL

My team lost again.

JOHNSON

How much you lose this time?

MITCHELL

Enough to make me wanna kill myself.

LOUIS

If we don't hear from you for a while, we can guess why.

Mitchell gets up and leaves the table. He takes his tray with him.

MITCHELL

You guys are so caring. Fuck it, I'm out of here, see you talkin' assholes tomorrow.

(beat)

Hey, Adam.

(beat)

Nice suit.

He smirks and walks off.

ADAM

Thanks, Mitchell.

JOHNSON

Poor bastard.

(to Adam)

Hey, I heard some old woman died in your office the other day.

ADAM

Mrs. Williams? She just fainted.

JOHNSON

Not what I heard, heard you told her you'd wave your fee if she sucked you off.

ADAM

Jesus, who the fuck said that?

LOUIS

He's just fuckin' with you.

Johnson looks at his watch, stretches and stands up.

JOHNSON

Girls, the party is over. I'll see you tomorrow night.

Johnson gets up to leave.

ADAM

What happens tomorrow night?

JOHNSON

Poker game.

LOUIS

You play?

ADAM

Me? No.

JOHNSON

Hey, if you got the money to lose, I say come.

ADAM

Yeah. Sure.

Johnson takes his leave.

Louis folds the newspaper and slaps Adam on the back. He spills his spoonful of cereal.

LOUIS

Saw you with Jean last night.

ADAM

Yeah, so?

LOUIS

So? You get in her pants? She got a Hitler mustache?

Louis smiles.

Adam keeps quiet, looks down at his bowl of cereal.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You lucky bastard. Good for you, man.

Louis slaps Adam on the back again.

Adam stands up.

ADAM

I got a client I gotta see. I'll talk to ya later.

LOUIS

You're not getting out of this one. I want every detail. Step-by-step. Play-by-play. Blow-by-blow.

ADAM

Tomorrow night. The poker game.

LOUIS

Yes, bring lots of money.

ADAM

Sure.

Adam leaves the table. Louis reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cellphone

Adam waves goodbye to Louis. He's too busy talking on his phone.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adam walks into his apartment. His dog jumps up. He throws him his ball and his dog happily chases after it.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Adam sits at the kitchen table eating his TV dinner. His dog chews on a ham bone.

ADAM

(to his dog)

I met a girl last night.

His dog takes his time out of gnawing on his ham bone to look up.

His dog loses interest and goes back to the ham bone.

INT. LAW FIRM - MORNING

Adam photocopies some documents. Louis walks over with a folder.

LOUIS

Hey, we still one tonight for that poker game?

ADAM

Yeah.

LOUIS

Good to hear it, man.

ADAM

Where exactly are you guys having-

The law firm's partner MR. JACK RUNDLE walks in with another well dressed lawyer beside him named JAMES ROBERTSON. He's blonde, looks like he stepped out of a male model magazine.

MR. RUNDLE

Everyone.

Everyone stops what they're doing and faces him.

MR. RUNDLE (CONT'D)

I'd like to introduce the new head of Business Finance & Restructuring. James Robertson.

JAMES

Thank you, Mr. Rundle.

MR. RUNDLE

Please. Call me Jack.

JAMES

Thank you, Jack. Thanks to everyone. I look forward to working with you all.

LOUIS

Holy shit.

Louis smiles big.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

It's James.

ADAM

You know him?

LOUIS

Yeah, we went to Yale together.

Louis walks over to greet him.

Adam just stands there while everyone shakes hands with the new guy.

INT. LAW FIRM ELEVATOR - DAY

Adam flips through some papers as the elevator comes to a stop.

The doors slide open and Louis steps in.

Adam smiles and opens his mouth to say hi when-

James walks in with him.

Adam shuts his mouth and moves to the corner.

LOUIS

You should have said something,  
man.

JAMES

I wanted it to be a surprise.

The doors shut and the elevator moves again.

LOUIS

Can't believe you're back.

JAMES

After watching all the news  
coverage, I just felt like this is  
where I needed to be right now.

LOUIS

I get it. Hey! We should do  
something about your epic return to  
the city.

(beat)

I know. We're having a poker game  
tonight. Wanna join?

JAMES

You know I'm terrible at poker.

LOUIS

That's why I want you to be there.

The elevator comes to a stop, the doors slide open and the two leave.



INT. LAW FIRM RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Adam follows them out. He goes unnoticed.

Otis is there waiting for him.

OTIS

Mr. Dyer!

Otis runs over.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Mr. Dyer.

Adam watches as Louis and James walk out the front door.

ADAM

Yeah... Yes. Mr. Williams, what can I help you with?

OTIS

Thank you for helpin' my moms the other day.

ADAM

Oh. How is she?

OTIS

Fine. Better. But we need that money, Mr. Dyer. Now more than ever.

ADAM

I'm working on it.

OTIS

How long?

ADAM

I don't know. Soon. I'm sorry. I'm late for an appointment.

Adam walks away.

EXT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Adam looks around, sees Louis and James getting into a taxi.

He watches as it leaves...

ADAM

Damn it.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam paces back and forth. He dials in a number on his cellphone.

ADAM

It's me again. Adam. From work. You never said where you guys were meeting up at. I was just wondering-  
Damn.

He redials...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Me again. Not sure if you have my number. Let me know what time you're- Damn it!

He tosses the phone across the room.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Fuck!

His dog looks at him.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - NIGHT

Adam keeps checking his phone while his dog does his business.

A MUGGER runs up to Adam, shoves a gun in his face.

MUGGER

Hand it over, motherfucker.

ADAM

What?

MUGGER

The fuckin' phone!

Adam hands him his phone.

ADAM

Here.

Adam's dog barks at the Mugger.

MUGGER

You better hold that dog back,  
motherfucker.

ADAM

Don't hurt him.

MUGGER

Your wallet. Now!

COP (O.C.)

Stop right there!

A COP comes running after the Mugger.

MUGGER

Fuck!

The Mugger takes off.

The Cop stops to check on Adam.

COP

Are you alright?

ADAM

Yes. He just took my phone.

The Cop gets on his radio.

COP

In pursuit of suspect.

The Cop runs off after the Mugger.

INT. LAW FIRM RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Adam enters the reception area, still wearing the same blue suit.

James and Louis walk in behind him, laughing.

Adam stops and turns around.

ADAM

Are you laughing at me?

LOUIS

Hey, man! We missed you last night.  
Why didn't you show?

ADAM

You never told me where you were  
having the poker game at.

LOUIS

My place. I thought you knew that.

ADAM

No. I called like a million times.

LOUIS

Sorry, had my phone off. That's the  
rules, right James?

JAMES

Got that right.

(to Adam)

Hi, I'm James Robertson. I don't  
think we've met yet.

James reaches out to shake Adam's hand.

ADAM

Yeah. Hi. Adam Dyer.

They shake hands.

JAMES

Good to meet ya. Anyway, I can't be late for my second day at work. So I'll catch you two later.

LOUIS

I'll follow you up.

Louis and James head for the elevators. Adam stands there frozen.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You coming, Adam?

ADAM

No. Go right ahead. I forgot something in my car.

They enter the elevator.

Adam tightens his grip around his briefcase handle. It looks like he might either cry or burst out yelling.

His face turns red... anger rushes over him.

The elevator doors ding and Louis steps back out.

LOUIS

Hey. We're headed out for a drink tonight. You in?

Adam smiles, all the anger he had building up now gone.

ADAM

Yeah. Sure. Where?

LOUIS

Same place as before.

ADAM

Sure. Got it.

Louis enters the elevator and leaves once again.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Go-go dancers in cages dance seductively to the loud techno music that pulsates the club. Partygoers drink, dance, and flirt.

Sitting around drinking a pitcher of beer, are Mitchell and Louis. They stare at the young girls dancing.

Adam walks up to them in his blue stained, wrinkled, paper suit.

Louis slaps Adam on the back.

LOUIS

He made it!

He takes a seat and watches the show.

MITCHELL

(to Louis)

What about her?

He points to a girl dancing.

LOUIS

I'd fuck her.

MITCHELL

You'd fuck anything with a hole.

LOUIS

You got a hole. You don't see me fuckin' you, do ya?

MITCHELL

I'm grateful. Plus, the night is young.

LOUIS

I think the only thing better than pussy is money. That's it. That's the only thing that can top pussy.

MITCHELL

I agree.

LOUIS

Money always turns you on but you  
can never turn on money. The  
eternal fuckin' cock tease.

MITCHELL

Said like a fuckin' poet.

LOUIS

Just call me fuckin' Shakespeare.

They laugh.

James walks over with Johnson and more drinks in hand.

MITCHELL

Now the party has started.

They grab a drink and enjoy. Adam nervously reaches over,  
grabs a beer.

James takes it from him.

JAMES

Sorry, these are for my buddies.

LOUIS

This is Adam. He's with us. You two  
met this morning, remember?

JAMES

Yeah. Sorry about that.

He hands Adam back the beer.

ADAM

No problem.

JOHNSON

James here has been telling me some  
stories about our boy when he was  
in Yale.

LOUIS

Oh no.

JOHNSON

Oh yes.

LOUIS

Johnson, I swear...

JOHNSON

Our boy Louis here once had a breakdown during his first year at Yale. A hilarious breakdown I might add.

LOUIS

I'm glad you find my mental health hilarious.

MITCHELL

He pulled his dick out at a teacher, didn't he?

LOUIS

What the hell, Mitchell. Why does everything have to be dick related with you?

MITCHELL

You just seem like the kind of guy who rubs his cock on things.

LOUIS

Stop thinking about my cock, Mitch.

MITCHELL

No promises.

ADAM

So what's the story?

JOHNSON

Thank you, Adam. Enough cock talk.

LOUIS

Let me tell it at least.



JOHNSON

Fine.

LOUIS

I had it with the humorless pricks  
at Yale.

JAMES

Hey.

LOUIS

Not including you, James.

JAMES

Thanks.

LOUIS

So one day I stand up in class,  
tell everyone how much I hate them.

JAMES

I'll stop it right there, I can  
tell he isn't going to give you the  
whole story. He tells the whole  
class to go fuck themselves, then  
continues to go on a racist tirade  
about the Asian students.

LOUIS

What are you talk about? I love the  
Asians.

MITCHELL

Asian pussy, not so much Asians.

LOUIS

That counts.

JAMES

He then ends his speech with I  
think about ten fuck you's and for  
some reason mentions he has a desk  
he'd like to sell.

LOUIS

It was a chair.

JAMES

Sorry, a chair.

LOUIS

Shit cost me like a hundred bucks.  
Anyway, now that that is over...

Louis turns to face Adam. A huge grin is spread across his face.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

What happened between you and Jean?

ADAM

Nothing happened yet.

JAMES

Who we talkin' about?

LOUIS

Jean Parker. You know her?

JAMES

Not ringing any bells.

LOUIS

She's hot. And Adam here got a date  
with her.

JAMES

Yeah? Lucky guy.

ADAM

No. Nothing like that. We go out  
this Saturday.

JAMES

Wait. Are we talking about  
Jeanette? Jeanette Parker?

ADAM

Maybe.

JAMES

Shit. I do know her. We dated like a quick minute back when we were interning at Shearman & Sterling.

LOUIS

That's right! I completely fuckin' forgot about that.

JAMES

Jesus, it's been so long. I bet she looks good.

LOUIS

Like I said, she looks fuckin' great.

JAMES

Shit, I should give her a call.

Louis slaps Adam on the back.

LOUIS

Looks like you got yourself some competition, buddy.

ADAM

I gotta go.

Adam stands up and walks away.

Louis goes after Adam.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Louis grabs Adam by the arm.

People stand outside in a long line waiting to get into the club.

LOUIS

I was just kidding around. It was a stupid joke. Relax.

ADAM

I don't think either of you were joking.

LOUIS

It isn't like she's your girlfriend or somethin'. You guys haven't even been on one date. Plus, you date a girl like that, guys are gonna come after her. Nature of the game.

ADAM

I know that!

Louis notices the crowd watching them.

LOUIS

Come back inside, I'll buy you one of those girly drinks you like so much.

ADAM

Fuck off!

Adam walks away.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The lights from the strip clubs are blinding. A brilliant multi-color of reds and blues, mixed with colors never seen before by the human eye.

Girls in pumps and thongs up their asses, stalk the streets.

Adam angrily walks along the sidewalk, his head down, muttering something under his breath.

EXT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

TINK, 18, maybe younger, but very beautiful walks past Adam in a super short skirt, they nick shoulders as they pass.

He's stopped in his tracks.

ADAM

Sorry.

He looks around, seems he's found himself out front of a busy strip club.

TINK

Hey, you smoke?

ADAM

What?

TINK

A cigarette, you got one?

ADAM

No. I don't smoke.

TINK

What good are ya then?

She walks off into the club.

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - NIGHT

Adam walks into this dark and dingy strip club. Girls dance fully nude on poles.

Middle-aged men throw money at dancers young enough to be their daughters.

Adam walks over to the bar.

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Adam waves the bartender down. Meet BERNIE, 40's, black, tall and mean as hell looking.

Adam looks around in the crowd for the strange girl that asked him for a smoke.

Bernie comes over to Adam.

BERNIE

Name's Bernie. What would you like?

ADAM

Huh? Nothing.

BERNIE

You must want something, why else  
would you call me over?

Something catches Adam's eye. Tink walks down the stairs.

ADAM

Her, who is she?

BERNIE

That's Tink. She's kinda picky  
about who she dances for. But I  
think I can put in a good word for  
ya. Want a date?

She walks through the crowd in SLOW MOTION.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Three hundred bucks.

ADAM

What?

BERNIE

She ain't cheap. Three hundred for  
a private show with her.

Adam pays him.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Follow me.

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bernie walks Adam down a long hallway. As he passes, he sees girls giving guys a private showing. Touching them, grinding on them.

BERNIE

You need to follow the rules. No touching the girls. No harassing the girls. No outside dates. You spend money on them, you spend it on them here. Understand me?

ADAM

Yeah.

BERNIE

Now that we're clear, you can enjoy yourself.

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernie shows Adam to his private room. Everything is red.

BERNIE

Have a seat.

Adam takes a seat on a red couch covered by pillows.

Bernie leaves and Adam is left by himself.

He nervously sits there, not sure what to do with his hands. He just leaves them by his sides.

Tink walks in wearing a sexy outfit.

TINK

Hi there. I'm Tink.

ADAM

Hi. We met before.

TINK

Have I given you a dance before, baby?

She gets on the tiny stage and dances for Adam.

ADAM

No. Outside. We met outside. You asked me for a smoke. I don't smoke.

She takes her bra off, shows him her breasts.

TINK

I must have left a pretty big impression on you.

ADAM

Maybe.

She gets down off the stage and grinds on Adam's lap.

TINK

You look so nervous.

ADAM

I am.

TINK

You paid good money, baby. You should relax and enjoy the show.

ADAM

I didn't really come to see a show.

TINK

When you're with me, there's always a show.

ADAM

I just want to talk.

TINK

Then talk.

ADAM

This is kind of distracting. Can we go somewhere else?

TINK

Sorry. No outside contact.



ADAM

Oh.

Adam grabs her arm.

TINK

Don't. Bernie!

He lets her arm go.

ADAM

I didn't mean anything by it. I'm  
sorry. Can you just talk to me?

Bernie storms in, grabs Adam by the shirt collar.

BERNIE

I told you the fuckin' rules! No  
touching!

TINK

It was an accident!

He drags Adam out of the room...

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...Down the hallway...

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

...Through the strip club...

EXT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

...And on to the street outside.

Tink runs out after him.

TINK

Jesus, Bernie. You didn't have to  
do that.

BERNIE

You know the rules. Paco's rules.

Tink runs over to help Adam get back on his feet.

TINK

Jeez, you okay?

BERNIE

Just leave him, girl.

TINK

Fuck off, Bernie.

BERNIE

Fine. But I ain't catchin' no blame  
once Paco hears about this shit.

TINK

Let me handle Paco. You go back to  
serving fuckin' drinks.

Bernie walks back inside.

Adam holds his head in pain.

TINK (CONT'D)

You sure you're okay?

ADAM

Yeah. Never better.

TINK

They get really protective of me  
here sometimes. We had a bad client  
not long ago that tried somethin'  
with one of the girls. Ever since,  
there's been zero tolerance.

Adam holds his back in pain.

Tink looks at his torn tie.

TINK (CONT'D)

Shit, your tie.

ADAM

Don't worry. It was already like that.

They take a seat on the steps.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I've never seen anyone as beautiful as you.

TINK

You're a charmer.

ADAM

I don't know what I am. I wanna see you again.

TINK

After all this?

ADAM

Yes.

TINK

You're just asking for trouble. They won't let you back in now.

ADAM

What about someplace else?

TINK

Against the rules.

ADAM

I really just wanna talk to you.

TINK

Just talk? That's it?

ADAM

Yes.

She smiles and gets up.

TINK

Okay. I like to take cigarette breaks about this time. Drop by when you can. Or not. Doesn't matter.

She enters the building, leaving Adam by himself.

He smiles.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam lies on the couch, looking up at the ceiling. His dog stares at him.

ADAM

Tink. I wonder if that's her real name...

He smiles.

His dog walks over and licks his hand.

INT. ADAM'S DESK - MORNING

Adam sits at his desk, trying his best to repair his torn tie.

Louis walks over.

LOUIS

Hey. What happened to you last night?

ADAM

Went to a strip club.

LOUIS

Really? You? You should have invited me along, man.

ADAM

I needed to clear my head.

LOUIS

Forget what James was saying last night.

ADAM

Yeah.

A sexy SECRETARY walks over.

SECRETARY

Mr. Rundle would like to see you in his office.

ADAM

Who? Me?

SECRETARY

Yes.

She walks away.

LOUIS

Not good. Getting called into the principal's office.

ADAM

I'm sure it's nothing.

INT. MR. RUNDLE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Adam walks into Mr. Rundle's office. He sits behind his desk, going over some paper work.

ADAM

You asked to see me, sir?

MR. RUNDLE

Have a seat.

Adam nervously takes a seat in front of him.

MR. RUNDLE (CONT'D)

How is your case load?

ADAM

Heavy, sir.

MR. RUNDLE

You're still on this insurance case, correct?

ADAM

Mr. Williams, yes.

MR. RUNDLE

Why haven't you settled yet?

ADAM

I appealed his case to the court of appeals.

MR. RUNDLE

Just let the case go to the insurance company. Let them deal with it. This case is taking up too much of your time. I want you on the McAdams' case.

Beat.

MR. RUNDLE (CONT'D)

Well?

ADAM

Yes, sir.

EXT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - NIGHT

Tink sits on the stoop to the club, smoking a cigarette.

She wears a pink t-shirt sporting the worst TV series ever made "BIGFOOT AND WILDBOY".

She takes a sip from a Coke can in between puffs.

Adam comes out of the shadows, walks over...

ADAM

Hey.

TINK

He came.

ADAM

You're not dressed up.

TINK

Taking an extended break. Hey, did you know Coke used to be green?

ADAM

I didn't know that.

Adam sits down beside her.

TINK

Here for another dance? I don't think Bernie is working tonight.

ADAM

No. That's okay. I feel like talking.

TINK

I never feel like talking.

Adam looks out at the hookers and drunks spilling out into the streets.

TINK (CONT'D)

So what is it you wanna talk about?

Tink turns her head to look at Adam. A huge bruise covers the right side of her face.

ADAM

Jesus. Who did that to you?

TINK

Paco. He really hates it when people don't do as he says. We can talk about anything, just not about this. Okay?

Tink rubs the ugly bruise.

ADAM

Yeah. Okay.

She smiles.

TINK

I know. Wanna go shopping?

ADAM

It's almost midnight.

TINK

It's the perfect time to go shopping, no one will be around.

She grabs his hand and the two run off.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Adam pushes a shopping cart with Tink inside the basket. She sits facing him.

TINK

Turn here.

Adam rolls down the aisle.

ADAM

Do you always do this?

TINK

Of course. I share odd hours. Best time to do something is during my break.

Tink grabs a bag of chocolate.

ADAM

I guess you have a point.

TINK

I'm makin' fudge. I've never tried it. My mom used to make it sometimes. When she was clean that is. Push me over to the pickles.



ADAM

Pickles?

Adam speeds up the cart. They turn into another aisle.

Tink reaches over and grabs a jar of pickles off the shelf.

TINK

Tell me about yourself, Adam.

ADAM

You remembered my name.

TINK

I'm good with names. Now stop avoiding the question. Tell me about yourself.

ADAM

I don't know what to tell you.

TINK

Tell me anything.

She grabs a jar of peanut butter off a shelf.

ADAM

What do you wanna know?

TINK

You got a girlfriend?

ADAM

No. Nothing official.

TINK

Why not?

ADAM

I don't know. I got a date tomorrow.

TINK

That's something.

ADAM

I guess.

TINK

You don't seem too happy about it.

ADAM

There's another guy.

TINK

The plot thickens. Who is this other guy?

ADAM

This asshole that just arrived at my work. They used to date a few years back.

Tink opens the jar of peanut butter, sticks her finger in and puts it in her mouth.

TINK

You're gonna fight for her, right?

ADAM

Fight for her?

She smiles.

TINK

You kiss her yet?

ADAM

No.

TINK

Kiss her first. Then fight for her.

ADAM

Why do I have to kiss her first?

TINK

Chemistry, silly. You don't know you have it until you kiss.

(MORE)

TINK (CONT'D)

After that you can tell if she's  
even worth fighting for.

ADAM

I think she is.

TINK

Thinking and knowing are two  
different things.

They pull into another lane. An older woman shops with her  
grandson. She very carefully checks the price of each can of  
beans.

The grandson plays with a bright green gun still in the  
plastic casing. He shoots Adam as he passes by.

TINK (CONT'D)

What exactly do you do for a  
living?

ADAM

Attorney.

TINK

Wow, a lawyer. You a crime fighter,  
Adam?

ADAM

No, nothing like that.

Tink grabs a bag of chips. She opens the bag, eats out of it.

TINK

Want one?

ADAM

Can you do that?

TINK

Whadda ya mean?

She eats another one.

ADAM

I don't think you can go around opening bags of food you haven't paid for.

TINK

You know the saying, you break it you buy it? As long as you intend to pay for it, you can pretty much open and eat anything in the store.

ADAM

Really?

TINK

You're a lawyer, you should know these kinda things.

ADAM

Not that kinda lawyer.

Tink takes out yet another chip, holds up the peanut butter, dips the chip in the peanut butter.

TINK

Okay, enough getting to know you stuff, let's go to my place.

ADAM

Your place?

TINK

Do I need to spell it out for you?

Beat.

TINK (CONT'D)

I guess I do.

She reaches in, grabs him, plants a kiss on his lips.

TINK (CONT'D)

See? Chemistry.

INT. TINK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On a pink bed with pictures of flowers on the sheets lay Adam and Tink.

They kiss and tear each other's clothes off.

Tink's room is sweet, like her, but the movie poster of Jean Reno as Leon: The Professional over the bed is quite overwhelming, throwing everything off.

The room spins, music plays.

They laugh and kiss some more.

They devour each other.

EXT. TINK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Adam swings on his blue jacket and jumps down the stoop with a smile.

Tink walks out with him, stays by the doorway.

TINK

I don't think you should see me  
anymore.

His smile drops.

ADAM

Why not?

TINK

It was fun but I think it's better  
if you just forget about me.

ADAM

I don't think I can just do that.

TINK

Don't worry.

(beat)

You will.

ADAM

What makes you think I can just do that?

TINK

I'll just end up hurting you.

ADAM

I don't want you to hurt me.

TINK

Then forget about me.

ADAM

Did I do something?

TINK

You didn't do anything. You're the beez kneez. You're amazing, dude. There's a lucky girl out there just waiting for you. So go find her!

She smiles.

ADAM

What if that person is you?!

TINK

Then you're in deep shit!

She walks back into her building.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Adam walks along the sidewalk. No other people or cars are anywhere in sight, except for a black Cadillac that's been following him.

Adam keeps looking back as the Cadillac slowly creeps behind him. The windows are tinted black so there's no way of seeing who is inside.

The black Cadillac pulls up next to Adam, the window rolls down, it's dark inside.

PACO (O.C.)  
Got a stick of gum?

ADAM  
No. Sorry.

PACO (O.C.)  
Then what good are ya?

The car stops, the front door opens, Bernie steps out, grabs Adam and forces him inside.

INT. BLACK CADILLAC (MOVING) - NIGHT

Inside sits PACO, 40's, Hispanic, dressed nice, nails well manicured, hair slicked back.

Adam tries to open the door.

PACO  
It's locked.

ADAM  
Who are you?

PACO  
Who the fuck are you?

ADAM  
Adam. Adam Dyer.

PACO  
What the fuck are you doing with  
one of my girls, Adam Dyer?

ADAM  
Nothing.

PACO  
Looked like something to me,  
motherfucker. Looked like you got  
yourself a free fuck.

Paco points a gun at Adam.

ADAM

Jesus. What do you want?

PACO

Money, motherfucker.

ADAM

What?

PACO

The answer to your question, I want money for the pussy you just fuckin' had.

ADAM

Pay you? Why?

PACO

Does blindness accompany your stupidity, motherfucker? Do you know what will happen if I pull this fuckin' trigger?

ADAM

I have a pretty good idea.

PACO

Little pieces of you all over the fuckin' place.

ADAM

Yeah, I get it.

Adam takes his wallet out. He tosses it to Paco.

Paco looks through it, takes out his ID card, credit cards, cash, some photos of Adam's dog.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Is that enough?

Paco takes out all the money and tosses the wallet back.



PACO

This should about pay for the fuck  
you got. I think it's better you  
not come around here or my club  
anymore. If you do, I'll give her  
more than just a black eye. Now get  
the fuck out of my car.

EXT. BLACK CADILLAC (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Adam flies out of the car while it speeds down the road.

He slowly and painfully gets up, dusts himself off.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam looks at himself in the closet mirror. He runs a comb  
through his hair, parts it to the side.

His dog walks over with a ball in his mouth.

ADAM

Not tonight, buddy. Got a date.

Adam takes out the only suit on a hanger in his closet. His  
nasty blue suit.

EXT. JEAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Adam gets out of his car with a bouquet of flowers. He walks  
over to Jean as she stands on the stoop to her apartment  
building.

She's dressed nice.

JEAN

You're early.

ADAM

I am?

JEAN

Those for me?

Adam hands her the bouquet of flowers. She smiles and smells them.

INT. ADAM'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Adam drives in silence. Jean holds her flowers in her lap.

JEAN

Where we headed?

ADAM

I was thinking it should be a surprise.

JEAN

Surprises. I like surprises. Give me a hint though.

ADAM

Someplace old fashioned.

JEAN

Sounds like fun.

They sit in silence.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Do you have any music or anything?

ADAM

Music? No, just the radio.

(beat)

Do you wanna listen to the radio?

JEAN

Sure.

ADAM

Okay.

He reaches over and turns on the talk radio.

INT. OLD FASHION DINER - NIGHT

Adam and Jean walk into a small 1950's style diner. They're the only ones in the place. Just a guy behind the counter and some waitresses.

Jean looks around, an old style jukebox plays in the corner, she walks over and drops in a quarter.

JEAN

When you said old fashioned, I figured ballroom dancing or something.

ADAM

Did you want to do that instead?

She smirks.

JEAN

No. This is fine.

INT. OLD FASHION DINER - BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Adam takes a seat at a red booth. She dances over and sits across from him.

ADAM

They make the best egg creams at this place.

She smiles.

JEAN

I haven't had one of those since I was like eight.

A WAITRESS walks over. She annoyingly snaps a piece of gum in her mouth.

WAITRESS

What it be?

ADAM

Burger and an egg cream.

JEAN

Yeah, I guess I'll have the same.

She walks off.

JEAN (CONT'D)

This place is pretty great.

ADAM

You think?

JEAN

Yeah, I like it. Reminds me of this place I used to go to with my dad.

ADAM

I'm glad you like it.

They sit in awkward silence.

LATER

Their food has arrived, most of it has been eaten, Jean picks fries off Adam's plate.

JEAN

I hope this makes up for hurting you.

ADAM

Hurting me?

JEAN

Your nose.

Adam feels the cut on his nose.

ADAM

I forgot about it.

JEAN

Really? I'm glad. Don't want you holding it against me.

They smile.

Another awkward silence...

LATER

All their food is gone and eaten, their drinks are empty, the ice is melting in their glasses.

ADAM

Were you born here?

JEAN

New York? Nope. From Cleveland originally. Ever been?

ADAM

Cleveland? No, never.

JEAN

What about Europe?

ADAM

Unless China Town counts, I've never left the country.

JEAN

Not even Canada?

ADAM

No. Not even Canada.

JEAN

It's something you have to put on your list then.

ADAM

What list?

JEAN

For things to do before you die.

ADAM

Canada should be on my list?

JEAN

Something should be. What do you  
wanna do before you die?

ADAM

I don't know. There's nothing I'm  
really interested in.

JEAN

What about hobbies?

ADAM

I don't know. I'm always too busy  
for hobbies.

Another long awkward silence.

LATER

Jean looks over at the seat, pulls out a magazine.

JEAN

Look what I found.

ADAM

Where'd you find that?

JEAN

Right here under the bench.

She flips through it.

JEAN (CONT'D)

There's actually a love test. Wanna  
try?

ADAM

I don't think-

JEAN

C'mon! It will be fun. Here's the  
first question.

(beat)

Favorite color.

ADAM

I like purple.

JEAN

Purple is good. I like purple.  
Favorite room for sex.

ADAM

The bedroom?

JEAN

That's no fun.

She writes something down with a pen she got from her purse.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Here's a good one. Your new love is  
allergic to your pet. Do you get  
rid of the animal?

ADAM

No way.

JEAN

Do you have an animal?

ADAM

A dog.

JEAN

Big or little?

ADAM

Big.

She crosses something off on the page.

JEAN

Next one. Would you act out a  
fantasy that disgusted you, just  
because it turned your lover on?

ADAM

How disgusting?

JEAN  
Nastiest thing you can think of.

ADAM  
I don't know. Maybe.

JEAN  
Interesting.

ADAM  
Would you?

JEAN  
Sure.

She writes something down.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Ready for the next question?

LATER

They both slow dance to a song playing on the jukebox. She rests her head on Adam's shoulder.

Adam awkwardly tries to figure out where to put his hands. He decides on just her upper back.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - NIGHT

Adam and Jean walk side by side in the empty park.

ADAM  
So what made you want to be a lawyer?

JEAN  
Opportunity.  
(beat)  
My dad.

She smiles.



She looks cold. Adam jumps right on it and covers her with his nasty blue jacket.

JEAN (CONT'D)

What about you?

ADAM

TV.

JEAN

Growing up on courtroom dramas made you want to become a lawyer?

ADAM

Yeah. I guess so.

(beat)

You used to intern at Shearman & Sterling, right?

JEAN

Yeah. A long time ago.

ADAM

Then I guess you know James Robertson?

She smiles.

JEAN

Yeah. Why?

ADAM

I don't know. Forget it.

EXT. JEAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Jean stands on the stoop to her apartment building, looking down at Adam.

Adam seems like he's back at Judge Mantel's courtroom. Sweat drips down his face.

Adam clears his throat. He wipes the sweat from his brow.

JEAN

I gotta ask, why did you bring up James?

ADAM

Who?

JEAN

James Robertson. You just mentioned him earlier.

ADAM

I don't know.

JEAN

Do you know him?

ADAM

Kind of. Not really.

JEAN

Oh. I haven't seen him in years. Tell him I said hey.

ADAM

Yeah. Sure.

JEAN

I had a great time.

ADAM

Me too.

Adam reaches in for a kiss.

Jean stops him.

JEAN

What are you doing?

ADAM

What do you mean?

JEAN

Sorry if I was giving you a signal or something.

ADAM

No. Okay. That's fine. I'll go.

Adam quickly walks away.

JEAN

Bye!

Jean smells her flowers and walks inside her building.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Adam walks quickly down the street to his car, muttering to himself.

ADAM

Stupid. So stupid.

A black Cadillac slowly follows him. It pulls up, Paco steps out.

PACO

Get in.

ADAM

What?

Bernie gets out, points a gun at him.

PACO

I said get in.

INT. BLACK CADILLAC (MOVING) - NIGHT

Paco sits in the back making himself a drink. Bernie keeps his gun trained at Adam.

PACO

You never mentioned you were a lawyer.

ADAM

Yeah. Guess it never came up.

PACO

I just happen to need a lawyer.

ADAM

I'm not a criminal lawyer.

PACO

Now what makes you think I need a criminal lawyer?

ADAM

Then what do you need me for?

PACO

I need you to get me my money.

ADAM

I don't have much on me.

PACO

Not your money, fool. My money. It's a little too hot for me. But I'm sure no one would think twice if my lawyer went instead.

ADAM

You want me to go pick up your money? No.

PACO

Are you refusing me, motherfucker? You still owe me.

ADAM

You said we were even.

PACO

Even but not square. That was a nice piece of ass I just saw you with. Been looking for a girl like her to add to my stable. I bet she sucks a mean cock.

ADAM

Okay! I'll do whatever you say.  
Just stay away from her.

PACO

I knew you'd see it my way. Tell  
the driver we're headed for  
Manhattan.

INT. THE CARLYLE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Adam rides the elevator with an enormous white guy with long blonde hair tied into a ponytail and an Uzi holstered under his armpit.

The elevator comes to a stop and the doors slide open.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

HECTOR, a bald man with long sharp side-burns, guides Adam into the room.

Cramped together on a leather couch, three sumptuously looking Asian business men watch three half naked girls dance seductively to loud rap music in the background.

On a glass round table, in the middle of the room, a briefcase full of money.

MARCO, 50's, steps out from the bathroom. He wears a long white robe and nothing else.

His nose and body are covered in white powder.

MARCO

Who does coke anymore you might be  
thinkin'? I am a child of the 70's  
and I never had so much fuckin'  
fun. Why stop just because it's now  
cliche? If you love something so  
much and it makes you feel like a  
god, why stop? When I made my first  
million you know what I did?

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

I bought as much coke as I could get my hands on. Me and like three hookers did everything in one night.

Adam is shown into the room by Hector.

HECTOR

Marco, we have a guest.

MARCO

Hector, who is this?

HECTOR

Paco's lawyer. Says he's here for the cash.

MARCO

Came for the cash. So where is Paco?

HECTOR

I don't know.

MARCO

I'm asking him.

Hector nudges Adam forward a little.

ADAM

I don't know.

MARCO

You don't know? You don't fuckin' know.

ADAM

He said it was too risky for him to come himself. So he sent me.

MARCO

He's fuckin' paranoid. Paranoid! You do coke?

ADAM

No.

MARCO

I do coke. My name's Marco. Who are you?

ADAM

Adam.

MARCO

Adam what?

ADAM

Just Adam.

Marco smiles.

MARCO

Have a seat, just Adam.

Hector sits Adam down next to the Asian business men.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You see these Jap fucks? They want girls. Not just any girls. American girls. Only problem is, all I got are Ukrainian girls. Paco has what I need. But Paco ain't fuckin' here. Just you.

ADAM

I was just told to pick up some money.

MARCO

We're getting to that! I'm telling you my problem but you ain't fuckin' listening. This money is for three bitches. Three bitches we can do whatever our hearts desire to. But I don't see three bitches. Do you?

ADAM

No.

MARCO

I just see you. That mean you're a bitch? Can we do whatever we want to you?

ADAM

I was just told to pick up the money. Nothing else.

MARCO

You're not listening!

ADAM

If I don't leave here without that money, I don't know what he'll do to me.

MARCO

He'll kill you most likely. It's what I'd do. Tell him this money is for three of his girls. I want them here tonight.

(to Hector)

What's her name?

HECTOR

Tink.

MARCO

Yeah, Tink. I want her. You tell him that.

ADAM

You want Tink?

MARCO

Yeah. If he refuses, tell him I'll burn his fuckin' club down. Now take the money and fuck off.



EXT. BLACK CADILLAC - NIGHT

Adam carries a briefcase full of money. He walks over to the black Cadillac.

Paco rolls down the window.

PACO  
That my money?

ADAM  
He wants girls.

PACO  
How many?

ADAM  
Three. One being Tink.

PACO  
Tink, huh? How you feel about that?

ADAM  
You know how I feel about that.

Paco takes the money.

PACO  
You did good.

ADAM  
Is that it? Will you leave me  
alone?

PACO  
We'll see. You never know when I  
might need a lawyer.

Paco smiles and rolls up the window. The black Cadillac pulls away, leaving Adam behind.

EXT. TINK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Adam sits on the stoop of Tink's apartment, waiting for her to show up. He's freezing to death, shivering, breathing into his hands to keep them warm.

A taxi pulls up and Tink gets out. Her makeup is smeared, face beaten and bruised.

She staggers over to Adam. He quickly runs over and helps her keep her balance.

ADAM

Jesus.

TINK

Why are you here?

ADAM

I was worried.

She smiles and passes out.

INT. TINK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tink lies in bed with a wash cloth over her forehead. Adam wipes off her makeup.

ADAM

Did they do this to you?

TINK

You should leave.

ADAM

Did Paco do this?

TINK

He wanted me to do something I didn't want to do. He has his ways of persuading me.

Adam looks at the track marks running down her arm.

ADAM

You can't go back there.

TINK

Go away, Adam. You can't save me.

Adam stares at her. Anger boiling over, spilling out.

ADAM

I can try.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Adam walks into his apartment, tired, worn out.

ADAM

I'm home, buddy.

No dog to greet him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hello?

He walks over, finds his dog lying on the floor, not moving. Adam quickly runs over and gathers him into his arms, tears running down his cheeks.

ADAM (CONT'D)

No!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - MORNING

Adam walks down the street, carrying his dead dog in his arms. People look at him as he passes by.

He walks over to his car, puts his dog in the backseat.

Adam drops to his knees, the color sucked from his face. Eyes empty of any soul.

EXT. MRS. WILLIAMS APARTMENT - MORNING

Adam bangs on the door. Mrs. Williams cracks it open, peeks out.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Mr. Dyer? Why are you here? Is this about my son's case? Did you get the money?

ADAM

No, I'm sorry. Is your son here? I need to speak with him. It's important.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Yes. Hold on.

She walks away...

Otis walks over to the door.

OTIS

What's this about?

ADAM

I need a gun.

OTIS

A gun?

ADAM

Can you help me or not?

OTIS

Yeah. I guess.

ADAM

Good.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - MORNING

Otis tightens the laces to his sneakers. Adam looks around in a panic.

ADAM

C'mon.

OTIS

Just hold on.

Otis hands him a brown paper bag.

Adam grabs it and pulls out a revolver.

ADAM

Yeah. This will do.

OTIS

I ain't even gonna ask what you need this piece for.

ADAM

Thanks for not asking.

OTIS

This is some shit though. I never thought my lawyer would be asking me for a gun. But I guess you got a good reason.

ADAM

I need to protect someone.

EXT. BENCH - MORNING

Adam sits on a bench across the street from Jean's apartment. He has his hand in his jacket pocket, gripping the revolver.

A taxi pulls up to the curb as James walks out of Jean's apartment.

ADAM

(to himself)

What are you doing here?

Adam gets up, watches as James enters the taxi and leaves.

INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

BANGING on Jean's door, she runs over to see who it is.

JEAN

Adam?

She opens the door.

JEAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

ADAM

Are you alone?

JEAN

Last time I looked. What are you doing here?

ADAM

I saw him.

JEAN

Who?

Adam pushes his way in.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Adam! Stop!

ADAM

He was here, wasn't he! You two were mocking me behind my back!

JEAN

Adam, please leave.

ADAM

Behind my back! What do you think I am? A joke?

Adam pulls out the gun, waves it around.

JEAN

I think you aren't exactly thinking straight right now. I think maybe you might need some help.

ADAM

You think I'm crazy? Maybe I am crazy.

JEAN

Just put the gun down.

ADAM

I've been walking and thinking a lot about my life. I think I wanna leave it.

JEAN

Christ, Adam, what is this?

ADAM

You tell me! How long? How long have you been fucking him?!

JEAN

Adam, you need to calm down.

ADAM

My life has been nothing but shit since he's showed up. He's ruined everything!

JEAN

Adam. I don't know what you think we had. But it wasn't it. We went on one date. One.

ADAM

I know that! I'm protecting you!

JEAN

Stop pointing that gun at me and just walk away. Just walk away.

ADAM

I can't.

JEAN

Yes you can.

ADAM

I don't have anything left.

JEAN

Yes you do.

Jean runs for the door.

Adam quickly stops her, takes her hands into his...

ADAM

Let's leave this city.

JEAN

You're insane, Adam. You really expect me to just run off with you?

ADAM

No, but it was worth a shot.

JEAN

What are you going to do to me?

ADAM

Less than you deserve.

Adam locks the deadbolt to her front door.

EXT. BUSY NEW YORK CITY STREETS - MORNING

The cars, the birds in the sky, the people walking up and down the sidewalks are all moving to the rhythm of their own beat.

Sounds and music.

Whispers and hums.

Breezes and static fill the air.

INT. ADAM'S CAR (PARKED) - MORNING

Adam sits in his car waiting for the cars in front of him to move.

He gets angrier and angrier, tears running down his face but not crying. Like a broken machine.



Someone runs into the back of Adam's car.

Adam hits his head on the wheel.

He holds his forehead as it bleeds.

ANGRY DRIVER (O.C.)

You stupid fuck!

Adam looks behind him.

An ANGRY DRIVER walks over to Adam's car, bangs on the hood.

ANGRY DRIVER (CONT'D)

Get out here!

EXT. ADAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Adam stumbles out of his car. The noise of the city hits him like a bullet to the head.

The Angry Driver pokes Adam in the chest with his finger.

Adam holds his head, blood drips into his eyes, quickly wiping it away.

ANGRY DRIVER

You better have insurance!

ADAM

Calm down.

He shoves his finger in Adam's face.

ANGRY DRIVER

Don't tell me what to fuckin' do,  
asshole!

Adam snaps.

He grabs the guy's finger and bends it back, breaking it. The Angry Driver crumbles to the ground, yelling out in pain.

ADAM

Don't poke me.

Adam pulls the revolver, shoves it in his face.

ANGRY DRIVER

Jesus.

ADAM

You keep pushing and pushing. This is what happens!

INT. JEAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jean lies on her bed, hands cuffed behind her back by cheap pink fluffy handcuffs.

Her mouth is gagged by a sock, duct taped over. She wiggles around, finally getting her hands free.

She rips off the tape and spits out the sock.

Quickly, she rushes to her phone.

EXT. ADAM'S CAR - MORNING

Adam presses the gun deep into the Angry Driver's cheek.

ADAM

You people go through life stepping on others. I refuse to be another person you step on.

An OFFICER with an assault rifle walks his beat. Adam spots him and hides the gun.

The Officer walks over.

OFFICER

There a problem?

Adam smiles, helps the Angry Driver get back on his feet.

ADAM

No, sir Officer. Just a fender bender.

OFFICER

Anyone hurt?

ADAM

No sir, Officer.

Adam pats the Angry Driver on the back, presses the revolver into his ribs.

ANGRY DRIVER

Yeah, everything is fine.

OFFICER

Move along, you're backing up traffic.

ADAM

Sure thing, Officer.

The Officer checks his radio.

RADIO (O.S.)

Be on the lookout for-

ADAM

Here is how this is going to go.

ANGRY DRIVER

Please, I've got a wife. A new born.

ADAM

You act like this knowing you have a kid at home? What is wrong with you? Don't you have any manners? Have you no decency?

The Officer walks around Adam's car, checks his plate.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're going to get to your car and leave. Understand?

ANGRY DRIVER

Yes.

ADAM

Anything wrong, Officer? We've exchanged info and everything is taken care of. We'll be on our way.

OFFICER

I'd like to see your license, please.

ADAM

I don't think that's necessary.

The Officer reaches for his gun.

OFFICER

Hold it right there.

Adam pushes the Angry Driver at him, grabs his briefcase from the car and takes off down the street, leaving his car behind.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Adam runs down the busy street, a yellow taxi hits him as he crosses.

His briefcase flies open, spewing documents everywhere.

He gets up, sees the cops running after him.

ADAM

Shit.

Adam tosses aside the briefcase and continues making a run for it.

INT. LAW FIRM - MORNING

Adam nervously sits at his lonely desk watching the other lawyers.

He's waiting for James to appear.

James walks into the office and talks with the attractive Secretary.

Adam gets up, walks over...

JAMES

Yeah, I got two, actually. I just find it so hard to find time to even drive them now that I'm in New York again.

He walks up behind him.

ADAM

James.

James ignores him and continues to talk up the hot Secretary.

JAMES

You know any great places to get Indian food? Do you eat Indian food?

INT. MR. RUNDLE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mr. Rundle is busy at his desk, going over some documents.

His office phone rings.

He answers.

MR. RUNDLE

Yes?

(beat)

My God.

(beat)

Yes, he's here. I'll call security.

INT. LAW FIRM - MORNING

Adam grabs James by his jacket, swings him around, knocks him into a neighboring desk.

The hot Secretary screams, backs away.

ADAM

You just had to have her. She was mine!

JAMES

What the fuck is your problem, asshole!

Adam grabs James, punches him in the face.

James blocks a punch, punches Adam in the stomach.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Have you lost your mind?

Mr. Rundle runs out of his office.

MR. RUNDLE

What the hell is going on? Dyer, I just got off the phone with the police. They told me what you did to Ms. Parker.

James gets back on his feet, wipes some blood from his lip.

JAMES

Jean? What did you do to her?

ADAM

Nothing! I did nothing!

MR. RUNDLE

I called security. They should be here any minute.

Adam pulls out his revolver.

MR. RUNDLE (CONT'D)

Jesus.

ADAM

Get back to your office, Mr. Rundle. This doesn't concern you.

James quickly rushes Adam, they wrestle with the gun. It goes off, deafening James and everyone else in the office.

Mr. Rundle staggers back into his office. He holds his chest as blood leaks through his fingers. He notices his blood staining his expensive carpet first before he notices the bullet hole in his chest.

Adam pistol whips James, knocking him out.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're nothing!

Adam looks around, everyone is staring at him, fear etched on their faces.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What are you afraid of?!

Louis runs in, sees James lying unconscious on the floor.

LOUIS

Jesus Christ, Adam. What the fuck did you do?

ADAM

You're all fooled by him. All of you! He isn't a good guy. I'm the good guy!

LOUIS

Just drop the gun, okay?

ADAM

Fuck you, Louis.

Adam shoots him in the kneecap. Everyone in the office screams and runs for an exit.

Louis crawls around, leaving a blood trail.

LOUIS

Fuck!

ADAM

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I wasn't thinking.

SECURITY runs in.

Adam shoots at them, taking a fire exit as his escape.

EXT. LAW FIRM - MORNING (RAINING)

Adam exits out the back of the building. Police have arrived out front, they rush inside.

It's started raining outside.

Adam walks across the street, runs over to a nearby public city bus.

INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY (RAINING)

Adam sits alone in the back of the bus. An OLD WOMAN holding on to her purse with a death grip looks over at him.

OLD WOMAN

You've been riding for awhile.

ADAM

Have I?

OLD WOMAN

A few hours at least. Where you headed?

ADAM

I'm not sure yet.

OLD WOMAN

I wish this rain would let up.

Beat.

ADAM

My dog died today.

OLD WOMAN

I'm so sorry to hear that.

The bus stops, lets on three THUGS.



They walk down the lane, spot an Indian man wearing a turban on his head.

THUG

Look at this fool.

THUG #2

You some kind of Muslim?

THUG

Nice hat, bitch.

THUG #2

Yeah, you fuckin' Arab terrorist shit.

THUG

You gonna blow this bus up, motherfucker?

ADAM

Hey. Leave him alone.

They focus on Adam.

THUG

What did you say, motherfucker? You sticking up for this Muslim piece of shit?

ADAM

He's a Hindu Sikh. Their religion has nothing do with Islam.

THUG

Just mind your own fuckin' business, asshole.

ADAM

Or what?

THUG

Excuse me?

ADAM

Mind my own business or what?

The Thug smirks, walks closer to him.

The Old Woman makes herself small, inching away from Adam and the thugs.

THUG

Or I'm gonna fuckin' kill you.

Adam pulls out his revolver and shoots him in the chest. He falls back into his friends, bleeding all over the bus floor.

The bus stops and Adam quickly runs out.

INT. TINK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (RAINING)

Adam bangs on Tink's apartment door.

ADAM

Tink, it's me. Please open up.

Tink's ELDERLY NEIGHBOR across the hall opens her door, pokes her head out.

ELDERLY NEIGHBOR

She isn't there.

ADAM

What? Where did she go?

ELDERLY NEIGHBOR

I don't know. Some big black fella was with her. She looked pretty upset too.

ADAM

When was this?

ELDERLY NEIGHBOR

A few hours ago. She hasn't been back.

Adam runs out of the hall.

EXT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - NIGHT (RAINING)

Adam stands outside Paco's club. Rain pours down on him, soaking his suit.

In his hand, his revolver.

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - NIGHT (RAINING)

Adam walks in, the place is packed.

Bernie spots Adam.

BERNIE

Hey! You can't be here!

(to the Bouncer)

He can't be here!

A BOUNCER walks over to Adam, places his hand on his chest.

BOUNCER

You heard the man.

Adam pulls his gun, shoots the Bouncer in the gut. He wobbles back, blood gushing out of the gunshot wound.

Adam points his gun at Bernie and shoots. Everyone in the club screams, runs out in a fright.

Bernie ducks behind the bar.

BERNIE

You crazy son of a bitch!

Adam shoots a couple of bottles displayed over the bar.

ADAM

Where is she?!

Bernie pops up with a sawed-off shotgun.

BERNIE

Fuck you!

Adam quickly unloads on him, shooting him in the side of the face, tearing his cheek apart, ripping off his ear.

ANOTHER BOUNCER pushes through the crowd, he's armed with a pistol.

BOUNCER #2

Out of my fuckin' way!

Adam turns around, fires into the crowd at the armed bouncer.

The bouncer ducks, a few pedestrians take a non lethal hit by a few bullets.

The bouncer fires back, hits Adam, grazes his shoulder. He drops his gun and runs behind the bar.

Bernie is still alive, he holds his face, blood flowing everywhere.

Adam grabs the sawed-off shotgun away from him.

The bouncer runs over to the bar firing.

Adam reaches out, BLASTS the bouncer's leg off. He falls to the floor, yelling out in agony.

Adam gets out from hiding behind the bar.

The club is completely empty.

ADAM

Tink!

Adam shoots the DJ area, blasting out a few speakers.

The music dies.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Tink!

INT. PACO'S OFFICE - NIGHT (RAINING)

Paco goes through his desk drawers, pulls out a switchblade.

ADAM (O.C.)

Tink!

Tink lies on the floor, mouth bleeding, half dressed. She hears her name being yelled and sits up.

PACO

Don't you say a fuckin' word,  
bitch!

INT. PACO'S DATE CLUB - BAR - NIGHT(RAINING)

Adam walks over to Bernie who lies on the floor, holding his face together.

Adam points the shotgun at him.

ADAM

Tell me where she is.

Bernie points upstairs to an office.

BERNIE

There. She's there.

INT. PACO'S OFFICE - NIGHT(RAINING)

Paco runs to the door.

Footsteps getting closer...

...He puts his ear to the door...

A shotgun blast kicks the door open, knocking Paco back.

Adam runs inside, waves the shotgun around. He sees Tink on the floor and runs to her.

ADAM

Are you okay?

Paco sluggishly gets back on his feet, creeps up behind Adam and stabs him in the back with the switchblade.

Adam swings around in pain, wrestles with Paco.

Paco overpowers Adam, knocking the shotgun away from him.

Police sirens scream in the background.

Adam falls to his knees...

Paco grabs the switchblade out of Adam's back and makes a run for it.

Tink crawls over to Adam.

TINK

Stop. Don't do it, Adam.

Adam pushes her away.

ADAM

I have to end this. You'll never be safe if I don't.

Adam grabs the shotgun and gives chase.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT (RAINING)

The rain just keeps on falling. Adam walks quickly down the sidewalk, eyes scanning for Paco, sawed-off shotgun tucked under his coat.

The police pull up to Paco's club in the background.

People in rain coats pass Adam by. They bump his shoulder and keep on walking.

Adam staggers, keeps walking.

A mom and her little boy step out of a toy shop. The kid splashes in a puddle. The mother juggles the kid, an umbrella and three big bags of toys.

A police car patrols the streets...

Adam ducks to a nearby alley.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (RAINING)

Adam kneels down, hides from the police. The patrol car passes.

He looks out.

The coast is clear.

Paco steps out of the shadows, stabs him in the neck.

Adam turns around, drops the shotgun, holds his neck as it bleeds.

Paco swipes at Adam with the blade.

Adam falls on his back, hits his head.

Paco jumps after him.

Adam kicks him in the jaw. His teeth and blood fly into the air.

He collides with the brick wall behind him, but manages to keep a tight grip around the switchblade.

Adam crawls to the shotgun.

Paco grabs Adam by the ankle and drags him away. He stabs him several times in the leg and back.

Adam screams out in pain, but it's smothered by thunder.

Paco swings Adam around to look him in the eyes. Blood drips down his mouth.

Adam reaches around the dirty ground for something that can be used as a weapon. His hand picks up a beer bottle. He throws it at Paco's head, nails him right between the eyes with it.

Sharp pieces of glass shatter to the ground around them.

Paco collapses on top of Adam. He comes to and wraps his free hand around Adam's neck.

Adam wrestles with the knife.

Paco knees Adam in the crotch, stabs him in the chest over and over.

Adam spits blood out of his mouth. He turns his head away from him, sees shards of the broken bottle laying on the ground next to him.

Adam reaches out...

His stained blue fingers touch it.

PACO

I'm gonna kill you, cocksucker!

Adam takes a sharp piece of glass and shoves it into Paco's eye.

Paco shoots up, thrashes around...

The glass is stuck in the side of his eye socket. He feels around and pulls out the shard of glass. A geyser of blood sprays out.

Adam grabs the shotgun and BLASTS Paco's face off. Blood and brains fly everywhere.

Adam discards the empty shotgun, crawls his way up the dark, garbage ridden alley.

Police sirens get closer...

He stops and looks up at the sky, rain falling down on him.

He smiles and slowly closes his eyes...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END