

EGO

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"EGO"

FADE IN:

\*

1 EXT. DOCKSIDE - LAKE - MORNING

1\*

A WOMAN stands at the end of the dock. She is still. She is looking DULL and VERY SAD. SHE is OLIVIA DOLAN.

\*

\*

We CLOSE ON her fingers. They are twiddling something.. And then, we spot A RING. She takes it off.

\*

\*

Olivia stares at the ring. And then --

\*

She lets the ring drop into the lake. She looks off.

\*

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

OLIVIA speaks to her LAWYER O.S.

LAWYER (O.S.)

You mentioned you've been married for how long? Was it four years?

OLIVIA

Nine. We married young.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Alright. So it has been a while, then.

(then,)

So now, bear with me -- I'm still trying to understand what your motive here is.

OLIVIA

I'm -- I'm -- sorry?

LAWYER (O.S.)

Essentially, what I'm asking is... why this divorce?

OFF OLIVIA...

CUT TO BLACK

\*

One by one, three letters fade up:

**E G O**

(CONTINUED)

And as our title FADES OUT...

TITLE CARD: **I. Owen**

FADE IN

2 INT. OWEN'S CAR - NIGHT

OWEN KAPPLE, mid-thirties, is taking gulps out of a bottle of VODKA. He's struggling with it -- DESPISES the bitter taste of it. Making faces at every swallow he makes.

CUT TO

OWEN breathes. Readies himself. Pats his hair. Takes one last look at himself in the mirror before he exits the car.

3 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

OWEN enters the small, and welcoming restaurant. Makes his way to the BACK where he finds...

A WOMAN. Beautiful, with gleaming eyes. This is EVANGELINE GLEASON, also mid-thirties.

OWEN  
Hello.

EVANGELINE  
(smiles,)  
Hi. Owen..?

OWEN  
Yeah. Evangeline, right?

EVANGELINE  
Evie. You can just call me Evie.

TIME CUT TO

LATER. The two are talking.

EVIE  
You know, surprisingly, I'm enjoying the Gapow tonight. Usually, I'm not one for Thai.

OWEN

Well, trying something new on a first date is always good.

EVIE

Really? So how many first dates have you been on?

OWEN

More than you, I'm guessing.

EVIE

You're that confident?

OWEN

Maybe. Why do you doubt me?

EVIE

No I'm not doubting you. I just... think you're terrible at first dates. No offense.

A BEAT. Owen swallows. Unsure of how to respond.

OWEN

None taken. Maybe just the whole online dating thing is not my thing. I obviously haven't done this a lot like you have.

EVIE

Well... The internet and I have had some... history. But to answer your question, no. This isn't my usual thing. I was pretty nervous. I may or may not have used the bathroom five times before you walked in.

OWEN

Yeah I'll agree with you on that. Taking pulls of vodka in the car before coming here wasn't my first plan either.

EVIE

(chuckles,)  
You could've drank a little more, then.

OWEN

I have a high tolerance.

Evie looks off. Owen notices her boredom.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Look. I'm sorry. I ah -- I've had a pretty... earth shattering couple of weeks leading up to tonight so... I apologize if I rubbed you the wrong way...

EVIE

Oh you didn't give me any wrong impression at all, Owen. I like your honesty. I'm just... still confused about who you are.

OWEN

Who am I?

Off Owen --

CUT TO

A SIGN that reads:

**OWEN KAPPLE**  
**KAPPLE INVESTIGATIONS**  
**EST. 2009**

AND WE CUT TO

INT. OWEN'S OFFICE - KAPPLE INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

A messy office setting. On the speaking end sits our private investigator OWEN KAPPLE, the fast-talking yet charming chatterbox. Sitting opposite him are his clients BOB and KATHERINE FISHER.

OWEN

Now, Bob, to be honest -- I'm not saying I'm pricey because I like to think of myself as expensive... but I do deliver on my work.

Off THE COUPLE'S SURPRISED LOOK...

WE CUT TO A YOUNGER, SASSY GIRL in the same setting. She's infuriated with Owen.

SASSY GIRL

Are you fucking kidding me right  
now? You still haven't got a hold  
of those phone records?

OWEN

No ma'am -- I know where I can get  
them -- I've just --

And we CUT TO A LONG-HAIRED MAN trying to talk to Owen.

LONG-HAIRED MAN

I've just been so busy these last  
few months. And I think I've just  
moved on you know..?

CUT TO A YOUNGER MAN. Same setting. Thinking deeply while  
OWEN waits for him to answer...

BACK TO OWEN. Talking to Bob and Katherine.

OWEN

I'm assuming you're here by  
reference?

KATHERINE

Well, we looked you up, and you  
were just the cheapest.

Owen takes that in. CUT TO

LONG-HAIRED MAN

Finding my birth parents is not  
necessarily my number one priority  
right now...

BACK TO The Young Man who keeps thinking. Slowly nodding  
his head. Almost as if he's about to say something.

SASSY GIRL

I am done waiting around for you!

KATHERINE

We just wanted a mild  
investigation...

OWEN

By mild you mean..?

LONG HAIRD MAN

I mean -- I think we just need to  
end our -- our business here. Uh,  
how much do I owe you, again?

OWEN

You do still owe me the remainder  
of the previous payment...

SASSY GIRL

I still owe you? Who the hell even  
are you? You haven't even done  
your job!

ON The Young Man. Still thinking. He smiles politely at  
Owen who waits for his answer.

BOB

Eleven-hundred dollars -- I mean --  
I could buy our daughter a used  
car with that money!

Bob and Katherine share a laugh. Owen does not find it  
funny.

SASSY GIRL

You know -- you are actually more  
of a bank than a PI.

ON The Young Man. He keeps thinking.

LONG-HAIRED MAN

I'm sure someone else just like me  
will come along.

KATHERINE

I'm just not convinced that we  
need a PI yet...

BOB

Yeah, sorry Mr. Kapple...

LONG HAIRD MAN

Really sorry, by the way, man...

SASSY GIRL

Sorry but not sorry!

And we're ON OWEN. Still waiting for an answer from the  
Young Man...

OWEN

Well..?

The Young Man contemplates for a beat more. Then, as he  
starts to shake his head...

YOUNG MAN

No... sorry.  
(then,)

I mean -- you seem like a pretty  
nice guy and all -- but... I just  
gotta look at my options and...  
pick the best one, you know?

The Young Man rises. Awkwardly waves to Owen, and then  
starts to leave.

Owen is FRUSTRATED...

OWEN

Look -- I am the best. Alright?  
The best there can be. It doesn't  
get any better than me. If the  
sky's the limit, then I am the  
limit.

(then,)

My price isn't changing. So if you  
don't want the best... I suggest  
you look elsewhere.

Owen stands FIRM on his words. A bit narcissistic.

The Young Man looks at Owen for a beat. He then shrugs.

YOUNG MAN

Alright. I'll keep you in mind.

The Young Man turns and leaves.

The door shuts.

Owen leans back in his chair. Frustrated.

CUT TO

LATER...

OWEN kills the lights. Shuts the door to his office. He  
locks eyes with his SIGN on the door. Dejected.

OMITTED

INT. OWEN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

OWEN drives.



7 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 7

Owen eats alone. He has his phone plugged to his ear.

OWEN

Hi. Is this Mr. Johnson, I'm speaking to?

(a beat,)

Yeah, hi, this is Owen Kapple from Kapple Investigations.

(then,)

Hi. I'm just calling to follow up on your appointment. I know we scheduled that a while ago, but I thought I'd go ahead and give you a call to --

(cut off; then,)

Uh-huh. Okay. Okay.... No yeah, absolutely.

(then,)

Oh. Okay. No listen that's great news. Glad you got that worked out with your investors.

(then,)

No problem. Thanks. Bye.

Owen hangs up. Puts the phone down. Another dead end. He then strikes something out on his note-pad.

8 INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - OWEN'S HOME - NIGHT 8

Owen sits in his bed and watches TV. \*

CUT TO \*

9 INT. OWEN'S CAR - PARKING LOT - MORNING 9\*

Owen waits alone in his car. He sips his coffee. Then -- the door opens. GREG DOLAN gets in. \*

GREG

Morning.

In contrast to Owen, Greg seems pretty UP-BEAT and more importantly, he's AWAKE.

OWEN

Seriously? A parking lot?

GREG

Yeah? What's wrong with it? \*

(CONTINUED)

OWEN

Could've met in a more proper  
place, like a bit more  
professional.

GREG

Yeah, well this wasn't like  
anything like... official. Like, I  
didn't call or set up any  
appointment. Just... impromptu.

\*  
\*

OWEN

Yeah well this is pretty sketch.  
Makes me look like some drug  
dealer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GREG

Well it's a good thing you're not,  
because if you were, I wouldn't be  
here.

\*  
\*  
\*

(a beat,)

You get what I asked for?

Owen pulls out an envelope. Hands it to Greg, who takes  
it.

OWEN

All the financial breakdown info  
is in the package. You're gonna  
need one of those lock openers.  
Buy the ones that open a 120 volt  
pad lock. I checked online,  
they're like twenty bucks. Or I'm  
sure you can find one at Lowe's.

\*  
\*  
\*

GREG

Just a pad-lock? No digital  
security system?

OWEN

There is, I checked. There's a...  
like a hack code that will, I  
guess it disables the alarm. It's  
in the envelope. And there's like  
legit instructions to it, so make  
sure you read that.

\*  
\*  
\*

GREG

Damn man, you know how to disable  
a lock?

\*

OWEN

I know a guy.... Who knows a guy.

\*

(CONTINUED)

GREG

You got any estimate on how much  
is inside the store?

OWEN

Probably around forty grand.

Greg's eyes light up.

GREG

You serious?

OWEN

Somewhere around there. Don't take  
my word for it.

GREG

All cash?

OWEN

I assume. I could be wrong,  
though.

GREG

No worries. Even if it's under  
twenty grand I'll take it.

And Greg still cannot get over it...

GREG (CONT'D)

Damn... Some old dude just has  
that much cash laying around in  
his store?

GREG (CONT'D)

Guess he just doesn't trust  
banks...

A long beat takes over. Owen seems a little hesitant to  
speak.

OWEN

Listen man... I don't know what  
you're up to... or what you plan  
on doing with this money, but  
just... be careful. Don't... don't  
fuck up and piss Olivia off.

(a beat,)

Especially don't tell her I hooked  
you up with this. That's probably  
going to set her off.

GREG

Nah, man, you don't have to worry.  
I'm not going to tell her  
anything. And... thank you. For  
not asking anything. I respect  
that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Owen nods.

OWEN

Right. Yeah.

Another beat.

OWEN (CONT'D)

How's she doing?

\*

GREG

Olivia?

\*

(off Owen's nod,)

Yeah she's good, man. She's doing  
well.

Owen nods. *Good to know.*

OWEN

Nice.

GREG

How's everything else going? How's  
work? Any interesting cases?

\*

OWEN

It's... Yeah, it's chugging along.  
Day in, day out, you know.

\*

(a beat,)

\*

You? Killing it at TSA still?

\*

GREG

No I actually, uh... I quit. I'm  
kind of transitioning right now.

\*

\*

\*

OWEN

Really?

\*

\*

GREG

Yeah. Just been looking around.  
(a beat,)

Which... that's not why I need  
twenty grand.

\*

OWEN

Oh no, no. I wasn't saying --

GREG

-- Yeah it's nothing to worry  
about. This is for something else.

Another beat. Owen digs for the best way on how to  
continue the conversation... \*

OWEN

Yeah, no you'll find something.  
You always have had no problem  
getting what you want. Right?

GREG

Yeah. That's...  
(a beat,)  
That's pretty much how I married  
Olivia.

Greg starts laughing. Owen smirks, but a little bothered  
by that comment. Greg notices: \*

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey, I was just kidding, man. Just  
a joke. \*

OWEN

No, yeah I know.  
(a beat,)  
I know. \*

GREG

Alright man, I gotta take off.  
(a beat,)  
How much do I owe you?

OWEN

Um... no. Don't... Don't worry  
about it.

GREG \*

No seriously -- \*

OWEN

On the house.

GREG

You sure?

Owen takes a beat. Makes sure of himself.

OWEN \*

Yeah. Just be careful. \*

GREG

I will. Hey, thanks again Owen.

\*

\*

OWEN

See ya man.

\*

\*

GREG

See ya.

Greg exits the car. Owen sighs for a beat.

\*

INT. OWEN'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

Owen drives. His phone rings. He answers nonchalantly.

OWEN

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello is this Kapple  
Investigations?

Owen suddenly ignites with anticipation. He pulls over.  
He goes full-on customer-service mode.

OWEN

Ah, yeah, this is Kapple  
Investigations. I'm Owen Kapple.  
How are you today?

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm good.

OWEN

Good. And who do I have the  
pleasure of speaking with today?

INT. MIA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

On the other end of the phone call, we slowly pull up on  
MIA BLOOM, a beautiful yet edgy young woman.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL --

MIA

My name is Mia Bloom.

OWEN

Hi Mia, how can I help you today?

MIA

Well, I ah, I'm looking for a PI to potentially help me with some suspicions I have.

OWEN

Yes ma'am, we can certainly help you out with that, we'd just have to set up a consultation appointment first.

MIA

Ah, yes... I... I suppose we can arrange for that.

Owen furrows his eyebrows. *Suppose?*

MIA (CONT'D)

I can e-mail you my address. We can meet upon your availability.

Owen still can't follow.

OWEN

Well, ma'am, just to let you know, I do have my own office, it's located on --

MIA

Mr. Kapple, I said we can meet at my residence.

(a beat,)

If the drive is troubling for you. Then I can compensate you for the gas cost.

(then,)

Money is not an issue for me.

\*  
\*

And as Owen takes that in...

MIA (CONT'D)

Mr. Kapple, are you still there?

OWEN

Yeah. Ah... when would you like to meet?

MIA

As soon as possible.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - BLOOM HOUSEHOLD - DAY

12\*

A lovely suburban home setting. MIA and OWEN sit across from one another in the living room.

MIA

This counts, I believe, per your website, as a consultation?

\*

OWEN

Mhm. Just to get the details down, I'm going to have to ask you some questions. May be a little personal.

MIA

(clears her throat,)  
What kind of questions?

OWEN

Just... you know, if this is a situation of domestic abuse? Have you been contemplating suicide due to --

MIA

No. Never.

Owen notes that down.

OWEN

Okay. Just a set mandate by the state that we--

\*

\*

MIA

Yes, I understand. There's nothing of that sort going on.

Owen nods.

\*

MIA (CONT'D)

Now, I'd just like to get started on the case.

OWEN

Alright, sure.

(then,)

What seems to be the problem?

MIA

Well there is no problem. I think. But...

(CONTINUED)



And Mia sounds like she's trying to fight back words here. It's like she hates herself for even bringing it up.

MIA (CONT'D)

But I am suspecting my husband...

OWEN

Of?

Mia tries to fight back her words. Trying to find a more proper word...

MIA

Infidelity.

\*

OWEN

Okay. And any reasonable doubts that I should be aware of beforehand?

MIA

Well, it's not exactly... I just have a hunch.

\*

(a beat,)

I think that his long hours at work... you know, what he refers to as late nights at the office... I think that he may be seeing someone else.

(then,)

\*

But I mean -- god forbid that he is.

\*

\*

Owen notes it down.

\*

OWEN

And have you seen anything?

MIA

I'm sorry?

OWEN

Any hard evidence that may be contributing to this?

MIA

Well... I don't -- I don't spy on him.

\*

OWEN

Right, but ma'am -- see I'm just asking for something to grasp on besides just doubt. Maybe any texts on his phone, his call log, have you talked to any of his peers, his co-workers --

And Mia takes some serious umbrage to that.

MIA

Lemme stop you right there, Mr. Kapple.

(then,)

My husband and I -- we respect each other's privacy. Sneaking onto his phone because I think he's dating someone else. I -- would never want to even entertain the idea. Ever.

OWEN

But you are. That's... why I am here?

MIA

I just want to make sure that I am wrong.

Owen pauses for a beat, not being able to catch onto Mia's intent here.

OWEN

And what if you're not?

MIA

Ah... Mr. Kapple, my husband and I have been happily married for seven years -- I -- I am the best thing that's happened to him. My father arranged for him to have the highest position at his company. He is very grateful. Even if he's not...

(then,)

He should be.

(then,)

And I sacrificed my very promising career in cosmetics for him -- to make him happy -- so what reason would he possibly have to be unfaithful to me, his wife, the love of his life?

Owen scans Mia for a beat. Checks her over.

\*

OWEN

I don't mean to veer off into private territory here ma'am, but you reduced your household to a single income -- and he should be grateful to you for that?

MIA

Um... first off -- all due respect, *If* that was any of your business, which, you're right, it is not, then I would advise you to step back and look at the bigger picture.

\*

(then,)

A girl coming from a wealthy background. She marries a man who becomes the CEO of a large multi-million dollar marketing agency... and his wife runs a nail salon? I mean -- that, just screams absurdity, come on.

\*

TIGHT ON MIA. Incredibly DIGNIFIED of herself and her words. And Owen is kind of mildly disgusted of her at this point.

\*

OWEN

So then what details are you able to provide me with to help me start the investigation?

\*

\*

(then,)

I'm looking for his routine. What time does he leave the house? Does he fill you in on what his day's going to be like? Does he stop anywhere on his way to work? On his way home? Those kind of details. Anything helps.

MIA

Ah, yes. I -- I can tell you where he's going to be tomorrow at four o'clock. He's meeting with a client. Existing client, we even know their family.

OWEN

This client a male or a female?

MIA

Male.

Owen notes it down.

OWEN

And you're sure of this meeting?

MIA

Yes. He told me.

OWEN

And why do you suspect this relates to him cheating on you?

Mia looks off, irritated.

MIA

Could we, um... not use that word please? Again, I don't think he's che...

(stops herself,)

I don't think he's actually involved in it... I know he's not... but I'm just making sure. \*

OWEN

You're contradicting yourself here at every corner, ma'am. If I'm investigating your husband --

MIA

-- checking. Mr. Kapple. This is not a formal investigation. You're just checking on him. All you need to do is go into the cafe, and make sure that he is with a client. \*

OWEN

I can do that ma'am, it's no issue, but I just need you to consider the idea that if he's not, then --

MIA

Then he will have betrayed the most beautiful woman he's ever laid eyes on.

Owen raises his eyebrows. *Wow. Okay...* \*

Mia stands clear on her words, leveling Owen's argument. \*

12

CONTINUED: (5)

12

OWEN

I'll need the address of the cafe,  
and a picture of him.

13

EXT. PARKING LOT - CAFE - DAY

13

OWEN parks his car in the lot.

14

INT. OWEN'S CAR - DAY

14

OWEN is on the lookout. His eyes FOCUSED on the entrance  
and anybody that enters.

And now a MAN IN A SUIT walks up to the entrance. Owen  
checks the picture that Mia gave him. This is RAY BLOOM,  
her husband. And he's the exact match of the man in the  
suit we just saw.

Owen gets out of his car and heads for --

15

INT. CAFE - DAY

15

OWEN walks in, eyeing RAY who is seated at a table.  
Slyly, Owen seats himself caddy-corner to Ray, who is  
waiting patiently.

ON RAY. He eyes around the cafe. No signs of wrongdoings  
from him.

ON OWEN. His eyes remain fixed on Owen as he looks over  
his shoulder.

Ray's eyes circle around the room and finally land on  
Owen who quickly looks back over from his shoulder. Now  
his face is turned to Ray.

And now, A WOMAN approaches Ray. Her face turned to both  
US and OWEN.

The Woman and Ray hug one another affectionately. Owen  
slowly peers over his shoulder and sees Ray and the  
Woman.

OWEN

(to himself,)

Who would've thought...

Owen now pulls out his phone. He angles the front-camera  
of the phone in such a way that it captures both Ray and  
the Woman. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. He takes pictures.

(CONTINUED)

Owen looks through the pictures. Unsatisfied.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
(to himself,)  
Nah... we gotta see the face. \*

Owen stands up and makes his way around Ray and The Woman's table. He doesn't quite see her face yet. He quickly makes a gesture with his hand, sticks his phone out and quickly CLICKS a photo of the Woman who doesn't notice Owen...

Owen now does a 180 and goes back for his table. He pulls up the picture he just took.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
(to himself,)  
Did we get it..?

CLOSE ON OWEN. His eyes ENLARGE. He can't believe what he's seeing.

Owen now TURNS and goes back for Ray's table. We FOLLOW ALONG with him, TURNING to finally see the Woman's face from Owen's POV.

ON OWEN. His face falls flat. HE KNOWS HER. \*

Owen stands there. Behind Ray, but facing The Woman. The Woman's eyes then come upon Owen's. \*

A BEAT. They lock eyes. Not knowing what the other is doing there. \*

And now Ray, noticing where Emily is looking off to, TURNS to see Owen. \*

Owen's gaze remains on The Woman... \*

And now he DARTS out of the cafe. Angry. \*

Ray turns to Emily. \*

RAY  
You know that guy? \*

A BEAT. Emily is slightly confused. \*

EMILY  
Ah, excuse me. I'm sorry, I have to go. \*

15

15

Before Ray can stop her, Emily gets up from the table,  
and goes for the exit, and to --

\*  
\*

16

EXT. PARKING LOT - CAFE - DAY

16\*

OWEN storms to his car, staggered in the worst way  
possible. His whole CORE JUST SHATTERED.

\*

EMILY comes after him, just as angry.

\*

She looks ahead to Owen who is walking away.

\*

EMILY

\*

Owen!

\*

ON OWEN. He stops. SHAKY MAD. And when he turns:

\*

His eyes meet Emily's and they just stare at each other.  
Angst. Anger. INTENSITY.

\*  
\*

Owen is mad.

\*

Emily stares back with no words.

\*

And we CUT WIDE to see these two stand feet apart from  
one another... and we FADE TO:

\*  
\*

THE SKY. TILT DOWN to find:

\*

We're in the same parking lot. We now come upon Owen's  
car to see OWEN turned to us, and Emily standing by him,  
leaning against the car to face US.

\*  
\*  
\*

Things have calmed now. Or that's how it looks.

\*

EMILY (CONT'D)

\*

So I'm on your hit list now?

\*

OWEN

\*

I had no clue you were going to be  
here.

\*  
\*

EMILY

\*

You had to have been stalking me --

\*

OWEN

\*

God -- This is my job -- I am  
working. Emily. Okay? HIS wife  
contacted me saying her husband  
was cheating on her.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(then,)

\*

And as we can see...

\*

(CONTINUED)

Owen glares at Emily who shakes her head. \*

OWEN (CONT'D) \*

Had I known it was going to be you  
in there, I would have referred  
her to another PI. \*

EMILY \*

Oh so you hate me that much. \*

OWEN \*

Who walked away from the  
relationship? \*

EMILY \*

Oh. Great, yeah, let's just jump  
back into the past because things  
weren't meant to be. \*

OWEN \*

Or you didn't want them to. \*

EMILY \*

That is not true at all -- \*

OWEN \*

Well, I don't know, I should check  
because you looked pretty fucking  
serious with a married man in  
there, so you tell me -- \*

EMILY \*

Owen. I didn't know he was  
married. Okay? \*

And she stops him right there. Owen looks off, irritated. \*

EMILY (CONT'D) \*

I didn't know he was married. \*

OWEN \*

You didn't know a lot of things,  
Emily. \*

(a beat,)

You still don't know. \*

EMILY \*

You're right. I don't know how to  
let go of the past. \*

OWEN \*

I was investigating him! Not  
stalking you! Okay? \*

(CONTINUED)



And now Owen looks back at Emily. PAIN in his eyes -- \*

OWEN (CONT'D) \*  
Why'd you follow me out here? \*

EMILY \*  
Because I know you're mad. \*

OWEN \*  
Two years. Two years, and you just \*  
dropped me. \*

A LONG BEAT. Emily tries to figure out the best way to \*  
start this... \*

EMILY \*  
Do you remember my twenty-seventh \*  
birthday, Owen? \*  
(then,) \*  
It was right after I passed the \*  
bar. I remember I gave the news to \*  
you -- and you just -- the only \*  
thing you said was "Oh that's \*  
good, Em, now you gotta work \*  
harder" and then something about \*  
your agency -- \*

OWEN \*  
That is dead wrong. I was thrilled \*  
for you. You just needed someone \*  
like me to push you, so you could \*  
go farther -- \*

EMILY \*  
See? That's what I'm talking \*  
about. It's always about you. YOU \*  
had to push me. I felt like -- \*  
like I was just some -- some side \*  
character in the Owen Kapple show. \*  
Cue the crowd applause -- yay! \*  
It's all about Owen -- Owen, Owen, \*  
Owen! \*

OWEN \*  
It's called having some self \*  
worth. \*

EMILY \*  
Once again -- Owen's right. Owen's \*  
always right. \*

OWEN

You know what -- this conversation  
is pointless. I'm over you,  
anyway.

A BEAT. As Emily takes that in. She looks at Owen who  
just looks off.

EMILY

Look at me and say it.

OWEN

What?

EMILY

Look me in the eye and tell me  
you're over me.

Owen looks at her. Right in the eye. But nothing happens.  
He merely flickers his eyes and looks away again.

OWEN

There's no point in saying it.

EMILY

Or maybe you're just too proud to  
say it.

And then --

OWEN

I really did care about you. Just  
for the record.

EMILY

Maybe you did.  
(a beat,)  
But not as much as you do  
yourself.  
(then,)  
Just for the record.  
(then,)  
Enjoy your paycheck, Owen.

Emily walks away, leaving Owen. A LONG BEAT... Then --

Owen gets in his car and drives away.

And now we INTERCUT with both OWEN AND EMILY driving out  
of the cafe. Emily, in her car and Owen, in his, COLLIDE  
as they go opposite ways.

16

CONTINUED: (4)

16

Owen and Emily exchange one FINAL LOOK with each other through the glass windows. An ugly past having come back to HAUNT them both... especially Owen.

\*

We STAY WITH OWEN in his car. CLOSE on his eyes. They're SCREAMING HURT.

\*

17

OMITTED

17\*

18

INT. OWEN'S OFFICE - KAPPLE INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

18\*

OWEN and MIA sit across from each other. Mia looks through the photos. She is stunned.

\*

MIA

Are these all the photos?

Owen seems distressed. He's out of it.

OWEN

Should be all of them.

A BEAT. Mia stacks up the photos. Gives Owen a BLANK LOOK. She's not ready to admit it.

MIA

Mr. Kapple, I need you to be completely sure.

OWEN

Ma'am -- your husband is cheating on you.

The word "cheat" pains Mia.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you have to go through this Mrs. Bloom...

(then,)

I personally think you have every right to throw your husband out of the household. But again, that's -- that's your business entirely, not my place to discuss.

Mia SNIFFS a couple of tears. She may be starting to crack. We're seeing her emotions take over.

MIA

I might as well.

(then,)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIA (CONT'D)

That's alright, he's not going to  
find anyone better than me.

Owen stays quiet.

MIA (CONT'D)

(tears swelling,)

No one that... walks around the  
plaza, wearing a Louis Vuitton  
purse... with a nice string of  
pearls on her neck...

(a beat,)

Buys him rolexes...

(then,)

I bought him the three most recent  
models. I don't even think he wore  
the second one.

A long beat.

MIA (CONT'D)

(tears streaming,)

Or maybe he did, I can't remember.

Mia sniffs up her tears. She takes the photographs and  
slips them into her purse.

OWEN

Can I ask you an honest question?

MIA

Well... I suppose. It's not  
inappropriate is it?

OWEN

Why were you in denial of it?

MIA

Of what?

OWEN

Your husband cheating on you?

MIA

Can you not say that word --

OWEN

Mrs. Bloom...

(then,)

Can we be honest here? You knew  
what he was up to before you even  
called me.

Mia freezes. She thinks. She KNOWS the answer, but just struggles to let it out.

MIA

Maybe I am too good to admit it.

Mia shrugs. And it's the most OPEN and FRANK we've seen her thus far.

OWEN

I take checks, or via pay-pal --

Mia pulls out an envelope and slides it over to Owen's side.

MIA

It's all in the one check.

A beat. Owen puts his fingers over the envelope. Mia rises.

MIA (CONT'D)

I believe you didn't find out  
anything more about the woman?

\*  
\*

And we're on Owen as he says:

\*

OWEN

No. I did not. Sorry.

\*

MIA

Thank you Mr. Kapple.

They exchange nods. Mia exits.

Owen sits back in his chair. Angry, frustrated, annoyed --

\*

Owen and Evangeline continue to talk --

\*

OWEN

So to satisfy your intrigue in  
me... I'm a small time, wannabe  
successful PI -- who's ex ended up  
in a case and currently I'm on a  
date crying about it. And I'm  
also a crook who breaks the law  
from time to time. Not proud of  
that one, but...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(shrugs)

EVIE \*  
But. I am intrigued. \*  
(then,) \*  
And also honored that you've just \*  
shared your criminality with me. \*

OWEN \*  
It's the handle of Tito's from \*  
earlier talking. \*

Evie raises her eyebrows. *Oh. Okay.* \*

OWEN (CONT'D) \*  
Not... the whole handle, just a \*  
few gulps. \*

EVIE \*  
So before you separated... this \*  
girl was your whole entire life? \*

OWEN \*  
(chuckles,) \*  
Emily. My entire life? \*

EVIE \*  
Am I reading too much into it? \*

OWEN \*  
No, but I can see why you would \*  
though. \*

EVIE \*  
And why would I? \*

OWEN \*  
Because maybe I did have \*  
someone... \*

A BEAT. Evie studies him closely. Then -- \*

EVIE \*  
So there was... another? \*

OWEN \*  
(a beat; then,) \*  
There still is. \*

HOLD ON OWEN as we CUT TO \*

20

INT. OWEN'S HOME - DAY

20\*

OWEN walks in his home. Despondent. He puts away his keys and wallet. A BEAT. He lies on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. And suddenly --

His phone rings. He reads the CID, and he's pleasantly surprised. He answers:

OWEN

Hello?

(a beat,)

Yeah hi. No, no, no, not at all.

Ah, I was just...

Owen looks around. He's got nothing to do. He stays put.

OWEN (CONT'D)

How are you?

(then,)

Good, good. That's good.

(then,)

So... what's going on? What's up?

(a beat,)

Ah-huh. Yeah..?

(a long beat;)

So you know about that..?

(then,)

Yeah...

(then,)

No, um... it's funny he actually offered, but I... I didn't take it.

(a beat,)

Well, no, not just because of that, I just... I don't know. It didn't feel right, and I think whatever it was for... it was for you. So...

An awkward pause.

OWEN (CONT'D)

So anyway... Um...

(a beat,)

Yeah everything is... everything is good, just busy with work and all. Same old, same old.

(another beat;)

Ah, no... no we actually broke up a few months ago, so... um...

(then,)

Yeah, it just... didn't work out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20

20

OWEN (CONT'D)

But you know... life is life.

(then,)

Alright, well I, uh... I was about  
to head out to the gym, so... if  
there's anything else that --

(gets interrupted,)

Sure. Yeah.

(then,)

Okay. Bye.

Owen hangs up. He lingers for a beat. Clearly AFFECTED by  
that conversation.

CUT TO

OWEN opens a drawer. He pulls out a folded photograph, an  
old one. On one side, is HIM, much younger. He studies  
it. And as he flips it over, we CUT TO:

A LOWER ANGLE. Looking up at Owen, touched by whoever's  
on the other half of the photograph whom we do not get to  
see.

And we CUT TO A HIGHER ANGLE OF OWEN, looking down at  
him...

21

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

21\*

OWEN is walking EVANGELINE to her car.

OWEN

So this is where I'll leave you, I  
guess.

EVIE

Sounds good. I will...

OWEN

...Not see me later?

EVIE

(smiles,)

I think this was more necessary  
for you than for me, Owen.  
Whatever demons you needed to  
battle, I think you covered them  
all tonight.

And now Owen looks at Evie. GENUINE and with HONESTY --



OWEN

I'd be interested in helping you  
with yours, anytime you'd have me.

Evie nods. Continues to smile politely.

EVIE

I already put mine to rest a while  
back.

(then,)

Please don't get me wrong. You're  
a nice guy. It's just... for now,  
I'm happy with where I'm at.

OWEN

I wish I could say the same.

Evie looks off. Then back at Owen.

EVIE

Owen. Before I go... I want to  
give you my two cents.

(then,)

Don't ever lie to yourself about  
who you are. Who you really are.  
Because when you start living  
honestly... you'll be the same as  
me. And you'll know the feeling  
when it comes. So let it come.

(then,)

Bye.

Evie turns to leave. Owen raises his hand to wave. It  
freezes in midair. He's left staring at her. CUT TO

INT. OWEN'S CAR - NIGHT

OWEN sits in the car. Breathes. Then, he starts to FEEL  
something. A disgusting feeling...

OWEN

Oh god no... No -- please no --

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Outside his car, Owen PUKES. A BEAT. He lies against his  
car. Mouth seeping with saliva. And then --

His phone rings. Owen wipes his face. Sniffs. Readies  
himself. Answers the phone:

OWEN  
Kapple Investigations. This is  
Owen Kapple, what can I do for you  
tonight?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OFF OWEN --

\*

CUT TO BLACK

\*

TITLE CARD: **II. Greg**

FADE IN

\*

INT. GREG'S CAR - MOVING - EVENING

In the driver's seat, we find GREG who is jamming out to music while his wife, OLIVIA, sits in the driver's seat, nonchalant.

We already have a good idea of what Greg's like. But we FOCUS on...

\*

OLIVIA. His wife. But her mind is somewhere else in this moment. She's definitely not into the music.

\*

It's a clear and visible contrast here. Greg is enjoying the hell out of himself while Olivia seems bored.

Greg notices Olivia looking off. He turns the music down. They sit in silence for a beat. And then:

GREG  
I don't know if you noticed but...  
I didn't tip her.

And Olivia looks over.

\*

OLIVIA  
Huh?

GREG  
The waitress. I didn't tip her.

Olivia takes that in for a beat. Not sure how to respond.

OLIVIA  
(Your point..?)  
Okay... I -- I didn't look.

\*

GREG  
Yeah. I just...  
(then,)  
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

She was so fuckin' inconsiderate, you know? I mean -- doesn't even ask if we need more water? I'm over here using nice, complimentary words like "Thank you" and "sure ma'am" and... Oh and I even said "we love this place." You remember when I told them that we come here all the time?

OLIVIA

Ah, I think I did.

GREG

No?

OLIVIA

Like I didn't note it down verbatim, but yeah I heard you.

GREG

I mean I'm being a -- a good gentlemen if I do say so myself, and it's just very... rude of her to not reciprocate, you know what I'm saying? \*

OLIVIA

Mhm. \*

GREG

And it's time for us to leave, she... she doesn't even have -- the courtesy -- THE COMMON COURTESY -- to say "thank you", or we'll see you next time," just the common things servers say when... you know what I mean?

OLIVIA

Yeah...

Off Olivia, out of touch... \*

INT. BEDROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 25\*

ON GREG -- HE IS ASLEEP. \*

From behind, OLIVIA watches him sleep. CUT TO: \*

26 INT. KITCHEN - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 26\*

OLIVIA holds a box in her hands. It's a pregnancy tester. \*

OFF OLIVIA... \*

FADE TO \*

27 EXT. STREETS - DAY 27\*

GREG walks down the streets. He passes A LIQUOR STORE.

28 INT. GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY 28

We're CLOSE ON a COMPUTER SCREEN. It's one of GREG staring at the camera.

GREG

(from footage,)

*I'm saying it because it's true.  
Inside of us, we both know you  
belong with Victor. You're part of  
his work, the thing that keeps him  
going. If that plane leaves the  
ground and you're not with him,  
you'll regret it. Maybe not today.  
Maybe not tomorrow, but soon and  
for the rest of your life.*

OLIVIA (O.S.)

(from footage,)

*But what about us?*

GREG

(from footage,)

*We'll always have Paris. We didn't  
have, we... We lost it until you  
came to Casablanca. We got it back  
last night.*

And the screen freezes. We PULL BACK to find GREG and his agent, GRANT STELTMAN. They sit across from each other at Grant's desk.

GREG (CONT'D)

That's great right?

GRANT

Well, I wish you hadn't gone and ripped the end of Casablanca.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Hey, it's a classic. Classics  
always work, right?

GRANT

Greg. I can't send this out.  
People in the business look for  
experience. And since you don't  
have any... we're going to have to  
rely on your head shots.

GREG

Fairest of them all, right?

GRANT

I found you *something*. Found. Not  
booked. Okay?

GREG

Alright, hit me.

Grant pulls out a printout. Reads it.

GRANT

Los Angeles. Paid gig. Shoots in  
two weeks. It's a small side-role  
in a TV show. You know that  
medical drama on NBC that's two  
seasons in? *Reeves Medical*?

GREG

Can't say that I have.

GRANT

It's a stable show. They're  
halfway through production on  
their third season. And they need  
a male, your age range, to play an  
Anesthesiologist in one scene.

(then,)

It's -- I think, five lines, and  
thirty seconds of screen time. I  
think something small like this  
can help you start. And as people  
see this, and you meet people...  
you go from there.

Greg is disappointed.

GREG

Thirty seconds, no -- Grant, I --  
thought, this was some recurring  
part. Like -- a three or five  
episode arc.

Grant laughs that one off.

GRANT

Three or five? Ha!

(then,)

No that's -- that's a fever dream  
for you right now, Greg. You won't  
get something like that this  
early, you're just starting out.

(a beat,)

Look at this thing, it's a great  
first gig, it's shot in LA. If  
they like you, they'll fly you out  
for two days, all expense paid.  
You just show up and get the work  
done.

(slides the printout  
over,)

This is a rarity. And I think it's  
a good start for someone like you.

Greg cracks up. He still thinks this is a joke.

GREG

What..?

(then,)

Grant, I told you what kind of gig  
I was looking for. I -- worked  
hard on my head shots -- my tape?

GRANT

You copied Humphrey Bogart.

GREG

And I did a pretty fuckin' good  
job. I mean -- that takes skill.

GRANT

Listen Greg... this is the best I  
can get you right now. I sent your  
head shots to seven different  
casting agencies, and none have  
responded.

(then,)

All you just gotta do is say yes,  
and I'll do the rest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRANT (CONT'D)

We'll work on making a better  
tape, put it out there --

\*

\*

GREG

No, no, no Grant -- Grant, look. I  
can't be doing a side role.

GRANT

Why not? That's how you start out.  
And THEN, when more people see you  
on this, on TV, you'll get more  
calls.

GREG

But I could be doing other things,  
bigger things, and get even more  
calls.

GRANT

Greg. Come on. Be serious here.

(a beat,)

You have a great opportunity here.  
Better than I had hoped to find,  
especially with someone like you,  
who's starting out.

\*

\*

\*

A BEAT. Greg looks off. He smirks. Nods. Takes in Grant's  
words. And then, he looks up -- A CHARM in his eyes:

GREG

Focus on me for a sec, Grant.

(then,)

In this world... there are two  
types of people. Alright?

(then,)

There are the tiny fish... and  
then there are the sharks...

(then,)

There are cubs... and wolves.

(then,)

There are normal people... and  
then there are the kings and  
queens.

\*

\*

\*

\*

GRANT

Yeah I get it.

GREG

Good. So there are the  
minorities... and the  
superiorities.

(then,)

Now...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm going to be brutally honest,  
here, man. I don't want to be a  
minority.

GRANT

You're not going to be a minority,  
Greg --

GREG

I don't care how you try to  
justify this... this small-sized  
TV role here...

(then,)

I just want to be great. I want to  
be one of the greats.

GRANT

I know you do.

GREG

So when I'm PAYING you to deliver  
me the bigger roles, I expect more  
than just a minor gig.

Grant nods it off.

GRANT

Yeah, But, Greg, nobody ever just  
gets the best right away. People  
work for their worth in the  
industry, it's not --

GREG

We'll talk when you have something  
great, Grant. GREAT. G. R. E. A.  
T.

(then,)

Great.

Greg rises.

GREG (CONT'D)

So do I need to search for better  
offers, or --

GRANT

No, that's me, I'll take care of  
it.

Grant is compliant. Greg, meanwhile, walks to the door  
with immense pride. He turns to Grant --



GREG

GREAT, Grant. I want something  
great. Okay?

\*

GRANT

I'll keep looking, I guess.

Greg nods with a smile, then exits.

\*

INT. GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

GREG comes home. OLIVIA is in the kitchen, cutting salad.

CHOP. She cuts the carrots.

\*

Greg comes into the kitchen. Taps Olivia on the shoulder.

GREG

Hey babe.

OLIVIA

Hey. How did it go?

GREG

Huh?

OLIVIA

The meeting with Grant? He get a  
role for you?

Greg takes an APPLE from the fruit bowl and starts plays  
catch with it.

\*

GREG

Eh, it was... it was fine. He  
didn't really have anything. I  
mean, he had something, but  
nothing worth taking.

\*

OLIVIA

So he found you something?

GREG

Yeah. Just... it was some side-  
gig. Just for two days. Nothing  
big.

OLIVIA

For TV?

GREG

Yeah.

OLIVIA

What show?

GREG

Some, medical show on NBC... Like, Reeves Medical? I'd have to audition for it. Not a sure thing yet.

\*  
\*  
\*

OLIVIA

Greg, that's a hard yes, why wouldn't you want to go for that?

\*

GREG

I don't know, it just -- wasn't what I was looking for.

Olivia can't believe it.

\*

OLIVIA

You said no already?

GREG

Yeah. He's going to keep looking, though. I told him, find something more substantial, something that I would enjoy doing --

OLIVIA

Oh really? Something you'd enjoy more than sitting at home for five months without a job?

Greg stops tossing the apple.

\*

GREG

I don't miss working for airport TSA. That's why I quit.

\*

OLIVIA

I just feel like you need to widen your scope a little bit.

(then,)

You said no without even telling me?

\*

GREG

Liv, it's not what I want to do... I'm... I'm worth more than that. I didn't quit my job to... downgrade. I've got dreams too.

\*

Greg looks at Olivia. Honest and humane.

\*

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)

Just like you. You wanted be at a  
higher position at your company.  
You made it, right? Vice  
president?

OLIVIA

I did. *Finally.*

Olivia goes back to cutting the salad. OFF the couple... \*

INT. LIVING ROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -  
LATER 30

Greg is watching TV while Olivia is browsing on her  
computer. It's silent between them. \*

GREG

Nothing good is on tonight...

OLIVIA

Oh. I totally forgot to tell you.  
Emma's in town, so tomorrow and I  
was thinking we should have her  
over for dinner. And she is a  
serious wine fanatic, so do you  
mind picking up a bottle?

GREG

Emma, your friend from college?

OLIVIA

Yeah. You've met here before. \*

GREG

I was gonna say, I feel like I've  
heard the name. \*

(then,)

So she's in town huh? \*

OLIVIA

Yeah. She's here for work and has  
no other night open so I thought  
I'd invite her over this weekend.

GREG

Hmph.

OLIVIA

What?

GREG

Nothing... just... if she's the one in town, maybe she should be the one calling.

A beat. Olivia looks at Greg -- *Seriously?*

OLIVIA

Well I've already decided I'm calling her. So...

Greg nods. *Do what you want.* Then:

GREG

So... you think you can save that vacation for the end of the year?

(then,)

We can take that cruise around the Greek Islands...

Olivia takes a beat to respond.

OLIVIA

When we have the money, we will. Until then, I'm going to use my vacation for the holidays. I talked to my mom yesterday, and I think she's pretty set on doing Christmas in Ohio this year so we're probably going to end up go there.

Greg nods slowly. *Alright.*

GREG

Nice. So you've got Christmas all planned out too.

Olivia disregards Greg's comment. Continues on her laptop.

And we go into ANOTHER LONG BEAT between the couple.

GREG (CONT'D)

When's your doctor's appointment?

OLIVIA

Um, it's actually tomorrow. Four-thirty. I'll probably just leave work early and go straight there.

GREG

Do I need to come?

OLIVIA

Ah... I think it's fine if I just go.

Greg does NOT seem okay with that.

\*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to intentionally not have you come, I'm just... if there's anything, I'll tell you on my own.

GREG

No I get it.

A beat. Then...

GREG (CONT'D)

Have you felt anything lately? Like... nausea, or...

OLIVIA

No. Not as of late.

Olivia looks up from her computer.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

GREG

Nothing. Um...

(then,)

If... we need to try again... we can...

OLIVIA

Let's just see what the doctor says tomorrow and then we can talk. Okay?

Greg nods. *Great.* He then goes back to the TV. Olivia goes back to her computer, looking nervous.

\*

INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM

We TILT DOWN from BRIGHT SHINING LIGHTS and find GREG at the center of an EMPTY THEATER stage.

GREG

*Last night we said a great many things. You said I was to do the thinking for both of us.*

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

*Well, I've done a lot of it since then, and it all adds up to one thing: you're getting on that plane with Victor where you belong.*

JUMP CUT TO \*

GREG (CONT'D)

*Now, you've got to listen to me! You have any idea what you'd have to look forward to if you stayed here? Nine chances out of ten, we'd both wind up in a concentration camp. Isn't that true, Louie?*

JUMP CUT TO \*

GREG (CONT'D)

*I'm saying it because it's true. Inside of us, we both know you belong with Victor. You're part of his work, the thing that keeps him going. If that plane leaves the ground and you're not with him, you'll regret it. Maybe not today. Maybe not tomorrow, but soon and for the rest of your life.*

JUMP CUT TO \*

GREG (CONT'D)

*We'll always have Paris. We didn't have, we... we lost it until you came to Casablanca. We got it back last night.*

And as he concludes the last part of the line, we PAN AROUND to see GREG standing on a platform facing an EMPTY THEATER. Off his finishing look, PROUD, we MATCH-CUT TO: \*

INT. KITCHEN - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

-- GREG. His eyes SNAP OUT of a fantasy moment. We hear the microwave go DING! \*

Greg pulls out a cinnamon roll from the microwave. \*

GREG

Liv?

EGO 12/18/18 FINAL 46.  
 32 CONTINUED: 32  
 Greg goes over to the table. Finds a note: \*  
*Don't forget the wine. - Liv.*  
 Greg crumples the note up.

33 INT. LIVING ROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 33  
 We CUT INTO A mini-montage of GREG. \*  
 On the sofa...  
 On the ground...  
 Throwing a ball against the wall... \*  
 Pacing around the room...  
 Watching TV...  
 Doing jumping jacks...  
 THIS is a day in HIS UNEMPLOYED LIFE. He's fucking bored  
 out of his mind. It's the kind of life people inevitably \*  
 get STUCK WITH it at times, not the one you would  
 necessarily WANT.

34 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY 34  
 Greg walks into the most average of average liquor  
 stores. Isles filled with winery and an assortment of  
 alcohol.  
 Greg browses the wine shelf. He sees a price tag. It  
 reads: \$95.00  
 ON GREG. An idea starts to form.

35 INT. GREG'S CAR - DAY 35  
 GREG gets into his car. Thinks for a beat. He then pulls  
 out his phone. Dials a number. A beat. It rings. Then --  
 VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hello?  
 GREG  
 Owen, hey, man, how's it going?

(CONTINUED)

And the voice from the other end of the call is in fact  
OWEN. \*

OWEN (O.S.)

Oh... hey Greg. I'm alright, how  
are you? \*

GREG

Oh, I'm good man. Just, ah...  
(then,)

I, um, I actually needed a favor.  
If you didn't mind.

A long beat. Owen takes his time to answer.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hello? Owen, You there?

OWEN (O.S.)

Yeah. Um... what do you need?

A beat. Greg takes a breath. Not sure how to put this.

GREG

I was wondering if you could do  
some digging for me. It's, um...  
it's this liquor store.

Off Greg, we CUT TO \*

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

OLIVIA makes her way through the grocery store aisle,  
popping things in her cart as she needs. She is on the  
phone with her college friend EMMA.

OLIVIA

So I was thinking, if you're not  
doing anything Sunday evening,  
Greg and I would love to have you  
over. We haven't seen you in a  
while. Thought it'd be nice to  
catch up.

(then,)

I even told Greg to get some wine  
since I know you're a fanatic.

EMMA

Oh absolutely. That would actually  
work perfectly because I have to  
catch a flight back later that  
night.



OLIVIA

Great. Greg or I could drop you at the airport afterwards, if need be.

EMMA

Awesome...

(then,)

How's Greg doing? He still working at TSA?

OLIVIA

Oh... ah, no, not anymore. He actually quit a few months back.

EMMA

Oh.

OLIVIA

Yeah, he's trying to pursue an acting career now.

EMMA

Huh. Wow. That's -- Yeah, I could see Greg doing that.

OLIVIA

Yeah, we'll see how it goes.

A beat.

EMMA

So... just between us... when's the baby due?

Olivia tries to laugh this one off.

OLIVIA

(chuckles,)

Oh...

EMMA

Liv. Come one. I'm the closest friend from college, I can be in on this.

OLIVIA

Well, I'm not pregnant.

EMMA

Yet.

Olivia takes that in for a beat...

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

Right...

EMMA

So let me rephrase that... when  
can I *expect* a little Greg Jr., or  
princess Olivia?

ON OLIVIA. She IMMEDIATELY looks up. *Shit*. This is  
something she wants to avoid.

OLIVIA

(politely,)

You remind me of my mother right  
now.

Emma laughs.

EMMA

Sorry. Maybe I jumped the gun  
there. But I'm just saying... when  
it happens, I'm going to be the  
first one at the hospital.

OLIVIA

You would be.

EMMA

Alright, I gotta head to a meeting  
now. I'll see you Sunday. Bye.

OLIVIA

Okay. See you then. Bye.

Olivia hangs up. She looks at a TOMATO in her hand. She  
puts it back on the shelf.

CLOSE ON OLIVIA. She's stressed. Worried.

37

INT. KITCHEN - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

37\*

GREG is impatiently on the phone.

GREG

You got what I asked for right?

OWEN (O.S.)

Yeah..?

GREG

You sure?

\*

(CONTINUED)

OWEN (O.S.)

Yeah. I said I'd get it to you.

GREG

Okay, how soon can you meet me?

OWEN (O.S.)

Well... You want it now? Like now-  
now or..?

GREG

ASAP, Man. Can you meet at nine?

OWEN (O.S.)

I mean, it might take me an hour  
or so... get ready, eat something,  
then head to the office.

Greg rolls his eyes. Impatient.

\*

GREG

Alright, well make it quick. And,  
um... we can just meet in front of  
Wal-Mart or something. In the  
parking lot.

OWEN (O.S.)

What? Why?

GREG

Just... that's where I want to  
meet. I'll see you there in an  
hour. Okay?

\*

OWEN (O.S.)

Okay... fine. Yeah. I'll see you  
then.

\*

Greg hangs up with anticipation. OLIVIA comes into the  
kitchen.

OLIVIA

Who was that?

GREG

Oh, it was... just Grant. I just  
called him to see about work.

\*

OLIVIA

Um... I had my appointment two  
days ago.

GREG

Oh right... that's right...

(then,)

So... what did the doctor say?

Olivia takes a beat to respond. Nervous.

OLIVIA

We can, um, we can discuss it  
later. I'm getting late for work.

Olivia exits frame, leaving us with Greg. He's confused.

INT. LIVING ROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

GREG rips open a package (We assume it's from Owen). We  
get VARIOUS CUTS of him scanning the documents inside --  
a couple of INVOICES, SALES REPORTS, and an INSTRUCTION  
MANUAL. And finally --

ON GREG. He gathers all the papers. Tidies it up. We  
CLOSE ON HIM, pretty CONFIDENT in himself.

INT. BEDROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

GREG is putting on his tennis shoes. OLIVIA enters the  
room.

OLIVIA

Where are you going?

GREG

Oh. I was just gonna go to the gym  
for a bit.

OLIVIA

The gym?

GREG

Yeah.

OLIVIA

It's ten o'clock.

GREG

Yeah, well... I just, need to get  
loosened up.

OLIVIA

Greg. You have all day tomorrow.

GREG

I know, but I... I gotta look for a job and... so most of my day is going to be spent doing that...

OLIVIA

(*Seriously?*)

Okay...

(*a beat,*)

I was... hoping we could talk... you know...

GREG

Yeah. We can tomorrow. I promise.

(*then,*)

Alright, I'll see you in a bit. Or actually, you can go to bed if you want to. You don't need to wait for me.

Greg leaves. Olivia grows a wee bit suspicious.

INT. GREG'S CAR - NIGHT

GREG sits in his car. Nervous as hell. CUT TO:

He pulls a SCARY MASK over his face. Breathes.

GREG

(*to himself,*)

All or nothing.

With that, Greg grabs AN EMPTY BLACK DUFFLE BAG, and GETS OUT OF HIS CAR --

\*

CUT TO

\*

TIME-LAPSE. The night sky defuses from dark to morning.

INT. KITCHEN - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

OLIVIA is sitting at the kitchen table on her phone, sipping her morning coffee. And suddenly --

PLOP. A LARGE BLACK DUFFLE BAG is slammed in front of her. PULL UP to see GREG with an eager smile.

\*

OLIVIA

What's this?

And we have a pretty good idea of what's in that bag...

Greg smiles. Overjoyed.

GREG

Open it.

Olivia gets curious. She puts down her coffee mug and UNZIPS the bag to find --

A whole BAG FULL OF CASH. Her face goes in SHOCK.

GREG (CONT'D)

That... is Greece. That's our whole cruise right there, babe.

And Olivia can't bear to see it. She FLOPS the top of the bag over, covering the money. Still in disbelief of how much fucking money she just saw.

OLIVIA

Greg. Where. Did you get all this money from?

Greg tries to brush it off.

GREG

(proudly)

Oh, Liv, don't -- you don't need to worry about that, just... hey. We got it. We got Greece now. This?

(to the bag,)

This is thirty-eight grand right here -- we -- we can even go to Croatia and Spain -- this is a jackpot for us!

And Olivia stares back, PERPLEXED.

OLIVIA

Greg. Where did the money come from?

GREG

I said don't worry about it --

OLIVIA

No. I want to know, where did this money come from --

GREG

Olivia --



OLIVIA

A bank? Did you sneak into a bank?

GREG

No, no, no --

OLIVIA

Then where the fuck did you rob it from?

GREG

It was just...  
(a beat,)  
A liquor store...

Olivia's heart starts to beat FASTER.

\*

OLIVIA

Oh my god...

GREG

I didn't leave any traces behind,  
Liv, I swear, I was careful --

OLIVIA

What the fuck Greg --

GREG

I disabled the security  
alarms -- hid my face --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK! What the  
fuck is wrong with you?

\*

GREG

I just want us to be happy!

OLIVIA

I married a burglar.

GREG

No, Liv, listen, I did it  
for you!

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I married a burglar. A con -  
- a fucking con --

GREG

Liv, Liv, just hear me out.  
Just listen --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You broke into a liquor  
store and stole thirty  
grand, I married a fucking  
low-life!

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I married a con! My husband's a  
con!



GREG

I STOLE FOR THE FIRST TIME! THE  
FIRST TIME! FOR YOU -- FOR US!!

Olivia stops. Turns. She's had enough.

OLIVIA

For us?

(a beat,)

I'm sorry? Did you just say you  
stole for this US? \*

GREG

We wanted Greece.

OLIVIA

Fuck Greece, Greg.

(then,)

You. You wanted Greece. You wanted  
to steal that money, so YOU stole  
that money! Everything --  
everything you've ever done for  
us... you've really done for  
yourself! I'm just the person in  
this marriage that puts up with  
your shit!

And this TEARS INTO GREG HARD --

GREG

My shit? I'm sorry -- I was trying  
to make you happy.

OLIVIA

By committing theft?

GREG

You seriously can't appreciate  
what I just risked my life to do  
for you! You -- you should be glad  
I'm not in jail right now Olivia! \*

OLIVIA

GREG YOU DID THIS FOR  
YOURSELF! I NEVER ASKED YOU  
TO STEAL MONEY!

GREG (CONT'D)

I have held my tongue, I've  
spent the last five months  
as I've been struggling to  
put myself out there,  
trying to pursue something  
I'm passionate about and  
you haven't given me an  
ounce of support in that --

OLIVIA

I have stood by you for five months since you were fired!

GREG

Fired? What -- What the fuck are you talking about--?

\*

OLIVIA

You don't think I figured that out, Greg? The job you were boasting about for YEARS, and you expect me to buy that you just QUIT to become an actor?

(then,)

You were fired from that job. They let you go... probably because you were too much for them.

GREG

Acting has been my dream!

OLIVIA

It's your hobby. Greg. It's just your hobby. So, go, Live it out! What's next, huh? Stealing more money?

\*  
\*  
\*

GREG

You're absurd --

\*

OLIVIA

Oh I am absurd? Are you serious? Are you fucking serious right now? I AM the one that's being absurd?

\*

GREG

You are being exceptionally unappreciative of what I am trying to do for our marriage --

\*

(then,)

The one that you haven't been there for? Right, that one.

OLIVIA

I haven't been there for? Excuse me -- what -- I -- correct me if I'm wrong, but I AM the one who's supporting this -- this household financially --

GREG (CONT'D)

-- I supported it for as long as I could, and I am trying my best to get back on my feet again!

OLIVIA

I AM the one who still  
walks in this house,  
despite working full time --  
I still cook for you, I  
take care of any of the  
bills that come in -- while  
you go out and dream and  
accomplish nothing! And  
yet, despite all that I do,  
everything is always about  
you! "I didn't tip the  
waitress, I want a bigger  
role, I want to go steal  
money, I want to go to  
Greece!" IT'S JUST ALL  
ABOUT YOU!

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh great, thank you Olivia!  
You're the goddess of this  
house -- you have to list  
out everything you do--!

But Greg's not ready to accept...

GREG (CONT'D)

No -- NO -- I love you, and that's  
why I did it! I did it for you!  
And I was careful every goddamn  
step of the way, you should be  
glad it was me who planned it  
properly, and not some other  
idiot!

(then,)

And the -- THE FACT -- that you  
start leaning into me about my  
struggles, it is heartbreaking,  
Olivia. It is absolutely  
heartbreaking!

Olivia tries to contain herself.

OLIVIA

Who helped you with this?

(then,)

There's no possible way you  
planned this out all by yourself.  
Who was your -- your partner in  
this? Are you sure he's not going  
to rat to the police on you? Am I  
going to have to worry about cops  
raiding our home?

GREG

No there's no -- there aren't  
going to be any cops. Okay? I MADE  
SURE OF IT.

OLIVIA

How?

Greg is hesitant to say it...

GREG

Owen helped me.

ON OLIVIA. Her mouth falls open.

OLIVIA

You talked to Owen?

GREG

Yeah. He helped me with this. But it doesn't look like it did anything, because obviously, you have some sort of --

OLIVIA

You. Talked. To Owen?

Greg doesn't see anything wrong with that --

GREG

What. I can't talk to him? I don't know him? I can't even ask a favor of him?

OLIVIA

How dare you use Owen for something like this?

GREG

It was his choice to help me! And quite frankly -- If you're still that possessive of him, let me know next time, and I'll just delete his number off my phone

Olivia nears towards Greg.

OLIVIA

What do you mean I'm possessive of him?

GREG

Let's not try to cover it up, Liv. You still have feelings for him. Deep down, you still wish that you ended up with him instead of me!

OLIVIA

Jesus Greg that was thirteen years ago! It's in the past!! You can't just let it go, you just have to keep it all with you so you can attack me with it when it's convenient for you!

\*

GREG

You still love him more than you do me, I've never brought it up because I don't want to ever admit to myself it's true, but it's true, Liv, and you and I both know that!

OLIVIA

That's bullshit! If I did, I wouldn't have married you!

\*

GREG

Oh great -- thanks Olivia! You really did me a solid!

\*

\*

Olivia turns away. Tries to calm herself. She's had it.

Greg takes a pause. He looks at the duffle bag. He breathes. And in a beat, turns to near toward Olivia.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I said that.  
(a beat,)  
I'm sorry.

He gets close to Olivia. He's right behind her. She has her face turned to him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Liv... I'm sorry.

Olivia closes her eyes. She can feel him right behind her, and she doesn't like it.

\*

GREG (CONT'D)

We love each other...  
(a beat,)  
We love each other... I know we do... and so do you.

A LONG BEAT. They linger. Greg looking off as he's RIGHT BEHIND Olivia who looks like she's suffocating inside.

OLIVIA

What do you love about me, Greg?

GREG

What?

Olivia turns. Looks Greg STRAIGHT in the eye --

OLIVIA

What do you love about me?

(then,)

Not the me from college... not the me that you thought would be head over heels in love with you when she saw that money...

(then,)

But me right now. What do you love about me? Your wife?

And Greg is quiet. He can't speak. \*

GREG

Liv... we can have this. I got that money for us.

OLIVIA

No --

GREG

I got it for us. We can have Greece. We can have it all. You just have to believe me. I did it for us.

(then,)

This is our little world... here. You and me. \*

Olivia looks off. She's now tearing up.

GREG (CONT'D)

We've still got a big future ahead of us... right? We'll go to Greece... then start a family... right, we got our baby to think about. We have each other. We can have our world, Just like we want it. \*

And now Olivia turns back to Greg. She's ready to hand it to him --

OLIVIA

Your world, Greg. \*

(then,)

And for the record, we can't have \*  
your world. We can't ever have \*  
your world. \*

Olivia's looks straight into Greg's face -- \*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Because you can't have kids, Greg. \*

Greg's face goes cold.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I had my appointment. And the \*  
results from when you tested are \*  
in my drawer in the bedroom if you \*  
want to see them.

(then,)

I think you should see them.

Greg says nothing. He's still blank, trying to take in  
what he just heard. That was the last nail.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I think you should see them.

A long beat. Greg and Olivia beam INTO each other. \*  
Intense, bitter, and RAW.

And now Olivia BACKS OUT of the frame. She then leaves  
the kitchen.

Greg stays put. Numb. \*

INT. BEDROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

OLIVIA enters the room. Shuts the door quietly. Backs up  
against the door.

Maybe she felt good about what she just did, but it PAINS  
her all the same.

She takes a breath. It's the most devastatingly relieving  
breath she's ever taken. \*

She begins to cry. \*

CUT TO \*

43 INT. LIVING ROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY 43

GREG plops down on the sofa. He grabs the remote. Flips on the TV. And he just watches plainly. We CLOSE ON HIM -- filled with ANGST and DESPAIR as we CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN TABLE...

We find the bag of money SITTING THERE. Its' existence in this household is, by all means, completely and totally PURPOSELESS.

BACK ON GREG. Ravaged.

\*

And now here comes OLIVIA. She's got her purse in hand, and she slips her shoes on. She heads for the door. Greg looks up at her.

GREG

Where are you going?

OLIVIA

Out.

A beat. Olivia goes to open the door. And she stops. She shuts it. Looks back at Greg.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I want you do something about that money, Greg. Quick and fast. I don't care what -- tip it to the police, donate it, spend it -- just get it out of this apartment.

And with that, Olivia returns to the door. She leaves.

The door shuts.

Greg leans back in the sofa. His eyes shut.

44 INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY 44

Parked somewhere in a parking lot, we find OLIVIA sitting in her car. Looking ahead out through her windshield.

We TAKE HER IN for a good beat. FEEL her stress. And now...

She pulls out her phone. She dials a number.

Before pressing DIAL, Olivia stops. Hesitant. *Should she really make this call?*

(CONTINUED)



And she pushes DIAL. It rings for a beat. And then --

We hear a voice. Oh so familiar. It is Owen.

OWEN (O.S.)

Hello?

And Olivia is surprised, but suddenly nervous. She gathers her words...

We STAY with OLIVIA'S SIDE this time...

OLIVIA

Ha-hi Owen. How are you? Sorry --  
I hope I'm not bothering you.

OWEN (O.S.)

Yeah hi. No, no, no, not at all.  
Ah, I was just...  
(a beat,)  
How are you?

OLIVIA

I'm good. Really good. Just... a  
long time since we've talked. So I  
thought I'd...  
(then,)  
No, but yeah, everything's good.

OWEN (O.S.)

Good, good. That's good.  
(then,)  
So... what's going on? What's up?

OLIVIA

Ah... not much... just... normal  
routine... Work... That's  
basically it.

OWEN (O.S.)

Ah-huh. Yeah...

A long beat. Olivia is a bit fidgety.

OLIVIA

I, uh... I heard you and Greg met  
up.

ANOTHER LONG BEAT. We remember this one from Owen's end.

OWEN (O.S.)

(a long beat;)  
So you know about that..?

OLIVIA

Yep. I know.

(then,)

He can't lie to me easily. Not with something like that.

OWEN (O.S.)

Yeah... yeah...

\*

OLIVIA

So I'm sure he paid you, right?  
To... you know, do that?

\*

OWEN (O.S.)

No, um... it's funny he actually offered, but I... I didn't take it.

Olivia scoffs. She looks off. Affected.

\*

OLIVIA

Because of me?

OWEN (O.S.)

Well, no, not just because of that, I just... I don't know. It didn't feel right, and I thought whatever it was for... it was for you. So...

\*

An awkward pause. Olivia takes his words in. They WARM the hell out of her.

OWEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So anyway... Um...

OLIVIA

So how is everything else?

OWEN (O.S.)

(a beat,)

Yeah everything is... everything is good, just busy with work and all. Same old, same old.

\*

OLIVIA

Yeah...

(then,)

Are you -- are you and that girl still together? I saw on Facebook a while ago that you were...

OWEN (O.S.)

(another beat;)

Ah, no... no we actually broke up  
a few months ago, so... ah...

\*

Olivia scolds herself silently.

\*

OLIVIA

Oh. I'm -- Gosh I'm really sorry  
Owen.

\*

OWEN (O.S.)

(then,)

Yeah, it just... didn't work out.  
But you know... life is life.

\*

Olivia closes her eyes for a beat. Saddened. Then,  
nodding:

\*

\*

OLIVIA

Yeah. Life is life...

\*

\*

A beat. Olivia is silent.

\*

OWEN (O.S.)

Alright, well I, uh... I was about  
to head out to the gym, so... if  
there's anything else --

Olivia immediately jumps to respond as she INTERRUPTS  
OWEN --

\*

OLIVIA

Oh no, I just called. Just to see  
what you were up to. It was...  
really nice talking to you.

OWEN (O.S.)

Sure. Yeah.

OLIVIA

Okay. Take care. Bye.

OWEN (O.S.)

Okay. Bye.

Olivia hangs up. She sits back in her car. Breathes.  
Impacted.

\*

She then opens her purse. She pulls out an old  
photograph.

\*

ON OLIVIA. She stares at the photo with EMOTION. It's like a FOUNTAIN OF MEMORIES pouring back into her.

We still DO NOT get to see the full thing. In fact, right now, we don't even get to see ANY of it. But now...

We're CLOSE ON OLIVIA'S HANDS as she now has the photograph turned over to its' blank side. Written on it is...

**2005**

\*

And now she turns the photo over for us to see...

HER and OWEN. From long ago. In their college years. They're younger... and HAPPIER.

\*

\*

Olivia stares at the picture fondly. Linger on the memory.

Off Olivia, stirring with sentiment, we CUT TO

\*

EXT. LAKESIDE - EVENING

GREG walks up to the edge of the lake. Stares intensely at the shimmering lake water. The black duffel bag is in his hand.

\*

\*

\*

INSERT CUT:

\*

*GREG in the bedroom. He's reading the fertility test results from the gynecologist. Despondent.*

\*

\*

BACK ON GREG. He opens up the duffel bag. Starts CHUCKING cash bundles out into the water.

\*

\*

We HOLD TIGHT ON him as he throws stack after stack... and off his FLAMING SILENCE...

\*

\*

FADE TO

\*

INT. BAR - EVENING

OLIVIA enters this empty and DEAD bar. She seats herself. Signals for A DRINK.

WE HOLD ON OLIVIA. Looks around, scanning the bar. Until...

\*

BOOM. Her eyes STOP at...

A WOMAN. Olivia double checks her curiously. \*

But WE already know this woman. She is EVANGELINE. \*

Evie looks at Olivia. \*

EVIE  
Hi there. \*

OLIVIA  
Hello.

The Woman turns back to her drink. Then looks back at Olivia who keeps eyeing her.

EVIE  
Are you going for a shot or pint? \*

OLIVIA  
I'm -- I'm sorry?

EVIE  
Hard liquor or beer? \*

Off the Evie's look. She is a bit day-drunk. \*

OLIVIA  
Just beer. \*

EVIE TOASTS her glass to Olivia, who manages to offer a smile at her. And then, she TURNS back to The Woman. \*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I'm probably wrong, but  
-- you seem really, really  
familiar. Have we met before?

EVIE  
No ma'am.  
(a beat,)  
But you've probably seen me  
around. \*

Olivia goes confused. Then, she quickly has an epiphany.  
Her eyes LIGHT UP -- \*

OLIVIA  
Oh my god. Of course -- you're --  
you're Evangeline Gleason! From  
Evie Talks!

And she seems excited, but Evangeline simply nods quietly. Almost as if her name is a curse. \*

EVIE

Yep. Guilty.

And the smile suddenly disappears from Olivia as she realizes something.

OLIVIA

Oh yeah... I heard what happened... or what... you did...

EVIE

(sarcastically,)  
Did you now?

OLIVIA

Yeah, I -- that was some shocking stuff. No offense.

EVIE

Yeah. Yeah it... it happened for sure...

OLIVIA

Sorry -- I -- didn't mean to bring it up like that --

\*

EVIE

No, it's fine. I brought it on myself so...

Olivia turns back to her beer that has been set in front of her. She takes a sip. Evie notices her down mood.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Can I ask what's wrong?

A BEAT. Olivia looks back at Evie.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's just... after years of talking to people -- I can tell 'em by the face now.

Olivia shares a look with Evie. She starts to crack up. Even Evie laughs.

OLIVIA

You would find it crazy.

EVIE

(chuckles,)  
You can try me, honey. I dare you.

\*

Olivia laughs it off. Then -- seriously --

OLIVIA

My husband stole thirty-eight  
grand for us to go on vacation.

Olivia sips her pint of beer.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

He thought we were going to have a  
baby... but he's... we're never  
going to have any kids. \*  
\*

Evie nods. Takes it in. She's really not shocked by it.

EVIE

Is that all?

OLIVIA

As of recent. Yeah.

A beat. They both drink. Evie remains glued to Olivia's  
words. Go on...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It's just...

(a beat,)

Too much pride to deal with. You  
know... I feel so -- so suffocated  
-- you -- have you ever been  
married?

EVIE

Uh, well I --

Evie awkwardly shakes her head as Olivia realizes  
something. \*  
\*

OLIVIA

Oh wait, yeah, never mind. Sorry. \*

Evie nods. Keeps listening --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

So yeah, anyway he went and stole  
-- all that money. And -- expects  
me to be all hoo-hah about it. And  
I'm over here trying to get him to  
leave la la land and --

EVIE

Did you say something about pride? \*

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA

What?

EVIE

You said "too much pride?"

OLIVIA

Oh, yeah. Yeah, just -- I married  
a narcissist, you know?

\*  
\*

EVIE

Yeah..?

INSERT CUT:

\*

*Somewhere in an open field, GREG throws the cash bundles  
into a pond of water...*

\*  
\*

OLIVIA (V.O.)

Like the kind of freak that's  
lost... can't see how pathetic he  
is...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

*He throws the rest of the bag with the rest of the money  
into the water.*

\*  
\*

BACK ON OLIVIA. She's looking at Evie, who is smiling all  
the way through.

\*  
\*

OLIVIA

It's like -- he can't wake up...  
you know?

\*  
\*

EVIE

Are you happy?

Olivia stops herself from answering.

\*

EVIE (CONT'D)

With your husband? Are you happy  
with him?

OLIVIA

Um... I mean, I've known the guy  
forever, so, like --

EVIE

That's not what I asked.  
(a beat,)  
I asked are you happy with him?

A BEAT. Olivia is unsure of herself.

\*



Evie smiles at her. She takes a sip of her beer.

EVIE (CONT'D)

You know... I don't really have  
any credibility right now to  
advise you. For the... obvious  
reasons...

OLIVIA

No. Please, go ahead...

EVIE

But if I did have any... \*

(then,)

It sounds like your husband and I  
are more alike than you would  
think... \*

OLIVIA

Huh. Really..? \*

EVIE

(nods; smiling,)

Yep... \*

(a beat,)

So if I were you, I would leave  
the man.

A LONG BEAT. Olivia and Evie lock eyes on that. And  
then...

They both start laughing. Shallow humor. \*

OLIVIA \*

You. You are living your best  
life. \*

EVIE \*

It sure is one hell of a life! For  
sure... \*

OLIVIA \*

Aw, Gosh... Anybody tells you to  
plan your life, don't do it.  
You'll make a fool of yourself. \*

EVIE \*

(chuckles,)

You're not a fool. \*

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA  
Do you see me right now?  
(holds up her beer,)  
Pre mid-life crisis.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Evie smiles. Nods. Then --

\*

EVIE  
(a beat,)  
Plan again.

\*  
\*  
\*

And as Evie goes back to her beer, we HOLD ON OLIVIA who takes a big gulp. The smile fades from her face and becomes more serious. She is considering something...

\*  
\*

INT. LIVING ROOM - GREG AND OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

OLIVIA walks in. Finds GREG sitting on the couch right where she left him. She puts her purse down and sits on the couch. Silent.

Greg, noticing her silence, leans forward. A beat Looks at her -- *How to begin?*

\*  
\*

GREG  
You okay?

OLIVIA  
Where is the money?

Greg looks off. Breathes.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Is it still in the house?

GREG  
Liv, can we talk about us first?

OLIVIA  
Is the money still in the house,  
Greg?

Greg doesn't answer.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Is it?

And then --

GREG  
No. I got rid of it.

Olivia nods.

GREG (CONT'D)

Listen, Liv... about what we said  
to each other earlier... I...

(then,)

I didn't mean everything that I  
said, I just -- it was in the heat  
of the moment -- I didn't mean to  
hurt you. I just --

(then,)

You throwing that in my face. I --  
I didn't appreciate it at all. No  
-- no spouse would have. And  
that... was unfair. That you stuck  
that in my face while we were mad  
at each other --

As Greg talks Olivia is plain. And right in the middle of  
him talking, she speaks, cutting him off entirely --

\*

GREG (CONT'D)

OLIVIA

I mean, we could have saved -- I want a divorce.  
that conversation for  
another time, some time  
when we weren't yelling in  
each other's faces --

And Greg STOPS. Not fully understanding what he just  
heard from her...

GREG

Wh-What?

And now Olivia looks directly into Greg's eyes... His  
soul...

\*

\*

OLIVIA

I want a divorce.

Off Olivia -- PITIFULLY COLD AS CAN BE --

\*

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CAFE - DAY

Find GREG sitting at a table, speaking to a WOMAN O.S.

GREG

Listen, I just want to say, I'm  
glad we were able to do this. It's  
great that Megan introduced us.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (O.S.)

Likewise. Megan been a friend of  
mine for quite some time.

And now we ARM AROUND to find that Woman's voice belongs  
to...

MIA BLOOM. She sits, faintly smiling.

GREG

It's amazing how mutual friends  
can do so much!

MIA

Yes.  
(then,)  
Yes it is.

Greg smiles. Clearly he's enjoying this date.

MIA (CONT'D)

So... Greg. I hope you don't mind.  
I have to get this out of the way.

GREG

Oh of course, go ahead.

MIA

So you mentioned you were married  
before?

And we HOLD ON GREG. His smile starts to fade just a  
little, and before he can answer, we --

BLACK OUT.

TITLE CARD: **III. Evangeline**

OVER BLACK, we hear the sound of WIND SWAYING... the \*  
faint astir of NATURE... \*

FADE IN:

48 EXT. UNKNOWN OPEN FIELD - DAY 48

We're CRAWLING UP ON A FEMALE BODY laying on the ground.  
And we get closer and closer... and closer... and we HALT  
on her FACE to see --

It's Evie. \*

(CONTINUED)

She awakes. INHALES a large breath. She's just had a startling awakening. \*

Evie looks at her view. It's just plain BLUE SKY. She now pulls up -- AS DO WE ALONG WITH HER -- to find herself in:

AN OPEN FIELD. Ahead of her is endless GREEN GRASS with NOTHING around her. Evie's eyes glance beside her to...

A GUN. Sitting a few feet away from her... CUT TO:

Evie picks up the gun. Holds it. Has no idea what it's here for. She hears something...

WHIS-WHIS-WHIS-WHIS.... WHIS-WHIS-WHIS-WHIS...

A loud whispering sound. And now Evie TURNS to see --

EVIE'S POV...

Far across the field... A FIGURE, BLURRED OUT, is standing on the field. Neither us, or Evie can see who it is. \*

OFF EVIE...

CUT TO \*

INT. BEDROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

EVIE wakes up. *Just a strange dream.* She shakes the feeling off.

Evie gets out of bed and walks into --

INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING - CONT'D

EVIE hits the coffee machine. It starts running.

She pours herself a glass of orange juice. Drinks it.

She then CRACKS an egg and lets the yolk fall into a cup. CUT TO:

Evie beats two eggs.

She scrambles the eggs.

Takes a toast out of the toaster.

She grabs the coffee from the coffee machine.

50

CONTINUED:

50

Evie eats her breakfast while on her laptop. We CUT TO HER LAPTOP. \*

She's on YouTube, checking VIEWS on her video.

We CUT TO a note pad on her table. It has all sorts of notes and paragraphs written. Some of the headings read:

**ADVICE** \*

**ANSWERING QUESTIONS**

**TUESDAY VIDEO**

**AGENDA**

CUT TO \*

50A

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

50A\*

EVIE. She is on the phone. Fed up. \*

EVIE

No -- Mom... Mom..?

(then,)

MOM. You don't need to be overcomplicate things.

(then,)

Yes... yes... I did. No I did.

Mom, I promise you, I did.

(a beat,)

Okay, well if it's that easy, then maybe they can pick up the phone and call too. I mean -- I did, I did call a few times. I called them both after Dad's funeral, and I got tired of being the one who just kept giving.

(then,)

No. I'm not saying --

(then,)

I'm not saying there's tension, it's just... we don't talk that much. We're just... not close.

(a beat,)

No... mom -- no it's not like that. You just always have to take everything out of context. \*

CUT TO:

51 INT. BATHROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 51

EVIE is in front of the mirror. She's applying her makeup. We CUT ON VARIOUS ANGLES OF her putting on eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, etc.

And finally, at the end of it, we GLIMPSE her in the mirror in FULL BEAUTY. \*

52 INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 52

EVIE, dressed up and in full glamor, sits in front of a laptop. She fastens a MIC on her sweater. She hits RECORD on the camera. She begins recording herself. \*

A BEAT. And now EVIE puts on a smiling face.

EVIE

Hi there! Welcome to Evie Talks!  
As always, I'm Evangeline, call me  
Evie -- Evie Gleason here. And  
every week, we're here to think,  
discuss, and learn about all  
things life.

(a beat,)

So just a few words for any new viewers on this podcast, welcome! \*  
I'm excited to talk to you all, \*  
and hopefully you get something worth your time out of this. And  
if you do, then I'd love for you to hit subscribe and be back next week. This is totally nonprofit. I do this for fun, because I do love talking to you guys. I try to get these videos out every Tuesday for you all. Um, so with that, let's get started with this week's topic, which is, ah -- things to avoid when you're feeling low. \*

(then,)

And this is one, coming from personal experience that I can really attest to. I mean, for those of you that are familiar with my history -- I really -- I really learned lots of big lessons from that time in my life that I feel really confident in sharing with you in this video. \*

CUT TO \*

53

LATER...

53

EVIE is on her laptop. She is finished recording her video, and watches the playback.

We HOLD ON EVIE. Watching herself -- SMILING --

\*

EVIE

(from recording,)

\*

*So thanks again, everyone -- and for our newcomers for joining me today. I appreciate it a lot. As always, I wish I had time to get more of your questions -- it's just -- I can only make these things so long..! Anyway, comment away, I always love hearing what you all have to say.*

\*

\*

(then,)

*So, take care everybody. Thanks for tuning into this week's Evie Talks, and I'll see you next week.*

The video recording ends. Evie closes her laptop and rises from the table.

54

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

54\*

We TILT DOWN to a gorgeous setting of a lakeside. Find EVIE and a woman, CARMEN walking alongside the lake.

\*

CARMEN

Thank you so much for meeting me here Evie. I'm sorry it was on such short notice.

EVIE

Oh, it's not a problem, don't worry.

CARMEN

No, I really do wish I could attend your sessions. It's just... with work and all, it just gets to chaotic. And I wouldn't even be able to get there on time, because --

EVIE

No -- no worries Carmen. Anything I can do to help out.

(then,)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



EVIE (CONT'D)

How have you been? I think last,  
we spoke on the phone.

CARMEN

Um, yeah, it's been pretty smooth.  
For the most part. We're still  
working out the paperwork, my  
husband and I. These lawyers  
are... it's always gotta be on  
their time, you know?

EVIE

Mhm. Yeah.

CARMEN

And just -- really, I feel like  
I'm in my mid-life crisis. With,  
moving out, and trying to get the  
house on the market...

EVIE

Yeah. I know it can be hard.

(then,)

So have you thought about what you  
can do after? Like -- some  
alternatives?

CARMEN

Like, alternatives, as in..?

EVIE

By alternatives, I mean,  
activities. As in, interacting  
socially. Like, for example,  
joining a book club... or a yoga  
class. Those can always be  
helpful. I know, after Tyrell  
passed, I joined one and it  
really, really helped.

Carmen takes that in. Nods.

CARMEN

God, that must have been so hard  
for you. I can't imagine -- I  
mean, my husband and I, we ended  
on terrible terms, but... you and  
your fiancee...

And Evie is being hit with all KINDS of emotions...

EVIE

Yeah. It was -- it was rough. But,  
you know, the more we focus on  
that, rather how we can move on...

(then,)

I mean, I really miss him. I --  
think of him every day, I just...

CARMEN

How did he pass?

Evie pauses.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Oh sorry, if you don't mind me  
asking.

EVIE

No, no -- of course --

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

EVIE

No, don't be. He, um...

(then,)

Had a tumor in his stomach. And by  
the time we found out about it, it  
was... terminal.

CARMEN

I'm so sorry.

EVIE

Yeah...

CARMEN

Were you together for a long time?

EVIE

Um, we met at the end of grad  
school. Then, we were engaged.  
So... and then soon after that he  
was diagnosed. So it was really a  
tight window.

\*  
\*

CARMEN

In the middle of planning your  
wedding?

EVIE

We had just started, yeah. And  
then... he was in treatment not  
long after...

\*

And Evie is starting to tear up. Carmen starts to worry.

\*

(CONTINUED)

EVIE (CONT'D)  
(wiping her tears,)  
I'm sorry. Excuse me.

\*  
\*  
\*

CARMEN  
Aw, I'm sorry -- I am SO sorry. I  
made you cry.

\*  
\*  
\*

EVIE  
No, no -- you're fine. It's me --

\*  
\*

CARMEN  
No, I'm sorry that was uncalled  
for of me.

\*  
\*  
\*

EVIE  
No, really, it's fine. I'm -- I'm  
just sensitive like that. I'm a  
big crier, I guess.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CARMEN  
Well, I really think what you're  
doing -- for all your -- can I  
call them fans?

Evie, sniffing her tears, chuckles with flattery.

\*

EVIE  
Oh...

CARMEN  
Your listeners... they really have  
a great educator.

EVIE  
Aw. That's sweet of you to say.

\*

CARMEN  
Oh, and I almost forgot...

And now Carmen takes out an envelope from her purse --

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
Because I have to leave soon...  
(hands the envelope,)  
I forgot to give this to you. It's  
the last two times, plus this one  
combined.

And Evie is reluctant to accept --

EVIE

Oh -- that's not -- no. I can't.  
Carmen, I really cannot take that.

\*  
\*

CARMEN

No. I insist.  
(then,)  
You've really been here for me,  
Evie. Seriously. I want you to  
have it.

\*

EVIE

Carmen, that's not what I'm here  
for. I mean -- I'm not even a  
professional.

CARMEN

But you should be. And besides,  
it's not right for everyone in  
your sessions to be paying, and  
not me.  
(then,)  
Please. I really insist.

\*  
  
\*  
\*

ON EVIE. And after hesitating, she takes it.

EVIE

Thank you.

CARMEN

Thank you.

Off Evie and Carmen...

The apartment is scattered with PEOPLE. Among them, we  
find EVIE making her way through her guests.

This is one of Evie's therapy sessions she hosts weekly.  
It's small, but sizable enough. The age range is mostly  
of the YOUNGER GENERATION.

Evie's comes across one of her guests, GINA.

GINA

Hey Evie.

EVIE

Gina, hi! How are you?

GINA

Good. So... I have some awesome news.

EVIE

Yeah?

GINA

I, ah, I called my mom last night. Finally.

EVIE

And? How did it go?

GINA

Yeah. It's -- it was kind of awkward at first, because -- she's just kind of like a different person after coming out of rehab, so...

(then,)

But we're getting lunch next week, and I'm... I think it's going to go well.

EVIE

That is great. That is really great. I know you've been working towards that -- I mean, just going off of our conversation last week. I think -- this is a really healthy step for you. Yeah.

GINA

Yeah. Thank you for your help.

EVIE

Of course. Yeah, no, I'm always here. And I wanna know how the lunch goes next week. Alright?

Gina nods. Evie moves on to...

Another one of her guests, WILL, an older teen who approaches her. He's a bit AWKWARD in tone.

WILL

Hi Ms. Gleason.

\*

EVIE

Hey Will, how's it going?

Will hands her a check.

WILL

I, um, wanted to give you this.

Evie takes the check.

EVIE

Alright, well thank you.

WILL

I'm -- I'm really sorry I took so long to get it. I had to wait until I got paid from my job. And my mom won't pay for me to be here because she thinks it's wasted money. So I'm really sorry.

\*

EVIE

No, no, not at all.

WILL

And this is actually only half of it. I promise I'll get the full payment to you next week. I'm really sorry it had to happen.

EVIE

Okay, well you be sure to see me before you leave tonight and we'll work something out, okay?

(then,)

Because I want to help you out and all, and make sure you keep coming back to talk to us.

\*

\*

WILL

Okay. I will. Thank you Ms. Gleason.

EVIE

Sure, Will.

Will goes away. And now, EVIE Spots someone NEW. A MAN in the corner of the apartment. He looks quiet and MYSTERIOUS. She flows with curiosity.

Evie goes over to the MAN...

EVIE (CONT'D)

Hello...

MAN

Hi.

\*

EVIE

You must be... Jamal, right?

And now, we know the man as JAMAL. He offers his hand.  
Friendly.

JAMAL

Yes. Sorry, it seemed like you  
were busy over there.

EVIE

No you're fine. Nice to meet you,  
I'm Evangeline. Evie for short.

\*

JAMAL

Nice to meet you.

EVIE

Um, remind me how many sessions do  
I have you down for again??

JAMAL

I believe, four. Depending on how  
I like the first one... which the  
first one is free right?

EVIE

Right. Yeah.  
(then,)  
Welcome to the group, Jamal.

Jamal nods with a smile.

CUT TO:

LATER...

THE GROUP has assembled around the apartment as Evie sits  
at the head of the CIRCLE.

EVIE

Welcome, everyone to our session.  
I hope everyone's excited to be  
here. And also, please eat these  
cookies, I do not want any  
leftovers. Sorry, I don't NEED  
any.

\*

\*

Laughs from the group.

EVIE (CONT'D)

If you guys noticed, we do have a  
new member with us tonight...

(to Jamal,)

This is Jamal, everyone. He's  
going to be with us for... four  
weeks?

(then,)

And let's give him a nice welcome.

WILL

(clumsily)

Welcome Jamal.

Will smiles at Jamal eagerly. Jamal manages to nod back,  
uncomfortably.

EVIE

Jamal, we're all excited to talk  
to you and get to know you. Thank  
you for joining us.

JAMAL

It's nice to be here.

Evie sits down.

EVIE

Okay, so just to start out  
tonight... is there any concerns  
that anyone wants to bring up to  
the group?

Will immediately RAISES his hand --

EVIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Will.

WILL

How... um... how do you go about  
making life better?

Evie takes that question in...

EVIE

Well, that's kind of a loaded  
question... I feel like I'm -- I'm  
always trying to answer that  
question in all sorts of ways in  
my videos. But, ah...

(a beat,)

(MORE)



EVIE (CONT'D)

But I guess, if I were to simplify it, I would say it's all about hope. You know? It's all about shaping your mind-set and get the wheels turning so that you yourself can be confident and motivated.

(then,)

I remember, after my fiancée's funeral, I didn't want to see a soul. And you know everyone tells you to be optimistic about it. But you can't. So I had to find hope that things were going to get better. And the best place to find that, for us lucky ducks --

(points to her head,)

Is right here. Our brain can naturally make it for us. It's the most natural power we have in us. It's all through our perceptions and mind-sets. Just up to us to use it...

We PAN AROUND the group. EVERYONE is so damn impressed. Will is smiling like a little kid. Gina is nodding her head, Yes. Jamal is somewhat opened up by this. And some of THE OTHERS are smiling as well.

Off Evie's remarkable spiel, we CUT TO:

THE END OF THE SESSION...

THE GUESTS are leaving. EVIE is seeing them off.

EVIE

Bye guys, have a good night.

Everyone leaves. Evie shuts the door. TURNS to see --

JAMAL. He's still there. Checking a piece of DECOR out.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Jamal. You stayed after?

JAMAL

(looks up at Evie,)

Oh, yeah. Um... I was... looking at your centerpiece...

(then,)

Very nice.

Evie heads over to him.

EVIE

Yeah, it's a vintage. I think I  
bought that from an antique sale.

\*  
\*

JAMAL

You... have a nice home.

EVIE

Thank you.

A beat. Evie clocks Jamal. Senses something OFF about  
him.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Anything you wanna talk about,  
Jamal? Is everything okay?

\*

JAMAL

Oh yeah. Yeah, everything's fine.

\*

EVIE

I noticed you were a little quiet.  
Which, by the way, I totally get  
it. It's the first session.

JAMAL

No. I was... just observing. I  
like to listen.

(then,)

It seems they're very moved by  
you. Your students.

EVIE

Oh, they're not my students. I --  
I consider them all my friends by  
now. They're great kids. I really  
-- you know, I like listening to  
what they have to say, and then  
giving them feedback. And a lot of  
them, have been bettering the past  
few weeks.

\*

Jamal nods. He looks at Evie, studying her for a beat.  
Then, he eyes around the apartment --

JAMAL

You don't keep any pictures of  
him?

EVIE

I'm sorry?

JAMAL

Your fiancée... Tyrell? I don't see any pictures of him... just as memorabilia, you know?

EVIE

Oh right. Yeah... I did at first, like a few months after he passed. But then... it just became too much to think about. I... I would just cry and cry looking at his photos so...

(then,)

I put them away. I still have his stuff in the closet. All his clothes, his belongings.

JAMAL

That's good. You kept it all.

EVIE

Yeah... maybe one day I'll get rid of it, but... right now I feel it's good to hold onto. When I really miss him, I can go back to it.

JAMAL

You miss him a lot?

EVIE

Oh yeah. Every day.

A LONG BEAT between the two. Jamal looks at Evie, almost as if he's checking something. Then:

JAMAL

I should be going.

EVIE

Sure. I'll see you next time.

Jamal nods. He heads for the door. Evie watches him go...

EXT. UNKNOWN OPEN FIELD - DAY

And we're back in that same field again.

CLOSE ON EVIE'S FACE. She awakes. INHALES a large breath. Startled.

THE GUN. Sitting a few feet away from her... CUT TO

Evie picks up the gun. Holds it. CUT TO:

EVIE looks far across the field to see a BLURRY FIGURE.  
She can't make out who it is.

And the WHIS-WHIS-WHIS-WHIS-WHIS sounds grow LOUDER --  
CUT TO:

EVIE. She AIMS the gun ahead of her as we --

SMASHCUT TO \*

INT. BEDROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVIE awakes suddenly from her dream. She sits up on her  
bed.

We CLOSE ON HER...

INSERT CUT:

*The open field... the gun... the blurry figure...*

BACK ONE EVIE. She tries to make sense of it all. But she  
can't quite comprehend with it.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

EVIE is on the phone while mopping the floor in her  
kitchen.

EVIE

Okay, and we decided on the cost  
per clicks, correct?

(then,)

Well, I did tell her -- the lady I  
spoke with -- if they wanted to  
increase their ads to forty  
seconds, I'm fine with that. I  
just don't want them too long,  
because then the viewer might  
click away... or lose interest.

(a beat,)

No that's fine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVIE (CONT'D)

And plus, you know, the older videos, which still average seven hundred views per day, they're whatever the streaming site puts them as. I don't -- I don't mess with that.

(then,)

Okay. Yeah. Great. As long as I get the money for sponsoring them for that. 'Cause I don't make my viewers pay for the videos. The ads do the money-making for me.

AND WE CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

EVIE is sitting on the couch, video-chatting with her friend APRIL.

APRIL

Twelve thousand dollars? Evie. Are you kidding me?

EVIE

Nope. Just checked my accounts today.

APRIL

Just all off ads? Damn girl, you are working it hard. Go you.

EVIE

It's crazy where vlogging can get you.

APRIL

But you have been killing it. People frickin' love you!

(then,)

How long have you been at it?

EVIE

Mmm... five years now, I think. I started about nine months after Tyrell passed...

APRIL

Aw. Yeah, I remember you telling me when you were starting.

(then,)

Honestly though, that is so good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

APRIL (CONT'D)

It's so much better than being  
stuck on residency for six years.

\*

EVIE

Right? Where are you at with that?

APRIL

Well, good thing you asked because  
guess who finishes and gets to be  
home next week?

Evie's eyes GLOW with JOY --

EVIE

What? NO WAY!!

APRIL

That's right, this bitch is done  
with school!!!

EVIE

April!! I am so proud of you girl!

APRIL

I'm coming over next week, you  
better be ready.

EVIE

Of course I will be!! You're  
coming over for dinner on  
Wednesday. Write it down.

APRIL

Done.

(then,)

Aaah, I'm so excited Evie, I  
haven't seen you in forever!

\*

\*

(then,)

Seriously though, I am. I know I  
didn't get to be there for you  
after Tyrell died...

EVIE

Oh, April...

APRIL

No, really. I know I missed the  
funeral, and I should've come home  
at least once to see you.

EVIE

Well you are now. I'll see you  
next week.

(CONTINUED)

EGO 12/18/18 FINAL 94.  
63 CONTINUED: (2) 63

Evie smiles.

64 INT. BEDROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 64

EVIE walks into her room. Her eyes GLANCE OFF her dresser. She then stops. Goes over to the dresser to see a ton of CHECKS and CASH.

65 OMITTED 65\*

66 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 66\*

EVIE is painting her nails. Then, her phone rings. She answers -- \*

EVIE \*

Hello? \*

(a beat,) \*

Yeah, hi Jamal, what's up? \*

(then,) \*

Oh... you mean right now? \*

(then,) \*

Ah... Is it urgent? \*

(then,) \*

Um, yeah, I was just out and \*

about... uh, tell you what. We can \*

do it now. Yeah, I would just -- \*

just give me a half an hour and \*

you can just, come over to my \*

place. Alright? \*

(then,) \*

Okay. See you in a bit. \*

Evie hangs up and rushes off the couch in a hurry. \*

67 INT. BATHROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 67

EVIE quickly BRUSHES on make up. She picks up a lipstick tube. Contemplates. *No. I don't need to.* She puts the lipstick away. \*

She grabs the lip gloss instead and glazes her lips.

68 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 68

EVIE tidies up the space. She positions the pillows. FOLDS the blankets. CUT TO: \*

(CONTINUED)

She pours TWO GLASSES OF WATER.

She METICULOUSLY POSITIONS the glasses perpendicular to one another.

A BEAT. EVIE looks around the room. In an extremely OCD way, she makes sure everything looks okay

\*  
\*

Evie now sits down. CHECKS her watch. She breathes. A BEAT. She GULPS a large sip of water. Then --

THERE'S A KNOCK on the door. Evie SPRINGS UP to answer as we CUT TO --

THE DOOR. Evie answers. JAMAL is outside.

EVIE

Jamal, hey!

JAMAL

Afternoon.

Jamal comes in. He checks Evie out in her make up and regalia.

\*  
\*

EVIE

Shall we sit?

JAMAL

Sure.

\*

Jamal and Evie sit OPPOSITE ONE ANOTHER. A BEAT. Evie gathers on how to start this...

EVIE

So... what did you want to talk about?

JAMAL

Um...

Jamal looks around... then back at Evie. PLAIN, DENSE EYES.

EVIE

You don't have to worry about privacy, I -- it won't leave this room.

\*  
\*

JAMAL

(nods,)  
Right.



EVIE

Is it a recent problem..?

JAMAL

No it's... been ongoing.

EVIE

Okay... and can you describe how  
it's making you feel?

JAMAL

Sad. Very... very sad.

EVIE

Alright, and what kind of --

JAMAL

Actually, mad. It's made me very  
angry.

\*  
\*

And Jamal's eyes are SHOOTING STRAIGHT INTO EVIE.

EVIE

Can you vaguely describe what it's  
about or..?

Jamal takes a beat to gather his words. Then --

JAMAL

I'm losing someone very close to  
me. Someone I love very much.

(then,)

My girlfriend... got in a skiing  
accident. She's been in a coma for  
the last two weeks. Brain-dead.

\*  
\*

And Evie's heart MELTS for Jamal. Right by those words --

\*

EVIE

Jamal...

JAMAL

The doctors say I should consider  
taking her off.

This puts a lump in Evie's throat. She has no best way to  
advise him here.

EVIE

...And that should be completely  
up to you. These kinds of  
decisions can be... very hard.

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVIE (CONT'D)

And we should always come clear to ourselves about it first before --

JAMAL

I'm going to take her off.

And Evie is BLINDED COLD by that. She checks Jamal's face for any hint of sensitivity. There is none. He's pretty damn SURE of himself on this. \*

EVIE

You've given it all the thought?

JAMAL

Yes I have.

Evie nods slowly. A LONG BEAT ensues. She then starts to TEAR UP. Jamal and her exchange looks to which Evie immediately looks away. Jamal is addled -- *Why is SHE crying?*

EVIE

I'm sorry. I'm -- just, these kinds of things, I just automatically get emotional.

(a beat,)

I mean... it just brings up too many memories for me too.

(then,)

I still remember when Tyrell was in his final surgery... he passed during one of his surgeries.

(a beat,)

I was waiting in the hospital for when they would be done...

(then,)

And then the doctor came and gave me the news...

(a beat,)

Most devastating moment of my life. I just remember falling apart inside after I saw his body... \*

And now she really starts to cry.

ON JAMAL. He just sits there. No reaction. Not even one to go and comfort her.

Evie glances at Jamal's blankness, and she immediately wipes her tears. Clears her throat.

EVIE (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry.

Evie grabs her water and takes another sip. This time, a bit more relaxed.

EVIE (CONT'D)

My point is... I know how you feel.

And Jamal simply stares back Evie with disgust. It almost comes off as hatred. He starts to crack up. \*

JAMAL

The fuck you do. \*

And Evie doesn't understand what he just said.

EVIE

I'm sorry? \*

JAMAL

(sarcastically,)  
You totally know how I feel. \*

Evie is caught off guard by Jamal's mockery... \*

EVIE

And why do you find that so funny?

Jamal looks off. Clearly, he's onto something here.

JAMAL

When is Tyrell's death date?

EVIE

What?

JAMAL

What day did he die?

And Evie can barely respond to that. She has to think about that one.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

You don't know, do you?

Evie tries to play it cool.

EVIE

Of course I do.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Do you?

And Evie answers pretty confidently:

EVIE

November seventh. November  
seventh, two-thousand-fourteen.

And Jamal grooves his eyebrows at that.

JAMAL

Fourteen?

(then,)

I thought it was two-thousand-  
twelve?

Evie's face FREEZES COLD right there. \*

JAMAL (CONT'D)

I thought the video you posted  
last year... How to move on from  
loved ones... right?

(then,)

You clearly stated he died on  
November seventh, two-thousand-  
twelve. Which... fits with the  
time-line you've been handing out  
to people.

(then, holds up his  
phone;)

Should I pull up the video?

EVIE

What the hell are you here for?

Jamal leans forward. Evie is TRIGGERED while he counters  
her calmly.

JAMAL

Because I'm here to remind you  
that you've been making all this  
up. And that you're a fraud. \*

(then,)

In fact, your whole life the past  
six years has been a fraud. You've  
been scamming people and lying to  
them ever since your "fiance  
died." \*

And we HOLD ON EVIE to see her face GLITCH. She's trying  
to figure out which face to put on. Angry? Sad? Confused? \*

(CONTINUED)

EVIE

What?

JAMAL

You never met a man named Tyrell.  
You never were engaged. He never  
died. You never felt any of the  
things you've been telling people  
you felt.

(then,)

I don't know if you're crazy --  
which you just might be, by the  
way -- and I don't how you do it,  
but I do have to credit you --  
you're a damn good performer.

\*

\*

And this is like a giant STAB INTO Evie. She doesn't know  
how to take it.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

And I fell for it the first night  
I was here for the meeting. I sat  
through your -- your preaching,  
your sermons -- and I thought --  
man this is a good people person.  
I can share my pain with her. She  
seems like she's been through it  
all.

Evie lets him talk. She is WEAKENED.

\*

JAMAL (CONT'D)

And then when I talked to you  
afterwards... and I asked you  
about his picture...

(then,)

That's when I knew.

(a beat,)

You only want the attention.

\*

Jamal nods to himself. He knows he's right.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's why you've been doing  
this.

(then,)

You value pity. You like taking it  
from anyone who serves it to you.

(a beat,)

I'm going through hell right now --  
and I can feel the pain of someone  
who's heart is crumbling. And you --  
-- you're not even close.

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

EVIE

You don't know who what you're --

JAMAL

Don't.

And his words stop hers at once. Evie struggles to defend herself --

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Don't.

EVIE

Who are you? What do you want?

JAMAL

I'm the guy who's girlfriend is in a coma and isn't going to make it.

(then,)

And tomorrow I have to watch as they remove the machine that's keeping her alive.

(a beat,)

And I'm the guy who feels for those -- ten million subscribers who have been betrayed by you... because they're actually feeling something.

(then,)

Ms. Evangeline Gleason... host of the Evie Talks podcast... new episodes every Tuesday.

(a beat,)

Hell of a way to center the world on yourself there.

And we're ON EVIE who is INFURIATED...

EVIE

Get out of here. Now.

A BEAT. Jamal and Evie stare each other down with SHEER FURY.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Get. Out.

Jamal rises from his seat. He heads for the door. Before he goes, he TURNS...

JAMAL

You're a godless woman.

(CONTINUED)

Evie looks up at him. NO PANGS OF HESITATION in her eyes:

EVIE

Nobody would believe a word of  
what you just said to me.

\*

Jamal scoffs at Evie. Even MORE IRRITATED.

JAMAL

How in the hell did you get like  
this?

Jamal leaves.

TIGHT ON EVIE. She breathes in ANGER.

She takes another drink of her water.

She sits in silence. FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A POT OF BOILING WATER. Steaming. Scorching.  
HOT.

A HANDFUL OF PASTA is dropped in the pot. WIDEN TO FIND:

EVIE. She's cooking dinner. We CUT ON VARIOUS ANGLES OF  
HER:

TOSSING SALAD in a bowl.

STIRRING a pot of spaghetti sauce.

BAKING garlic bread.

MIXING the sauce and the pasta.

\*

And as she does all this, we STUDY HER LOOK. She's  
silent. Cut-and-dried. Austere. Basically, she's so  
EXPRESSIONLESS, we can't tell what the fuck is going  
through her mind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVIE answers the door to:

APRIL. Her friend. And this time, she's ACTUALLY HERE  
with us rather than through a phone.

Bright and bubbly, April enters in with OVERJOY AND EXCITEMENT to see her friend while EVIE remains dry.

APRIL

EVIEEEE!!!!

EVIE

(quiet,)

Hi April.

They embrace.

APRIL

AHHHH!!! Oh my god it's been forever!!!

EVIE

I know. It's good to see you.

Evie lets off of the hug. April notices her strange greeting.

APRIL

Are you drunk already?

EVIE

No, why would I be?

APRIL

Dude! SEVEN YEARS! That's a long time! You need to be a little more excited than that!

EVIE

I know. I'm just really tired.

\*

APRIL

Okay. We need to get us some wine. NOW. Especially YOU. Let's go.

(then,)

Oh my god, it smells so good.

EVIE

Mhm. I made Italian.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The women are at dinner. APRIL is eating away while EVIE is staring off into space.



APRIL

Oh my god. This is TOO good. I am so sick of eating turkey salads and sub-sandwiches -- which is practically ALL I ate throughout my residency. Because, I was always so lazy and never wanted to cook for myself...

April looks up at Evie who's mind is elsewhere.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Hello?  
(then,)  
Evie.

Evie looks back at April who is staring at her.

EVIE

Sorry.

APRIL

What's up?

EVIE

Huh?

APRIL

You're not eating?

EVIE

I'm -- I'm just not hungry. I had lunch late today, so...

(then,)

But, um, tell me about New York -- what hospital were you at? \*

APRIL

Mount Sinai. Right in Manhattan. \*  
But dude -- like the commute to \*  
the hospital and back every day... \*

April stops herself. SCANS Evie for a beat who is lost in her thoughts. Then -- \*

APRIL (CONT'D)

Okay that's enough about me. I want to hear about you.

And Evie looks fucking crucified at this point as she's barely able to meet eye to eye with April.

(CONTINUED)

EVIE

What... what about me?

And April gives her a serious look now --

APRIL

What's wrong Evie?

Evie's eyes start to WELL UP with tears. She starts to shake her head as we CUT TO:

LATER...

We CLOSE ON the pot of PASTA. The SALAD. The BREAD. And we CUT WIDE to find EVIE and APRIL in silence.

April is so SHOCKED that she's completely silent. But we can tell she's PISSED.

APRIL (CONT'D)

So Tyrell never existed?

A BEAT. April looks straight at Evie who has her gaze lowered.

She quietly shakes her head.

APRIL (CONT'D)

All those pictures you sent me...  
that was just some random guy?

Evie, IN UTTER SHAME, nods her head.

APRIL (CONT'D)

Your family doesn't know about  
this?

EVIE

No.

APRIL

So you've been lying to all those  
people?

Evie slowly nods her head.

APRIL (CONT'D)

And you've been taking their  
money?

A BEAT. Nothing from Evie.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL (CONT'D)

Answer me.

(then,)

Have you been taking their money  
or not?

\*

Evie has TEARS coming down her face now.

EVIE

Yes...

\*

April looks off. She's more than just disappointed -- SHE  
FEELS BETRAYED.

April gets up from the table.

APRIL

I'm getting out of here.

EVIE

April --

APRIL

NO! You don't get to apologize!  
Not to me!

\*

(then,)

You don't get to do anything  
except go and explain to those  
thousands of people you've been --  
been PLAYING for god knows how  
long and explain why you LIED to  
them!!

\*

(then,)

I mean what are you blind? You've  
just been feeding them all lies on  
top of lies and expect that it was  
going to go on like this --

And Evie now cuts her off as she looks up at her --  
ERUPTING --

\*

\*

EVIE

I DID IT FOR ME!!! I DID IT FOR ME  
-- YES, I LIKED IT! I ENJOYED IT!!

\*

\*

(then,)

NOBODY! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT IT'S  
LIKE GOING THROUGH LIFE BY  
YOURSELF. WANTING SOMEONE TO SHARE  
A LIFE WITH AND GETTING NOTHING  
BACK!

(then,)

SO YES!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVIE (CONT'D)

YES, IF I NEEDED ANYTHING, IT WAS  
SOME ATTENTION BECAUSE LET ME TELL  
YOU HOW IT FEELS...

Evie's eyes are WIDE AND FEISTY --

EVIE (CONT'D)

It feels like you're taking on the  
world by yourself. One struggle at  
a time. Total loneliness! No one's  
there for you -- no one was going  
to help ME!

(then,)

So why the fuck should I apologize  
-- why THE FUCK should I APOLOGIZE  
TO ANY OF THEM?!? They'll never  
understand how I felt!!

APRIL

Why should they?

EVIE

BECAUSE I'M THE STRONG ONE,  
GODDAMN IT! I CAN TAKE PAIN! I  
KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH IT!

APRIL

And yet you've been taking their  
pity every since --

EVIE

No -- no I didn't --

APRIL

Yes you did -- you like that they  
feel bad for you, that they praise  
you -- why else would you have  
done it?!?

EVIE

I don't need pity!! I don't need  
ANYONE'S PITY!! I'm stronger than  
them, and I always will be!  
Because when the whole world's  
gone -- when all of them hate me --  
I'll still be here! And you can  
count on it!

Evie stands. Proud. She's BREATHING LOUDLY. She's  
ANXIOUS. It seems like saying all that took the life out  
of her, but she still looks like she's ready to fucking  
tackle a bear.

71

71

April stares at her friend with INCREDIBLE LOATHE for what she has become --

APRIL

I'm sure you will be, Evie.

April turns and heads for the door. We're still ON EVIE. \*

The door shuts with A LOUD BANG in the b.g. \*

HOLD ON EVIE. LEFT ALONE at the dinner table. And off this dismal moment, we slowly FADE TO: \*

72

EXT. UNKNOWN OPEN FIELD - DAY

72\*

We PAN DOWN from the STILL BLUE SKY to --

EVIE. She's standing with the gun in her hand. CUT TO:

THE SAME BLURRY FIGURE. This time, it's CLOSER, but still blurred out.

EVIE aims the gun ahead of her, just like she did before. And off the MUZZLE END of the gun we --

SMASHCUT TO \*

73

INT. EVIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

73

EVIE awakes calmly.

74

INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

74

EVIE walks into the kitchen. It's time for her daily routine.

She gets the coffee maker going.

She puts two waffles in the toaster.

She plops two gummy bear vitamins in her mouth. \*

She pours the coffee in the cup. \*

She pulls the waffles out of the toaster. \*

She spills syrup onto the waffles.

CUT TO \*

(CONTINUED)

EGO 12/18/18 FINAL 109.  
 74 CONTINUED: 74  
 THE KITCHEN TABLE...  
 Evie eats on her own. All is normal. \*  
 CUT TO \*  
 75 OMITTED 75\*  
 76 INT. BATHROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 76  
 EVIE elegantly applies her make up on. Her lip gloss, her eye shadow, all the usual things to make her look glamorous.  
 77 INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 77  
 EVIE sits in front of her computer with her mic on. She is recording herself:  
 EVIE  
 Hey everyone, welcome back to Evie Talks! It's time for our next podcast! As always, I want to...  
 (a beat,)  
 Excuse me... I want to welcome any new viewers. This is the podcast where we discuss all things life. I'm Evan... \*  
 Evie stutters. She stops herself for a second. Gathers her look, her "camera face" and continues:  
 EVIE (CONT'D)  
 I'm Evangeline, Evie for short, Gleason. And this week's...  
 Once again, she trails off. For some reason, she can't keep her words straight. \*  
 EVIE (CONT'D)  
 This week's topic is reciprocation.  
 She pauses AGAIN. Thinking what to say next. But it looks like she just can't shake a strange feeling off.  
 EVIE (CONT'D) \*  
 Now, this topic goes for a variety \*  
 of different relationships -- \*  
 friendships, family, marria -- \*

(CONTINUED)

She stops again. Clears her thoughts. Then --

EVIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. And Marriages. That was  
the last one. So when it comes to  
reciprocation --

Stops. Breathes. A BEAT. She can't seem to continue. She  
hits STOP on the recording. Sits for a beat. Thinks.  
Gathers herself. Then --

She hits record again.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Hey everyone! Welcome to this  
week's Evie Talks! I am so excited  
to talk to you all this week about  
the topic, which is...

She STOPS AGAIN.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Which is reciprocation. Now  
reciprocation is important in a  
lot of different...

Her voice trails off. She just can't do this. We JUMP CUT  
TO:

Evie talking about something else. She's still recording.

EVIE (CONT'D)

So when you do something for  
someone, and they don't return the  
favor, it does make us a little...  
um.... a... fuck!

She stops the recording.

CUT TO

EVIE (CONT'D)

And sometimes it's always going to  
be one sided. Like when one person  
does more and... and... and... the  
other... does... um... I don't  
know, maybe...

She hits stop.

CUT TO

Another angle of Evie talking --

EVIE (CONT'D)

So for questions this week, I only  
have time for maybe a couple.  
Sorry! Um, let's see, first  
question is from...

\*  
\*

Evie stops herself. Rolls her eyes. She stops the  
recording. Starts it again --

EVIE (CONT'D)

So it's time for our q and a  
segment. And this time, I guess I  
can only do a couple --

Evie stops again, frustrated. She hits STOP on the  
recording.

And now we CUT CLOSE ON EVIE. She's resting her head  
against her hands. She's given up. It's just not working.  
She can't do SHIT anymore.

She shuts her laptop. Takes her mic off.

INT. BATHROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

EVIE stands in front of the mirror. She stares at herself  
blankly. And she starts to grab her hair. Violently  
undoing the tie she had. She starts to viciously COMB it  
the other way. It PAINS HER, but she's getting reckless  
with it.

She takes a tissue and starts to ferociously wipe off her  
make up.

She TOSSES the napkin elsewhere -- SMOTHERS HER BARE  
HANDS ALL OVER HER FACE trying to get the makeup off.

\*  
\*

And we kill the sound. All that is heard is the annoying  
RINGING NOISE...

Evie LETS OUT A GIANT SCREAM OF ANGER AND PAIN.

She BANGS AT THE bathroom counter-top in IRE.

She SWIPES all the nail polish and cosmetics off the  
counter.

We're CLOSE ON EVIE'S FACE as she STARES at herself in  
front of the mirror, defeated.

\*



And now she CRIES HARD. She SINKS down and farther down to the bathroom floor. We GO LOW ON HER. BAWLING -- SOBBING HER EMOTIONS OUT...

EVIE (PRE-LAP)

I know there's nothing I can say that will make up for any of the things that I have done...

(then,)

But I can only say that I am sorry...

FADE TO

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

EVIE is sitting with her THERAPY GROUP. She speaks quietly --

And as she speaks, we CUT ON VARIOUS PEOPLE who are giving her the moment to speak. WILL is confused. GINA is CRYING. OTHERS are in shock.

EVIE

And that I am truly, truly ashamed of myself. And all the money that you have spent on me -- wrongly spent on me -- I am returning back to you. It's all in the bowl there.

We CUT ON A BOWL that sits on the center of the coffee table. It's full of cash and checks.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Here in a bit, we can split it up evenly, or -- if you want the exact amount, I can settle it with you.

(then,)

That's all.

A LONG, SILENT BEAT. It's pin-drop silent.

EVIE (CONT'D)

If anyone wants any chips or cookies... please. Or if any of you wants to say anything -- I'm all ears.

Evie retreats to her tears. Again, nothing from ANYONE in the group. And then --

WILL gets up. HOPPING MAD. He stands in the middle of the circle. BEAMS right at EVIE. Breathes heavily. Can't grasp on what to say -- ABOUT BURSTING WITH ANGER -- AND THEN --

WILL  
(screams,)  
ARRRRRRGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

And he SCREAMS FUCKING LOUD. He goes for the bowl of chips and SCATTERS THEM EVERYWHERE.

Evie is HORRIFIED.

OTHERS rise to try to contain Will. He refuses them. Goes for the tray of cookies and DISPERSES THEM as well.

EVIE  
Will, I know, I'm sorry --

\*

WILL  
SHUT UP!!!!!!!! SHUT UP!!! SHUT  
UUUUUUUP!!!!

\*

The Others try to hold Will back, to which he lets off of them and goes for the door.

\*

ON EVIE. She starts to cry. She looks at Gina, who also is crying, and is looking right at her with a scoff. Off Evie, we FADE TO:

\*

\*

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

We're in Carmen's beautiful home. Sitting on the couch are EVIE AND CARMEN.

\*

\*

Both are quiet. Carmen looks shocked and devastated as Evie remains silent. Waiting for a reaction.

\*

\*

CARMEN  
This is some sick prank... right?

\*

\*

EVIE  
(shaking her head,)  
Carmen... I'm so sorry.

\*

\*

\*

CARMEN  
Your whole YouTube channel... all the things you said you went through... all your advice.

\*

\*

EVIE

I meant that. I wanted to help  
you.

CARMEN

Then why did you lie?

Evie has no answer. At least not one for Carmen here in  
this moment. She keeps quiet. Shaking her head.  
SHAMEFACED.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

You have so many people that look  
up to you.

Evie still doesn't say anything. Yep. She knows.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I thought you were genuine. I  
believed you... I believed *in* you.

And that one HITS THE HARDEST on Evie. Her HEART TOTALLY  
BREAKS. She's CHOKES WITH EMOTION.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Why did you do this..?

A long beat. Evie doesn't answer to that EITHER. She then  
wipes her tears and reaches into her purse. Pulls OUT AN  
ENVELOPE.

EVIE

I, uh... I deposited your check,  
but withdrew it. So... here it is.  
It's cash...

Evie hands the check to Carmen who just stares at her in  
SHOCK. She doesn't take the envelope.

A BEAT. Evie is stuck handing the envelope in front of  
Carmen who has yet to take it. And then --

Carmen LUNGES TOWARD EVIE IN A JOLT -- PUSHES HER OFF THE  
COUCH -- SCREAMING --

CARMEN

AAAAHHHH!! FUCK YOU, YOU  
BITCH! YOU THINK MONEY'S  
GOING TO FIX WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE!! YOU'RE A FUCKING  
CRAZY BITCH! HOW CAN YOU BE  
SO COLD?

EVIE (CONT'D)

CARMEN -- CARMEN -- PLEASE --  
-- CARMEN JUST LET GO -- LET  
GO -- CARMEN!!! PLEASE JUST  
TAKE IT CARMEN -- CARMEN--  
!!!

And Evie tries to PUSH CARMEN OFF HER, BUT CARMEN  
CONTINUES TO BARK AT HER -- CLINGING ONTO HER BY HER  
SHOULDERS --

\*

CARMEN

I TRUSTED YOU JUST LIKE EVERYONE  
ELSE -- AND YOU'RE JUST GOING TO  
WALK AWAY --

EVIE

CARMEN -- PLEASE BE CALM!!  
CARMEN!!!

\*

CARMEN

I DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING MONEY!!!

\*

EVIE

Carmen!! You're hurting me --  
Carmen!!

CARMEN

FUCK YOU!!!

EVIE

Carmen stop -- please! We  
can talk this through--!!!

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch -- HOW COULD  
YOU -- ARRGGHH -- LIE TO  
EVERYONE ELSE -- ARRGGHH!!  
FUCK YOU!!!

\*

Evie BREAKS FREE of Carmen and immediately RISES to her  
feet, READY TO LEAVE --

\*

EVIE

What the hell are you doing?

CARMEN

You're seriously going to fucking  
ask me that?!?!?

(then,)

FUCK YOU EVIE!!!

Off Evie's UNNERVED LOOK --

CARMEN (CONT'D)

(off the top of her  
lungs,)

FUCK YOOOOUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!

And we PULL CLOSE ON Carmen's mouth as we --

SMASHCUT TO

\*

81 INT. EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 81\*

-- EVIE barges in the door. Panting. CUT TO: \*

EVIE opens the fridge. Plants her face right in front of the cool air. \*

A BEAT. She closes her eyes. \*

INSERT CUT: \*

*Evie in the field in her dream. Holding the gun. She looks ahead. Aims the gun at the BLURRY FIGURE across the field.*

BACK ON EVIE -- she QUIVERS. A BEAT. Then, as she SHUTS THE FRIDGE -- \*

82 OMITTED 82\*

83 OMITTED 83\*

84 INT. KITCHEN - EVIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 84\*

EVIE sits at the kitchen table. She's once again recording herself on the laptop.

But wait a second. She's NOT wearing any makeup. She's not dressed up for this.

Evie takes a breath before starting.

EVIE

Hey everyone... this is... Evie Gleason. In fact... this video will be my final one. \*

(then,)

I won't be speaking on any topics today. This... isn't an episode of Evie Talks... \*

(then,)

This is the truth. \*

CUT TO BLACK \*

FADE IN:

85 INT. BEDROOM - APRIL'S HOME - DAY

85

TILT DOWN ON APRIL. She's casually browsing on her computer until --

Something catches her eye. We CUT TO the laptop screen to find:

April is on her e-mail. And there is an e-mail from none other than...

**EVANGELINE GLEASON**

CUT TO \*

86 EXT. LIBERTY MEMORIAL - DAY

86

We're LOOKING UP at the tall monument. We may or may not have realized it already, but our entire story has been set in Kansas.

FADE TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER...

Cutting across the memorial, we find EVIE. CUT TO:

Evie approaches someone looking out to the skyline.

EVIE

I didn't think you would come.

\*

The Man turns. Reveal JAMAL.

\*

JAMAL

Don't expect me to stay for long.

EVIE

I won't.

(then,)

I know being here for you was already a task in itself.

JAMAL

Why did you call me here  
Evangeline?

Evie makes her way closer to the skyline.

EVIE

Oh. I've always been a sucker for  
glamour. I'm sure that's not a  
surprise.

\*

(CONTINUED)

Jamal looks off.

JAMAL

What do you want?

EVIE

To tell you that you were right.

Jamal is caught off guard by this.

JAMAL

I don't understand...

EVIE

(turns to him,)

You wanted to expose me.

(then,)

Congratulations. You did it.

(then,)

That's what you wanted right?

JAMAL

I wanted you to see if you had any  
sanity in you.

EVIE

And I do.

JAMAL

Do you?

A beat. Evie smirks.

EVIE

I don't blame you for thinking of  
me as some sociopath, Jamal.

(then,)

I terminated my YouTube channel  
this morning.

(then,)

I put out one final video a few  
weeks ago. I'm sure it went viral  
already...

JAMAL

I never subscribed.

EVIE

Too late now, I guess. It's gone  
for good.

JAMAL

Or probably on the news.

(CONTINUED)

A beat. Jamal takes another glance at Evie. \*

JAMAL (CONT'D)  
You really have changed?

EVIE  
Well... I don't know about  
changed. But... I'll settle for  
woken up. Rudely. Woken up.

And it makes sense. Even we're not a hundred percent  
convinced she's changed.

JAMAL  
Is that all, then? \*

EVIE  
I'd be remised if I didn't ask  
about your girlfriend. \*

A beat.

JAMAL  
The funeral was three weeks ago. \*

Another beat. Evie takes that in.

EVIE  
I'm very sorry.

And Jamal isn't sure how to take that --

EVIE (CONT'D)  
I truly am. \*

And he looks into Evie's eyes once again, this time  
seeing a GLINT -- JUST A SMALL HINT -- of genuine regard. \*

Jamal nods. We HOLD ON him for a beat. \*

EVIE (CONT'D)  
You were right about the attention  
part. I did really love it. I  
still really do. \*

JAMAL  
I'm sure there are excellent  
therapists for that. \*

And as Evie takes that in... \*



EVIE

No. I think I'm going to get  
through this one on my own.

CLOSE ON EVIE. Strong. Exuberant.

JAMAL

How are you so sure of that?

EVIE

I'm not.

(then,)

But I'm starting here.

And as Evie is optimistic of herself, Jamal takes her  
newfound strength in. He won't say it, but perhaps he  
believes in her somewhat.

Jamal nods to Evie. She nods back. He then turns and  
leaves.

Off Evie...

EVIE (V.O.)

April... I know you probably don't  
want to hear from me right now so  
that's why I'm typing this. At  
least my writing can do the  
talking since everyone in the  
world is probably done *hearing*  
and/or seeing me talk.

INT. BEDROOM - APRIL'S HOME - DAY

APRIL reads the e-mail from Evie.

EVIE (V.O.)

I'm not crazy. I know I'm not.  
Maybe that's the cocky version of  
myself talking, but honestly, I  
knew what I was doing, why I was  
doing it, and what I was after...  
You were right. I wanted their  
pity. I guess, for some reason you  
or I will never know, I felt like  
I was living the world's worst  
life. And I desperately needed  
attention to heal me. I really  
didn't.

88 EXT. LIBERTY MEMORIAL - DAY 88

JAMAL gets in his car. He drives away.

EVIE (V.O.)  
Attention isn't deserved. It's earned. I guess I'm just too good to admit that.

89 INT. OWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY 89\*

OWEN holds the picture of him and Olivia from years ago. Remembering... \*

EVIE (V.O.) \*

Egos are apart of us... they inflate when we feel pride... and they only get bigger and bigger. \*

90 EXT. DOCKSIDE - LAKE - MORNING 90\*

Replay our opening. OLIVIA stands at the end of the dock. She lets the ring drop. She looks off. Liberated. \*

91 EXT. LIBERTY MEMORIAL - DAY 91\*

EVIE looks up at the Liberty Memorial monument... \*

EVIE (V.O.) \*

80 The last few weeks, I kept having this dream... 80\*

INSERT CUT: \*

*EVIE wakes up in the field...* \*

EVIE (V.O) \*

I'm in this field aiming a gun at someone... \*

*Evie AIMS THE GUN ahead of her...* \*

*And we CUT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FIELD...* \*

*From this POV, we can see EVIE aiming the gun from the opposite end of the field.* \*

EVIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That someone was my ego...

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

*We ARM AROUND to see the blurry figure across the field was herself.* \*

EVIE (V.O.) (CONT'D) \*

When we try to fight our ego, we  
only end up making it bigger. \*

ON EVIE. She holds the gun tightly. Contemplating a  
shot... \*

92

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

92\*

GREG and OLIVIA are seated across from each other at a  
conference table with their table. \*

They sign their divorce papers. \*

Greg finishes signing. He slides the document over to  
Olivia who glances at him. No signs of remorse from him. \*

EVIE (V.O.)

And the more we fight it... the  
bigger it gets... at least that's  
how I see it. \*

93

INT. CAFE - DAY

93\*

GREG is sitting at a cafe with a WOMAN. \*

WOMAN

So you said you were married  
before? \*

GREG

Oh. Yeah. It was -- well it didn't  
even last that long. In fact, I  
knew it never would. \*

OFF GREG... \*

INSERT CUT: \*

*WIDE on the FIELD to find Evie and her "ego" standing  
symmetrically across from one another.* \*

EVIE (V.O.) \*

So maybe to overcome it... means  
to avoid it... \*

*Evie drops the gun...* \*

93

CONTINUED:

93

*Her "ego" version of herself across the field vanishes.* \*

EVIE (V.O.)

And when we do that... then our  
pride simply fades away. \*

94

INT. BEDROOM - APRIL'S HOME - DAY

94\*

APRIL finishes reading the e-mail. She looks off.  
Pensively. \*

EVIE (V.O.)

And maybe then... we no longer  
have an ego. \*

95

EXT. LIBERTY MEMORIAL - DAY

95\*

EVIE looks back at the skyline... \*

INSERT CUT: \*

*Evie, in her dream, walks away towards the bright sun in  
the fields. Content.* \*

EVIE (V.O.)

I used to think I was better than  
the world... \*

96

INT. BAR - EVENING

96\*

We replay the moment between OLIVIA and EVIE from  
earlier. Olivia sits down. Dispirited. Evie notices her.  
Off her look... \*

EVIE (V.O.)

Better than everyone else... \*

97

EXT. LIBERTY MEMORIAL - DAY

97\*

BACK ON EVIE. She smiles serenely in her Zen state of  
mind. \*

EVIE (V.O.)

I'm not even close. \*

HOLD ON EVIE as she continues to look out to the skyline  
as we -- \*

CUT TO BLACK \*

(CONTINUED)

THE END

\*

TSHEAN

PART 1