

THEY TOXIC

Written by
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THEY TOXIC

FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE COMPUTER LAB – NIGHT

Quiet.

Nearly empty.

Rows of computers beneath fluorescent lights.

JOHNNY DAVILA, mid-20s, sits at one of them.

JOHNNY D.

To some people, JD.

A paper fills the screen.

Johnny types the last few words.

Stops.

Reads them.

Changes one.

Better.

He saves the document.

A window opens showing the contents of a FLASH DRIVE.

Folders.

Schoolwork.

Assignments.

Documents.

And mixed quietly among them –

A few PHOTO THUMBNAILS.

Johnny with different women.

A document containing names.

Phone numbers.

Notes.

Johnny scrolls.

For just a moment, one entry is readable:

MARIA – ONE-NIGHT STAND

Another photograph.

Another name.

Nothing explicit.

Nothing Johnny gives a second thought.

He scrolls past them.

Saves the paper.

Ejects the FLASH DRIVE.

Pulls it from the computer.

Johnny clips it onto his key ring.

House key.

Family-car key.

Flash drive.

He grabs his things and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY – NIGHT

Darkness.

A FOUR-ON-THE-FLOOR KICK pounds through the walls.

Black lights. Strobos. Bodies moving through ultraviolet haze.

Not a club.

Not quite a house party, either.

A RAVE assembled wherever somebody could get away with having one.

In the middle of it all –

JOHN MORGAN, early 20s, completely at home here. This is his world. Electronic music. Black lights. Technology. The strange little universe that exists after midnight.

Beside him –

Johnny.

Johnny looks like he came from somewhere else.

Because he did.

Different neighborhoods. Different crowds. Different worlds.

Somehow, he and John became friends.

Somehow, it works.

John leans toward Johnny, shouting over the music.

JOHN

You're leaving already?

JOHNNY

It's late.

JOHN

That's when this shit starts
getting good.

Johnny looks around.

JOHNNY

You've been saying that for three
hours.

John laughs.

Johnny finishes his drink and sets the cup down.

JOHN

You need a ride?

JOHNNY

Nah. I'm good.

JOHN

You sure?

JOHNNY

I don't live that far.

John gives him a look.

JOHN

All right, Johnny D.

They clasp hands. Pull into a quick shoulder bump.

No big goodbye.

Johnny heads for the door.

EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT

The door shuts behind him.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

The music becomes a muffled heartbeat behind the walls.

Johnny starts walking.

The neighborhood is nearly silent.

A few porch lights.

Empty streets.

Johnny shoves his hands into his pockets and keeps moving.

HEADLIGHTS appear behind him.

A car approaches slowly.

Johnny glances over.

Four, maybe five GUYS inside.

The car passes.

Johnny watches it go.

Keeps walking.

A beat.

The same car turns at the end of the street.

Johnny notices.

It disappears.

He keeps moving.

A few blocks later –

HEADLIGHTS.

Behind him again.

Same car.

This time Johnny doesn't just glance.

He watches.

The car cruises past.

Slow.

Too slow.

Johnny stops walking.

The car continues down the street.

Johnny looks ahead.

A CONSTRUCTION SITE.

Half-built houses. Equipment. Trenches.

And enormous mountains of excavated dirt – some nearly two stories high.

Johnny looks back.

Nothing.

He could keep walking straight home.

Instead, something tells him not to.

Johnny cuts into the construction site.

He climbs.

Loose dirt slides beneath his shoes as he works his way toward the top of the largest mound.

He reaches the crest.

Crouches.

Looks down.

The car is back.

Crawling along the street below.

Exactly where Johnny would've been walking.

It stops.

Doors open.

Several guys step out.

Looking around.

Searching.

Johnny stays low.

One of the guys points down the street.

Another looks toward the construction site.

Then up.

Straight at Johnny.

GUY

There he is!

Every head turns.

Johnny stares down at them.

JOHNNY

Fuck.

They charge toward the dirt mound.

Johnny turns –

AND RUNS.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE – NIGHT

Johnny flies down the opposite side of the dirt mound.

Behind him –

GUYS scramble over the top.

Loose dirt gives way beneath their feet.

One falls.

Another nearly takes him with him.

Johnny doesn't look back.

He hits flat ground running.

Across an empty field.

Toward a row of houses.

A FENCE.

Johnny grabs the top and throws himself over.

Lands hard.

Keeps moving.

Another fence.

Over.

A dog ERUPTS somewhere in the darkness.

Porch lights flick on.

Johnny cuts between two houses.

Looks back.

Nothing.

Then –

VOICES.

They're still coming.

Johnny runs.

Another fence.

Another yard.

Another street.

His breathing gets heavier.

He turns a corner –

A quiet residential block.

Johnny slows just enough to look for somewhere – anywhere.

He runs up the walkway of a random house.

Pounds on the door.

JOHNNY

Hey!

Nothing.

He pounds harder.

JOHNNY

Hey! I'm sorry – can you help me?

A light comes on inside.

Johnny looks back toward the street.

Headlights sweep across the intersection at the end of the block.

Johnny ducks beside the porch.

The car rolls past.

Slow.

Johnny stays down.

The front door cracks open.

A WOMAN, 40s, peers through.

WOMAN

What are you doing?

JOHNNY

There's some guys looking for me.

She immediately starts closing the door.

JOHNNY

No, no – please. I'm not trying to come inside. Just call the cops.

She studies him.

Johnny keeps his distance from the door.

JOHNNY

I'll stay right here.

The woman looks toward the street.

WOMAN

They chasing you?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

WOMAN

Why?

Johnny looks at her.

JOHNNY

I don't know.

And that's the truth.

The woman opens the door a little farther.

WOMAN

Stay on the porch.

JOHNNY

Yes, ma'am.

She disappears inside.

Johnny sits against the wall beneath a window.

Trying to catch his breath.

The electronic beat from John's house is long gone.

Now there's only –

A dog barking.

A sprinkler ticking somewhere.

Johnny's breathing.

Headlights appear again.

Johnny lowers himself.

The car creeps through the intersection.

Keeps going.

The woman watches through the window now, phone to her ear.

Johnny waits.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – LATER

A PATROL CAR rolls slowly through the neighborhood.

Johnny stands with the woman on the porch.

The street is empty now.

Whatever was hunting him is gone.

WOMAN

You got somebody who can come get
you?

JOHNNY

I'm not far.

WOMAN

After all that, you're still
walking?

Johnny looks down the street.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

The woman shakes her head.

WOMAN

Young people.

Johnny almost smiles.

JOHNNY

Thank you.

WOMAN

Go home.

JOHNNY

That's the plan.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – LATER

Johnny approaches the house.

Quiet.

Safe.

He looks back once before going inside.

Johnny pulls the key ring from his pocket.

The same FLASH DRIVE hangs from it.

He unlocks the door.

Goes inside.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – BATHROOM – NIGHT

Johnny stands over the sink.

Sweaty. Dirty.

He splashes water over his face.

Looks at himself in the mirror.

Checks the back of his head.

Nothing.

Checks his arms.

A scrape here. Dirt there.

He washes it away.

For somebody who was just hunted through a neighborhood by a carload of men –

Johnny seems remarkably calm.

Like this isn't normal.

But it isn't exactly unbelievable, either.

He shuts off the faucet.

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM – LATER

Dark.

Johnny lies in bed.

Clean now.

Eyes open.

Staring at the ceiling.

The night finally settling into him.

He closes his eyes.

TAP.

Johnny opens them.

Silence.

TAP. TAP.

He turns toward the window.

A shadow outside.

Johnny sits up.

Moves toward it carefully.

Pulls the curtain aside –

TANYA.

Standing outside his bedroom window.

Smiling.

Johnny stares at her.

Of all the things he expected tonight –

Not this.

He opens the window.

JOHNNY

What the hell are you doing here?

TANYA

Are you gonna let me in?

Johnny looks toward his bedroom door.

Then back at Tanya.

JOHNNY

You couldn't use the front door?

TANYA

And wake everybody up?

She gives him a look.

TANYA

Move.

Johnny smiles despite himself.

He takes her hand and helps her through the window.

She nearly falls into him.

He catches her.

For a moment –

Neither one moves.

Tanya looks up at him.

Johnny looks down at her.

TANYA

Hi.

JOHNNY

Hi.

A smile.

Whatever happened out there tonight –

It's somewhere else now.

Johnny quietly closes the window.

CUT TO BLACK.

THEY TOXIC

FADE IN:

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM – MORNING

Morning light leaks through the blinds.

Johnny is asleep.

Tanya isn't.

She's sitting on the edge of the bed, quietly getting herself together.

Johnny opens one eye.

TANYA

Unless you want to explain me to everybody.

JOHNNY

Window it is.

TANYA

Very gentlemanly.

JOHNNY

I try.

Tanya moves toward the window.

She looks back.

TANYA

Last night was fun.

JOHNNY

Which part?

TANYA

The part where nobody was chasing
you.

Johnny smiles.

She climbs out.

Johnny watches her disappear.

Then drops back onto the pillow.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – BATHROOM – MORNING

Water runs.

Johnny showers.

Shaves.

Gets dressed for work.

The key ring lands beside the sink.

House key.

Family-car key.

Flash drive.

Johnny pockets it.

EXT. WORKPLACE – MORNING

Johnny approaches the building.

Across the parking lot –

A CAR.

Inside sits CHRISTINE, mid-20s.

Watching.

Johnny doesn't see her.

He enters the building.

Christine remains.

INT. WORKPLACE – DAY

Johnny works.

Talks with a FEMALE COWORKER.

Nothing especially flirtatious.

Outside –

Christine watches through the windshield.

Later –

Johnny passes another female employee.

They laugh about something.

Christine's car is now parked somewhere else.

Different angle.

Still watching.

Later –

Another position.

Another view of Johnny.

Christine follows the rhythm of his day without ever entering the building.

INT. WORKPLACE – LATE AFTERNOON

Most employees have gone.

Johnny gathers his things.

DOLORES, 45, attractive, married and very comfortable with Johnny, watches him.

DOLORES

You leaving already, boy toy?

Johnny looks at the clock.

JOHNNY

It's called going home, Sugarless.

DOLORES

Don't call me that.

JOHNNY

You started it.

DOLORES

I call you boy toy because you are my boy toy.

JOHNNY

And you're Sugarless.

DOLORES

That doesn't even make sense.

JOHNNY

Sure it does.

He walks closer.

JOHNNY

You're like a sugar mama.

DOLORES

Okay.

JOHNNY

Except I don't get shit.

Dolores laughs.

DOLORES

Poor baby.

JOHNNY

No money.

DOLORES

No.

JOHNNY

No car.

DOLORES

No.

JOHNNY

No apartment.

DOLORES

Definitely no apartment.

JOHNNY

Sugarless.

Dolores grabs his shirt.

DOLORES

Come here, boy toy.

She pulls him toward her.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKPLACE – LATER

A door opens.

Johnny emerges, straightening his shirt.

Dolores follows.

DOLORES

Need a ride?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

DOLORES

See?

Johnny looks at her.

DOLORES

I give you things.

JOHNNY

Transportation doesn't make you a
sugar mama.

DOLORES

Ungrateful.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – EVENING

Dolores's car pulls up.

Johnny remains in the passenger seat.

They talk.

Then Dolores leans over.

Johnny kisses her.

HEADLIGHTS suddenly flood the inside of the car.

Dolores pulls back.

DOLORES

What the hell?

A car has pulled directly behind them.

Christine.

Engine REVVING.

High beams glaring.

Dolores looks into the mirror.

DOLORES

Who is that?

Johnny already knows.

JOHNNY

Christine.

DOLORES

Your girlfriend?

JOHNNY

Ex-girlfriend.

Another REV.

Christine edges closer.

Dolores looks worried.

DOLORES

She's gonna hit my car.

JOHNNY

She might.

DOLORES

Johnny.

JOHNNY

Go.

Dolores puts the car in gear.

Johnny gets out.

DOLORES

Call me.

JOHNNY

All right.

She pulls away quickly.

Christine's car stays put.

Johnny turns toward it.

Christine gets out.

CHRISTINE

Who the fuck was that?

JOHNNY

Hello to you too.

CHRISTINE

Who was she?

JOHNNY

Christine, we're broken up.

CHRISTINE

So?

Johnny stares at her.

JOHNNY

So?

CHRISTINE

You couldn't wait?

JOHNNY

Wait for what?

CHRISTINE

For us!

JOHNNY

There is no us right now.

That hurts her more than she wants him to know.

CHRISTINE

You're such a fucking asshole.

JOHNNY

Okay.

CHRISTINE

I fucking hate you.

She steps closer.

Johnny watches her.

CHRISTINE

I hate you.

Then she kisses him.

Hard.

Johnny hesitates only a second.

Then kisses her back.

They separate.

Christine looks furious with herself.

CHRISTINE

I fucking hate you.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

A beat.

JOHNNY

I know.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – LATER

Christine stands beside her car.

Johnny leans against the curb.

CHRISTINE

I'll call you tomorrow.

JOHNNY

Okay.

She gets in.

Then stops.

Looks at him through the open window.

CHRISTINE

Stay away from Sugarless.

Johnny freezes.

JOHNNY

What the fuck?

Christine drives away.

Johnny watches her go.

JOHNNY

How the fuck does she know that?

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE — KITCHEN — FRIDAY NIGHT

Johnny and MIKE hang out in the kitchen.

Music somewhere in another room.

They're laughing about something.

The back door opens.

An OLD MAN walks in.

Gray hair.

Shirtless.

Tattooed.

Nobody invited him.

Johnny looks at Mike.

Mike looks at Johnny.

The Old Man calmly walks to the counter.

Pulls out a KNIFE.

Johnny's smile disappears.

The Old Man turns his palm upward.

Slices it.

Blood immediately wells.

OLD MAN

This is for la raza.

Silence.

Johnny and Mike stare.

OLD MAN

For la raza.

Johnny leans toward Mike.

JOHNNY

We should go.

MIKE

Yeah.

They move.

The Old Man watches them.

Johnny and Mike exit quickly.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Mike rush outside.

They put distance between themselves and the house.

The Old Man walks out behind them.

Calm.

Blood dripping from his hand.

He continues down the sidewalk.

A thin trail of blood behind him.

Johnny watches.

Mike watches.

They look at each other.

And start laughing.

Not because it's funny.

Because what the fuck else are they supposed to do?

MIKE

What the fuck was that?

JOHNNY

I don't know.

MIKE

You know him?

JOHNNY

Why would I know him?

MIKE

You know everybody.

JOHNNY

I don't know that motherfucker.

They keep laughing.

EXT. FREEWAY FRONTAGE ROAD – LATER

Johnny walks alone.

The night has settled.

A car approaches.

Slows beside him.

Johnny looks.

JOHNNY

Hector?

He takes a step closer.

The passenger turns.

Not Hector.

Johnny stops.

A STREET GUY in the car looks directly at him.

Recognition.

STREET GUY

That's him.

Johnny's face changes.

Doors open.

Men step out.

METAL PIPES.

JOHNNY

Aw, fuck.

He runs.

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD / SIDE STREET – CONTINUOUS

Johnny sprints.

The men chase.

One gains.

SWING –

A metal pipe catches Johnny across the back of the head.

Johnny stumbles.

Almost falls.

Keeps going.

Ahead –

A CONVENIENCE STORE.

Bright fluorescent sanctuary.

Johnny runs harder.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE – CONTINUOUS

Johnny bursts inside.

The CLERK looks up.

Johnny turns toward the windows.

The car rolls past.

Johnny recognizes it.

Same car.

Same men.

From the construction site.

CLERK

You okay?

Johnny touches the back of his head.

Looks at his hand.

No major blood.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

CLERK

You want me to call the police?

Johnny watches the car disappear.

JOHNNY

No.

CLERK

You sure?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

The Clerk gives him ice wrapped in a thin plastic bag.

Johnny presses it to his head.

CLERK

What happened?

Johnny looks at him.

JOHNNY
It's Friday.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Johnny lies in bed with ice against the back of his head.
Closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN – SATURDAY MORNING

Johnny looks terrible.
He cracks a RAW EGG into a glass.
His MOM watches.

MOM
That's disgusting.

JOHNNY
It's medicine.

MOM
No, it isn't.

Johnny drinks it.
Immediately regrets everything.

MOM
See?

Johnny fights the urge to gag.

JOHNNY
Working already.

MOM
You look like shit.

JOHNNY
Thank you.

EXT. JOHNNY'S BACKYARD / GARAGE – LATER

A HEAVY BAG hangs.
Johnny wraps his hands.
Starts working.

Jab.

Cross.

Hook.

Slip.

Footwork.

This isn't wild street fighting.

There's technique.

Timing.

Speed.

His DAD watches for a moment.

Johnny throws a combination.

His right hand drops slightly on the return.

DAD

Gotcha.

Johnny stops.

JOHNNY

What?

DAD

Don't lower those hands.

Johnny raises them.

DAD

Keep 'em up.

Johnny nods.

Starts again.

Sharper this time.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE / PHONE INTERCUT – DAY

Mike is on the phone with Johnny and ALEX on a three-way call.

MIKE

You got any dank?

ALEX

Not today.

MIKE

What kind of answer is that?

ALEX

My guy's good Sunday.

JOHNNY

What time?

ALEX

Tomorrow night.

MIKE

I gotta work today anyway.

ALEX

Me too.

JOHNNY

Everybody works but me.

MIKE

You work.

JOHNNY

Technically.

ALEX

Tomorrow. Murphy's Law.

JOHNNY

All right.

EXT. CLUB XTREME – NIGHT

The family car pulls in.

Music pours out from inside.

INT. CLUB XTREME – NIGHT

Johnny moves through the crowd.

Phone vibrates.

CHRIS.

Johnny answers.

JOHNNY

What's up?

CHRIS (V.O.)

JD, where you at?

JOHNNY

Xtreme.

CHRIS (V.O.)

No shit. I'm here.

Johnny looks around.

Finds Chris across the room waving.

They meet.

CHRIS

There he is.

JOHNNY

What's up?

CHRIS

You disappearing again tonight?

JOHNNY

Probably.

Chris laughs.

Later –

Johnny steps aside and calls Christine.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Hello?

JOHNNY

Hey.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Where are you?

JOHNNY

Xtreme.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Of course you are.

JOHNNY

I called you, didn't I?

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Who's there?

JOHNNY

People.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Girls?

JOHNNY

Christine.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

What?

JOHNNY

I'm not doing inventory.

He hangs up before another argument starts.

Johnny turns –

ERIKA stands there.

He hasn't seen her in a while.

ERIKA

Hi.

JOHNNY

Hey.

She steps close.

Too close.

Runs one finger slowly down the center of his chest.

Johnny looks at her hand.

Then her face.

She leans toward him.

Close enough that Johnny thinks she's going to kiss him.

Instead, in a low breathy voice –

ERIKA

I have your daughter at home.

Johnny stops breathing for a second.

Erika turns and walks away.

JOHNNY

What?

She doesn't stop.

Johnny follows.

JOHNNY

Erika.

She keeps moving.

Johnny catches up near the exit.

JOHNNY

What the fuck did you just say?

ERIKA

You heard me.

She walks out.

Chris appears behind Johnny.

CHRIS

Where you going?

JOHNNY

She says I have a daughter.

Chris looks toward Erika.

Then back at Johnny.

CHRIS

Call her tomorrow.

JOHNNY

She said she has my daughter at home.

CHRIS

And she's gonna have her tomorrow.

JOHNNY

Chris.

CHRIS

JD, hang out. Call her tomorrow.

Johnny looks toward the door.

Decision already made.

JOHNNY

I'll call you.

CHRIS

Of course you will.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX – LATER

Erika walks toward an apartment.

Johnny follows at a distance.

INT. ERIKA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Quiet.

Erika opens the door carefully.

Her MOTHER is somewhere in the apartment.

Johnny slips inside behind Erika.

ERIKA

Be quiet.

JOHNNY

Where is she?

Erika leads him toward another room.

A BABY sleeps.

Johnny stops.

Everything else disappears.

He approaches slowly.

JOHNNY

That's her?

Erika nods.

Johnny looks at the baby.

Then at Erika.

JOHNNY

You think she's mine?

ERIKA

I do.

Johnny carefully picks the baby up.

Holds her.

Awkward at first.

Then softer.

He studies her face.

Looks for himself.

Something.

Anything.

Johnny hugs her.

The baby settles against him.

Johnny tries to feel the connection he's supposed to feel.

But something doesn't click.

He doesn't know why.

Johnny hands the baby back.

Later –

Erika grabs Johnny by the front of his shirt.

Pulls him toward her bedroom.

Johnny looks back once toward the baby.

Then disappears inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – EARLY MORNING

Johnny arrives.

Up the block –

Christine's car sits dark.

Johnny doesn't notice.

Christine watches him go inside.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

Johnny stands at the toilet.

The front door opens somewhere in the house.

MOM (O.S.)

Can I help you?

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Where's Johnny?

MOM (O.S.)

Christine–

Footsteps.

Fast.

The bathroom door FLIES OPEN.

Johnny turns, still urinating.

JOHNNY

What the fuck?!

Christine storms in.

CHRISTINE

Let me smell you.

JOHNNY

What?

CHRISTINE

Let me smell you.

JOHNNY

I'm taking a piss!

Christine grabs at him.

CHRISTINE

I wanna see if you've been with
some bitch tonight.

JOHNNY

Are you fucking serious?

Mom appears in the doorway.

Sees Johnny exposed.

Immediately covers her eyes.

MOM

Oh, Jesus!

JOHNNY

Mom!

MOM

She pushed right past me!

CHRISTINE

I did not push you!

MOM

Get out of my bathroom!

CHRISTINE

It's not your bathroom!

MOM

It's my house!

Mom grabs Christine by the arm and pulls her away.

Johnny slams the door.

JOHNNY

What the fuck is happening?

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – BATHROOM – LATER

Shower running.

Johnny scrubs himself clean.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – KITCHEN – EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

Christine sits at the kitchen table.

A cup of tea in front of her.

Sulking.

Mom sits across from her in a robe.

Furious.

On the table among ordinary household clutter –

The FLASH DRIVE.

Christine notices it.

Her eyes stay on it.

She reaches slightly.

Stops.

Looks toward the hallway.

Mom notices Christine looking somewhere but doesn't follow her gaze.

Johnny enters, freshly showered.

MOM

She's yours.

JOHNNY

Apparently.

Mom stands.

MOM

I'm going back to bed.

She looks at Christine.

MOM

Do not bust into any more
bathrooms.

Christine says nothing.

Mom leaves.

Johnny stands across from Christine.

Christine sits at the table.

Between them –

The FLASH DRIVE.

Neither mentions it.

Johnny pulls out a chair.

Sits.

JOHNNY

What are you doing here?

CHRISTINE

I wanted to see you.

JOHNNY

So you pushed past my mom and ran
into the bathroom while I was
taking a piss?

CHRISTINE

I didn't push her.

JOHNNY

Christine.

CHRISTINE

I moved past her.

JOHNNY

You tried to smell me.

Christine looks away.

JOHNNY

Do you understand how fucking
insane that sounds?

CHRISTINE

Where were you?

JOHNNY

Out.

CHRISTINE

With who?

Johnny leans back.

JOHNNY

We're not doing this.

CHRISTINE

Then answer me.

JOHNNY

No.

CHRISTINE

Why?

JOHNNY

Because every time I answer one question, you come up with five more.

Christine folds her arms.

Silence.

Johnny looks at her.

She's angry.

Hurt.

Exhausted.

So is he.

CHRISTINE

Come home with me.

JOHNNY

Christine—

CHRISTINE

Please.

A beat.

CHRISTINE

Just come home with me.

Johnny looks toward the hallway.

Then back at her.

He knows better.

He gets up anyway.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE — PARENTS' BEDROOM DOOR — MOMENTS LATER

Johnny knocks lightly.

DAD (O.S.)

Yeah?

JOHNNY

I'm gonna go stay at Christine's.

Silence.

Then –

MOM (O.S.)
Of course you are.

Johnny closes his eyes.

JOHNNY
Goodnight, Mom.

MOM (O.S.)
It's morning.

Johnny looks toward the nearest window.
She's right.

JOHNNY
Good morning, Mom.

DAD (O.S.)
Keep your hands up.

Johnny smiles despite himself.

JOHNNY
Goodnight, Dad.

DAD (O.S.)
Morning.

Johnny walks away.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS

Christine waits.

Johnny grabs his keys.

The FLASH DRIVE remains on the table.

Johnny doesn't notice.

Christine does.

Her eyes linger on it.

Then Johnny opens the door.

JOHNNY
You coming?

Christine looks at him.

Then at the flash drive.

Then gets up.

CHRISTINE

Yeah.

She follows Johnny out.

We remain on the table.

The flash drive sits among the ordinary clutter.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM – LATE MORNING

Johnny wakes.

Sunlight.

Quiet.

He reaches toward the other side of the bed.

Empty.

Johnny sits up.

Looks around.

On a dresser –

A framed photograph of a TEENAGE CHRISTINE.

Pageant gown.

Sash.

A small crown nearby.

A couple of old trophies.

Johnny looks at them.

Then hears something from the kitchen.

Pans.

Children.

Christine's voice.

Johnny gets up.

INT. CHRISTINE'S KITCHEN – MORNING

Christine stands at the stove wearing an apron.

Over-easy eggs.

Bacon.

Coffee.

For a moment, she looks like she's stepped out of some other decade.

AMANDA, 10 or 11, sits at the table.

JACOB, 8, is messing with something instead of eating.

Christine sees Johnny.

Her entire face changes.

CHRISTINE

Good morning.

JOHNNY

Morning.

CHRISTINE

I'm making you breakfast.

Johnny looks at the spread.

JOHNNY

I see that.

She kisses him.

CHRISTINE

Sit down.

Johnny sits.

Jacob looks at him.

JACOB

You play Mortal Kombat?

JOHNNY

Better than you.

JACOB

No, you're not.

JOHNNY

You don't even know me.

JACOB

I know you're old.

Johnny looks offended.

JOHNNY

I'm leaving.

Amanda laughs.

Christine sets a plate in front of Johnny.

CHRISTINE

Eat.

Johnny cuts into an egg.

Perfect yolk.

JOHNNY

Damn.

Christine smiles.

JOHNNY

This is good.

CHRISTINE

I know.

Jacob reaches across the table.

Knocks something over.

CHRISTINE

Jacob!

Everybody stops.

CHRISTINE

How many fucking times do I have to
tell you to pay attention?

Jacob goes quiet.

CHRISTINE

Clean it up!

He starts cleaning.

Amanda says something under her breath.

CHRISTINE

And you better watch your mouth.

AMANDA

I didn't say anything.

CHRISTINE

Don't talk back to me!

Johnny looks at Christine.

CHRISTINE

And why are you looking at me like that?

Johnny points to himself.

JOHNNY

Me?

CHRISTINE

Yes, you.

JOHNNY

Hey, hey, hey.

Christine stops.

JOHNNY

I'm not your kid.

Silence.

Johnny gestures toward Amanda and Jacob.

JOHNNY

And you shouldn't be talking to them like that either.

Christine stares at him.

Johnny expects another explosion.

Instead –

CHRISTINE

Yeah.

Johnny waits.

CHRISTINE

You're right.

A beat.

CHRISTINE

You're right. I'm gonna stop doing that.

Johnny studies her.

She means it.

At least right now.

Christine leans over.

Kisses him.

CHRISTINE

Sorry.

Johnny looks at the kids.

JOHNNY

All right. Who's getting their ass
kicked in Mortal Kombat?

Jacob jumps up.

JACOB

You.

JOHNNY

Let's find out.

INT. CHRISTINE'S LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

A video game battle.

Jacob mashes buttons furiously.

Johnny plays beside him.

JACOB

Stop doing that!

JOHNNY

Doing what?

JACOB

That move!

JOHNNY

You mean winning?

Jacob groans.

Amanda sits nearby.

AMANDA

He's gonna cry.

JACOB

Shut up!

CHRISTINE

Jacob—

Johnny looks toward Christine.

Christine catches herself.

Takes a breath.

CHRISTINE

Don't tell your sister to shut up.

Johnny notices.

A tiny victory.

His PHONE VIBRATES.

Johnny looks.

ERIKA.

He declines it.

Keeps playing.

Later –

The phone vibrates again.

ERIKA.

Johnny ignores it.

Another vibration.

A TEXT from ALEX.

Johnny glances at it.

Sunday plans.

He pockets the phone.

JACOB

You're cheating!

JOHNNY

I'm dominating.

INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM – EVENING

Johnny and Christine lie together.

The room is dim.

Johnny looks at the clock.

JOHNNY

I'm gonna head home.

Christine turns.

CHRISTINE

Why?

JOHNNY

Because I'm tired.

CHRISTINE

Then sleep here.

JOHNNY

I want to sleep in my own bed.

CHRISTINE

Why?

JOHNNY

Because it's my bed.

Johnny gets up.

Christine sits up.

CHRISTINE

You're leaving?

JOHNNY

Yes.

He reaches for his keys.

Christine gets there first.

Grabs them.

JOHNNY

Christine.

CHRISTINE

Stay.

JOHNNY

Give me my keys.

CHRISTINE

Why do you always have to leave?

JOHNNY

Because I don't live here.

CHRISTINE

You could.

JOHNNY

Give me the keys.

Christine holds them behind her back.

Johnny stares at her.

JOHNNY

You do this all the time.

CHRISTINE

Do what?

JOHNNY

This.

He gestures around them.

JOHNNY

You never let me fucking leave.

CHRISTINE

I'm not stopping you.

Johnny points at his keys.

JOHNNY

You're holding my fucking keys.

Christine gets up.

CHRISTINE

Because you don't need to leave.

JOHNNY

I just want to sleep in my own bed.

CHRISTINE

Why don't you want to sleep with me?

JOHNNY

Jesus Christ.

He moves toward her.

She backs away.

JOHNNY

Christine.

CHRISTINE

No.

JOHNNY

Give me my keys.

CHRISTINE

No.

Johnny grabs her wrist.

Not violently.

Firmly.

Pulls the keys from her hand.

CHRISTINE

Asshole!

JOHNNY

You don't let me breathe.

Johnny heads out.

INT. CHRISTINE'S LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Christine follows.

CHRISTINE

Fine! Go!

Johnny reaches the front door.

CHRISTINE

Go wherever the fuck you're going!

Johnny opens it.

CHRISTINE

Go see one of your fucking bitches!

Johnny stops.

Closes his eyes.

Then turns.

Walks straight back to Christine.

She braces for another argument.

Instead –

Johnny takes her face in both hands.

Kisses her.

Hard.

Christine freezes.

Then melts into it.

Johnny pulls away.

JOHNNY

I'll call you later.

Christine stares at him.

The storm is gone.

CHRISTINE

Okay.

Johnny walks out.

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE – EVENING

Johnny gets into the family car.

It's getting dark.

He exhales.

Checks his phone.

ALEX:

I CAN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT, BRO.

Johnny shakes his head.

Several missed calls.

ERIKA.

Johnny stares at the number.

Calls.

ERIKA (V.O.)

Hello?

JOHNNY

Hey.

ERIKA (V.O.)

Hey.

JOHNNY

I was thinking maybe I could stop
by.

A beat.

JOHNNY

See you.

Another beat.

JOHNNY

See my daughter.

Silence.

ERIKA (V.O.)

Johnny...

Johnny's expression changes.

ERIKA (V.O.)

I gotta be upfront with you.

JOHNNY

About what?

ERIKA (V.O.)

She's not yours.

Silence.

JOHNNY

What?

ERIKA (V.O.)

She's not your daughter.

Johnny stares through the windshield.

JOHNNY

You knew that?

Silence.

That's the answer.

JOHNNY

You fucking knew?

ERIKA (V.O.)

Johnny—

JOHNNY

You let me hold her.

ERIKA (V.O.)

I wanted to see you.

JOHNNY

So you told me I had a fucking kid?

ERIKA (V.O.)

I didn't know how else—

Johnny hangs up.

He sits there.

Stares ahead.

JOHNNY

Fuck.

He starts the car.

EXT. MURPHY'S LAW – NIGHT

A neighborhood bar.

Neon.

Nothing glamorous.

Johnny pulls in alone.

INT. MURPHY'S LAW – NIGHT

Johnny sits at the bar.

A CUTE GIRL nearby catches his eye.

They talk.

Easy.

She gives him her number.

CUTE GIRL

Call me.

JOHNNY

I will.

A HUGE DRUNK GUY approaches.

Built like a refrigerator.

HUGE GUY

You're in my seat.

Johnny looks down.

Then around.

JOHNNY

All right.

Johnny gets up.

Moves several stools away.

Sits.

The Huge Guy follows.

HUGE GUY

Move.

Johnny looks at him.

JOHNNY

I just moved.

HUGE GUY

That's my seat too.

Johnny stares.

JOHNNY

Who the fuck do you think you are?

The Huge Guy swings.

Big.

Slow.

Telegraphed.

Johnny slips it.

Then —

BAM.

BAM-BAM.

Johnny's hands explode.

Fast.

The Huge Guy doesn't land a single punch.

Johnny cracks him repeatedly.

Face.

Jaw.

Head.

Johnny gets up —

His flip-flop hits a wet patch.

His feet disappear beneath him.

Both flip-flops fly off.

Johnny falls backward —

CRACK.

His head catches the edge of a table.

Johnny hits the floor.

Blood.

Johnny touches his head.

Looks at his fingers.

JOHNNY

Motherfucker.

He gets up.

Barefoot.

Pissed.

Grabs a BARSTOOL.

HUGE GUY

Come on!

Johnny raises it.

JOHNNY

You want your seat?

The Huge Guy moves toward him.

JOHNNY

You want your fucking seat?

Johnny swings.

JOHNNY

Here's your fucking seat!

Chaos.

The Huge Guy goes down.

Johnny sees the Cute Girl staring.

JOHNNY

Hey!

She looks at him.

JOHNNY

Call me!

BOUNCERS rush Johnny.

They grab him.

JOHNNY

I didn't start this shit!

BOUNCER

We know.

JOHNNY

He fucking swung at me!

BOUNCER

We know. We saw it.

INT. MURPHY'S LAW – BACK ROOM – LATER

Johnny sits with something pressed against the gash.

Through the partially open door –

POLICE lead the Huge Guy away in handcuffs.

Johnny watches.

JOHNNY

Fucking seat.

EXT. ROAD – LATE NIGHT

Johnny drives home.

A small dressing pressed against his head.

HEADLIGHTS appear behind him.

Bright.

HIGH BEAMS.

Johnny adjusts the mirror.

A PICKUP TRUCK closes in.

Too close.

Johnny changes lanes.

The truck follows.

Johnny speeds up.

So does the truck.

Then –

BAM!

Johnny's car jerks forward.

JOHNNY

What the fuck?!

The truck RAMS him again.

Johnny grabs his phone.

Dials.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what's your emergency?

JOHNNY

There's a truck following me.

BAM!

Johnny fights the wheel.

JOHNNY

He's ramming my car!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Keep driving. Officers are being
dispatched.

Johnny turns into a neighborhood.

The truck follows.

JOHNNY

Maybe I should stop. Maybe I just
need to talk to him.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Do not stop.

Johnny looks in the mirror.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Do not approach the driver. You
don't know if he has a weapon.

The truck accelerates.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Keep moving.

Johnny turns.

Another street.

Another.

BAM!

Johnny sees an opening between two houses.

Makes a decision.

He cuts through.

EXT. STRANGERS' BACKYARD – NIGHT

Johnny drives into a backyard.

A swing set.

Patio furniture.

A perfectly ordinary suburban home.

Johnny kills the headlights.

Kills the engine.

The truck roars past.

Johnny whispers into the phone.

JOHNNY

I'm in somebody's backyard.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Stay where you are.

Johnny watches through the darkness.

Sirens.

One police car.

Then another.

Then another.

Red and blue lights flood the street.

Six patrol cars converge around the truck.

Johnny watches from behind the swing set.

The TRUCK DRIVER climbs out.

A hammered country guy.

Nothing to do with Johnny.

Nothing to do with Christine.

Nothing to do with anything.

Just drunk.

DRUNK DRIVER

What the fuck?!

Officers order him down.

He argues.

Resists.

They TAKE HIM DOWN.

Johnny watches.

JOHNNY

You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – LATER

The damaged family car limps the final block home.

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Johnny walks in.

Drops his keys.

Falls onto the bed.

Stares at the ceiling.

JOHNNY

I just wanted to sleep in my own
fucking bed.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM – MONDAY MORNING

Johnny wakes.

His entire body hurts.

He touches the gash on his head.

Looks outside.

The battered family car.

Not a dream.

Johnny reaches for the phone.

INT. WORKPLACE – INTERCUT

Dolores answers.

DOLORES

Hello?

JOHNNY

Sugarless.

DOLORES

Boy toy.

She hears his voice.

DOLORES

You sound like shit.

JOHNNY

Feel like shit.

DOLORES

You're not coming in today?

JOHNNY

No.

DOLORES

What happened?

Johnny thinks about how long that answer would take.

JOHNNY

Weekend.

Dolores smiles.

DOLORES

All right.

A beat.

DOLORES

Take all the time you need. Get some rest.

JOHNNY

Thanks.

DOLORES

Feel better, boy toy.

JOHNNY

Bye, Sugarless.

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM – LATER

Johnny talks to Alex.

JOHNNY

Man, I got into a fight last night.

ALEX (V.O.)

What?

JOHNNY

I kicked some dude's ass.

ALEX (V.O.)

Where?

JOHNNY

Murphy's Law.

ALEX (V.O.)

What happened?

JOHNNY

Big motherfucker tells me I'm sitting in his seat.

Johnny sits up.

JOHNNY

So I move.

ALEX (V.O.)

Okay.

JOHNNY

Motherfucker follows me.

ALEX (V.O.)

What?

JOHNNY

Tells me that's his seat too.

Alex laughs.

JOHNNY

So I'm like, "Who the fuck do you think you are?"

ALEX (V.O.)

Oh, shit.

JOHNNY

He swings.

Johnny gestures despite being alone.

JOHNNY

Misses.

ALEX (V.O.)

Then what?

JOHNNY

Then I lit his ass up.

ALEX (V.O.)
He hit you?

JOHNNY
Not once.

Johnny touches the gash.

JOHNNY
This shit wasn't even him. Floor was wet. I slipped in my fucking flip-flops and cracked my head on a table.

Alex laughs harder.

JOHNNY
Fuck you.

ALEX (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

JOHNNY
Both flip-flops went flying.

ALEX (V.O.)
Jesus Christ.

JOHNNY
So I get up barefoot, grab a stool—

Alex stops laughing.

ALEX (V.O.)
Wait.

JOHNNY
What?

ALEX (V.O.)
What'd this dude look like?

Johnny describes him.

Silence.

ALEX (V.O.)
Man...

JOHNNY
What?

ALEX (V.O.)
I talked to him this morning.

Johnny stops.

ALEX (V.O.)

He just got out of jail. Said he
got his ass whooped at Murphy's Law
last night.

Johnny slowly sits back.

JOHNNY

That was your fucking guy?

ALEX (V.O.)

I think you beat up my dealer.

Johnny starts laughing.

JOHNNY

You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE — AFTERNOON

Christine cooks.

Domestic again.

Sweet again.

For a while.

Then —

CHRISTINE

I want us to get married.

Johnny looks at her.

JOHNNY

What?

CHRISTINE

You heard me.

JOHNNY

Christine—

CHRISTINE

And I want us to have a baby.

Johnny stares.

JOHNNY

No.

Christine's face changes.

CHRISTINE

No?

JOHNNY

Not like this.

CHRISTINE

Like what?

JOHNNY

Like us.

CHRISTINE

What's wrong with us?

Johnny almost laughs.

JOHNNY

Seriously?

CHRISTINE

I love you.

JOHNNY

I know.

CHRISTINE

Then why wouldn't you marry me?

JOHNNY

Because there's a lot of shit that has to change.

Christine's eyes harden.

JOHNNY

You scream at me.

CHRISTINE

Oh, fuck you.

JOHNNY

See?

CHRISTINE

You make me fucking crazy!

JOHNNY

And you scream at Amanda. You scream at Jacob.

CHRISTINE

Don't tell me how to raise my kids.

JOHNNY

You're asking me to have another one with you.

That lands.

JOHNNY

The way I see you treat your kids,
why would I want you treating my
kid like that?

Christine stares at him.

CHRISTINE

You think you're so fucking
perfect?

JOHNNY

No.

CHRISTINE

You run around with all these
women—

JOHNNY

I didn't say I was perfect.

CHRISTINE

You lie—

JOHNNY

I said there's shit I have to
change too.

That stops her for half a second.

JOHNNY

But I'm not marrying you like this.

CHRISTINE

Fuck you.

JOHNNY

And I'm not bringing another kid
into this shit.

The explosion comes.

INT. CHRISTINE'S BATHROOM — MOMENTS LATER

The argument has moved.

Christine gets in Johnny's face.

Hits him in the chest.

CHRISTINE

Fuck you!

Another slap against his chest.

JOHNNY

Stop.

She hits him again.

JOHNNY

Christine.

Again.

JOHNNY

Stop.

She swings again –

Loses her footing.

Falls backward –

Into the BATHTUB.

CRASH.

Johnny immediately reaches down.

JOHNNY

Shit.

He grabs her.

JOHNNY

Come here.

Helps her up.

The second she's standing –

She hits him again.

Johnny stares at her.

Done.

JOHNNY

I'm leaving.

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE – LATER

Johnny walks away.

Christine screams something from the doorway.

Johnny doesn't turn around.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – EVENING

Phone rings.

Johnny answers.

JD. **CHRIS (V.O.)**

What's up? **JOHNNY**

CHRIS (V.O.)
We hanging out or what?

Johnny smiles.

Yeah. **JOHNNY**

Finally. **CHRIS (V.O.)**

JOHNNY
Give me a little bit.

They hang up.

Johnny looks at his phone.

Christine.

He calls.

No answer.

Again.

No answer.

Again.

Nothing.

Johnny sighs.

JOHNNY
Fuck it.

He grabs his keys.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Johnny gets into the family car.

INT. FAMILY CAR – NIGHT

Johnny tries Christine again.

No answer.

JOHNNY

I'm just gonna tell her where I'm going.

He drives.

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE — NIGHT

Johnny pulls up.

Quiet.

Normal.

He calls again.

Inside somewhere —

A phone rings.

No answer.

Johnny hangs up.

Gets out.

Closes the car door.

HEADLIGHTS sweep across him.

A TRUCK comes fast.

Stops.

Johnny turns.

Doors open.

Men get out.

CLINK.

Metal.

Johnny sees a BASEBALL BAT.

Then another.

Johnny backs toward the car.

The men move faster.

Johnny turns.

Runs.

EXT. CHRISTINE'S YARD / NEIGHBORING YARD – CONTINUOUS

Johnny can't make the car.

He cuts sideways.

Jumps a fence.

His NEW PHONE falls from his pocket.

He keeps running.

Then realizes.

JOHNNY

Crap.

He stops.

JOHNNY

My phone.

He looks back.

The phone lies in the grass.

Brand new.

Johnny makes the worst decision of the night.

He goes back.

The men cut him off.

Johnny stops.

Two bats.

Nowhere to go.

Johnny raises his hands.

Fighting stance.

ATTACKER ONE swings.

Johnny blocks.

Moves.

Punches.

ATTACKER TWO swings.

Johnny slips.

Counters.

Fast.

Johnny cracks one attacker in the face.

Moves away from another bat.

The bats develop a rhythm.

SWING.

SWING.

Johnny anticipates.

Blocks.

Moves.

Punches.

SWING.

SWING.

Johnny adjusts.

Then —

One attacker hesitates.

Just slightly.

A tiny break in the rhythm.

Johnny reacts to the timing he's learned.

Too early.

The bat comes a fraction later.

CRACK.

Johnny's head snaps.

Silence.

Then —

Blood.

A torrent.

Johnny staggers.

His vision turns RED.

He wipes his eyes.

More blood replaces it.

He can't see.

ATTACKER

Get him!

Johnny moves blindly.

Hands out.

He knows the yard.

Fence.

Wall.

House.

He feels his way.

Another blow catches him.

Johnny keeps moving.

He reaches a window.

Feels glass.

ATTACKER

You're in trouble now.

Johnny draws back his fist.

SMASHES the window.

GLASS EXPLODES.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

What the hell?!

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

What's going on out there?

The attackers hesitate.

Johnny wipes blood from his eyes.

For half a second –

He can see.

He runs.

Fence.

Over.

Around the house.

Toward the street.

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Johnny reaches the family car.

Gets inside.

Blood everywhere.

Starts it.

Drives.

INT. FAMILY CAR – NIGHT

Johnny drives.

Everything is fragmenting.

Street names.

Turns.

Thoughts.

He blinks.

Forgets where he is.

Then remembers.

Home.

Mom.

Dad.

Johnny calls.

Johnny? **MOM (V.O.)**

Mom. **JOHNNY**

What's wrong? **MOM (V.O.)**

I'm coming. **JOHNNY**

What happened? **MOM (V.O.)**

JOHNNY

Tell Dad...

Johnny wipes blood away.

JOHNNY

Tell Dad to wait outside.

MOM (V.O.)

Johnny—

JOHNNY

With the hose.

EXT. JOHNNY'S PARENTS' HOUSE — NIGHT

Dad stands outside.

Garden hose in hand.

Headlights.

The family car pulls up.

Dad sees the windshield.

The blood.

Johnny gets out.

Dad's face changes.

DAD

Jesus Christ.

JOHNNY

Wash my face.

Dad turns on the hose.

Water hits Johnny.

Blood pours down his shirt.

Dad gently washes the blood from his face.

DAD

What happened?

Johnny doesn't answer.

He runs inside.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Mom sees him.

MOM

Oh my God!

Johnny passes her.

Straight to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM – CONTINUOUS

Johnny looks into the mirror.

Stops.

A huge wound.

Gaping.

Johnny stares into it.

For one terrifying second –

He thinks he can see his skull.

JOHNNY

Mom.

His voice changes.

JOHNNY

Mom.

She appears.

Johnny doesn't look away from the mirror.

JOHNNY

I'm gonna die.

Mom grabs him.

MOM

No, you're not.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM – NIGHT

Bright lights.

Doctors.

Nurses.

Johnny on a bed.

Questions come at him.

DOCTOR

Do you know what day it is?

Johnny thinks.

Nothing.

DOCTOR

Johnny?

Johnny looks around.

DOCTOR

You've suffered a significant head injury.

Johnny tries to focus.

DOCTOR

There may be swelling. You're likely going to have problems with memory for a while.

JOHNNY

How long?

DOCTOR

There's no exact answer.

A beat.

DOCTOR

It could take a year before you feel completely normal again.

Johnny looks at him.

A year?

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM – TUESDAY

Johnny lies in bed.

Bandaged.

Bruised.

His phone beside him.

He picks it up.

Calls Christine.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM – DAY

Christine lies in bed.

Beside her –

A MAN.

One of Johnny's attackers.

Christine's phone rings.

JOHNNY.

The Man sees the name.

Looks at Christine.

Then answers.

MAN

Hello?

Johnny frowns.

JOHNNY

Who the fuck is this?

The Man smiles.

JOHNNY

Where's Christine?

MAN

Hey, funny guy.

Johnny goes still.

MAN

Last time I saw you...

A beat.

MAN

You were wearing a red mask.

Johnny's eyes change.

FLASH:

Blood pouring into Johnny's eyes.

RED.

BACK TO SCENE.

Johnny says nothing.

The Man hangs up.

Johnny stares at the phone.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – LATER

Phone rings.

Johnny answers.

JOHNNY

Hello?

DETECTIVE AIKEN (V.O.)

Johnny? Detective Aiken.

Johnny sits up.

AIKEN (V.O.)

I wanted to update you on the investigation.

Johnny listens.

AIKEN (V.O.)

We're looking closely at Christine's involvement.

Johnny looks toward the window.

AIKEN (V.O.)

Based on what we're finding, we're investigating whether she participated in arranging the attack.

A beat.

AIKEN (V.O.)

That could potentially include conspiracy to commit murder.

Johnny absorbs that.

JOHNNY

Conspiracy to commit murder.

AIKEN (V.O.)

We're investigating it.

The call ends.

Johnny sits with that.

Later –

The phone rings again.

CHRISTINE.

Johnny answers.

JOHNNY
What?

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
Johnny.

He says nothing.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

Johnny closes his eyes.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
I didn't mean for it to go that
far.

JOHNNY
What did you think was gonna
happen?

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
I was mad.

JOHNNY
They had fucking baseball bats.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
I didn't tell them to do all that.

JOHNNY
One of them answered your phone.

Silence.

JOHNNY
From your fucking bed?

Christine doesn't answer.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
Can we just talk?

JOHNNY
We're talking.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
I mean us.

Johnny can't believe it.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Maybe we can work this out.

JOHNNY

Work what out?

Christine starts crying.

Then anger creeps in.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

You weren't fucking innocent
either.

Johnny looks at the phone.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

All those fucking women.

JOHNNY

What does that have to do with
almost killing me?

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Everybody should know who you
really are.

Johnny pauses.

JOHNNY

What?

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Go look outside.

Johnny slowly gets up.

Moves toward the window.

Pulls the curtain.

Stops.

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Johnny steps outside.

Phone to his ear.

His front yard is covered in PAPER.

Dozens of sheets.

Some scattered everywhere through the grass.

Some face-up.

Some upside down.
Some folded over themselves.
Some caught beneath bushes.
Others blow across the sidewalk and into the street.
A few are taped to utility poles.
Mailboxes.
Car windshields.
Johnny's face.
Over and over.
PUTO.
Another.
MAN-WHORE.
Another.
PLAYER.
HO.
DOG.
CHEATER.
WOMANIZER.
HE GETS AROUND.
COMMUNITY DICK.
EVERYBODY'S BOYFRIEND.
Johnny stares at one.

JOHNNY

Community dick?

He looks at the phone.

JOHNNY

Are you fucking serious?

He picks up another.

A photograph of himself with a woman.

Another.

Different woman.

Another.

Then Johnny stops.

A list.

NAMES.

PHONE NUMBERS.

Private notes.

The humor disappears.

Johnny picks up another.

More information.

Another photograph he recognizes.

Not from social media.

Not from anywhere public.

Johnny's breathing changes.

He reaches into his pocket.

Pulls out his keys.

House key.

Family-car key.

Nothing else.

Johnny stares.

JOHNNY

Fuck.

A beat.

JOHNNY

The flash drive.

Christine is still on the phone.

Johnny looks around at pieces of his private life blowing across the neighborhood.

His anger gives way to something deeper.

JOHNNY

You almost killed me.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Johnny—

JOHNNY

You almost had me fucking killed.

Christine tries to speak.

JOHNNY

And now this?

He looks at the papers.

JOHNNY

You know they're looking into you?

Silence.

JOHNNY

Detective Aiken called me.

Nothing.

JOHNNY

They're looking at you for
conspiracy to commit murder.

Silence.

Long.

Johnny waits.

CLICK.

The call ends.

Johnny lowers the phone.

A piece of paper blows against his shoe.

His own face.

COMMUNITY DICK.

Johnny looks at it.

Then at the neighborhood.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE — WEDNESDAY — DAY

Johnny approaches.

Something is wrong.
He looks at the windows.
No curtains.
No blinds.
Nothing.
The house looks hollow.
Johnny moves closer.
Empty rooms.
Christine is gone.
Amanda.
Jacob.
Gone.
Everything that made the house theirs –
Gone.
Johnny stands outside.
No dramatic explanation.
No goodbye.
Just an empty house.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

MONTAGE – DURING THE FOLLOWING YEAR

INT. GROCERY STORE – DAY

Johnny pushes a shopping cart through an aisle.
Across the store –
A CUTE GIRL looks at him.
Johnny catches her.
She looks away.
Johnny keeps moving.
A little later –

Another aisle.

There she is again.

Another glance.

This time she smiles.

Johnny smiles back.

Later –

Johnny examines something on a shelf.

The Girl approaches.

GIRL

Hey.

JOHNNY

Hey.

There's an immediate familiarity to the way she talks to him.

Johnny doesn't seem to notice.

They talk.

Flirt.

She laughs.

GIRL

We should go out sometime.

JOHNNY

Oh yeah. That sounds good.

She smiles.

Johnny smiles back.

JOHNNY

So what's your name?

She laughs.

Johnny waits.

Her laughter fades.

GIRL

You're serious?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

She stares at him.

GIRL

Wow.

She turns and walks away.

Johnny watches her go.

Confused.

Then –

It hits him.

JOHNNY

Oh, shit.

Johnny abandons the cart and goes after her.

JOHNNY

Wait, wait!

She keeps walking.

JOHNNY

I have amnesia!

She doesn't stop.

JOHNNY

No, seriously! I have amnesia!

She keeps going.

Johnny stops.

Watches her disappear.

JOHNNY

Great, man.

A beat.

JOHNNY

I messed that up.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

Music pounds.

Lights flash.

Johnny moves through the crowd.

A GUY spots him.

GUY

Johnny D!

The Guy approaches like they're old friends.

Handshake.

Shoulder hug.

Johnny goes along with it.

JOHNNY

What's up, man?

GUY

Where the fuck you been?

JOHNNY

Around.

The Guy starts talking.

Johnny smiles.

Nods.

Plays along.

But behind the smile –

Nothing.

He has no idea who this guy is.

Later –

Another person recognizes him.

ANOTHER GUY

JD!

JOHNNY

What's up?

Another handshake.

Another conversation Johnny doesn't remember earning.

Johnny scans the room.

Faces everywhere.

Some of them feel familiar.

But that's all they are.

Faces.

Later –

Johnny talks with a GIRL.

She's comfortable around him.

Playful.

They laugh.

She touches his arm.

GIRL

You still doing that music stuff?

Johnny hesitates.

Just slightly.

GIRL

What?

JOHNNY

Nothing.

She studies him.

GIRL

Wait.

Johnny looks at her.

GIRL

You don't remember me.

Johnny searches her face.

He knows there's something there.

But he can't reach it.

JOHNNY

I'm sorry.

Her expression hardens.

GIRL

Are you fucking serious?

JOHNNY

I had a head injury.

She stares at him.

JOHNNY

I have amnesia.

She almost laughs.

Then realizes he isn't laughing.

Johnny taps the scar.

JOHNNY

I'm serious.

The Girl studies him.

Still not entirely sure what to believe.

Johnny looks around the club.

People laughing.

Talking.

Living inside memories that apparently include him.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The weird part was, people didn't
always look like strangers.

FLASHES —

A face.

Familiar.

No name.

Another face.

Johnny knows he's seen her before.

But where?

A guy waves from across a parking lot.

Johnny waves back.

No idea who he is.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The faces were familiar.

A woman talks to Johnny like they've known each other for
years.

Johnny smiles politely.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

They just didn't add up to
anything.

FLASHES THROUGH THE YEAR —

Johnny stops when he recognizes someone.

This time —

A name comes with the face.

Another person.

A place comes back.

Another face.

A memory.

A conversation.

A shared joke.

Johnny laughs because he finally remembers why it's funny.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Then little by little...

More connections.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

They started making sense again.

A familiar street.

A familiar building.

A familiar face.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Names came back.

Another memory.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Places came back.

Johnny recognizes an old friend before the friend says
anything.

Johnny smiles.

This time it's real recognition.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

People came back.

More fragments.

More memories.

Pieces reconnecting.

Johnny becoming Johnny again.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Eventually, most of it came back.

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM – DAY

Johnny stands in front of a mirror.

Quiet.

He studies his reflection.

The scar on his face is still there.

But it's faded.

Johnny touches it.

Runs a finger along it.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The doctor in the ER told me it
could take a year before the
amnesia and the short-term memory
problems went away.

A beat.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

He was right.

Johnny lowers his hand.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

It took about a year.

He studies the scar again.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The scar's another story.

A faint smile.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

It sucks. I gotta wear that
motherfucker on my face every day.

He turns slightly.

Checks it from another angle.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

But I guess it's a reminder.

FLASHES —

Christine watching from her car.

Tanya at Johnny's bedroom window.

Dolores.

Christine pulling behind Dolores's car.

Christine kissing Johnny.

Johnny kissing her back.

Erika.

The baby in Johnny's arms.

Johnny playing video games with Jacob.

Amanda at the kitchen table.

Christine screaming.

Christine holding Johnny's keys.

Johnny ripping them back.

Johnny grabbing Christine's face and kissing her.

Murphy's Law.

The Huge Guy swinging.

Johnny's fists.

Flip-flops flying.

Johnny crashing into the table.

The barstool.

JOHNNY

Here's your fucking seat!

The truck.

HIGH BEAMS.

BAM.

The stranger's backyard.

The swing set.

Police lights.

Christine in the bathroom.

Her hands hitting Johnny's chest.

The bathtub.

Johnny helping her back up.

The phone ringing unanswered.

A truck arriving outside Christine's house.

Metal clinking.

Baseball bats.

Johnny raising his hands.

The rhythm.

SWING.

SWING.

The hesitation.

CRACK.

Blood.

The RED MASK.

Johnny smashing the neighbor's window.

Dad standing outside with the hose.

Blood washing away.

Johnny staring into the bathroom mirror.

The hospital.

Christine's phone.

MAN

Last time I saw you, you were
wearing a red mask.

Detective Aiken.

The neighborhood.

Johnny's face scattered across his own front yard.

PUTO.

PLAYER.

CHEATER.

COMMUNITY DICK.

Names.

Phone numbers.

Private photographs.

Johnny's key ring.

No flash drive.

JOHNNY

Fuck.

The empty house.

No curtains.

No blinds.

Christine gone.

BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM — ONE YEAR LATER

Johnny looks at himself.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

A reminder that when something
turns toxic, sometimes you gotta
know when to cut it the fuck out of
your life.

Johnny considers his own reflection.

Not Christine.

Himself.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

And sometimes you're the toxic one.

A beat.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Then you gotta be willing to cut
that shit out of yourself.

Johnny touches the scar once more.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Maybe eventually this thing
disappears completely.

A slight grin.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Till then, it kinda looks like a
Harry Potter scar.

Johnny turns his head.

Checks it.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

And let's be honest...

Beat.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Harry Potter's scar was pretty
fucking cool.

Johnny smiles.

Then the smile settles.

He looks at himself one last time.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The scar faded.

A beat.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The lessons didn't.

Johnny walks away from the mirror.

His reflection disappears.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.