

Days Like This
by
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Jonathan has a week's worth of stubble and is one of the smartest slackers around. Inside the portfolio are worn pages of poetry and glossy photographs to accompany the writings.

1

INT. TREVOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

1

Jonathan is waiting outside of a magazine editor's office next to the Administrative assistant's desk. It's Trevor's office and Jonathan's name is called by the admin. He gets up approaches the door of Trevor's office and knocks.

TREVOR (O.C.)

Come in!

Jonathan opens the door to see piles of paper everywhere, a messy desk, a computer monitor and presumably an assistant sitting in a chair next to the desk with a laptop on his lap.

JONATHAN

(confused)

Hi. Trevor?

AIDAN

No, I'm Aidan.

JONATHAN

Is Trevor in? I thought I heard a different voice.

AIDAN

You must be his 1:30.

TREVOR (O.C.)

Sit down and let me see what you have.

Jonathan is still standing and looks around the computer monitor. He sees two feet. Trevor is lying on the floor with his feet on the desk behind a computer monitor.

JONATHAN

Oh, I ... uh... didn't see you down there.

Trevor writhes a little on the floor and is pinching the bridge of his nose to relieve the pressure from his head.

TREVOR

Yeah, I'm kind of hard to see.
(beat) AIDAN!

AIDAN

I'm here.

TREVOR

Aidan, hand me his folder.

Aidan puts his laptop on the floor, grabs the portfolio from Jonathan and hands it to Trevor on the ground.

AIDAN

Here you go.

Trevor opens up the portfolio and starts looking at the contents of the portfolio.

Jonathan turns to Aidan.

JONATHAN

(whispering)

Why is he on the floor?

AIDAN

(whispering)

He had back surgery two months ago and ever since then he has severe back spasms.

TREVOR

Why did you give me... this? GAHHH!

JONATHAN

I know your magazine takes interest in writers just starting out and Is the writing that bad?

TREVOR

No, my back is having spasms.

JONATHAN

(whispering)

Can't they do something about his pain?

AIDAN

(whispering)

They give him drugs and there's supposed to be another surgery to fix the pain but ...

TREVOR

GAAHHH!

AIDAN

Do you need anything?

TREVOR

Wasn't this a U2 song? They sound like lyrics.

JONATHAN

It's more of artistic licence. I'm sure lots of editors said the same thing to Bukowski and he turned out to be the most influential...

TREVOR

(interrupting)

Who? Bukkakke? Look, I don't have time for this. (beat) OH MY GOD!!!

Jonathan is concerned that Trevor is not enjoying his work.

JONATHAN

The sentence structures I use tend to ...

TREVOR

(interrupting)

Ugghhh!!! Aidan my vicodin.

Aidan grabs a medicine bottle from the desk and hands it to Trevor.

AIDAN

Here.

TREVOR

OH MY GOD!!

JONATHAN

Do you need water or something?

TREVOR

Your stories don't make people pick up the magazine. I mean... I don't even see how... I don't even know where.... I can't even... Oh my god, Oh my god, Oh my god (beat) Oh. My. God!

Jonathan looks back and forth between Aidan and the soles of Trevor's feet.

JONATHAN

(to Aidan)

Was that for my work or for his back?

TREVOR

(pained)

BOTH!! (beat) Ok Aidan, we can keep this one.

Trevor circles a paragraph on one of Jonathan's pages and sets it aside. Jonathan slumps in his chair as he is getting the familiar feeling of being crushed.

JONATHAN

Maybe I should come back when you're feeling better.

TREVOR

I'm booked solid.

AIDAN

He really doesn't have any openings for four months.

TREVOR

Unless you come back here with a dumpster full of Oxycontin, today is your shot. What do you want to do?

Jonathan reluctantly leans forward and is ready to begin hearing what Trevor has to say.

JONATHAN

I don't get it. My stuff is just good as some of the other stuff you've printed.

TREVOR

Those writers put their own mark on the story. Their own twist. It's that little twist that makes the difference.

JONATHAN

So, I'll write a story about making "The Last Supper" out of gumdrops and should be done in a week. Will that make the November issue?

TREVOR

Can you do it in a week?

JONATHAN

I'm kidding.

TREVOR

I'm not. That would work really well with the spread we have on Chocolate Jesus. That's something divisive and would have people lining up to buy the mag.

JONATHAN

I could do that but I think I'd be killing a little part of my soul. I'd definitely be paying a heavy emotional toll.

TREVOR

Shame. It would've been a great supplement to the November issue. If you change your mind about the "Last Supper" give me a call.

Jonathan gets up and leaves the office.

JONATHAN

Thanks for your time.

TREVOR

AGGHHH! Aidan!

2

INT. JONATHAN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

2

Jonathan enters his darkened apartment. He's greeted from one of the salvation army couches by Rego who is surfing Craigslist from a laptop. Rego's got the cool of a 1920's blues musician and is Jonathan's roommate.

REGO

What's good? You get into the magazine? You famous yet?

Jonathan drops his keys on the stack of empty pizza boxes that have been there for God knows how long and flops on the couch.

JONATHAN

Nothing to the first question and that is a negative to the other two.

Jonathan sinks deeply into the couch.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

What happened to the couch?

REGO

It's losing stuffing. Stuff more boxes in it.

Jonathan struggles to lean off the couch and grabs some pizza boxes next to the couch and stuffs it under the cushion.

JONATHAN

Better.

REGO

You're more talented than anyone I know.

Rego is sinking on the salvation army couch. He grabs a couple more pizza boxes and stuffs them under the cushions to prop himself up a little.

JONATHAN

I appreciate the sentiment but maybe you should meet more people.

REGO

Hey, you wanna argue or just accept number one is number one?

JONATHAN

I'll take it. I have to get to work soon.

Rego shifts again to get more comfortable on the pizza-couch

REGO

Maybe I should meet more people. They could hook us up with a new couch. Hold up, what went down with this guy?

JONATHAN

I showed him the photographs that went along with my stories and he politely and systematically began raping my stories one by one.

REGO

So, the usual, huh?

JONATHAN

Worse. Usually, its at least lunch and a raping. This time I felt like he just roofied me up and the next thing I know I'm sitting in a shower stall.

REGO

That's worse? Isn't it better since you're out cold?

JONATHAN

It's worse because I was hungry and looking forward to a sandwich or something.

REGO

Yeah, but you wouldn't feel anything you'd just have a dream.

JONATHAN

OK! Enough! I'm sorry I brought it up!

REGO

So, exactly what did he say?

JONATHAN

He said that it was OK work but nothing special. He needs content to grab peoples' attention. (beat) Do you have any gumdrops?

REGO

What?

JONATHAN

Nothing. (beat) This is probably for the best anyway.

REGO

Why don't you stick to this for a while. I think you can make this story and photograph thing work. Anything's better than when you thought you were a designer.

JONATHAN

I was experimenting with the next evolution of evening wear.

REGO

Made from balloons?

JONATHAN

Well that's what an experiment is. Trying something to see if it works.

The computer that Rego is working on plays an email tone.

REGO
I got the e-mail!

JONATHAN
E-mail about what?

REGO
About what!?

JONATHAN
Yes, about what?

REGO
I told you about this. You don't
listen to nothing. I'm helping
people sell stuff on Craigslist.

JONATHAN
Sorry, I've been a little out of
it. You're helping sell stuff?
Isn't the whole point of Craigslist
to not need any help?

REGO
What can I say, the Internet's a
great place to make money. I'm a
middle man for buyers and sellers.

JONATHAN
So, you're an agent.

REGO
Yeah! Yeah! I'm like Jerry
MacGuire. I'm trying to get my boy
the best price for whatever gets
sold. Minus my fee.

JONATHAN
I think Warren Buffet started the
same way.

REGO
Yeah! (beat) Who?

JONATHAN
Nevermind. So, what type of stuff
are you brokering?

REGO
See, You couldn't just say Trump or
something? You have to say some guy
no one's heard of.

JONATHAN

First, he's one of the richest guys on the planet. So, he's not exactly a state secret. Second, the reason you probably haven't heard of him is because he doesn't have a TV show.

REGO

Well, he should. If he's so rich he should have his own TV show and clothing line.

JONATHAN

I don't think he's the type of guy that would need to do that. Anyway, what are you selling in particular?

REGO

Anything and everything. Unicorn bags, light bulbs, toothbrushes, Campbell's cup of soup mugs. I do it all.

JONATHAN

So, if I wanted to sell my stapler I could go to you and you'd do it for me?

REGO

Of course, minus my cut.

JONATHAN

You'd take a cut of the stapler?

REGO

Yeah, I'm not doing this for my health.

JONATHAN

Well, you're not doing this for the money. Most of that stuff on Craigslist is junk. I've seen people trying to sell used laundry baskets.

REGO

That was probably Mary. I represent her.

JONATHAN

The laundry basket lady?

REGO

Yes.

JONATHAN

How much does she want for them?

REGO

She wants \$3 a piece but I know I can get her \$3.50.

JONATHAN

To cover your cut.

REGO

Exactly.

JONATHAN

Well, why can't I just go down to Wal-Mart and buy a new one for \$3.

REGO

Salesmanship. I give them confidence. I'm their friend I'll even deliver the goods to their place.

JONATHAN

You deliver it to their home?

REGO

It's a part of the service.

JONATHAN

Yeah, well, you're going to need that gift of gab to talk your way out of their basement dungeon.

REGO

Fine! Since you're so worried about safety, they can pickup the stuff here.

JONATHAN

Uh, wrong.

REGO

There's just no making you happy.

JONATHAN

Not today, no.

Rego looks at the screen of his computer and notices the time.

REGO
 Hey isn't it time for you to get to work?

Jonathan struggles off the couch to get ready for work.

JONATHAN
 I'll meet you at the bar after work. I'm definitely going to need my medicine today.

REGO
 If I find any money today, first shot's on me.

JONATHAN
 You better not "find" any money in my room.

REGO
 You just talked yourself out of a shot.

3

EXT. BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

3

A casual Jonathan strolls up to the bus stop and waits next to a couple. The pixie-like girl part of the couple is doing a crossword puzzle.

PIXIE
 Hon? What is an nine letter word for, "In Australia, this is called a Willy Willy"?

Jonathan turns his head slightly to catch more of the conversation.

DONALD
 No idea.

PIXIE
 Come on. Try. I've only got a couple left.

DONALD
 Fine. Did you try A.N.N.O.Y. ?

PIXIE
 That's only five. (beat) UGHHH!
 You're being mean again.

JONATHAN
 It's a "dust devil".

Pixie's toothy smile shows up as she writes the answer onto her crossword puzzle.

PIXIE

Thanks. That's perfect. Do you know what a three letter word for "regret" is?

Donald turns to get a better look at the guy that is bothering his girl.

JONATHAN

You can try "rue".

PIXIE

That's it! Perfect! How did you know all of that?

JONATHAN

I'm pretty good at remembering stuff.

DONALD

You ain't that smart. Otherwise you wouldn't be taking the bus.

JONATHAN

(smugly)

Look, I've got money. I work downtown and I just like not having the hassle of bringing my car everywhere.

DONALD

Yeah right. All the millionaires take the bus.

JONATHAN

Not that it's any of your business, I actually make all my money doing "Auto Storage Logistics".

4

INT. PARKING GARAGE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

4

In a half full parking garage, Jonathan sits behind a glass partition in the attendant's booth. He has a "Happy Wheels" parking attendant vest on, scribbling ideas in his notebook and not noticing the angry woman banging on the glass of the booth.

LADY1

EXCUSE ME!

JONATHAN
Sorry, I was busy doing...

LADY1
(interrupting)
I can tell you what you were
doing... ignoring me. I've been at
the window for a couple minutes.

JONATHAN
Sorry. Ok, ok, do you have your
ticket?

LADY1
Yes, its right there in front of
you.

Jonathan gets up and looks at the drop slot. He scans the
ticket into the machine.

JONATHAN
Six dollars please.

LADY1
Six? I was here for an hour it
should be five.

JONATHAN
You're a few minutes over an hour.

LADY1
That's because you didn't notice
me.

JONATHAN
It's only one dollar.

LADY1
Fine. Then you pay it.

Jonathan examines her angry face and relents.

JONATHAN
Since I kept you waiting, I'll give
it to you for five.

LADY1
Well hallelujah.

The lady pulls a \$50 from her purse and pushes it through the
space in the glass

JONATHAN

Do you have anything smaller? I can't take bills over \$20, sorry.

LADY1

You keep me waiting, you ignore me, you try to overcharge me and now you have the balls to not even accept my money?

JONATHAN

I don't have enough change for a \$50. Even if I kick in some money personally, I still don't have enough. You can get change from the store right next door.

The lady angrily snatches her money back.

LADY1

Fine. I'm getting change but you better have stopped the clock on my parking time.

JONATHAN

Yes, of course. I've stopped the clock. It's five dollars.

The lady turns and walks away to get change. She gets ten feet away and up walks the owner of the garage. He's a bull of a man and opens the door to the cramped ticket booth. Jonathan's day is falling apart faster and faster.

OWNER

What the hell was all of that?

JONATHAN

The usual thing. She's in a rush and must be agitated. She looked a little jittery too. She's probably off her meds today.

OWNER

Or maybe you shouldn't have been daydreaming and just check her out like you're paid to do.

JONATHAN

You heard that part.

OWNER

I caught the highlights at the end.

JONATHAN

Oh...

OWNER

I don't pay you to day-dream. I'm tired of people complaining about you zoning out. You mess up again, you're out.

JONATHAN

What? You're serious? One lady, who's probably running late for her methadone appointment is going to get me fired?

OWNER

Oh, it's not JUST her. Remember the Chevy? Remember the Ford Focus? Oh the best was the Benz.

JONATHAN

The Benz was not my fault! The parking brake slipped!

The owner's distaste for Jonathan is visible and he counts off on two fingers.

OWNER

Look! As far as your excuses go, two things: One, don't care, Two, don't care!

JONATHAN

You can't get rid of me. I'm the only one here who can fix the ticket machine.

OWNER

You're also the only one that the customers complain to me about. Last chance. You will focus or you're going to be daydreaming at home. Crystal?

JONATHAN

Yeah.

Jonathan looks down in defeat.

OWNER

I'll be downstairs fixing the lights. Did you hear me?

Jonathan doesn't look up.

JONATHAN
Yes. Fixing lights.

The owner blasts out of the room almost taking the door with him. As he leaves, the lady comes back and narrowly misses being bumped by the stampeding owner.

LADY1
Well, it's not just me. Nice to see
you have that effect on everyone.
Here's the five dollars.

Jonathan nods in acknowledgement that she's spoken to him, takes the money and hands her the keys.

JONATHAN
There you go. The car is over there
in space number four.

The lady takes her keys and thankfully leaves quickly and without further incident. Jonathan crumples into his chair drops his hand accidentally hitting a spoon. The spoon launches a crumpled up piece of paper towards a drinking glass sitting on the table. Jonathan looks over at the shot he made with the spoon and he gets an idea.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF THE DRINKING GLASS. A BEAT LATER THE SPOON COMES FLYING TOWARDS THE GLASS AND IT SHATTERS.

Jonathan's arms are still in the free-throw position.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Guess that game's over.

The punch clock on the wall show that two hours have gone by. Jonathan's been in a distracted state the whole time. Jonathan begins jotting down his new idea as a sly smile creeps across his face.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
This is it! This is it!

Two men can be seen walking on the closed circuit monitor in the attendant's booth. They quickly hide behind a parked car. One man pulls out half of a tennis ball. One turns to the other and speaks quietly.

THIEF1
Remember, don't draw attention to
yourself. Just drive out as if
nothing's wrong.

THIEF2

Is this going to work?

THIEF1

I've done this a hundred times before. If you force enough air through the door lock, it'll pop up.

The car thief puts the tennis ball up to the keyhole of the car. He pushes on the tennis ball forcefully and quickly. The lock on the door pops up.

THIEF2

Damn!

THIEF1

We're in. MacGuyver was a punk.

The two criminals enter the car and have it started in a couple moments. As the car drives out casually, the owner walks up to see the car leave.

The owner looks over to the empty tip-jar.

OWNER

Guess Lexus owners don't tip that great.

Not even looking up from his frantic note taking.

JONATHAN

What do you mean?

OWNER

The Lexus in spot nine that drove out. That's a \$60,000 car but they didn't even give you a buck.

Jonathan processes what the owner has said and looks up from his notes.

JONATHAN

(in disbelief)

What Lexus drove out?

Jonathan's face has all the signs of losing a scuffle. He's sitting in a closed booth with three empty shot glasses and the fourth one that's about to join them.

ZACH (O.C.)
Out of nowhere? Of all the things
to do. Was it smelly?

JONATHAN
Zach, does it really matter?

Jonathan does the shot and makes the internationally
recognized whiskey face.

ZACH
I'm just trying to get a full
mental portrait of the situation.
Smells are really important. Did
you know that smells are more
deeply connected to long term
memory than anything else. Not
sight, sound or touch. Smell.
(beat) You didn't answer.

JONATHAN
You're enjoying this aren't ...

ZACH
(interrupting)
Immensely... Well?

JONATHAN
Yes, it smelled. It was a blend of
Dr. Scholl's and urine after
someone ate 3 pounds of asparagus.

Zach is overcome by a seizure of laughter.

ZACH
So, let me get this straight.
You're writing your idea in the
notebook...

JONATHAN
(interrupting)
My epiphany. The epiphany about my
next project hit me.

ZACH
The epiphany idea, got it. So, you
were so distracted that you didn't
notice a luxury car get driven out
of the garage.

JONATHAN
(exhausted)
Don't belittle my epiphany. No I
didn't notice.

ZACH

And when the owner saw an empty space, no money or tickets he....

JONATHAN

Beat me with his shoe.

ZACH

His own funky shoe.

Flashbacks of his boss beating Jonathan to the ground with a shoe.

JONATHAN

(exhausted)

Yes.

Zach is overcome again by a seizure of laughter.

ZACH

Can he press charges against you?

JONATHAN

No. Not seeing a robbery happen isn't against the law. Oh yeah, while he was shoe slapping me he did mention, I'm fired.

ZACH

Why don't you come down to the restaurant and work with me? You get decent tips. All the leftovers you want and they got lots of hotties there.

JONATHAN

I'm not sure I'm cut out for food work. My job paid almost-nothing but it was usually quiet and gave me time to think. I've come up with some of my best stuff there.

ZACH

Including the epiphany.

JONATHAN

Including the epiphany.

ZACH

I'm just saying this could be a good thing. A blessing in disguise. Also, a girl might help cheer you up.

JONATHAN

Yeah ... because women are always looking for that unemployed ex-parking attendant to be their next baby daddy.

ZACH

You could be that fixer-upper that a lot of women like. You have potential. Right now, they take a look at you and think, "this is what he looks like today but we can do a total tear down and work from the ground up". You have that broken quality that the right girl can put back together. You're like Humpty Dumpty ...

JONATHAN

(interrupting)

OK! Stop cheering me up. I'm not a two-story colonial. I'm not a fixer-upper. This is it.

Zach turns his head and sees his girlfriend in another part of the bar. He waves at her and he starts moving to get out of the booth

ZACH

(distracted)

Ok, Ok. Just at least think about it. Look over there, she's the best thing to happen to me. Rego can tell you how happy he is with his girl.

Rego and his girlfriend come up for air.

REGO

What's going on? Did Zach help out any?

Jonathan is looking down and playing with his empty shot glasses.

JONATHAN

Is Zach ever helpful? I'm just hanging out with my friend failure, once again.

Rego is looking longingly into his girl's eyes but addressing Jonathan.

REGO

J, Don't take it so hard. You'll get another gig.

JONATHAN

Do the two of you really need to do that right here? Could you stop for just ten minutes.

REGO

You are such a hot little thing.

JONATHAN

It's really pretty disgusting.

REGO'S GIRL

(purring)

Honnnn... I'm not wearing panties...

Jonathan attempts to stand. He bangs one of the empty shot glasses on the table.

JONATHAN

UP! UP!!! Let me out! Let me UP!!
Need drinks.

Rego and his girl slide out of the booth to let Jonathan escape.

6

INT. MERCURY LOUNGE - BAR - EVENING

6

Jonathan drags himself to the bar.

BARTENDER

What are you in the mood for?

JONATHAN

Give me anything that will change my life.

BARTENDER

For the better or worse? You got to be specific.

Jonathan cracks a smile.

JONATHAN

For the better, please.

Jonathan starts playing with the little napkins in front of him.

It looks like he is tying them up but soon an object begins to take shape. He has made an origami swan out of the napkins.

MADDIE

Nice crab.

Jonathan turns his head and sees the stunning professional woman next to him.

JONATHAN

Sorry?

MADDIE

I was just complementing your skills in ... crab making.

JONATHAN

Ok, thanks but I was going for a swan.

MADDIE

Its got 6 legs.

Showing the creation to Maddie, he points out the various pieces on the swan.

JONATHAN

See, those are two legs and those are the two wings.

MADDIE

See, I was thinking those were claws and swimmerets.

JONATHAN

No, here's the beak, the neck and the...

Jonathan examines his creation closer.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

... swimmerets.

They both have a little chuckle at this.

MADDIE

I've sat through the 'Little Mermaid' enough times with my niece to know what a crab looks like.

JONATHAN

That's probably where I went wrong. My little nephew is only allowed to watch Ultimate Fighting and the 'Saw' movies.

MADDIE

That's so disturbing on so many levels.

JONATHAN

Yeah, his dad caught him playing with makeup and trying on a dress a couple times. He's hoping this will turn him into a man. I think the next step is to give him a tattoo and a cigar.

Maddie is processing logic and is horrified.

MADDIE

You're kidding...

JONATHAN

Yes.

MADDIE

Jerk! [something better....]

JONATHAN

Well, you hurt the self-esteem of my swan. I had to defend its honor.

MADDIE

Crab. Well, who says chivalry is dead.

The bartender returns with a brownish drink in a glass from a 1950's soda shop.

BARTENDER

Here you go. Something that will change your life. It's an imported liquour, called Tubah.

JONATHAN

I think I've heard of it. Isn't this illegal in the states?

BARTENDER

There have been changes to laws which enable some types of Tubah to be available in the U.S. (beat) .

(MORE)

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Of course if you die, you go in the dumpster and I don't know who you are.

JONATHAN

How can I refuse it with a sales pitch like that?

BARTENDER

You said you wanted something that could change your life. Here it is.

Jonathan takes a large sip and the expression says it all.

MADDIE

Well? What's it taste like?

Jonathan forces the mouthful down.

JONATHAN

Licorice flavored anti-freeze.

MADDIE

Is that good or bad?

JONATHAN

Still deciding ... But I don't think its going to be a new pop-tart flavor anytime soon.

BARTENDER

Do you feel like you're going to have a seizure?

JONATHAN

No, No, (surprised) NO!! Why would you ask me that?

The bartender looks at the bottle of Tubah.

BARTENDER

Just curious and congratulations. You're in the top 25%.

MADDIE

People have seizures from this?

BARTENDER

Allegedly. There were a couple people that had seizures. Just because two or (pauses) fifty people have seizures that doesn't mean this drink is to blame.

JONATHAN

You should probably lead off with that before you poured me a glass.

BARTENDER

On one hand I see your point, on the other, that's \$10.

JONATHAN

This is going to affect your tip you know.

Jonathan pulls out a waded up \$10 bill. The bartender leaves to help another thirsty customer.

MADDIE

So, do you feel any different? Is it life changing?

JONATHAN

My teeth feel furry but other than that... I do feel good.

MADDIE

I think furry teeth would count as a life changing event.

JONATHAN

Would you like one?

MADDIE

As delicious as it sounds, I'm going to have to pass. I'm here waiting for my friend.

JONATHAN

Got it. You don't want to get too liquored up for your date.

MADDIE

No date. It's a carpool. She's getting off work late and I wish she'd hurry up. Today just wouldn't end.

JONATHAN

Yeah, I feel like the entire reason the sun got up today was to just shine beams of humiliation down on me.

MADDIE

That was very poetic. I was just going to say my day sucked.

JONATHAN

Thanks for that.

MADDIE

You're a poet or a writer?

JONATHAN

Something like that. I'm trying to be. I guess my kind of stuff just doesn't draw crowds and have people talking about it the next day.

MADDIE

Do you do stuff like that Chocolate Jesus?

Jonathan becomes confused and manic at the mention of this.

JONATHAN

What is everyone's obsession with chocolate Jesus? Would people still talk about it if it were fig newtons? (pauses) I'm fine.

MADDIE

Bad day, got it. What type of stuff do you do?

JONATHAN

Right now, I'm doing photos and short stories. I find discarded photos and make a story revolving around what's in the photograph.

MADDIE

I like that, very creative.

JONATHAN

How about you?

MADDIE

I work down the street at the Pavilion.

JONATHAN

The medical complex?

Maddie's phone starts buzzing to signify she's received a text message. She picks it up to take a look.

MADDIE

Yes, the medical complex. Sorry, my ride is outside. I enjoyed meeting you. What was your name?

JONATHAN
Jonathan. And yours?

MADDIE
Maddie. Here's my number, if you
ever want to talk.

Maddie pulls a card out of her purse, writes her number on it
and hands it to Jonathan.

JONATHAN
It was great meeting you.

Maddie gives Jonathan a hug, turns and heads out of the bar.

7

INT. MERCURY LOUNGE - BOOTH - EVENING

7

A changed Jonathan returns to the booth smiling ear to ear.

REGO
Glad to see the liquor finally
kicked in.

Jonathan sits down at the table. As Jonathan sits down, Rego
begins sniffing.

REGO (CONT'D)
What smells like licorice?

ZACH
You were gone for a minute. I was
starting to wonder your boss
tracked you down and finished you
off with a pair of Nike's.

JONATHAN
Ha Ha Ha. How long is this going to
go on?

ZACH
I know. I know. I don't get it
either. It never stops being funny.

REGO
J, just ignore his dumb ass.

JONATHAN
It's fine. Because... my life is in
turn around. Look at this.

Jonathan hands Rego the card he got from Maddie.

Rego reads the top of the card "Maddie Gardner - Touro Psychiatric Hospital"

REGO
 Congratulations!? You finally got a shrink?

JONATHAN
 Other side.

REGO
 Oh! Maddie. Hot name.

The card makes its rounds around the table.

ZACH
 So, her name is Maddie?

JONATHAN
 Yes sir!

ZACH
 And she's a psychiatrist?

JONATHAN
 What? A Psychiatrist?

REGO
 That's what I'm saying.

ZACH
 The front of the card says she works at the Psychiatric Pavilion. You sure it wasn't an appointment?

Zach hands the card back to Jonathan.

JONATHAN
 A Psychiatrist?

REGO
 She's trolling for clients at a bar?

JONATHAN
 No, she never mentioned that she wanted to see me as a client.

ZACH
 Well, you're clearly a disturbed person. Maybe it was just understood you needed a ton of therapy.

JONATHAN

No, psychiatrists can't do something like that. (beat) What do you mean clearly disturbed?

Concerned, Rego's Girl turns to Rego

REGO'S GIRL

Is he crazy?

JONATHAN

No! I'm well adjusted.

Zach's girl turns to Zach

ZACH'S GIRL

So well adjusted that psychiatrists throw their cards at him.

JONATHAN

She gave me her card because she wants to know me.

ZACH

Maybe she just wants to get to know one of your personalities. Sybil, can you hear me in there?

DADREGO

Come on we're overlooking something here. His crazy ass got the digits.

Rego raises his glass and urges everyone to do the same.

ZACH

All right. All right. Here's to Jonathan ending his day on a high note.

Everyone at the table congratulates him and offers their glass up in celebration.