

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - DAY

FRANK (early 30s) sits amongst many members of an AA meeting. There is hodgepodge in the variation in the looks of these members. They all seem to look haggard in their appearances, disheveled hair and clothes, unkempt beards, and looks of complete hope. The camera pans to show the many faces in complete agreeance with what the AA HOST is saying to them. Some have begun to clap. The camera pans to show Frank sitting in his chair, completely slumped over. His appearance seems to be more put together than the rest of the group. A long trench coat blankets the chair and his combat boots below. Close up on Frank, whos is fast asleep and snoring.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE - FRANK'S HOME - DAY

SUZIE (early 30s), and daughter MAKENZIE (10 years old) are sitting at the breakfast table. They are happy and smiling. Frank begins to pour syrup on a stack of pancakes.

SUZIE

Frank, honey, don't give her too much  
syrup. She'll be bouncing off the  
walls.

FRANK

(winking at MAKENZIE)  
What? I'm not.

MAKENZIE

(giggling)  
Yeah mom, he's not.

FRANK

Honey, what do you have planned for  
the day?

Suzie sits in silence as her eyes widen. The look of horror is plastered on her face, as headlights come pouring through the kitchen windows. The sounds of car horns cut through FRANK yelling at his wife. A car comes barreling through the window, as Frank , Makenzie, and Suzie are launched in the air.

END DREAM SEQUENCE - BLACKOUT

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - DAY

Frank is woken up by the sounds of a car horn that begins to be fused with the clapping of the patrons of the AA meeting. Frank startles awake and jumps out of his chair, gasping for

air. The AA host approaches Frank and places his hand on Frank's shoulder, trying to shake Frank from his disoriented state. Frank still think he is in his dream state.

FRANK

Su-suzie?

AA HOST

Hey man, are you ok?

Frank is still peering around the room, trying to get his bearings. His vision is blurred and he doesn't remember where he is.

FRANK

Makenzie?

AA HOST

Hey brother, are you alright?

FRANK

Get your fucking hands off me!

AA HOST

No need for the hostility, brother.

FRANK

Brother? Oh, please. You act as if we served in the military.

AA HOST

We are still brothers in our suffering. We bond in our want to bring one another away from the darkness.

FRANK

This isn't a firehouse! We don't get a silver medal for collectively becoming the underbelly of society.

AA HOST

Well, it would seem you want to share.

FRANK

Share?

AA HOST

Yes. This is a safe place.

FRANK

This isn't anything! You fucks think by sitting here that you've accomplished something? None of this matters.

AA PATRON

Recovery matters. You have to embrace your demons.

FRANK

Oh yeah? It does. How about the lives you've destroyed in the wake of your decision to be a lowlife. Does that matter?

AA HOST

You need to ease up on the process. Recovery takes time.

FRANK

Stop with your cliché bullshit! Just get out of my way.

AA HOST

Calm down. You have no enemies here.

The AA HOST and patrons begin to get closer to Frank, putting their hands on him.

FRANK

Calm down for what? So in three months I can have a blue chip? Get the hell out of my face.

AA PATRON #2

You need to relax.

FRANK

Fuck your relax. Just let me leave.

AA HOST

We all have lost loved ones.

FRANK

Here comes the psychology.

AA HOST

Your situation isn't a new one.

FRANK

Well thank fuck for that. Lord, you get me now!

AA HOST

There is no need to mock God.

FRANK

There is no God. Otherwise I wouldn't be here. My family would.

AA HOST

They wouldn't want to see you like this.

FRANK

I'm leaving. That's all that matters.

AA PATRON #3

Take a deep breath. Think about your family, man.

FRANK

You know nothing about them. Fuck you!

Frank punches the AA HOST and begins to wildly swing on everyone near him. The other members of the meeting grab Frank and toss him out on the street. Frank hits his head and is knocked out.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank awakens on his apartment couch. Frank sits up and winces as he touches his face. The bruising on his face is purple and tender. Frank reaches for one of the many bottles that sit on the coffee table. He slugs the contents, as the brown liquid cascades down his chin. His phone begins to ring, and he picks it up.

BUCKY

Frank? Jesus man, what happened yesterday?

FRANK

Oh you know, just my daily holy duties.

BUCKY

I would have never suggested that meeting if I thought that would happen. I just figured that you could

do well with talking to someone. It's been a year and all-

FRANK  
Bucky, stay out of it.

BUCKY  
Frank, you need help.

FRANK  
And it's down there in a musty basement of a church? C'mon.

BUCKY  
If you wont talk to me, then you need to talk to someone.

FRANK  
I don't need to talk to anyone.

BUCKY  
You haven't even gone to their graves, Frank!

FRANK  
And your point is?

BUCKY  
This was your family! How long are you going to ignore dealing with this?

FRANK  
I just need more time.

BUCKY  
This isn't healthy. What's the alternative? You can't just drink yourself to death.

FRANK  
I can try.

BUCKY  
Frank...

Frank hangs up and throws the phone on the coffee table. He stands up and moves to the bathroom, where he washes his face. Staring at his reflection, he laughs.

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

Frank approaches the street from his apartment building, as he lights up a cigarette. A dog comes walking up to Frank and whimpers at him. Frank pours out some whiskey for the dog to drink. The dog begins to lap the liquid up, as its owner comes racing toward Frank.

DOG'S OWNER

What is wrong with you?! Who feeds  
booze to a dog?

FRANK

A concerned citizen?

DOG'S OWNER

Don't come anywhere near him again.

FRANK

He looked thirsty.

DOG'S OWNER

You asshole.

FRANK

Yeah, well, fu- she's gone.

The woman storms off, as FRANK makes his trek toward his favorite dive bar.

EXT. ENZO'S - DAY

BUCKY (late 20s) is waiting outside of Frank's watering hole. A dive bar with a giant electric sign on the outside, that looks as though it was made in the 70s' The sign reads "Enzo's". Frank approaches, as he sees Bucky, Frank lets out a sigh.

BUCKY

Hey Frank. Sorry about earlier.

FRANK

Buck. Let's just drop it, ok?

BUCKY

Look, I'm sorry for trying to push  
you.

FRANK

We really don't have to do this.

BUCKY

We do. I just don't want you to kill yourself.

FRANK

Not now Buck.

BUCKY

Frank, you're all I got.

FRANK

Christ, and I thought my life was depressing.

BUCKY

The real reason I'm here-

FRANK

Here it comes.

BUCKY

Any chance you would come to my new play?

FRANK

No chance in hell.

BUCKY

Frank, c'mon. It would be a small event that would, hopefully, keep you from getting shit housed. At least for a few hours.

FRANK

I'd rather get kicked in the balls repeatedly.

BUCKY

I could arrange that as a thank you.

FRANK

Buck...

BUCKY

Yeah?

FRANK

Fuck off.

FRANK pushes BUCKY away and enters Enzo's. Bucky stares into the darkness of the bar as FRANK yells back.

FRANK  
I'll think about it.

INT. ENZO'S - DAY

The interior of ENZO'S is much like a 70s styles bar. There is an old jukebox in the corner, a cigarette machine that sits to the left of the jukebox, and an elongated bar that stretches to the front door in the shape of L. There are a few tables that off to the right, with dartboards on the neighboring wall. Frank approaches the bar, as the bartender LARRY (late 60s) heads in Frank's direction.

LARRY  
What are you having?

FRANK  
Do we really have to do this every time?

LARRY  
Three fingers?

FRANK  
What the hell else do I pay you for?

LARRY  
You don't pay me.

FRANK  
And with that attitude, I may never.

LARRY  
I'm just hoping to piss you off enough that you stop coming in here.

FRANK  
But who else would keep you company?

LARRY  
Anyone but you.

Frank takes his normal spot at the far corner of the bar. He takes out his pack of cigarettes, as OLD JOE approaches. OLD JOE (late 60s) is Frank's favorite regular, as he's a war vet that Frank relishes in listening to.

OLD JOE  
Frank my man.



FRANK

Joe.

OLD JOE

How's tricks?

FRANK

They're just fine.

OLD JOE

Pretty early for you to be slamming  
down the ol' poison. This on account  
of the anniversary of-

FRANK

Joe, please. I don't need to hear this  
from you too.

OLD JOE

Whoever you're hearing it from, maybe  
they just want to help you out?

FRANK

You help me out everyday. I listen to  
war stories and forget about my menial  
life for a few hours.

OLD JOE

Frank, don't bullshit me here. You  
think Suzie would want you here every  
night?

FRANK

She can't have an opinion. She's dead.

OLD JOE

This ain't healthy.

FRANK

Weird. It's almost as if you and Bucky  
are attached at the fucking hip.

OLD JOE

What do you want from the kid? He's  
just looking out for you.

FRANK

I'm not a child.

OLD JOE

Coulda fooled me.

FRANK

Look, Joe, either you make with the Vietnam stories, or you fuck off. Your choice.

OLD JOE

You outta listen to your friends sometimes.

FRANK

Why? You guys have it all figured out?

OLD JOE

That's not the point. You need closure.

FRANK

I got it right here.

OLD JOE

That whiskey won't solve your problems forever.

FRANK

It doesn't have to. It just has to work right now.

OLD JOE

Frank, take care of yourself.

Frank smirks as he sits and finishes his drink. He signals Larry for another, as he reaches for his wallet. He pulls a picture of his family out and stares at it for a few seconds Larry approaches with a new glass of whiskey. Frank places the picture on the bar, slams down his drink, and places the glass upside down on the picture, the remaining bit of liquid stains the picture brown.

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Frank is walking down the alleyway he takes every day as a shortcut back to his apartment from Enzo's. He is noticeably drunk. Frank sees a flask on the ground and scoops it up. Looking around Frank opens the cap and sniffs the contents. Realizing it is whiskey, Frank takes a big slug. A shadowy figure starts to approach Frank from behind and strikes him in the face.

FRANK

What the fuck is your problem?!