

INT. APARTMENT BED ROOM/MORNING(OR MIDDAY WORKS)

Jobe(20), a young, soft faced man, lies in a bed, sprawled out. The room around him is unkempt and clothes litter the floor. Beer cans and a bottle of liquor sit empty on the ground. The bed sheets wrap around Jobe hap-haphazardly, his limbs hanging off the side of the bed. The room is dimly lit. Jobe stirs and turns from one side to the other. Jobe wakes up. Jobe stretches for a moment, then leans forward. He rubs sleep from his eyes, yawning. He looks around the room, then to his side. He turns away for a moment. Suddenly a shocked look crosses his face. Jobe looks beside him once more.

Reveal another person in his bed, still asleep. Jobe looks around the room with wide eyes. He panics quietly to himself.

JOBE

(Under his breathe)

Oh shit. Shit, shit, shit. Shitty  
shit. Ooooh fffffff.....

Jobe begins to crawl out of bed slowly but purposefully, falling onto the ground for a moment. Jobe sporadically jumps back up and looks around. He exits on tip toes.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN/ MORNING(OR MIDDAY WORKS)

Jobe speed walks to the kitchen. Montage of Jobe making breakfast.

Jobe is standing in front of the stove, the sound of eggs cooking in the background. He looks around, grabbing plates and placing them next to the pan. He breathes quickly, and then begins to take deeper breaths. His head lowers, and his body sinks a bit as he hold the sides of the cabinet, shaking his head.

CUT TO BLACK

SHOW TITLE "THE FOOL"

Jobe sets up breakfast on the table and sits, letting out a long sigh. The bedroom door opens and the girl, Stacy(22), slowly shuffles out, a blank expression on her face. She silently shuffles towards the table and sits down, looking down into the table. Jobe awkwardly glances from the food to her, his eyes darts around for a moment, until eventually they land on her and stop. He opens his mouth for a moment, his jaw hanging.

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JOBE  
                  (stuttery)  
So uh... I made you breakfast. Got  
eggs, sausage, toas-

                  STACY  
                  (Tersely)  
I'm not hungry.

                  JOBE  
Oh uh... alright.

Jobe quietly pulls the food back over to him. He looks down at his two plates.

                  JOBE  
That works actually. I'm pretty  
hungry. Worked up an appetite  
after...heh....um...

Stacy looks over at Jobe, her expression darkening. Jobe sinks down a bit. Stacy straightens up, her face softening. She quickly pulls one of the plates back over to her, stabbing egg with quick precision.

                  STACY  
This never happened. We're not  
talking about it. Ever.

                  JOBE  
                  (Nervously)  
Well now... I mean... You can't  
just say it didn't happen, it  
obviously happened. And we have to  
to talk about what it means-

                  STACY  
                  (Looking over)  
Means? It doesn't mean anything, J.

                  JOBE  
Y- yes it does. Geeze, I mean come  
on you don't just do... all of that  
and have it mean nothing.

                  STACY  
Oh yeah and what does mean exactly?

                  JOBE  
That, you know... That we're in  
love.

STACY

(Slight Chuckle)

We are hung over. We are not in love. It's alcohol. Makes you act upon base instincts and all that shit. You're a cutey, I'm smokin hot. That's why we did it.

JOBE

No I... I *am* in love with you, Stacy. I have been for a long time.

STACY

Aaaw, J. That's sweet. I'm getting married, so uh, *this never happened*, OK? People always get their mistakes out when wedding day's around the corner. I'm sure Bruce would understand.

JOBE

\*sigh\* yeah. Sure he would. So then, how we gonna tell him?

Stacy chokes on her food for a moment. She turns to look at Jobe. Stacy shakes her head.

STACY

What are you- like... what?

EXT. SIDEWALK/ MIDDAY(BEFORE 12)

Jobe and Stacy sit a distance apart on a stone rise next to the sidewalk. Cars pass by occasionally. They both look down at their feet, silent.

STACY

He's not gonna find out. He can't.

JOBE

Stacy I mean... He's your fiance. You can't leave him in the dark like this.

STACY

Oh yeah? Well it's not exactly your decision, is it?

Jobe lowers his head. He raises his hand and scratches the back of his head quickly. Stacy looks over with pained expression.

(CONTINUED)

STACY

That conscious of yours... That's why you're not cut out for these kinds of things. So just let the adult handle this OK?

JOBE

Look I... I want to be with you, Stacy. I always have. I always will.

STACY

Don't care. And stop that, with the absolutes and shit. You" find someone else. Everyone always does.

Jobe reaches out and grabs Stacy's hand

JOBE

Look you can't completely rule out that there may-

Stacy pulls back and looks at Jobe, heated.

STACY

Fuckin, stahp! You need to get this through your head, Jobe. We're not gonna be holding hands when no ones watching. We're not gonna be exchanging longing glances during the reception. And I'm not running away with you before the I do's. This ain't one of your rom coms, Jobe. This is life. *Real* life. There's no fanfare commemorating us having a one night stand. People get drunk, they get fucked, and afterwards they're none the wiser. This didn't happen because it can't. Not to me, not to Bruce, and for God's sake not to you Jobe. So don't let it.

Jobe has his hands over his mouth and looks across the street at nothing in particular. Stacy releases the tension in her body and looks away from Jobe.

STACY

You weren't built for this Jobe. So just let this go. It'll be healthier for all of us.

(CONTINUED)

Stacy and Jobe sit in silence. Footsteps can be heard off screen. Stacy looks off screen, a small smile forming on her face.

STACY

Hey babe. How's it going?

Bruce(25), enters from the side of the screen. Jobe looks up quickly straightens, taking in quick breathes. Bruce stops next to Stacy and pecks her on the cheek. Stacy's smiles grows.

BRUCE

(Grinning)

Hey there fellas. Nice morning right? How was your guy's "bachelorette party"? Have fun?

Jobe lets out a weak laugh and shakes his head, looking down at his feet. Stacy smiles, nodding her head yes.

STACY

(Forced smile)

Oh yeah. Was a blast. Maybe uh... a bit too much booze.

BRUCE

(Chuckling)

Oh well it wouldn't be fun without that, right? Hope you kicked a few back for me, bud.

Bruce smiles and pats Jobe on the back. Jobe flinches slightly and smiles, nodding quickly.

JOBE

Oh yeah. Got plenty of that.

Jobe looks over at Stacy. His forced smile twitches for a moment.

JOBE

Nothing but booze...

STACY

Ready to go, babe? Gotta go finalize stuff for the big day.

Stacy stands up and puts her arm around Bruce. The two begin walking back from where Bruce came from. Bruce stops in front of Jobe for a moment

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

I'd ask you to tag along, but I'd rather not bore you to death. Besides, you got something right now dontcha?

JOBE

(faintly)

yeah uh, got tutoring. Got two new people, on top of the ...what was it, other three I think.

BRUCE

Damn that's intense. See now that's why I respect you so much Jobe. Always looking out for others. Just make sure to do some things for you too, alright Jobe?

Jobe looks down and lowers his head. He smiles and looks up at Bruce.

JOBE

Sure thing man. I'll try.

BRUCE

Good man. See ya.

STACY

Bye J.

JOBE

Take it easy.

Bruce and Stacy mumble to each other inaudibly and walk off screen. Jobe looks back down, Then raises his head and looks around for a moment. He takes a deep breathe before standing and walking the opposite direction of the other two.

INT. SCHOOL/CLASSROOM/NIGHT(DOESN'T REALLY MATTER SCHOOL ALWAYS HAS THE SAME LIGHTING)

Jobe stand over someone shoulder. Both are looking into a monitor.

JOBE

OK, so you need to fix those edges but outside of that it's coming along. It's gonna be crunch time from here on out though OK?

(CONTINUED)

DUDE

Right right. Yeah. I'll make sure to be ready. Hey thanks for staying past the cut off time with me dude, I appreciate it.

JOBE

Like I said, I don't mind staying over with you one bit. Umm, what time is it?

DUDE

Uhhhh, 11 pm.

JOBE

Oh geeze that's... time flies. Well I'll see you in a few days to do a progress check.

DUDE

Sure thing man, see ya.

JOBE

Bye Bye.

INT. APARTMENT/NIGHT

Jobe walks into the apartment, which is cluttered and unkempt, slumped over. He drops his backpack on the floor and shuffles into the living room, dragging his feet behind him. Jobe slowly makes his way across the room. Suddenly a hand shoot up from the other side of the couch, belonging to Stan(20).

STAN

Jobey boi help me!

Jobe jumps back, startled. He looks around and walks forward quickly.

JOBE

Stan what are you? How...how long have you been there?

STAN

Oh like...uh... three days I think. Got a bad batch muh dude.

JOBE

Three days bad?

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Well it would've been a five day bad but I only did a fourth. So its a three day bad.

JOBE

(confused)

That's not... how that...never mind. Wait... were you here this morning?

STAN

Three day bad, dude...

JOBE

So then you...heard about...

STAN

You did a bad, Jobey.

JOBE

Ooook. Well great.

Jobe turns around and heads back to the kitchen, beginning to look through cabinets and in the fridge. Stan struggles for a moment, pulling himself over the top of the couch. He has a dazed look on his face. Like he's always uncomfortable.

STAN

That's ok, Jobey. People get horny sometimes. And make mistakes-

JOBE

For the- I didn't just do it to do it!

There's a moment of silence. Stan's eyes widen and his breathing gets louder. He has a concerned expression.

JOBE

(sighing)

I'm sorry, Stan. I'm just tired. Long day. I love her Stan. That's why I did it.

STAN

You always have. Always will. I 'member.

JOBE

Yeah. Always will. But she just wants to forget about it, so I really-

(CONTINUED)

STAN  
I'm hungry!

JOBE  
And oook...

Stan slumps over the couch and hangs. He begins groaning. Jobe breathes in deeply, letting out a long sigh and rubbing his eyes.

JOBE  
I was just about to eat my sandwich from earlier. You want it bud?

STAN  
Yes please. Sorry

JOBE  
Nah don't be sorry. I need to get to bed anyways. Don't really have time to eat.

STAN  
You the best Jobey...oh and Jobe?

JOBE  
Yeah bud?

STAN  
Can you carry me to the bathroom?

JOBE  
Wh- why do you need me to do that?

STAN  
I don't want to throw up on the floor again...

JOBE  
...a-again? Mhm. Ok. Cool. Come on bud.

Jobe begins to walk over to Stan. He makes his way to the couch and bends down. Jobe strains trying to lift up Stan. Stan slumps in his arms.

#### MONTAGE

Series of quick snippets of Jobe working at school, tutoring, getting home late. Multiple shots of Jobe picking up a note on the table from Stan, and a different flower next to it each time. Letter says something different everytime. "Thanks Jobey", "Goodluck", "Hang in there", "Have

faith". Multiple shots of Jobe slumping onto his bed. He gets progressively slower as with each shot.

INT. APARTMENT/(ANYTIME OF THE DAY)

Jobe slowly enters the apartment, sliding his feet across the floor. Stan darts back and fourth in the kitchen, going to multiple pots set on the stove. Jobe looks over to him with hazy eyes. Stan pivots around, smiling.

STAN

Food!

JOBE

Wh- what?

STAN

And booze!!!

Jobe tries to decipher Stan's broken speech for a moment, then shrugs.

JOBE

Sure, cool.

CUT TO THEM AT DINNER TABLE

Jobe and Stand hastily eat. Jobe is perkier then before. Stan looks up occasionally and smiles at Jobe.

JOBE

Thank you so much for dinner Stan.  
I don't know what'd I do without  
you.

STAN

It's really burnt.

JOBE

Oh it's charcoal dude. Delicious,  
delicious charcoal.

They both laugh for a moment. The Jobe leans back and sighs, a dazed look in his eye. Stan looks over at him, concerned.

STAN

You're gonna kill yourself running  
around like this, Jobe.

JOBE

I'd probably kill myself if I  
stopped.

(CONTINUED)

Jobe laughs and rubs his eyes. He looks over at Stan and catches Stan's stern expression. He stopped laughing, looking away from Stan. He closes his eyes.

                  JOBE  
                  It was a joke Stan.

                  STAN  
                  Not funny.

                  JOBE  
                  (sighing)  
                  Alright sorry. Sorry...

They sit for a moment in silence. They both reach over and grab a their beer bottle, taking a long swig. They both let out a sigh after. Stan looks quickly from Jobe, down to his own feet, and back to Jobe.

                  STAN  
                  It's doesn't make you bad, you  
                  know?

                  JOBE  
                  What do you mean?

                  STAN  
                  I mean what you and Stacy did. It  
                  doesn't make you bad, Jobe. People  
                  are allowed to make mistakes. And  
                  sometimes you're just horny you  
                  know-

                  JOBE  
                  That is not why I fucking did it!

Stan leans back, sinking into himself. He looks away from Jobe, looking back out of the corners of his eyes occasionally. Jobe breathes deeply and looks down at his plate.

                  JOBE  
                  I'm... I'm sorry Stan. I'm  
                  just bit on edge lately.

                  STAN  
                  You yelled...

                  JOBE  
                  I know. I know, I'm sorry. I'm just  
                  hearing that... that kind of stuff,  
                  with the horny stuff. It makes me  
                  feel like it didn't mean more then  
                  a one night stand.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Jobe I know you got a thing for her, but it this might just be you getting in your head. Things do just happen sometimes. It doesn't have to mean anything.

JOBE

Well this does. This... this has to.

Jobe begins to eat again. Stan takes another swig of his drink. The room is silent

JOBE

I have a trip planned with them tomorrow. Wish me luck.

STAN

I'll pray for you, Jobey.

OUTSIDE SOMEWHERE. SOMEWHERE YOU'D TAKE A TRIP? - MIDDAY

MEDIUM-CLOSE UP OF JOBE

Jobe looks from side to side as Stacy and Bruce talk. He has an unamused, bored expression on his face.

BRUCE

...I can't believe he managed it, but he did.

STACY

Geeze. The whole thing?

BRUCE

Yeah, the whole thing. In its entirety, took the doctors hours to deal with that.

STACY

(chuckling)

You guys are so stupid.

BRUCE

Aw well boys will be boys, right Jobe?

Jobe continues to stare blankly forward, losing focus on the conversation. Bruce repeats his name a few times. Eventually Bruce snaps his fingers in front of his eyes. Jobe looks taken aback and looks at Bruce on his left.

(CONTINUED)

JOBE

Wha-what? What happened?

BRUCE

And he returns. You ok Jobe?

JOBE

oh yeah sorry. Sorry just...mind wandered.

BRUCE

You're looking like a man possessed Jobe. Something ailing ya?

Jobe's eyes snap onto Stacy for a moment, then slide slowly down. Stacy looks over to Bruce and Jobe. She looks at Jobe with a concerned expression.

STACY

(Shaking her head)

See Jobe this is why I'm always dragging you away from your little world. You work yourself to the bone. It's not healthy.

JOBE

(tersely)

That's not exactly what's on my mind.

Stacy's expression turns to one of slight annoyance. She turns away.

STACY

(bluntly)

Well whatever it is I'm sure it will pass.

Things are silent for a moment. Bruce looks from Jobe to Stacy. He then turns away and sighs. He looks up into the sky, squinting.

BRUCE

Beautiful day. Hope the weather will be this nice on Sunday. Big day.

STACY

(sighing)

Yeah, really big day.

(CONTINUED)

JOBE  
                  (under his breath)  
Huge.

                  BRUCE  
                  (looking down)  
I'm... man I'm lucky.

Jobe and Stacy look over to Bruce. Bruce looks up and smiles.

                  BRUCE  
I mean. I got an awesome new  
friend. Got a girl I love and who  
loves me. You know it's just... for  
the first time I feel like things  
are looking up for me.

Bruce laughs for a moment. Jobe looks down, eyes wide. Jobe grits his teeth. Stacy looks stern, looking away from Bruce. She turns slightly to Jobe and, upon seeing his face, begins to shake her head, whispering 'no' to him. Jobe stops and rocks a bit. He lets out air for a moment, and shakes his head. Suddenly he turns up to Bruce.

                  JOBE  
Listen man I think you need to-

                  STACY  
Just be happy that you've earned  
this, Bruce. Really.

Stacy and Jobe look at each other for a moment. Stacy glares at Jobe. Jobe lets out a frustrated gust of air and turns away, disgruntled. Stacy looks back to Bruce.

                  STACY  
You really deserve this. You deserve  
to be happy. Anyone can see that.

Stacy turns back to Jobe at the last sentence. Jobe nods in compliance with a smirk on his face.

                  JOBE  
                  (annoyed)  
Yeah, he deserves to be happy. Of  
course he does. Nobody would ever  
say otherwise. Man like Bruce also  
deserves complete honesty too.

                  BRUCE  
Uh, well I appreciate that guys-

(CONTINUED)

STACY

(pissed)

Yeah you're right, Jobe. Which he will always get from me.

BRUCE

'course honey. Don't uh, think anyone was denying that.

JOBE

(under his breath but audible)

Feel like you'd need to be honest with yourself at some point first...

BRUCE

wow uh.. hey Jobe let's not...

STACY

Ohhhhh oh you can go fuck yourself.

BRUCE

Wow! Babe I'm sure he was kidd-

JOBE

Bruce you know what you *need* to know?

Everything was quiet. Stacy was breathing heavily and shaking her head at Jobe, frustration on her face. Bruce looks Jobe in the eye with a plain face.

BRUCE

What do I need to know Jobe?

JOBE

That I'm not a good man, Bruce. I'm just a man.

Stacy let out a deep sigh. Jobe looks down and began fiddling with his clothes. Bruce's eyes remain on Jobe. Everything is very suddenly calm.

EITHER SAME PLACE AS PREVIOUS SCENE OR IN A CAR

Stacy and Bruce walk together. Jobe is nowhere to be seen. Stacy and Bruce walk together, holding hands. They're silent, Stacy looking tense. Bruce looks up at her, then down at his feet. He takes a long breath.

BRUCE

So uh, things a little... tense? Between you and Jobe?

(CONTINUED)

STACY

He's just... sorry about that.

BRUCE

Nah nah, don't be sorry. It happens  
you know, friends fight.

They continue on in silence once more. Bruce starts again.

BRUCE

Listen ok. I mean I... I know  
what's up. With him. With the two  
of you.

STACY

Oh geeze you do?

BRUCE

Well of course. It's always been  
obvious how much he likes you.  
Really wears his heart on his  
sleeve that one. So, I can  
understand why he's a bit on edge,  
given the fact that we're... making  
big changes in a few days.

STACY

Oh uh... yeah, must be hard on him.

Stacy looks down at her feet, face sulking. Bruce looks up  
with an inquisitive expression.

BRUCE

You know, I guess everybody has  
their breaking point. It's not like  
Jobe to get so frustrated at that  
kind of thing. At least, he  
wouldn't show it. Knowing him he'd  
keep it to himself, worrying that  
he'd hurt my feelings or  
something.

STACY

Well it's...it's not really...um..

BRUCE

What? Is it something else? You can  
tell me if it is, I want the guy to  
be ok.

STACY

Well he got... worked up cause it's  
a bit bigger then just liking me.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Umm... ok give me a little more yeah? Did something happen with you to? Did you get in a fight?

STACY

No we... we did something... when we were having my bachelorette party. We got really drunk and... We slept together...

Bruce sits in disbelief. His eyes are wide and his mouth is open. He begins shaking his head quickly. Stacy sits next to him. Her face is blank and she looks out away from Bruce.

BRUCE

He...He really did this...

STACY

He did. I know it's not like him. I mean we. Me and him did it.

BRUCE

But he's liked you for a while. And he still sat there and got you drunk.

STACY

I mean... I mean he did, but it's not like...I mean he wouldn't have planned something like this, you know? It's Jobe, he's a good guy.

BRUCE

Yeah he's... a *really* good guy.

Stacy looks down and thinks to herself, a concerned expression on her face. Bruce's face tenses up. Bruce looks out and glares in front of him. The two sit and stare out for a while.

INT. APARTMENT/(ANYTIME OF THE DAY)

Jobe Gets ready to head out. He pulls clothes on and heads out. He looks out and around the kitchen and living room. He looks disgusted at all the clutter and bottles. He goes over to the stove and sees the same pots and pans Stan used earlier piled around. He looks out to the living room.

JOBE

Stan? Yo Stan!

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Huh wha?

Stan jolts up from the couch wearing the same clothes he's been wearing. He makes eye contact with Jobe.

STAN

Aw man Jobey what're you doing?  
It's sleep hours man.

JOBE

No actually it's about five hours  
past sleep hours, man. What're you  
doing with yourself dude?

STAN

I'm sleep Jobe. I'm very sleep come  
on!

JOBE

Are you really getting pissy with  
me? Really? Where do you get off-

Jobe cuts himself off looking at Stan, who is dazed and has a concerned look on his face.

JOBE

Whatever. Just sleep. I have work  
to do and another tutoring session.  
And by the looks I'm already late.  
Just clean the place when you get  
up OK?

Stan nods. Jobe rolls his eyes and walks out. Stan rocks back and fourth for a moment before falling back onto the couch.

INT. SCHOOL/ CLASSROOM NIGHT

Jobe stands next to the same dude from before. He's looking down listening tot he dude, who is yelling at him, looking pissed.

DUDE

I mean seriously dude, what do they  
pay you for? I barely passed that  
project! Half of the info you gave  
me was crap!

JOBE

I mean I'm... I'm so sorry I don't  
know what happened. I must've  
gotten the classes mixed up. I mean  
I tutor other people to so-

(CONTINUED)

DUDE

I don't fuckin' care who else you tutor, man. I care about my grade.

JOBE

OK, you're right, I apologize, sincerely. I really didn't mean to. I mean I got a lot stacked on me right now you know. Like I've barely worked on my own stuff-

DUDE

Bullshit man! Bullshit! I mean honestly, do you think you're the only one with problems? We all have stuff, so why are you complaining right now?

JOBE

I... I mean I should be able to care about my own stuff. Come one man...

DUDE

Nah, it ain't your job to worry about your stuff. And it ain't my problem. I'm sending your boss a message about your so called "help".

JOBE

No please, listen I'll give you extra help on this next one.

DUDE

You'll be lucky if you get to help anyone from now on, asshole. See ya.

The Dude walks away, disgruntled. Jobe stares off after him for a long while. He looks around, shaking his. He opens and closes his mouth as if to say something, but the words escape him and he only breathes out aggressively. He bend over a desk, holding himself up with his arms.

JOBE

(muttering)

Sho....shouldn't somebody...care.

He closes his eyes, his face contorting slightly in frustration.

(CONTINUED)

JOBE

can...can't I care...just a ..li-

Jobe slams down on the keyboard in front on him, grinding his teeth. He straightens up and puts his hands on the back of his head. His breathing becomes unsteady.

EXT. STREETS LEADING TO APARTMENT

Jobe walks slowly down the sidewalk under the dim light on street lamps. He walks at a snails pace, sliding his feet against the ground. Further down the sidewalk, Bruce walks briskly towards Jobe. He stomps hard and fast as he approaches. Jobe looks up and sees him. He stops in his tracks, staring at Bruce, surprised.

JOBE

Bruce? Is that you? What're you doing here?

BRUCE

(slightly puzzled)

I... I...You uh...you're a good man  
Jobe, yeah?

Bruce pants hard, visibly aggravated. Jobe looks behind himself for a moment. Jobe looks shocked.

JOBE

Uh.. I don't know what this is  
Bruce. But, no I don't think I am.

BRUCE

(strained)

Yeah...yeah alright. Yeah I gotta  
know Jobe. How long, exactly.

Realization hits Jobe. He takes a deep breath. Bruce's face slowly becomes more enraged.

JOBE

Oh you...You know. I wanted to tell  
you but sh-

BRUCE

How long Jobe?

JOBE

H-h-how long? I mean I guess I've  
liked her for a while, but you know  
I wouldn't have-

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

How long did you have this planned?

JOBE

(shocked)

I... What do you mean planned?

BRUCE

Got her alone and drunk, huh? You think I can't put two and two together?

JOBE

Whoa! Whoa, whoa, whoa man hold up I did not do that for- I mean come on man it's me you know me why would I do that?

BRUCE

You had to be a little selfish, right? Couldn't keep this to yourself.

JOBE

Ok man listen there were two people there that night. I mean I was drunk too.

Bruce slowly moves towards Jobe, glaring at him. Jobe shakes as he takes steps back.

BRUCE

You fucked my wife Jobe!

JOBE

N-n-n-now hold on a moment. I mean, she's actually not your wife, right? She's you're fiance.

A nervous grin crosses Jobe's face as he looks at Bruce with pleading eyes. Bruce snarls and moves forward swiftly, winding his arm back and sending a fist smashing down into Jobe's face. Jobe fall over. Jobe puts a hand to his face, wiping blood from his lip. Jobe turns quickly and looks at Bruce, who is towering over him. Jobe holds his hand out and motions Bruce away. Jobe shakes his head as Bruce winds back and punches him again. Jobe falls fully on his back, eyes closed. His face contorts in pain. Bruce fall onto his knees on top of Jobe, who struggles. Bruce viciously swings down, beating Jobe over and over again in the head. Bruce then swings his arm and pounds Jobe in the gut. Jobe struggles limply as Bruce continues his assault. Bruce continues for a long time. He eventually stands and looks down. Bruce has

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wild eyes, kicking Jobe in the gut a few times. He then steps back, looking at Jobe crumpled on the ground. Bruce stumbles back a bit, holding his arms out to Jobe. Bruce looks down at his knuckles. Bruce looks around for a moment before moving away. He then walks off quickly. Jobe rolls onto his back, coughing.

Jobe lies there for a moment. He then rolls onto his side, his arms limp. He slowly pushes himself up. Jobe gets slowly onto his feet, stumbling down. He stands, grasping his gut and panting. He whimpers a bit and hobbles home sluggishly. He coughs and slowly stammers around until he makes it to his apartment building. He stops at the entrance door and presses his head against the door.

INT. APARTMENT/NIGHT

Jobe enters the apartment. He looks around. It's in the same condition that it was in before. Jobe looks around and spots Stan asleep on the table. Stan stirs for a moment, looking up at Jobe. Jobe makes his way to the kitchen and begins shuffling through drawers.

STAN

(chuckling)

Oh heya Jobey. I uh, I almost made it up. Saw the table. It's actually pretty com-

JOBE

Stan shut the fuck up.

Stan stares blankly at Jobe. Jobe spits onto the floor and turns away, going into the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM

Jobe looks at himself in the mirror. His eyes are dazed. He has bruises and blood on his lips. He looks disheveled. Jobe makes his way off screen, stumbling down.

CUT TO JOBE SITTING IN A BATHE (JUST HIS HEAD, THE REST CUT OFF)

Jobe stares forward and looks down. He shakes a bit, taking in broken breathes.

SLOWLY ZOOM OUT ON THIS SHOT

CUT A LITTLE FURTHER BACK AND SHOW A KNIFE SITTING ON THE BATHROOM COUNTER

CUT TO BLACK

INT. APARTMENT/NIGHT

Jobe exits the bathroom and walks briskly to the kitchen. Jobe opens one of the drawers and drops the knife inside. Stan watches Jobe from a small distance. Jobe turns and looks at him, glaring.

STAN

What... what was that for, Jobe?

JOBE

You didn't clean a thing did you?

STAN

I'm sorry Jobe I was really tired.  
I'll do it now if you-

JOBE

Do you get off on being useless  
Stan?

Stan looks up at Jobe, a surprised expression on his face. Jobe looks Stan dead in the eye.

STAN

(staggered breathing)  
What...what'd you say...

JOBE

What is it you do exactly Stan?  
Cause where I'm sitting if you're  
not snorting it, drinking it, or  
shoving it up your own ass you're  
not much for it.

STAN

Jobe... I'm sorry Jobe, I always  
try-

JOBE

(pointing at himself)  
No Stan that's the thing. You see I  
always try. This is the life of  
someone who always tries. This is  
what that looks like, Stan.

Jobe point at his face as he says this

JOBE

You see you thrive off of not  
trying Stan. That's how you  
function. And to ensure that you  
can put as minimal effort in your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



INT. APARTMENT/(ANYTIME OF THE DAY)

Jobe steps of his room and shuffles towards the door. He stops and looks at a note and rose on the table. It plainly reads 'bye Jobey'. Jobe lifts up the rose and turns it in his hand. He stares for a moment with vacant eyes, breathing in deeply. He then turns towards the door and shuffles towards it. Jobe opens the front door. Stacy stand outside, looking down and tapping her foot. Stacy's head snaps up and she looks at Jobe, an intense stare on her face.

JOBE

Oh Stacy, joyous day, what bring you-

Stacy slaps Jobe across the face. Jobe stumbles back for a moment, raising a hand and rubbing his face. Jobe looks up at her, chuckles faintly, and turns away, shuffling towards his room.

STACY

You just *had* to bring up that shit didn't you. You just have to keep throwing your baggage all over the place, Jobe! And I've been thinking, did you bring alcohol that night because you... wait, what happened to you?

JOBE

If you've come to beat on me, I'm sorry to say you're fiance beat you to it.

STACY

(stunned)

Wha...He did this? Oh my gosh that's.. I'm so sorry I had no idea he was even over here, I...I didn't know he was capable of... this.

JOBE

Well I guess we're all full of surprises aren't we.

Stacy looks around at the messy apartment. Stacy's eyes soften and she crosses her arms, turning towards Jobe.

STACY

Where's uh... Where's Stan?

Jobe passes the table, dropping the rose in his hand onto Stan's note.

(CONTINUED)

JOBE

He's uh... not around, anymore.

STACY

Geeze Jobe I...I'm really sorry I didn't know things were...like this...

JOBE

Aw, don't worry. Just a road bump, right? Last thing anyone needs is me complaining.

Jobe walks into his room and sits down onto his bed. Stacy follows him and sits down, close to him.

STACY

I...havn't been a very good person, have I...

JOBE

No such thing, Stacy...

STACY

Jobe I... I really care about you, I mean it. I don't want you to hurt like this. I mean I wasn't even thinking about what you must've been going through I was so focused on my own stuff...

JOBE

Hey my problems aren't your problems ok...

STACY

Maybe I...Maybe I want them to be...

Stacy places a hand onto Jobe's. Jobe looks down at it, then up into Stacy's eyes.

INT. APARTMENT BED ROOM/MORNING(OR MIDDAY WORKS

Jobe and Stacy lie side by side in the bed. They both have covers thrown haphazardly on themselves. Stacy is holding onto Jobe. Jobe opens his eyes. He has a vacant expression on his face. He gets up and begins throwing clothes on. Stacy slowly leans forwards, drowsy.

STACY

...uuhhh...um. Hey there, good morning.

(CONTINUED)

Stacy smiles at Jobe. Jobe continues to gather clothes, beginning to put them in a bag.

STACY

Uh... wow I...can't believe that happened...again. I... I mean we gotta talk. I guess, you were right Jobe. I didn't really realize it until last night but... I guess we really are in love, huh.

Jobe stops what he's doing for a moment. He then quickly continues.

JOBE

Nope.

Stacy looks up at Jobe, confused.

STACY

(laughing uncomfortably)  
Um...what did you say?

JOBE

We're not in love. You see, you were right actually. It's not love. That's not why we did that.

STACY

(breathing heavily)  
What're you...what're you saying Jobe?

JOBE

In the wise words of an old friends, sometimes people get horny. I just wanted to get my dick wet Stacy.

Stacy looks away, her breathing staggered. She looks out, and slowly puts a hand to her mouth.

STACY

Oh... oh my gosh...What are you... what'd you do?

JOBE

What'd I do? Oh I did what I was planning the whole time right? Now you on the other hand, I mean one time is one thing, but twice in the same week? And with no alcohol this time? Man, you've obviously got some things to think about.

(CONTINUED)

Jobe lifts up his bag and swings it over his shoulder, beginning to make his way out of the room.

STACY

(whimpering)

What're you... where are you going?

JOBE

On a trip. A much needed trip. Send my regards to your hubby, OK?

Jobe walks out and exits the apartment. Stacy sits there, a shocked and repulsed look on her face. She cups her head in her hands.

INT. CAR

A long shot of Jobe driving in his car, music blaring. His eyes looks empty and his face is expressionless. He looks dead ahead, a cold stare.

EXT. SOMEWHERE WHERE THERE IS NATURE

Jobe walks down a dirt path. All around him there are trees casting sunlight in patches on the ground. Jobe walks slowly down looking around at the trees. Jobe brushes his hands against the tree trunks and brush.

Brief montage of clips. Things like the school, the apartment, Stans spot and his letter and flowers, in a vase. Show a glimpse of Bruce and Stacy sitting quietly on a couch somewhere, holding hands. Bruce's face is emotionless, and Stacy looks away from him, a sickened look on her face.

Jobe continues to walk through the woods. He struggles and makes his way up a hill. Upon reaching the top he stops and looks out across the trees. His breathing quickens and he looks out, rubbing his face in his hands. He begins to lean back and fourth a bit, his face contorting with grief and pain.

Jobe falls to his knees and lets out a scream. Everything is silent. Nothing happens. Jobe's breathing calms, and he stops panicking, looking around. Everything is quiet.

Jobe sits there and stares out.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END