

DON'T LET ME DOWN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A flickering red emergency light radiates from the half-submerged Empire State Building amid an uproar of sirens blaring across the city.

INSERT - MONTAGE

-- Dead bodies float in the floodwaters.

-- Grand Central Terminal, once bustling with commuters, now stands eerily abandoned, the platforms flooded.

-- Broadway theaters, once vibrant and luminous, are shuttered. Marquees are dark, windows boarded up against the persistent harsh weather.

-- The iconic Fearless Girl statue is half submerged, defiantly facing the rising floodwaters.

-- A powerful message spray-painted on a brick wall reads: "New York City won't sink."

-- Discarded climate protest signs and personal belongings lay scattered, abandoned on the waterlogged streets.

-- A soup kitchen in operation, serving meals to an unending line of newly unemployed New Yorkers. Their faces etched with the strain of their uncertain futures.

-- The harsh reality of the situation is highlighted as bodies are loaded into a refrigerated truck.

-- Displaced families, victims of the rich taking over the other dry boroughs, huddle inside a makeshift shelter.

-- Tension erupts into violent clashes between protesters and the wealthy vying for the last patches of dry land.

END MONTAGE

EXT. RED BROWNSTONE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A blue sedan is parked on a raised platform, away from the floodwaters. A prominent Lyft logo on the window. A cigarette ember glows from within.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT

ADAM, (30s), pale, gaunt, red-eyed, with an unkempt beard, sits in the driver's seat, smoking. His expression is stoic as he stares at the brownstone.

EXT. ADAM'S BEDFORD-STUYVESANT APARTMENT - MORNING

An old brownstone building. Its exterior exudes a classic charm, with weathered brick walls and large windows with ironwork. The haunting melody of "Moody Monday" by Damien Rice blasts from inside Adam's ground-level apartment.

KELSY, (mid 20s), slightly overweight, wearing nurse scrubs, rips off a water-damage eviction notice taped to the door. She knocks forcefully.

KELSY

I know you're in there! Come on,  
open up! It's fucking freezing!

She waits, shivering from the cold.

KELSY (CONT'D)

Fuck you! I'm coming in!

She unlocks the door and enters.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The room is dimly lit. LUV, a black female dachshund, excitedly jumps on Kelsy.

KELSY

Hi, Luv.

Kelsy pulls down the blue tarp that covers the windows. Morning light streams in, revealing the disarrayed state of the apartment: scattered garbage, clothes strewn about, empty liquor bottles, unopened mail, and overflowing ashtrays.

KELSY (CONT'D)

What's that smell?

Luv looks up at her. Kelsy sniffs.

KELSY (CONT'D)

Smells like...

Kelsy inadvertently steps on something.

KELSY (CONT'D)

Shit.

Kelsy looks at Luv. Luv looks down, ashamed.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Kelsy grimaces as she wipes the mess off her shoe with a paper towel. She tosses it into the overflowing trash can, filled with empty liquor bottles.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kelsy spots the Amazon Echo on a shelf.

KELSY

Alexa, shut the fuck up!

"Moody Mooday" comes to an abrupt halt. Kelsy walks towards the bed, where Adam lies nestled under the covers.

KELSY (CONT'D)

How can you live like this?

She holds up the water-damage notice, shaking it in frustration.

KELSY (CONT'D)

You have to fix this, Adam. They'll kick you out if you don't!

Adam remains unresponsive. She notices empty liquor bottles filled with a yellow liquid scattered on the floor. She picks one up and wrinkles her nose in disgust.

KELSY (CONT'D)

Gross! What the fuck?

Still no response. She pulls the covers off, revealing Adam curled up in a fetal position.

KELSY (CONT'D)

You look like hell, you know that? Why don't you volunteer at the local relief center or join the climate protests? Do something. Anything!

Adam groans, barely acknowledging her presence.

ADAM

Can you please walk, Luv?

Kelsy shakes her head. Resigned, she grabs the leash.

KELSY

Clean up your fucking mess, Adam!

Kelsy exits the room with Luv in tow.

Adam's cell rings, displaying "Landlord" on the screen. He dismisses the call and reaches for an empty bottle, tucking it under the covers and pees into it.

ADAM

Alexa, play "Alone" by Heart.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CONEY ISLAND BEACH PIER - DAY - PRE-FLOOD

The iconic Ferris wheel of Coney Island's amusement park stands tall in the background. Waves crash against the pier. Adam and a WOMAN, (30s), with long dark hair, sit on a bench, captivated by the beautiful sunset. He turns to look at her and smiles.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Adam opens his eyes, and a single tear rolls down his face.

The song ends.

INT. ABOVE-GROUND SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Adam sits in an eerily vacant subway car, a stark contrast to the usually bustling system. Luv is tucked inside his coat. He looks out the window, observing the changes in the city - makeshift barricades and sandbags to protect against flooding, 'For Lease' signs on closed businesses, and damaged streets.

EXT. ON THE PIER, CONEY ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT

Adam and Luv stand at the edge, overlooking the vast ocean. In the distance, the high-water mark shows how far the flood waters reached. A HOMELESS MAN (60s) with a weathered hot dog cart approaches Adam.

HOMELESS MAN  
Um-- Thinking of jumping?

Adam ignores him.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
Want a hot dog? It'll make you feel  
better.

He pulls out a plastic hot dog and hands it to Adam.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
Why so sad, man? Let me guess. Your  
heart is broken?

Adam nods, acknowledging his words. The homeless man laughs.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
My girlfriend threw me off the  
freeway once. It means nothing  
until you're bleeding to death. It  
never lasts. Never.

The homeless man pats Luv, offering her a gentle smile.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
But friendship, my friend,  
friendship is eternal. What's her  
name?

ADAM  
Luv.

HOMELESS MAN  
Luv is all you need, man.

With those parting words, the homeless man continues pushing his cart, muttering to himself.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
Nobody knows how to love. Nobody.  
Stupid people.

Adam tenderly lifts Luv, cradling her in his arms, before tucking her safely into his coat.

EXT. RED BROWNSTONE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Once again, the blue sedan is parked across from the red brownstone.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Adam opens the door to be greeted by Luv, wagging her tail with excitement.

ADAM  
Hungry, huh?

Luv barks. They make their way to the kitchen.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Luv eagerly devours her food, while Adam rummages through the cabinets, searching for a bottle of booze. He discovers an empty bottle and takes a sip from its remnants. The doorbell rings, but he chooses to ignore it.

EXT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Adam and Luv exit the apartment. He tears down a freshly posted eviction notice from the door and tosses it aside with a dismissive gesture.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Adam stands first in a long line outside the liquor store, as people try to escape the harsh reality of their current environment. The STOREKEEPER (40s) appears behind the fortified glass door, his face hardened from dealing with stressed customers day in, day out.

ADAM  
It's eight!

Adam holds up his wrist, showing his watch.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Come on, open up! It's eight!

The storekeeper hesitates, looking at the crowd. After a moment, he unlocks the door, and a rush of customers flood in.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Adam quickly grabs the cheapest and largest bottle of vodka and heads towards the register. The storekeeper sees Luv and reaches out to pet her.

STOREKEEPER  
 Oh, hello, little one.  
 (to Adam)  
 She's adorable. Does she do any  
 tricks?

Adam shrugs, indifferent. The storekeeper crouches down in front of Luv.

STOREKEEPER (CONT'D)  
 Roll over.

Luv simply stares back.

STOREKEEPER (CONT'D)  
 Roll over.

Still nothing.

STOREKEEPER (CONT'D)  
 Are you deaf?

The storekeeper playfully squeezes Luv's ears, causing her to lunge at him in defense. In the ensuing chaos, the storekeeper yells at Adam.

STOREKEEPER (CONT'D)  
 Out! Out! Take your dog and get the  
 fuck out!

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Adam exits the liquor store, empty-handed. He looks down at Luv.

ADAM  
 Whatcha do that for?

They look at each other for a moment, then walk off together.

As they walk, the damage of the flood is evident. Streets show signs of asphalt erosion, and sidewalk cracks are filled with flood debris. In some places, parts of the road have collapsed entirely, leaving deep potholes. An unsettling stillness hangs in the air, the result of a city still grappling with the aftermath of the floods.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Navigating their way through the flood-damaged streets, Adam and Luv arrive at another store, which appears to be one of the few establishments still operating in the area.



He glances at Luv, a playful yet cautionary expression on his face.

ADAM

Try not to kill anyone this time,  
okay?

Luv barks in response, her tail wagging slightly.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Inside, the store is dimly lit, the shelves are sparsely stocked, but they've managed to maintain a supply of alcohol. Adam places a large bottle of cheap vodka on the counter. The OWNER, (40s), a Russian woman, catches sight of Luv and smiles warmly.

OWNER

Oh, how cute. Does she know any  
tricks?

Adam rolls his eyes, his annoyance palpable.

ADAM

Yeah, sure. She can shit, bark, and  
bite, maybe even wipe her own ass  
if you give her a treat.

Taken aback, the owner's smile quickly fades.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What can I say, I'm a fucking  
asshole.

Finally having had enough, the owner grabs the vodka bottle off the counter and places it back on the shelf.

OWNER

Get out! Now! Out!

Adam opens his mouth as if to argue, but thinks better of it. He leaves the store empty-handed, with Luv trailing behind. As the door closes behind him, the owner starts cursing in Russian.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam and Luv sit on the couch, their gaze fixed on the constant weather updates on the muted TV screen. A knock at the door interrupts the silence. They exchange a brief glance, and Luv lets out a low growl.

Adam opens the door to find COOL DAN, (30s), a Latinx individual with a gender-bending wardrobe and a set of high-water pants and knee-length boots, standing there.

COOL DAN  
Hi...

ADAM  
Hey.

COOL DAN  
Whoa. You look like shit.

DAM  
Are you wearing eyelashes?

COOL DAN  
Yes. No-- It's mascara.

ADAM  
Last time I saw you, you looked like a vampire.

COOL DAN  
It was a phase. You know me? Hey, why didn't you call me back? I've been trying to reach you for weeks.

ADAM  
Uh-- I-- I've been busy. Work, you know.

COOL DAN  
Sure. Yeah. Okay.

Cool Dan steps inside, eliciting a continued growl from Luv.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)  
She still hates me.

ADAM  
You left her outside. In the rain.

COOL DAN  
I had an audition.

Cool Dan makes an attempt to sit next to Luv, who promptly scurries away.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)  
(mile-a-minute)  
I just got back from California.  
(MORE)

COOL DAN (CONT'D)

Finished shooting a Target commercial, was about to start my first lead in a web series when the floods hit. Six jobs, gone in six days. Income stopped. Auditions canceled. Callbacks postponed. All productions shut down. Now-- now I'm stuck in this flooded city, with no clue what I'm going to do.

Adam, not showing much interest, drops a couple of Alka-Seltzer tablets into a water glass. Cool Dan doesn't pause.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)

I moved in with my mom. Now we're forced to be with each other all the time. She keeps nagging about my tendency to use too much clean water. Can you believe that? Today we started fighting over a simple question like, "What should we eat for breakfast?" I'm gonna lose my fucking mind. What a nightmare-- and-- and what the fuck happened to Brooklyn? They turned Biggie's old hood into an upper-class refuge.

Taking in the state of the apartment, Cool Dan continues.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)

And you, how are you holding up, man?

Adam pauses.

ADAM

Uh, I lost my job. Been driving part-time for Lyft. Most of the subways are down, you know.

COOL DAN

Well, at least you've got Mia. You have no idea how lucky you are. Speaking of, where is she?

Adam looks down, his expression filled with sadness.

ADAM

She... she left me.

Cool Dan looks surprised.

COOL DAN

Oh man, I-- I'm so sorry. Do you want to talk about it?

Adam shakes his head.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)

All right. Well, just know you've got me, okay? We've got each other. Whatever you need, I'm here for you.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Adam stands outside with Luv. Cool Dan exits the store, avoiding the puddles, and hands Adam a brown paper bag. Luv growls at Cool Dan, her displeasure clear.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Adam and Cool Dan head down the street. Luv is tucked safely inside Adam's coat. Cool Dan's anxiety is palpable.

COOL DAN

(mile-a-minute)

My-- my anxiety feels like a full-time job. The isolation. The unknown. The fear of losing my home. I'm so lonely... I'm even starting to miss the people I hate.

ADAM

Everyone is fucking lonely.

COOL DAN

I... I just want my life back. It feels like the end of the world. I'm scared. I-- I guess I'm having a mid-life crisis.

ADAM

The entire world is having a nervous breakdown, Cool Dan.

They pass by a Climate Justice and Anti-Gentrification Protest. People of all ages hold up signs, their messages loud and clear:

-- "Save Our Neighborhoods, Stop Gentrification!"

-- "Our Future Matters, Climate Action Now!"

-- "No More Displacement, Community First!"

-- "Climate Justice for All, Not Just the Rich!"

CROWD

(chanting)

Hey, hey, ho, ho, gentrification's  
got to go! We demand system change,  
not just climate!

COOL DAN

(mile-a-minute)

Look at all this shit that's  
happening. The protests, the  
climate crisis, and the rich  
forcing us out of our own  
neighborhoods. It-- It's made me  
realize I don't know what I'm doing  
with my life anymore. I'm  
reevaluating things, trying to  
figure out what's next. I... I need  
something new...

As the protesters surge around them, Cool Dan gets swept up in the momentum and is quickly lost in the crowd. Adam can't see him anymore.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Adam continues down the street, feeling isolated amidst the chaos. A YOUNG BOY (5) holding a toy gun catches his eye. The boy lifts the toy and pretends to shoot at Adam. Playing along, Adam makes a finger gun, returning the 'fire' with a playful "Bang, bang."

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Adam stares at a plastic toy gun prominently displayed in the pawn shop window.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam pulls the plastic toy gun from a shopping bag and reclines on the couch. He places the toy gun against his chest, he mimics an act of self-destruction. Instead of an ominous bang, a feeble click fills the room.

He sits up abruptly, sensing that something is off. A surge of urgency propels him into the bedroom, with Luv faithfully following his every move.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam sinks onto the bed, his eyes drawn to the toy gun. Luv remains at the doorway, watching him intently. He raises the toy gun once more, its muzzle pressed against his chest. The hollow click resonates in the silence. He closes his eyes.

FANTASY:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Adam finds himself confined to a hospital bed, bound to a web of IV lines. His chest is wrapped in bandages, evidence of a recent gunshot wound. A beautiful WOMAN (30s) with long dark hair stands near the window, crying.

His eyelids flutter open. Instantly, the woman rushes to his side, her voice quivering with palpable relief.

WOMAN

Adam? Adam, I'm here. I... I came back...

ADAM

I-- I thought I'd lost you forever.

WOMAN

I'm sorry, Adam. I'm so sorry. I-- I love you. I love you so much, baby.

She leans in, planting a tender kiss on his lips.

END FANTASY.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam opens his eyes, he stares at the toy gun in his hand. A realization begins to take hold.

ADAM

I'm not giving you up...

INT. BLUE SEDAN - DAY

Adam sits behind the wheel, Cool Dan in the passenger seat.

COOL DAN

So, where exactly are we headed?

ADAM

Gun store.

COOL DAN

They're still open?

ADAM

Gun stores are considered essential.

Cool Dan chuckles.

COOL DAN

Essential? Really?

ADAM

Food, prescription drugs, liquor-- and firearms.

COOL DAN

Why do you need a gun?

ADAM

In these uncertain times, many people may find themselves in situations where they need to protect themselves.

COOL DAN

Right, right. Sure. Yeah.

ADAM

We have to go to New Jersey.

COOL DAN

Why?

ADAM

New York ordered gun dealers to close.

COOL DAN

I bet.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Adam and Cool Dan survey the firearms showcased in the dimly lit shop. The gruff OWNER, (40s), approaches, his balding head glistening under the dull fluorescent light.

OWNER

Can I help you with something?

ADAM  
I'm looking for, uh...

Cool Dan unzips his coat, revealing a shirt that boldly proclaims, "Our Future Matters, Act on Climate Now!"

COOL DAN  
We need a gun for protection.

The owner sneers at Cool Dan's shirt and scoffs. He wastes no time in attempting to get rid of them.

OWNER  
Got a permit?

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM  
Uh-- no.

OWNER  
Can't help you then.

ADAM  
How-- how long does it take to get one?

OWNER  
Uh, could take a few months. Longer now, with the floods.

Adam doesn't hide his frustration.

ADAM  
I can't wait that long!

Adam stares at the guns.

OWNER  
This isn't a museum. There's a porn shop round the corner. Go stare at some titties instead.  
(to Cool Dan)  
Climate change is a hoax!

Cool Dan looks incensed.

COOL DAN  
Most of the country is fucking underwater!

OWNER  
Go back to where you came from you dumb spic!



COOL DAN  
What the fuck? You booger-eating  
kool-aid drinker!

Cool Dan raises his fist in the air, a symbol of his unwavering commitment to the fight against climate change.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)  
Fight climate change! Fight climate  
change!

OWNER  
It's a fucking terrorist group!

The owner reaches behind the counter and retrieves a crossbow, brandishing it menacingly.

ADAM  
Oh, fuck.

COOL DAN  
Oh, look, Rambo!

OWNER  
Get out of here! Faggots!

COOL DAN  
Bet you're a Christian--

ADAM  
Oh, Jesus fucking Christ.

Adam drags Cool Dan towards the exit.

OWNER  
Terrorists! Terrorists! Terrorists!

EXT. GUN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Cool Dan, raises his middle finger defiantly at the owner. Adam, sensing the potential danger, reacts quickly, slapping Cool Dan's hand away.

ADAM  
What are you doing? Knock it off!  
Knock it off!

The owner lurches out of the store with the crossbow. Adam and Cool Dan jump into the car.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Adam's hands grip the steering wheel tightly as he starts the engine, his frustration evident in his voice.

ADAM

That's just fucking great. You're saving the world for all of us, right? Give yourself a round of applause. Fucking inspiring!

COOL DAN

Why are you being so mean?

ADAM

You almost got us fucking killed! Of all the stupid shit you have done, this is by far the most stupid!

Cool Dan sinks into his seat.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The locker room door swings open and Kelsy steps in. Nurses, their faces marked with exhaustion and distress, scramble to don protective gear in a race against time. Water stains on the lower parts of the walls silently testify to the recent floods.

In the midst of the commotion, Kelsy methodically prepares for the task ahead. She slips into a gown, straps on an N95 mask, fitting it snugly against her face, places a face shield for additional protection, and finally, pulls on gloves to ensure sterile contact.

Despite the pandemonium around her, Kelsy's focus remains unyielding, ready to face the challenges that lie ahead.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kelsy walks down the dimly lit hallway. Each room she passes houses a patient affected by the floods, fighting for survival.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

Kelsy enters the last room on the right, where an INDIAN PATIENT, (60s), struggles to catch her breath, her respiratory system weakened by the infections brought on by the floods.

The room is filled with the sound of gasps and the beeping of medical equipment. Fear fills the patient's eyes as she reaches out, seeking reassurance.

INDIAN PATIENT

Will I-- I ever see my family  
again?

Kelsy holds and rubs the patient's hand gently.

KELSY

You're strong; you'll beat this,  
okay?

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Kelsy removes her personal protective equipment. The weight of her exhaustion is tangible as she peels off the clingy, sweat-drenched scrubs, revealing the toll of her relentless efforts. She wipes the sweat off her forehead, her face bearing the imprints of the mask she wears every day.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DAY

Adam and Kelsy sit on a weathered park bench, surrounded by the remnants of the once-vibrant park. The landscape is scarred by the aftermath of the floods, with upturned trees and muddy pathways. She eats her takeout food, while Adam drinks from his flask. Kelsy's nose is marked with blisters from wearing a mask.

KELSY

Aren't you going to eat anything?

ADAM

Not hungry.

KELSY

You need to eat something.

He barely acknowledges his food. She takes a deep breath, the conversation takes a sterner turn.

KELSY (CONT'D)

You can't keep using my car  
anymore.

ADAM

W-- Why not?

KELSY

Are you even making any money? How much have you earned with Lyft, huh?

He shrugs, showing his indifference.

KELSY (CONT'D)

I lent you my car to get you back on your feet, Adam. Not to sit parked outside that damn brownstone all night.

ADAM

I won't go back there, okay!

She gives him a skeptical look, doubting his words.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I swear, Kelsy.

She gazes at a few stubborn blooms, valiantly sprouting amidst the mire. Their beauty, a stark contrast to the devastation around them.

KELSY

Spring is almost here.

ADAM

I hate spring.

KELSY

Since when? It's your favorite season.

His words stumble, a painful admission clawing its way out.

ADAM

It reminds me of-- of-- I'm still in love with her, Kel!

She lets out a weary sigh.

KELSY

I don't get it. What is it about her, Adam?

ADAM

I-- I've never felt this way before.

KELSY

It's all about the sex, right? You had some mind-blowing sex, and now you're confusing it for love.

ADAM

Men aren't that smart, Kel. We can't tell the difference.

KELSY

Love isn't something you find in your pants, Adam!

He snatches a plastic knife from their takeout and looks at his crotch.

ADAM

Look what you're doing to me! You want pain? You want me to hurt you? If you don't stop-- I'll cut you off. I mean it. I mean it!

She looks at him, her eyes filled with worry and fear.

KELSY

You really need to stop drinking.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Adam lies curled in a fetal position on his bed, seeking solace with Luv by his side. The incessant ringing of his cell goes unanswered as he remains lost in his thoughts.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is bathed in the blue glow of the TV screen. Adam sprawls on the bed, cradling a bottle of vodka, his gaze fixed on the flickering images: classic Hollywood scenes depicting lead ladies tenderly caring for injured protagonists.

He takes another swig of vodka, attempting to numb the sharp edges of his broken heart. His trembling hand reaches out toward the TV. With each passing scene, his emotions spiral out of control. He clutches his chest, the weight of his shattered heart suffocating him.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY

JIM (60s) tends to his once vibrant flower garden, despite the visible signs of damage caused by the floods. Adam pulls up in the driveway and steps out.

ADAM  
Hey, Dad!

JIM  
Adam!

He looks at Adam, taking in his haggard appearance.

JIM (CONT'D)  
You look like hell, son.

ADAM  
I know, Dad.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam lies on the couch, while Jim reclines on his lounge chair.

JIM  
So, what's next... Adam?

ADAM  
This is when you tell me to move on, to pull myself together, right?

JIM  
I know how you feel, son. It hasn't been easy for me since your Mom passed away.

Adam's gaze shifts to a family portrait - his parents' smiling faces, a chubby baby girl, and a younger Adam - a moment of happiness frozen in time.

ADAM  
Do you still remember her?

JIM  
Every day, Adam. Her face is as clear in my mind as if she was standing here with us.

ADAM  
I miss her so much.

JIM  
Me too, son. Me too.

There is a pause as they both reflect on the absence of a beloved wife and mother.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Um, I don't know what's going on with your sister. She barely returns my calls. Is she all right?

ADAM  
She's caught up with work, Dad. Always busy taking care of others.

JIM  
I've been telling her to quit. Her job's too risky, especially with everything going on.

ADAM  
You know how she is... just like mom.

JIM  
Yeah.

Jim flicks on the TV, the screen immediately fills with a news briefing on the floods.

ADAM  
I can't bear to hear about this anymore, Dad.

Jim promptly switches off the TV.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(murmuring)  
Sometimes I... I just wish I had drowned in the floods.

His face tightens with concern at Adam's dark murmur. He changes the subject.

JIM  
I-- I could use some food. How about you? I-- I'll go grab something for both of us, okay?

Jim snatches his keys and jacket from the hook by the door, heading out, leaving Adam alone with his thoughts.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Adam walks over to the desk, his heart heavy with anticipation. He carefully opens one drawer after another, searching for something of great significance. Suddenly, he pauses, his eyes lighting up as he discovers what he's been looking for.

FANTASY:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Adam is next in line at the check-in counter, lost in the rhythmic hum of the busy airport. The chitter-chatter of excited travelers, flight announcements echoing overhead, the incessant rumble of suitcase wheels on the hard floor - a symphony of orchestrated chaos.

Suddenly, the symphony is interrupted by a discordant note of fear. A MAN in his 40s, dressed in black, bursts into the terminal brandishing a handgun.

MAN

Everyone! Down! Now! Now!

People scatter like frightened birds, seeking any available cover. A COUPLE nearby drops to the ground, instinctively taking cover behind their suitcases. A WOMAN, her face pale with fear, ducks behind a baggage cart, using it as a makeshift shield. Bodies all around dive to the ground.

"Holding Out For A Hero," by Bonnie Tyler starts to play.

Adam, now caught in the eye of this fear storm, taps into an inner reservoir of bravery. His heart pounds with adrenaline, yet his mind remains clear and focused. Like a character plucked from the silver screen, he emerges from behind the check-in counter, weapon in hand.

A roaring crescendo of gunfire echoes through the terminal as Adam retaliates. The terminal falls into a stunned silence as the man, slumps to the ground - lifeless.

With the immediate threat neutralized, the frenzied pitch of the terminal drops, replaced with the sound of collective relief.

Adam staggers, clutching his gut, his shirt slowly soaked in blood. His knees buckle as he collapses to the floor, a satisfied grin pulling at his lips - a hero brought down, yet victorious.

Song ends.



END FANTASY.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Adam pulls out a .38 revolver from the drawer. He checks the cylinder, ensuring that it's fully loaded.

ADAM

We'll be back together soon...

The song ends.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Indian patient's breathing is labored, each breath a struggle. Kelsy, dressed in full PPE, holds up an iPad, allowing the patient's DAUGHTER (30s) to see her through FaceTime. Emotions weigh heavily in the room.

INDIAN PATIENT

I... I can't go on like this.

DAUGHTER

You have to keep fighting, Mom.

INDIAN PATIENT

The pain it's-- it's unbearable.

The daughter's voice breaks as tears stream down her face.

DAUGHTER

Come home to us, Mom. I love you so much. I love you, Mom.

Both the Indian patient and her daughter are overcome with emotion, their tears flowing freely. Kelsy, witnessing their anguish, struggles to maintain her composure, her own eyes welling up with tears.

EXT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adam, wearing sunglasses, locks the door. Kelsy suddenly appears.

ADAM

What the fuck? You're so fucking annoying.

KELSY

I've been trying to reach you. I called a lot, but you never answer.

Adam starts walking away, with Kelsy following closely behind.

KELSY (CONT'D)

I just wanted to see how you're doing--

ADAM

I'm fine, Kel. Just go home. Please.

KELSY

Oh, really. So your penis is still intact?

ADAM

Funny. Now, please, just go.

KELSY

Where are you going, anyway?

ADAM

It's an-- an invite-only party.

KELSY

Can I come? Please. I had a really bad day...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam and Kelsy ascend a staircase and cut through the adjacent bodega.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Adam and Kelsy wander through the empty gallery.

KELSY

Great turnout. What are we even doing here?

ADAM

We're here to appreciate art.

KELSY

You hate art.

Loud music drifts out from the back room.

INT. GALLERY - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A stark, white room flooded with bright industrial lights. The floor is scattered with dollar bills, creating a peculiar sight.

Adam removes his sunglasses. His gaze is drawn to a beautiful WOMAN, (30s), with long dark hair, wearing only a bikini. Her breasts are painted with dollar symbols, adding to the provocative allure. She dances with wild abandon, captivating the attention of the onlookers.

Above her, a large neon sign blinks, displaying the words "ART FOR SALE" in vibrant colors. The atmosphere in the room is filled with hushed whispers as the small crowd marvels at the spectacle.

The woman abruptly ceases her dance, causing the room to fall into a sudden silence. She maneuvers through the crowd, teasing and taunting, until she reaches a BALD MAN (40s).

The woman sits him down on a chair in the centre of the room, then starts rubbing her ass on his crotch.

The woman turns, looks directly into his eyes. She straddles his lap, rubbing her breasts into his face and slowly grinds on his crotch.

Mixed reactions ripple through the crowd, creating a cacophony of emotions. Some individuals find themselves drawn to the provocative display, their desires ignited. Others are left perplexed, struggling to comprehend the performance. Laughter erupts from a few, their amusement reverberating through the room.

Adam, overwhelmed by a surge of emotions, closes his eyes, his face reflecting devastation. The sight before him cuts deep. Kelsy, unable to bear the scene any longer, averts her gaze, her expression conveying a sense of profound disapproval.

The woman grinds harder. The man gasps. She looks down and his pants are wet.

The woman lifts her hand. After a moment of confusion, the man hands her several bills, which she tosses on the floor.

EXT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Adam and Kelsy exit the gallery. He looks visibly upset.

KELSY

You okay?

ADAM

Sure.

KELSY

If I had known you were coming here to see her, I would've tried to stop you.

ADAM

I know.

KELSY

You have to find a way to move on. Learn what you can from this break-up.

ADAM

I-- I wish I could.

KELSY

Let's go, Adam.

ADAM

No. I need to talk to her.

KELSY

Stop acting so stupid!

ADAM

Stop stalking me!

KELSY

I feel sorry for you!

ADAM

I'm touched. Thank you. Now get the fuck out of my life!

She looks at him with disdain, as if to say, "I'm done." Then, she screams.

KELSY

You self-absorbed piece of shit!

She walks away, disappointed.

KELSY (CONT'D)

Traitor!

Adam stands alone, feeling ashamed.

EXT. GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

MIA, the woman from the show, emerges from the gallery. As her eyes meet Adam's, she walks away, attempting to distance herself. However, his determination compels him to follow her.

ADAM

I-- I think about you all the time.

MIA

I don't want to do this again.

ADAM

Come home with me.

MIA

No. You hate my art.

ADAM

I-- I just don't understand it.

MIA

(after a pause)

How's Luv?

ADAM

Remember how we felt when we got her? We were so happy. Luv misses you so much... I miss you.

MIA

What do you miss the most, Adam?

Adam finds himself at a loss for words. Sensing his struggle, Mia reaches out and takes his hand.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mia unzips Adam's pants.

MIA

This is what you miss, right?

She slides her hand down his pants.

ADAM

Stop-- Don't. Stop, stop, stop,  
stop...

He gasps, releases and comes. He hangs his head in shame.

MIA  
Now, please go.

She walks off. Adam, desperate to hold on, zips up his pants and chases after her.

ADAM  
Don't go, please, not yet.

Mia flags down a taxi.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I love you. I want to marry you.

Mia looks at him, her gaze filled with a mixture of sadness and resolve.

MIA  
I don't love you anymore, Adam.

Adam flinches, like he's been punched in the gut.

ADAM  
That's not true.

MIA  
I'm moving back to Austin. I can't afford to live here anymore.

ADAM  
No! You can't leave. We can figure this out. I'll take care of you.

MIA  
I'm sorry. It wasn't you. Really. It's not your fault. We both really tried.

She climbs into the waiting taxi.

ADAM  
Don't go. Don't go, baby. I love you. Don't go please. Not now. I love you so much. Mia. I do love you.

Desperate to hold on, he grabs onto the door.

MIA  
What do you want from me, Adam?

ADAM  
I don't know. I don't know. I... Something... Anything...

Mia rummages through her bag, searching for something. She rips out a blank page from her journal and hands it to Adam.

MIA

Our time... together has come to an end. You will move on...

ADAM

No. I won't. Never!

MIA

...And find the beginning again.

She directs her words to the taxi driver.

MIA (CONT'D)

Please go.

The taxi pulls away, leaving Adam standing there, crushed and defeated. In an act of frustration, he crumples the blank sheet of paper in his hand.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits on the couch, a half-empty bottle of alcohol on the coffee table. The door opens, and Mia walks in, immediately noticing Adam's state.

MIA

Drunk again?

ADAM

It's almost morning.

MIA

I was working.

ADAM

Stripping.

Her expression turns to one of hurt.

MIA

I'm an artist.

He scoffs dismissively.

ADAM

You're a whore.

Realizing the weight of his words, he immediately regrets his outburst.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I-- I just don't understand. Why-- why do you do it?

MIA

I don't know. Why do people make art? Because they have something to say!

His vulnerability begins to show.

ADAM

I'm just... I'm scared. Okay? I'm scared all the fucking time.

MIA

Scared of what?

ADAM

I don't know. That you'll leave me.

There is a pause as his emotions run deep.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I... I dreamt I saw my mother again. I was so happy. I miss her. You know? I miss having a family. Everything would be better if we just got married. I want to marry you, Mia. I want kids. A home...

MIA

Wow. Disturbing. You want me to fill in the space your mother left?

ADAM

No, no, no, no, no. I love you. I love you so much.

MIA

The more you beg, the less I want to be here.

He looks defeated, pouring himself another drink as her words cut deep.

MIA (CONT'D)

You're insecure. That's why you drink so much. I think you need to be alone, Adam.



She walks out the door, leaving him alone with his pain and frustration.

ADAM

I don't want to be fucking alone! I  
hate being alone!

He screams in anguish, the weight of his emotions  
overwhelming him.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - TUB - NIGHT

Adam bursts out of the water, his chest heaving as he gasps  
for air. His hand trembles as he reaches for the bottle of  
vodka on the edge of the tub. The water flows off his body,  
mingling with the tears streaming down his face.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Adam lies on the couch, visibly hungover. Luv starts  
scratching the front door, her instincts aroused.

ADAM

What?

Luv noses at the bottom of the door and barks.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Luv?

Roused by Luv's urgency, Adam heaves himself upright, the  
remnants of a hangover weighing heavily on his movements. He  
shuffles towards the door, pulling it open to reveal Kelsy  
curled up outside.

Upon seeing Kelsy, Luv wags her tail and licks her face.  
Kelsy's eyes flutter open. She slowly gets up.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I... uh, about last night... I'm  
really sorry-- Do you want some  
coffee? Uh, I can make you some--  
or maybe, uh, some breakfast?

Kelsy brushes off Adam's awkward attempt at reconciliation,  
moving past him into the apartment.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Restless, Adam reaches for a bottle of vodka on the bedside table, only to find it empty. He clicks on the TV, mindlessly flipping through channels. His search comes to a halt when he stumbles upon a Suicide Prevention PSA.

Taking a deep breath, Adam dials the number on his cell.

ADAM

I-- I'm not going to kill myself,  
okay? Just-- just need to talk...

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Okay...

He clears his throat.

ADAM

Uh, this is really-- really  
embarrassing for me. I-- I've never  
done this before. Do-- do people  
really talk about their feelings  
like this?

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Yes, they do. Especially now. We've  
seen a huge spike in calls.

A long silence follows as he gathers his thoughts.

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you still there?

ADAM

I'm going through a break-up...

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Breaking up is painful at any time,  
but amid all the chaos following  
the floods, it can be really hard.

His emotions start to pour out, his words a rapid stream of consciousness.

ADAM

(mile-a-minute)

The-- the relationship was too much  
for her. She needed space because  
she felt suffocated by my love. I--  
I had dreams of buying a house,  
starting a family. Is-- is that so  
wrong? But she kept pulling away,  
growing more distant.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

(getting angry)

I-- I was finally making progress  
in my life, feeling good, and-- and  
then everything fell apart!

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

You feel robbed.

ADAM

Yeah! Like-- like so much has been  
taken away from me, and now, I-- I  
have to start all over again.

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

It must be incredibly painful when  
the future you imagined is no  
longer possible.

Adam sighs heavily.

ADAM

I just-- just want to know when it  
gets better. When does it stop  
hurting...?

EXT. BROOKLYN - MORNING

The sun rises over Brooklyn, casting a ray of light into  
Adam's bedroom.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Adam remains on the his cell.

ADAM

Is it true that you only fall in  
love once? Is it a one-time deal?  
Th-- Then what's left?

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

I think it depends on the person.

ADAM

What do you mean?

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Some people are so afraid to love  
again that they stop trying.

ADAM

I feel like I'll never love again.

Luv barks in the background.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I should go.

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Wait... You mentioned earlier that you're a writer, right?

ADAM

Yeah.

WOMAN COUNSELOR (O.S.)

Write about it...

Adam hangs up, deep in thought.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam stares at the blank screen of his laptop, his fingers hovering above the keyboard. He takes a deep breath and starts to type.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits at his desk, typing fervently as the room is dimly lit.

INT. TRADER JOE'S - DAY

The aisles of Trader Joe's are surprisingly uncrowded, the shelves almost empty. Kelsy pushes a cart while Adam walks beside her.

ADAM

So, I'm writing again.

KELSY

Oh, that's great. I'm really happy for you. Writing can be therapeutic.

Adam hesitates, contemplating his next words.

ADAM

Well, it's about Mia.

KELSY

Oh, God.

ADAM  
I'm going to see her.

KELSY  
Oh, no. Why?

ADAM  
I want her to read it.

KELSY  
Then email it to her.

She picks up a bag of White Cheddar Corn Puffs, trying to distract herself.

ADAM  
It's not the same.

KELSY  
Get a fucking grip. Try to control yourself and salvage some dignity.

ADAM  
Maybe she'll want to see me?

KELSY  
I doubt it.

ADAM  
You're making me feel really shitty right now.

KELSY  
You're being--

ADAM  
Just say it.

KELSY  
Forget it.

ADAM  
No, say it.

KELSY  
Please drop it.

He snatches the bag of Corn Puffs from her hands.

ADAM  
You think I'm pathetic, right?

She pulls the bag back, frustrated.

KELSY  
Keep your voice down.

He pulls the bag back again.

ADAM  
Why can't you just say it?

KELSY  
What the fuck is the matter with  
you? Are you drunk again?

Adam considers her question, realizing he might be under the influence. He shrugs. Maybe.

ADAM  
Just say it, Kel!

KELSY  
Sometimes I really fucking hate  
you.

ADAM  
Say it, say it, say it!

KELSY  
Knock it off.

ADAM  
Not until you fucking say it.

KELSY  
You're pathetic.

ADAM  
Come on, chicken shit. You can do  
better than that.

She angrily pulls the bag back and rips it open, Corn Puffs scattering onto the linoleum.

KELSY  
Pathetic! Pathetic! Pathetic!

Adam falls to the floor, clutching his stomach, laughing uncontrollably.

ADAM  
I'm pathetic.

KELSY  
Really fucking pathetic.

They both drop to the floor, laughing hysterically. Gradually, they regain their composure, and he leans his head on her shoulder.

ADAM  
I'm gonna see her.

KELSY  
I know.

EXT. RED BROWNSTONE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Under the dim streetlamp, Adam stands, holding a manila envelope. Nervous, he adjusts his hair, preparing himself for the moment.

The front door of the brownstone opens, and Mia steps out. Adam's excitement rises, and he opens his mouth to call out her name, but his words get caught in his throat as he sees a HANDSOME MAN (40s) accompanying Mia. The man takes her hand, and they walk away together, unaware of Adam's presence.

ADAM  
(to himself)  
You're such a loser. Stupid.  
Stupid. Stupid fucking loser.

Disheartened, he tosses the manila envelope into a nearby trash can. His gaze then falls upon a liquor store down the block.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Adam places a bottle of vodka on the counter, his expression filled with bitterness and sadness. The CASHIER (30s) rings up the purchase.

CASHIER  
Would you like me to wrap it up?

ADAM  
No. I'm celebrating now.

CASHIER  
What's the special occasion?

ADAM  
My girlfriend is fucking some new  
guy.

CASHIER  
Drinking won't heal your pain, you  
know.

Adam scoffs.

ADAM  
Then why the fuck are you selling  
alcohol?

Adam storms out.

EXT. DUMBO PROMENADE - NIGHT

Adam trudges along the waterlogged Dumbo promenade, the once vibrant Manhattan skyline dimmed. He finds a bench and sits down, feeling the weight of his despair. The water laps against his rain boots.

A YOUNG COUPLE (20s) wades through the water, holding hands, their laughter mingling with the sound of distant sirens. Adam's heartache deepens as he watches their carefree joy, a stark contrast to his own turmoil.

Adam reaches for the bottle of vodka, desperate to numb the pain. In his haste, some of the liquid spills onto his chin and clothes.

EXT. DUMBO PROMENADE - DAWN

Adam wakes up on the bench, his body curled up in a fetal position, covered in pigeon droppings from head to toe. He groggily reaches for a cigarette and lights it up. With a disdainful glare, he watches the sunrise.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Adam lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. Moaning, thumps, and crashes of wild sex emanate from the apartment upstairs. He covers his ears.

ADAM  
Stop, stop, stop, stop!

INSERT - ADAM'S MEMORY

Mia's naked body soaked in sweat.

BACK TO SCENE



Adam spits in his palm and starts to masturbate.

ADAM  
Come on! Come on!

He can't get hard, he starts talking nice.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, hey, hey... Can you... just  
get up for a second? Come on, come  
on, a little smile. Careful.  
Careful. Don't fall. Hold it. Hold  
it. Be a good friend...

Still nothing. He pulls hard and faster.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
What the fuck? Why are you doing  
this to me? Get up. Get up. Get up!  
Be fucking nice to me!

Again nothing. He cries out in frustration, then punches his  
crotch.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. I'll  
fucking kill you! I'll kill--

He leans forward, and vomits.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Luv sit on the couch. He unscrews the cap on a large  
jug of vodka. He is abruptly interrupted by persistent  
knocking at the door.

KELSY (O.S.)  
Hey, are you home?

He opens the door, finding Kelsy standing before him.  
Exhausted and disheveled, her face is marked with bandages  
and ruddy patches.

ADAM  
You look like shit.

KELSY  
And you look like booze and locker  
room sweat.

ADAM  
Fair enough.

They sink back into the couch. Kelsy pets Luv.

KELSY  
Goa... Where is it?

ADAM  
Uh, somewhere in India... Why?

KELSY  
I have a patient from there.

She drifts off, deep in thought.

KELSY (CONT'D)  
I want to be somewhere... where I  
can feel the wind in my hair.

She looks at him.

KELSY (CONT'D)  
You-- you know what I'm thinking?  
We should go together.

ADAM  
I don't think we're allowed to  
leave our flood-ravaged country.  
We're banned from everywhere,  
remember?

KELSY  
W-- What about a road trip?

ADAM  
Find someone else.

Kelsy lets out a deep sigh.

KELSY  
There's no one else, Adam.

ADAM  
Just find yourself a boyfriend to  
go with you.

KELSY  
I'm fat.

ADAM  
Stop that. You're not fat.

KELSY  
Have you taken a good look at me?

ADAM  
You're perfect just the way you  
are.

KELSY  
I'm lumpy all over.

ADAM  
What about the whole Lena Dunham  
"love your body" motto?

She rolls her eyes, dismissing the notion.

KELSY  
She's an anomaly.

ADAM  
You should go out more. Uh, meet  
new people.

She lets out a half-hearted chuckle.

KELSY  
This isn't exactly the best time  
for socializing.

ADAM  
What about social media?

KELSY  
No, thanks. Social media is the new  
pornography.

His attention is drawn to her bandage, which is beginning to  
peel off at the edge.

INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adam retrieves fresh bandages from the medicine cabinet.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam gently applies a fresh bandage on Kelsy's nose.

ADAM  
Why keep doing this?

KELSY  
I can't just give up on them. They  
need me.

He opens the jug of vodka.

ADAM  
Just don't think about it for a  
while...

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Adam and Kelsy, now drunk, sit closely on the couch. Luv watches them and sighs. In a moment of frustration, he slams his fist on the coffee table, his emotions overwhelming him.

ADAM  
I hate her!

KELSY  
She wasn't right for you. Ugh. I never really liked her. A performance artist? Who's she kidding? She's just a fucking stripper. I can't believe you fell for that. A one-dollar stripper!

ADAM  
Love makes you stupid.

KELSY  
You started taking Viagra because of her.

ADAM  
I was insecure.

She jumps up, a sense of urgency pulsating through her.

KELSY  
Where is it?

ADAM  
Why?

KELSY  
Tell me!

ADAM  
In the bathroom.

She charges into the bathroom.

INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kelsy dumps everything out of the medicine cabinet until she finds the prescription bottle.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kelsy swings open the front door.

KELSY

Come on.

Adam remains motionless.

KELSY (CONT'D)

Get up. Now!

Adam and Luv follow Kelsy out of the apartment.

EXT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kelsy, Adam, and Luv ascend to the rooftop. The city below is cloaked in an unsettling stillness. Kelsy and Adam lean against the edge of the roof. She opens the Viagra prescription bottle.

KELSY

This is so gross!

She tips the bottle, and a cascade of pills rain down.

KELSY (CONT'D)

You're finally free!

Adam runs around the rooftop, a euphoric declaration of his newfound freedom. Luv bounces joyfully alongside him.

ADAM

I'm free. I'm free. I'm fucking  
free!

Kelsy laughs.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The sound of romantic music drifts into the room from upstairs, an ironic contrast to the hangover that greets Adam as he wakes. Grimacing, he clutches his stomach and rushes to the bathroom.

INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adam kneels before the toilet bowl, his body convulsing as he vomits.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam lies on the couch, his face pale and filled with a sense of despair. Luv rests beside him, sensing his melancholy. A persistent knock echoes from the door, ignored by Adam but earning a growl from Luv.

Suddenly, the door swings open to reveal Cool Dan, holding up the spare key.

ADAM  
Get the fuck out!

Cool Dan picks up an empty vodka bottle from the coffee table.

COOL DAN  
Apparently, you've got it all figured out, right?

ADAM  
Just leave me alone.

COOL DAN  
I mean, really. Do you still have a functioning liver?

Adam's gaze turns cold.

ADAM  
Get out! I don't need anybody!

Cool Dan takes a moment to observe Adam's state and then pauses, contemplating his next words.

COOL DAN  
How about a walk? Could do you some good.

ADAM  
Is it Sunday?

COOL DAN  
No. It's Tuesday.

ADAM  
It's all the same anyway.

Cool Dan's expression softens as he tries to reach out to Adam.

COOL DAN  
It's a beautiful day, man.

Adam chuckles.

ADAM  
The city's ruined!

COOL DAN  
All right. Get up. Let's go, come  
on!

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Adam, Luv, and Cool Dan navigate through the desolate streets of Brooklyn. Some buildings stand in ruins while others are untouched. Debris is scattered across the sidewalks. Sirens are blaring in the distance. Adam rubs his head.

ADAM  
Damn sirens!

COOL DAN  
Stop drinking.

ADAM  
What else am I supposed to do? I  
have nothing but time.

COOL DAN  
New Yorkers are either getting  
evicted, protesting, or dying.

ADAM  
I don't want to talk about social  
and economic justice, okay? It all  
feels meaningless now.

COOL DAN  
Funny, because I remember a time  
when you were passionate about  
making a difference. Organizing,  
mobilizing. It used to be all you  
cared about.

ADAM  
Nothing matters anymore.

COOL DAN  
I still have hope, and I feel sorry  
that you've lost yours.

ADAM  
What the fuck is going on with you?

Cool Dan pauses.

COOL DAN

Uh, I don't know. I guess... I--  
I've changed. I can't see how I can  
go on living my life the way I did  
before...

EXT. BROOKLYN PROJECTS - DAY

Adam, Luv, and Cool Dan turn a corner to find a gut-wrenching scene unfolding: a public housing project, now a construction zone, where local families are being ousted from their homes.

Beside the tumult, a glossy billboard showcases the image of a luxurious condominium complex - the future of this place.

Manhattan's wealthy, displaced by the floods, eagerly inspect their future homes with cold detachment. Evicted residents shuffle towards vans bound for distant shelters, clutching pitifully small bags of belongings.

Suddenly, a wave of PROTESTERS arrive, signs held high, their unified voice resonating through the chaos.

PROTESTERS

(chanting)

"Homes not high-rises! People over  
profit!"

Police cars pull up, sirens wailing. Officers in riot gear emerge, quickly forming a barrier between the protesting crowd and the wealthy soon-to-be residents.

Cool Dan's attention is caught by a struggling MOTHER (30s) and her YOUNG DAUGHTER (6). The mother clings to a brightly colored box, a stuffed animal peeking from the top.

A POLICE OFFICER (30s) confronts the mother and daughter,

OFFICER

One bag. That's all!

The mother's pleas for her daughter's toys go unheard as the box is emptied into the growing mound of cast-off items. The young girl's cries amplify the chaos.

Amidst this, Cool Dan watches, dismayed and disgusted. Adam, although present, is emotionally distant.

ADAM

Quite a show, huh?

COOL DAN

It's the new normal, Adam.



The harsh reality intensifies as a black MIDDLE-AGED MAN clings to a box full of memories. Two YOUNG OFFICERS approach him, their intent clear. Yet, the man refuses to let go.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
This-- this is my life, my  
memories...

OFFICER #1  
Orders are orders. Let it go!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
No, please. I can't.

The situation escalates rapidly - the middle-aged man is tackled, handcuffed, and dragged away by the police. The crowd erupts in outrage.

PROTESTERS  
(chanting louder)  
"No justice, no peace! No racist  
police!"

Cool Dan's clenched fists and seething anger catches Adam's attention.

ADAM  
Are you okay?

COOL DAN  
Can't you see, Adam! These are  
people's lives being torn apart.  
This...  
(gestures to the  
billboard)  
...isn't progress. It's just  
replacing one disaster with  
another!

Adam looks numb and disconnected. The weight of Cool Dan's words doesn't seem to register fully.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Indian patient lies in the hospital bed, now sedated and relying on a respirator to breathe. Kelsy, wearing PPE, holds up the iPad in front of her, connecting her with her daughter through FaceTime.

DAUGHTER  
(sobbing)  
I love you, Mom. I love you so  
much. It's okay to let go now.  
(MORE)

## DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

I-- I'm so sorry I can't be there  
with you...

Kelsy's emotions overwhelm her, she fights to hold the iPad steady.

## INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

Kelsy collapses onto a nearby chair, her body shaking with uncontrollable sobs. An OLDER NURSE approaches and wraps her arms around Kelsy, offering support.

## NURSE

You're only human, honey. It's okay  
to let it out. There's only so much  
you can bear.

Kelsy clings to the older nurse.

## EXT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - MORNING

Adam parks the car in the hospital driveway. Kelsy, visibly exhausted with a bruised and scratched-up face. She hurriedly enters the car.

## INT. BLUE SEDAN - MORNING

Adam absentmindedly picks at a cold sore near his mouth, while Kelsy observes with a mix of concern and disgust.

## KELSY

Eww, yikes. What's that on your  
lip?

He becomes defensive, sensing her judgment.

## ADAM

It's just a cold sore.

She continues to stare at it. It just comes out, a blurt.

## KELSY

Oh my God, she gave you herpes.

His expression immediately changes, his anger flaring up.

## ADAM

Shut up! Shut up! Don't talk about  
her like that!

She tries to backtrack, realizing her mistake.

KELSY

I'm really sorry. I'm very sorry. I was just making a joke. Adam? C'mon. I-- you know-- um. All I'm saying-- she. Um...

His resentment lingers.

ADAM

You're not fucking funny, Kelsy! What a fucking stupid thing to say!

She shoots him a glare, feeling hurt by his reaction.

KELSY

Maybe you should get that cold sore checked out!

His frustration escalates, and he lashes out at her.

ADAM

Fuck you!

Silence fills the car as she stares out of the window, her emotions bubbling up inside her. Suddenly, a prolonged guttural scream escapes her.

Alarmed, he quickly swerves the car into a nearby lane, pulling over to the side.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Are-- are you okay? W-- What's wrong?

Her eyes well up with tears, a mixture of grief and frustration consuming her.

KELSY

I lost another patient today. Death is everywhere, and I feel so helpless.

Another scream escapes her, releasing the pent-up anguish within her.

KELSY (CONT'D)

You're so fucking self-absorbed, Adam. So deeply, pathologically, fucking selfish. Why do you have to be a shit human?

He looks down, ashamed.

ADAM  
I'm sorry. I... I...

KELSY  
Just leave me alone!

She abruptly opens the car door and steps out, walking away, leaving him there.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT

Cool Dan jumps into the sedan, joining Adam in the car. A heavy silence hangs between them.

ADAM  
Uh, thanks for meeting me... She-- she won't see me. I need to see her. Um, I have a plan, but I need your help...

COOL DAN  
With what?

Adam takes a deep breath, his voice filled with desperation.

ADAM  
I... I need you to shoot me.

Cool Dan laughs.

COOL DAN  
You-- you want me to shoot you?

Adam points to his chest, indicating the target location.

ADAM  
Here... Close to my heart.

Cool Dan looks at Adam. This can't be real?

COOL DAN  
What the fuck do you mean, Adam?

Adam continues, his words rushing out in a flurry.

ADAM  
Listen, we'll tell everyone we went hunting, right? And-- and then, a bear appears out of nowhere-- attacks me. You struggle to get a clean shot, bu-- but instead, you accidentally hit me near the heart. It'll look like an accident.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Mia will feel sorry for me-- she'll take care of me-- and-- and we'll start over.

COOL DAN

Uh-huh. Okay. Okay. Sure...

There is a long silence.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)

Wow, that's, uh, really fucking stupid! Are you fucking nuts? It's illegal, and it's dangerous!

ADAM

I-- I'll tell them it was an accident. You won't get in trouble. Please, please, help me.

COOL DAN

I've never shot a gun before, Adam.

ADAM

It's called acting.

COOL DAN

You can get hurt.

ADAM

That's the point.

COOL DAN

Seriously fucking hurt!

ADAM

I don't care. I'll be a hero.

COOL DAN

No, a fucking coward. You don't have the courage to start over!

ADAM

You have to see the big picture. Um, I'm hurt, shot, in a pool of blood. She'll fall back in love--

COOL DAN

I get the picture. It's a goddamn fantasy. This is the dumbest thing I've ever heard!

ADAM

Fine, forget it! I thought I could count on you!

COOL DAN

Look at yourself. You're not in good shape, Adam. You're not okay, you're not. You need help. Professional help!

Adam looks at himself in the rearview mirror. His reflection shows a desperate, broken man.

ADAM

Please, I'm begging you. Help me before it's too late. I can't lose her!

COOL DAN

It's already over, man. She's moved on, and you need to do the same.

ADAM

You don't know that! How can you be so sure?

COOL DAN

You're losing it, man.

ADAM

Get out! Get out of the car! I have to go back to work! Get out!

Cool Dan sighs, stepping out of the car. Adam revs the engine, speeding off into the distance, leaving Cool Dan behind in a cloud of dust.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT

BAM BAM, (20s), dressed in a khaki trench coat, pink head scarf, climbs into the car, crying. Adam glances at Bam Bam in the rearview mirror.

ADAM

You okay?

BAM BAM

My-- my roommate kicked me out. I couldn't keep up with the rent. Lost my job due to the floods. Now I'm stuck in my mother's attic. It's a nightmare. I-- I have a damn curfew. Could you please hurry? She'll flip if I'm late again!

There is a silence.

ADAM  
Hey, I'm Adam.

BAM BAM  
Bam Bam.

Adam hands him a tissue. Bam Bam gratefully takes it, wiping away his tears.

BAM BAM (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Another silence.

ADAM  
Ever been in love, Bam Bam?

BAM BAM  
I don't think so. Uh, what's it like?

ADAM  
It's bad shit. My girlfriend left me after six years together. Everything feels like a struggle now. I can't sleep. Can't even go to the bathroom. I-- I'm full of piss.

BAM BAM  
Sounds like a movie. Wish someone loved me that much.

ADAM  
You understand?

BAM BAM  
Yep. By the way, I'm sort of an actor. Played Juliet in our college production of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Adam grins at Bam Bam in the rearview mirror.

ADAM  
A risk-taker, huh?

Bam Bam laughs, lightening the car's somber atmosphere. The two sit in silence for a beat before Adam's voice breaks the quiet.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You know, I've got this wild idea. I'm thinking about getting shot.

BAM BAM  
 Uh-- Shot? Really?

ADAM  
 Yeah, like those classic Hollywood films. It-- It's leading man stuff, you know. I get shot, play the hero, win back the girl. Can you see it? Close your eyes and imagine it...

Bam Bam closes his eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 I get shot--

BAM BAM  
 How?

ADAM  
 The how isn't important. The point is I'm shot, on the brink of death, okay?

BAM BAM  
 Okay, got it. Got it.

ADAM  
 Now, I'm in the hospital, lying there helpless and broken. My lady rushes to my side, her eyes swollen with tears, her heart gripped by fear. Our gazes lock... we fall madly in love all over again, our profound connection reigniting. The music swells...

BAM BAM  
 Music?

ADAM  
 Yeah, you know, the romantic movie music. Goes something like...

Adam hums an exaggerated dramatic tune.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 It swells until... the perfect embrace... Our hearts pounding in sync, the intensity building with each passing second. In-- in that moment, time stands still as we share a passionate kiss.



Bam Bam opens his eyes, collapsing dramatically back into his seat, hand clutching his gut.

BAM BAM

I... I can see the shot now. The camera sweeps from above, descending in slow motion, capturing you lying there, hooked up to all those machines. And, um, that thing they put on your mouth to help you breathe. What's it called?

ADAM

Ventilator.

BAM BAM

Right, right. And then your lady walks in, her tears flowing like a river. Close-up of her trembling lips, her outstretched arms embracing you with desperate tenderness, and then... the kiss, a passionate resurrection of love amidst the chaos. And cut!

ADAM

True romance... Gunshot, near-death, and her triumphant return.

BAM BAM

It's gonna be a masterpiece!

Bam Bam touches his arms, feeling a surge of excitement.

BAM BAM (CONT'D)

I'm getting chills.

Adam locks eyes with Bam Bam in the rearview mirror.

ADAM

So... will you do it?

BAM BAM

Do what?

ADAM

Shoot me. I'll pay you, of course. You'll have the money to move out of your mom's attic, and I'll turn you into a star! I'll write a best-selling novel. I'm a writer, you know. This taxi job is temporary.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

And you... you'll be the hero of my story.

Bam Bam grins, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

BAM BAM

Yes!

ADAM

This is going to be fucking amazing!

BAM BAM

It's one hell of a happy ending!

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam lies on the bed. In one hand, he holds the revolver, while the other clasps a cigarette. A mischievous smile crosses his face as he blows smoke rings toward the ceiling. Luv watches him, letting out a sigh.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam walks along the street, engaged in a phone conversation.

ADAM

I'm really sorry about the other day. Can we meet up? Please. I really need to talk to you.

INT. ABOVE-GROUND SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Adam sits on a bench, waiting patiently. Kelsy enters, dressed in her scrubs.

KELSY

What is it now, Adam? I-- I'm due at work by seven.

ADAM

I need you to do something for me, Kelsy.

KELSY

Adam, we're in public. Please don't make a scene.

ADAM

I want you to take off your pants.

She stares at him incredulously.

KELSY  
Are you fucking drunk?

ADAM  
Just do it.

KELSY  
Oh, now you want to be my best friend?

ADAM  
Take off your pants, Kelsy.

KELSY  
No-- God! It's cold.

ADAM  
You need to conquer your fears.

KELSY  
I'd rather not.

ADAM  
Just for a minute.

KELSY  
A minute? Really, Adam?

ADAM  
All right, ten-- ten seconds. Ten seconds won't kill you.

She hesitates.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You're the bravest person I know.

She glances at him with a deadpan expression.

KELSEY  
Thanks, Adam. I'm choking up.

He checks his watch.

ADAM  
Ready? Love yourself, remember?

She lets out a resigned sigh, but quickly undoes her pants, revealing her self-perceived imperfections. She closes her eyes. He counts.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
...seven...eight...nine...ten!

She opens her eyes, feels a bolt of electricity.

KELSY  
My body.

ADAM  
Your body.

KELSY  
My fucking body.

ADAM  
It's fucking perfect.

KELSY  
I'm beautiful!

ADAM  
Yes, you fucking are!

They share a moment of victory, laughing and embracing. The confused onlookers can't help but wonder what all the fuss is about.

EXT. ABOVE-GROUND SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Adam and Kelsy, arm in arm, make their way out of the subway station.

KELSY  
I really needed that, Adam. Thank you.

She playfully pinches his arm.

ADAM  
Ow!

She laughs and then turns more serious.

KELSY  
What about Mia?

ADAM  
Fuck Mia!

She smiles, pulling him in for a side hug.

KELSY  
Welcome back. Oh, I've missed you.

EXT. FLOODED WOODS - NIGHT

The blue sedan and a bright yellow Mustang are parked amidst a desolate landscape. The woods bear the scars of the unprecedented floods, with trees standing bare and lifeless. Their trunks are marred with mud and debris, while puddles of water linger on the ground.

Adam and Bam Bam huddle by a small fire, dressed in flannels and hunting caps, looking slightly ridiculous. Adam glances at the Mustang.

BAM BAM  
It's my mom's car.

ADAM  
Yeah. Sure.

Adam takes a sip from his flask.

BAM BAM  
Want a sandwich?

Bam Bam takes out a peanut butter and jelly sandwich from his backpack.

BAM BAM (CONT'D)  
It's all I got.

ADAM  
I'm fine, thanks.

Adam takes another sip from his flask while Bam Bam nervously devours the sandwich. Adam hands Bam Bam a crumpled piece of paper.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
She gave me this the last time I saw her. A-- a fucking piece of paper.

Bam Bam unfolds the paper, only to find it blank.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Her fucking last words were, "Find the beginning again." What the fuck is that stupid shit supposed to mean?

Bam Bam hands the paper back to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I don't want it. Keep it as a souvenir.

Bam Bam stuffs the paper into his backpack. Adam then hands him an envelope full of cash.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Let's wrap up this damn movie, all right.

BAM BAM

I-- I've never shot anyone before. Are-- are you sure about this? I mean--

ADAM

There's no turning back now, Bam Bam.

Adam hands Bam Bam the .38 revolver.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You just have to pull the trigger, all right? Just one time.

Bam Bam stares at the gun, his face turning pale.

BAM BAM

Fuck. Fuck me...

Adam points to his chest.

ADAM

Here, near the heart, okay?

BAM BAM

Bu-- but what if you really get hurt?

ADAM

I won't. It's just one bullet.

BAM BAM

I-- I could get arrested.

ADAM

You won't. It's all very safe, very clean. Don't worry.

Bam Bam starts to sweat.

BAM BAM

I don't feel so good.

Peanut butter and jelly pours out of Bam Bam's mouth.

ADAM

Gross.

Bam Bam wipes his mouth.

BAM BAM

I'm okay, I'm okay, I'm okay.

Adam claps his hands.

ADAM

All right, let's go, let's go. So when I say "three," you'll shoot. Just follow my count, okay? One, two, three, and shoot. Got it?

Bam Bam nods slowly.

ADAM (CONT'D)

One, two, three, and...

BAM BAM

Shoot.

ADAM

Good, good.

Adam walks about 10 feet in front of Bam Bam and takes a deep breath.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm ready. I'm ready. Let's go.

Adam closes his eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

One...

BAM BAM

(to himself)

I can do this. I can do this.

ADAM

Two...

Bam Bam raises the gun, his hand shaking.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Three.

A long silence follows... Adam opens his eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Can't you count? One,  
two, three--

BAM BAM

I can't-- I can't.

ADAM

What the fuck?

Bam Bam shakes his head.

BAM BAM

I can't do it-- I can't shoot you.

ADAM

Don't worry about it. Just relax.  
We'll try again--

BAM BAM

No, no, no, no, no!

Adam closes his eyes.

ADAM

One, two...

BAM BAM

I quit! I fucking quit!

ADAM

Stop fucking around and shoot me!

BAM BAM

I'm scared. I don't want to do this  
anymore. I want to go home.

Adam's veins look like they are about to burst.

ADAM

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Adam, visibly exhausted, raises a hand to his forehead,  
trying to regain his composure.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Please-- please Bam Bam. You're my  
only chance. I need to win-- win  
her back. You have to help me.  
Please, I'm begging you!

Reality dawns on Bam Bam, his earlier excitement now replaced  
with a sense of regret.



BAM BAM

I-- I made a terrible mistake.

Adam, determined to convince Bam Bam, emphasizes the potential benefits.

ADAM

I'm doing you a favor, remember?  
This-- this could be your  
breakthrough, your shot at stardom.  
Imagine it, the movie of the week,  
and you as the star.

BAM BAM

You're crazy.

Bam Bam hands over the envelope.

BAM BAM (CONT'D)

Here.

Adam shakes his head, refusing to accept the envelope.

ADAM

No-- no I don't want it!

BAM BAM

Please, take it.

ADAM

No!

Bam Bam tosses the envelope onto the ground.

BAM BAM

Take the money and get yourself  
some therapy!

Adam's anger flares up.

ADAM

The hell with you! I don't need  
you. Give me the gun. I'll do it  
myself.

Bam Bam, still holding the gun, refuses to relinquish it.

BAM BAM

I'm keeping it for now. You're just  
going to get yourself killed!

Adam's desperation intensifies as he demands the return of the gun.

ADAM  
It-- It's my gun. Give it fucking  
back!

BAM BAM  
No!

ADAM  
Don't push me around, man! Don't  
push me around!

Bam Bam stands his ground, attempting to calm the situation.

BAM BAM  
Calm down, Adam. Just breathe,  
breathe--

ADAM  
Give me the fucking gun!

Adam grabs for the gun but knocks it to the ground. Bam Bam  
swiftly grabs it and throws it into his bag.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Give it to me!

Adam manages to pin Bam Bam down.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
A deal is a deal. I'm never hiring  
you again!

Bam Bam wriggles beneath Adam, determined to free himself.

BAM BAM  
Get off me!

ADAM  
You have no balls.

BAM BAM  
Stop it.

ADAM  
You're a total pussy.

BAM BAM  
Don't.

ADAM  
Faggot, faggot, faggot.

BAM BAM  
Shut up!

ADAM

What are you gonna do about it? You  
gonna cry now?

BAM BAM

Please. Stop it.

ADAM

Make me, faggot.

Whack! Bam Bam punches Adam in the face, drawing blood.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuuuuk yeah. Give me more. Give  
me more.

BAM BAM

Wh-- What the fuck?

ADAM

Hit me again. Break all my bones.  
Swing, swing. Hurt me really bad.

Bam Bam bolts for the mustang.

ADAM (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no. Give me more. I  
deserve it. Take me out! Take me  
out!

INT. MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Bam Bam guns the engine. The headlights cast a stark  
illumination on Adam's bloodied face, revealing the toll of  
his desperation. Bam Bam, disapproving, shakes his head in  
disbelief.

BAM BAM

All of this over a woman...

Bam Bam firmly presses the gas pedal, propelling the Mustang  
forward with intensity. The car speeds away, leaving Adam  
behind.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Adam extends his hand, angrily gesturing with his middle  
finger, screaming.

ADAM

Fuck you! Fuck you!

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam slumps on the couch, visibly defeated, with Luv by his side. He holds a bag of frozen peas against his swollen nose, seething with anger.

ADAM

What a fucking waste of time.

In a fit of rage, he slams the bag of peas down and drains the remaining contents of his vodka jug. He rises from the couch, still holding the empty jug, and Luv follows him.

INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adam stands in front of the bathroom sink, washing his face. He takes a big gulp of water, gargles, and spits it out. Then, with a sudden burst of pent-up emotions, he smashes the vodka jug onto his hand, shattering it into pieces. Glass flies everywhere, and tears well up in his eyes as he silently endures the pain.

Startled, Luv bolts out of the bathroom, unable to witness the scene any longer.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - MORNING

The emergency room is bustling with workers clad in full protective gear. Adam staggers towards the check-in window, his hand wrapped in a bloody towel.

ADAM

Uh, I-- I fell down some stairs,  
into a glass door.

The young NURSE eyes his injured hand and slides a clipboard over to him.

NURSE

Fill these out.

Adam quickly fills out the form.

ADAM

Listen, uh-- Would you do me a  
favor? Would you make a call for  
me? Please, call my girlfriend,  
okay?

He points to the emergency contact section on the form.

ADAM (CONT'D)

She's my emergency contact. Tell--  
tell her I'm in bad shape, okay?  
Really fucking bad shape. Okay?

The nurse simply stares at him.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MORNING

Adam sits in the hospital bed, his hand now bandaged. He hears a moan and turns to see a SICK MAN, (50s), heavily bandaged and connected to various medical machines.

SICK MAN

Where are you, Rose? Where are you?  
You said you'd come back. Where are  
you, Rose? Oh, Rose, oh, Rose, tell  
me you're coming back. Come back to  
me, Rose.

DR. KEPPEL, (40s), wearing full personal protective equipment, approaches Adam.

DR. KEPPEL

It's broken. You're going to need a  
cast.

Another moan from the sick man, who rips out his IV.

SICK MAN

Come back! Come back, Rose!

A NURSE rushes in and swiftly closes the privacy curtain around the sick man's bed.

SICK MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose,  
Rose...

Dr. Keppel shakes his head in sympathy.

DR. KEPPEL

Poor guy. Jumped off a bridge for  
love. How ridiculous. Especially  
after all these terrible floods. So  
many people are sick from the dirty  
water and he can't handle a broken  
heart.

They share a laugh.

ADAM

Wow, really fucking stupid.

Dr. Keppel proceeds to examine Adam's nose.

DR. KEPPEL  
Do you want me to reset it?

ADAM  
Yeah. Sure. Okay.

DR. KEPPEL  
Ready?

Adam closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Crack! Dr. Keppel swiftly adjusts Adam's nose, causing a stream of blood to gush out. Adam opens his eyes, exhales, and Dr. Keppel secures the nose with tape.

Adam checks his appearance with his cell camera, smiling. He looks terrible and he loves it.

ADAM  
Thank you, doctor.

Adam raises his cell, searching for a signal.

DR. KEPPEL  
There's usually no signal back here. Waiting for a call?

ADAM  
Yeah, my girlfriend.

DR. KEPPEL  
You can use the phone at the front desk.

ADAM  
It's okay. She's probably on her way.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Adam, now with a cast on his hand, scans the waiting room anxiously, hoping to see Mia. However, he is disappointed when he realizes it's only Kelsy, fully dressed in protective gear, entering through the automatic doors. She takes a seat next to him.

KELSY  
Jesus Christ, Adam! What did you do?

He looks around.

ADAM  
W-- Why are you here?

She clears her throat.

KELSY  
Mia called me...

ADAM  
She's on her way?

She hesitates.

KELSY  
She's... She's not coming, Adam.

His eyes well up with tears as he hands her his cell.

ADAM  
Call her! Say anything-- Tell--  
tell her I'm really hurt. Tell her  
I-- I'm fucking dying!

Overwhelmed with emotion, he falls to his knees, sobbing uncontrollably.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Oh, Jesus! Fuck. Oh, oh, oh, fuck!  
Wh-- Why doesn't she love me? Fuck.  
I fucking love her. I-- I fucking  
love her so much.

Kelsy wraps her arms around him.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kelsy tucks Adam into bed, and Luv snuggles close to him.

KELSY  
You okay?

ADAM  
Yeah, sure, I...

KELSY  
What is it?

ADAM  
I-- I'm sorry.

KELSY  
For what?

ADAM  
For being an asshole. You're my  
baby sister, and...

He sighs deeply, reflecting on his behavior.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I've been such a jerk.

KELSY  
Just when I was getting used to you  
telling me, "Fuck you. Shut up. Get  
out of my life."

ADAM  
I'm a shitty brother.

Kelsy kisses him on the head and whispers.

KELSY  
Every time the sun comes up... is a  
second chance, Adam...

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adam sits at his desk, checking to see if he has any new  
emails, but nothing. Angry, he grabs a sharpie and repeatedly  
writes "Love" on his cast. Suddenly, the door buzzer rings.

INT. ADAM'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Adam cracks open the door to find a FEDEX GUY, (30s), a  
cheerful and friendly demeanor radiating from him.

FEDEX GUY  
Hello.

ADAM  
Hey.

FRDEX GUY  
How are you?

ADAM  
Who cares?

The FedEx guy is taken aback.

FEDEX GUY  
Um, okay. Sign-- sign here...



Adam signs for the package, takes it, and quickly closes the door in the FedEx Guy's face.

The label on the package reads: "A Gift For Adam." Adam opens the box and finds his .38 revolver inside.

EXT. BEDFORD-STUYVESANT PROJECTS - NIGHT

The blue sedan is parked alongside a deserted sidewalk filled with trash and debris from the floods. Several rats scurry around, scavenging through the garbage.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - NIGHT

Adam sits in the car, smoking a cigarette. Through the windshield, he spots TY, (20s), a black man wearing a hoodie, exchanging money with a DRUG DEALER, (30s), across the street.

EXT. BEDFORD-STUYVESANT PROJECTS - NIGHT

Ty tries to engage in small talk.

TY  
Business good?

DRUG DEALER  
Don't spit on me, man.

The drug dealer counts the cash and slaps it back at Ty.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)  
I ain't running no charity. Get the fuck outta here.

TY  
It's Easter.

DRUG DEALER  
Do I look like the fucking Easter Bunny?

Ty pulls back his hood, unveiling a weathered face marked by the relentless toll of drug use. Traces of dried spit cling to the corners of his mouth.

TY  
Look at me. Please, man--

DRUG DEALER

Get your ugly motherfucking face  
outta here, before I beat your ass.

The drug dealer pushes Ty away and walks off. Defeated, Ty  
slinks down the street, muttering to himself.

TY

Shit. Fuck. Shit. Fuck. Shit.

EXT. BEDFORD-STUYVESANT PROJECTS - MINUTES LATER

Adam approaches the drug dealer, exchanging a token nod, and  
slips him some cash. The drug dealer hands him a bag of weed.

ADAM

No, I want the other stuff.

Adam discreetly gives him more cash, and the drug dealer  
hands him a bag of yellow rocks.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Adam follows Ty, who turns a corner and disappears  
momentarily. Adam continues following and is suddenly  
confronted by Ty, who brandishes a knife.

TY

Why you fucking following me, white  
boy?

Adam shows him the bag of yellow rocks.

ADAM

Just looking for a safe place to  
smoke, man. I'll share.

Ty shoots him a skeptical look, unsure if Adam can be  
trusted.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I swear.

EXT. BEDFORD-STUYVESANT PROJECTS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ty takes a hit off a crack pipe, his eyelids fluttering as  
the effects wash over him. He glances at Adam's cast and  
bursts into laughter.

TY  
Love, love, love, love. I used to  
have women coming outta my ass.  
They got me good. So good. Look how  
I ended up.

Ty takes another hit off the pipe, lost in his own thoughts.

TY (CONT'D)  
Stupid, stupid shit.

EXT. BEDFORD-STUYVESANT PROJECTS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ty is passed out from the drug's effect. Adam stubs out his  
cigarette and approaches Ty, shaking him gently.

ADAM  
Rise and shine, buddy.

TY  
What? I'm sleeping here. Go away,  
bitch.

ADAM  
Time to get up, sleeping beauty.

TY  
Quiet, quiet. Hush.

ADAM  
Come on, get up, get up.

TY  
Why you tripping, white boy?

Adam reaches into his pocket and pulls out the .38 revolver.

TY (CONT'D)  
Whoa, what the fuck is that?

There is a tense silence.

ADAM  
Chill-- I just want you to shoot  
me.

TY  
Shit, man. What's fucking  
happening? You a cop?

ADAM  
No, no way.

TY  
Oh, shit. You setting me up?

ADAM  
Listen, listen, I'm no cop. You can search me if you want.

TY  
Hell no. I'm not touching you.

ADAM  
Relax, all right? Look, I just wanna hire you. I'll pay you, of course.

TY  
For what?

ADAM  
To put a bullet in me.

Adam flashes a roll of cash.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You can score all the crack you want.

TY  
You fucking crazy? You wanna pay me to fucking shoot you?

ADAM  
Yes.

TY  
What for?

ADAM  
No questions.

TY  
You depressed?

ADAM  
Who the fuck cares? Please, just shoot me.

TY  
Nah, nah, nah.

ADAM  
Please, man. Just one bullet. Just one.

TY  
Fuck no. Look at me!

ADAM  
Why?

TY  
I'm black.

ADAM  
So?

TY  
You're a white boy. You know what happens to a black man for shooting a white boy?

Ty mimics a gun with his fingers, pointing it towards his own head.

TY (CONT'D)  
Bang! Stupid white boy.

ADAM  
Okay, no gun.

Adam drops the gun, kicking it away to put some space between them and the weapon.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
See, no gun. Just beat the shit outta me. Break my legs, my arms. Whatever you want. I won't resist. Just hurt me real bad.

Ty stares at Adam, a mixture of confusion and disbelief.

TY  
Shit. What the fuck is wrong with you, man?

ADAM  
Or use your blade. Cut me--

TY  
Cut you?

ADAM  
Please, I just--

TY  
Is this some twisted fetish? You freak. I should've seen it coming!

Ty's anger intensifies. Adam recoils, grasping the implications of his proposition and its potential misconstruction.

ADAM

No, no. You got it all wrong--

Ty brandishes his knife.

TY

Come near me and I'll fuck you up.  
I'll cut your crazy white ass!

Ty throws a glance at the exit.

TY (CONT'D)

You hear me. You hear me, white  
boy. You better stay the fuck away  
from me--

In a swift movement, Ty sprints towards the door.

TY (CONT'D)

Scary white people. Straight outta  
"The Omen."

Angry and frustrated, Adam clenches his fists and screams.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam walks briskly, Luv by his side. He speaks into his cell, his voice filled with regret.

ADAM

(into cell)

Hey, I'm sorry about the other  
night. Um, I'm headed to your  
place, can you meet me  
downstairs...

EXT. BROWNSTONE - BEDFORD-STUYVESANT - NIGHT

Adam and Luv spots Cool Dan sitting on his brownstone stoop. Luv has ceased growling at Cool Dan's presence.

COOL DAN

Hey, what's up? What happened to  
your face and hand?

ADAM

Nothing, don't worried about it.

Adam sucks in a deep breath, steeling himself.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I need you to look after her.

COOL DAN  
What-- Why?

ADAM  
I'm leaving.

COOL DAN  
To where?

ADAM  
It doesn't matter.

COOL DAN  
What are you up to, Adam?

ADAM  
Nothing. Don't worry about it.

COOL DAN  
Don't fucking do this, man.

Adam hands him Luv's leash, his eyes welling up with tears. Luv howls and barks in protest. Cool Dan shakes his head, his face reflects his disappointment.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)  
You're a fucking asshole!

Adam, silent and heavy-hearted, walks away.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Adam storms into the bodega. He approaches the STORE CLERK (40s). Adam pulls out his gun.

ADAM  
Give me the money!

STORE CLERK  
Fuck.

ADAM  
Open the register. Open the fucking register. Open it!

The store clerk is taken aback but tries to remain calm.

STORE CLERK  
Take it easy. Take it easy.

ADAM  
I'm not fucking around. Do it!

The store clerk reluctantly opens the register and starts collecting the cash.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing? No,  
stop, stop!

STORE CLERK  
What the hell--

ADAM  
Put it back, put it back.

The store clerk, confused, follows Adam's command and puts the cash back in the register.

STORE CLERK  
All right, all right.

Store clerk raises his hands in the air, fearing for his life.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)  
Please. Please don't shoot me. I  
have a wife and three daughters.

Adam's desperation intensifies.

ADAM  
Where's your gun? Where's your  
fucking shotgun? You're not going  
to stop me?

The store clerk looks at him with genuine confusion.

STORE CLERK  
Stop you? I don't have a gun.

ADAM  
Please. Please. Just shoot me.  
Quick, quick, quick.

STORE CLERK  
I swear, I swear. I don't have a  
gun!



ADAM

What do you mean? Don't bullshit me.

STORE CLERK

I'm not. I swear.

ADAM

A bat-- What about a baseball bat?

STORE CLERK

What's wrong with you, man?

ADAM

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Fuck, fuck!

Adam abruptly turns and sprints out of the store, his mind clouded with frustration and desperation.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam, exhausted, leans against a flickering street lamp, gasping for breath. As he struggles to regain composure, a BLACK WOMAN (50s) sings the Aria from "Casta Diva" by Maria Callas from a nearby balcony.

BLACK WOMAN

*Pure Goddess, whose silver covers  
These sacred ancient plants, we  
turn to your lovely face unclouded  
and without veil... Temper, oh  
Goddess, the hardening of you  
ardent spirits temper your bold  
zeal, Scatter peace across the  
earth Thou make reign in the sky...*

Adam looks up, his face illuminated by the flickering street lamp. The beautiful singing brings a sense of calmness over him, and his breathing gradually returns to normal.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adam's apartment is now neat and orderly. The bed is made, the floor spotless. The urine bottles are all gone.

INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adam stares at his naked body in the mirror. His complexion is pale, his ribs protruding, and his nose swollen. He appears drained, broken, and on the verge of collapse.

INT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits on the floor, clean-shaven and wearing a dark suit. He holds the .38 revolver in his hand, aiming it at his heart. He closes his eyes, preparing for what he believes will be the end. He holds his breath and pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

Silence fills the room. Adam opens his eyes, confused. He tries again, pulling the trigger twice more.

CLICK. Nothing. CLICK. Still nothing.

ADAM

No! No!

He checks the cylinder of the gun, it's empty. Angry, he searches through the box and discovers a handwritten note. He reads it.

BAM BAM (V.O.)

I'm returning the gun and the blank paper...

He searches the box again and finds Mia's sheet of paper.

BAM BAM (V.O.)

I think what she meant is every ending is a new beginning. Some people are only meant to be a chapter in our lives, you stupid writer. It's not the end of the book! You have to fill up the page again...

A realization dawns on Adam, and a sense of serenity washes over him. A glimmer appears in his eyes, and he breaks into hysterical laughter. But suddenly, he stops, remembering something. He looks around the room, his emotions shifting.

ADAM

Oh, my God, I'm a piece of shit.

He grabs his cell and dials.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Cool Dan is amidst a packed protest against the devastating effects of climate change and gentrification. Luv proudly wears an "End Climate Injustice" bandana around her neck. Cool Dan answers his cell, struggling to hear Adam's voice over the noise.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

ADAM

Hey! Forget it! Forget it!

COOL DAN

What? I can't hear you!

ADAM

I want my dog back. You hear me, I want her back! I'm not going anywhere. I'm here. I'm staying--

There is a loud bang in the background.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What the hell is that? Where are you?

Cool Dan pauses.

COOL DAN

I'm... I'm at a protest.

ADAM

What-- Where?

COOL DAN

The Barclays Center.

ADAM

Where's Luv?

Cool Dan hesitates, clears his throat.

COOL DAN

Here, with me.

ADAM

Wh-- What? Don't move. Stay there. You hear me, stay there. I'm coming! Don't move! Don't fucking move! You hear me!

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam races along on a Citi Bike, determined to reach Cool Dan and Luv.

EXT. BARCLAYS CENTER - NIGHT

Adam arrives and quickly abandons his bike. He looks around, overwhelmed. He hasn't been to a protest like this for some time. The chaos and passion of the protesters strike him, making the painful reality of post-flood New York sink in.

Tear gas fills the air, creating a hazy and suffocating atmosphere. Amidst the chaos, a COP, (30s), sprays the protesters with more tear gas.

Adam observes the bravery of those standing up for change, including a BLACK WOMAN, (20s), raising her fist defiantly.

BLACK WOMAN

"I love America more than any other country in this world, and, exactly for this reason, I insist on the right to criticize her perpetually."

INSERT - MONTAGE

Protestors:

-- Holding signs demanding action on climate change, their fierce determination evident in their eyes.

-- Standing courageously in a cloud of tear gas, refusing to back down.

-- Breaking new boutique shop windows in a symbolic act against gentrification.

-- Throwing objects at the cops, their frustration boiling over.

-- Setting police vehicles on fire as a form of resistance.

-- Being violently attacked and shoved by cops in riot gear, their resolve unwavering despite the brutality.

END MONTAGE

Tears well in Adam's eyes, and finally, he begins to cry. It's all too much. The shock of recognition hits him like a tidal wave, as he witnesses his beloved New York being torn apart, both by the floods and the human response to climate change and gentrification.

EXT. BARCLAYS CENTER - NIGHT

Adam pushes through the crowd. Suddenly, he finds himself joining the protesters. He stands shoulder-to-shoulder with strangers, united in their shared cause.

More tear gas fills the air, and Adam's eyes start to sting. His eyes are red and watery. He struggles to keep them open, blinking rapidly. Desperately, he uses the back of his hand to wipe his eyes.

A YOUNG PROTESTER notices his distress and hands Adam a water bottle to wash his eyes. Adam looks into the young protester's eyes, and for a moment, he sees a reflection of his younger self - full of passion, determination, and hope. The realization strikes him - he cannot stay disconnected any longer.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam spots Cool Dan sitting on the curb, tear-gassed and beaten, and runs toward him.

ADAM  
Are you okay?

COOL DAN  
Yeah.

ADAM  
Where's Luv?

COOL DAN  
I-- I don't know. She-- she got scared. She ran off. I'm really sorry. I'm very sorry.

Bloodied and unsteady, Cool Dan tries to get up but collapses into Adam's arms.

COOL DAN (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry, Adam.

ADAM  
It's all right.

COOL DAN  
You're not going to kill me?

Adam shakes his head, showing understanding and forgiveness.

ADAM

I-- I'm sorry I let you down. For always ignoring you and not taking you seriously. You've always been there for me. You're my best friend.

COOL DAN

I'm glad you're here, man.

Adam helps Cool Dan to a nearby bench, ensuring his safety.

ADAM

Are you going to be all right?

Cool Dan nods.

COOL DAN

Go, go find her. Go!

Adam takes off, determined to find Luv.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam runs frantically down the semi-crowded street, desperately calling out for Luv.

ADAM

Luv! Luv! Luv!

He looks around, but there's no sign of her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Where are you, Luv?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Adam trudges through the crumbling streets, defeated. But then, a glimmer of hope appears in his eyes as he spots Luv curled up under a car, trembling with fear.

ADAM

Luv!

He runs toward her, but in his haste, he loses his footing and falls backward into a pothole.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Luv, Luv!

Luv looks up, her tail wagging with relief and joy. She swiftly leaps onto Adam, showering him with licks of affection.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He wraps his arms around Luv.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
God, I love you. I love you so much.

NT. ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Adam tends to Cool Dan's cuts, gently cleaning them with an antiseptic. Cool Dan winces in pain.

COOL DAN  
Ow! Take it easy, man. Easy, easy...

ADAM  
Don't be such a baby.

COOL DAN  
You're not going to blow?

Cool Dan teasing, prompting a threatening look from Adam.

ADAM  
I swear.

He carefully applies a bandage over Cool Dan's cut.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I... I drink too much. I need help.

COOL DAN  
I know.

ADAM  
I want to get better.

Cool Dan hugs him. Adam holds on tight. Then, Adam's cell rings, he answers.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL ER ROOM - DAY

Kelsy sits on a hospital bed, coughing. Her face shows signs of exhaustion and discomfort.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

ADAM  
Hi!

KELSY  
Hey.

Her breathing is labored, making it difficult for her to speak.

ADAM  
What's wrong?

She pauses, struggling to find the words.

KELSY  
I'm in the ER. I caught an infection.

Adam's eyes well up with tears as he comprehends the seriousness of the situation.

ADAM  
Goa...

KELSY  
What?

ADAM  
We should definitely go.

A quiet moment passes between them.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I love you.

KELSY  
I love you, too.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BROOKLYN HOSPITAL - DAY

Adam pushes Kelsy in a wheelchair, with Luv nestled on her lap, through a crowd of doctors and nurses. The doctors and nurses clap enthusiastically.

EXT. BROOKLYN PROMENADE - DAY

Adam, Kelsy, and Luv stand at the edge of the Brooklyn Promenade, overlooking the slowly recovering NYC skyline.



The sun begins to set, casting a warm glow on the city's renewed hope.

ADAM  
(to the skyline)  
I miss you...

In the distance, sirens wail, a reminder of the challenges they still face.

KELSY  
I'm scared.

Adam reaches out and takes Kelsy's hand, offering a sense of comfort and support.

ADAM  
We're gonna be okay.

FADE OUT.