

Maron

#103

"The Sponsor"

by

Duncan Birmingham

Writers Draft

TVM Productions, Inc.
10351 Santa Monica Blvd.
Suite 300
Los Angeles, CA 90025

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FADE IN:

ACT ONE

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Our hip neighborhood coffee shop.

Jonesing for caffeine, Marc Maron finally reaches the end of a long line and approaches the fedora'd BARISTA behind the counter.

MARON

Hey, buddy. I'll take a triple espresso to go. Over ice.

BARISTA

Yeah we don't do "over ice".

MARON

Huh?

BARISTA

To preserve the bean's integrity. The ice would compromise the flavor. Store policy, so.

MARON

Seriously?

BARISTA

Yes. Seriously.

MARON

Ok... Tell you what. Just draw me the triple shot.

BARISTA

Very good. Anything else?

MARON

Yeah. Cup of ice.

BARISTA

Knowing what you'll do with it? No.

MARON

I'll turn my back.

BARISTA

No. I can't do it. I won't.

The impatient line is grumbling now. Looking like he may blow his top, Maron glares at this self-important prick.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Maron is in "the garage" with Ken Jeong. Maron's still worked-up.

MARON

"The integrity of the bean?" You believe that?!

KEN JEONG

I have read it compromises the flavor--

(backpeddles)

But I mean, hello, free country. So what'd you do?

MARON

Well... I sped the whole way home to pour it over ice myself.

KEN JEONG

So it all worked out in the end.

MARON

Did I say that? Believe me, there was a time I woulda gone Five Easy Pieces on his ass. I mean unleash a Biblical rage-tidal wave all over him.

KEN JEONG

Well, good for you for taking the high road, Maron.

MARON

Eh. Is it? Cause blowing up woulda felt great. Wonder what time that prick works til?

Maron checks the clock, shrugs.

MARON (CONT'D)

How am I this guy? Schlepping in the morning rush line for my over-priced coffee. Complaining about the service like an old man. It's so routine.

(shaking head)

When I was a kid all my heroes were wild men, addicts. Burroughs, Keith Richards, Lenny Bruce.

KEN JEONG
Shannon Hoon... Blind Melon?

Maron just waves this off with disgust.

MARON
Don't get me wrong, I don't miss
drugs or booze, but I can't help
missing the chaos, the war stories.
That feeling. You know when you've
been partying for days, playing
chicken with your own sanity,
flying like Icarus too close to the
sun. Dawn breaks and you feel
victorious just 'cause you lived.
It's that high you can only get
from being totally of control.
Right?

Maron's chuckling at the memories. But Ken Jeong is clueless
and a little unnerved.

KEN JEONG
... Sure?

Maron realizes Ken Jeong is not "getting" him at all. He
straightens up and switches gears.

MARON
So. How's that new-- whatever it
is you got going on?

EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Outside a church. Spilling out of an AA meeting on a little
wave of people, Maron gets nods and pats on the back for
today's sharing.

Maron waves bye and breaks off from the group clustering to
smoke and chat on the curb.

MANNY (O.S.)
Hey, man.

Maron turns around to see an older Latino guy hanging by
himself. Muscular, tough and tatt'd-up, this is a badass
who's lived "Life" with a capital "L".

MANNY (CONT'D)
Dug your share in there. Trying to
climb the Hollywood sign on
mescaline? You did some wack shit
in your day.

Intrigued by this guy, Maron adopts a little swagger of his own.

MARON

Made perfect sense at the time.
How else was I gonna argue with the
full moon?

MANNY

And now 10 years sober. You may as
well be standing on top of Mt.
Everest to me.

MARON

Like I said inside, it took me 15
years to get the 10 I got under my
belt now... You new?

MANNY

Just did two years in the can, but
that was nothing compared to the
last 12 days sober.

MARON

I'm sure you feel insane because
you're actually having feelings,
right? The flood gates are open.
Nothing to stop 'em. The cookies
work? You ate twenty.

MANNY

That's why I'm talking to you.
I been praying on this, but I'm
gonna need someone more hands-on
than Jesus to keep me sober.

MARON

Jesus and I haven't really
collaborated before, but... yeah I
can help you.

Maron smiles as they begin to walk and talk.

MARON (CONT'D)

Now your first mistake was drinking
the shit coffee in there.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Standing in line at the coffee shop, Maron and Manny talk
excitedly like new friends do.

MANNY

You know what I missed the most in prison? Jack Daniels. I loved Jack.

MARON

Shooting Jack was so my thing! I remember one night another comic and I downed a fifth of Jack and crashed this party up in the hills--
(remembers, tapering off)
I just kinda got sick I guess.
Thought there was more of a story there.

MANNY

It's impossible to get clean inside. Man, I used to snort coke off my cell bars with the guards before the morning count-off.

MARON

I used to wake up in the morning and do two big rails before my job at a restaurant. Then I'd just go in, jacked out of my mind, and make pancakes. And eggs. Any way you want 'em. For hours, man.

MANNY

Hey, man, I died once. Doctor proclaimed me legally deceased. Half hour later I'm at a bar slamming Jack Daniels to my health. Twice. That happened twice.

MARON

I hear you, man. I almost died. I was lyin in bed, jacked, my heart was pounding outta my chest. Didn't know what to do. Masturbated four times. Saved my life.

MANNY

Know what I really miss? That first bang of dope. Man, I can practically taste it.

In line, a couple appalled yoga moms glance their way now.

MARON

Yeah? I never actually got around to the needle thing.

MANNY

Seriously? It's better than the tightest little piece of ass. Oh man, we gotta get you fixed--

MARON

Yeah, I mean "no!" No way. Those days are behind me. And you. Jesus.

Back to reality, Manny and Maron shake off the little buzz.

MANNY

See? That's why I need you, Maron. I'm a bad man. I've done a lot of bad shit.

MARON

Don't worry about it. You're gonna get your side of the street clean on this stuff. Make amends.

BARISTA

Hellooo. I said, next.

Maron realizes he's come to the front of the line. It's the same elitist Barista with the fedora.

MARON

Listen, I know you have your little rules here, but can't I just get a triple shot espresso over ice.

The Barista pauses noticing Manny, who even man-handling and sniffing the pastries, looks threatening.

BARISTA

Absolutely. No problem, sir.

Noticing the suddenly sheepish Barista eyeing Manny, Maron can't help push it a little.

MARON

Oh. Good. And we're in a rush, so let's do this.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Maron drives his car with Manny eating donuts and licking his fingers in shotgun.

MANNY

Thanks again for the lift, man.

Maron nods. He's ignoring the road to watch Manny eat.
Manny catches him.

MANNY (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

Whatya want? Jelly? Coconut?

MARON

No, no. I'm good, man.

MANNY

Five's my limit. The rest is all
you.

Manny tosses the bag up on the dashboard.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Turn here. Last one on the left.

MARON

How is halfway house-living anyway?

Manny shrugs, sullen.

MARON (CONT'D)

I always wondered. Is it all ex-
cons? That'd make for some intense
dinner conversation? And who does
the cooking--

MANNY

It's not a commune, it's a shit
hole.

Maron pulls up to the curb and cringes at the crappy house.
Manny gazes sadly out the window.

MANNY (CONT'D)

But after the life I've led, it's
what I deserve.

(shaking head)

Who am I kidding? Maybe this was
all a mistake. Maybe I'm too far
gone.

Manny opens the door to get out.

MARON

Whoa. Let's cut the pity party.

(off Manny pausing)

(MORE)

MARON (CONT'D)

That attitude won't get you another week. Remember what I said about keeping your side of the street clean. You gotta make things right. And the longer you wait, the harder it is. Don't start next week, start now. And, hey, you know I got your back.

MANNY

You'll help me with that?

MARON

Definitely.

Maron locks eyes with Manny to show he's serious.

MANNY

You know what you are? You're the little fairy angel on my shoulder.

MARON

Those aren't the words I would choose, but yeah, sure thing. Stay strong, buddy. I'll see you at the next--

But Manny closes the door, settles back in his seat and takes out a cigar.

MANNY

Damn straight, Angel. I gotta start *ahora mismo*! Let's roll. We got some big wrongs to right.

Maron hesitates, a little put-out. Lighting his cigar, Manny gives him a look like "Well?" Maron puts the car in drive.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

In an abandoned parking lot, Maron sits in his car.

In front of him, Manny trades rapid Spanish with a sketchy TOUGH GUY with a flashy low-rider or tinted van (note: a car that screams sketchy). Whatever they're talking about, it's intense and involves occasionally glancing at Maron and laughing.

Trying to follow, Maron watches cluelessly as Manny is handed a huge GYM BAG and donkey PIÑATA. They bro-hug like this is a big event. Manny hops back in the car and stuffs everything in the back seat like it's no big deal.

MARON

So... Good chat with your buddy?
What is all that anyway?

MANNY

Never seen a gym bag and burro
piñata before? Less chit-chat more
drive-drive. We're on a schedule,
Angel.

MARON

Gotta say, I don't love that
nickname.

As they pull out, Manny leans over Maron to HONK and peace-out the Tough Guy.

EXT. GANGBANGER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A rundown barrio street. Pulling up in front of an old house with black-out shades, barred windows and a dead lawn, they exit.

Maron follows Manny (holding the bag) up the path. A little sketched out, Maron glances around.

MANNY

This is a little business I need to
put to bed. I just need you there
to keep me on the right path.

MARON

No problema.

MANNY

Don't do that. In fact, try not too talk much.

MARON

Sure. I can play it that way.

Manny takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. A little peephole in the door slides open, then slams shut.

MANNY

And don't be scared. These guys feed on fear.

MARON

(suddenly scared)
What?

There's no time to answer. Locks click as the door creaks open.

INT. GANGBANGER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Manny and Maron are allowed into the sparse living room by a giant shirtless gangbanger (BIG BENNIE) in a double shoulder holster. A muscle-bound second guy (LUIS) bench-presses a lot of weight in the corner. There are liquor bottles and drug paraphernalia everywhere-- no wonder Manny brought Maron here.

On a sofa is the top dog (CAESAR) with crazy eyes and a Bluetooth on. His gun rests on the coffee table and he smokes a huge joint of who-knows-what.

CAESAR

Look who finally decided to drop by. My feelings were getting hurt.

Bennie opens a folding chair for Manny to sit in. Maron looks around for his chair, awkwardly stands.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

What's with the Jew-face lawyer?

MARON

My mother wishes. No, I'm just here--

CAESAR

Tell him to shut up before I send him back to Brentwood without his kneecaps.

MARON
Hey, I'm local, man. I actually
live right over on-- address
doesn't matter.

CAESAR
Shut up.

MANNY
I want out.

Caesar starts laughing like this is the funniest fucking
thing he's ever heard. He wipes at his tears.

CAESAR
You crack me up, Manny. There's no
out. You chose the life.

LUIS
(GRUNTS)

Luis struggles with the weight. It's going to crush him.
Everyone notices, but no one offers to help. Marc realizes
it's on him. He tentatively crosses to Luis and spots him.

LUIS (CONT'D)
Thanks, bro.

Luis extends a fist bump. Marc awkwardly reciprocates.
Manny and Caesar have been watching but go back to business.
Manny drops the gym bag on the table. Caesar opens it.

Maron cranes his neck to try and see too.

Caesar takes out a block of money, flips through, looks back
in the bag. His lips and fingers move as he's doing the
math. He sits back with a poker-face.

CAESAR
... Okay.

Manny and Maron relax. Maron gives a little 'that-was-close'
smile to Bennie who doesn't smile back.

CAESAR (CONT'D)
Let's celebrate! Luis, grab the
Scorpion.

Manny and Maron exchange a look as Luis lets his barbells
clang down and retrieves a bottle case from the kitchen.
Caesar unsheathes the bottle and pours two shots.

CAESAR (CONT'D)
This bottle is from the oldest
mezcal family in Mexico. My
brother--
 (crosses self)
--brought it back from Oaxaca--

MANNY
No thanks. I'm not drinking
anymore.

Manny looks back at Marc for moral support. Marc nods.
Manny pushes the shot back.

CAESAR
That's what this is? You civilian
now? Gonna laser off those skull
and titty tatoos, start a
landscaping company, wear little
jean cut-offs while you trim your
hippie lawyer's hedges?

Caesar clicks the safety off the gun sitting on the coffee
table.

CAESAR (CONT'D)
I can't trust a man who won't drink
with me.

Out of options, Manny looks back at Maron.

CAESAR (CONT'D)
Quit looking at your furry Jew!

MARON
Enough with that shit.

Everyone turns to Maron. He has no choice but to go for it.

MARON (CONT'D)
Are we really even debating that
addiction is a disease here? Would
you force-feed candy into some
little diabetic baby's face? Would
you drag your wife with skin cancer
to the beach? Would you give a
known killer a gun? All right, bad
example. Would you give somebody
bad something that would make them
worse?

Manny gives Maron a look like 'reign it in man.' Maron
checks himself.

MARON (CONT'D)
I think you hear what I'm sayin'.

A beat.

MARON (CONT'D)
Okay. I get it.
(re: shot glass)
It's a gang-macho-trust thing, but
come on!

It's silent. Big Bennie shakes his head at Maron and mouths 'you're dead, asshole.' Marc tries to make eye contact with Luis, but Luis averts his eyes. Maron shrugs at Manny like he tried.

Everyone watches Caesar.

He leans in like he's reaching for the gun, but picks up his shot instead. He downs it, then downs Manny's too. He belches.

CAESAR
Your gentrified friend is a real
smart guy, Manny.

MARON
Don't slap me with the
gentrification thing. Sure I came
after the gays, but years before
the hipsters and I buy all my cat
food at a bodega.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Maron and Manny are back driving through the shitty neighborhood. Flooring it, Maron's pumped.

MARON (CONT'D)
Oh man! That was insane! I
schooled that dude. How high up is
he anyway?

MANNY
Pretty high. You did good.

MARON
Just good?! You're lucky you
didn't ask Glenn with the shaped
eyebrows to be your sponsor, I can
tell you that.

Manny slides the bakery bag along the dashboard to Maron.

MANNY

If anyone deserves a jelly donut
it's you, Angel.

MARON

That's all you. I'm good.

MANNY

That right? Cause you been
eyeballing this bag the whole time
we've been in the car.

Maron squirms under Manny's gaze.

MARON

It's not a big deal. You wouldn't
get it.

MANNY

You condescending me?

MARON

You mean "to me"? Sorry... Look,
I'm on a new diet.

MANNY

Jesus Christ. You're like a woman?

MARON

God, no.
(thinking)
Why, do I look fat?

Mortified for both of them, Manny cringes.

MANNY

In prison you'd be like a little
bitch Christmas present.

MARON

I kinda figured. On a good night,
I wasn't even that much of a top
with my ex-wife.

MANNY

My brain hurts. How the hell did
this happen?

MARON

Look, I have eating issues. It
goes back to my parents.

MANNY

Beat you, huh? Me too.

MARON
Well. Not exactly.

MANNY
Oh, man. They had sex with you?

MARON
No. No.

MANNY
Well, I'm out of ideas.

MARON
My mother had her own food issues. For most of my childhood, I think she just saw me as an extension of her fat. So basically, it's a conditional love thing. Meld that to a highly addictive personality and you've got a guy who's not a ton of fun at a dinner party.

MANNY
You were right. I don't get it--

MARON
I told you.

MANNY
--but to admit to whatever the hell you just admitted to, you got some big swinging balls, Angel.

Manny gives Maron a little fist-bump as they roll down the street.

EXT. SNITCH'S HOUSE - LATER

Maron and Manny pull up curbside to their next stop. This street is even more rundown. Clapping his hands together, Maron psyches himself up.

MARON
Ok! Break it down. What's the scenario this time? We going in cowboy-style or--

MANNY
You can stay in the car.

Relieved, Maron drops back in his seat.

MARON
I can do that.

MANNY

Just making amends with an old
friend. Be out in a few.

Maron watches as Manny hops out and disappears into a dumpy duplex. Humming, Maron checks his phone.

TEEN (O.S.)

You lost?

Startled, Maron looks up to find a Latino TEEN (14), wearing a black concert t-shirt, circling his car on an old BMX. He's got a big shit-eating grin

MARON

No, I'm not lost. Thanks, kid.

TEEN

So you're looking to get sucked
off, then? Gimme your phone, I got
the slut for you.

MARON

What!? No, I don't wanna get
sucked off! What's wrong with you?
I'm just, you know, hanging out.

Maron rolls up his squeaky window.

TEEN

What a coincidence! I'm hanging
out too. So's my boy Gordo. We
should all hang together.

Maron looks up. A chunky teen (GORDO) settles his fat ass on the hood of the car and bounces a little.

MARON

Hey bud, you mind getting off the--

TEEN

What?! He can't hear you! Roll
the window down!

MARON

Ha, ha. Okay, you guys have had
your fun.

TEEN

Lemme see your phone. I gotta call
my brother. C'mon, he's in the
hospital, yo.

With one kid bouncing on the car and the other banging on the passenger window, Maron eyes the building Manny went into.

EXT. MARON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maron exits, locks the car and tries to be cool as he fast-walks towards the building.

MARON
I'll catch you guys later.

Maron approaches the building-- bangs on the door. He tries to peer through the window.

TEEN (O.S.)
Where you going, professor! We're hanging out!

Maron hurries around the building, finds a side door.

MARON
Hello?! ... Hola!?

INT. SNITCH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maron pushes inside. A guy (SNITCH) is duct-taped to a kitchen chair, a rag in his mouth and his face beaten to a pulp. Manny stands over him with a GUN to his head. Marc is shocked.

MARON
Sorry, guys. My bad.

Without missing a beat, Maron spins back around and closes the door behind him. Manny turns back to Snitch. Maron comes back inside.

MARON (CONT'D)
Time out! You were in here for 30 seconds? What the hell happened to making amends?!

MANNY
What does it look like I'm doing?
This guy's the reason I did time.
He's a snitch.

Maron looks at the Snitch with disgust.

MARON
Manny, this is not sober behavior,
you gotta think this through.

MANNY

I have. It's all I thought about
for two years.

MARON

Good point. But look, he's pretty
banged up. He's learned his
lesson. You're sorry aren't you,
guy?

Maron yanks the dish towel from the guy's mouth. The Snitch
starts screaming in Spanish and spits blood on Maron.

MARON (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

Fuming, Maron wipes himself clean as Manny chuckles.

MARON (CONT'D)

I was trying to help! Ayudar.
Ayudar tu-- Screw it.

SNITCH

I speak English, asshole!

Maron jams the towel back in the guy's mouth.

MARON

(to Manny)

There are still other ways to get
closure.

MANNY

C'mon, Angel. Whaddya want me to
do? Talk it out? Share my
feelings?

MARON

I was thinking more like bang his
girlfriend.

Manny grabs a photo from the fridge and holds it up. Maron
cringes.

MARON (CONT'D)

Christ. Yeah, that's not gonna
work.

Shaking his head, Maron gives the Snitch a pitying look.

MANNY

Why do you give a shit about this
cockroach?

MARON

I don't. I give a shit about you.
And this is not how you start over.

Manny considers this, then sighs like a kid.

MANNY

I really wish you'd stayed in the
car.

Manny hands Maron the gun. Maron awkwardly holds it.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Ok, Angel. But I'm still gonna
kick his ass just a little more.

Manny wraps his hand in a dish towel and approaches the
Snitch, while behind him, Maron gets comfortable with the gun
and starts posing with it.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, don't do that.

It's like Manny has eyes in the back of his head.
Embarrassed, Maron puts the gun down.

INT. CAR - LATER

Annoyed, Maron drives while Manny flips through his radio
stations. The bloom is off the rose in this bromance.

MANNY

Your girlfriend preset these
stations or what?

MARON

That's all you have to say? What
were you thinking? I could have
been charged as an accessory to
murder.

MANNY

Think anyone on that street's
calling the police. That's a white
people thing. You need to chill.

Manny takes out a wad of money and peels off a bill.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Here's a little something-
something.

MARON

What? I don't want your blood
money. Stop it. I don't--

Maron tries to bat him away, but Maron leans in and jams it
in Maron's jeans.

MARON (CONT'D)

Fine. Whatever. I keep you from
killing a guy. You pitch in for
gas. Fair trade.

MANNY

I never said I wouldn't kill him.
Just not right now. Like they say,
'one day at a time.'

Maron looks at Manny who laughs.

MANNY (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, fool! For a comedian,
you don't have much of a sense of
humor. Tell me some jokes.

MARON

I don't tell joke-jokes.

MANNY

What the hell are they then?

MARON

More observational humor. About my
life. Where I try to make a
connection with the audience.

MANNY

Yeah, sounds hilarious.
(sees something)
Oh man. Pull over!

MARON

What? Cops? Where?

MARON (CONT'D)

Just pull over. Do it!

It's chaotic as Manny reaches across to grab the wheel.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ICE CREAM CART - MOMENTS LATER

An old-school ice cream cart plays its jingle on a street corner with a couple kids playing around. Manny approaches with Maron in tow.

MANNY

Kiko's is the best ice cream in the city! Been coming here for years. Right, Kiko? I even got money this time. Ha, ha.

Manny back-slaps old KIKO whose memory of Manny is clearly not as fond. Terrified, he forces a smile.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Whaddya want, Angel?

MARON

I told you, I don't want anything.

MANNY

Get over it, man. My treat. They got horchata, dulce de leche, piña--

MARON

I said I don't want anything!!!

It's a tantrum-like outburst. Kiko raises his eyebrows and the kids glance over at Maron who's mortified.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - LATER

Maron and Manny sit at a picnic table or park bench with the cart in the background. Manny enjoys a triple scoop cone of chocolate chip while Maron steams across from him.

MANNY

Mmmm. I got an ice cream headache, but I can't stop. Mmmm. Hurts so good, you know.

MARON

You're being a real asshole.

MANNY

Don't you at least want a bite?

MARON

You know I do. I wanna steal the cart and eat all of it.

MANNY

Maybe you're the one who's gotta learn to loosen the reigns just a little.

MARON

Wow. You're a little green to be pulling the student-becomes-the-teacher shit with me.

MANNY

After the day you've had, don't you think you deserve to treat yourself a little?

Maron's softening.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Trust me on this one, Angel.

Marc grabs the ice cream cone and has a bite. It's glorious. He tries to hand it back to Manny.

MANNY (CONT'D)

That's yours now, man. I don't want your cooties.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Maron and Manny are driving. Manny is tense and distracted, but Maron is as relaxed as we've seen him.

MARON

You were right. God, that was good. And the best part is I didn't overdo it.

MANNY

Good to hear.

MARON

Besides sugar, coffee and jerking off, we addicts don't have many pleasures left. Probably be good for me to stop leaning so heavy on the other two.

MANNY

Uh-huh.

MARON

Anyway, I should probably drop you off. If I hit the gym after 7, all the ellipticals are taken.

MANNY

Hook a left. We got one more stop.

MARON

That waffle place on 6th?

MANNY

Not quite.

Manny jerks a thumb at the piñata sitting between them in the backseat.

MANNY (CONT'D)

I need you to make a delivery.

Maron's smile disappears.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CAR - DUSK or NIGHT

It's getting dark as they ease up curbside to a residential 'hood. Manny's tense, causing Maron to be the same.

MARON

What gives? If this piñata's so important, why can't you deliver it.

MANNY

Kill your lights.

MARON

I don't like this.

MANNY

It's all cool. I promise. Stop being a little bitch!

Maron glares at Manny who's defiantly staring straight ahead.

MARON

When I said I'd help restart your life, I thought I'd field a few late night phone calls, help you take inventory, be your sober buddy for Cinco de Mayo. But in one day, I've been in a literal Mexican stand-off, called out by 10 year-olds, made an accomplice and I ate horchata ice cream, shit! Now I'm just supposed to deliver this donkey cause you promise it's 'cool'. I'm starting to think your promises don't mean shit. In fact, maybe you were right. Maybe it is too late for you to straighten out.

Maron falls silent, realizing he may have overstepped.

Manny slowly turns his gaze from the road to Maron. He's never seemed so threatening. No doubt this is the last face some unlucky men have ever seen.

MARON (CONT'D)

Which house?

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Clutching the piñata, Maron walks up the path. His heart is pounding in his ears. Everything seems like a potential threat. Maybe he catches someone peering through the blinds.

Maron knocks on the door. The door cracks open to reveal... a LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE GIRL

Hello?

Behind her are a few adult family members. The inside of the house is whirl of streamers, balloons and laughter. It's clearly her birthday. Maron feels like a jackass.

MARON

Think this donkey's for you.

The Girl looks past Maron to where Manny sits in the idling car.

LITTLE GIRL

Are you Grandpa's parole officer?

MARON

No. I'm his... buddy.

The Girl slides past Maron and makes a break for it. Following, the MOM pushes Maron aside to run after her. The Girl only makes it halfway down the walkway before Mom picks her up.

Being carried back inside, the Girl waves at Manny. Manny waves back. She starts crying.

The Mom gives Maron the stinkeye as he passes on the pathway.

INT. CAR - LATER (NIGHT)

Maron and Manny are back in the car. Maron keeps looking sheepishly at Manny.

MARON (CONT'D)

Sorry about before.

Manny's silent.

MARON (CONT'D)

After a lifetime of screwing things up, you can't fix everything in a day.

MANNY

Yeah, but that was the only stop
that really mattered.

Maron slows the car up to the halfway house. Manny steps
outta the car. Manny walks to the house.

PRELAP: Marc at the mic.

INT. MARON'S GARAGE - LATER

Possible scene of Marc on the mic.

He's talking about how happy he is to be sober and in
control, but he also recognizes that maybe he's been holding
the reigns of his life a little too tight lately and that's
why he's had this false nostalgia for the old days. Marc
suggests that you can change your life.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT DAY

A different morning. Marc comes to the top of the line.
It's the same Barista.

MARON

Gimme a triple-shot espresso. Over
ice.

BARISTA

Gotcha.

MARON

Good man. The fedora's growing on
me.

Marc nods coolly. He 'owns' this place now.

MARON (CONT'D)

And throw in a jelly donut while
you're at it.

As Marc gets his goods, he fishes in his pocket for a tip for
the 'Karma' jar. He's surprised to find the crumpled \$100
Manny gave him.

Marc takes his goods, drops the hundo in the jar and walks
out with a little strut to his step. One cool customer.

THE END