

Unsupported Method

By

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Open on:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A recently fighting couple (CASSIE, mid 20's and FRANK, late 30's) are in bed. Cassie stares into Frank's face, while he stares up at the ceiling. Maybe he's crying, maybe they both are.

CASSIE
It's not a big deal. Why are you
making this a big deal?

FRANK
I'm not.

CASSIE
Can we talk about it?

FRANK
Nah.

He rolls away from Cassie and toward the camera.

CASSIE
You act like it's *my* fault.

Frank turns, so his back makes a wall to her. He mouths "I don't."

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I'm here. I'm trying. I fucked up.

Frank mouths "I know."

CASSIE (CONT'D)
But, you don't get to be the only
one who's hurt. Who's disappointed.

During this speech, Cassie's voice is very level, but not monotone, and Frank closes his eyes and drifts to sleep.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
It makes me crazy. You think it's
just on you. But I feel it. Why do
you think I get that way? It's cuz
this matters. Yeah, I fucked up.
But, but...are you awake?

She leans in, kisses his ear, rolls on her side and stares at the ceiling.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Cassie is gone.

Frank wakes up with a start and throws the covers off himself.

He stands, looks at the bed, briefly, intensely. Then, makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He toothpastes a toothbrush, stares at himself in the sink mirror. Then vigorously starts brushing.

He stares into the sink, its rolling water, as he spits.

He takes a bar of soap, massages it over his face, splashes himself several times with running water.

Then, thinks better of himself, and turns the shower on.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He goes to the kitchen and puts on coffee, and heads to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He grabs his phone. The only notice is a voicemail icon in his feed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He goes into his living room/home office, and fires up both monitors on his desktop.

He sits and stares at the code he'd been working on.

With annoyed hesitation, he goes into voicemail, puts it on speaker.

CONTRACT BOSS

(from phone)

Frank, we are *still* having a problem with the interface. One of our guys thinks this might be related to your, uh, Java something or other. We'd love to talk about this when you get a shot--

Frank deletes the message.

He scrolls through some code, looking for that mistake.

FRANK

Ummmmmm.

He bounces the screen he was working on over to the monitor he's not using.

He opens Facebook. Types C.A.S.S. Cassie's profile shows.

He looks at his phone. No new messages.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He heads into the kitchen, pours himself a cup of coffee, but leaves it on the kitchen counter.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He heads back to the bathroom and strips down. Hops in the shower and lets the water cascade over himself. He doesn't use soap. He just stands there, then he sits. After a spell, he slowly turns the faucet off, steps out, towels off, wraps the towel around his waist.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He looks out the kitchen window.

FRANK

Here, kitty-kitty.

No cat, so Frank taps on the window.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Here, kitty-kitty.

Still nothing.

He sips his coffee, refreshes it by pouring what he'd been drinking into the pot, then pouring that into his cup.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He walks into his bedroom, stands at the closet, then decides to wear a *fucking suit*.

He sets a nice leather belt and brown leather shoes on his bed, works extra-hard on his tie. Sizes himself up in a full-length mirror. Despite how professional he looks, his face only shows dejection.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

At his work space, he reviews lines of code.

Frank grabs his phone, looks up Contract Boss, and dials.

(Throughout this exchange, Frank walks around, and futzes with stuff. As we do on dull work calls.)

CONTRACT BOSS
(over phone)
Frank?

FRANK
Yes.

CONTRACT BOSS
(over phone)
What in the Dickens is going on
with our software?

FRANK
That's, uh, unclear. My program
chains work fine. Could you send me
the handshake code you're using?

CONTRACT BOSS
(over phone)
What's that?

FRANK
It's how my code communicates with
your network.

CONTRACT BOSS
(over phone)
Don't know that I want you directly
on our network, Frank. No offense.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank walks to the kitchen, opens the refrigerator, hovers over a La Croix, but grabs a beer.

FRANK
That's your call.

He opens that beer.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Can I talk to your network admin?

CONTRACT BOSS
(over phone)
Frank, sweetie. You're really
getting outside your lane on this
one.

Frank delivers an "Oh DEAR GOD"-level eye-roll.

FRANK
I just want to solve your problem--

CONTRACT BOSS
(over phone)
My problem???

FRANK
The problem.

Frank takes a hard slug of that beer.

CONTRACT BOSS
(over phone)
Well...let me see who I can talk to
about getting you someone to talk
to.

FRANK
That would be...perfect.

Frank repeatedly mashes on the "End Call" button.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Frank lies down on his bed, flips through photos of him and
Cassie. He drinks some beer, and closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

Frank bolts straight up as if from a bad dream.

Two more empty beer cans are beside the bed, which Frank
kicks with his feet as he swings his legs off the bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Montage: Bird's eye POV. Continuous.

Frank sets a beer can down at his keyboard, starts typing
furiously. Aggressive music is cranked into the space.

He sets a fresh beer down, continues typing. Room darkens.

This time, a small pour of dark liquor, continues typing.

Outside light turns to night.

He sets down a much larger pour. Typing is much slower.

He turns on a desk lamp.

Pounding erupts against the wall.

NEIGHBOR

(muffled)

Turn that shit down or I'm calling
the cops!!!

Frank lowers the volume from his desktop.

End of Montage.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank grabs his blanket, spills liquor on himself.

FRANK

Oh, motherfuck.

Frank drags the blanket, Linus-style, out to his porch.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Frank spreads out the blanket, scans the quiet street.

He looks at the door he walked out of. Swigs that liquor,
then pulls the blanket around himself.

He drifts into comfortless, unbidden sleep.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dark music, up and under.

Dog's eye POV: Dirty jeans over work boots shuffle along
under street lights, until they pause at Frank's porch.

With a stuttering **menace**, the feet step over Frank's body.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

A filthy hand reaches in and pats Frank on the shoulder.

CHAVO

(OC)

Hey, you okay?

Frank stirs and looks into Chavo's face. Chavo is in his
early 20's, hardened from life on the streets.

CHAVO
You should get inside. Raccoons,
possums, shit...

FRANK
What?

CHAVO
Don't sleep outside.

FRANK
This is... I just needed fresh...

CHAVO
Yeah, but the animals. They smell
the warmth.

FRANK
They what? Smell it?!

CHAVO
Yeah, that's how they know. (Beat.)
You got any snacks?

FRANK
(still sleepy)
What was that?

CHAVO
Snacks. Something to eat. *Snacks.*

FRANK
Yeah, I do.

Frank stands, dropping his blanket.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Stay here.

Chavo sits, legs crossed.

CHAVO
(avoiding eye contact)
I like that tie. It's nice.

Frank is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank makes a plate of food: baby carrots, chips, mixed nuts, chocolate kisses, half an apple. He pauses in the refrigerator, looking for something more substantive. Yet, he closes the refrigerator and walks to the porch.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

He hands the plate to Chavo, still looking at the street.

CHAVO

If you got any can stuff, I'll take that too.

FRANK

Uh. I'm gonna use my can stuff.

CHAVO

But, the stuff you don't use...

FRANK

I don't know, man.

CHAVO

I'm not gonna hurt you. You don't have to be afraid of me.

FRANK

Why would I be afraid of you?

CHAVO

Nothing. Forget it.

FRANK

You live near here?

CHAVO

Kinda.

Frank gives Chavo a long questioning look.

CHAVO (CONT'D)

(gesturing)

I stay at that house.

FRANK

The abandoned one?

CHAVO

Umm-hmmm.

FRANK
So, you're just, uh, prowling for food?

CHAVO
Not really. This other guy lives there too, he fights me.

FRANK
That's...

CHAVO
He's a cool guy though. So, I just get out of his way sometimes.

FRANK
Do you need like medical...

CHAVO
No.

Chavo pulls up his shirt to show a purple spidery bruise.

CHAVO (CONT'D)
It's just this.

Frank is mortified. And quickly sobering up.

FRANK
I'll be back.

CHAVO
Okay.

Chavo picks at his plate. Frank goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank pours himself a whopper of liquor. He opens the freezer. Then, turns around

More menacing music.

Chavo is standing in the doorway with his empty plate.

CHAVO
I got bored outside. And, I need to wash this plate.

Chavo moves to the sink, turns on the water. The dirt from his hands mix with the water and the plate seems to be getting dirtier by being washed. Frank takes the plate out of Chavo's hands.

FRANK
You don't have to do that.

CHAVO
Your place is nice.

FRANK
Thanks.

CHAVO
(pointing at a photo of Frank
and Cassie)
Who's this girl?

FRANK
Uh, my ex. Maybe. Probably.

CHAVO
She's pretty. You should hold onto
that.

FRANK
I tried. How old are you?

CHAVO
21.

FRANK
For real?

CHAVO
Yeah.

Chavo opens a velcro wallet, pulls out his ID. Frank studies
the card.

FRANK
(gesturing to the bottle)
You want some?

CHAVO
No, man. Alcohol fucks with my
head.

FRANK
I think that's the point.

CHAVO
I smoke though.

FRANK
Joints?

CHAVO
Sure. And meth. I have some meth
now. You want any?

Chavo produces a glass pipe, waxy black on the inside.

FRANK
I'm...good.

CHAVO
Can I smoke in here?

FRANK
Don't.

CHAVO
I'll smoke outside. You can have
some, too. I'm serious.

He hands the pipe to Frank.

FRANK
Don't smoke outside either.

Frank puts the pipe by the sink.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I need to pee. Don't smoke that.

Frank stumbles into his bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He releases an interminably long stream of urine, jumps up
and down a couple times to get it all out.

At the running sink, he stares into the mirror. Hot water
steams upward.

FRANK
What the fuck am I doing? What the
fuck are you doing? Seriously, what
is wrong with you? Get it together.

He splashes scalding water on his face, winces, exits.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chavo is nowhere in sight. Frank sees that one plate in the
sink; the pipe is still there.

He pauses at the window, taps quietly like each morning.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chavo is at Frank's computers, eating out of a can of cold ravioli.

CHAVO
You do computers?

FRANK
Yeah.

CHAVO
I have a problem with my phone.
Maybe you could look at that.

FRANK
You know that big black and orange
cat that comes around here?

CHAVO
Yeah.

FRANK
I never see him anymore.

CHAVO
He died.

Menacing music quietly intrudes.

FRANK
How do you...

CHAVO
I think he got poisoned. A lot of
crazy people live on this block.

FRANK
Poisoned???

CHAVO
Anyway, I saw him in the gutter. It
was sad, but you know...

FRANK
What?

CHAVO
I don't see a lot of positive shit.
Sometimes...sad stuff, it feels
positive.

Frank heads to the porch.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

He tries to fold the blanket. One corner gets figured out, but the other one eludes him. He rolls it up and tucks this cocoon under his arm.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Frank walks toward Chavo's abandoned house. He looks closely at the gutters. No cat in sight. He kicks at some leaves. Nothing. Frank becomes more frantic. He zigzags across the street, looks in the shadows. More nothing.

He stands in the center of the street, looks in a circle.

He slumps, and walks back to his porch.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Chavo is on the porch, smoking a stub of a cigarette.

FRANK

You said he was in the gutter.

CHAVO

Yeah.

FRANK

Nothing's there.

CHAVO

I threw him in the garbage. Dead animals carry disease.

A sprinkling of light music invades.

FRANK

Which garbage?

CHAVO

The garbage of that lady who never brings her garbage out.

FRANK

Lemme see that bruise again.

Chavo lifts his shirt up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jesus. I don't think you should go back to that place.

CHAVO
(shrugging)
It's fine.

FRANK
You stay here. Take the bed.

Frank hands Chavo the rolled blanket he'd been carrying.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chavo slips off his shoes, wraps the blanket around his shoulders and curls into bed. Frank watches him for a bit. Chavo squints his eyes at Frank watching him.

CHAVO
You got any water?

Chavo sleeps jerkily to sounds of clinking glasses, faucets and running water.

Frank's hand puts a glass of water on the endtable.

Menacing music, again, up and under.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits down at his computer. He types in starts, rubs his eyes, anything to stay awake...yet sleep takes him.

START "*Dream sequence*":

Frank jolts awake. He hits "Enter" on his final line of code.

[VO is simultaneous with action.]

CONTRACT BOSS
(VO)
Frank, you are a true-to-life genius. This is exactly what we were hoping for...And more! There is no one in the world who could solve this issue but you. I fall down at the altar of Frank. I sacrifice all my stupidity to your brilliance. And, you're beautiful, did I mention your beauty...you've got it. And presence. I never met you in person, but I felt you. I felt you in my guts. If I could, I would kiss you, kiss you like one angel kisses another, but harder. Oh so much harder...

A combined version of light and menacing music, up.

Frank doesn't see Chavo approaching behind him. Chavo throws him out of his chair. They struggle as Frank works to regain sobriety. Chavo tosses him down, punches him over and over in the ribs. Finally, Frank slumps to the floor. Chavo, standing, punches him POV in the face.

END "*Dream sequence*".

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Cassie, pretty and put-together, darts up the porch, awash in purpose and excitement. She knocks on Frank's door.

Chavo answers in Frank's suit.

CASSIE

Who are-- Why are you in-- Where's Frank?

CHAVO

That guy? Who lives here? He left.

CASSIE

His car's still here.

CHAVO

He left without his car then?

CASSIE

Let me in.

CHAVO

Okay.

Cassie pushes past Chavo and into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The canned goods are sorted and stacked in the kitchen.

Cassie scans this scene, bewildered.

CHAVO

Can I like help you with something?

CASSIE

I just came...for my stuff.

CHAVO
Sure. Do that.

Cassie stares at this total stranger, dressed like Frank, in a house she sort of called her own.

CHAVO
(noticing her look)
You don't have to be afraid of me.

Oh-so brief sting of menacing music.

Cassie gives Chavo a "WTF, dude" look dialed to 11.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Cassie grabs perfume and tampons.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cassie returns, eyes Chavo.

CHAVO
That's all?!

Chavo tries to hand Cassie the photo of her and Frank he commented on earlier. Cassie pushes it away.

CASSIE
For now.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Frank, with a split lip and bruised cheek, sits inside a train station. He seems fresh.

The same light music that played when Frank told Chavo to sleep in his bed gently fades in.

He slaps his train ticket against his leg, looks at the Departures board, then his clock phone. He smiles slyly.

End of script.