

EXT. BROOKLYN NEW YORK - DAY

The sun rises on a pretty, well kept, brown-stoned neighborhood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two exhausted, doughy men sit beside one another on a shabby couch. They barely glance at each other as they talk.

Smoke fills the air. Empty beer cans litter every available surface. CRACK. One of them gets in to another can.

GUPPY BOTTOMS, red faced and bearded, gestures with a cigarette to make a point. The door CREAKS open. He clams up.

LILLIAN, an attractive woman in her 30's, clearly dressed for work, knocks over a huge tower of cans as she enters.

The empties RATTLE at her feet. She ignores them.

LILLIAN

You guys really need to get your
shit together.

MONTGOMERY BIGELOW, clean shaved and pasty, looks down sheepishly.

MONTY

Yes, sorry. You're correct.

GUPPY

He doesn't even work on Monday's.

LILLIAN

No, but it's Tuesday.

(Shoots Monty a look)

Let me know if you're coming over
later. And you -

She points at Guppy. He tries to smile but only succeeds in making an unfortunate expression.

LILLIAN

Button it up for Thursday. Morgan
is one of my oldest friends. I
don't want her first impression of
the city to be stained with your
particular brand of nonsense.

GUPPY

Stain free, I swear.

Lillian shuffles through the empties to leave. The two friends sit in silence a moment.

GUPPY
What was I ramblin' about?

MONTY
I have no clue.

GUPPY
Oh, right. There is no way you
know a guy called "Dark Arthur".

MONTY
I do.

GUPPY
That's just unreasonable.
(Lights a cigarette)
Look at that. Sun's up.

MONTY
It's been up for an hour.

GUPPY
Is it really Tuesday?

MONTY
Apparently.

GUPPY
Fuck. Are we out of frosties?

MONTY
Yes, almost.

GUPPY
So you've met Morgan, right? You
vouchsafe that she is not a
lunatic, right?

MONTY
She is not a complete lunatic, no.

They sip on their beers. The living room grows brighter.

GUPPY
Is he a magician?

MONTY
What?

GUPPY
Dark Arthur. Does he "do" magics?

MONTY
(Laughs)
No. Of course not.

GUPPY
He fucking should.

MONTY
Why on earth would I know someone
that "does" magics? Preposterous.
He's just a guy I went to high
school with. I haven't seen him in
years.

Guppy crawls over to a recliner and curls up on it.

GUPPY
(Drowsy)
I think you're full of shit.

He grabs a blanket and pulls it over his head.

MONTY
What in hell are you doing? You're
bedroom is ten feet down the hall.

GUPPY
Should never have gotten a Queen
Sized. Too big to sleep in alone.
Makes for a sad Gary.

MONTY
What if I want to watch television?

GUPPY
Go down for a nap. You have work.

MONTY
So do you.

GUPPY
Not today. S'irresponsible, going
in today. Makes no sense. Stay
late tomorrow. You got plenty of
teevin' to do. S'Tuesday.

He's out. Monty Bigelow sits and watches the sunlight fill
his disaster of a living room.

MONTY
I've got to get my shit together.

The last can CRACKS open.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Monty sweats profusely, packed tight in a crowded subway car. He adjusts his headphones.

Someone taps him on the shoulder. He watches her mouth move before taking off his headphones.

SOMEONE
Couldja? Couldja please?

MONTY
What? Sorry?

SOMEONE
Couldja just? Just, couldja? So
loud. So, so loud. Thank you.

She points to her ears then to his headphones. He folds them up and shoves them in his pocket.

The subway lurches to a stop. The lights go out. Monty sighs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sweat stains the blanket draped over Guppy. He gets up to tug on the venetian blinds. They collapse entirely.

He shuffles out of the room in to -

THE HALLWAY

He sings perverted lyrics to Christmas carols. He peeks in the door to his bedroom.

Books are piled everywhere, clothes fill every corner. A Queen Sized bed sits, perfectly made.

He continues down the hall to -

MONTY'S BEDROOM

No light gets past the drawn curtains. Guppy tumbles onto the bed.

He stares at some things Lillian left behind. A tube of lipstick, a hair clip. He falls back asleep.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Stuffed in a miniature cubicle, Monty stares at a screen with half closed eyes. PEGGY, a skinny intern, approaches.

PEGGY

OK if I go to lunch, Boss?

MONTY

Yes. And don't call me boss.

PEGGY

You're the Boss, Boss. Kyle isn't back yet, by the way. That's why I asked.

MONTY

It's fine. I'll cover the front desk.

PEGGY

Watch out for Patrick. He's on the war path. See you in an hour.

He gets up, grabs his phone, and walks through a mini-maze of similar tiny cubicles.

Through a glass partition he watches PATRICK, a thick man in his 50's, scream at a line of three interns.

One of them bursts in to tears. Monty shakes his head and takes his place at the -

FRONT DESK

A half-circle of a raised desk looks out on the street. The walls behind it are lined with gaudy modern art.

The Gallery is completely empty. Monty punches out a text on his phone, closes it, and stares straight ahead.

INT. MONTY'S BEDROOM

Guppy's phone vibrates. He doesn't stir.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Monty sits in silence as his co-workers buzz around him. KYLE, a slender Asian man in his 20's, runs in. He carries a giant bag on each shoulder.

MONTY

Where have you been?

KYLE

Is Peter in? He wants these ASAP.

Monty winces.

MONTY

He's in the back. What do you have there?

KYLE

Pebbles.

MONTY

Pebbles?

KYLE

Yes, two different kinds of pebbles.

MONTY

Peter wanted you to buy him two different kinds of pebble?

KYLE

Well, he picked up a bag on his way back from Maryland. Only the bag he picked up wasn't enough. There weren't enough pebbles in it for the back yard. So he sent Peggy out to get some from a place downtown, but he didn't like them. They didn't match.

MONTY

God.

KYLE

And he threw out the empty bag, too. So he had me looking in to different kinds all day yesterday. We found a place in Queens. From the pictures on their web-site these two appear to be the closest match.

MONTY

You were looking at pictures of pebbles yesterday. Of course that's what he had you doing on a Monday. When the gallery is closed.

KYLE

Yes. He's in the back? I have to make sure they're the right kind before I open them.

MONTY
Open them?

KYLE
Well, yeah. For the backyard.

MONTY
You carried two bags of pebbles on the train from Queens and you're not even sure they're the correct kind of pebble?

KYLE
They only had thumbnails on the site.

MONTY
I swear to god, Kyle, if you open them, and they're the incorrect kind, and you take them back to Queens to try and return them, I will kick you directly in the shins.

PETER, a younger, stouter version of Patrick, comes up.

PETER
Kyle, good. Get those to the back quickly. Very quickly indeed. We need to nip this pebble situation in the bud before the opening.

KYLE
I'll get them back there right away.

Kyle rushes off.

MONTY
The opening isn't for two and a half weeks.

PETER
(Ignores him)
Oh, wait, Kyle. Kyle, get back here. I'll be needing the receipt immediately.

Kyle turns back, catches one of the bags on the corner of a sculpture, and skids forward.

The bag empties completely across the floor with an unholy CLATTER.

Kyle drops to his knees and fruitlessly tries gathering the pebbles back into the bag.

He catches his shoe on the second bag. It splits open, spilling its contents all over the floor as well.

PETER
(Frantic)
They're not even the right kind!

He turns to Monty to say something. Monty very slowly shakes his head.

Peter skirts the pebbles and hurries to the back.

PETER (O.S.)
Interns! I need the rest of the
interns out here! It's a pebble
emergency! I've got a pebble
situation!

KYLE
(Looks up at Monty)
I...

He can't go on. Monty holds up his phone and takes a picture of Kyle surrounded by two bags worth of pebbles.

INT. MONTY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Guppy's phone vibrates again. He grabs it, flips it open, and stares at the screen.

Thirty seven new messages. He chucks it in to Monty's laundry basket and falls back asleep.

INT. LILLIAN'S OFFICE

Lillian leans over a table filled with photographs of women. She arranges them, looks at them through a magnifier, etc.

Her phone BEEPS. She flips it open.

A message reads "Not coming over tonight. Going home. Deathly poisoned. Ridiculous day, xoxo, M."

She closes the phone, draws a breath, and gets back to work.

INT. MONTY'S BEDROOM

Guppy wakes up, swings his legs over the side of the bed, and puts his head in his hands. He's sobbing.

EXT. ART GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Monty leans against the wall outside the gallery. Behind him the interns still work to contain the pebble situation.

His phone rings.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Guppy, dressed and showered, wanders down to the shops for breakfast-lunch and cigarettes. He chain smokes as he talks.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MONTY

Finally. Christ, it's going dark over here, Gupps. Real dark. Pebbles everywhere.

GUPPY

Well, I just woke up in tears.

MONTY

What? Why?

GUPPY

You don't want to know.

MONTY

I do.

GUPPY

Wait, did you say "pebble's everywhere"?

MONTY

Forget it. Just the ush art teevin' bastard horse shit. Tell you later. Wuddup tears?

GUPPY

I woke up in the living room covered in sweat.

MONTY

Lillian will be pleased. That's her blanket.

GUPPY

What, why? Really? That means she has to have packed it, brought it over, and forgotten it.

MONTY

Never mind.

GUPPY

No, that's absurd.

MONTY

Forget it.

GUPPY

I demand an explanation. It's because of me, isn't it? Somehow I'm responsible for her carrying a blanket across town like someone out of Oregon Trail.

MONTY

You're paranoid. Get on with it. I have to go back in in a minute.

GUPPY

OK, so I moved out of the living room and had a crash down.

MONTY

In your own room.

GUPPY

No, of course not. In yours.

MONTY

Dammit, Guppy.

GUPPY

I flitted in and out of sleep for a while - kind of in rhythm to the vibrations of my phone. All thirty seven of them.

MONTY

Sorry. It's been a day.

GUPPY

Never mind. So I had this dream. I dreamt that I was sitting on my old couch, up in Portchester, in just my bathrobe.

(MORE)

I was masturbating about Lucy - in my dream, mind you - and - also in my dream - I can't stress enough that this is what my own mind came up with for a little treat -

MONTY

Go on already.

GUPPY

- dreaming that I'm sitting there in my bathrobe, really going at it, and uncontrollably sobbing. Just tears pouring down my face. I woke up as soon as I "finished", and without realizing it I was sobbing. In reality. Woke up mid-sob.

MONTY

That's confusing.

GUPPY

I wonder how often I cry in my sleep and don't wake up. Now that's confusing.

MONTY

Ha ha.

GUPPY

Be hell to explain that to a lady. If she woke up to piss and there I was, bawling in my sleep like a ten year old girl whose parents just told her they were getting divorced and that it was her fault.

MONTY

That is horrible depressing. You are depressing me. I have to go back to work. Peggy's been at lunch for three hours now.

GUPPY

Is she the one I met?

MONTY

No. You haven't met her. I really have to go.

GUPPY

Pebbles. What the fuck could that possibly mean?

Monty hangs up. Guppy immediately texts him "Jerk" and wanders back to their apartment.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Monty swings a case of beer as he walks in to a Bagel store. He whistles.

INT. BAGEL STORE

A long line snakes around the cramped store in a zig-zag. Monty takes his place at it's end.

He tries to keep his eyes straight ahead. Sweat drips from his brow. He wipes it away with the hand holding the beer.

The BAGEL GUY behind the counter spots him.

BAGEL GUY
Hey. Hey, pepper-jack.

Monty pretends to read the sign in front of him.

BAGEL GUY
Pepper-jack and turkey, over here.

Monty turns. The Bagel Guy holds an everything bagel straight up in the air.

BAGEL GUY
Want it?

Monty nods awkwardly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is tidied some. The empty beer cans are stacked neatly in the corner. Guppy wipes ash off the coffee table.

The ashtray in front of him is full. The door BANGS.

MONTY (O.S.)
God dammit. Every fucking time.

GUPPY
(Over his shoulder)
Bagel guy?

Monty storms in, dropping his bags on the table. He sneaks a cold beer out of the case and joins Guppy on the couch.

MONTY

Bagel guy.

GUPPY

What now?

MONTY

He threatened to name a sandwich after me. The Big Biggs.

GUPPY

It's unwholesome that he knows your last name.

MONTY

ATM card.

GUPPY

Right.

MONTY

I just want to go in there, get my god damn dinner, and be left the fuck alone. Is that so much to ask?

GUPPY

I've lived in this neighborhood most of my life. Never offered to name a sammie after me.

MONTY

That's not the point.

GUPPY

No, I guess not.

MONTY

Why can't he just adhere to the social contract? I hold up my end of the bargain. I don't make eye contact, small talk, or nonsense. I have my money in my hand. I know what I'm getting.

GUPPY

Because you get the same thing every time. Big Biggs all around.

MONTY

Fuck off.

GUPPY

Just grow a beard. Why do you think I stick with the Osama Bin Bottoms? People won't sit next to me on the subway, never mind make eye contact of any kind.

MONTY

(Gestures with his beer)
You're not cracking?

GUPPY

Nah. Save it up for Thursday. And I'm not interested in another sadness bomb blowing up in my sleep. Between last night, and the blow-up doll thing last week, I can't handle another assault. I'm surprised you can manage it.

MONTY

We'll see. About Thursday...

GUPPY

Don't worry. Best behavior, I swear.

MONTY

What? Oh. No, not that. I could give a fuck what Morgan thinks of you. Don't tell Lil I was drinking tonight, is all.

GUPPY

Right, you were meant to stay at her place tonight. I'll keep my trap shut.

MONTY

If you don't I swear I will smack you right in the pie pan.

GUPPY

Are you going to drink that or just stare at it?

Monty takes a sip of his beer. His expression darkens.

MONTY

Be right back.

GUPPY

No dice?

MONTY
I'm going to make myself throw up.
That should help.

GUPPY
Probably.

Monty gets up and exits. The sound of the SHOWER comes on.
It muffles a long RETCHING.

Guppy waits. Both sounds disappear. Monty returns to the
living room.

MONTY
Didn't help.

GUPPY
You'll just have to work for it
then.

MONTY
Hmmm.

He takes a sip of beer.

GUPPY
You know I know what you're getting
up to in there, right? I mean, you
did tell me before you got up.

MONTY
Yes.

GUPPY
Still turned the shower on, though.

MONTY
Force of habit.

GUPPY
I really, really wish I'd been in
town when you lived with Lillian.

MONTY
No. You don't.

Guppy lights a cigarette. They stare at the turned off TV in
silence.

GUPPY
Sometimes when I smoke too much,
the back of my tongue tastes like
burnt chocolate.

MONTY

Gross.

GUPPY

Or stale coffee.

MONTY

Great. Be sure to bring that one up on Thursday.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCAL - NIGHT

Monty and Lillian sit across from one another at a raised table off in the corner of a lousy sports bar.

Terrifying patrons play pool, cackle, and stare at one of the sporting events playing on the many TV screens.

A few empty glasses sit in front of them.

MONTY

The backyards about five by ten. You couldn't fit more than four people back there.

LILLIAN

I know. I've been there. More than a few times.

MONTY

The best part is, one of the artists in the show works with pebbles.

LILLIAN

Didn't you tell me this already?

MONTY

She scatters them in random patterns in home made sand boxes. That's what she does.

LILLIAN

I'm pretty sure you told me this already.

MONTY

It will be some kind of doomed opening, I swear to god. Pebble chaos everywhere.

LILLIAN
You're staying over tonight, right?

MONTY
Probably. What time is Morgan
getting here?

LILLIAN
I don't know. Soon. She had some
errands to run.

MONTY
Errands. Pfft.

LILLIAN
She just moved here a week and a
half ago. She has shit she needs to
do. Good. Here's Guppy. You told
him to be on his best behavior,
right?

MONTY
Absolutely not.

Guppy bounds over to them with an energetic enthusiasm. His
beard is trimmed. His shirt is tucked in.

GUPPY
Evening, fuck-sticks.

LILLIAN
Settle down.

He leans over the table.

GUPPY
I'm fine, I'm fine.

LILLIAN
We've all heard that before.

GUPPY
Look, I'm excited, is all. It's
been a while since I had a crush on
someone.

LILLIAN
You don't even know her. You're
meeting her for the first time
right now.

GUPPY
Someone's pictures, then. Round
up?

Monty downs the rest of his glass. Lillian sighs and downs hers.

LILLIAN
May as well.

She reaches for her wallet. Guppy shakes his head.

GUPPY
First ones on me. Same?

They nod. Guppy moves over to the bar.

GUPPY (O.S.)
All right, gorgeous? Couple'a
frosty jars and a G n' T.

LILLIAN
He's got quite a spring in his step
tonight.

MONTY
Sometimes he can pretend to have
charm.

LILLIAN
It's not always pretend, I don't
think.

MONTY
Remind me to tell you about the
dream he had the other day. He
woke up sobbing.

LILLIAN
That's horrible.

MONTY
That's nothing. I'll tell you
later.

LILLIAN
I'm not sure I want to know.

MONTY
I'm sure you don't.

Guppy returns with their drinks.

GUPPY
So I was flipping through Lucy's
email at work today and -

LILLIAN
You still check her email?

GUPPY
Sure.

LILLIAN
It's been three years.

GUPPY
Four next month. Anyway, I've got to forward you some of this shit I read from the guy she's dating. I swear to god he straight up mailed her his testicles the night they met. Real emasculating stuff.

MONTY
Worse than you?

GUPPY
Yes. Way worse. Begging and pleading and such-nots. He needs to change his tampon.

LILLIAN
Yet you're the one that still checks her email.

GUPPY
I'm just curious, is all.

LILLIAN
Well keep your curiosity to yourself. Morgan's here.

They all turn to look at the door. A demure, pretty red head walks in and looks around.

She smiles when she see's Lillian wave. Guppy tries to lean suavely on the table. He almost pulls it off.

Lillian and Morgan greet each other like old friends. Morgan waves at Monty.

MORGAN
Hi, Monty. Haven't seen you in a while.

MONTY
Hey Morgan.

LILLIAN
Morgan, this is our friend Guppy.
Guppy, Morgan.

GUPPY
How's by you?

MORGAN
Guppy?

GUPPY
My names Gilbert, but everyone
calls me Guppy.

MORGAN
Why?

GUPPY
Fucked if I know. Drink?

MORGAN
Sure. I'll get it. Are you guys OK?

They nod at her. Guppy drains his glass. Lillian shoots him a
look. He waves it off.

GUPPY
C'mon and we'll get a couple more.
Shots, maybe.

MORGAN
I'm not much of a drinker. But I'm
game.

They move off to -

THE BAR

GUPPY
So you just got in town a week or
so ago, right?

MORGAN
Yeah. I'm still getting settled.
It's really loud in my apartment.

The bartender drifts in to view.

GUPPY
How do, gorgeous, how about a
couple of rounds on the house?

The bartender looks a little stunned.

BARTENDER
 Uh...sure, yeah. All right. What
 can I get you?

Guppy motions at Morgan to order first. She looks impressed.

MORGAN
 Um...A Hienekin, if you have it.

BARTENDER
 Coming right up. And yours were two
 Sierra's and a gin & tonic, right?

GUPPY
 They were.

She moves off to get the drinks.

MORGAN
 That was slick.

GUPPY
 I absolutely cannot believe it
 worked.

MORGAN
 I'm a little shocked. It's a good
 way to get a drink thrown in your
 face.

GUPPY
 No shit. It just slipped out.

The Bartender brings their drinks. Guppy leaves a ten dollar
 bill on the bar.

MORGAN
 That's nice of you.

They move back to -

THE TABLE

GUPPY
 Have you ever done that, by the
 way?

MORGAN
 Done what?

GUPPY
 Thrown a drink in someone's face.

MORGAN
Good lord, no.

LILLIAN
I have.

MONTY
Me too.

They all look at Monty. He shrugs.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCAL - LATER

Everyone is quite merry. The table is filled with empty pint jars, empty shot glasses, and empty bottles.

MORGAN
I have to wee. Be back.

She leaves for the bathroom.

LILLIAN
You're holding it together pretty well.

GUPPY
I had a big dinner. She's great, by the way.

MONTY
Watch his eyes. You can really see him cross over in his eyes.

LILLIAN
He's fine.

GUPPY
I'm fine.

He drains his pint.

GUPPY
One more.

MONTY
Get me another. With a Jamison.

GUPPY
Sure.

He heads back to the bar.

LILLIAN
You don't need the whiskey.

MONTY
Of course I do. It's only two.

LILLIAN
We've got a half hour cab ride back to my place.

MONTY
Oh, Lil, I don't know.

LILLIAN
You said you were staying over tonight.

MONTY
Check it out. Bottoms up!

He points to -

THE BAR

An attractive, very drunk WOMAN, 20's, sits next to Guppy as he leans in to order.

WOMAN
I'm better looking than the girl you're with.

GUPPY
All right.

WOMAN
You have pretty eyes.

She leans in to kiss him. He pulls away.

GUPPY
Hey, sorry. I'm flattered but I'm on a kind-of date.

She lifts her glass to throw her drink in his face. Its empty. He slides his over. She punches him in the mouth.

A FRIEND quickly comes over to pull her away. She mutters swears over her shoulder.

Guppy shrugs in the direction of -

THE TABLE

LILLIAN
I'm sick of staying at yours all
the time. Unlike you, I don't have
a roommate.

MONTY
It's ole Guppy B. He doesn't count.

LILLIAN
Fine. If you're not coming over,
I'm going to get out of here.

Morgan bounds back to the table.

MORGAN
Where's Gilbert Guppy Bottoms?

LILLIAN
Getting another round. I think I'm
going to -

Morgan pours her beer down her throat.

MORGAN
Be right back.

She skips over to -

THE BAR

MORGAN
Got time to order another?

Guppy nods and gestures for the bartender.

MORGAN
Heineken. Please.

Lillian approaches.

LILLIAN
Give me a cigarette.

Guppy shoots a look back at the table. Monty slowly plods
toward them. He gives Lillian a cigarette.

MORGAN
I didn't know you smoked.

LILLIAN
I'm taking off after this round.

She heads outside. Monty joins Morgan and Guppy at the bar.
The Bartender slaps down a Rolling Rock.

MORGAN
Oh. I'm sorry, miss. Miss, I
ordered a Hienekin.

She leans over the bar, exposing her cleavage. A DOUCHE BAG
at the end of the bar gets a glimpse.

He turns to his friend.

DOUCHE BAG
"Show tits her kid."

Monty and Guppy grow somber. They turn slowly to the end of
the bar.

MONTY
Fuck you just say?

GUPPY
Mind your manners.

Morgan realizes the DOUCHE BAG was talking to her.

MORGAN
Guys, forget it.

DOUCHE BAG
Fuck off, douche bags.

MORGAN
Come on, lets just sit down.

Monty and Guppy make direct eye contact. The Douche Bag and
his Friend stand up.

GUPPY
I said mind your fucking manners.

MORGAN
Guys.

DOUCHE BAG
And I said...

MONTY
Do you want to get fucked right in
the ass?

DOUCHE BAG
(Confused)
...fuck off - wait, what?

GUPPY
He will fuck you directly in the
ass.

MONTY
I will beat you off all over this
bar.

Everyone grows silent. The Douche Bag and his friend sit
back down. The Douche Bag mumbles an apology.

Guppy waves down the bartender.

GUPPY
Buy those shit-birds a round on me.

BARTENDER
Seriously?

GUPPY
Yeah. Whatever they want.

Morgan, Monty, and Guppy head back to -

THE TABLE

MORGAN
That was awesome.

MONTY
They'll be parsing that one out for
months.

GUPPY
Imagine trying to explain that to
your friends. "Yeah, so, these two
faggots at the bar - they
aggressively threatened to jerk me
off."

MONTY
"And then they bought me a round of
drinks."

MORGAN
You guys are priceless.

Monty's phone BEEPS. He flips it open.

MONTY
Shit.

MORGAN
Is everything all right?

GUPPY
Lillian, huh?

MONTY
Yes. She left.

MORGAN
I'm drunk.

She giggles. Her giggles turn to laughter. She bursts in to hysterics and promptly falls off her stool.

INT. ESL SCHOOL - DAY

Stacks of folders are piled all over Guppy's desk. A line of Asian students wait to talk to him.

His phone vibrates. He checks it, smiles, and sends a text. A security camera on the wall zooms in on his desk.

INT. ESL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Guppy get chastised by a middle aged Asian man with two Asian girls on either side of him, grinning.

Guppy throws his hands in the air and storms out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Monty sits on a bench, a brown paper bag on his lap. He smiles and waves as Lillian approaches.

She kisses him curtly on the cheek when she sits down.

MONTY
Sorry. I'm sorry about last night.

LILLIAN
It's all right. I was drunker than I thought. I passed out on the landing.

MONTY
That can't be good.

LILLIAN
It wasn't even my landing. It was the third floor landing. No wonder my key didn't work.

MONTY

Jesus. Those lunatics would sell you for parts.

LILLIAN

Woke up around five, made it upstairs only to pass out in the shower. I've got to take it easy. I can't lose this job. I can barely afford my rent as it is.

She looks at him. He stares off into the distance.

MONTY

Look at that. I don't understand why I have to watch an animal move its bowels. And...yep, great. That's terrific. Now I have to watch a grown ass man pick it up with a bag and hold it in his hand. Like he just went shopping for turd.

LILLIAN

It's just a dog.

The DOG WALKER chucks the bag of waste at the garbage. He misses and it flips on to the street. He walks on.

MONTY

Now it's a bag of shit on the street.

LILLIAN

At least he picked it up.

MONTY

And plopped it right back down.

LILLIAN

(To herself)

I can't keep up anymore.

MONTY

I talked to Blixia. He said it was no problem to bring all four of us.

LILLIAN

Morgan will be thrilled. She's pretty taken with Guppy.

MONTY

That will last all of two weeks, at the most. Here, you left this at my place.

He hands her a book.

LILLIAN

Thanks.

MONTY

See you tonight, right? We should leave for the pier earlyish.

LILLIAN

Sure.

MONTY

Walk me?

LILLIAN

Can't. I haven't even been in yet. I feel like death.

MONTY

Wow. You really are pushing to get fired. Call me later.

He kisses her and walks off. She watches him go. When she stands a note falls out of the book.

She picks it up. It reads "You're the best. I don't deserve you. Love you with high school love - with everything."

She flicks it at the garbage can when she passes it. It lands on the bag of shit.

EXT. PIER - DAY

A small, private beach bustles with people. A few cabana bars are set up along the sand.

Monty and Lillian stand in a huge group of friends, all dressed for a day at the beach. Bikini's abound.

BLIXA, a dark haired man in his 40's, makes the round in a three piece suit. His face is all smiles.

DRAKE, a charming man in a T-Shirt and shorts, puts his arm around Monty. SHERRI, his girlfriend, raises her glass.