

SCOUNDREL

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

A trash can sits on a city corner. A fast food bag is tossed at it, but misses. The opening of "Powerman" by the Kinks begins thumping as the bag gusts gently in the wind. The wind dies and it falls to the middle of the sidewalk.

The guitar kicks in and a pair of feet whip by the bag.

EXT. VARIOUS CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Our hero, if you were to be so generous, ARCHIE KOVACS, mid-20's, is on a morning jog. We follow him as the credits roll.

His old school Led Zeppelin T-shirt is already sweated through and Archie is winded.

He's booking it over curbs, avoiding potholes and empty trash cans from the night before.

He trips on a curb and into a trash can, knocking it over, but recovers before falling on his face.

EXT. CITY STREET - A RITZIER NEIGHBORHOOD

Archie dodges a crew of movers carrying expensive furniture into a yuppy's new condo, and suddenly jumps into the street, out of the way of a dog walker and her barking pack as they turn the corner.

As the credits continue, Archie runs-

EXT. DESERTED STRIP MALL

-past a massive sign advertising a brand new shopping center and condominium complex coming soon. Archie spits on it.

EXT. BUSY, HIP SQUARE

Archie narrowly avoids yuppies, hipsters and a few bums.

He passes a cafe, a record store, and a donut shop with a line out the door. Ten speed bicyclists whirl past frame.

A pack of runners come through the square, right towards Archie.

He does his best to run through them, and shoulders a few on the way, but stops as he's swarmed. After they pass, Archie is bent over gasping for air, the run aborted.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Red in the face and utterly defeated, Archie pauses at a bus stop. The music cuts out. He looks like he could cry. Instead, he throws up right into a trash can. He barely makes it in. A few people at the bus stop are disgusted but most stare ahead as if nothing happened.

He remains bent over panting, trying not to faint. Finally he lifts himself up, hands on his hips, and walks out frame.

One last Kink's guitar riff roars in as the TITLE CARD smacks in front of the poor souls who had to witness that-

### SCOUNDREL

EXT./INT. FRED'S HOUSE/GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Archie, now in a white T and leather jacket (his uniform), approaches a bungalow. A large man, same age, is in the garage power sawing a 2x4. Carpentry tools are everywhere. The man working the power tool is FRED, Archie's best friend. Fred notices Archie enter the garage and kills the saw.

FRED

Archie you bastard.

ARCHIE

(loving smile)

Hiya Fred.

FRED

Where you been hiding? I haven't been able to get a hold of you.

ARCHIE

My cell phone's been on the fritz.

FRED

What does that mean?

Archie fiddles with a power tool and it buzzes violently.

ARCHIE

(facetiously)

It went through a wood chipper.

Fred takes the power tool away and puts it in a drawer.

FRED  
You missed Bernie's birthday party.

ARCHIE  
(genuinely shamed)  
Ahh, shit. I'm really sorry Fred.  
Shit.

FRED  
What were you doing?

ARCHIE  
Honestly?

FRED  
You gonna lie to me?

ARCHIE  
A whole lot of blow and bar sluts.

FRED  
Bender's never stopped you before.

ARCHIE  
This was...this one got away from me. But it won't happen again. I've got good news Frederick. I've had a life changing experience. I'm cutting the vice out of my life.

FRED  
Which vice is that? Gambling, boozing, sleeping around? The cocaine habit you've picked up-

ARCHIE  
Woah, more like an occasional cocaine treat. Like an ice cream cone.

FRED  
You're always eating ice cream though.

ARCHIE  
To answer your question, all of em.

Fred laughs and continues putting away his tools, waiting for a punch line. When none comes, he looks up-

FRED  
(genuinely surprised)  
Wait, you're serious?

INT. FRED'S KITCHEN

Archie sits at Fred's table as Fred prepares coffee. Wood surrounds them: tables, chairs, cabinets, clocks, birdhouses.

ARCHIE  
You know, I pick a winner, go crazy  
for a few weeks, then I'm a puddle.  
I'm just getting tired of it.

FRED  
I thought you'd be tired of it  
after you woke up naked in that  
Chinese restaurant's bathroom  
handcuffed to the toilet.

ARCHIE  
Every time, I always think, this is  
it. Last bet. Then I end up doing  
it all over again. But after this,  
it's over. I'm done.

Fred brings two cups of coffee over and joins Archie.

FRED  
This must have been some profound  
experience.

Archie nods as he sips the coffee and grimaces.

FRED (CONT'D)  
So...?

ARCHIE  
Ugh. This coffee is shit Fred.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - LATER

All the time in the world, Archie studies his menu. Fred sips his coffee as the waitress waits for him to make a decision.

ARCHIE  
(abruptly)  
We're gonna split an apple pie,  
with vanilla ice cream, please.

WAITRESS

(sighs)  
Alright.

ARCHIE

(cheerfully)  
Thanks darlin'.

Fred smiles as he hands over his menu and she leaves.

FRED

Did you just order for me?

ARCHIE

So you know how I'm always saying I wish I had some sort of life changing experience? Well-

FRED

Do you say that?

ARCHIE

...Yeah man. I say it all the time.

FRED

Sometimes it's hard to keep track of all the shit you say.

Archie, annoyed, waits to see if he can start his story.

ARCHIE

So I'm on my way home...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ARCHIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - SHORTLY AFTER THE RUN

Covered in sweat stains and a bit of puke on his shirt, Archie's returning home when he suddenly stops in his tracks.

ARCHIE (V.O.)

I'm right on the verge of placing another bet when it happened.

A sneering youth has appeared out of nowhere, blocking Archie's way. The youth fiddles in his pocket.

FRED (V.O.)

What happened?

The youth digs deep down in his pocket-

ARCHIE (V.O.)  
(pause)  
I got mugged.

FRED (V.O.)  
Shit, you got a gun pulled on you?

-and pulls out a steak knife.

ARCHIE (V.O.)  
Uh, no, no, he had a knife.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT

FRED  
(puzzled)  
Couldn't you've just run away?

ARCHIE  
(exasperated)  
That's- I was already running,  
earlier-that's, that's not the  
point.

BACK TO:

EXT. ARCHIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Archie's frozen with fear.

YOUTH  
Alright man, gimme your money!

Archie stares at the knife and then the kid.

ARCHIE (V.O.)  
It hit me like a ton of bricks.  
I've wasted my whole life. So I  
decided, if I made it through this,  
that's it. No more going back to  
the gambling and the coke and the  
skanks. Time to finally make  
something of my life.

FRED (V.O.)  
How much did this revelation cost  
ya?

Archie slowly lifts up his shirt, revealing his gym shorts,  
with NO POCKETS.

ARCHIE (V.O.)  
Nothing. I didn't have any money on  
me.

The youth's eyes bulge as he looks at where the pockets  
should be, back up to Archie, back down at his crotch.

YOUTH  
(mutters)  
Fuck.

And with those words he bolts past Archie, fleeing the scene.

Archie stands there in shock with his shirt still raised.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT

ON Fred, a bit underwhelmed.

FRED  
Oh. Well I guess it's good you  
didn't get stabbed.

ARCHIE  
Yeah, thanks.

FRED  
So now you're gonna turn your whole  
life around?

ARCHIE  
I mean, it's probably not gonna  
happen over night, but, I gotta  
start somewhere.

FRED  
(shrugs)  
Works for me. It's nice knowing I  
won't have to cover your ass the  
next time you lay down a stinker.

ARCHIE  
That was one time, Fred, and I paid  
you back. Mostly-

FRED  
-Mostly. So, what have you started  
doing differently?

ARCHIE  
(struggling)  
Uh...I went on that run.



FRED

That was before though...

ARCHIE

Right, shit. It just happened, so-  
(thinking)  
My apartment! I was so wired from  
the adrenaline, I had to do  
something, so I cleaned my whole  
place.

FRED

There ya go. I read somewhere that  
in terms of your mental health, a  
good clean is equivalent to an  
orgasm.

Archie sips his coffee and thinks that one over.

ARCHIE

(shaking his head)  
I'm gonna have to disagree with you  
there.

The glorious, steaming hot pie and ice cream have arrived.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(licking his lips)  
Hmmm, here we go. You wanna talk  
orgasms, here's the closest thing.

WAITRESS

Excuse me?!

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - LATER

Fred practices his swing while Archie continues to preach.

ARCHIE

I don't wanna just chase pussy  
anymore, I wanna find love. I don't  
wanna sit on my ass watching TV, I  
wanna learn. I've always wanted to  
play the piano. Maybe I'll do that.  
Become the next Ray Charles, Elton  
John.

FRED

Those guys had coke problems too.

ARCHIE

Shit man, don't you ever think  
about this kinda stuff?

Fred stops practicing his swing and leans on his club.

FRED

(thinking it over)

Huh...Well, I get to make shit with wood, which is what I've always wanted to do. I don't have a lady, but I prefer it that way at the moment. I own my home. Jane's a pain in the ass to deal with and I wish I got to see Bernie more, obviously. But he's the reason I'm so happy in the first place, and at peace in general. So...no. I'm pretty content.

Fred sends his ball flying while Archie takes that in.

FRED (CONT'D)

Tell you what though, I could use a good lay.

ARCHIE

But I don't wanna chase pussy, I wanna meet the-

FRED

Love of your life, yeah, you do that, by all means. That's something I'd love to see actually.

(places another ball)

Really Archie, I'm happy for you. You wanna meet real women, not the one's you have to pay for.

ARCHIE

Jesus, I fucked one prostitute and you never stop giving me shit for it.

FRED

I'm not talking about Montreal. You pick up women at the bar mostly right? How does that start?

ARCHIE

Uh ya know, say hello, buy 'em a drink-

FRED

You buy em a drink. And do you buy them drinks throughout the night?

ARCHIE

...if I have the money, sure.

FRED

How much do you spend on drinks before a girl let's you sleep with her? One way or the other, you're paying for pussy.

Fred goes back to his swing.

ARCHIE

God damnit Fred.

(thinks it over, mutters)

Hooker's probably fucking cheaper.

INT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Archie arrives home to his tiny second floor apartment. The place is clean, but bare. He opens his fridge: empty except for a bottle of Jack, nearly done. He stares at it wistfully before closing the door.

We follow him through a small middle room to his bedroom. The whole place is sparse, besides a few pieces of furniture. The ceiling and walls are chipping and peeling. He shuts the bedroom door behind him.

INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Archie stands by his closet. He's got a beat up briefcase out on his drawer. It's open, filled with papers, old cards, pictures. One is clearly visible: a young Archie smiling ear to ear in between his parents at the beach. His mom is beautiful and his dad has a Bud in hand and a big grin on his face. But Archie's not focused on that. He's focused on the stack of cash he's laid out on the bed. There's maybe four grand in total. He counts out some old 100's.

He counts the last couple hundred again. He places a small stack in an envelope on the dresser.

He puts the rest back in the briefcase, and returns it to the closet. Archie stuffs the envelope in his jacket pocket and heaves himself back onto the bed with a sigh.

He stares up at the ceiling, which is also peeling. We hear his breathing for a few beats before it's interrupted by an emergency vehicle's wailing outside. He shuts his eyes.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - THE NEXT DAY

Archie enters and is greeted by DJ, a wry clerk (female, 20) behind the counter.

DJ  
Good morning Mr. Kovacs.

ARCHIE  
Jesus DJ, enough already. We're friends, just call me Archie.

DJ  
I wouldn't go that far. You're up early. Or have you not slept yet?

ARCHIE  
No. My sleep's schedule's fucked, I went to bed at midnight last night. Hey did you know they got that fat skinny guy hosting the Price is Right now? I didn't even know Bob Barker died.

DJ gives him a confused look before grabbing a pack of cigarettes and a \$20 scratch ticket.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
No actually, just this today.

Archie puts a Naked Mango juice on the counter.

DJ  
(surprised)  
Is everything alright?

ARCHIE  
Yeah. Can't a guy change it up every now and then?

DJ stares at Archie for a beat, unsure.

DJ  
Are you going through one of those quarter life crises?

ARCHIE  
Please, don't get me started on that bullshit. Once your off your mother's teet, it's all the same struggle, trying to get by in this capitalistic nightmare -

DJ  
Ok ok, it's still you.  
(she rings the juice up)  
That's six dollars.

ARCHIE  
(outraged)  
Six fucking dollars?!

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Archie struts down the street with a Kool-Aid Burst. A pack of 14 year olds on bikes catch up to him. EUGENE, the smallest and meanest looking of the bunch starts in.

EUGENE  
What's up asshole?

Archie looks behind.

ARCHIE  
Hey, it's the Little Rascals, only  
if they smoked dirt weed all day  
and drank malt liquor at night.

EUGENE  
Who the fuck's the little rascals?

ERIC, the quiet, clear cut leader, cuts in.

ERIC  
Wanna buy us some booze Archie?

ARCHIE  
Jesus Christ-  
(looks at his watch)  
It's 2:30 in the afternoon.

ERIC  
Gotta start early, our curfews at  
10.

ARCHIE  
(sighs)  
I got places to be boys.

EUGENE  
It takes 5 fucking minutes.

ARCHIE  
I'm a busy man Eugene. How much do  
you think 5 minutes of my day is  
worth?

Eugene sighs and looks to Eric.

ERIC  
We'll give you a tip.

Archie starts to slow down-

ARCHIE  
What do you want?

EXT. LIQUOR STORE / SIDE ALLEY

Archie exits the liquor store with a 30 pack of Natty Ice and meets the punks in the side alley.

ARCHIE  
Alright Spanky that'll be 45 bucks.

EUGENE  
Bullshit, that's overpriced even  
with the \$10 you charged.

ARCHIE  
Don't you think I got better things  
to do than rip off a bunch of 12  
year olds?

ERIC  
No.

ARCHIE  
Go in and check the prices then,  
I'm sure they won't give you any  
trouble.

After a frustrated beat Eric collects the wadded up bills and hands over the money.

Archie rounds the corner as they frantically put the beers in a bag. He pulls his envelope out and slips the bills inside.

INT. DINER - LATER

Archie walks up to the table of an older man in his early 50's: the BOOKIE. Despite his age, he's quite built under his black Nike tracksuit. Archie's swagger has simmered and he's sheepish in his approach. The man reads the paper and finally notices Archie.

BOOKIE  
Ay, what's up kid? Take a seat.

Archie joins him. After an awkward beat-

ARCHIE

So.

Archie takes out the envelope from his jacket pocket, puts it on the table and slides it across to the man. Without looking up from his paper, he places the envelope down at his side.

BOOKIE

(firmly but cordial)

Next time we'll do that under the table.

ARCHIE

Alright.

Having finished his article, he looks up at Archie.

BOOKIE

(smiling)

Not used to handing over money, huh?

Archie doesn't reply. The man looks inside the envelope.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

(winces)

Ooh, is this it?

ARCHIE

You said that'd be alright for the first payment.

BOOKIE

Yeah, no, it is. I just thought you'd wanna get more outta the way to start. You're gonna get tired of seeing my ugly mug all the time.

He smiles genially while Archie practically gulps.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

Relax kid. We got ya on reasonable payments. It's a lot of money but... You're a good guy, you'll take care of it. Believe me, I've seen worse.

The bookie ruffles in his pocket for something.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

So you don't got a phone huh?

ARCHIE  
Yeah, I uh-

BOOKIE  
That's no problem.

The bookie slides a legit beeper from the 90's over to him.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
If I need to get in touch with ya,  
I'll page ya.

Archie laughs but the bookie does not.

ARCHIE  
Oh, you're serious. Umm, ok.

BOOKIE  
Good. And, just as the required  
spiel: make the payments on  
schedule, every week. Don't bet  
with anybody else. We find out  
you're doing that...you don't wanna  
do that. And that's really it. Like  
I said, you'll be fine. I mean, you  
got a job right?

Archie hesitates, before meekly nodding 'yes'.

ARCHIE  
Right.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Archie sits at a computer scrolling through Craigslist's ads for jobs. We see a few of them listed: CAR WASH MASCOT, UBER DRIVER ASSISTANT (cleans puke out of car), EXECUTIVE ACCOUNTANT.

Archie stares at the screen, eyes glazed over.

INT. PAWN SHOP

A hulking, splotchy bearded man examines a watch.

Archie's watch. Archie's looking at all the valuables on display. He lingers on a towering glass bong.

PAWN SHOP CLERK  
I'll give ya 20 bucks for it.

Archie sighs and nods his acceptance.



INT. FRED'S - EVENING

Archie enters, dressed in his usual attire. Fred greets him in a button down shirt and slacks.

FRED  
That's what you're wearing?

ARCHIE  
Yeah. Why?

FRED  
I mean, we're going to West End.

ARCHIE  
Ughh, c'mon, that place is awful.

FRED  
It's filled with gorgeous girls.

ARCHIE  
I'm not paying that cover-

FRED  
I'll pay for you.

Archie sighs.

ARCHIE  
(looks down at clothing)  
Now you got me all self-conscious.

FRED  
No it's fine, I just...

ARCHIE  
You got any shirts that'll fit me?

EXT. CLUB - BACK OF THE LINE

Archie, in a button down too big for him, pouts as he waits.

ARCHIE  
We're gonna be out here for a  
fucking hour.

FRED  
Relax. Twenty minutes, tops.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLECARD: 43 MINUTES LATER

INT. WEST END - AT THE BAR

Archie and Fred huddle by the packed bar. Archie trades elbows trying to get the bartender's attention.

ARCHIE  
(back to Fred)  
You see any tables?

Fred looks around the club intently.

FRED  
Workin' on it.

The bartender finally acknowledges Archie's existence.

ARCHIE  
Can I get a Bud and a water with  
lemon and cucumber in it.

The bartender nods with a scowl.

Fred locks eyes with a curvy blonde across the bar.

FRED  
Got somethin'. You got those  
drinks?

BARTENDER  
That'll be \$14.

ARCHIE  
(outraged)  
Did you charge me for the water?

BARTENDER  
Garnishes cost extra.

Archie rolls his eyes and pulls out the lone twenty in his pocket. He stares blankly at the man as he thinks it over.

ARCHIE  
(back to Fred)  
Fred, you wanna get the first  
round?

MOMENTS LATER --

At a half circle table, Fred and Archie chat with the blonde, JESSICA, and her friend AMY.

ARCHIE

And then this nut job screams in my face "I'll stick a butthole up your finger!"

Amy laughs uproariously as she fidgets in her seat.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

It was ridiculous. Guy was on everything but rollerblades.

Another outrageous laugh from Amy.

AMY

You're such a great storyteller.

JESSICA

Oh God, speaking of great storytellers, I watched Manhattan again last night for the umpteenth time. Woody Allen is such a genius.

FRED

I've never seen that one. You see that one Archie?

ARCHIE

I've seen it. Fuck Woody Allen.

JESSICA

(chord struck)  
What?

FRED

He is a pedophiliac isn't he?

AMY

Yeah, with his own adopted daughter, it's disgusting.

ARCHIE

I just don't like his movies.

JESSICA

Are you serious?

FRED

(smiling)  
You don't like any of his stuff Archie?

ARCHIE

Nope.

JESSICA  
Not even Annie Hall?

ARCHIE  
No.

AMY  
If you had to pick a favorite?

ARCHIE  
My favorite Woody Allen movie, gun  
to my head, I guess...Antz.

Jessica looks like she might flip the table. Amy saves the  
blow up as she leans into Archie.

AMY  
(intensely in his eyes)  
You've talked enough. Let's see if  
you can dance.

ARCHIE  
No way I step on that dance floor.

Amy gestures to Fred who stands and lets them out. Amy drags  
Archie out to the dance floor with super human strength.

Fred watches as Archie is swallowed up by the crowd.

JESSICA  
I don't really like your friend.

FRED  
That would put you in the majority.

JESSICA  
I'm gonna order another round, do  
you want one?

FRED  
You trying to get me drunk?

JESSICA  
Maybe.

FRED  
Well I'm not gonna stand for it.

Fred sits back down and sidles up next to her.

INT. WEST END - DANCE FLOOR

EDM music obnoxiously blares. Archie's trying his best dancing with Amy, but is struggling. She moves slow and methodically then suddenly faster and faster with no rhythm. An elbow hits Archie in the back of the head.

Recovering, he takes a looks around. Everywhere people gyrate, shitfaced or high on MDMA. A guy makes out with two girls. A different girl puts a powdered finger into another's mouth. A sweaty, pale, skinny guy stops dancing and stares at Archie. Alarmed, Archie looks around, but he's definitely staring at him. Suddenly the creep collapses and seizures. A circle parts around him, two bouncers drag him out, and the circle fills back in as if nothing happened.

Archie backs up and battles his way out. Amy's oblivious.

INT. WEST END - AT THE BAR

ARCHIE

Shot of Jamison please.

Archie checks to see if Amy followed him. She hasn't.

BARTENDER

9 bucks.

Archie reluctantly hands over his \$20.

The shot's placed in front of him but Fred takes it from behind and shoots it himself.

ARCHIE

What the fuck man?

FRED

No luck out there?

ARCHIE

It's awful. I'm either getting an elbow to the dome or a bony hip to the dick. What happened to Sean Paul? I can't dance to this shit, it sounds like someone dropped a knife in a blender.

(Fred puts on his jacket)

Where are you going?

FRED

I'm getting outta here.

ARCHIE

Already? You dragged me here in the first place!

FRED

She wants to go see the sculptures I've done.

ARCHIE

It's too easy for you. "Hey girl, wanna come back to my place and see the tremendous wood I've sculpted?" It's bullshit.

FRED

Listen, if you're gonna drink, you're gonna drink, but don't go too crazy. Remember whatever the hell it is you want to do with your life now.

ARCHIE

Yeah yeah, alright.

Fred leaves with his arm around Jessica. Archie notices the woman next to him, already mid conversation.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

Hey. Would you like to buy me a drink?

WOMAN

(turns)

I was in the middle of a conversation, and you interrupted me to see if I'd buy you a drink?

ARCHIE

(pure confidence)

As a fellow feminist, I thought you might wanna buy me a drink and I could tell you about myself instead of the socially structured hetero-normative bullshit where the man initiates and buys everything for the woman.

He flashes his best smile, hoping to stick the landing.

She smiles...

WOMAN

Has that ever gotten you laid?

She returns to the conversation with her giggling friend.

Dejected but determined, Archie gets up and scans the room. He spots a rougher looking woman, LINDA, already a few drinks in, sitting alone.

She notices him sit down next to her. He smiles at her.

ARCHIE  
Wanna buy me a drink?

LINDA  
(beat of surprise)  
Ha. You got some balls, huh?

Archie smiles that debonair, sleazeball smile of his.

CUT TO:

Archie and LINDA slam shots down in succession.

EXT. WEST END

Archie and LINDA drunkenly stumble into a cab.

INT. CAB

They make out sloppily in the cab.

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM

Linda rides Archie maniacally in her bed. She's slapping him hard in the chest. He reacts with a mix of pleasure and pain.

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - LATER

She puts on her pajamas as Archie lies in bed, hands folded behind his head, eyes closed, content.

LINDA  
So...

Archie opens an eye and looks over.

ARCHIE  
Hm?

LINDA  
Are you getting out of here soon?

ARCHIE

I was gonna catch some shut eye and  
leave in the morning..

LINDA

You wanna sleep in my bed?

ARCHIE

...Yeah.

LINDA

That's kind of, intimate.

ARCHIE

(confused)

We just had sex.

LINDA

Yeah, but clearly this is a one  
night stand. And I really need to  
get a good night's sleep, I have a  
job interview in the morning.

ARCHIE

(a beat, registering)

Yeah, sure. I gotta get up early to  
see about these welts on my chest  
anyways.

EXT. LINDA'S APARTMENT

Archie's out the door now.

ARCHIE

Alright, well, bye.

She tosses his jacket at him.

LINDA

Bye.

Shuts the door. Archie hangs there for a beat.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DEAD OF NIGHT

The intersection is a ghost town with blinking yellow lights.  
Archie walks home, cold hands buried in his pockets. A lone  
car comes by and a window rolls down. A punk kid, no more  
than 16, launches something out the window.

PUNK KID

Faggot!



A large cup full of fruit punch smacks Archie square in the chest, exploding all over him.

Archie stands there dripping as the car speeds away. He gives one shake of his body and trudges on in silent fury.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

CLOSE ON Archie.

ARCHIE

I mean, it was sex, it was cool and all, I got a nut, but the whole thing just left me feeling..hollow. And then, this is the worst part, these fucking little pricks-

GODIN (O.S.)

Archie!

ARCHIE

What?

GODIN (Archie's age, smaller and skinnier, in a button down and khaki's) looks at Archie with disbelief.

GODIN

You think this is an appropriate place to tell me all of this?

CUT WIDE: They're off to the side of a school playground where dozens of 3rd graders run around playing tag.

ARCHIE

None of 'em heard me.

GODIN

You can't just stop by a school's playground during recess, that's how you get on lists.

ARCHIE

I wouldn't have come if it wasn't a dire situation man, and clearly it is. I'm in the hole, bad, and I don't know what to do.

GODIN

(exasperated)  
Get a job you idiot.

ARCHIE

I've been trying. You know how me  
and jobs go.

Godin sighs, aware this is a losing battle.

GODIN

I don't know Archie, there's other  
ways to make money. You can do some  
temping, you could sign up for  
experiments, you could give blood,  
hell I don't know, you can probably  
make a quick buck giving sperm.

Archie lights up at that one. A ball and the 3rd grader  
chasing it zip past frame.

ARCHIE

Now you're speaking my language.

GODIN

Yeah, why didn't I lead with blood  
and cum?

The 3rd grader appears behind Godin, ball in hand.

3RD GRADER

Is somebody huht Mr. Godin? Does a  
nurse need to come? Should I go  
tell the nurse there's blood  
coming?

GODIN

No, no George, it's ok, we were  
just-

ARCHIE

I'm a doctor kid. We got your  
teacher's blood tests back. He's  
positive.

3RD GRADER

(thinks it's good news)  
Yayyyy!

George runs off. Godin pushes Archie farther away from the  
kids and closer to the exit.

GODIN

Will you get the hell outta here  
now, you're gonna get me fired.

ARCHIE

Okay, okay. Thanks for the idea.  
Oh, and don't tell anyone what I  
told you, not even Fred. You're the  
only one I told.

GODIN

(exhausted)

Why...why the hell am I your  
designated keeper of secrets?

ARCHIE

You're married, you got a job you  
like, you're the most responsible  
dude I know. Honestly I had like 5  
other questions I wanted to ask.

GODIN

Fred's got an actual child, and you  
see him way more than me. I just  
don't understand why you wouldn't  
tell him.

ARCHIE

Fred's not as open minded as you  
Godin. Plus we've always kept each  
other's secrets, since we were  
these kids' age. Remember, I never  
told a soul about that time you  
fucked a blueberry pie-

GODIN

(hushed screaming)

I only did that because you showed  
me!

ARCHIE

Woah, I didn't "show you", it was  
in a movie.

GODIN

But you told me you did it-

ARCHIE

And you believed me.

GODIN

You baked the pie. I didn't even  
know you could do that.

ARCHIE

And it must have been a pretty good  
looking pie, cus you stuck your  
dick in it.

GODIN

Get the hell out of here!

Godin pushes Archie through the exit, looking over his shoulder to make sure no kids are watching.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Archie scans the directory on the wall outside. His finger goes down the list and stops at: SUNNYSIDE CRYOGENIC CENTER

INT. SPERM BANK

Archie marches confidently into the sperm bank and right up to the secretary, ALICE, a cute blonde with misty, deep blue eyes. Busy with administrative work, she doesn't notice him.

ARCHIE

Hello-

(glances at her nametag)

Alice. I'd like to, provide my services, if you will.

She hands him a clipboard stacked with forms to fill out.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Oh, wow. After I fill these out will I be able to, uh, start?

ALICE

(looks up)

No. We have to run the preliminary checks, and then you'll be interviewed, and then a few more tests. And then you'll be informed if you're eligible. Then-

ARCHIE

How long does this whole process take?

ALICE

If you're approved after the paperwork and background check, it'll be about 2 months before you're able to provide us with "your services", and another month or so until you're paid.

ARCHIE

(turns on the charm)

Aliiiiice.

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Is all this really necessary? Can't we cut through the bureaucratic rigmarole? Don't I look like a guy who has his shit together?

ALICE

(glances at him)  
Not really.

ARCHIE

I've got to be better than most of the shmucks that come in here.

A meek man sitting in the waiting room looks up from his Golf Digest with a scowl.

Alice gives him a quick, dismissive up and down-

ALICE

Barely.

ARCHIE

I'll have you know I'm in the process of completely reinventing my life to one of constant growth and improvement.

ALICE

(not looking up)  
I suppose getting paid to jerk off in a cup is better than jerking off into your own sock for free.

ARCHIE

(laughs, impressed)  
Oh I like you.

She smiles without looking up.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

C'mon...you're telling me I'm as bad as every other loser that comes in here?

MEEK MAN

(feebly in the background)  
*C'mon man.*

Alice looks at him again, really analyzing now.

ALICE

Well, you've got a nice jaw line.

ARCHIE  
Yeah, I talk a lot.

She begins thinking about it.

ALICE  
How tall are you?

ARCHIE  
5'9...and a half.

ALICE  
Would you say that you often engage  
in risky behavior?

Archie takes a beat to ponder this- as he does, B.G. MUSIC  
kicks in: raucous partying, screaming shouts of joy (or  
horror?), roars of jungle animals. It suddenly CUTS OUT-

ARCHIE  
No more than anybody else.

Alice seems to actually be considering it for a moment before-

ALICE  
You'll have to pass a drug test.

This stops Archie in his tracks. Alice gets back to work. All  
we hear now is the low, bland waiting room music.

ARCHIE  
Not to change the subject, because  
I can totally pass a drug test, but  
do you like music Alice?

ALICE  
(obviously)  
Yes.

ARCHIE  
Do you like this music?

ALICE  
(firmly)  
No.

ARCHIE  
That's great then! I think you'd  
really like this local band playing  
at this bar Saturday night-  
(Archie scribbles the bar  
on the form)  
They're good. A lot better than  
this. I'll be there.  
(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
 You should come and check 'em out.  
 (he hands over the forms)  
 Thank you for the information  
 Alice.

ALICE  
 You're welcome...  
 (glances at the form)  
 Archie.  
 (as Archie leaves)  
 You're not gonna try to get my  
 number?

ARCHIE  
 (offended)  
 What kind of sleazeball tries to  
 pick a girl up at a sperm clinic?

Alice smiles and watches him with curiosity as he leaves.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Archie on a laptop, Fred on his phone. They sit in the comfortable silence that years of friendship brings.

ARCHIE  
 Jesus, there was a prince in Saudia  
 Arabia, who had pet lions, and he'd  
 play with them. That's dope.

FRED  
 What happened to him?

ARCHIE  
 (scanning down the page)  
 He....died. Slaughtered by lions.

FRED  
 Is this you and Victoria Sacrimoni?

ARCHIE  
 What?

Fred tosses Archie his phone: There's a blurry Facebook picture of drunk Archie with an equally drunk girl, VICTORIA, kissing him on the cheek.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
 Shit, I don't remember taking that.

FRED  
 Really?

ARCHIE

Yeah, that was the last night of the last bender, so...

FRED

You better hope Woody doesn't see that.

ARCHIE

Woody?

FRED

Yeah, Ol' Yeller. You don't remember him?

ARCHIE

Ohhh yeah, that prick. He tried to fight me in 7th grade but I swung my Razor Scooter at his head. They're not still together are they?

FRED

No, haven't been for years, but anytime he hears she's with someone, he goes ape shit.

ARCHIE

That's fucking stupid.  
(still looking at the pic)  
Although, look at those yabbos.  
Mmmhmmmm...

Archie ogles the phone a beat before finally returning it.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I'm not worried about it. Where're we gonna see each other? I don't think we frequent the same truckstops. Plus, it's not like I did anything with her.

FRED

You didn't try to get with her?

ARCHIE

Oh I was trying to get with her from the jump. Her friend was cock blocking me though.

FRED

Oh yeah, she's in the next one.



Fred shows another picture, of Victoria and KRISTIN, a homelier version of Victoria, cheek to cheek on the screen, making duck kissy faces. Archie ogles again-

ARCHIE

Purse strap right between your  
boobs...we know what you're doing  
you sly minx.

Fred struggles to take the phone back from Archie.

FRED

If you don't remember taking that  
pic with her, how do you know you  
didn't end up getting with her  
later on?

Archie thinks about it for a beat then laughs it off.

ARCHIE

C'mon, I'd have to be legit  
comatose not to remember getting  
with Victoria Sacrimoni.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: THAT NIGHT

INT. O'SULLIVAN'S SPORTS BAR - EVENING

Archie sits talking to a half-drunk regular, RONNIE. Everyone in the crowded bar looks miserable, except for Archie who's draped across two chairs. Only his fast paced chatter betrays that he's wired on cocaine.

ARCHIE

I'm just saying, he never got any  
shit for it. Let the record show,  
he's the one that pulled it off.  
It's not like she yanked it off  
herself, and it didn't just fucking  
pop open like it was rigged to a  
remote control, no, that man  
reached out and physically ripped  
it off with his bare hand. And did  
he get in any trouble for it? Any  
flack? No. He's flourishing. His  
name's barely even mentioned when  
it comes up. She's the one who got  
in trouble.

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

She's not even doing anything anymore, she was shunned from society, forced to spend the rest of her life with fuckin' Jermaine Dupri. And what's he doing? Oh, you know, just the most popular singer around, sold out stadiums worldwide, starring in god damn David Fincher movies! I'd like a director to give Janet some love, cus she deserves it god damnit. Get her on HBO, she can show all the titty she wants.

VICTORIA and KRISTIN walk by their table, Victoria giving Archie just a hint of "the eyes".

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Hey gorgeous, you gonna take a shot with me later tonight?

KRISTIN

We're having a girls' night Archie, screw.

ARCHIE

Don't worry, you can have one too.

Kristin makes a disgusted face as she escorts Victoria away.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(back to Ronnie)

You know what I'm saying Ronnie?

It does not look Ronnie knows what he's saying. He's intently focused on the game.

RONNIE

(slurring)

The fuck do I care about Janis Joplin for? We're losing.

ARCHIE

You and everybody else in here are losing, but I'm winning. I don't let any sort of false allegiance blind me. You can't bet with your heart, always with your mind. Well, not *your* mind.

An older, drunker bar patron behind them passes by-

OLDER BAR PATRON

Fuck you Archie!

ARCHIE

Quiet down ya mush, or I'll bet you  
in the death pool. I'll be at your  
wake in 3 weeks.

(back to Ronnie)

That's what you guys just don't get  
man. I've got this game sowed up in  
so many angles, it's a win-win no  
matter what.

He smirks and finishes his beer.

CUT TO:

Archie, pale white, anxiously sits on the edge of his seat.

The entire crowd is in a low rumble, some already standing,  
eagerly watching the TV, their anticipation building until  
they finally ERUPT!

Archie looks like his dog just died. His head slowly falls on  
the table.

AT THE BAR --

Archie swings his head back, taking down a shot.

And then another.

And then one more.

The raucous celebration music in the background kicks in even  
louder-

GETTIN' FUCKED UP MONTAGE --

Archie's over the deep end now, drunk as a skunk.

He's standing on a table going nuts while everyone around him  
cheers.

He takes a body shot from Victoria's navel on the bar.

Victoria takes a body shot from Kristin's navel on the bar.

Archie takes that drunk picture with Victoria.

The two girls take their duck face picture together.

Archie now between them, gently tries pushing their faces  
together for a kiss. Victoria laughs and resists but her  
friend Kristin pushes him away displeased.

Archie puffs cigs in the corner, arguing with the old timers.

Victoria and Kristin are discussing something in the corner.

Archie takes another shot.

The music shifts to something a little slower-

BY THE RESTROOM --

Ronnie stands, supported by the wall, and Archie leans next to him. Something catches his attention-

SLOW-MO FROM ACROSS THE BAR:

Kristin and Victoria approach, both eyes locked on Archie.

Archie's met their gaze and a smooth smile spreads.

They advance, their gait becoming more sultry.

Archie's smile quickly flickers. Uh oh. Something's wrong.

The girls don't notice it yet, still coming.

Archie spits up like an infant on himself. He scrambles straight to the bathroom.

The girls have stopped in their tracks. Kristin is horrified while Victoria cracks up.

FRONT OF THE BAR --

The place is mostly empty now. An extremely drunk Archie screams to an unconscious Ronnie, slumped over a table.

ARCHIE

(lamenting)

But I never wanted to jump in the deep end Ronnie, so, I don't even know how to swim! Ronnie, wake up, I'm talking to you!

DICK

Jesus man, shut the fuck up!

ARCHIE

(slurs)

Whatja say guy? This is an A and B conversation, so why don't you skip a few letters and fuck off.

Archie bumps into the guy who shoves him into a stool.  
The bouncers intercede and direct Archie out of the bar.

EXT. O'SULLIVAN'S SPORTS BAR

ARCHIE  
(screaming at the door)  
I'm Mark Wahlberg mothafuckas.  
INVINCIBLE!

Archie falls into an idling cab. The door shuts and the cab pulls away.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

ON a pixilated screen, the picture of Archie and Victoria.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

WOODY, the oaf in question, stares at the computer screen. He spits dip in a cup. He looks like a young Woody Harrelson.

Woody clicks the mouse. Paper prints. He grabs the paper.

EXT. CAMP FIRE - DUSK

Two roughneck good ol' boys sit around the backyard, ostensibly the woods. One of them looks asleep.

Woody walks by them with the paper and tacks it to a tree.

He takes ten paces back, picks up a small axe buried in a stump and throws the axe directly into the paper on the tree.

CLOSE ON:

The axe buried in drunken Archie's mouth, zoomed in on his face from the picture with Victoria.

INT. PIANO INSTRUCTOR'S HOME - FOYER

Archie enters the quiet home of Ms. Boverie. They gently shake hands and exchange hushed pleasantries.

INT. PIANO ROOM

Archie slowly, clumsily practices simple piano strokes, with Mrs. Boverie's patient instruction. It's very calming despite Archie's ineptness on the instrument.

We hear a few notes as sunlight pours into the well-lit white room, scattered with flowers and books.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCK CLUB - STAGE AREA - NIGHT

The local band rips away on stage. Archie's by the bar, enjoying the show. People are having a good god damn time.

He checks the clock, 9:04, and looks at the entrance to the stage area. A blonde walks in...but it's not Alice. He turns back to the bar and raises his hand to order a drink.

AT THE BAR -- LATER

Archie puts his now empty bottle down. Clock reads 9:57. Still no Alice.

Scanning again, he approaches MOLLY, a noticeably out of place woman among the crowd.

ARCHIE

Let me guess. You didn't come here for the band?

MOLLY

No. I was supposed to meet somebody here, but they never showed up.

ARCHIE

Me too. That's a sign. We should forget about those jerks and try to meet cooler, more punctual friends. Wanna get a drink with me in the front? It's a little quieter.

MOLLY

(smiling)

Sure.

INT. ROCK CLUB - FRONT BAR ROOM - LATER

ARCHIE

And I swear to God, this guy was shooting up and taking a shit at the same time.

MOLLY

Oh my God!

ARCHIE

Right, one or the other pal.

(Molly laughs)

And I saw him all the time after that, for like a year, anytime I grabbed a slice down there.

MOLLY

Wow. This city really has changed huh?

ARCHIE

Pft, yeah you could say that.

MOLLY

You've lived here your whole life?

ARCHIE

I have.

MOLLY

Wow...and you're really just down the street?

ARCHIE

(smiles)

Just a short cab ride away.

She returns the smile. Archie brushes against her hand and gives her the look. She gazes into his eyes.

MOLLY

Let's go see your place.

EXT. ROCK CLUB

Archie walks Molly to the cab and stops short. ALICE walks towards the bar. She sees him too. Molly gets in the cab and Archie shuts the door behind her.

ARCHIE  
(loud enough so Alice  
hears)  
Alright, get her home safe pal!

The cab doesn't immediately pull away.

CABBIE  
Where to?

As Alice gets closer.

ARCHIE  
Just, just down the street man,  
take off.

Molly's window rolls down.

MOLLY  
I thought we were going to your  
place?

Archie throws the few dollars he has into the front window.

ARCHIE  
Take her as far as that gets you,  
NOW!

Alice is right there. The cab pulls away.

ALICE  
Were you just leaving?

ARCHIE  
Oh no, that woman had a bit too  
much to drink and I was just making  
sure she got home safely.

ALICE  
I thought you were taking her home.  
She was pretty cute.

ARCHIE  
Who, her? Oh, I don't know. If  
taking sloppy drunk girls home is  
your thing, maybe, sure-

Alice smiles, amused and puzzled. Archie gestures to the bar.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You coming in?



INT. ROCK CLUB - STAGE AREA

Alice and Archie watch the band play. Archie's really vibing to it, and has Alice laughing, loosening up. She starts to sway along with the band as well.

INT. ROCK CLUB - FRONT BAR ROOM - LATER

They both nurse their drinks. Howlin' Wolf begins to play.

ALICE

Ooh, what a great song.

ARCHIE

You like this? Howlin' Wolf.  
Fucking legend. You know, the  
Stones, the Rolling Stones-

ALICE

Yeah, I love them.

ARCHIE

Of course you do, you got ears.  
Howlin' Wolf was a huge influence  
on them. And when they were getting  
big, early on, they brought him  
out. He's in his 50's or 60's, and  
he rocks with them. Fucking kills  
it. It's really, magical to see,  
you gotta check it out.

ALICE

(smiles at his enthusiasm)  
You sure know a lot about music.

ARCHIE

Ah, I guess. You're into this kind  
of music too though?

ALICE

(smiles coyly)  
I am.

ARCHIE

(smitten)  
That's awesome. I'm a little  
surprised, honestly.

ALICE

What'd you think, I was only into  
sperm?

Archie chokes on his beer.

ARCHIE

No, I...you never know what people are really like I guess.

ALICE

That's true...Guys who come into sperm clinics for a quick buck aren't usually also...what'd you say? "On a quest of constant growth and improvement"?

ARCHIE

Yup, that sounds like me.

ALICE

So what are some of the things you're doing to completely reinvent yourself?

ARCHIE

Uh, I'm, I've been running more, trying to get into better shape.

ALICE

You haven't made the best health decisions in the past?

ARCHIE

I suppose you could say that.

Alice checks Archie out, more analytically than sexually.

ALICE

You look decent enough considering. You must have strong genes.

ARCHIE

Thanks, they're Levi's. Besides running, I'm just trying to cut out bad habits and that's been...harder than I thought it'd be.

ALICE

Are you reading at all?

ARCHIE

Reading? I read fantasy football articles, if that counts.

ALICE

It does not. So, first of all, I suggest reading. There's a ton of stuff out there that can help you.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

Of course, the next step is making sure you're reading the right stuff and not wasting time with garbage.

ARCHIE

What do you mean?

ALICE

There's a difference between the stuff they're trying to sell you, where success is promised with no sacrifice, and the right sources, where change happens gradually, through hard work and persistence. It's the difference between reading the 7 Habits of Highly Effective People or the Secret.

ARCHIE

Oooh, what's The Secret?

ALICE

Believe it enough and it'll happen. Vision boards, all that bullshit.

ARCHIE

(getting excited)  
Vision boards?

ALICE

Yeah, you make a collage of everything you want, and by doing that it's supposed to move you closer to your goals.

ARCHIE

(intrigued)  
Hmmm, I've never heard of that one.

ALICE

No Archie, that's just to lure people into buying it. It's not real. But I suppose reading anything is better than nothing. Maybe we're getting ahead of ourselves. Exercise and cutting out bad habits is a great start. What about the people you surround yourself with? The people you're with the most shape who you are.

ARCHIE

Hm, that makes sense. I've been spending more time with close friends actually, and less with the guys I only see at the bar. I'm trying to make new friends. That's why I invited you out. I'm really happy you came too...And, uh, I'm trying to see more of my godson Bernie.

ALICE

That's nice. Do you like kids?

ARCHIE

I...yeah, I think so. It's tough to say, cus Bernie isn't like most kids, sucking their thumbs and shitting their pants. I mean, he shit his pants once when I was with him, but he was 4 then so-

Alice can't help but laugh.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

What about you? I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume-

Archie's interrupted by a beeping in his pocket.

He pulls out his beeper. It flashes: \$\$\$\$. Archie's smile instantly turns to a frown.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, do you think I could use your cell phone?

AICE

Is that a fucking pager?

ARCHIE

Please? It's kind of important.

EXT. ROCK CLUB

Archie's on Alice's cell phone, pacing in frustration.

ARCHIE

Right now?

Archie looks at his wrist; no watch is there.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I am pretty close by,  
but...yeah, I guess. Alright.

INT. ROCK CLUB - FRONT BAR ROOM

Archies returns the cell phone.

ARCHIE  
Shit, I gotta, I gotta go do  
something, I'm really sorry. Are  
you gonna be here for awhile?

Alice coolly shrugs.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I'll be back here, in, in 30  
minutes or less.

ALICE  
Do I get a free pizza if you're  
late?

ARCHIE  
I'll give you my fucking PIN number  
if I'm gone more than 30 minutes.

EXT. ROCK CLUB

Archie exits the bar, takes a breath, and sprints off.

INT. CIRCUIT CITY - NIGHT

Archie enters, out of breath. He scans the store and finally  
finds the BOOKIE, focused on a display rack.

ARCHIE  
Hey.

BOOKIE  
Hey there kid, how's it going?

ARCHIE  
Yeah, good. Uhh, why'd we have to  
meet here?

BOOKIE  
Oh, I had to get some printer  
toner. Knew I was near your house,  
figured, kill two birds with one  
stone, save ya the trip tomorrow.

Archie is pissed but doesn't show it. The bookie hasn't stopped scanning the printer toners.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

This shit is confusing. You know the best type of printer ink to show birds on paper?

ARCHIE

(incredulous)

No.

Archie sticks out the envelope.

BOOKIE

I'm fucking clueless when it comes to this stuff.

(notices and takes the envelope )

Thanks. My son needs it now for a science project. Thing's fucking due tomorrow kid waits till 11 the night before to print it.

ARCHIE

Alright, I'm gonna head out now. Can we uh, just meet during the day from now on?

BOOKIE

Oh. Yeah. Sure thing.

He returns to scanning the toner and lets out a big sigh.

Archie's about to leave but buckles.

ARCHIE

...What kinda printer do you have?

BOOKIE

(thinking)

LaserDisc? No, that's not right.

He looks over the many options.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

Archie stands there for a beat, frustrated but committed to helping him now. He scans the cartridges as well.

INT. ROCK CLUB - FRONT BAR ROOM

Archie's returned to the bar, once again a sweaty, out of breath mess. No sign of Alice. He wipes his brow and smudges printer ink on his face.

ARCHIE  
Hey, hey Jerry.

The bartender, Jerry, comes over.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You see that girl I was talking to?

JERRY  
Alice?

ARCHIE  
Yeah- Wait, you know her?

JERRY  
Yeah. She's in here all the time.  
Some kinda music journalist,  
blogger, whatever. She left 'bout  
15 minutes ago.

ARCHIE  
(surprised, impressed)  
Music blogger? Huh...

JERRY  
You got some shit on your face man.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - DAY

Archie waits at the door. A pint-sized child in full Spider-Man costume answers.

ARCHIE  
Oh, hello there Mr. Spiderman. I  
was looking for Fred and Bernie. Do  
you know if they're home?

Fred now comes to the door.

FRED  
Hey Archie. I'm here but Bernie had  
work at the Daily Bugle so he sent  
the webslinger over instead. That's  
okay with, you right?

ARCHIE

I'll be honest, I was really looking forward to spending the day with Bernie, but, if not him, Spiderman will do.

EXT. PARK

The three eat ice cream on a bench, Spidey in the middle, mask halfway up for maximum chocolate ice cream licking.

Bernie's scoop plops down on his tights and hits the ground.

FRED

Oh that's ok, you want another one?

Spidey looks at the ground and then up at Fred. Shakes his head no. He bolts over to the jungle gym and is immediately flying all over the bars. He'd make Peter Parker proud.

ARCHIE

Shit you're lucky man. I don't think I've ever seen that happen to a kid without him losing his shit. And he's only 5.

FRED

Six.

ARCHIE

Right, sorry.

FRED

I feel lucky every day I'm with him.

ARCHIE

Has Jane gotten any better to deal with?

FRED

Pft.

(shakes his head no)

Every time it's something new she has to complain about.

ARCHIE

She really is such a fucking bitch.

FRED

Woah dude, that's the mother of my child.



ARCHIE  
Right. Sorry.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Bernie sits reading a Spiderman comic. Mask off, we get our first good look of him: he looks just like Fred. Fred and Archie stand across from each other, working on boards in front of them. Cut out scraps of paper cover the table.

FRED  
This seems pretty stupid, but it's oddly therapeutic.

ARCHIE  
Right? It's like coloring, or smoking a fat blunt. Alice is so smart.

FRED  
She recommended this?

ARCHIE  
She might've actually said it didn't work...but I figure it's worth a try. How's yours coming?

Fred turns his board to Archie: a collage of Camaro's, woodworking tools, and a large treehouse in the center.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You want a tree house?

FRED  
Shh. It's for Bernie.

ARCHIE  
Did he do one?

Fred gestures to a smaller piece of paper, covered in pictures of, who else, Spiderman.

FRED  
You finished with yours yet Picasso?

Archie turns his over. It's covered with cutouts of 100 dollar bills, along with scantily clad women and 50 Cent's album cover, Get Rich or Die Tryin'.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Nice. Subtle.

ARCHIE

Thanks.

FRED

I thought you wanted Alice though?

ARCHIE

I do, these are just, uh, placeholders. I mean, I don't have a picture of her in a bikini eating a burger on top of a car....yet.

FRED

That's how you know it's true love.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Spidey jumps over couches, chairs, and bodies, banging two action figures together.

ARCHIE

I swear to God Fred, I've never met a girl like her before. It's so much...more than I'm used to. I couldn't stop looking into her eyes, y'know, all that stupid shit. And she's so smart and everything she says makes so much sense. I never knew I could be so turned on just, talking to a girl.

Fred's on the ground, setting up a Hot Wheels track.

FRED

The mind's the largest sexual organ you have.

ARCHIE

You saying I got a small dick?

FRED

(getting back up)  
You're smitten. See what happens when you sober up for two god damn minutes?

ARCHIE

I feel great man. What about you Spidey, any MJ's in your life?

Bernie stops momentarily, but before he can answer, the infamous JANE barges in the front door. She looks over at Archie and her dour face sinks to another level of disgust.

JANE  
What's he doing here?

ARCHIE  
Nice to see you too Jane.

Jane notices Spiderman, his stained clothes, and his manic hopping around.

JANE  
Jesus Christ, why would you let him wear this out? It's ruined now!

FRED  
He wanted to wear it with his cartoons, and, he just, seemed happy in it...

JANE  
Go to the car Bernie.  
(he ignores her.)  
Go wait in the car Spiderman!

She gives him a quick kiss on the head as he exits.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(nodding at Archie)  
Why the fuck is he here Fred?

ARCHIE  
Idunno Jane, I'm only the kid's godfather.

JANE  
Yeah, and what a great godfather you are, not showing up to his fucking birthday party.

ARCHIE  
Fred knows why I missed that, I don't have to report to you.

JANE  
I don't want him around my kid Fred.

ARCHIE  
What're you worried about? I know how to take care of kids. Game of tag by the freeway, hide and seek at the airport.

FRED  
Archie-

JANE

No Fred, you should know better by now. You weigh yourself down with these degenerates, this is on you-

ARCHIE

Good God, give the guy a break. Fred's the best fucking Dad. I would've killed to have a father like him. You just don't want him hanging out with his friends because you don't have any.

JANE

Shut it you low life booze bag.

ARCHIE

Oh please, don't get high and mighty with me. You did all of the same shit as me until you got pregnant. The best thing you've ever done is get knocked up by Fred-

FRED

Archie!

Jane stares daggers into Archie and starts forward, her fist clenched. Fred steps in between.

JANE

Fuck you Archie, you miserable piece of shit.

She storms out and slams the door.

Archie plops back onto the couch.

FRED

Wayyy too far man.

ARCHIE

She's always shitting on you and you never stick up for yourself.

FRED

She was shitting on you. And like I said before, that's the mother of my child. You can't talk about her like that, let alone talk to *her* like that. You want another knife pulled on you? Jane'll put it in your back.

ARCHIE

(sighs)

If she ever got the chance, she  
wouldn't stab me in the back. She'd  
stab me right in the dickhole and  
watch me suffer.

INT. SPERM BANK - DAY

Archie strolls in with a smile that vanishes when he sees  
who's at the front desk: An elderly, no-nonsense, nurse.

ARCHIE

Hello...

(she doesn't look up)

I'm looking for Alice.

NURSE

Yes...?

ARCHIE

Is she here?

NURSE

Yes.

Archie looks around the back office.

ARCHIE

Is she...available?

NURSE

She's busy with a client right now.

ARCHIE

(makes a face)

Doing what?

NURSE

Sir, if you'd like to wait for her,  
you can have a seat.

Archie takes a seat and reaches for a magazine but thinks  
twice. He puts his hands in his pockets.

Alice comes out from the back.

ARCHIE

Well, if it isn't miss Lester  
Bangs.

ALICE

How'd you find out?

ARCHIE

I asked Jerry. You know who Howlin' Wolf is.

ALICE

Yup. I might've told you if you hadn't vanished.

ARCHIE

I know, I'm really sorry about that. Can I make it up to you? Let's go out, we'll get dinner. You can school me on music instead of listening to me make an ass out of myself like I know what I'm talking about.

ALICE

I don't know Archie. Really I don't think-

ARCHIE

Please? Just talking to you the other night about what I'm trying to do, it got me so motivated to keep going, to keep improving. And I want to find out more about you, how you got into writing about music. I've got a million questions-

ALICE

Alright, alright...  
(thinking it over)  
I'd like to find out some more about you too. I actually have, an idea I want to talk to you about. But I want to make it clear, I'm not interested in you Archie.

ARCHIE

(smiles, unphased)  
Yeah, okay.

ALICE

Archie...

ARCHIE

Relax. Really, I just want to pay you back for the advice you gave me. Seriously, it's already helped me a lot.

Alice is still very unsure, but reluctantly agrees.

ALICE  
Thursday night?

ARCHIE  
That works for me.

ALICE  
...So, what do I, beep you?

EXT. GODIN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EVENING

A sheek yuppy part of town, away from all the noise. Bikes and Priuses line the block, along with a few Lexuses.

Archie rings the doorbell outside of one of the more modest homes. He's in a black t-shirt and khakis, 'dressed up' for the occasion.

KATHERINE answers with a smile plastered on her face, which plummets to a frown as soon as she realizes it's Archie.

KATHERINE  
Helllll..oh. I didn't know you were coming.

ARCHIE  
Yeah, Godin told me about it and, I figured I'd come.

He hands her a bottle of wine which she takes as if it was a dirty diaper.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I know it's been awhile, but lately I've been trying to-

Katherine walks away with the wine as Archie trails off. He nods and enters.

INT. GODIN'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS

He immediately spots an extravagant appetizer spread. Terrible smooth jazz sets the mood.

Godin welcomes him from behind with a pat on the shoulder.

ARCHIE  
(already panicking)  
Dude, did you tell Katherine I was coming?

GODIN

No.

ARCHIE

What the fuck?

GODIN

I didn't think you'd actually come.  
I invite you every time. You've  
never came. We're gonna have to set  
another seat actually-

(to Katherine)

-hey babe!

Godin wanders off leaving Archie alone to scan the room. Sharp-jawed, clean cut men and pampered women with daggers for eyes chat amiably.

ARCHIE

(mutters)

Fuck, Godin.

INT. GODIN'S LIVING ROOM

Archie appraises the appetizer spread and crams a mini quiche into his mouth. PAUL and CARRIE are in a heated conversation by the table.

PAUL

I mean, must we all worship at the Church of Steve Jobs? I just believe the Galaxy to be a better product. Have you seen the specs? It's ridiculous.

CARRIE

We can talk specs all day, as if that means anything to anyone. But there's nothing as smooth or as satisfying as the iPhone. And you're the one who brought this argument up in the first place.

PAUL

(to Archie)

Which way do you lean on this man?

ARCHIE

(mouth full of quiche)

Well, I had an iPhone, so I guess, that side.



PAUL  
What do you have now?

ARCHIE  
Uh, I just got a beeper for now.

He flashes the artifact.

CARRIE  
Oh, wow, I love that. Pure.  
Unencumbered. Completely  
disconnected from all the invading  
text and social media that's  
draining our life force. That's a  
bold move and I respect you for it.

Archie, unsure how to take the compliment-

INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Archie's sits on his bed in his underwear, iPhone in hand.

ARCHIE  
Siri, call Domino's Pizza

SIRI  
Yes, King Archibald the Third.

-a sudden screeching and then a robotic voice emerges:

IROBOT  
Your account has been terminated  
due to insufficient funds.

INT. GODIN'S DEN - LATER

Archie is surrounded, in the middle of another discussion  
with JONATHAN, MARC, and ELIZABETH.

JONATHAN  
And the look on the child's face,  
when you tell them, yes, you do  
have HIV. But you're going to be  
alright. We're going to help you.  
We're going to allow you to live a  
wonderful life.  
(he takes a breath)  
It's just...it's like God shines out  
of their face and he's telling you,  
this is what you're here to do.

ELIZABETH

Wow. That's just incredible.

The group takes that in, Archie silent for once.

MARC

So Archie, what do you do?

ARCHIE

Uh, you know, little a this, little a that. I just got a job at a pizza place. The punk kids come in after school, and, I know a few of 'em were legitimately born crack babies, so, one of them's gotta have HIV.

Silence.

MARC

Huh.

Archie smiles, trying to cover his embarrassment.

ELIZABETH

What are you actually doing with your life though?

Archie looks down, crumbling under the awkwardness when he's saved by the bell ringing from the dining room.

KATHERINE

(all smiles)  
Dinner is served.

INT. DINING ROOM

The group has gathered around the dinner table. The food is presented and it looks fabulous.

ARCHIE

Oh, this looks fucking great  
Katherine.

Katherine looks like she's been wounded. A few guests snicker at the cuss. Archie reaches for a dish.

KATHERINE

(sternly)  
Ah, ah ah. First we go around the table and share the most interesting thing we've learned recently.

Archie smiles, unsure if this is a joke, and checks with Godin. Godin nods solemnly and discreetly.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'd like to talk about, coconut oil.

We now transition into a montage of rapid cuts around the table at different parts of this 'Learning Conversation'.

Throughout, wine is being poured and drunk, rapidly.

PENNY

Crossfit has *completely* changed my life.

MARC

And the trick is, to actually only water the lawn, 2 days a week! I mean...it's just crazy. I've always, *always* thought it was three, but it's this revolutionary-

Archie sinks deeper into his seat at the horror of it all.

JONATHAN

I mean, these corpo-charities, they're swallowing up all your donations for their own profit. It's sickening. That's why I don't give to charity at all anymore.

Carrie and other guests swig their wine.

KATHERINE

You can smother yourself in it, just slather it all over your skin. It's a sun screen, lotion, moisturizer. Right sweetie? Oh, you should see me in the morning. I'm all shiny.

Godin nods enthusiastically to everyone around them. Archie smiles, amused by his friend.

ELIZABETH

And it turns out, you know, there actually isn't gender at all. I mean...I think that's what I got out of the reading.

Godin brings out another bottle of wine, already.

PAUL

You really all NEED to see this fracking documentary, it, it makes me so angry I, I just want to stab these people in their eyeballs.

CLOSE ON Archie. Silence. We hang on Archie as he looks around the table.

POV The entire table looks back at him, glassy-eyed.

ARCHIE

Well, uhh...I guess, the last week or so, uh, I learned...spending time with the people you care about is important, and you got to make sure you do it. Healthy food is really expensive. Avoid debt at all costs. I realized that change is really, really hard. But even if it seems impossible, you gotta try, because, in the trying...that's the only way any change can happen, and when you start to change or grow...that's when the beauty of life comes out too. And it all comes from the trying.

The group isn't sure how to react to that. A few smile, a few giggle, a few nod approvingly.

Carrie jumps in next.

CARRIE

Okay, Joanie Update! She's been heavy into Sesame Street and is even beginning to say Big Bird's name. It sounds, like Buh Buh, but, it's pretty close. Watching this little baby grow before my very eyes, changing every diaper, being the shoulder she cries on, the ear she screams into, it's just so rewarding.

(deep breath)

But, getting out of the house tonight, knowing I'm on my own, and only need to take care of myself, knowing that she's not in the same building as me, it feels...like the greatest night of my life. It's just, it's just...

Carrie begins giggling and nearly hyperventilating-

MARC  
 (hushed)  
 Honey, calm down.

Archie side eyes her, mortified. He checks over to Godin who is chugging wine. Carrie pipes down.

KATHERINE  
 Well, I didn't know if I was going to bring this up, but, I have to say, me and Godin here....We're, we're gonna start trying.

A raucous high pitched cheer from the women blasts through the room. The men congratulate Godin with eyes full of pity.

As we PUSH IN ON Archie: A slight whistle, almost from a tea kettle, begins to build. Voices from the distance funnel in.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 Actually, I've heard Crossfit can be really damaging to you in the long run.

PENNY (V.O.)  
 Oh fuck you Paul.

MARC (V.O.)  
 Home Depot's the only place I can even feel like a human anymore.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
 The money's better off in my own pocket, I can do more good through my work than giving it away to these fascist corpocharicrats.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)  
 It doesn't matter if you have a penis or vagina, it actually means nothing-

Archie glances over to Godin. Everyone is still congratulating the couple but we can't hear any of it.

We push in on Godin as the kettle noise rises. He's got a smile on his face but is staring a hole in the wall.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
 It's one of the best fats you can eat. I'm just trying to figure out the best way to consume it. You can cook food in it, you can put some in your Pu-Erh tea.

(MORE)

KATHERINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I mean, you can even just swallow  
it whole if you'd like. Sometimes I  
do!

Back on Archie, sweating now. The high pitched whistle has  
reached a crescendo and he bursts up from his seat.

INT. GODIN'S KITCHEN

Archie sits on the counter with the land line phone to his  
ear waiting for someone to pick up. No one does.

Godin comes in to grab some more wine and cheese.

ARCHIE  
(into the phone)  
Ok, I guess so. I'm really doing  
you a favor you know. I'm at a nice  
dinner party and everything. You're  
welcome. I'll see you soon.

Archie hangs up the phone and looks at Godin, bummed.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Hey man I gotta go, apparently Jane  
dropped Bernie off at Fred's and  
Fred has a business meeting, so I'm  
gonna watch him until it's over.

GODIN  
(smiles)  
I know you weren't on the phone  
with anybody.

Archie, caught, just smiles.

GODIN (CONT'D)  
I'll walk you out.

EXT. GODIN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Godin's hitting a joint. He coughs as softly as he can and  
passes it to Archie.

ARCHIE  
Jesus Christ I already have fucking  
PTSD from being in there.

Godin leans back on the car. He looks tired.

GODIN

Is this the rest of my life?  
Searching for the best fucking way  
to consume coconut oil?

ARCHIE

Come on man. It's not that bad. You  
guys are the most well informed  
people I know. You know all the  
good shit, the best shit, for  
whatever you need in life, you  
know? I wouldn't have a clue about  
the best coconut oil, or the best  
lawnmower-

GODIN

So what? How does knowing any of  
that shit actually make us good?

He gets up and paces, shaking his head.

ARCHIE

Are you alright?

GODIN

Yeah, sorry it's just...I don't know.

ARCHIE

Listen, if you're unhappy, you  
don't gotta stay doing what you're  
doing.

Godin smiles and thinks about that.

GODIN

That's why I love you Archie. I  
don't think any of my other friends  
would ever actually say that to me.

ARCHIE

What I'm saying is true though.

GODIN

Yeah, maybe...maybe you're right.

ARCHIE

Wow. That's the first time in a  
long time I've heard you say that.  
Probably since...that time in 11th  
grade when I told you sometimes it  
feels good to get a finger in your  
butt when you're-

GODIN  
 (hushed yell)  
 Shut the fuck up Archie!

Godin looks back at the house in stoned paranoia.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALKS - VARIOUS - MORNING

Archie runs. He doesn't look like he's about to keel over and die, which is an improvement. "See the Changes" by Crosby, Stills and Nash plays.

INT. SUPERMARKET

Archie peruses aisles. Healthy food fills his cart.

A little girl in a carriage sticks her tongue out at him as he passes. He makes an obnoxious but playful face right back.

AT THE REGISTER --

The cashier rings up the last of his items.

CASHIER  
 That'll be \$88.90.

ARCHIE  
 God damnit.  
 (pulls out a few  
 overpriced juices)  
 Let's get rid of this one. And this  
 one.  
 (to the people behind)  
 Sorry. And this one.

Chicken and spinach are basically all that's left.

INT. LIBRARY

Archie searches a number of bookshelves.

CLOSE ON A TABLE:

A stack of books drops on a table. They are:

Hammer of the Gods by Stephen Davis, various X-Men comics,  
 and on the bottom, The Theory of Evolution by Charles Darwin.



Archie sets to work and cracks the first one, the Led Zeppelin biography. The sun fades throughout as we:

TIME JUMP:

Archie eats his chicken and spinach salad while he intently reads the first book.

TIME JUMP:

Hammer of the Gods is set to the side, about a quarter through. He's now engrossed in an X-Men comic.

TIME JUMP:

Archie pores over the Darwin book. His brow is furrowed.

TIME JUMP:

Archie is asleep, head nestled in the bosom of evolutionary thought. The song fades out.

It's dark outside. A librarian stands over Archie.

LIBRARIAN

Excuse me....Excuse me!

ARCHIE

(jolts awake from a dream)

Check the samurai's pocket- Hrmph.

He takes a moment to wake up. Then it dawns on him.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

What time is it?

LIBRARIAN

8:45. The library closes in 15 minutes.

ARCHIE

Fuck!

Everyone left in the library flinches and looks over.

LIBRARIAN

Sir!

Archie runs past the librarian towards the door.

ARCHIE

Sorry!

EXT. RESTAURANT

Archie, still running, finally arrives at the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT

Archie frantically looks for Alice. Nowhere to be found.

ARCHIE

(to the hostess)

Excuse me, did a young lady come in here about an hour ago? Little blonde, absolutely gorgeous.

HOSTESS

Someone like that left about 20 minutes ago. I don't know if I'd say she was *gorgeous*, but-

ARCHIE

Fuck!

Those in earshot look over.

HOSTESS

Sir!

ARCHIE

Sorry. Actually, no I'm not, you're pretty rude.

The hostess pouts as Archie runs out the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS

Archie runs once again, running right past ALICE on a bench, enjoying an ice cream.

ALICE

Archie!

Archie spins around. Relieved, he stops and tries to speak, but mostly just sucks wind, bent over.

ARCHIE

(big breath between pause)

I'm sorhy...sleep...library...so sorhy...

ALICE

Take it easy, catch your breath.

Archie does. Finally:

ARCHIE

I'm really sorry. Jesus, this is the worst excuse ever but I went to the library to read, like a moron, and I fell asleep, the librarian woke me up and...shit I'm sorry.

Alice surprisingly doesn't even really look that mad.

ALICE

You're not a moron for reading Archie, you're a moron for falling asleep.

ARCHIE

I feel terrible. Can we go eat now? Let's just go grab something.

ALICE

I'm already on dessert.

Archie checks out the ice cream.

ARCHIE

Where'd you get that?

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

They both eat ice cream, walking around the city.

ARCHIE

You probably think I'm a total weirdo now.

ALICE

I already thought that.

Archie laughs.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What were you reading?

ARCHIE

I decided to give the self help books a break, they weren't really helping much. So, Hammer of the Gods, the Led Zepellin book.

ALICE

You know they stole quite a bit from your guy Howlin' Wolf?

ARCHIE

Yeah, I know, but- You've read it?

ALICE

Yes. But I think reading about rock stars shooting heroin and fucking 16 year old girls might not be the best inspiration while on your journey of self improvement.

ARCHIE

(laughs)

You've got a point there. I am jonesing for my next hit of dope.

ALICE

I've got some books that I think could help. I can lend you them.

ARCHIE

That'd be great Alice. Thank you. You're really...nice.

Archie smiles a sincere, goofy grin. Alice looks away.

ALICE

I have a couple things I want to ask you. One in particular, but first, I need to know. How'd you get the name Archie?

ARCHIE

Oh, yeah. My father, he was a huge fan of the comics. He got here when he was 12 and the comics helped him learn English.

ALICE

Oh, wow. Where was he from?

ARCHIE

Hungary. He told me that was the second most important thing Archie did for him. The most important was how to hit on girls. He always said he went after my mom because she looked like Veronica.

ALICE  
That's sweet....I'm surprised he  
didn't name you Jughead.

ARCHIE  
That's my middle name.

ALICE  
Do they live in the city?

ARCHIE  
No...they're not around.

ALICE  
Where are they?

ARCHIE  
Well, uh, my mom died when I was  
11. And...my dad sort of just fell  
apart after that.

ALICE  
Oh my God. I'm sorry Archie.

ARCHIE  
It's okay.

An awkward beat as they slow down in front of a brownstone.

ALICE  
This is me actually.

ARCHIE  
(snapped out of it)  
Shit, you live here?

ALICE  
Relax, I sublet a tiny attic  
upstairs.

ARCHIE  
(smiles)  
Ha, me too.

Archie notices a sleek black motorcycle parked in front.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. Check this thing out.

ALICE  
You like it?

ARCHIE

I love it. I've always wanted a bike.

(takes a closer look)

Why are you out with me, you could be riding on the back of this thing with some bearded stud.

ALICE

I wouldn't be riding on the back.

Archie looks up confused.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's mine.

ARCHIE

No fucking way.

ALICE

Yes fucking way.

ARCHIE

That's sooo coool. How much of a badass are you? Do you know karate? Could you beat me up?

ALICE

I don't know karate but I'm pretty sure I could beat you up. If the idea of riding on the back doesn't bruise your fragile male ego, I could take you home on it.

Archie thinks it over-

EXT. STREETS

The motorcycle roars down a street. Archie holds on for dear life on the back with a big grin on his face.

EXT. ARCHIE'S PLACE

They pull up to Archie's house. Archie gets off the bike and they take off their helmets. Alice stays on the bike.

ARCHIE

Oh my God, I feel, giddy, like a little school girl.

ALICE

There's an image.

ARCHIE

Do you wanna come up and, uh, check out my place?

ALICE

I can't actually. Listen, I wanted to tell you something Archie, or-

ARCHIE

I had a really great time tonight.

Archie begins making the eyes at Alice.

ALICE

Yeah, me too. But listen...

Archie stares at her for a beat and leans in for the kiss.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(pulling right back)

Oh, no Archie.

He halts, a deer in headlights, and pulls back.

ARCHIE

No, no, yeah, no, yeah.

ALICE

No, Archie, it's what I wanted to talk to you about-

Archie strains a smile and bolts up his stairs.

ARCHIE

(sheepishly)

Good night Alice.

ALICE

Archie...

No response. Alice just watches him go up.

INT. ARCHIE'S PLACE

Archie enters the apartment and doesn't even turn the lights on. He sits by the window at his kitchen table. A streetlight spills in. Alice's bike grows fainter as she drives away.

He buries his head in his hands-

ARCHIE

(muffled)

Fuuuuccckkkk....

The streetlight outside flickers and goes out, leaving Archie in the darkness of his apartment.

INT. ROCK CLUB - FRONT ROOM BAR

Archie and Fred sit with stale beers at a corner table.

ARCHIE

It's the most direct thing that can be communicated between two people. You stick your face into theirs, and if they want it, they'll meet ya, and if they don't, they'll snap their necks back like they're in a fucking Busta Rhymes video.

FRED

You can't beat yourself up, sometimes people just aren't attracted to each other. You don't really have a say in it.

ARCHIE

But it went *so well*.

FRED

Maybe she just thinks you're ugly. Would that be so shocking?

This causes Archie to break, with a smile.

ARCHIE

You always know how to cheer a guy up Freddie Prince Jr.

FRED

I know how to cheer you up you masochist.

Archie gulps the rest of his, and Fred's, beer, and gets up.

ARCHIE

You can get this one.

EXT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

Archie and Fred exit the bar. Woody and his gang of misfits approach from behind. It's apparent they mean business.

WOODY

Hey!



Archie and Fred turn to see the goons approaching.

ARCHIE

Oh, here we go. I didn't do anything with her Woody.

WOODY

I didn't say you did. How'd you even know I was gonna say something about Victoria if you didn't do anything? Cus you must've done something with her! I know you did.

ARCHIE

How do you know I did?

WOODY

I just know...You've always been a conniving son of a bitch Archie, even in middle school when you went after my Laura Mae.

ARCHIE

I did not go after Laura Moo, she fucking tackled me during recess and tried to grab my dick. And I knew you were gonna say something about Victoria because you're a psycho with attachment issues that apparently stem all the way back to middle school.

WOODY

You gotta lotta nerve talking to me like that after I seen you in that picture with my girl.

ARCHIE

So you're gonna fight me because I was in a picture with your ex-girlfriend?

WOODY

...I might.

ARCHIE

Listen, I truly did nothing with her. But I guess I'll just step up and do the citizens of this community a favor. Get over her. You haven't dated her since you were a teenager. When's the last time you even saw her? Spoken to her?

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Do you really wanna be a grown man who still lives his life like he's in high school? Because it's not too late to change, believe me. There's literally thousands of women in this city. And if you don't do something soon, in 5, 10, 20 years, you're gonna be the same pathetic loser you are now, and nobody wants that, including you.

(deep breath)

I'm not gonna fight you. And if you really wanna punch me in the face instead of trying to piece together your own shitty life, I don't know what I can say to change your mind.

The group takes that in.

Woody punches Archie square in the eye knocking him down. His boys go wild.

Calm, cool, Fred steps in to stop Woody from going any further. Archie struggles but eventually stands.

FRED

Now Woody. Usually Archie isn't right...about anything. But he's right about this. He could've said it a lot nicer, but that's his defect. I'll let that punch go cus frankly he deserves a punch in the face every once in awhile. But the fact of the matter is, you don't go out with her anymore, and you can't go around hitting everybody that talks to her.

WOODY

Stay the fuck out of it Fred.

FRED

No, I don't think so. Archie might not fight you, but I will.

WOODY

What?

Fred starts crouching down, getting limber, pulling these weird stretches, freaking Woody out.

WOODY (CONT'D)

Jesus man, what are you doing?

Woody's goons start cracking their knuckles but you can see they're nervous too.

WOODY (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Come on, don't get yourself hurt  
because your friend's a shmuck.

Fred rises like a bear and steps to Woody.

Woody swings at Fred. Fred dodges the punch and side swipes Woody down. TREVOR comes in for the attack but Fred cold cocks him with a brick of a right, knocking him out. The other goon hesitates and freezes. Woody gets back up and Fred simply grabs and slams him shoulder first into the concrete wall. Wind knocked out of him, he crumples to the ground.

Archie makes a run at Woody but Fred turns him around and they walk away. The third goon attends to his buddies.

INT. ARCHIE'S BATHROOM - MORNING

CU on Archie's eye: bruised purple, tints of noxious yellow.

He's examining himself in the mirror. He tries to force a smile...and it quickly fades away.

INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM

Archie stands over his stash. It's significantly dwindled.

He sighs and puts a good chunk in an envelope.

INT. BOOKIE'S DINER - BOOTH

Archie sits across from the bookie, who doesn't look up. After a few beats he finally glances from his paper.

BOOKIE

Shit, that's a shiner.

ARCHIE

Mhm.

BOOKIE

What happened?

ARCHIE

Just some asshole.

BOOKIE  
Not a gambling thing, right?

ARCHIE  
No.

BOOKIE  
Good...I don't wanna harp on it, I'm just saying, it would be very bad if you gambled again when we explicitly told you not to.

ARCHIE  
(grits teeth)  
I know.

BOOKIE  
Ok, as long as ya know.

Archie hands the envelope to the bookie under the table, and leaves without another word.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - AFTERNOON

Archie, miserable, sweeps like it's the first time he's ever held a broom (and it might be).

Victoria strides in. Archie stands up a little straighter.

ARCHIE  
(acting disinterested)  
Can I help you?

VICTORIA  
We need to talk.

ARCHIE  
Sure. Carlos, I'm going on break.

CARLOS, early 50's, appears from the back.

CARLOS  
You had your break 20 minutes ago.

ARCHIE  
I won't be long.

CARLOS  
You walk outta that door, you're fired.

ARCHIE  
Well I fucking quit then.

Archie struggles to tear his apron off. When he does, he throws it behind the counter. But it doesn't make it.

He looks at Victoria like a badass. She couldn't care less.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP

ARCHIE

Fuckin' prick. Like I need that  
shit job...You wanna get a drink or-

VICTORIA

I'm pregnant.

ARCHIE

Oh...kay? Congratulations, I guess.  
Why are you telling me?

Victoria can't believe what she's hearing.

VICTORIA

It's yours.

Archie nearly smiles, thinking this accusation over.

ARCHIE

What is this? You have your crazy  
ex punch me in the face, and then  
you hit me up saying your pregnant?  
What sick game are you two running?

VICTORIA

What?

ARCHIE

Seriously, what kind of creepshow  
scam is this?

VICTORIA

(boiling over)

You fucking shit. You're fucking  
kidding me right?

ARCHIE

What?

VICTORIA

I haven't talked to that psycho in  
over two years. I've had to change  
my number 12 times. I didn't know  
he punched you in the face, but now  
I fucking want to.

Archie's taken back by her anger, but still confused.

ARCHIE

But-

VICTORIA

A few a weeks ago, after we won the  
championship, you fuck-

Fear spreads across his face.

EXT. O'SULLIVAN'S SPORTS BAR - FLASHBACK - THAT NIGHT

We return to that fateful night. Archie stumbles out of the bar and into the cab, and now we see who's in it: Victoria.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

ARCHIE

(drunk, surprised)

Hey.

She smiles drunkenly, and they make out as the cab pulls off.

INT. ARCHIE'S PLACE

Making out and tearing off each other's clothes as they go.

INT. ARCHIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're fucking now, drunken, sex-crazed animals.

CUT TO:

Archie is passed out on top of her, snoring.

VICTORIA

Archie? Archie. Oh my God. Err..

After a few unsuccessful shoves trying to get him off she manages to slide out from underneath.

EXT. PIZZA SHOP - BACK TO THE PRESENT

Victoria has an 'I told you so' look on her face, with no joy.

We're close on Archie's stunned, panic stricken face. He stares straight ahead, past Victoria.

Victoria begins saying things we can't hear. A low frequency, almost dog whistle, is the only thing heard.

VICTORIA  
 (shoving Archie)  
 Hey!  
 (he snaps out of it)  
 Did you hear me? I'm not keeping  
 it.

He nearly falls to the ground from relief. He has to grab onto the wall to hold himself up.

ARCHIE  
 Oh Jesus fuckin Christ thank god.

VICTORIA  
 You're a real asshole, you know  
 that?

ARCHIE  
 I'm sorry, ugh, woo! Jesus, I think  
 I nearly had a heart attack there  
 haha. I mean can you imagine?...

Dead silence as she looks at him with disdain.

VICTORIA  
 You're paying for it.

ARCHIE  
 Oh...uh.

VICTORIA  
 What the fuck do you mean 'oh uh'?

ARCHIE  
 It's just...do you know..for sure-

She begins punching him in the arm.

VICTORIA  
 Yes you fucking asshole pig shit-

ARCHIE  
 (recoiling)  
 Ah, alright, alright. You can't  
 blame me for asking. Girls do that  
 to actors and shit all the time.

VICTORIA  
 Yeah, you're fucking Bradley Cooper-

ARCHIE  
(flattered)  
-Bradley Cooper?

VICTORIA  
-like I'd ever try to blackmail a  
scrub ass mothafucka like you.

ARCHIE  
Ok, ok...I'll get you the money.

VICTORIA  
Get it to me soon. I want this over  
with. I'd rather kill myself than  
bring your bastard kid into it.

She leaves him with that and walks away. Archie, stunned,  
stands there. It begins to lightly drizzle.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - EVENING

It's pouring now. Soaked, Archie arrives at Fred's. He runs  
up the front steps and lets himself in.

INT. FRED'S FRONT ROOM/LIVING ROOM

Archie looks around the darkened house. No sign of Fred.

ARCHIE  
Fred?

A low snuffle and cough is heard from the back.

INT. FRED'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Archie finds Fred sitting in the kitchen, head in hands. He  
jerks up when he notices Archie and wipes his eyes. They're  
noticeably red.

FRED  
(struggling to hold it in)  
Hey, hey Archie.

ARCHIE  
Fred...are you crying?

Fred breaks down again and collapses back into the chair.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
What happened?



FRED

I, I, oh shit Archie. She,  
she...she's fighting for full  
custody, she filed today.

ARCHIE

What?

FRED

Jane, she, she's trying to get full  
custody of Bernie, and, and she's  
gonna fucking win because she's the  
mother, that's just how it works-

ARCHIE

Woah, woah, come on man, it's ok,  
you're a way better parent than  
her, anyone could see that-

FRED

You don't understand. Even if I  
could win, I don't have the money.

(resolutely)

It doesn't matter, even if it kills  
my business, she can't take him  
away. He can't live his life under  
her. I, I can't...

ARCHIE

It's gonna be okay.

Fred continues to quietly sob.

FRED

No it's not. She, we...Archie, I  
can't hang out with you anymore.

ARCHIE

Hey, I'm not going anywhere pal,  
we're gonna get you through this-

FRED

We can't, I...she cites you being  
around, being the godfather, as one  
of the complaints in her suit,  
that, you're reckless and  
irresponsible, and, and it shows  
how little I care for Bernie.

ARCHIE

(stunned)

What? That's bullshit.

FRED

I know, I know it's bullshit, but. I have to put myself in the best position to hang on to Bernie— Jesus I can't lose him. Even if I have to sell my equipment, even if I have to sell this fucking house, I have to do whatever it takes. And that means right now we can't see each other anymore.

ARCHIE

I can't believe this. I can't believe you're letting her do this.

FRED

What?

ARCHIE

(breaking down)

You're just gonna let her ruin our friendship? She's always been like this, always fucking attacking me, using me to go against you—

FRED

Archie, this isn't about you.

ARCHIE

But it is, she's using me against you, like she always has, the fucking bitch—

FRED

(standing, roaring)

Fucking Christ Archie! This isn't about you! This isn't about Jane.

(softly)

How, how don't you understand that? Who am I kidding, you'd rather do fucking blow than go to his birthday party.

Archie's hurt by that. Fred sits down, drained.

FRED (CONT'D)

You want to become a better person Archie? You can't. Because you can't do that when you only care about yourself.

Archie looks on the verge of tears. Angry and hurt, he storms out of Fred's.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK

Archie wanders aimlessly down a dark and lonely road. The rain has stopped. A street light shuts off as he passes it.

EXT. ARCHIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Turning onto his street, he passes the gang of 14 year olds.

They're tying black duct tape from one pole to another across the street. Archie doesn't notice. Finished, they catch up.

Eugene throws a small rock at his back. He turns on them-

ARCHIE  
(furious)  
What the fuck you little fucks?

EUGENE  
Jesus, calm down Archie.

ARCHIE  
I should beat the piss out of you.

He continues walking. Shaken, the boys follow cautiously.

In the background, a car comes to a screeching halt. A startled man gets out of his car to examine the duct tape.

ERIC  
Could you buy us some booze?

ARCHIE  
Fuck off.

After a beat of thought Archie relents.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Actually, yeah. What do you want?

EXT. LIQUOR STORE

The gang huddles and gets their money together. They break and Eric hands Archie the money.

He pockets it and we follow him into the liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

At the counter-

ARCHIE  
Pack a cigarettes.

The clerk rings him up and he starts towards the back.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
You don't mind if I take the back  
way do ya?

CLERK  
What? Sir, you can't-

Archie ignores the woman and heads straight to the back door  
as we follow him, past cases of beer-

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He strides by a confused man eating a sandwich at the desk.

MAN  
What the hell are you doing back  
here?

Archie ignores him and exits out the back door.

EXT. BACK OF LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Archie cuts through a large hole in the fence and disappears.

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Archie's on a pay phone.

ARCHIE  
Yeah. I wanna parlay the Spurs, -6  
and take the over in the Bruins-  
Canadiens game.  
(waits a beat)  
Uh huh. \$2500.

EXT. O'SULLIVAN'S SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Archie stares across the street through the windows: the  
regulars line the bar. Huge plasma TV's show various sporting  
events. The glow beckons him in.

Archie takes a deep breath, and crosses the street.

INT. O'SULLIVAN'S SPORTS BAR

Archie enters-

ARCHIE

What's up you fucks? You miss me?

Only a few people even glance in his direction. RONNIE has the decency to flip him off. Archie joins him at his table.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(yells to the bar)

Bud and a shot of whiskey!

(a grunt from the bar)

How's life Ronnie?

RONNIE

Miserable as ever.

ARCHIE

Amen brother. Ain't life just a bag  
a dicks smacking you in the face  
over and over again?

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Nobody wants to hear about your  
weekend Archie!

RONNIE

You got anything going' tonight?

ARCHIE

I sure do.

Archie checks the TV's. Both games have just started.

A waitress drops the drinks at Archie's table and he slams the whiskey back immediately.

JUMPCUT TO:

A few empty beers clutter the table.

RONNIE

Yeah in Providence it's only 200  
bucks-

They stop talking and smile as the waitress drops off shots.

ARCHIE

You'd think I'd love it there, but  
it skeeves me out. You can always  
tell who got lypo, they got the  
dents in the back a their hips.

RONNIE  
I kinda dig that.

ARCHIE  
More power to ya Ronnie.

Ronnie and Archie slam down their shots.

Archie glances at a TV: ON the hockey game. The goalie makes a great save. Archie slams the table.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Fucking aye man!

BARTENDER (O.S.)  
Shut up Archie.

Archie ignores the voice. More beers are dropped off.

JUMPCUT TO:

Both feeling it now.

ARCHIE  
(watching the game)  
C'mon, c'mon...

RONNIE  
I mean, why can't I win sometime? I don't deserve it? It's not like I'd do anything bad if I won. Just some fun shit. Like, I'd get two different dogs, same age, and just watch 'em grow up as pals. Different types of dogs though. That'd be so funny...I'd do good too. It's not like I'd be sniffing coke off a hooker's ass every night. I'd help out.

ARCHIE  
Can you get coke?

RONNIE  
Nah. Last time I did coke was when Len Bias died.

Archie nods, 'fair enough', but thinks it over.

ARCHIE  
Weren't you like 12 years old when that happened?

JUMPCUT TO:

Silent and drunk. Archie's focused on the Spurs, down by 3.

RONNIE  
Two more and you're good.

ARCHIE  
(to the bar)  
Two more shots!

RONNIE  
No. Well, yeah, but I mean two more  
in the hockey game and you're good.

ARCHIE  
Oh fuck yeah Ronnie. Two more  
shots!

BARTENDER (O.S.)  
Shut the fuck up Archie!

JUMPCUT TO:

Ronnie sits alone for a beat, happy and drunk. Archie  
stumbles out of the bathroom straight into a stool.

RONNIE  
(slurred)  
You see this ya bish?

Archie squints at the televisions-

ARCHIE'S POV: The two televisions have become six floating,  
blurry squares. We can't make out the scores.

Archie smiles to himself as Ronnie pushes a shot towards him.  
Archie slams it back and-

CUT TO BLACK:

A long beat in the darkness.

ALICE (O.S.)  
(far off in the distance)  
Archie....Archieee....

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

ALICE (O.S.)  
Archie!

Archie jolts awake in bed, and immediately grabs his head.

ARCHIE

Aagghhh.

A bit of coke sits on the tip of his nose. Much more sits on his bed side table.

ALICE (O.S.)

Archie!

EXT. ARCHIE'S PLACE

Alice is outside in the sun carrying a few books.

ALICE

I know you're in there!

INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM

Archie rolls around a few times, still rubbing his throbbing head and finally buries it under his pillow.

EXT. ARCHIE'S PLACE

No answer. Alice puts the books on the front steps.

ALICE

I left some books here, the books we were talking about before you, ya know. Can we talk? You didn't let me finish what I had to say the other night.

Still nothing. She sighs and walks away.

INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM

Archie lies motionless under his pillow for a few beats of silence. He pokes his head up and peers out the window. No sign of Alice. He lets his head drop for another couple beats before finally launching upright. Grabbing his head from the sudden move, he struggles to think for a moment. Finally-

ARCHIE

Holy shit.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE

Archie staggers in with sunglasses on.



ARCHIE  
What's the word DJ?

DJ ignores him and continues to read her book.

Archie checks the paper and opens up to the sports section.

INSERT:

The scores of the Spurs game, and then the hockey game.

He gleefully taps his fist on the counter in excitement. He didn't dream it.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
I'll have the usual. And a cup of  
coffee. And...

Archie stacks an assortment of candy on the counter. DJ slowly grabs cigarettes and a scratch ticket.

DJ  
No more clean living for you Mr.  
Kovacs?

ARCHIE  
I figure we're all gonna die one  
day, right?

Archie grins at DJ as he pays. DJ doesn't find it amusing.

EXT. SHADY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Archie smokes a cigarette. A door from below opens and a bearded man stands in the doorway.

ARCHIE  
Hi there.

He hands Archie a stuffed brown paper bag and shuts the door.

CLOSE ON

The brown paper bag is opened and we see the glorious green wads stuffed inside. Archie won quite a lot. We pan up to see Archie's face, a devilish grin spreading wider.

An obnoxious song you can't help but nod your head to bumps.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

CLOSE ON: A fat blunt being smoked-

Archie and Ronnie swerve in and out of traffic on bicycles. They gracefully pass the blunt between them.

INT. BREAKFAST SPOT

A barrage of plates are placed on the table: bacon and eggs, toast, bagels, pancakes, French toast, sausage, corned beef and hash, a slice of cheesecake and chocolate ice cream in what could best be described as a vase.

Ronnie already looks banged up, literally. They dig in.

EXT. RONNIE'S BACKYARD

A sunny day with beautiful clouds in the sky. A shirtless Ronnie finishes off a 40 ounce.

Archie shoots up into frame, railing back some cocaine.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE

Archie and Ronnie belligerently smack golf balls while passing an open bottle of Grey Goose between them.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - EVENING

Archie and Ronnie pass out shots to bar patrons, who raise glasses in their honor. Archie loves the attention.

LIGHT WEIGHT  
(already drunk)  
Here's to Andy and Randy!

ARCHIE  
Archie. It's Archie.

LIGHT WEIGHT  
Fuck yeah it is!

The crowd cheers and all drink.

## INT. WEST END NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

In their best club attire, Archie and Ronnie rage, sweaty beasts wildly swinging and bumping into the surrounding less sweaty, better looking people.

Archie spots the weird, creepy guy who seized from the last time. He and Archie exchange happy, fucked up waves to one another.

The beat slowly, rhythmically builds towards the drop, synchronized with the following-

## EXT. CITY STREETS

Still on the bikes, Ronnie takes a long drag of the blunt and veers to the right, straight into a dumpster. Archie pedals on, eyes glazed, oblivious to the accident.

## INT. BREAKFAST SPOT

The food nearly gone, Archie looks like he might slip into a coma. Ronnie shovels in the last bit of scraps.

## EXT. RONNIE'S BACKYARD

Archie and Ronnie sloppily wrestle in the yard. Archie musters his cocaine strength and pins Ronnie on his back.

## EXT. DRIVING RANGE

Ronnie is passed out on his back. Archie sets up a tee and ball on top of his belly button. He winds back to swing-

## INT. UPSCALE BAR

Archie and Ronnie slam more shots with bar patrons. One too many for the light weight, who throws up on Archie's pants.

The beat finally DROPS-

## INT. WEST END

The dance floor nearly empty now. Archie and Ronnie still plod around dancing, much slower and sadder now.

EXT. WEST END - FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

The music low, trapped inside the club behind them. Archie and Ronnie grab steak and cheese's from a food truck.

Girls getting out of the club walk by in tight skirts.

ARCHIE  
(incoherent)  
Hm less keep ish going sekshies.

They ignore him. Ronnie takes a bite of his sub which squeezes out the bottom and plops straight onto his shoes.

They stare blankly at the mess for a moment.

INT. STRIP CLUB

The music comes back with a vengeance, even louder now.

Archie and Ronnie sit lifeless in the strip club. Archie looks like he's ready for bed, despite a pyramid of one's set up in front of him. The dancing stripper places her feet up on the edge and starts slamming her crotch into Archie's face in an attempt to wake him up. It barely works.

VARIOUS SETTINGS

In an overhead shot, money is plopped down at each spot they visited: the breakfast spot, driving range, bar, club, food truck, and finally the strip club: a flurry of one's shower down upon us in SLOW MOTION.

INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Birds chirp. Archie sits on his bed in a hungover daze, glitter still smeared on his face. He checks his brown paper bag: plenty left. He barely made a dent.

He surveys the room; empty beer bottles, some loose cocaine, a pizza box. Finally, the stack of books Alice left him, now in the corner, catches his eye.

They are: Awaken the Giant Within by Tony Robbins, Man's Search for Meaning by Viktor Frankl, Tiny Beautiful Things by Cheryl Strayed, Giving by Bill Clinton, The Miracle of Mindfulness by Thich Nhat Hanh, and Meditations by Marcus Aurelius.

He picks up Awaken the Giant, sits in his chair, and starts reading.

We now FADE through a series of cuts as the day passes-

LATER --

ARCHIE curled up in the chair, further into the book.

LATER --

ARCHIE, sprawled out on the floor now with Man's Search. A bookmark is a 1/4 into Awaken.

AFTERNOON --

ARCHIE, back on the chair, halfway through Man's Search.

LATER --

Upside down in the chair, reading Giving, by Bill Clinton.

NIGHT --

Archie's passed out in the chair. Giving lays open on his chest, rising and falling with Archie's snores.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - DAY

Archie, hidden behind a corner wall and some bushes, peers across the street at Fred's house.

A YARD SALE sign sits out front. Tables are scattered on the lawn with for sale items spread on each.

Archie spots Fred and another MAN loading a workbench into a large van. Fred's garage is open and people examine his woodworking equipment, each piece with a price tag on it. Fred takes cash from the man and shakes his hand.

Archie turns away. His breathing is rapid and he looks like he's on the verge of a panic attack. He darts out of frame.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

Children run around maniacally just as before. Archie pops up in the B.G. behind some bushes and creeps in all sweaty.

ARCHIE'S POV: peering through the bushes, trying to spot Godin. No sign of him anywhere.

HALL MONITOR (O.S.)

Hey!

Archie turns and a teenager in khaki's and a hall monitor sash glares at him.

HALL MONITOR (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

ARCHIE  
Uhh, I was looking to see if a buddy of mine was over there-

HALL MONITOR  
Got a lot of 8 year old buddies?

ARCHIE  
It's a teacher-

The hall monitor produces a pad and pen.

HALL MONITOR  
And their name?

ARCHIE  
Hmm, you know what, I'm not gonna give you that.

HALL MONITOR  
What exactly are you doing here?  
Because it doesn't look good.

ARCHIE  
Listen, I told you, they're not here. I'm just gonna go.

HALL MONITOR  
Not without answering my questions.  
I'm the authority around here.

ARCHIE  
Yeah, I can tell by your fucking sash.

HALL MONITOR  
(jots in his pad)  
Swearing within a hundred feet of a playground-.

The hall monitor takes a step forward.

HALL MONITOR (CONT'D)  
What's your name smart mouth?

ARCHIE  
Hugh.

HALL MONITOR  
Last name?

ARCHIE  
Jazz.

HALL MONITOR  
(jots before stopping)  
Hugh Jaz- Oh, you're a regular Bart  
Simpson.

ARCHIE  
Thanks. You're what I imagine Lisa  
and Milhouse's kid would be like.

Archie begins walking away, but the hall monitor follows.

HALL MONITOR  
Hey, get back here-

ARCHIE  
Fuck off.

Archie picks up his pace and so does the hall monitor. Archie begins jogging. So does the hall monitor. Archie runs. Finally the teen halts, reaching the end of his jurisdiction.

HALL MONITOR  
Stay outta here ya creep!

EXT. O'SULLIVAN'S SPORTS BAR - DUSK

Archie stands halted, staring across the street at-

O'Sullivan's Sport Bar: Where he lost it all and won it back.

Archie does not look well. His eye is still purple and bloodshot, he's dirty from the shrubs he's been in, and more than anything else, he simply looks lost and defeated.

He watches the day drunks already at it. Old men made older by drink, downing the last of their draft beer. His foot moves slightly forward, but he hesitates.

A tug at his shirt. Archie looks down and sees little Bernie, in an outfit eerily similar to Archie's, also looking dirty.

BERNIE  
Hey mister, you got any cash? My  
Dad needs to keep playing Keno or  
he says we can't eat this week.

Archie's horrified looking down into those big pleading eyes.

He shakes his head and shuts his eyes hard. When he opens them, little apparition Bernie is gone.

With a sigh of relief he looks towards the bar once more. Archie's face hardens into determination. He walks away.

EXT. JUST DOWN THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Archie walks on, the bar visible behind us. A huge red pick up truck swerves in front of Archie. The bookie hops out.

ARCHIE  
Hey man, listen I-

The bookie gives a low uppercut right to the stomach. Archie goes down like a ton of bricks, wind completely knocked out of him. Another boot to the stomach. He gasps for breath.

BOOKIE  
I told you one fucking thing  
Archie, one thing.

He gives Archie a moment to start to get up-

POP, one to the mouth, bloodies his lip, and back down.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)  
Don't fucking bet with anyone else!

As he winds up again with his foot Archie manages to gasp out-

ARCHIE  
I got your money!

BOOKIE  
(stops for a moment)  
Excuse me?

He allows Archie to gasp some oxygen back into his lungs.

ARCHIE  
(heaving)  
The bet...I won...I can pay you  
back...when I pick it up.

The bookie gives this some thought...before kicking him again in the stomach.

BOOKIE  
You're lucky I got my kid's award  
ceremony tonight or I'd drag you  
there by your fucking ear. I'll be  
at the diner tomorrow, same time.  
(MORE)



## BOOKIE (CONT'D)

If you're one minute late I'm gonna  
come to your house and break both  
of your hands.

The bookie gets back into his truck and drives off. Archie  
can't stand up. He spits out some blood.

## EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK

Archie hobbles home, in even worse shape than before.

People pass him on the street and stare at this battered man,  
black eye and puffy lip, bleeding and wheezing along.

## INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM

Archie falls into bed, fully clothed, curls up into a ball  
and passes out.

The last remnants of the sun pour in and we-

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

## INT. ARCHIE'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Near dawn, Archie wakes up looking even worse than yesterday.  
Blood stains his pillow. His lip is swollen and his purple  
eye is even darker. He moves and winces, clutching his ribs.

He gingerly gets up and goes to his closet, takes out his  
suitcase and opens it. He takes out his brown bag of money  
but puts it aside. Something else has caught his attention:  
the picture of him as a child with his parents.

He takes it out and stares at it. Before everything went to  
hell. They all look genuinely happy. He begins choking up.  
Teary eyed, he lets out a hushed cry, before sniffing it  
away. He steels up and makes a decision.

He stuffs the picture, some clothes, and Alice's books, in  
the suitcase. Throws his beat up leather jacket on and jams  
the brown bag of bills deep into an inner pocket. Shuts the  
suitcase and walks out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

Archie stomps along, a man on a mission. He passes Eugene and his gang playing dice in an alley. They grab their bikes and follow the man who scammed them from a few yards back.

EUGENE

Looks like somebody saved us the trouble of beating your ass.

Archie stops, and so do the boys. A mini-Mexican standoff. Both look at each other with rigid jaws, Archie with his suitcase, Eugene and his boys chewing globs of gum.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry I took your money the other night.

ERIC

That was a real scam thing to do.

ARCHIE

Can I make it up to you?

The boys, suspicious, don't answer.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE

The boys wait, hoping they're not being duped again. Finally, Archie exits the liquor store with a 30 of Natty Ice and places it at their feet.

ERIC

...Thank-

Before he can get out his gratitude, Archie walks back in.

And then back out with another rack, places it on top of the first 30. And again goes back inside.

One more time, out with another 30 rack.

ARCHIE

Hope you guys got a place to store all this.

The boys' eyes light up like it's Christmas morning.

EUGENE

Jesus Christ! And you don't want any money for this?

ARCHIE  
No. We're good.

He begins to turn to go but stops himself.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Listen uh...you kids, just, just wait  
till you're outta high school to  
try the hard drugs, alright?

EUGENE  
Uh...ok.

ARCHIE  
I'm not gonna tell you never to try  
em, cus that'd be stupid, but, you  
get too into that shit too early,  
you'll end up like me. And you  
don't want that. So just wait to  
smoke weed and do ecstasy and all  
that good shit, I mean, it's not  
good, well, later it, it can get  
pretty fun if you don't go crazy,  
but anyways, don't do any of that  
shit right now. Weed's actually  
probably fine but..

The boys don't respond, confused by this sudden PSA.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
And NEVER do any pills or anything  
you gotta fucking stick a needle in  
your arm for, or anything that  
involves putting a flame to a  
spoon. No matter how hot the girl  
is. You got that?

ERIC  
...Sure

Satisfied, Archie nods at them and walks on with his  
briefcase. The boys stare at the three 30 racks, then  
frantically begin shoving beers in a back pack.

INT. HAIR STYLIST'S - DAY

Victoria cuts an older woman's hair, SUZIE.

SUZIE  
And she just won't listen Vicky,  
it's, I don't even know what to say  
to her.

VICTORIA  
I wish I could help you Suz but  
we're all fucking bitches at that  
age. I know I was.

SUZIE  
Still are.

VICTORIA  
(playfully)  
Suzie!  
(Suzie chuckles)  
Alrightttt, how does that look?

Victoria spins the chair and notices Archie standing outside.  
He gives a meek little wave. Victoria's smile evaporates.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

SUZIE  
What's a matter?

VICTORIA  
Nothing babe, you're gorgeous! I  
just need to deal with this jerkoff  
real quick.

EXT. HAIR STYLIST'S - SIDE OF THE BUILDING

Victoria counts the money, back turned to Archie.

ARCHIE  
Jesus, what am I gonna steal it  
back from you?

VICTORIA  
I like to be discreet unlike some  
assholes I know. And I want to know  
it's all there.

ARCHIE  
It is, isn't it?

VICTORIA  
Yeah.  
(begrudgingly)  
Thanks.

ARCHIE  
You're welcome.

VICTORIA  
Did Woody do that to you too?

ARCHIE  
No.

VICTORIA  
Hm.

ARCHIE  
You really don't talk to him  
anymore?

VICTORIA  
No, I fucking hate his guts.

Archie nods.

ARCHIE  
Listen, the last thing you owe me  
is a favor, but...can I ask you for  
a favor?

VICTORIA  
Fuck off-

ARCHIE  
Just hear me out. I think you'll  
actually like it...And I'll throw  
you an extra hundred.

VICTORIA  
(thinks about it)  
I'm listening.

EXT. FRED'S - LATER

Archie hesitates nervously outside of Fred's. The garage door  
is closed and things are quiet. After a few deep breaths, he  
heads up the stairs.

INT. FRED'S - CONTINUOUS

The door already open, Archie lets himself in.

ARCHIE  
Hello? Fred?

Legal documents are scattered all over the furniture.

Fred, in a suit, enters not looking too happy.

FRED  
Archie, you can't-

He stops in his tracks, seeing Archie bruised and beaten.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Jesus fucking Christ Archie-

ARCHIE  
Relax-

FRED  
Who the fuck did this to you?

ARCHIE  
It looks worse than it is-

FRED  
Who the fuck did this to you? Was it Woody and them? I'll fucking-

ARCHIE  
No, no...just some guys man. It's not important. I just want to talk to you.

FRED  
Jesus Archie...  
(shakes his head)  
I'm sorry I wasn't there. We'll get them, don't worry. I, I got this meeting though, with the lawyer, so I-

ARCHIE  
Don't worry about it.

Fred gets close and puts his hand on Archie's shoulder.

FRED  
We'll fucking get these guys Archie. Nobody does this to my friend.

Archie can hardly meet his gaze and nearly breaks down.

ARCHIE  
Jesus Fred, you're not the one who needs to say sorry. That's what I came here- I'm...I'm sorry I missed Bernie's party. I'm sorry I talked to Jane like that. I'm sorry for taking you for granted.

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I snapped out on you and only thought of myself when you're facing the biggest crisis of your life. You're one of the only friends I even have, and I just, couldn't imagine losing you too.

FRED

It's alright Arch-

ARCHIE

And, and I'm sorry for stealing sips of your beer at the bar. You didn't know that, but I do it all the time.

FRED

Ok.

ARCHIE

And I'm sorry for clogging your toilet that time you threw a party. It was me. I just lied about it.

FRED

I know.

ARCHIE

Really? I played it off pretty well.

FRED

Everyone knew.

ARCHIE

And I'm sorry-

FRED

Archie, really, that's enough-

ARCHIE

I just want you to know how sorry I am, for everything.

Fred's body lets out relief and for a moment it looks like a weight has been lifted.

FRED

I know. And I forgive you. I still don't think we're gonna be able to hang out for awhile, but, you're still my friend Archie. Somehow, you're my best friend.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

I just need to get through this. I don't know how I'm gonna, with the court fees-

ARCHIE

You will.

Fred sighs, not believing it. He picks up his briefcase and extends his hand.

FRED

I'm glad you came by. I really have to go and meet this guy though, I'm already late-

Archie bear hugs him and buries his head into his shoulder. Fred's taken back by the sentiment and smiles. He hugs back.

FRED (CONT'D)

Stay here though Archie? When I get back, we can talk about what happened and figure out your next move.

ARCHIE

Sure Fred...Thanks again.

Fred exits. Alone, Archie begins walking around the place.

INT. FRED'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wandering into the kitchen, he stops in front of the refrigerator. It's covered with pictures of Bernie: in a soccer uniform, dressed as Spider-Man, on Fred's shoulders.

Archie notices a faded picture behind some others. He brushes them aside and staring back at him is his younger self: Archie and Fred, 8 year olds, look up from an intensive scene they're constructing out of action figures.

Archie smiles. He plucks the photo and puts it in his pocket. He pulls out the crumpled brown bag of money and plops it on the kitchen counter. He takes the moment in, and leaves.

EXT. GODIN'S HOME - LATER

Archie rings the bell impatiently at Godin's house.

Katherine finally answers. Her makeup's smeared and she wears a ratty sweater. Her eyes spark with hatred at the sight of Archie.



ARCHIE

Uh, hi Katherine. Is Godin here? I need a ride somewhere...

She stares at him, the anger beginning to boil.

KATHERINE

No. Godin is not here. He quit his job. And he went to Thailand. I heard you had a little chat with him after dinner. You fucking asshole, lowlife scum. You disgusting, living, walking around on two legs piece of shit motherfucker. You fucking-

Archie drifts away from the house as Katherine continues yelling at him, increasing in volume-

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

You fucking egg sucking, chicken eating gutter trash!

Red as a tomato, sobbing, Katherine takes off her shoe and throws it at Archie, who dodges it and sprints away.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

You fucking!!!-

INT. BUS DEPOT/TRAIN STATION - BUS PICK UP

Archie sits on a bench with his briefcase. The bus is there but not boarding yet. The wait sign shows 15 minutes until departure. He eases back into his seat and surveys the place. And then does a horrified double take:

The bookie's red truck is parked by the entrance.

Archie scans the crowd and finally sees the bookie huffing and puffing his way forward, a hundred yards away, searching.

Archie bursts up and jumps onto the stationary bus.

ARCHIE

(to bus driver)

Hey, hey, I'll give you...20 bucks if we leave right now!

The bus driver slowly looks down from his paper and stares at Archie blankly. No go.

Archie pauses for a moment and sprints out of frame...then doubles back for his forgotten briefcase.

The bookie spots him now, just as Archie sprints off again towards the exit. The bookie picks it up, trying to cut him off.

EXT. BUS DEPOT/TRAIN STATION - CONCOURSE

Archie jets out of the waiting area, sprinting across the street narrowly avoiding oncoming traffic.

The bookie chases after him but halts as cars whizz by.

EXT. TRAIN STATION ENTRANCE

Archie searches for an escape route. Construction to his right, straightaway street to his left. In front of him is the old, open-air train station.

Archie hops a turn-style and runs across two train tracks, staff screaming at him as he bolts by.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

In the back of the station, Archie enters a trash strewn field and quickly realizes he's trapped: a large fence in front of him blocks off a heavily wooded area. To his right and left are high concrete walls and a side entrance back to the street he just escaped from. Archie stands there helpless for a beat.

The bookie's red truck rips through the side entrance, gunning straight towards Archie.

Archie whips towards the fence, the truck steadily gaining. He reaches it just as the bookie screeches to a halt. Archie chucks his suitcase over...and it falls back down on top of him. The bookie sprints out of his truck. Leaving his suitcase behind, Archie begins to climb.

Archie's halfway up by the time the bookie gets to the fence. He starts climbing as well, but his age and frame don't stand a chance.

Out of breath and red faced he gives up. Archie just makes it over the fence and drops to the ground. He gets up and dusts himself off. The bookie holds his briefcase with a smile.

BOOKIE

Thought you could get away with my  
fucking money you scumbag.

He unlocks the briefcase and dumps it on the ground: loose clothes, photos, a pile of books. He rummages through it.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this? Where's my money shithead?!

The bookie, pure rage, stares at Archie through the fence. Archie stares at the picture of him as a kid with his parents on the ground.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

Huh?!

ARCHIE

(snaps out of it)

It's all gone. You know, strippers, blow. Keep the books though. Give em to your son. Maybe he won't be such an asshole like you and me.

The bookie can't believe it.

BOOKE

You mother-

Archie sprints through the woods and disappears.

EXT. VARIOUS CITY STREETS

Archie staggers through the same areas he ran through at the opening, now constantly checking over his shoulder. Completely drained of energy and feeling his beating, he clutches his stomach, limping all the way to-

EXT. ALICE'S PLACE - EVENING

Archie, sweaty, beat to hell, mud all over his clothes, a leaf in his hair, exhausted, rings Alice's doorbell.

A beautiful woman answers the door, FELICIA. Her smile wipes away as she looks at the battered Archie.

FELICIA

Hi- Oh Jesus.  
(yells into apartment)  
Call the police!

ARCHIE

No! No, thanks, no I'm good. I'm actually...uh....I'm looking for Alice?

Felicia gives him another up and down.

FELICIA  
Are you Archie?

ARCHIE  
(puzzled)  
Yeah.

FELICIA  
(pauses, annoyed)  
Alright. Wait here.

She shuts the door.

FELICIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Alice!

Archie waits, looking over his shoulder. Footsteps come down the stairs. Finally Alice comes to the door.

ALICE  
What do you..holy shit.

ARCHIE  
Yeah, it's, it's ok.

ALICE  
Who did this to you?

ARCHIE  
That's not really important. I just...Jesus I don't even know how to say this. I need help, and...I don't have anyone else to...

ALICE  
(crosses her arms)  
I was outside of your house yelling for you, and you didn't even answer. I know you were in there.

ARCHIE  
I know. I'm sorry.

ALICE  
What do you need?

ARCHIE  
I just need to leave...and believe it or not, I don't have a ton of friends. So I don't have any other options.

ALICE

The bus?

ARCHIE

Ha! The bus, the bus...I tried the bus...but-

(on the verge of tears)

I tried.

ALICE

(sees it's serious)

Ok.

Alice grabs her helmet.

ARCHIE

Awesome. Thank you so much, I-

ALICE

Honestly, the less talking the better.

Archie nods.

Alice gets on the bike and revs it up. Archie struggles to get on the back with his suitcase and Alice has to help him.

INT. HIGHWAY TRUCK STOP - DINER - NIGHT

Archie and Alice chew over an awkward silence. Finally-

ALICE

You should probably go to the hospital.

ARCHIE

So what's up with your roommate?

ALICE

(smiles while chewing)

You like her?

ARCHIE

She's gorgeous.

ALICE

Thank you. She's not my roommate, well she is, she lives with me, but-

ARCHIE

(dawns on him)

Oh shit. You're a lesbian!

Some of the diners looks over.

ALICE

I was trying to tell you that at your house because I knew your goofy ass was going to try and kiss me, but you never gave me the chance. And then you ran away.

ARCHIE

So that's why you wouldn't kiss me.

ALICE

Jesus Christ.

ARCHIE

Of course the one woman who seems genuinely interested in me is a lesbian.

(thinking more)

Why'd you even go out with me in the first place? Why lead me on?

ALICE

I straight up told you I wasn't interested in you like that.

ARCHIE

You sure seemed interested in me. Asking me all sorts of questions.

ALICE

I was interested in you, but not romantically.

ARCHIE

What do you mean?

ALICE

(pauses, hesitates)

I was vetting you. Felicia and I, are thinking of having a child. And that whole process, I've seen it firsthand. It's weird, and so god damn expensive, just for some random stranger's...seed. We didn't want to go through that. And the guys we did know, that'd be even weirder, they'd be around...So, we decided to keep our eyes open...

ARCHIE

(stunned)

What the fuck?!

ALICE

Archie-

ARCHIE

So you decided, let's skip all that weird shit and go straight to stalking and surveying strangers off the street for *their seed*.

She's got no defense for that and remains silent.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

Why the fuck...Why me?

ALICE

For starters, you seemed like you might actually do it if we paid you. And we probably wouldn't have had to spend a ton.

Archie's now silent for a moment. She's not wrong.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It wasn't just that obviously. You don't *seem* like a good guy Archie-

ARCHIE

Gee, thanks.

ALICE

-but you grow on people quickly. You're charming, and you can see there might be something special underneath your...personality. You've got problems, but you were trying to get better. I just figured I'd see where that went.

Archie's silent, still processing this. Alice sips her drink.

ARCHIE

How much would you have paid?

ALICE

We're gonna pass Archie.

ARCHIE

Yeah, you wouldn't be the first this week.

Archie's miserable. He stuffs some food in his mouth.

ALICE  
Do you want to have kids?

ARCHIE  
(a beat)  
Not right now, obviously.

ALICE  
Somewhere down the line?

He looks away, shaking his head.

ARCHIE  
Idunno, probably. Yeah. Some day.

ALICE  
Have you ever thought of trying to become a better person for somebody other than yourself?

ARCHIE  
(smiles)  
You sound like Fred.

ALICE  
Maybe doing it for a future little Jughead Jr. would give you a stronger reason.

ARCHIE  
(sighs)  
I suppose. Thanks for the books by the way. They were good. They did help. But change is fucking hard.

ALICE  
That's true. But now that you've gone through it...how do you feel?

Archie gives a long, thoughtful pause.

ARCHIE  
Even though it's really fucking hard, I feel...like it's the only thing to do. This past month or so, I haven't lived like that...ever? And I found out I could do it, somewhat. It didn't end how I'd have liked, but now I know what it feels like. And now all I want to do is try to get it back. Because it *really* feels good. Not the evaporating kind of good that comes crashing down on you the next day.  
(MORE)



ARCHIE (CONT'D)

It's real. It lasts. So...I'll try again.

He smiles sadly, the smile of wisdom earned through struggle.

ALICE

See? Just that right there. You know. And that makes me know you'll be okay. Even better than okay.

ARCHIE

Man...we could've really been friends, huh?

ALICE

What exactly would you call this Archie?

Archie smiles. The waitress has returned.

WAITRESS

Will you all be having desert tonight?

Archie goes to speak, stops and looks to Alice. She nods.

ARCHIE

We'll take an apple pie, and two milkshakes please.

WAITRESS

Comin' right up.

The waitress leaves. Alice smiles at Archie.

ARCHIE

So friend...since I haven't asked you for enough already...you think I could ask for one more favor?

ALICE

You're unbelievable Archie-

ARCHIE

Just a phone call.

Alice passes him her cell phone, but he lingers.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Also, I uh, saw that they have a jukebox, and...

ALICE  
 (laughing)  
 Jesus.

She slides some quarters over. Archie smiles, not his sleazeball smile, but a genuine smile right at Alice.

ARCHIE  
 You really are a nice person Alice.  
 Nefarious semen scheming aside. And  
 I'm really happy we met.

Alice tries to hide how touched she is, but smiles.

ALICE  
 Go make your call.

EXT. HIGHWAY TRUCK STOP

ARCHIE  
 Hey, it's Archie.

We split screen here with Victoria at the hair salon.

VICTORIA  
 Yeah?

ARCHIE  
 Did you do it?

VICTORIA  
 Yeah, I let it slip to one of my  
 girls who tells everybody my  
 business. He'll hear about it in  
 the next day or two.

ARCHIE  
 (big smile)  
 Great.

VICTORIA  
 So that was it?

ARCHIE  
 Yup, that's it.

VICTORIA  
 That was an easy hundred.

ARCHIE  
 Thanks Victoria...Y'know, I learned  
 something from all this-

VICTORIA  
Don't call me again prick.

She hangs up. Archie smiles and nods to himself.

INT. BOOKIE'S DINER - THE NEXT DAY OR TWO

The bookie sips his coffee, reads his paper. Three figures appear behind him.

WOODY (O.S.)  
Can we talk to you pal?

BOOKIE  
(without looking up)  
No.

WOODY (O.S.)  
Heard you been messin' round with  
my girl.

Woody and his two goons loom behind. They stand there as the bookie ignores them. Until finally he can't-

BOOKIE  
Buddy, you need to get the fuck  
away from-

Woody smacks the paper and coffee off the table as the three of them attempt to drag the bookie out of his booth. The bookie puts up a good fight but they outnumber him and he is dragged out the side door. We watch through the glass along with all the other shocked customers as they begin to brawl.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON:

Two quarters go into the jukebox and a selection is made. Dean Martin's "When You're Smiling" begins to play softly.

INT. HIGHWAY DINER - BOOTH - BACK TO PRESENT

Archie returns to the table, dessert already there.

ARCHIE  
Oooh, I love coming back to your  
food on the table.

Archie, bruised purple and yellow, sucks down his milkshake.

ALICE  
You're feeling better already.

ARCHIE  
Milkshakes always cheer me up.

He takes another big sip.

ALICE  
So you really would've done it if  
we paid you?

ARCHIE  
Slip me a \$50, I'll go cum in this  
cup right now.

Alice nearly spits out her milkshake in laughter. They both laugh. The music grows as we pan out and towards the moon.

EXT. HIGHWAY - PRESENT

"When You're Smiling" really kicks in and Alice cruises along on her bike, Archie on the back. A beautiful blue and pink skyline in the background.

Archie has a goofy, peaceful smile on his face as he gets the fuck outta dodge for a new start. As they zoom by us we hang on the sunset and Dean sings us out.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END