

The List

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OVER BLACK:

BRANDON (V.O.)

There are all kinds of lists.  
Letterman's top ten. The best  
places to eat. Cities to live.  
There is even People's Sexiest Man  
Alive. But for me, it never seemed  
to matter what the list was, I was  
always somewhere near the bottom.

FADE IN:

INT. HUTCHINSON MARKETING FIRM — HALLWAY — AFTERNOON

BRANDON TURNER, a young man in his late twenties, is walking through the halls of the sterile marketing firm holding a small flash drive in his hand. He stops at the large glass office at the end of the hall.

BRANDON (V.O.)

But today, all of that's going to  
change. I'm finally getting my big  
break. I'm about to become the  
number one closer at Hutchinson  
Marketing.

He waves through the glass to MR. HUTCHINSON, a small powerful man in his early sixties. He waves BRANDON in. BRANDON walks through the glass door.

INT. HUTCHINSON MARKETING FIRM — AFTERNOON

Brandon walks through and has contagious eagerness about him.

MR. HUTCHINSON

Turner, bro 'ham, you ready?  
Where's the files at?

BRANDON

Yes sir, got 'em right here.

Brandon holds up the small flash drive.

MR. HUTCHINSON

Ha! Technology. I'll never get it.  
In my day, we had runners. Legs up  
to here. Skirts down to there.

(MORE)

MR. HUTCHINSON (cont'd)  
Oh well, Noritake's peeps are going to be here soon to discuss strategy for the launch of their new video game console.

BRANDON  
I just want to thank you for this amazing opp...

FRANKLIN  
I'll take the files.

Brandon turns around to see FRANKLIN T. MILLER, a thin man in his mid thirties, sitting in the far chair.

BRANDON  
What's he doing here?

MR. HUTCHINSON  
He's closing.

BRANDON  
But, I thought...I...you said...

MR. HUTCHINSON  
Sorry, kid. Franklin is going to take it from here. He has the skills, the experience and, thanks to you, the knowledge to nail this thing like a two-bit whore.

BRANDON  
Um...yeah.

FRANKLIN  
So just give me the drive, Turner.

BRANDON  
But sir, I worked so hard...

MR. HUTCHINSON  
And I'm sure you did an amazing job. Hand the files to Franklin.

Franklin stands up and walks over. Brandon looks Mr. Hutchinson in the eye.

BRANDON  
No.

MR. HUTCHINSON  
Turner?

BRANDON

No, I'm not handing the file over to Franklin. Or to Larry. Or to anyone. I'm done. You can manipulate everyone else like a marionette. This puppet is going stringless. I quit.

MR. HUTCHINSON

Turner?

Brandon just stares into the distance.

MR. HUTCHINSON

Turner, the files?

Brandon shakes off his thoughts and extends his hand with the files. Franklin grabs the flash drive in Brandon's hand.

FRANKLIN

Turner, let go of it.

Brandon struggles for just a minute more, then reluctantly hands it over to Franklin.

MR. HUTCHINSON

You okay? You seem off. Perfect time for your big vacay, right?

BRANDON

Umm...yes sir.

MR. HUTCHINSON

Can you do me a solid?

Hutchinson tries to use slang terms that just don't sound right coming from the CEO.

MR. HUTCHINSON

Before you Audi, I really need you to look up Stanton, Inc. They may be coming in while your gone. Just a preliminary thing, but I'll need a quick 10-pager on my desk. You know, what they do, who the players are, etc., before you go. Alright, bro?

The life is almost taken right out of Brandon's body. Mr. Hutchinson slaps Brandon on the shoulder.

MR. HUTCHINSON  
And have fun down there. Get your  
hands on some coconuts, if you know  
what I mean.

Mr. Hutchinson elbows Brandon.

MR. HUTCHINSON  
I mean boobs.

Mr. Hutchinson winks.

BRANDON  
Umm...right...yes, sir. I'll get that  
stuff to you before I leave.

MR. HUTCHINSON  
Great. Here's the corporate card,  
could be a late one. Have some  
dinner on me.

Mr. Hutchinson extends the credit card to Brandon who takes  
it. Then just kind of stands there for a second, still  
processing everything that happened.

FRANKLIN  
You can go now, Turner.

Brandon glances at Franklin and forces a smile as he turns  
around and heads out of the glass office.

INT. HUTCHINSON MARKETING FIRM – HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Brandon walks away and looks back through the glass and sees  
Mr. Hutchinson and Franklin seemingly mocking him. He just  
turns back around and sighs.

EXT. CHICAGO AVE. – EVENING

Brandon and Tim step outside the building.

TIM  
I can't believe he gave the job to  
Franklin and...

BRANDON  
Neither can...

Brandon stops dead in his tracks. He looks up at the sign,  
the hand flashes then shows red.

TIM  
What?

BRANDON  
Wait.

Tim looks both ways and doesn't see any cars coming.

TIM  
Umm...nobody's coming.

BRANDON  
We're not supposed to walk yet.

The sign turns white.

BRANDON  
Now we can go.

INT. SUBWAY SANDWICH SHOP – EVENING

Brandon and Tim walk in.

TIM  
So Hutchie boy gives you the  
corporate card and you choose  
Subway?

Tim grabs a water from the cooler. He opens it up as they walk through the line. Tim takes a swig.

BRANDON  
Listen, you don't have to help me.

TIM  
No, I said I wo...

Tim's thought is cut short as he looks to the counter and sees a cute strawberry blonde girl named ASHLEY.

ASHLEY  
Can I help you?

TIM  
Um...yeah.

Tim leans in to look closely at her nametag. Brandon hits him in the back of the head.

BRANDON  
You want to take a picture?

TIM  
What? C'mon, I was just looking at  
her...um...name.

BRANDON  
It's Ashley.

TIM  
How'd...

Ashley starts fixing a sandwich on the other side of the  
counter.

ASHLEY  
Hey, Brand, working late again?

BRANDON  
Unfortunately.

ASHLEY  
I thought you and "what's her name"  
were heading to Hawaii tonight.

TIM  
Wait, you know her?

Ashley puts the finishing touches on the sandwich.

BRANDON  
Yeah, since the sixth grade. She's  
one of my best friends.

ASHLEY  
One of? You really want me to add  
peppers to this thing, don't you?

Brandon laughs. As Ashley finishes rolling up his sandwich.

BRANDON  
Were supposed to go to the airport  
tonight, but work had other plans.

Ashley hands Brandon his sandwich. Tim looks confused.

TIM  
But he didn't...even...can you read  
minds?

ASHLEY  
Yeah, and if I wasn't a lady, I'd  
smack that thought right out of  
your head.

Tim pauses.

TIM

You can read minds.

Ashley just shakes her head and turns back towards Brandon.

ASHLEY

So when you coming back?

BRANDON

Next Friday. You gonna be at the pier?

ASHLEY

With any luck I'll be in Paris somewhere painting the Champs de Elyse.

TIM

My favorite fighter.

Brandon shakes his head.

ASHLEY

You guys are really friends?

BRANDON

Small pickings at work. I'll talk to you when I get back.

Brandon hands her Hutchinson's card.

ASHLEY

Have fun. And tell "what's her name" I said Hi.

Ashley rings it up.

BRANDON

It's Kellie.

ASHLEY

Right, I knew it started with a K or some other letter. Any way, anything else?

Brandon grabs his sandwich and looks at Tim.

TIM

Nah, I'm good. Cutting back on my carbs. You know, cause I work out and stuff.

Ashley nods.



ASHLEY  
You can tell.

Brandon starts shaking his head, grabs Tim by the arm and they walk out.

BRANDON  
Thanks again, Ash.

Brandon walks out the door.

ASHLEY  
Oh wait, the card.

Tim takes a step back in.

TIM  
I'll give it to him.

ASHLEY  
Thanks.

Ashley hands Tim the card. He then walks out.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – CONTINUOUS

Brandon takes a bite of his sub.

TIM  
Now why haven't I met that lovely creature before?

BRANDON  
Because you always leave at five. Regardless.

TIM  
True. And here I always thought you were trying to be the next Jared or something. She's a cutie.

BRANDON  
She's a friend. I lived next door to her growing up.

TIM  
Ooh, classic girl next door story.

BRANDON  
Shut up.

TIM

What? I'm just saying she's very cute. Has this whole Emma Stone thing going on.

BRANDON

You never cease to amaze me.

TIM

It's a gift.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – NIGHT

Brandon is diligently working on his computer. The screen now says it's 7:30 PM

Brandon looks exhausted. His crisp clothes are now slightly disheveled. His hair is untamed.

BRANDON

I don't know. Stanton holds his cards so close to the vest, they might as well be tattooed on him. Any luck?

With no answer, Brandon turns around to see Tim's computer, which has pictures of gorgeous women on the monitor.

BRANDON

What are you doing?

Tim spins around with a confused look on his face.

BRANDON

You haven't looked up anything I asked, have you?

TIM

Well, sort of. You mentioned I should look up Stanton's transformer records. Which led to me looking up *Transformers*, which led to me looking up Megan Fox and Rose Huntington Whitely. Which led to me working on my "list."

BRANDON

What list? The ten ways you can screw a friend?

Tim spins back around towards his computer and starts clicking through images.

TIM

No, dipshit. The five celebrities I can sleep with that my significant other can't say anything about. It's like an all-star hall pass.

BRANDON

But you don't even have a girlfriend.

TIM

Right, but you can't go into a relationship without a Get Out of Boring Sex Free Card?

BRANDON

You make no sense sometimes.

TIM

That may be true, but the List is sacred. People talk about it all the time on Facebook. They tweet 'em. Even have Pinterest pages for 'em

BRANDON

That has to make it real.

Tim starts clicking through more images. He stops on Megan Fox.

TIM

I know, right? Any way. See you make a list and your lady makes a list. I honestly can't believe you don't have one.

BRANDON

I don't need one I have a girlfriend.

TIM

Precisely why you do need one. I mean, imagine, one day you're walking down Michigan and you spot Megan Fox.

BRANDON

That's probably never going to happen.

TIM

Well let's say it does. You meet her. You wine her. You dine her. You...

BRANDON

I get the picture.

TIM

Any way, are you going to say no?

BRANDON

Yep, I have a girlfriend.

Tim points at the computer screen.

TIM

It's Megan Fox. This is a once-in-a-lifetime event. Like going back stage at a Van Helsing concert.

BRANDON

But he tours all the time.

TIM

Still be tough to get back stage. Anyway, that's not the point. You'd go for it. And if you have her on the list, you get out of the doghouse free.

BRANDON

Please tell me what color the sky is in your world?

TIM

I'm serious, bro. Kellie probably has one.

BRANDON

Shit, I never called her.

Brandon shakes his head and then pulls out his cellphone.

BRANDON

Damn, five missed calls.

TIM

Oooh, that can't be good.

Brandon quickly dials.

BRANDON

Hey, Kel.

INT. AIRPORT HOTEL ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Luggage surrounds an absolutely gorgeous young blonde, KELLIE, in the sparse, modern hotel room.

KELLIE

Brandon, where the hell are you?  
I've called you five times. I had  
to take a cab to the airport. You  
know how much I love cabs and their  
wonderfully eclectic smells.

BRANDON (O.C.)

I've been tied up at work.

KELLIE

So, you're not coming to the  
airport tonight? We leave at five  
tomorrow morning. You know that,  
right?

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – CONTINUOUS

Brandon is talking on the phone. Tim is obviously eavesdropping.

BRANDON

No, I'll be there. Just have a few  
things to finish. I wouldn't wait  
up.

KELLIE (O.C.)

Fine. Just don't wake me up,  
please. I need my beauty sleep.

BRANDON

You always look gorgeous.

KELLIE (O.C.)

Flattery will get you everywhere.  
Okay, see ya soon. Bye.

Brandon ends the call. Tim looks at Brandon.

TIM

A lot less yelling than I  
anticipated. It's like when you go  
into an M. Night Shamalayan movie  
and come up with a better twist  
than he does. Kind of disappointing  
in the end.

BRANDON  
She's fine with it.

TIM  
She's Kellie, I doubt that.

BRANDON  
What does that mean?

TIM  
Nothing.

Tim looks at his arm with no watch on it.

TIM  
Oh, look at the time. I have to go.  
I have to go walk the dog, do  
laundry, watch Saved By the Bell  
reruns...

Tim stands up, throws his jacket on and starts walking out.  
Brandon just rolls his eyes.

TIM  
Have a good trip.

INT. AIRPLANE 30,000 FT. - MORNING

Brandon's sitting in the window seat of a completely full  
airplane sleeping. Next to him is Kellie.

KELLIE  
Wake up, Brandon.

Brandon lifts his head from the headrest and slowly opens his  
eyes.

KELLIE  
How can you sleep right now? In  
three more hours we'll be in  
Hawaii. Sunny beaches, luaus and  
leis.

Brandon puts his head back against the headrest.

BRANDON  
Right. I know. I just...I didn't get  
in till almost one.

KELLIE  
I know, you woke me up.

BRANDON

Those little cards never work. You put it in, wait for the light to turn green, then pull it out. And it always goes back to red.

KELLIE

Well, you wouldn't have woke me if you didn't get in so late.

BRANDON

True. I just want this position so bad.

Brandon stretches a little.

BRANDON

And I think I pulled something in my back, moving your luggage. What's in there anyway?

KELLIE

Only the essentials.

Kellie takes out a *People Magazine* with moviestar Jack Sutton on the cover.

BRANDON

People's sexiest man, eh?

KELLIE

He's amazing.

BRANDON

Who are these "people" and what makes him so sexy?

KELLIE

Please, his eyes are gorgeous. And the cocky grin he always has. It's like he knows something you don't.

BRANDON

You really like him, don't you?

KELLIE

He's the sexiest man alive, what's not to like?

Kellie opens the magazine, there's a picture of Megan Fox.

BRANDON

She's pretty sexy too.

KELLIE

Please, she's like a walking poster for plastic surgery.

BRANDON

Have you heard of "The List?"

KELLIE

Like Entertainment Weekly's "Must List?"

BRANDON

Um...no. Tim mentioned it to me last night. I guess it's the five celebs you can...

KELLIE

Are you kidding me?

BRANDON

Um...yeah, forget it. I figured you didn't know...

KELLIE

Jack Sutton is my number one.

BRANDON

What?

KELLIE

Everybody has one. They post it on Facebook and things.

BRANDON

So I've heard.

KELLIE

Who's on yours?

Brandon looks over at the magazine in front of Kellie. He sees a few actresses pictures and names.

BRANDON

Um...Megan Fox, Natalie Portman...

He scans down the page and sees some more actresses.

BRANDON

The Jessicas...Alba and Beil. And then...

He sees a advertisement with actress LISA WARNER on it.



BRANDON  
And Lisa Warner.

KELLIE  
Wow, that's quite a list.

Brandon smiles.

KELLIE  
I mean, not one of those girls even  
looks like me.

Brandon back tracks.

BRANDON  
Yeah, I mean Alba went blonde there  
for awhile.

KELLIE  
Right. I just thought they'd be  
like me. Like at least my type.  
Like Jack Sutton reminds me of you.

BRANDON  
The only thing we have in common is  
short, brown hair.

Kellie leans her seat back and shuts her eyes.

KELLIE  
I'm going to sleep.

BRANDON  
But you woke me up, remember? You  
said we'll be in Hawaii in three  
hours.

Kellie opens her eyes for a brief moment.

KELLIE  
And maybe Lisa Warner will be  
waiting there for you.

BRANDON  
I don't really have a list.

KELLIE  
Right. And I don't want to see Ryan  
Gosling naked. Please, you rattled  
them off like they were in front of  
you.

BRANDON

They were. I got them from the magazine.

Kellie turns over and faces towards the window.

KELLIE

Sure...you can go to sleep now, Brand.

BRANDON

Awesome.

EXT. ROYAL LAHIANA LUAU – EARLY EVENING

Brandon and Kellie walk into the luau. Brandon is wearing a bright yellow Hawaiian floral print shirt, while Kellie is in a soft pale pink sundress.

BRANDON

I can't believe we got bumped. I'm really sorry, Kel.

KELLIE

It's not your fault. But this was supposed to be special and that tiny room is ridiculous. Aren't you the least bit curious to know what celebrity bumped us?

BRANDON

Not really. I'd probably have to give them a piece of...

KELLIE

Right, like you told the painter off when you caught him making a sandwich in your apartment?

BRANDON

I...another man's mayo is sacred.

KELLIE

Please, he pretty much ate the whole sandwich in front of you.

The setting looks like a backyard barbeque with picnic tables as far as the eye can see. All of the tables run long ways towards an impressively modern stage. A CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN greets them.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

Welcome to...

Brandon pulls him aside before he can finish.

BRANDON

Hi, I'm Brandon Turner, I have reservations.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

Oh yes, everything is all set, sir. Best seat in the house.

He walks back towards Kellie.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

Let me show you to your table.

EXT. ROYAL LAHIANA LUAU – NIGHT

The beams of the stage are covered in grass and the thatched hut-style roof matches the two adjacent bars. Brandon and Kellie are shown to their table. It's situated about three or four feet from the stage at the very first picnic table. There is a bucket of champagne waiting.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

Here we...oh, sorry, this table is actually reserved.

BRANDON

Right, that's what I just said.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

Oh, no, sir. Sorry, it was a last minute thing. We have a Hollywood star coming in tonight. Big big name. You've been bumped.

BRANDON

Bumped?

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

Umm...yeah, but no worries. Second best seat in the house.

The chubby man walks Brandon and Kellie back to a table far in the back. Behind several palm trees.

BRANDON

This can't be our table.

KELLIE

You can hardly see the stage.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN  
It's very secluded. Romantic.

The chubby man winks at Brandon. Brandon sighs and then nods. The Chubby man smiles as he walks away.

BRANDON  
Sorry, Kel. You can sit here, you can see part of the stage.

Kellie nods. And walks over to that side of the table.

KELLIE  
This is ridiculous. Who is this celebrity that keeps taking our things?

Kellie looks at the entrance to the luau. In walks moviestar Jack Sutton with a bevy of beautiful women.

KELLIE  
Shut the front door.

BRANDON  
Umm...we're outside. I...

KELLIE  
Wow.

BRANDON  
What's over there?

Kellie doesn't hear Brandon as she's affixed to Jack Sutton walking in. The chubby Hawaiian man walks up to him and escorts him and several other people to Kellie and Brandon's old table.

BRANDON  
Kel?

KELLIE  
What?

BRANDON  
Something over there?

Brandon turns to look. He sees nothing out of the ordinary. Kellie refocuses on Brandon.

KELLIE  
No, nothing.

BRANDON

Oh okay. So, I was thinking we head up to Haleakala for the sunrise tomorrow.

KELLIE

Umm...I...don't know. I mean, I definitely want to. And I hear it's beautiful, but also cold. I was thinking...maybe shopping?

BRANDON

But, we can shop at ho..

KELLIE

Not in an open-air mall that's right next to the beach.

BRANDON

True.

KELLIE

Can you get us some drinks? I'll have a Sex on the Beach.

A sly smile comes across Brandon's face.

BRANDON

Then...what are we doing here?

Kellie doesn't even crack a smile.

KELLIE

Really?

BRANDON

Uh...yeah. It's the time change. I swear my sense of humor will get better.

KELLIE

No, it won't. Just go get the drinks. And hurry, the show's gonna start soon.

EXT. ROYAL LAHAINA BAR — EVENING

Brandon bellies up to the bar and asks the bartender a question.

EXT. LUAU – TABLE – CONTINUOUS

Kellie looks at Jack Sutton.

He's sipping his martini. He sees Kellie looking at him and raises an inviting eyebrow. She sees his invite and flashes him a smile. Jack Sutton then tilts his head and orders the WAITER to come over to the table.

He whispers something in the ear of the WAITER. The WAITER nods and moves on. Jack smiles as the waiter steps in front of Kellie, blocking her view.

The WAITER places the drink in front of Kellie.

WAITER  
Compliments of the gentleman over  
there.

The waiter points at Jack Sutton. Kelly grabs the straw seductively between her lips. She takes a sip and then withdraws slowly. Jack smiles. Kellie looks at the napkin that says, "TURN ME OVER."

EXT. LUAU – TABLE – CONTINUOUS

Kellie is just about to flip over the napkin, when Brandon returns with drinks. Brandon looks at the glass in front of Kelly.

BRANDON  
Where'd that come from?

KELLIE  
Oh, the waiter.

BRANDON  
Oh...okay.

Kellie looks over Brandon's shoulder and sees Jack Sutton sitting at the very front of the Luau with an entourage of several bodyguards and women.

KELLIE  
Don't you ever just want to do  
something impetuous?

BRANDON  
We are in Hawaii, isn't that crazy  
enough?

KELLIE

Please, you planned this vacation for fourteen months. I mean I just want to do something off the cuff. Wild.

BRANDON

Of course. We can do anything this week. In fact, we'll go shopping tomorrow, then we can plan a boat tour or...

KELLIE

No more planning.

Brandon looks over his shoulder.

BRANDON

What's over there?

Brandon turns back as Kellie looks down.

KELLIE

Nothing.

BRANDON

Listen, Kel, we can do whatever you want to do tomorrow.

Kellie nods. Then takes a sip of the drink and grabs the napkin. Suddenly, drums start and Brandon looks to the stage. Kellie looks at Brandon, sees he's not paying attention and turns over the napkin.

Brandon turns back. Kellie flips the napkin down.

KELLIE

I have to go to the bathroom.

BRANDON

But the show is starting.

KELLIE

I know, I'll be right back.

BRANDON

Okay.

Kellie gets up as the drums rhythmic beauty intensifies. She walks towards the bathroom just as two canoes arrive on the beach. The man and woman get out of the canoes and follow the torches that light the way to the stage.

The beats deepen as they come closer. Other Hawaiian music starts playing. Three gorgeous, young ladies take the stage with authority. The lower half of their bodies moves as if independent from the upper half.

Each beat is accented with a shift of the hip. The crowd looks on in awe. Lisa Warner takes the stage. Brandon smiles when he sees her. Then realizes he's staring and looks down at his watch. It's now been roughly ten minutes from when Kellie left. His focus now changes from Lisa to where Kellie might be.

Brandon scans the luau, no sign of Kellie. He stops at the large table in front that was occupied by Jack Sutton and his entourage, thinks nothing of it and continues watching the show.

Five more minutes pass. Brandon's face contorts in confusion as he looks down at his watch. He stands up, much to the chagrin of the audience and navigates his way to the front, where he grabs the waiter by the arm.

BRANDON

Have you seen my girlfriend?

The waiter just shakes his head.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN (O.C)

...I have only these islands to show  
for all my efforts.

(beat)

And that's how the Hawaiian Islands  
were created.

The intense drumming comes to an abrupt halt. The stage lights go on as bright as can be. The lights moves across the audience. As they do, the three women leave the stage while two men move forward, light torches and start juggling them.

Brandon's now standing right in front of the stage. He realizes where he is and starts walking towards the bathroom. He gets cut off by another waiter. Brandon politely smiles and turns a different way, only to be cut off by another. He looks up and past the waiter sees a pink sundress billow in the breeze.

BRANDON

Kellie?

Brandon tries to move past the waiter, but gets tangled up with him.



BRANDON

That's my girlfriend...I jus...get out  
of...she's right there.

Brandon points, as he does, he knocks the tray of drinks all over the stage. The fire jugglers continue as the glass and alcohol spray against the stage. One of the jugglers steps on a shard of glass as he throws a flaming baton toward the sky. He grabs his foot in pain.

As he grabs his foot, the torch plummets back towards the stage. Luckily, the handle and not the flame, slams into the wooden stage.

But, it starts to roll towards the grass fringe where the alcohol has soaked the grass. Before anyone can say anything, the flame is slowly making it's way up the fringe. As the flame hits the roof it ignites into a full-fledged fire.

Brandon's eyes grow to the size of saucers as the flame reaches the thatched roof. The Chubby Hawaiian man come out from his booth.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

No! My stage!

EXT. ROYAL LAHAINA LUAU PARKING LOT- NIGHT

The entire Royal Lahaina Luau building and stage are now nothing more than a charred mess. Several firefighters are putting the finishing touches on the once large flame.

Finally, it completely goes out. Soot-laden and frantic, Brandon paces the length of the lot.

Brandon sees the chubby Hawaiian man crying near the pile of ashes.

BRANDON

Excuse me, was there anyone in the  
bathrooms?

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

No, everyone got out. But...

The Hawaiian man turns around.

CHUBBY HAWAIIAN MAN

You? You did this.

Brandon's eyes get big as the chubby Hawaiian man comes running at Brandon.

BRANDON

I didn't...

Brandon starts running away. He bumps into a woman covered in a fire blanket.

BRANDON

Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. Are you okay?

Brandon helps her get up. It's Lisa Warner.

LISA WARNER

No, I'm not okay.

Lisa realizes it's Brandon.

LISA WARNER

You did this. I broke a nail because of you.

Lisa smacks him across the face and walks away. Brandon is in shock. But shakes it off and pulls out his cell phone to call Kellie. No answer. He frantically texts and waits – nothing.

He puts his cellphone away and starts walking away from the ashes.

INT. SHERATON MAUI HALLWAY – NIGHT

Dejected, Brandon walks through the hallway. He pauses for a minute, reaches in his pants pocket for his cellphone. He dials it one more time.

Still completely covered in soot, he passes room 2125 and as he walks by he hears loud grunts and pleasurable groans. Then faintly, he hears a cell phone ring – it's like *So What* by Pink. Brandon pauses and leans in to the door.

BRANDON

Kellie?

Brandon knocks twice. No answer. He knocks again, this time more deliberately. Immediately Jack Sutton's BODYGUARD opens the door.

BODYGUARD

We didn't order any room service.

BRANDON

I think my girlfriend is in there.

BODYGUARD

Kid, lots of people's girlfriends  
have been in there.

Brandon gets very angry.

BRANDON

Listen, I just want to make sure  
she's okay. She's my girlfriend and  
I just called her. Here...I'll do it  
again.

Brandon pulls out his cellphone and dials. It starts ringing.  
So *What* faintly plays from the room.

BRANDON

There. Did you hear that?

The bodyguard stops and listens.

BODYGUARD

Nope, don't hear a thing.

Suddenly, there's a moan and groan.

BODYGUARD

I heard that.

Brandon steps up to the bodyguard. His face comes about up to  
the bodyguard's chest.

BRANDON

I don't have time for this.

INT. HALLWAY - DAYDREAM

Brandon rears his fist back, decking the bodyguard out with  
one punch. He steps over his body into the room and walks out  
a second later carrying Kellie.

BODYGUARD

Can you please leave now?

Brandon is staring off into the distance.

BODYGUARD

Listen, this has been a lovely  
chat, but I need you to go.

INT. HALLWAY - REALITY

Brandon shakes off his thought. Then looks the bodyguard  
straight in the chest.

BRANDON

No, not this time. Look, maybe your pea-sized, steroid-reduced brain can't comprehend what I am saying. So let me go slow. I need to know who is in there?

BODYGUARD

Well, my steroid-enhanced muscles say it's none of your fucking business...

(flexing)

...and my pea-sized brain makes me feel a lot less guilty when I pummel people. Apparently, my ventromedial prefrontal cortex is very tiny...now get out.

Brandon doesn't move.

BRANDON

I'm not going...

The bodyguard rolls his eyes and decks him, knocking him out in one punch.

INT. SHERATON MAUI HALLWAY — MORNING

Brandon is slumped in front of room 2129. His head is lowered, and his face is pretty badly bruised. His black eye looks like his best feature right now.

He is still sitting with his eyes closed. We hear two maids come closer. His eyes flutter with the sound of the first woman's voice.

MAID 1

Pienses que él es muerto?

SUPER: Do you think he's dead?

Brandon opens his eyes slowly as the maid shrugs her shoulders.

MAID 2

No sé.

SUPER: I don't know.

The first maid takes a feather duster and pokes at Brandon's leg. He feels it, but is too sore to do anything about it. The other maid leans in over Brandon and squirts her cleaner bottle right into Brandon's face.



EXT. CHICAGO NAVY PIER — AFTERNOON

Ashley Williams is on a small chair next to the Spirit of Chicago. Her reddish blonde hair pulled back in a pony-tail shimmers from the golden sun.

She has set up several easels displaying the many caricatures she's done. Around the easels on the ground are paintings Ashley has completed as well.

The constant chatter of tourists fill the air, but it's broken up by a cellphone ring: *The One That Got Away* by Katy Perry.

ASHLEY

Hello?

BRANDON (O.S.)

Ash, hey.

ASHLEY

Brandon, are you okay? Why are you calling me?

BRANDON (O.S.)

I don't know. I just...it's been a crazy night and...

ASHLEY

You should be on a beach somewhere, working on your sun tan. Lord knows you need it. All pasty-white and stuff. You're practically translucent.

BRANDON

Umm...right.

ASHLEY

Just kidding. What's up?

INT. SHERATON MAUI ROOM 2129 — BATHROOM— MORNING

Brandon runs his hands through his hair.

BRANDON

I just needed to hear your voice. It always calms me down.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Everything okay?

BRANDON  
I can't find Kellie.

EXT. CHICAGO NAVY PIER — AFTERNOON

Ashley is taken aback.

ASHLEY  
What do you mean?

BRANDON (O.S.)  
I don't know. I saw her...I mean I  
think I saw her leave the luau last  
night and...I just don't know.

ASHLEY  
Where'd she go?

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Not sure.

ASHLEY  
Did you call the police?

BRANDON  
Yeah, but they won't do anything  
for 24 hours.

INT. SHERATON MAUI ROOM 2129 BATHROOM — MORNING

Kellie walks in with the world's biggest grin on her face.  
She's actually humming a song. Brandon drops the phone.

ASHLEY (O.S.)  
Hello? Hello? Brand?

Brandon runs over to Kellie.

BRANDON  
Where the hell have you been? I  
looked for you everywhere after the  
luau burned down.

KELLIE  
What?

BRANDON  
I thought I even heard your  
cellphone ring coming from some  
other room.

KELLIE  
That's weird.

BRANDON  
So where were you?

KELLIE  
I went out. From the luau.

Kellie walks out into the bedroom. Brandon follows. She plops down on the bed. He sits next to her.

BRANDON  
You what?

KELLIE  
Yeah, promise you won't get mad.

BRANDON  
After everything I went through last night, looking for you, I'm just happy your safe.

KELLIE  
Good. So, you remember our conversation on the plane?

BRANDON  
Um...yeah, about the peanuts?

KELLIE  
No, the other conversation.

Brandon stands up. Kellie tries to hold back a smile.

KELLIE  
Well, I just spent the night in the company of Mr. Jack Sutton.

Brandon stays quiet. He just stares off into the distance.

KELLIE  
It was amazing, Brand. Just like in the movies. Totally impetuous. No planning. He sent me that drink, and...say something.

Brandon just starts pacing without saying a word.

KELLIE  
Brandon, talk to me. I'm sorry, It's a once-in-a-lifetime experience.



Brandon looks away.

KELLIE

Brandon? Look at me. I just wanted to see. I needed this. I want some adventure. Some excitement.

Brandon starts nodding uncontrollably.

KELLIE

It didn't mean anything. Just two people in the moment.

Brandon starts walking towards the door.

KELLIE

Where are you going?

BRANDON

Out.

KELLIE

You brought up "The List," not me.

BRANDON

As a conversation starter, besides when you said you wanted to do something impetuous, I figured you'd jump in a waterfall on the Road to Hana, not fuck the first actor you'd see.

KELLIE

Oh, I get it. If it was you and Jessica Beil then everything would be fine. But since it was me and Jack Sutton there's a problem.

Brandon turns back.

BRANDON

I DON'T HAVE A LIST!

Brandon opens the door and walks out.

INT. SHERATON MAUI – HALLWAY – LATE MORNING

SUPER: Three hours later.

Brandon returns to the room. He starts pounding on the door.

BRANDON  
Kellie! Kellie!  
(to himself)  
Where the hell is she?

INT. SHERATON MAUI LOBBY – LATE MORNING

Brandon walks up to the gold-trimmed oak desk. Behind the desk is the CONCIERGE. Dressed in full uniform, his snotty attitude is visible just from the way he looks. Brandon asks a question.

BRANDON  
Have you seen a blonde girl about  
5'5"?

CONCIERGE  
Ahh, Mrs. Jack Sutton?

BRANDON  
No, she's with me.

CONCIERGE  
(snooty)  
Really, because last night she came  
in with him and..

BRANDON  
She's with me.

CONCIERGE  
Right. I'm sure she is, sir. Either  
way she wanted me to get her on a  
flight. First one I could to  
Chicago.

BRANDON  
What?

CONCIERGE  
She took a taxi to the airport  
about twenty minutes ago. Oh, and  
she told me to tell you, and I  
quote, have a nice life, you  
fucking asshole. Unquote.

The concierge holds up a piece of paper.

CONCIERGE  
I wrote it down, so I wouldn't  
forget.

Brandon shakes his head in disbelief and runs to the front door. He goes to open one of the doors.

CONCIERGE

Sir, you might want to use..

Brandon tries to open it and slams his face into the glass.

CONCIERGE

...the other door.

Without missing a beat, Brandon flings open the door and storms out in a huff, more angered than before.

EXT. MAUI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT – DAY

Brandon is frantically calling and texting, but getting no answer. He looks up at the monitor and sees the Chicago flight leaving at 12:30 PM, He grabs a ticket out of his pocket and starts running towards gate 2B.

EXT. PLANE – CONTINUOUS

Kellie walks onto the plane and takes her seat in Row 35. The flight attendants start closing the overhead bins when one last person makes it on – Brandon. He quickly takes his seat in row ten.

Brandon sits down and quickly dials his cellphone.

Several rows behind him, Kellie checks her cellphone to turn it off and it buzzes.

KELLIE

Hello.

BRANDON (V.O.)

Don't hang up. We need to talk.

KELLIE

I can't, we're taking off.

BRANDON

I know.

Brandon stands up. Kellie looks up and notices Brandon standing there.

BRANDON

I may have overreacted. But, it's not every day your girlfriend says she slept with another man. List or not.

KELLIE

I thought we were both adults. When you brought it up, I thought we could actually handle something like this. I'm just glad it happened now.

BRANDON

Wait, you're mad at me?

KELLIE

Brandon, I think we both need to do some growing up.

BRANDON

You're breaking up with me? Over the phone? In a plane?

Kellie stands up and faces Brandon.

KELLIE

Brandon, it's for the best. I don't think I can be tied down right now. I guess, I just need something more.

A flight attendant walks up to Brandon.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2

Sir, you really have to stow that electronic device.

BRANDON

But, I'm talking to my girlfriend.

KELLIE

Ex girlfriend.

The whole plane was listening to the conversation. Kellie ends the call and sits down. Brandon just stares ahead, sitting down. The PORTLY PASSENGER sitting next to Brandon just looks at him.

PORTLY PASSENGER

Tough break, man.

Brandon turns his head slowly and gives a stare that could kill. The passenger puts on his headphones on and leans back.

INT. ASHLEY WILLIAMS' CAR - LATE MORNING

Ashley drives up to the curb of O'Hare. The busy drive has cars dotting every lane. She sees Brandon completely dejected, still in the clothes from the luau covered in soot. Her heart goes out to him.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Brandon sees Ashley pull up. He navigates several rows of traffic and gets into the car. They speed off.

INT. ASHLEY WILLIAMS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ashley turns to look at him.

ASHLEY

What the hell happened to you? Did they make you fix the plane or something?

BRANDON

Long story. I really don't want to talk about it. Thanks for getting me. I owe you big.

ASHLEY

It's okay. Anytime...day or night.

Brandon smiles.

BRANDON

Careful what you say, I might just take you up on that.

Ashley laughs.

EXT. CHICAGO CENTRAL LOOP - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: 2 weeks later.

Large skyscrapers tower overhead. The one that seems the most ominous just happens to house Hutchinson Marketing Firm.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE - LATE AFTERNOON

Tim and Brandon are sitting in their cube outside old man Hutchinson's office. Tim has several shipping boxes of stuff in his cube.

BRANDON

What is all this stuff?

TIM

You're finally talking to me. This is nothing. Just a few things I ordered online. Bose speaker system, et cetera. No biggie. So, how've you been? Beginning to think your cat got your tongue.

BRANDON

I don't have a cat.

TIM

See would've been really weird then. Seriously though, you okay?

BRANDON

I don't really want to talk about it with you.

Brandon puts his headphones on and turns back towards his computer.

TIM

But...I'm kind of...

Brandon just puts up a hand as if to say silence.

TIM

You think I wanted this to happen? Bro, I love the list. Always will.

Tim walks over in front of Brandon.

TIM

Listen to me. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger. Stand a little taller. Doesn't mean I'm lonely when I'm alone. What doesn't kill you makes a fighter. Footsteps even lighter. Doesn't mean I'm over cause you're gone.

Tim is full out singing and dancing now. Brandon tries to ignore him, but sees Franklin and Hutchinson walk by.

Brandon takes off his headphones.

BRANDON

Okay, please stop. Just stop with the Kelly Clarkson already.

TIM

Her music touches my soul.

BRANDON

Great. But do the world a favor,  
never ever sing it again. Not  
really in your register.

TIM

Agreed. Don't put your headphones  
back on. I just want to talk.

BRANDON

What do you want me to say? That  
for the last two weeks I've been  
wallowing in a self-loathing pit of  
despair and Kate Winslet movies?

TIM

Oh wow, no. Don't say that. Please.  
Don't ever say that. I just wanted  
to say I'm sorry.

Brandon just nods. Tim sits down on the desk.

BRANDON

Right. Well it wasn't your fault.

TIM

Oh, I know that. I just don't like  
seeing you this way. The sea is a  
vast ocean, friend. Sometimes you  
find a angelfish, sometimes a  
shark. But, whatever you find, you  
jump right back in.

BRANDON

You watch way too much National  
Geographic, you know that right?

TIM

Entirely true. What I mean is you  
need a new ocean, bro.

Tim stands up.

TIM

Come with me.

Brandon reluctantly stands up.

BRANDON

I'm going to regret this, aren't I?

TIM

No.

INT. COPY ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Brandon and Tim walk in.

BRANDON

So we're making copies?

TIM

No, we're not here to make copies.

Suddenly, MARCIE, a tall young brunette, walks through the copy room.

MARCIE

Hey. Tim, right?

TIM

Yeah, Hi.

Marcie walks on.

BRANDON

That's why we're here?

TIM

New fish. And by the looks of things she's a "fins-up-to-there" kind of fish.

BRANDON

Okay. I got to go.

TIM

Dude, you can't pine after "what's her name" your whole life. You need to move on.

Brandon shakes his head.

BRANDON

I knew I'd regret this.

Brandon just walks away.

TIM

Fine, there are more fish in the sea.

Brandon just waves as to say "you've done enough."



INT. SUBWAY SANDWICH SHOP – AFTERNOON

Brandon walks in.

ASHLEY

If it isn't the prodigal son.

BRANDON

The what?

ASHLEY

Nothing. How've you been?

Ashley starts fixing Brandon's sandwich.

BRANDON

Pretty good. Considering.

ASHLEY

I know it's none of my business,  
but I've never had a good vibe  
about "what's her name."

BRANDON

Kellie. Why can't anyone remember  
her name?

ASHLEY

Any way, sometimes things happen  
for a reason, Brand. We don't  
understand them when it's  
happening, but we look back twenty  
years from now and realize it  
couldn't have turned out any other  
way. And then we take a long swig  
of scotch and laugh.

BRANDON

Thanks. I know, but I just feel  
like it's kind of my fault.

Ashley slams the knife into the bread cutting it into two  
pieces.

ASHLEY

What? Seriously?

BRANDON

Whoa. Yeah, I mean, I brought up  
the whole "List" thing, I put the  
idea in her head.

Ashley starts getting visibly angry.

ASHLEY

Brandon Turner, I've known you since we were playing in the sandbox together. You've never done anything that would maliciously hurt someone else.

Suddenly, Brandon's phone rings.

ASHLEY

And I think it's time you were with someone who feels the same way.

Ashley coyly smiles. Brandon looks at his phone and smiles.

BRANDON

Thanks, I should probably take this.

Ashley nods and wraps up the sandwich. Brandon steps away. His eyes light up.

BRANDON

Kel? What? Um..yeah, that's right, two tickets.

A look of disappointment shoots across Ashley's face.

BRANDON

Yeah, no. I'm sorry too. No, it'll be fun.

Brandon ends the call. And looks up at Ashley.

BRANDON

That was Kellie. We're going out tonight. We're going to see Van Helsing.

ASHLEY

Really?

Brandon smiles.

BRANDON

Thanks again, Ash, I really appreciate everything. You're seriously the best friend I've ever had.

Ashley forces out a smile and hands Brandon a made sandwich.

ASHLEY

Don't forget this.

Brandon grabs the sandwich. Hands her a twenty and gleefully moves towards the door.

BRANDON  
Keep the change. Thanks, Ash.

Brandon walks out.

ASHLEY  
Keep the change? What am I a whore?

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – AFTERNOON?

Tim and Brandon are sitting at their computers.

TIM  
You told her you had Van Helsing tickets? That concert has been sold out for months.

BRANDON  
I know, but I had to do a big romantic gesture.

TIM  
Lying is always romantic.

BRANDON  
Shut up, just help me look at some of these ticket brokers.

TIM  
Dude, biggest concert in town.

Hutchinson walks by the cube briskly.

BRANDON  
Got it.

Tim looks confused. Brandon stands up and starts walking after Mr. Hutchinson.

BRANDON  
Sir, can I have a minute.

HUTCHINSON  
Of course. In my office, homey.

Brandon smiles and walks in, followed by Mr. Hutchinson.

INT. HUTCHINSON OFFICE — CONTINUOUS

Brandon walks in and sits down. Mr. Hutchinson follows.

HUTCHINSON  
What can I do you for?

BRANDON  
Sir, I know you...

HUTCHINSON  
Say no more.

BRANDON  
Um...do what?

HUTCHINSON  
You can do the research for  
Yamaguchi. It would be the tits.

BRANDON  
Umm...that's great, sir, but not what  
I'm here for. Actually I wanted to  
know if you had tickets to the Van  
Helsing show tonight?

HUTCHINSON  
I can dig. Rock and roll is your  
thing, my brother. I just happen to  
have two tickets with your name on  
them.

BRANDON  
Seriously?

HUTCHINSON  
Yeah, But I need some stuff done.

BRANDON  
Just name it...

HUTCHINSON  
Wash my car?

BRANDON  
Sir?

HUTCHINSON  
Wash my car. Pick up my dry  
cleaning. And take the notorious  
D.O.G. for a walk. That's all. Nah  
I'm just kidding.

Brandon sighs in relief.

HUTCHINSON

Or am I?

Brandon nods. Hutchinson reaches in his drawer. Grabs two tickets and hands them to Brandon.

HUTCHINSON

So, close Viktor Van Helsing will sweat on you.

Brandon smiles.

BRANDON

Thank you, sir.

Brandon grabs the tickets.

HUTCHINSON

Car's out back. No really it is.

Brandon looks at the tickets and sighs.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – CONTINUOUS

Brandon walks in. Tim is sitting there staring.

TIM

So?

BRANDON

Got 'em!

Brandon shows the tickets to Tim.

TIM

Seriously?

BRANDON

Yep. Never underestimate the power of a little groveling. And, Hutchinson is cooler than we give him credit for.

TIM

Stuck in 1991, doesn't make him cool. Just makes him really good at Saved By the Bell trivia.

BRANDON

I have a really good feeling about tonight.

INT. KELLIE'S DOWNTOWN CHICAGO APARTMENT — EARLY EVENING

Kellie puts on the finishing touches and glances one more time at her blonde tresses. She's wearing a sparkly, short dress and matching heels. The doorbell sounds. Kellie walks from the mirror on the far wall to the door. She slowly opens it up and sees Brandon standing there.

BRANDON

Wow...umm...you must be Kellie. I'm  
Brandon, I'll be your date for the  
evening.

Kellie smiles.

KELLIE

Let me get my things.

Kellie starts walking to get her purse on the couch, when Brandon reveals his arm out from behind his back, and in his hand is a large, colorful bouquet of flowers. Kellie's eyes light up for a minute.

BRANDON

Oh, these are for you.

Kellie smiles again.

KELLIE

Cliché...but sweet. Thanks, Brand.  
But, you know were just going as  
friends, right?

Kellie takes them and walks to the kitchen that overlooks the family room. The kitchen is small, but nice for an apartment. We can see a picture of Jack Sutton and Kellie in a frame across the room. Brandon never sees it.

BRANDON

Umm...yeah, of course. Friends.

KELLIE

But thanks for the tickets. I'm  
glad you called me. And that we can  
do something like this.

BRANDON

I'm glad you finally called me  
back. Your chariot awaits, m'lady.

EXT. NAVY PIER — CONTINUOUS

Ashley is sitting at her tent with her easels of caricatures around her. A young boy walks up.

YOUNG BOY  
Can I get a drawing?

Ashley looks around, but doesn't see any adult with him.

ASHLEY  
Umm...yeah, where's your parents?

YOUNG BOY  
Oh, I'm not here with them. I'm  
here with my uncle.

ASHLEY  
Oh, okay. Well, let's get you all  
set up. And see what we can do. I'm  
Ashley by the way.

The young boy extends his hand.

YOUNG BOY  
Timothy, but my friends call me  
Tim.

ASHLEY  
Nice to meet you, Timothy, but my  
friends call me Tim.

Ashley starts drawing. She notices a man who starts walking  
around the pier aimlessly.

GEORGE  
Timothy!!! Timothy!!!

Ashley looks at Timothy.

ASHLEY  
Your uncle?

Timothy just nods.

GEORGE  
Timothy James, I told you not to  
wander off. Timothy!

Ashley stands up.

ASHLEY  
Over here.

George turns his head towards Ashley.

GEORGE  
Oh my gosh.

George comes sauntering over.

ASHLEY  
I think he's over here.

GEORGE  
Timothy. Your mother would've had a  
conniption coronary had I lost you.

Timothy just looks up and shrugs his shoulders.

YOUNG BOY  
I just wanted to get a drawing.

Ashley goes back to drawing. George grabs Timothy by the arm.

GEORGE  
We have to go. I told your mom we'd  
be home before dark. And the sun is  
vanishing over the pier.

YOUNG BOY  
Please let me finish.

ASHLEY  
I'll only be a few minutes.

GEORGE  
Fine.

Ashley finishes up her drawing. George starts looking around  
at the various caricatures Ashley displayed.

GEORGE  
You have a gift, my dear.

Then he looks down and sees a few paintings propped up  
against the railing.

GEORGE  
What are these?

ASHLEY  
It's a hobby.

Ashley continues drawing the young boy.

GEORGE  
This is far from a hobby. These are  
gorgeous.

ASHLEY  
Thanks. It's more of a passion than  
a hobby, I guess.



GEORGE

And, darling, it shines through.

Ashley puts the final shading on the picture and hands it to Timothy.

ASHLEY

Here ya go. All set.

Timothy looks at the picture.

YOUNG BOY

It's perfect!

George looks at Ashley.

GEORGE

You definitely have a gift.

ASHLEY

Thank you.

GEORGE

How much do I owe you?

ASHLEY

Nothing. He's a fun little guy to draw.

GEORGE

Nothing?

ASHLEY

Yeah, this is, sorta, kind of a hobby too. Although, I usually get paid. This one is on me.

Ashley smiles. George is taken aback.

GEORGE

The kindhearted, starving artist. Interesting creature, indeed.

Timothy grabs George's hand.

YOUNG BOY

Let's go.

Ashley waves goodbye.

ASHLEY

Bye.

EXT. UNITED CENTER CHICAGO – NIGHT

People are filing into the doors of the United Center. The sun is just starting to go down.

INT. UNITED CENTER CHICAGO – FRONT ROW – NIGHT

An usher walks Brandon and Kellie to their seats.

BRANDON

Front row? Hutchinson just got so much cooler in my book.

KELLIE

What?

Brandon looks at Kellie.

BRANDON

Nothing. Can you believe these seats?

KELLIE

They're amazing.

The lights dim. Spotlights come out from the stage, highlighting Brandon and Kellie. Brandon looks over at Kellie.

BRANDON

I'm really glad you're here.

KELLIE

Me too.

Brandon softly moves in for a kiss. As he does, a firecracker goes off, the arena fills with smoke and Van Helsing takes the stage. Everyone gets so excited. Including Kellie, who jams her fists in the air, slamming into Brandon's jaw.

KELLIE

WOOOO! Oh my gosh, Brand, are you okay?

Brandon shakes off the hit.

BRANDON

Yeah. Yeah, I'm good. I've been learning how to take a punch better.

INT. UNITED CENTER CHICAGO – STAGE – CONTINUOUS

Brandon turns towards the stage and puts his hands in the air too. Van Helsing starts rocking! Viktor Van Helsing stands in the center of the stage.

VIKTOR

Hello, Chicago!!! We're gonna rock  
it out tonight! But first, lets  
slow stuff down.

Viktor starts strumming a ballad on his guitar. He looks at the first row toward Kellie and Brandon. He just nods and extends his arm.

Kellie extends her arm and Viktor helps her on stage. Brandon and the rest of the crowd goes crazy. Viktor starts singing to Kellie.

INT. UNITED CENTER CHICAGO – FIRST ROW – LATER

Kellie is now standing next to Brandon again. The whole crowd is cheering to bring on the encore.

BRANDON

I can't believe he brought you on  
stage.

KELLIE

I know!

BRANDON

Best night ever.

KELLIE

It's pretty amaz...

Kellie's thought is cut short by Van Helsing coming out for their encore. A ROADIE wades through a crowd of people and hands two pieces of paper to Brandon and Kellie.

ROADIE

Courtesy of Viktor.

Kellie looks at hers.

KELLIE

A backstage pass.

Brandon is amazed.

ROADIE

You can come with me.

Brandon grabs his and just holds it in his hand. While the concert continues, the roadie brings Brandon and Kellie to the gate to get backstage and walks in.

INT. BACKSTAGE GATE – CONTINUOUS

The GUARD stands tall with his arms crossed.

GUARD  
Passes?

Kellie shows him hers. The guards nods and lets Kellie walk back. Brandon shows his.

GUARD  
What is this?

Brandon looks at the pass.

GUARD  
This is a coupon.

BRANDON  
What?

Kellie keeps moving towards the dressing rooms, while Brandon struggles to come in.

GUARD  
Is this some kind of joke?

BRANDON  
No, there must be a mistake. We both got backstage passes. That little roadie guy gave them to us. Kel?!

Kellie doesn't hear him and turns into a back room.

GUARD  
Hers was a backstage pass. Yours...this is a coupon for twenty percent off a T-shirt.

BRANDON  
No, we're together. Kel? Me and her.

GUARD  
Her and I. And, please stop yelling.

BRANDON

I'm not yelling. I just don't think she can hear me over the music. Kel?

GUARD

I asked you nicely to stop.

BRANDON

I'm not yelling. I should be.

Brandon pauses for minute. He looks over to the side.

INT. BACKSTAGE GATE – DAYDREAM

Brandon points backstage

BRANDON

What the hell is that?

The guard looks, Brandon reaches around and gives the man a giant wedgie, then pushes him down and runs back stage. He comes out a second later holding Kellie's hand. They stop right before the guard and passionately kiss, then step over him and leave.

INT. BACKSTAGE GATE – REALITY

Brandon stands in front of the guard with a blank look on his face.

GUARD

Sir? Sir? The concession stands are that way.

The guard points as Brandon stares off into the distance.

BRANDON

What?

Brandon focuses.

GUARD

I'm going to have to ask you to leave now.

Brandon nods. Takes a step back and looks to the sides. Suddenly he charges at the railing and tries to hop over it. Only he's caught by the guard and thrown face first into a pile of garbage. He hits his head on a garbage can, knocking him out cold.

INT. BACKSTAGE – LATER

The guard is talking to a young woman.

GUARD

Thanks for coming. He's been out for several hours. So you're his I.C.E. contact?

The woman turns around and we can see it's Ashley.

ASHLEY

Apparently so, I'll take care of him. Thanks for not pressing charges.

The guard nods. Ashley walks through the pile of garbage toward Brandon.

ASHLEY

Brand? Brand?

No response. Ashley looks around for something to wake Brandon. She can't find anything. So, she leans in close.

ASHLEY

This going to hurt me more than you.

Ashley quickly slaps him across the face. Brandon's eyes shoot open.

BRANDON

What the...?

ASHLEY

Sorry, needed to wake you up.

BRANDON

Ash? What are you doing here?

ASHLEY

Rescuing you.

BRANDON

What happened?

ASHLEY

I was going to ask you the same thing. Good thing you have me as your emergency contact in your phone.

Ashley helps Brandon up.

ASHLEY  
You smell like shit.

Brandon laughs.

ASHLEY  
No, I'm serious.

BRANDON  
Oh.

ASHLEY  
C'mon, let's go home.

EXT. UNITED CENTER CHICAGO – DAWN

Ashley and Brandon walk out into the parking lot.

ASHLEY  
I guess those Van Helsing concerts  
can get a little rough.

Brandon rubs his head.

BRANDON  
Tell me about it.

ASHLEY  
I never quite pegged you for a Van  
Helsing guy.

BRANDON  
I'm not. Kellie likes them.

ASHLEY  
Ahh, right. "What's her name."

BRANDON  
Did they say what happened with  
her?

ASHLEY  
They never mentioned her.

Brandon checks his phone. No messages.

As they near Ashley's car, the sun starts to come up over the horizon in the East. The orange sky lights up the completely empty parking lot. Ashley's thought is interrupted.

ASHLEY  
Look! It's so beautiful.

BRANDON

Wow!

ASHLEY

Isn't it amazing that nature can paint such beautiful pictures? If I could only capture that feeling.

BRANDON

What are you talking about? You're the best damn artist I know.

ASHLEY

Thanks for the compliment, but I think I'm the only artist you know.

BRANDON

Not true, I'm very familiar with the happy little tree guy.

Ashley laughs.

ASHLEY

He's dead.

BRANDON

Oh.

ASHLEY

Just get in.

INT. ASHLEY WILLIAMS' CAR – CONTINUOUS

Ashley drives off. She looks at Brandon.

BRANDON

Thanks again.

ASHLEY

Any time.

BRANDON

And you are so the best artist I know...living or dead. Hell, nobody can draw a better clown.

Ashley starts laughing.

ASHLEY

That was the sixth grade.

BRANDON

So, still the best.



ASHLEY

Shut up.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT — EARLY MORNING

Brandon walks in followed by Ashley. He motions for her to take a seat and walks into the kitchen.

BRANDON

Want something to drink?

ASHLEY

Sure, whatever you got.

Brandon pours a Coke for Ashley and a large glass of Captain Morgan's Rum topped off with two or three drops of 7-Up for himself. He walks them over to Ashley sitting on the couch.

BRANDON

One for the lady.

Ashley grabs the coke.

ASHLEY

Thanks. How's your head?

BRANDON

You know that scene from Glory, in the beginning when his head explodes. It's slightly less than that. But this will dull the pain.

Brandon takes a large swig from his glass.

BRANDON

Actually, it's good.

ASHLEY

Brandon Turner, we've known each other almost our whole lives, I know when you're lying.

BRANDON

Really? I happen to remember senior year, when I totally duped you into thinking that Andy Fair liked you.

ASHLEY

I've actually tried to repress that memory. And my counseling was working until now.

Brandon takes another large swig from his glass. He gets up and goes back in the kitchen and makes himself another concoction.

ASHLEY

You know, it's not your fault.

BRANDON

You're right, my parents told me rock 'n roll was the music of the devil.

ASHLEY

No, I mean with "what's her name."  
You...

Brandon walks back in the room and takes another huge gulp of his drink. He turns and makes the worst alcohol face throwing Ashley off from what she was saying.

ASHLEY

What are you drinking?

BRANDON

Just some 7-Up...and a maybe little bit of Captain.

Brandon starts laughing.

ASHLEY

Brand, you have to let "what's her name" go. It's not healthy for you. And if this keeps happening, not healthy for me.

Ashley is interrupted by Brandon's phone ringing. Brandon looks at the name.

BRANDON

It's Kellie. I really have to take this.

ASHLEY

Yep, go ahead.  
(to herself)  
Forget everything I just said.

Ashley stands up and starts to walk out.

BRANDON

No wait. Don't go. Just one sec.

Ashley stops. Brandon steps away.

BRANDON

Hello?

KELLIE (O.C)

Brandon, Stop it...hee,  
hee...Brand...shit, any way, I just  
wanted to make sure you were okay.  
...ooh...stop for one sec.

BRANDON

Kellie? What's going on?

KELLIE (O.C.)

Viktor and I waited for you  
backstage for hours.

BRANDON

Viktor?

KELLIE (O.C.)

Yeah, where were you? Hee...stop. One  
second, then I'll come back to bed.

BRANDON

Are you still with him?

INT. HOTEL ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Kellie is sitting on the bed, talking on the phone while  
VIKTOR VAN HELSING is kissing her neck and caressing her all  
over.

KELLIE

Umm...yeah, I know this is going to  
sound bad, but he's on my list.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Brandon is talking on the phone.

BRANDON

Seriously? Your list?

Brandon drops the phone.

KELLIE (O.C.)

Brand? Brandon?

Brandon gulps down the rest of the drink in his hand. And  
moves methodically toward the kitchen.

ASHLEY

Are you okay?

Ashley looks over at Brandon who's pouring himself a third glass. He downs it as quickly as the others and starts pouring another glass. His whole body is in a state of shock.

Brandon starts nodding.

BRANDON

Yeah...I think...so.

(beat)

How?

Brandon takes another large swig of his beverage. And sits down on the sofa. His whole body melts into the cushions.

BRANDON

I mean no one ever meets anyone on their list. But...

ASHLEY

Brand, it's not about the list.

BRANDON

Sure seems like it.

Ashley walks over to the sofa and sits down.

ASHLEY

I've got a list.

BRANDON

This is helping me how?

ASHLEY

Just hear me out. Every girl does this. I mean, it's not necessarily about celebrities. I've had one for...well, pretty much since the sixth grade.

BRANDON

Awesome. So Jonathan Taylor Thomas is on yours, I'm assuming?

ASHLEY

Who?

BRANDON

The *Home Improvement*...never mind.

ASHLEY

What I'm trying to say, is everyone has one, but no one really acts on it unless there's something more. "What's her name" has some sort of mental defection to do this to you. I don't know what it is, and I don't like being the one to even tell you this, but...

BRANDON

No, you're right. She was tired of planning. Do I plan too much?

ASHLEY

Yes, you do. But that's what I love about you. I wouldn't change it and she's a bitch for cheating on someone so amazing.

BRANDON

Yeah, bitch. I'll drink to that.

Brandon throws back the rest of his drink.

ASHLEY

Brand, maybe you should slow down. You don't really drink all that much. And...

BRANDON

Are you saying I can't handle my liquor?

ASHLEY

I'm saying I think you need some rest. And I don't know if you should be drinking with those pills I gave you.

BRANDON

Ha, pills. Schmills. You know what I need...

ASHLEY

Black coffee, straight up with a shot of reality?

BRANDON

No, I need someone...

Brandon turns towards Ashley.

BRANDON  
Someone like you...

Ashley is taken aback as Brandon's drunkenness seems to have gotten worse.

ASHLEY  
Huh?

BRANDON  
You're always there for me. No matter what I do. Seriously. You're fun to hang out with...to just be around. And beautiful, did I mention beautiful? I probably never ever told you that, but you are. Inside and out, Ash.

Ashley looks at Brandon.

ASHLEY  
You know what I think? I think you're drunk. Already. Which is quite amazing.

BRANDON  
And you're an artist. Of both the art and sandwich variety. I mean who else is such a double threat? Picasso couldn't handle salami the way you do.

Ashley grabs the glass from him and sets it down on the table.

ASHLEY  
Okay, definitely time to say goodbye to the Captain.

Brandon suddenly blurts out.

BRANDON  
You're like the Christo of coldcuts.

ASHLEY  
Do you even know who Christo is?

BRANDON  
Yeah, the guy who created the cooking oil.

Ashley just nods and stands up.

BRANDON

Wait, don't go. Love sucks!

Ashley looks at Brandon. Sighs and stops. She sits back down.

ASHLEY

Okay...okay. I'll stay.

BRANDON

Ash, you know you're the best friend a guy's ever had.

ASHLEY

You're not too bad, either. Right now is not exactly your shining moment, but usually.

Brandon finishes his thought and then pauses, looking deeply into Ashley's eyes. She pauses, stares back at him for a moment as they both realize something.

Brandon then, suddenly, crashes to the sofa across Ashley's legs, passed out. She tries to wake him up.

ASHLEY

Brand? Brand?

Ashley just sighs.

ASHLEY

Probably shouldn't have given him those pills.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - EARLY AFTERNOON

Brandon is lying on the couch, still in the clothes he wore the night before. His body is contorted showing that he fell asleep where he stood last night. He wakes up slowly, stretching his arms and yawning.

BRANDON

Uhh...what the hell...? Oh, my head.

Brandon looks at his cellphone on the floor. He notices there's two messages on his voicemail. He hits play.

KELLIE (O.C.)

Brandon...are you there?

Brandon snarls and then skips to the next message. It's Ashley. A smile comes over his face.

ASHLEY (O.C.)

Hey, Brand...I hope you're not upset about last night. I just felt I couldn't stay. I mean, I wanted to, but it just wasn't right. Hope you're cool. And I hope you went to work. Bye.

Brandon's smile turns into panic when he hears the word work. He throws his cellphone down on the couch and runs into his room.

Brandon frantically tries to get things in order when the phone rings again. Brandon picks it up.

BRANDON

Hello?

KELLIE (O.C.)

Hey Brand, I'm so glad I got you. I'm really sorry. I waited for you backstage for at least ten minutes. What happened?

BRANDON

I really don't want to talk about it.

KELLIE (O.C.)

Viktor wanted me to see his ax.

BRANDON

His what? You mean his penis?

INT. KELLIE'S APARTMENT — EARLY AFTERNOON

Kellie is sitting on the bed talking to Brandon. In the background we can see Viktor getting dressed.

KELLIE

No, his guitar. The penis part came later.

BRANDON

What?

KELLIE

Besides, what do you care? We just went as friends. I never should've went. I should've realized you're still not mature enough to handle this situation.



INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

Brandon is pacing.

BRANDON

Still not mature enough? It's been two weeks.

KELLIE

And I'm right. I should've never came. You just need to let go.

BRANDON

What? You're scolding me. I just spent the night in what amounts to a pile of trash.

KELLIE

Oh, I didn't know.

BRANDON

No, you never do. You know why? You always just think of yourself.

INT. KELLIE'S APARTMENT — EARLY AFTERNOON

Kellie is sitting on the bed talking to Brandon.

KELLIE

Brandon Turner. Don't you dare turn this around on me. I'm sure if Lisa Warner was there, you'd have done the same thing.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

Brandon is still pacing.

BRANDON

Actually no. Because she was. And I didn't do anything.

KELLIE (O.C.)

I can't talk to you about this.

BRANDON

Good, because I don't want to.

KELLIE (O.C.)

Fine.

BRANDON

Fine.

Brandon holds out his phone and hits end.

BRANDON

Dammit.

He starts rummaging around for something in his apartment. He starts furiously looking, tossing things around. He flings open a closet and grabs a box and starts rifling through it. There's a knock on the door. Brandon throws down the box he was looking through and opens it. It's Tim.

TIM

Forget about work?

BRANDON

Shit. It was a crazy night last night.

Tim walks in and plops on the couch.

TIM

Do tell.

Tim looks around at the apartment.

TIM

Looks like Oscar the Grouch came and dumped all over this place. What the hell?

BRANDON

I'm looking for something.

TIM

A vacuum? Dust rag? Oooh maybe a maid. Like in a nice, little french maid costume. Do you think in France they just call it a maid costume?

Brandon just rolls his eyes.

TIM

So what about last night?

BRANDON

It was weird. Something happened. I just...I don't know if it was real, or a dream.

TIM

Whoa, this is really good stuff. So you and Kellie are...

BRANDON

Oh, no, that's over for good.

Brandon goes back to looking through the box.

BRANDON

Dammit! It's not here.

Tim starts rummaging through a different box.

TIM

So, no reignition between you and "What's her name?"

BRANDON

No, Kellie and Viktor Van Helsing, yes.

TIM

Seriously?

BRANDON

Yep.

TIM

Wow. Don't take this the wrong way, but would it be cool if I take her to Vegas? She's like the luckiest lady I know.

BRANDON

I couldn't care less.

Tim looks up from the box.

TIM

So what are we digging for, Doctor Jones?

BRANDON

It's a picture.

Tim pulls out a garter belt.

TIM

Do you want to explain yourself?

BRANDON

It's from prom. The girl gives you...

Tim starts looking through the box again.

TIM  
Likely story.

He pulls out a folded up piece of paper. Brandon sees it.

BRANDON  
Give me that.

Tim holds it just out of reach. He opens it up. On the paper is a picture of a clown.

TIM  
Looks like a sixth grader drew it.

Brandon grabs it from Tim.

BRANDON  
She did.

TIM  
Great, you got your picture. Now  
can we go to work?

Brandon just stares at the picture. He folds it up and puts it in his wallet.

BRANDON  
Yep.

INT. SUBWAY SANDWICH SHOP – EVENING

Brandon walks into the shop, followed by Tim.

TIM  
So, how was Hutch when you told him  
you didn't have the stuff on  
Yamaguchi?

BRANDON  
I didn't exactly say that. I kind  
of avoided him this afternoon.

TIM  
Nice, you're getting to be more and  
more like me by the minute.

A SUBWAY GIRL stands at the counter.

SUBWAY GIRL  
Can I help you?

BRANDON

Um...is Ashley here today?

SUBWAY GIRL

No, she's not. I think she's at the pier. Not sure. Anything I can get you?

BRANDON

Nah, I'm good.

Brandon starts walking out.

TIM

We're not even going to eat?

BRANDON

You can get something. I've got somewhere I need to be.

Brandon exits. Tim just looks at the Subway Girl and raises an eyebrow.

TIM

How about a footlong?

The subway girl smack him across the face. Tim recoils.

TIM

No, I just meant for me.

The subway girl sheepishly starts making the sandwich as Tim rubs his face.

EXT. NAVY PIER – DAY

Ashley is sitting by her booth drawing a caricature of a little girl. She finishes up and the GIRL gets up and gives her a hug.

GIRL

Thank you...thank you.

ASHLEY

You're welcome.

Ashley gives the little girl the drawing and she runs off to her mommy. Ashley gets a look of contentment over her face. She turns to look out over Lake Michigan.

It's a gorgeous, sun-drenched day in early June. The water is calm and some sailboats just start to push off the docks. She looks back at her artwork and sighs.

A man in a dark suit walks toward the booth. It's George from the other day. Another man walks up right behind him.

GEORGE

She was right around...there she is.

The two men walk right up to Ashley.

GEORGE

I've been looking for you all over this pier.

Ashley doesn't recognize him at first.

ASHLEY

Well you found me. And you are?

GEORGE

Ghoorsh, Ghoorsh Koppel. We met last week. My nephew got his caricature done.

It hits Ashley who George is.

ASHLEY

Oh, yeah. Hi, does he not like it? No refunds.

GEORGE

Au contraire, he loves it. And I love you.

ASHLEY

Come again?

GEORGE

I haven't been able to get your paintings out of my head.

George's colleague, MAX REDFIELD is looking at all the paintings.

ASHLEY

Seriously?

GEORGE

Yes. They haunt me with the tone and color. Exquisite.

ASHLEY

Wow, thanks. I think.

MAX

This one is amazing.

Max holds up one of the canvases.

ASHLEY  
Oh, thank you.

GEORGE  
I'm an art broker, do you know what that is?

ASHLEY  
Can't be much broker than I am. Am I right?

GEORGE  
I love artists with a sense of humor. Any way, I arrange for artists, such as yourself, to have shows in big galleries. Like Max's.

ASHLEY  
What?

Max holds up another canvas.

MAX  
Oh my. You were right, Ghoorsh. Amazing composition. It's like it calls to you. Deal.

ASHLEY  
Who's the suit? What deal?

MAX  
My name is Max Redfield. I want you to display some of your work in *Redfield's*. My gallery.

ASHLEY  
Shut up!

GEORGE  
He wants you to bring your work to his gallery on Tuesday. How many pieces do you have?

ASHLEY  
A bunch.

GEORGE  
Bring them all. We'll sort through them there.

ASHLEY  
Are you serious?

GEORGE  
As serious as Rip Taylor on Valium.

ASHLEY  
Is that a good thing?

GEORGE  
A great thing.

Ashley runs around the booth, hugs Max and spontaneously kisses George.

GEORGE  
Oh my.

In the background, Brandon is holding a bouquet of flowers and the picture. Standing stunned. Brandon sees Ashley kiss George. Then walks away, dejected.

INT. HUTCHINSON BUILDING – EVENING

Brandon walks back in to the building. Pushes the button for the elevator and stands there waiting. The doors open up. It's Hutchinson with Franklin and five Japanese men.

HUTCHINSON  
Turner?

Brandon can't even manage a smile.

HUTCHINSON  
Thanks for the research.

Brandon nods.

HUTCHINSON  
Brandon, this is Mr. Yamaguchi, and his translators.

Brandon bows his head to each one.

HUTCHINSON  
(whispering)  
We'll talk in the morning.

Franklin just smiles his perfect smile. Mr. Yamaguchi grunts loudly.

TRANSLATOR #1  
Mr. Yamaguchi asks if everything is okay?



HUTCHINSON

Oh, of course. Everything's fine.  
So hard to find good help these  
days. You know how that it is.

The translator rattles off something in Japanese. Yamaguchi grunts again. Turner nods and starts to leave.

TRANSLATOR #1

Mr. Yamaguchi says whispers are a  
sign of distrust. Not something Mr.  
Yamaguchi wants from people he  
employs.

HUTCHINSON

Oh, no. No distrust intended. Just  
didn't want to bore you with the  
details. Off you go, Turner.

Brandon nods.

BRANDON

Very nice to meet you.

Brandon gets in the elevator.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – CONTINUOUS

Brandon is standing next to Tim at the counter making himself a cup of coffee.

BRANDON

Can you believe that?

TIM

Umm...no?

BRANDON

You haven't been listening to a  
word I said, have you?

TIM

Not really. Sometimes your chest  
gets all puffed up like a bald  
eagle. Your eyes glaze over and  
stuff just spews out. That's when I  
find a cute girl to stare at. Like  
Marcie.

Tim points at a Marcie by the copier across the room.

TIM

Do you think her legs actually stop, or just keep going right till her neck?

BRANDON

What?

TIM

Nothing, you were saying.

BRANDON

So, I don't know what happened last night. One minute, I think she's in to me and the other, she's kissing some guy. Tim? Hello?

TIM

Damn, you were talking again, weren't you?

BRANDON

Just shut up and let's go get a drink.

INT. LOGAN'S BAR — DAY

Tim is standing at the bar, holding two drinks while hitting on a woman. Brandon looks over and sees the woman smack Tim in the face. Tim shakes it off and walks towards the table.

BRANDON

Friend of yours?

Tim places Brandon's drink on the table and takes a sip of his own.

TIM

At least an acquaintance, apparently.

Brandon smiles. Takes a sip from his drink.

TIM

So, is she coming?

BRANDON

I think so.

Brandon looks toward the door. Outside the window he can see Ashley walk by. She enters. Brandon gets up.

BRANDON

There she is. Be right back.

Brandon walks up to her.

BRANDON

Ash, hey. I'm so glad you made it.

ASHLEY

Yeah, I have the most incredible news.

BRANDON

What?

ASHLEY

My paintings are going to be shown in a gallery.

A huge smile fills Brandon's face.

BRANDON

You're kidding?

ASHLEY

Nope. This guy George saw some of my stuff and loves it. That's Tim, right?

Tim waves.

BRANDON

Yeah, that's amazing. I'm so happy for you.

ASHLEY

I know. So let's celebrate.

Ashley starts walking toward the table. Brandon softly touches her arm.

BRANDON

Actually, I just want to say something first. Clear the air.

Ashley nods.

BRANDON

I wanted to talk to you about last night.

Ashley gets a huge smile over her face.

ASHLEY  
Me too. I'm sorry...I

BRANDON  
I had the...

ASHLEY  
Sorry, you first.

BRANDON  
I was drinking and those pain  
pills...I may have said some things.

Ashley nods in anticipation.

BRANDON  
I don't want you to think I really  
meant those things.

Ashley's face goes blank.

BRANDON  
I mean you're Ashley. You're like  
my best friend...and...

Ashley interrupts, it's obvious she's hurt, but she's trying  
to play it off.

ASHLEY  
Oh yeah, I get it. Totally.

BRANDON  
Good I thought you were going to be  
upset about what I said last night  
and...

ASHLEY  
No that's fine. Umm...I have to go.

Brandon is taken aback.

BRANDON  
But we're going to celebrate.  
C'mon, one drink?

ASHLEY  
No, I'm good. I have to get all my  
stuff together. I...I have to meet  
George tomorrow. Thanks for calling  
me, and clearing the air.

Ashley seems to be losing composure and turns around walking  
out.

BRANDON

Are you sure you're okay?

Ashley gives a half-hearted wave as she leaves. Brandon walks back to the table.

TIM

That was about as comfortable as being a gazelle between a majestic lion and ravenous tiger at feeding time.

BRANDON

Shut up.

Brandon takes a huge swig of his drink.

EXT. LOGAN'S BAR — CONTINUOUS

Ashley gets in a cab with tears streaming down her face.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE — DAY

Brandon is sitting in his cube with a sandwich filing through his latest emails. Tim looks over.

TIM

So she hasn't called back?

BRANDON

Nope, it's been like a week. I left some messages. I don't know, I think I really hurt her.

TIM

But she's the one that kissed a guy in front of you.

BRANDON

Yeah, but she didn't know I was there.

TIM

True.

BRANDON

I think I'm just done with women for right now.

Tim is just staring off into the distance.

BRANDON  
Did you hear...?

Brandon follows his stare.

BRANDON  
Marcie? Should've known. You know what, you should go talk to her. All you do is stare. It's starting to get a little creepy.

TIM  
Um...uh...nah, I'm good.

BRANDON  
You like her?

TIM  
What? No.

BRANDON  
You can talk to any woman at any time. But not her. That's because you like her.

Tim shrugs off Brandon's comments and turns around and starts clicking through pictures of celebrity women on the computer.

TIM  
Mila Kunis, that's who I like. Oh and Giselle Bunhead.

Hutchinson peeks his head over the cube and looks at Brandon.

HUTCHINSON  
Bro, I need you. My office, pronto.

Brandon nods.

INT. HUTCHINSON'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Brandon walks in. Hutchinson sits on the other side of the desk.

HUTCHINSON  
Yamaguchi is going to be here Friday. Bro, I need you. Apparently, you made quite the impression on him in the lobby. Dude only wants to talk to you.

BRANDON  
Come again?

HUTCHINSON

I couldn't believe it either. But his translator asked me to have you ready Friday to show him around the city a bit.

BRANDON

What about Franklin?

HUTCHINSON

What about him? This is it your one shot, your one opportunity. Are you going to grab it? Or just let it slip away?

Brandon recognizes the lyrics of the Eminem song and just goes with it.

BRANDON

I'll be here.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brandon is sitting on the couch. The phone rings. Brandon picks it up.

BRANDON

Hello?

ASHLEY (O.C.)

Brand, hey, it's me.

BRANDON

Hey, how are you?

ASHLEY (O.C.)

I'm good. Sorry, it's been a bit.

BRANDON

No, no problem.

ASHLEY (O.C.)

Really? You called twenty-seven times.

BRANDON

Thirty. I finally got wise and started towards the end.

ASHLEY (O.C.)

I wondered who the blocked phone calls were. Any way...

## INT. ASHLEY'S APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

Ashley is gathering all of her paintings. She has about twenty stacked up on the kitchen table that she is planning on taking to the gallery.

ASHLEY

...I was thinking about it, and my gallery opening is going to be Friday, and I can't even think about it without my best friend there. So what do you say?

BRANDON (O.C.)

Of course.

ASHLEY

Good. It's at *Redfield's* on Chicago. Doors open at eight, I think.

BRANDON (O.C.)

You're finally doing it. I'm so proud of you.

ASHLEY

Well, I couldn't have done it without my friends. And George is so cool. It's so nice to talk to someone who really gets art. He's amazing really. Absolutely amazing.

BRANDON (O.C.)

Umm...yeah. I'm sure he is.

ASHLEY

Thanks, Brand. You are a good friend.

BRANDON

Right. Friends.

## INT. OLD MAN HUTCHINSON'S OFFICE — THE NEXT DAY

Old man Hutchinson is sitting at his desk on the other side is Franklin. It's obvious he's not happy about this as he paces from side to side.

HUTCHINSON

What was I supposed to do? He's got us by the short and curlies.



FRANKLIN

But, Turner? Sir, this is the biggest account this firm has ever gone after and you're going to let Turner do this.

HUTCHINSON

Yamaguchi wants to talk to Turner, Yamaguchi gets to talk to Turner.

Franklin walks out of the office obviously frustrated.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – CONTINUOUS

Tim is working on his computer. Brandon walks in with a big smile on his face.

TIM

Whoa, somebody got laid last night.

Brandon is taken aback.

BRANDON

Um...no.

TIM

I know that smile. That's the "got-some" grin.

BRANDON

I didn't get any. I just...Hutchinson wants me to close.

TIM

Seriously?

BRANDON

Yeah, I'm taking out Yamaguchi on Friday night. Biggest prospective client this firm has ever seen.

TIM

Wow, but isn't that your "friend's" art gallery night.

Brandon's smile turns to distraught as he plops down in the chair.

TIM

Maybe you can do both?

Mr. Hutchinson walks by the cube.

HUTCHINSON

Don't forget seven P.M. Friday.  
Don't blow this, bro.

Brandon just smiles.

TIM

Or not.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT – EVENING

Brandon is sitting pacing in his kitchen on the phone.

BRANDON

I should just tell her. Besides,  
probably months of it being open.  
I'll just go...oh hey, Ash, it's me.

Brandon hears some noise on the other side of the phone.

BRANDON

You home?

INT. REDFIELD'S GALLERY – CONTINUOUS

Ashley has several of her paintings laying on table. George comes into the picture.

ASHLEY

Actually no. I'm at George's.  
...could you hold on a minute?

BRANDON (O.C.)

This late?

George marvels at the painting he sees before him.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Brandon sits confused talking on the phone.

GEORGE (O.C.)

Breathtaking. I think I'm in love.

Brandon hears Ashley start laughing. She pops back on the line.

ASHLEY

Hey Brand...can I call you back?  
George needs me right now.

BRANDON

Uh, sure. Bye.

Brandon puts down the phone. He stares into the distance. He looks at the piece of paper on his night stand, it's the clown Ashley drew in the sixth grade.

He folds it up and puts it in his wallet. And goes to bed, slightly disappointed.

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: Friday

Brandon eagerly grabs his phone and checks his messages. None. He sighs then takes his keys and wallet off of the nightstand and leaves.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE - DAY

Brandon sits down at the cube and starts working. Tim walks in.

TIM

Did you tell her?

BRANDON

She hasn't called me back. And, I'm thinking I'm bordering stalker-land if I keep calling.

TIM

Probably true.

BRANDON

So, I'll just go tomorrow. I'm sure it'll be no big deal.

INT. REDFIELD'S GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Ashley meets George in the lobby. They kiss on both cheeks.

GEORGE

Are you ready for this?

Ashley smiles.

ASHLEY

I think so.

GEORGE

Oh, before we go in, I want to let you know. I put in a good word for you with the Paris Academy of Arts.

Ashley looks astonished.

ASHLEY

What?

GEORGE

Yeah, I have a friend, Jean-Luc, over there. So cute. Any way, I asked about the summer semester.

Ashley's eyes start growing.

GEORGE

You're going to Parée, mon cheri.

Ashley shoves George.

ASHLEY

Get out. Oh, wow...I'm sorry.

GEORGE

Not the reaction I expected.

ASHLEY

So when does it start?

GEORGE

Monday. I booked you a ticket. You leave tomorrow.

A huge grin fills George's face.

ASHLEY

I don't...

GEORGE

Well, let's just hope you sell something tonight. I used your advance for the ticket.

ASHLEY

Wow...Paris. I don't know what to say.

Ashley takes a step toward George. George recoils.

ASHLEY

Just a hug this time. I promise.

GEORGE  
Those I can take.

Ashley hugs George. A tear comes down her face.

GEORGE  
Enough of this. Let's go see your  
art.

They walk through the door and all of Ashley's paintings are hanging on the walls. Ashley starts crying again. George just smiles.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – CONTINUOUS

Tim looks over at Brandon.

TIM  
So are you ready for Yamaguchi?

Brandon straightens his tie.

BRANDON  
Ready as ever. Just...

TIM  
What?

BRANDON  
What if I can't pull this off?

TIM  
Whatever. You're so ready for this.  
Just talk to him like he's a normal  
human being. Oh and picture him in  
his underwear.

BRANDON  
Yeah, that's disgusting.

TIM  
It worked for me last night when I  
was talking to Marcie.

BRANDON  
What?

TIM  
Nothing.

BRANDON  
Why don't you just ask her out?

TIM  
And ruin the chase?

BRANDON  
Whatever.

Brandon slips on his blazer.

BRANDON  
How do I look?

TIM  
Like a 1950s used car salesman.

BRANDON  
Thanks.

TIM  
But, I'll be honest. You kind of  
pull it off.

The phone rings.

ASHLEY (O.C)  
Hey, Brand...

BRANDON  
Hey! Wow, I haven't heard...

ASHLEY (O.C)  
Yeah, sorry. It's been a little  
hectic with the gallery showing  
tonight and everything.

Hutchinson walks by and points at his watch. Brandon motions  
to him one minute.

BRANDON  
George has been helping me so much.  
He's like a genius. I saw my stuff  
for the first time on the  
wall...you're gonna make it, right?

BRANDON  
Umm...about that. How long does it go  
on for?

INT. REDFIELD'S GALLERY – CONTINUOUS

Ashley is off to the side while George and Max are admiring  
some of the paintings.

ASHLEY  
It's from eight to eleven.

BRANDON (O.C.)  
I mean how many days?

ASHLEY  
You're not coming, are you?

BRANDON (O.C.)  
I didn't say that.

ASHLEY  
Good. Because there's another  
reason I called.

BRANDON  
What's that?

ASHLEY  
George got me...I don't even know how  
to say this. I'm going to Paris for  
three months to the Art Academy.

INT. BRANDON'S CUBE – CONTINUOUS

Brandon is sitting, talking on the phone. Doodling.

BRANDON  
What? Oh my gosh. That's amazing.

ASHLEY  
Yeah, I'm excited, but nervous. If  
you don't want me to go...

BRANDON  
No, go.

INT. REDFIELD'S GALLERY – CONINTUOUS

A mixture of emotions flood Ashley's face.

ASHLEY  
Um...great. So I'll see you tonight?

BRANDON  
Of course.

Brandon hears a noise in the background.

ASHLEY (O.C)

Great.

(beat)

Oh, I gotta go. George needs me again. I can't wait to see you.

Brandon seems dejected a little, but adds some mock excitement to his voice.

BRANDON

Me too. Bye.

Brandon hangs up the phone. He looks down at his pad where he's been doodling to see he's wrote Ashley's name. He sighs and scribbles it out.

INT. HUTCHINSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Brandon walks in and old man Hutchinson greets him with eagerness and gratefulness. As Mr. Yamaguchi and his translators stand nearby.

HUTCHINSON

Turner, everything cool, bro?

Brandon nods and turns towards Yamaguchi. He starts talking slow and deliberately.

BRANDON

Konnichiwa! Welcome to Chicago.  
My name's Brandon Turner.

Hutchinson rolls his eyes.

HUTCHINSON

He's not deaf.

BRANDON

Right. Well, if you gentleman don't have any other plans, Taste of Chicago is going on. All of these restaurants...

Mr. Yamaguchi grunts and his normal stoic face turns to a smile. One of the translator's rattles off something in Japanese. Yamaguchi grunts again. The translator looks at Brandon.

TRANSLATOR #1

Mr. Yamaguchi says Chicago Dog,  
yummy...



BRANDON

Okay, that's a start. Let's go.

INT. REDFIELD'S ART GALLERY – CONTINUOUS

Ashley sits on a big, marble block bench in the middle of the large gallery showroom, staring at her paintings hanging on the wall. George Koppel walks into the room.

ASHLEY

I can't believe this is finally happening.

GEORGE

What?

ASHLEY

Nothing, I just...I'm amazed. Those are my paintings on the wall. And, in like an hour, people will be coming out here to look at and possibly buy my stuff. It's outrageous.

GEORGE

You deserve it. You're an exceptional artist. And the more you sell is good for the gallery as well. And in turn good for me.

ASHLEY

Thank you.

EXT. GRANT PARK TASTE OF CHICAGO – CONTINUOUS

It's Chicago's grandest stage. Aromas from every restaurant in the Chicagoland area abound from the booths and tents. Music is set up at the far end of the park.

The Buckingham Fountain continues to do its marvelous spectacle. The five translators, Mr. Yamaguchi and Brandon are walking in the middle of a crowded aisle way.

BRANDON

Well, sir, Hutchinson is more than just a company. We all believe in everything we do. We guarantee you the best marketing strategies and research...period.

Brandon is taken aback by Mr. Yamaguchi's abrupt grunt.

TRANSLATOR #1  
(in broken English)  
Mr. Yamaguchi says you have not  
impressed him.

TRANSLATOR #2  
(in broken English)  
He finds everything you say...and  
everything Hutchinson stands for is  
bull shit.

Brandon is confused. Brandon looks at Yamaguchi.

BRANDON  
What? Sir, everyone at Hutchinson  
cares.

Yamaguchi bellows out another disapproving grunt.

TRANSLATOR #1  
Mr. Yamaguchi says you give company  
line.

Brandon stops walking right in front of a Chicago-style hot  
dog tent.

BRANDON  
What? That wasn't...okay, you want  
the truth? Here's the truth. Tell  
him half the people at Hutchinson  
work their asses off every  
day...never take a client for  
granted. And make Hutchinson the  
best place in the world to work.

Mr. Yamaguchi is listening intently.

BRANDON  
The other half...are a bunch of  
whining, corporate ladder-climbing  
wannabes. That steal others' work,  
claim it for their own and then  
work their way into positions of  
power, stepping all over the other  
half. Is that what he wants to  
know?  
(beat)  
You know, I don't even know why I'm  
freakin' here. Three years of  
heartache and shit and..

Brandon is interrupted by another grunt.

TRANSLATOR #3

Mr. Yamaguchi says you are straight shooter...he likes you very much.

Brandon is shocked.

BRANDON

How do you get all that from a grunt?

YAMAGUCHI

(in perfect English)

Brandon, I appreciate what you're saying.

Brandon's eyes grow to the size of saucers as he realizes Yamaguchi is speaking perfect English. Mr. Yamaguchi puts his arm over Brandon's shoulder and they walk towards the hot dog booth. The five translators stay back.

BRANDON

How do you speak English so good?

YAMAGUCHI

So well. How do I speak English so well. The truth is, no one at your company took the time to know if I spoke English or not. I graduated from Cal State Berkeley.

BRANDON

(laughs)

No shit? I read that, but...

YAMAGUCHI

When I act as if I can't speak English I learn a lot more. People tend to be a tad bit uncensored. I appreciate your honesty. It's very welcomed in this day and age.

They stop near a booth.

YAMAGUCHI

I like you. You seem to be a genuine kid. Ooh Chicago dog, want one?

Yamaguchi peers into the booth.

YAMAGUCHI

Seven with everything. You sure? I look at you and I see a loyalist.

(MORE)

YAMAGUCHI (cont'd)

A person who sacrifices his own  
life for the routine. Let me give  
you some advice.

The lady behind the table starts drolling out hot dogs.  
Yamaguchi takes one and puts it on a cardborad tray. The  
translators start walking over.

YAMAGUCHI

You know, life is what you make of  
it. Every day it's the same routine  
– get up, go to work, whatever it  
is...but it's when we stray from that  
routine. That's when we start  
living. Do you get me?

Yamaguchi takes a big bite of the hot dog. He reaches in his  
wallet.

BRANDON

No, I got this.

Brandon pulls out his wallet. He takes out a few bucks and  
notices something in the billfold pocket. It's the folded  
piece of paper – the clown drawing.

He unfolds the paper and takes a good look at it. On the top  
it reads: *Best Friends Forever*.

Yamaguchi sees the lady wanting her money and nudges Brandon  
out of his little trance.

YAMAGUCHI

I think she wants her money.

Brandon shakes out of it. And quickly hands her the money.

YAMAGUCHI

What's that?

Brandon looks at Yamaguchi and a big smile comes over his  
face.

BRANDON

A chance to start living.

Yamaguchi looks at the picture.

BRANDON

I'm sorry I have to go.

YAMAGUCHI

Take your chance, Brandon.

Yamaguchi hands him his business card.

YAMAGUCHI  
You need anything, you call me.

BRANDON  
You're not mad?

YAMAGUCHI  
How can someone be mad when a person is being true. It is what it is. Besides, I've been to Chicago plenty of times.

Brandon smiles and shakes Mr. Yamaguchi's hand.

BRANDON  
Thanks. But...

YAMAGUCHI  
(forceful)  
Go. Thing about life, it doesn't wait.

BRANDON  
Yes, sir.

Brandon starts grinning from ear to ear. Mr. Yamaguchi just points in the other direction. Brandon shakes off his smile and takes off running through the crowd.

YAMAGUCHI  
Don't know what that was all about.

Several of the translator's start speaking in perfect English, not the broken English as before.

TRANSLATOR #1  
Yeah.

TRANSLATOR #2  
Weird.

TRANSLATOR #3  
Looked like a sixth-grader drew that thing.

YAMAGUCHI  
True.

Yamaguchi turns towards the lady at the table.

YAMAGUCHI  
Can I get some fries too?

EXT. GRANT PARK — SIDEWALK — CONTINUOUS

Brandon starts weaving between people as he heads to the front of the park. He runs by a group of people talking at one of the craft stands.

Brandon jumps over a small dog. He starts to pick up the pace.

INT. REDFIELD'S ART GALLERY — EARLY EVENING

The doors have officially opened and hundreds of people are perusing the different paintings. Ashley is sitting in the corner taking in the whole experience.

She glances at her watch and then strains her neck a little to look around the room. She glances at George and he gives her a thumbs up. She then looks around the room again for Brandon and dejectedly looks towards the floor.

George walks up to her.

GEORGE

What's wrong?

ASHLEY

Nothing, just kind of hoping  
Brandon would show up.

GEORGE

How long have we known each other?

ASHLEY

Couple of weeks.

GEORGE

Good.

George smacks Ashley across the face.

ASHLEY

HEY! What was that for?

Ashley rubs her cheek.

GEORGE

That was reality slapping you in  
the face. You like him. This is the  
twenty-first century. Don't wait  
for him. Tell him how you feel.

ASHLEY

But...?

GEORGE  
Heinrich and I wouldn't be  
together, if I waited.

ASHLEY  
But he said he never meant what he  
said.

George looks Ashley dead in the eye.

GEORGE  
They always mean it. Always.

EXT. GRANT PARK — EARLY EVENING

Brandon is continuing his long run through a heavily populated area. He weaves through some more people until he can get to the road. He takes one step off the curb and raises his hand.

BRANDON  
Taxi!!!

The yellow cab comes to a stop, the DRIVER motions for Brandon to get in. Brandon opens the door and slides in the back.

INT. YELLOW CAB — EVENING

DRIVER  
(broken English)  
Where to?

BRANDON  
Redfield's Gallery.

The driver nods and the car pulls back into traffic.

BRANDON  
It's really an important meeting.  
Could you try...

The driver nods once again and this time slams on the gas. The car weaves out of its position and they take off like a bat out of hell. Brandon is thrown to the back of the cab.

He gets tossed towards the window, his face slams into glass on the door and his cell phone falls out of his suit jacket onto the floor. Then another abrupt movement flings Brandon the other way.

BRANDON  
Could you...

The cab driver nods and steps on the gas even more. Careening around cars and just missing pedestrians, the car comes to an alarming halt. From 60 to zero in seconds flat.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - EVENING

The tires screech to a halt and slowly the bumper of the cab creeps towards the bumper in front of it. Then the two touch ever so slightly, like a kiss.

The driver is irate and leaps out of the cab, yelling in his native tongue at the driver in front of him. The other man, also a taxi driver, gets out and starts yelling in his native language.

Each has no idea what the other is saying. Brandon checks to make sure all of his parts are there and then gets out of the cab.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - EVENING

Brandon throws twenty bucks on the backseat and takes off running.

BRANDON  
(to the driver)  
Keep the change.

The driver pauses his verbal abuse, looks at Brandon and speaks.

DRIVER  
Thank you for driving with Jay's  
Cab Company. Have a nice day.

Without even blinking, he turns back towards the angry cabbie and fires a few more verbal attacks. Brandon continues running through the busy streets of Chicago.

INT. REDFIELD'S ART GALLERY - EVENING

The clock in the room is nearing ten o'clock. The room is still full of people. Ashley is talking with several of them. They're very snooty looking. She excuses herself and walks over to the door.

She checks her watch one more time. It's now about two hours into the show. She strains her neck looking around the room, but doesn't see Brandon.



EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - EVENING

Brandon pushes his way through the thousands of tourists that dot the streets. He pauses for a moment to catch his breath. He searches his pockets for his cell phone to call Ashley, but his search comes up with nothing. He starts running again.

INT. REDFIELD'S ART GALLERY - EVENING

Ashley takes out her cell phone and dials Brandon's number.

BRANDON (O.C.)  
You've reached the voice mail of  
Brandon Turner, I'm not here —

Ashley hangs up in mid-message. She glances at the clock and it's nearing ten-thirty.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - EVENING

Brandon stops running to catch his breath. He pauses and extends his hand. Drops. It starts to drizzle as Brandon glances at the street signs. He realizes he's just a couple of streets over.

Brandon starts running again, this time harder than before.

EXT. CHICAGO AVE. - EVENING

Brandon is running through people, apologizing every time he accidentally hits a person. He continues to sprint hard. Thunder starts to roll in and with each boom, Brandon tries to pick up his pace.

The rain that was a slight drizzle a few minutes ago is now a steady downpour. Brandon continues to run.

INT. REDFIELD'S ART GALLERY - NIGHT

As the clock nears eleven, the party is winding down. The gallery now has only a couple people left. Ashley is sitting on the concrete bench. George Koppel walks over to her.

GEORGE  
Hey, pretty wild night, huh?

ASHLEY  
Yeah, it was a lot of fun.

GEORGE  
He didn't show, did he?

Ashley just looks down at the ground and shakes her head.

GEORGE

I'm sure there's a good reason.

ASHLEY

Yeah.

GEORGE

C'mon...let's close up here. Someone has some packing to do.

ASHLEY

Yeah. I guess I do.

EXT. CHICAGO AVENUE – NIGHT

He looks up and sees the gallery. He's almost there. The gallery sign is lit up like an oasis that Brandon has been looking for in this concrete desert.

He pauses for a moment, then more screeching tires and he lets out a loud grunt as he hits the hood of a car pulling out from the adjacent parking structure.

Brandon falls to the ground and the tall, lanky GUY behind the wheel jumps out of his car to see if he's okay. Brandon lays on the ground for a moment, then rolls to his stomach.

As the GUY reaches him, Brandon pushes himself up to his knees, looks across the street and sees the gallery. He hops to his feet. The GUY looks him over.

GUY

I'm sorry, I...

BRANDON

I'm good.

GUY

Are you sure? Maybe we should take you to the hospital?

BRANDON

Trust me. I'm good.

Scratched up a bit, Brandon looks at his watch. It's now almost eleven. He runs across the street and reaches the door of the gallery. He's holding his right side. He's wincing from the pain, but tries to hide it.

EXT. REDFIELD'S ART GALLERY – NIGHT

The gallery has no windows. The rain continues to fall even harder. Brandon grabs the handle of the door, but it won't budge. The gallery is closed.

BRANDON  
Shit!! No...what the...?

Brandon starts pounding on the door.

BRANDON  
Anyone? Hello?

Brandon slinks down the door and just sits on the front steps a couple of feet from the street. He looks up towards the falling rain.

BRANDON  
Why...?

Brandon's suit is tattered and completely rain soaked. He sees two people getting into a black Mercedes. He tries to stop them before they get into the car.

BRANDON  
Hey, wait!

George opens the car door for Ashley. She gets in.

BRANDON  
Wait.

Ashley looks to George.

GEORGE  
Get in.

George runs around to his car door. And tries to appease the man walking towards him in a tattered suit.

GEORGE  
We don't want any...thank you.

George jumps in the car and locks the door. He steps on the gas, just as Brandon reaches the window. The car zips away as Ashley sees the bum's beaten-down face through the window. She can't tell if it's Brandon or not.

Brandon touches his hand to the window, as the car zooms away. As it goes by, he looks up to the sky again.

BRANDON  
(dejected)  
Anything else?

Another car drives by covering him in a wall of water from a nearby puddle.

BRANDON  
Touché.

Brandon looks back down at the ground and starts walking home. He checks his pockets again for his cell phone, but can't find it anywhere.

BRANDON  
Biggest night of her life, and I  
can't even be there...

INT. BLACK MERCEDES – CONTINUOUS

George looks over at Ashley.

GEORGE  
Five paintings. I could've bought  
you a few semesters. Amazing.

ASHLEY  
(half listening)  
Yeah, it's great, but it was just  
kinda cool having everyone look at  
my work and to hear most of the  
comments...good and bad.

GEORGE  
I didn't hear too many bad  
comments.

EXT. TOM'S COFFEE SHOP – NIGHT

Brandon continues to walk right by Tom's Coffee Shop. He glances in the rain-soaked windows and continues walking. He sits down on the curb.

As Brandon sits on the curb, the rain has completely soaked his suit. Still holding his side, Brandon gets back up.

He starts walking away from the coffee shop when he hears the ring of the bell as someone leaves.

Investigating the sound, Brandon looks back. He sees a pudgy man and a wiry woman walking out of the shop.

At first, he thinks nothing of it. Then, his head snaps back as he thinks, it's Ashley and George. Brandon turns back towards them and stops them in front of the car.

The two people hurry into their car and throw some dollar bills at Brandon.

PUDGY MAN  
Please...it's all we have.

Brandon realizes it's not Ashley and George and stops. He looks down at the ground and picks up the couple of dollars.

EXT. TOM'S COFFEE SHOP – NIGHT

Brandon straggles into the coffee shop. The five people in the shop look at him with pity.

BRANDON  
Hi, can I get a...

Brandon's interrupted by the feeling that everyone's eyes are on him.

BRANDON  
...a cup of coffee.

The burly man behind the counter obliges graciously. He pours a steaming cup of coffee.

INT. BLACK MERCEDES – CONTINUOUS

Ashley suddenly realizes the bum might have actually been Brandon.

ASHLEY  
George, can we go back?

GEORGE  
Go back, where? Are you crazy?  
There was a maniac back there.

ASHLEY  
I think that maniac is the man I  
love.

GEORGE  
Trust me, honey, you can do better.

ASHLEY  
Please, George?

George starts to turn the car around.

EXT. REDFIELD'S ART GALLERY – NIGHT

Ashley and George park in front of the gallery. Ashley gets out. She looks around in the pouring rain. But doesn't see Brandon.

ASHLEY

Maybe I was just seeing stuff.

GEORGE

Can you get back in the car now?  
It's a bit chilly.

Ashley is soaked from her search. She gets back in the car.

GEORGE

Does he do this often?

ASHLEY

What do you mean?

GEORGE

Get lost. Go against his word,  
stand people up...you know things  
like that?

ASHLEY

He didn't stand me up...I mean, I  
don't think he did.

GEORGE

Fine. He didn't stand you up. Seems  
to me like you're in denial, girl.  
How about a cup of coffee? Warm you  
up.

Ashley nods.

INT. TOM'S COFFEE SHOP – NIGHT

Brandon is sipping his coffee as everyone still watches him.

BRANDON

(uncomfortable)

Uh...where's the bathroom?

PUDGY MAN

Right through there.

As Brandon walks to the bathroom, the bell rings and Ashley and George walk into the shop.

INT. TOM'S COFFEE SHOP - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brandon looks at himself in the mirror. He looks completely defeated. He lifts up his shirt, revealing a large cut underneath.

BRANDON

Ow...damn, this can't be good.

He takes some paper towels and tries to clean himself up as best he can. He walks back out.

INT. TOM'S COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

George and Ashley sit down. And a waitress comes over.

ASHLEY

I know you've done a lot for me.  
And...I really, don't want to seem  
ungrateful. But...I just don't think  
I can go..

Brandon walks out of the bathroom and waves to the pudgy man and the other customers.

BRANDON

Thanks again.

He quickly glances over by the window. Ashley and George are sitting there having a cup of coffee. But he doesn't recognize them. Suddenly, Ashley spots him.

ASHLEY

Brand? What the hell happened...?

Brandon looks at George sitting at the table. He suddenly gets a charge of energy and walks briskly up to the table.

BRANDON

Ash...oh my god. You don't know what  
I've been...I gotta tell you  
something.  
(beat)  
Ash, you're an unbelievable person.  
And, I understand that you met  
someone that shares your passion,  
but give me a chance.

(MORE)

BRANDON (cont'd)  
For the last couple of weeks, I've  
really been thinking about you.

Ashley leans in.

BRANDON  
Do you know I smile every time I  
talk to you? My heart races just  
thinking about you. I know now the  
queasy feeling in my stomach isn't  
the week-old Chinese I had last  
night – it's you.

Ashley looks slightly confused.

BRANDON  
What I'm trying to say is...

Brandon pulls out his wallet. And unfolds the drawing of the  
clown, which miraculously has stayed almost completely dry  
through the rain.

BRANDON  
This. This is what I want.

Ashley starts tearing up.

ASHLEY  
You kept that?

BRANDON  
The innocence. The passion. This is  
what made me believe in us. It made  
me realize that the person I've  
been searching for all along – is  
you. And I know George is probably  
a great guy.

Brandon looks over at George. George plays it off, like  
Brandon is right, giving a smug mock smile.

GEORGE  
It's pronounced Ghoorsh.

BRANDON  
But I had to tell you that...  
(beat)  
...wait...what?

ASHLEY  
Just go on.



BRANDON

Right. Sorry...Ash, I love you and I think I've always loved you.

Ashley starts tearing up. She gets up and hugs Brandon. Brandon winces. The two kiss deeply. The six or seven people in the coffee shop start clapping.

ASHLEY

I was going to tell you the same thing. Minus the whole week-old Chinese thing.

George Koppel gets up and extends his hand.

GEORGE

You must be Brandon. Ashley has told me a lot about you. She said you were a passionate, young man. And, oh my...I almost got vapors from that speech. But really, we have to do something with this suit. It's so, big city bum.

BRANDON

He's George?

Brandon realizes that George isn't a threat. He looks over his flamboyant attire.

GEORGE

Really, it's Ghoorsh, everyone.

BRANDON

Ghoorsh? So, you two aren't...?

ASHLEY

Nope.

BRANDON

And I just...?

Ashley squeezes Brandon tighter. He lets out a painful groan.

ASHLEY

So, what did happen to you?

BRANDON

How 'bout I tell you over a cup of coffee?

All three of them sit down and start to talk.

EXT. NAVY PIER – DAY

SUPER: A couple of days later.

Brandon walks the pier and reaches Ashley's caricature booth. She's diligently drawing a young girl who is sitting in the chair. Brandon walks over and starts examining the paintings.

The little girl gets up and loves her caricature. Brandon turns towards Ashley.

BRANDON

It's amazing...that painting is almost as beautiful as the artist herself.

Ashley pauses for a minute.

ASHLEY

(sarcastic)

It should be since it's a self-portrait.

She turns around and looks at Brandon who has a sheepish grin across his face.

BRANDON

(embarrassed)

Oh.

She wraps her arms around him and gives him a big hug.

BRANDON

I can't believe you gave up Paris for me.

ASHLEY

Paris will always be there. So what did your boss say?

BRANDON

He didn't it take it very well. And kept accusing me of having his corporate card.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry.

BRANDON

Don't be. I'm done with living to work. It's now about working to live. Besides, I think it's time to explore some new horizons.

Brandon holds up two airline tickets.

BRANDON

Paris?

Ashley's eyes grow big and she shoves Brandon.

ASHLEY

Get out! I'm so sorry.

BRANDON

Don't be, that's just the reaction  
I was looking for.

Ashley kisses Brandon.

ASHLEY

There's one thing you should know.  
I told you I have a List. Are you  
okay with that?

BRANDON

Really?

ASHLEY

Did you ever look on the back of  
that drawing?

BRANDON

The clown?

Ashely nods. Brandon reaches in his wallet and unfolds the paper. On the back is a list of names. At the very top is his.

ASHLEY

Told you it didn't always have to  
be celebrities. Jonathan Taylor  
Thomas didn't have anything on you.  
Even back then.

Brandon smiles and hugs Ashley they kiss. Brandon looks at the paper.

BRANDON

Luke Perry? Really? He was like 30  
when you drew this.

ASHLEY

Just shut up.

Ashley kisses him again.

EXT. HAWAIIAN BEACH CAFE – CONTINUOUS

Tim is sitting with Marcie at a small café along the beach.

MARCIE

I'm really glad you asked me to come with you.

TIM

Me too.

MARCIE

This place is amazing. Can't you see us having our wedding here? Maybe we should just move here. We could have a little beach house...

Tim is starting to sweat.

MARCIE

And our kids could learn both the native language and English...

Tim suddenly stands up.

MARCIE

Are you okay?

TIM

Yep, just going to get some drinks.

Tim walks up to a Tiki bar.

TIM

I'll take your most powerful umbrella drink, don't spare the little squares of pineapple.

Tim grabs Hutchinson's corporate card out of his shorts' pocket and slides it across the bar. Suddenly, a girl goes to grab the stool near Tim. And actually hits him with it.

TIM

Hey.

Tim looks over and it's none other than KELLY CLARKSON. Tim stares for a moment in total shock.

KELLY CLARKSON

I'm sorry, I didn't...

TIM

You're...you're Kelly Clarkson.

Kelly nods.

TIM  
Your music touches my soul.

KELLY CLARKSON  
Thanks. I think.

TIM  
Let me buy you a drink?

Tim turns towards the bartender and hands him Old Man Hutchinson's Corporate Card.

TIM  
Whatever she wants. On the card.

Kelly smiles at Tim. Tim looks over at Marcie. He takes a deep breath, grabs his drink and Kelly and him walk in the other direction.

TIM  
So you ever hear of The List?

FADE TO BLACK: