

INT. CAFE/PUB - DAY

Two men are sitting across from each other, having a conversation in a booth. The man talking is BEN ASKREW, a known drug dealer; the man listening is BRANDON SHAW, who would buy from Ben back in High School. Brandon has come to Ben with a request but is zoning out.

BEN

(Muffled talking)...Jesus are you even listening to me?

BRANDON

Of course man keep going.

BEN

Don't lie to me, it is very clear you were zoning out just then, damn, you come to me for with a request and stop paying attention once I've heard it?

BRANDON

I'm sorry man, I didn't sleep well last night, you're exactly right.

BEN

This fucking guy, what happened to you man, you were so bright back in High School, you moved like you always knew where you were going, now you can't even stay in a conversation for two minutes. You get into H or anything like that?

BRANDON

Nah man, fuck that, I'm clean, nothing I didn't do when we'd hang out.

BEN

First off, we never really hung out, we were never friends; you were interested in a certain product that I was able to supply you with, it was a solely transactional relationship. The way I see, at the moment, you owe me nothing and I owe you nothing, so you offer me \$100 to intimidate your wife...

BRANDON

Girlfriend...

BEN

Girlfriend whatever it doesn't matter. You offer me \$100 to intimidate your girlfriend, because you think she is being unfaithful?

BRANDON

Nah man it's not like that, I don't want you to do anything, just like talk to her a little bit.

BEN

Look, Brandon, for two people to come together in a relationship there has to be some basis in trust and openness. If you were unable to command sufficient respect from your partner to create that basis that is on you, and is something you have to take care of.

BRANDON

I can get you more money if that is what you want.

BEN

That is not what I want, Brandon, I want you to get your shit together, I pity you, what you've become, you really have to take a hard look in the mirror and figure out who you are, where you're going, because if you don't, sooner or later you'll become extinct, forgotten, living without impacting anyone or anything, so please...fuck off, go on.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brandon sluggishly slips out of the cafe defeated and directionless. He takes his phone out of his pocket as he is receiving a call from his girlfriend, he looks at it and thinks about answering but ultimately doesn't and starts walking. He walks absorbed in thought, with a distinct concern in his face. He takes a seat on a bench and passes out. He is awoken by a HOMELESS MAN nudging him.

HOMELESS MAN

Scot the fuck over man I'm trying to take a seat.

BRANDON

(startled) Ah, I'm sorry, go ahead.

HOMELESS MAN

What are you doing passed out on a public bench this early anyways?

BRANDON

I have no clue, I must've closed my eyes for too long while waiting for the bus.

HOMELESS MAN

Damn you are down horrendous. You most definitely have somewhere to be but you're right here.

BRANDON

I actually don't have anywhere to be, anyone to be with.

HOMELESS MAN

You're waiting for a bus to take you somewhere, and that bus will be full with people that though they may not know you will silently make you company until you arrive at your destination.

BRANDON

I mean yeah...

HOMELESS MAN

Look, the way I see it; we're all on an endless journey around the sun, sometimes you just have to bask in the beauty of it all. Bask in the absurdity, I mean I'm working day in day out to get money to my wife and kids in Boston, I go through these trials and tribulations so they won't have to, and I find comfort in that. I've been moving around for the past few years but somehow, we've ended up at the exact bench at the same time. What are the odds of that. Two people coming from such different places...I mean shit, we really are just out here. You know where WE'RE going?

BRANDON

Me? No.

HOMELESS MAN(O.S.)

I didn't think so.

Brandon gets another call from his girlfriend but is quick to put the phone away as he looks forward, confused but kind of amused, the homeless man chuckles to himself.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Brandon, visibly drunk, stumbles about the sidewalk, mumbling to himself and humming incoherent notes. He notices his phone is vibrating and sees he is receiving a call from his girlfriend, he looks at it while it vibrates, and decides to pick up this time.

GIRLFRIEND(O.S.)

Brandon?

BRANDON

Yeah.

GIRLFRIEND(O.S.)

(with disappointment in her voice) Are you drunk? Where have you been all day? I've been calling.

BRANDON

Yes officer I am drunk because you make me very sad.

GIRLFRIEND(O.S.)

What are you even talking about?

BRANDON

You make it so hard for me to do anything!

GIRLFRIEND(O.S.)

How do I make YOUR life any more difficult? By literally backing you in anything you do? By spending time with you? By caring enough to call you? Shit you really make me think.

BRANDON

No you really make me think, I think all the time because I have so much to think about, for example how you are

seeing someone else.

GIRLFRIEND(O.S.)

Seeing someone else? Are you serious? Why would you ever think I'd do that to you? Who do you think I am? I'd be more reassuring but I realize I really just don't want to be with you anymore, like you don't value me, you don't trust me, you don't even respect me enough to say this all to me in person. I'm sorry but I just don't need you, and I don't want you so why would I be with you?

BRANDON

That is absolutely ideal to me you know that? I knew you were bad, evil, not a single good thing has happened to me since we got together, not a single one. You hear that, not one, not one.

GIRLFRIEND(O.S.)

Really? I don't believe it, goodbye Brandon.

Brandon backs up against a wall realizing what has just happened, he bring his hands to his head, creases his face, and keels over putting his head between his knees. Now sitting against this wall Brandon looks up and closes his eyes.