

TO KNOW THE NIGHT

by

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OVER BLACK

CHARLIE (V.O.)
John Wooden once said, "Success is never final, failure is never fatal. It's courage that counts."

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARENA - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: The dribbling of a basketball in SLOW MOTION. The ball bounces up. A hand deftly sends it back down.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Coach Wooden's words epitomize a true shooter's mentality. For the Reggie Millers, the Ray Allens, and the Stephen Curry's of the world, if they make a shot, they want to take another. If they miss nine in a row, they know the tenth is going in.

We PULL BACK and go to NORMAL SPEED.

CHARLIE DONOVAN (23) is dribbling the basketball. He's wearing a blue-and-gold uniform, with a #11 and the words "CALIFORNIA" on his jersey.

In comparison to the other NINE PLAYERS on the court, Charlie is exceptionally average in height, weight, and stature.

SUPER: "NCAA Championship Game -- April 7, 2014"

Charlie dribbles past the half-court line.

An OPPOSING PLAYER, wearing a "KENTUCKY" jersey, greets him in a defensive stance.

Charlie glances up at the scoreboard. 13 seconds remain the in game. The score reads: "KENTUCKY 82, CALIFORNIA 80."

12...

11...

10...

Charlie crosses-over his defender. Gets by him. ANOTHER DEFENDER jumps in front of him.

Charlie spots an open TEAMMATE. He passes him the ball.

Back to SLOW MOTION.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

It's this unconscious ability to move on from one play to the next, regardless of result, that allows the best shooters in the game to thrive in moments of utmost significance.

Return to NORMAL SPEED.

Charlie's teammate has an open shot, but hesitates. He doesn't shoot the ball. TWO KENTUCKY PLAYERS run at him.

Charlie breaks free from his defender. He sprints to the top of the three-point-line. He's open.

His teammate passes him the ball.

A DEFENDER runs at him. Charlie pump fakes. Falling for it, the defender flies by. Charlie has an open shot.

Back to SLOW MOTION.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

So what separates the average shooters from the greats? It isn't the fundamentals, the shooting form, or even athletic ability.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Charlie's eyes.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

It's the mind.

We PULL BACK and see Charlie jump. He flicks his right wrist and sends the ball towards the hoop...

The basketball is in mid-flight.

Everyone watches. Charlie. The other players. The COACHES. The crowd. The ball arcs down towards the basket...

...CLANG! No good.

BZZZZZZZZZZ. Game over.

The Kentucky players and coaches storm the center of the court. Jumping up and down in celebration.

Charlie remains standing at the three-point-line. Staring at the basket. Too stunned to move.

We CLOSE ON the basketball hoop. The noise begins to fade. The crowd in the background begins to blur...

EXT. OAKLAND SCHOOLYARD BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

...we see an old, beat-up hoop. The night in the background. A basketball drops down towards the basket.

...SWISH.

SUPER: "Oakland, California -- 24 Hours Later"

Charlie grabs the basketball. Not another person in sight. He dribbles to the three-point-line. He shoots.

...SWISH.

From behind the hoop, TWO BEAMS OF LIGHT come into view. A BLACK SUV drives towards the court. The passenger side door opens. A PERSON rolls out of the moving vehicle.

This is PARKER (25). He has a scruffy, restless exterior, as a result of being a sleep deprived law student and a party loving human being.

PARKER

Donovan!

Charlie looks up. He sees Parker staggering towards him. Parker's drunk. Charlie grins and takes one final shot.

...SWISH.

Parker grabs the ball. He dribbles towards Charlie.

Charlie slaps the ground and gets into a defensive stance.

Parker tries to dribble past him, but Charlie steals the ball. The two laugh and give each other a one-armed-bro-hug.

The SUV has now parked.

Three people pile out of the car:

- 1) DAVID (30), Charlie's older brother.
- 2) MADISON (30), David's girlfriend. David and Madison are surgical residents. They both are wearing hospital scrubs.
- 3) JESSICA (22), wearing a blue dress, blue heels, a gold headband, and gold bracelets. The Cal school colors.

Jessica's sense of style resembles her personality: reserved and tasteful, yet methodical and calculated. She's a Type-A freak. She's also Charlie's fiancee.

Jessica runs up to Charlie and gives him a long kiss.

JESSICA

You okay?

DAVID (O.S.)

How you doing, Charlie?

Charlie looks up and sees David and Madison. Madison carries a SIX-PACK OF BEER.

CHARLIE

I'm still breathing.

DAVID

It was one shot, one game, doesn't matter anymore. You go through the list of agents I gave you? We need to pick one by--

MADISON

He just finished his college career. He can relax for a day.

Madison tosses Charlie a can of beer.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Drink it. Doctor recommended.

Charlie smiles and mouths "thank you" to Madison. He opens the can of beer and takes a drink.

Parker grabs the basketball. He gives David a look.

DAVID

No.

Parker grins and continues to eye David.

David laughs. Shakes his head. But he takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves.

PARKER

You know the drill. Loser buys--

David steals the ball from Parker and races towards the hoop. Parker stumbles after him.

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

Fuck man, I didn't say I was ready.

Madison rolls her eyes to Jessica, but walks towards the hoop after them. We stay with Charlie and Jessica.

JESSICA

You're really okay, right?

CHARLIE
Yeah...I am now.

Jessica beams. She kisses him.

INT. BROOKLYN BARCLAYS CENTER - EVENING

The stands are packed. A palpable buzz fills the arena.

SUPER: "NBA Draft Day -- June 26, 2014"

ESPN DRAFT ANALYSTS sit in their respective seats near the front of the stage, facing the TV cameras.

DRAFT ANALYST #1
What do you guys make of this year's draft?

DRAFT ANALYST #2
I'm really interested to see where Charlie Donovan ends up. He's the best shooter in this draft...

THE GREEN ROOM

...the ESPN draft broadcast is playing on a TV amongst a WALL OF TELEVISION MONITORS.

Charlie and NINE OTHER TOP DRAFT PROSPECTS all wait in the green room behind the stage. Charlie's fast-talking agent, BRIAN LEE (40), sits next to him. He's on the phone.

BRIAN
(into phone)
They actually want that flat-footed motherfu--who's your source...fuck!
(hangs up; dejected)
We're dropping out of the top fifteen.

Charlie calmly nods.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
But there's no fucking way we're dropping out of the top twenty. There's no god damn--

CHARLIE
(pats Brian on the back)
Relax, Brian. You did the best you could. We're good.

BUZZ. Brian checks his phone. It's a new text.

BRIAN
 We're fucking golden! The Lakers
 are saying they'll take you at
 nineteen. LA baby!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PIER 7 - SAME TIME

A press conference is taking place at the pier. The MAYOR of San Francisco is at the podium.

MAYOR
 Today, we award the "Key to San
 Francisco" to one of our most
 distinguished residents...

We PAN towards the AUDIENCE.

Jessica sits in the third row, wearing a PRESS BADGE that reads: "CNN ASST. CORRESPONDENT: JESSICA HARPER."

Hearing a BUZZ, Jessica checks her phone. It's a new text.

CHARLIE (TEXT)
I'm bored. Call me?

Jessica shakes her head, annoyed, but still smiling.

JESSICA (TEXT)
*I can't. I'm working. Press
 conference started.*

CHARLIE (TEXT)
*Come on. I'll even use a smiley
 face. :)*

Jessica can't help but laugh.

She ducks down in her seat and calls Charlie.

INT. BARCLAYS CENTER GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's phone BUZZES. He picks up.

INTERCUT WITH SAN FRANCISCO PIER 7--

JESSICA
 (whispering)
 You know when you use an emoticon,
 you don't actually have to preface
 it and say you're gonna use it.

CHARLIE
Are you guys live?

JESSICA
(excited)
Yes. Are you near a TV?

Charlie looks up at the WALL OF TVs in front of him.

CHARLIE
I think I can find one.

JESSICA
Turn on CNN right now.

Charlie looks around and spots a BARCLAYS CENTER ATTENDANT.

CHARLIE
Hey Mike, you think we can change
one of these to CNN?

The attendant changes one of the TVs to CNN. We see a live
broadcast of the press conference at Pier 7.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It's on.

JESSICA
Can you see me?

CHARLIE
No. Raise your hand.

JESSICA
I'm on national TV, I'm not raising
my hand.

CHARLIE
Come on, Jess. It's fun to break
the rules sometimes.

JESSICA
Charlie, no.

CHARLIE
Not even for me?

Jessica contemplates for a beat...she apprehensively lifts up
her right hand.

Charlie spots Jessica's hand on the TV screen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
There's your cute little hand.

Jessica immediately puts her hand down.

JESSICA
Can't believe you made me do that.

CHARLIE
You know you loved it.

JESSICA
(smiles)
Shut up. How's it going over there?

CHARLIE
Looking like nineteen to LA.

JESSICA
So-Cal beaches? I could live with that.

At the pier, the Mayor wraps up his introduction--

MAYOR
...and without further ado, I'd like to present the "Key to San Francisco" to Sergeant Alex Tate.

JESSICA
Charlie, I gotta go. But I'll see you tonight.

CHARLIE
My flight lands after midnight. So I'll see you tomorrow?

JESSICA
I'll see you tomorrow.

Charlie hangs up and watches the CNN broadcast on TV.

SERGEANT ALEX TATE (29), dressed in his military uniform, walks over to the podium.

He's a handsome, All-American guy. Tate shakes the Mayor's hand, accepts the symbolic KEY TO THE CITY, and raises it over his head. The crowd CHEERS.

SGT. ALEX TATE (ON TV)
Thank you...thank you...

CHARLIE
Thanks Mike. I'm good.

The attendant changes the channel back to a sports station.

INT. BROOKLYN BARCLAYS CENTER - LATER

NBA COMMISSIONER
 (at the podium)
 With the seventeenth pick of 2014
 NBA Draft, the New York Knicks
 select...Charlie Donovan, from the
 University of California, Berkeley.

The New York crowd ERUPTS INTO CHEERS. We go to--

THE GREEN ROOM

BRIAN
 What did I tell you? We're fucking
 golden! New York baby!

Charlie stands up, hugs his agent, and heads out to--

THE BARCLAYS CENTER

Charlie walks onto the stage and greets the commissioner. He
 receives a KNICKS HAT and poses for the cameras.

CROWD
 DONOVAN!...DONOVAN!...DONOVAN!

Charlie waves and takes it all in. He's on top of the world.

EXT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

We see DOZENS OF PEOPLE walking in and out of the bustling
 New York airport. A PLANE takes off in the background.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is sitting in a waiting area. Brian walks over.

BRIAN
 All flights to SF are delayed.
 LA's still a go, but I can stick
 around--

CHARLIE
 It's okay, you should go...why are
 there delays to SF?

BRIAN
 Some asshole set off a bomb at the
 pier. Can you believe that...

Brian continues to speak, but we're not listening anymore.

A TV screen, at the far end of the waiting area, gets Charlie's attention.

He sprints towards the TV. Shoves his way past a GROUP OF PEOPLE. And gets a clear view of the screen.

His heart drops.

It's a live CNN feed of Pier 7.

Clouds of BLACK-AND-WHITE SMOKE have enveloped the pier. SMALL FIRES and remnants of an explosion remain.

A PICTURE of Sergeant Tate appears in the top-right-corner of the TV screen.

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV)

There has been a bombing in San Francisco. Videos and witnesses have confirmed that Sergeant Alex Tate, a recent Medal of Honor recipient, is the man responsible for this terrible incident.

There's a GAPING HOLE in the ground where the STAGE once stood. The BLAST RADIUS is large enough that the explosion must have reached the audience--at least 10 rows deep.

CNN ANCHOR (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Thirty-seven have been confirmed dead, hundreds of others injured.

Charlie pulls out his phone. He calls Jessica.

JESSICA (VOICE-MAIL)

Hi, it's Jess, but you already know that. Please leave me a message, and I'll get back to you A-SAP. And if this is Charlie, I love you.

BEEP. Charlie hangs up and calls again.

JESSICA (VOICE-MAIL) (CONT'D)

Hi, it's Jess, but you already...

Charlie drops the phone. He stares at the TV screen. In complete shock. And we...

FADE TO BLACK:

A FEW SECONDS OF BLACK.

We hear a soft, far away sound...FFFFFFFFSSSSHHH...it slowly builds...SHHHHHHHH...and crescendos...SHHHHEEEEWWWWWW...

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

An AIRPLANE lands on a runway.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The words "SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL" are etched into the glass exterior of the airport's entrance.

SUPER: "Two Years Later"

We see dozens of SHARPLY DRESSED PEOPLE walking in and out of the airport. We follow one BUSINESSMAN (35) into--

INT. SFO AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

--where he walks by a waiting area. SPORTSCENTER is playing on one of the TVs. The businessman stops to watch.

STUART SCOTT, a SportsCenter anchor, and MAGIC JOHNSON, an NBA analyst, are on the TV SCREEN.

STUART SCOTT (ON TV)

What do you think about New York's decision to release Charlie Donovan, after just two years into his four year contract?

MAGIC JOHNSON (ON TV)

I can't blame 'em. Donovan hasn't been the same player he was in college.

HIGHLIGHTS (or LOWLIGHTS) of Charlie as a Knick play on the screen. He's missing shots. Passing up open shots. Turning the ball over. It's ugly.

STUART SCOTT (ON TV)

Why do you think that is?

MAGIC JOHNSON (ON TV)

Look, the kid proved that he was a great shooter in college. He has the physical tools. That doesn't just disappear. But right now, the mental side of his game is broken.

A disheveled-looking YOUNG MAN (25)--wearing a hoodie and sweatpants--stands next to the businessman.

BUSINESSMAN

What a complete waste of talent.

ANGLE ON: The young man's face...it's Charlie. He looks like he hasn't shaved or slept in months.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
 (turns to Charlie)
 That Donovan kid threw his whole
 life away.

The businessman walks away.

Charlie continues to stare at the TV. Devoid of emotion.

INT. AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - LATER

Charlie stands in front of the baggage carousel. He stares at the lone BAG that sits on the conveyor belt.

It completes a loop.

Hearing a BUZZ, Charlie takes out his phone. The CALLER ID shows "AGENT." Charlie clicks ignore.

He looks at the date on his phone. "Friday, June 24, 2016." He rolls up his left sleeve--

REVEAL: A small TATTOO. The words "FIND ME ON" and the date "7/4/2016."

The date that's been imprinted on his wrist is TEN DAYS AWAY.

SCREEEEEEEEEEEE...

Charlie looks up. His luggage bag has gotten caught up against the metal railing.

EXT. SFO AIRPORT - DAY

Charlie walks out of the airport with his luggage bag.

A BLUE SUBARU is parked in the "pick-up" area. Parker steps out of the car. The two friends embrace.

PARKER
 You look like shit.

CHARLIE
 (smiles)
 I missed you too, man.

Parker grabs Charlie's bag and loads it into the car.

EXT. BLUE SUBARU - DAY

The car drives across the BAY BRIDGE, heading away from San Francisco and going towards Oakland.

PARKER (PRE-LAP)
So you just in town for the wedding, or is this gonna be a long-term thing?

INT. BLUE SUBARU - CONTINUOUS

Parker's in the driver's seat, Charlie's in the passenger's.

CHARLIE
Not sure yet.

PARKER
What about...you know.

No response.

PARKER (CONT'D)
What did your agent have to say?

CHARLIE
I haven't talked to him.

PARKER
He hasn't called?

CHARLIE
He has.

Parker glances at his friend. He doesn't push it any further. Charlie stares out the window.

EXT. PARKER AND DAVID'S HOUSE - EVENING

In a WIDE SHOT, we see an exquisite glass house, on top of the Oakland Hills.

PARKER (PRE-LAP)
So what do you think?

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Parker and Charlie stand in the front doorway.

The interior of the house is filled with clean-cut, modern furnishings--with the exception of a PING-PONG TABLE.

CHARLIE
There's a ping-pong table in the
middle of your living room.

MADISON (O.S.)
I know, it's an atrocity.

Madison and David walk in from David's bedroom.

PARKER
She just hates it 'cause we never
let her play.

David walks up to Charlie and gives him a bro-hug.

DAVID
How you been, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Good.

DAVID
You still seeing Dr. Fuhrman?

MADISON
David!
(glares at David; gives
Charlie a big hug)
I missed you, Charlie. I wish we
could've visited you more, but--

CHARLIE
It's okay.
(to David)
And I haven't been seeing Fuhrman
for months. Really, I'm fine now.

PARKER
Perfect. We're going out tonight.

CHARLIE
I need some sleep, man.

PARKER
Fuck sleep. When's the last time
we were in the same city together?

CHARLIE
Look, I'm tired and--

MADISON
We should all go out. The four of
us. We haven't been together in so
long.

PARKER
Why would you ever buy a fedora?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HAT STORE - DAY [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

Jessica puts the GREY FEDORA on Charlie's head.

JESSICA
God you look sexy.

CHARLIE
Yeah?

Jessica kisses him.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie almost smiles...but doesn't.

CHARLIE
It was in my luggage.

PARKER
Lose it. The jacket and tie, too.
We're not going out to find God.

Charlie takes off his hat and jacket, but keeps on his tie.

He walks over to the ping-pong table and grabs a paddle. The two friends hit a ball back and forth to one another.

PARKER (CONT'D)
We're going out to find you a nice,
wholesome, San Francisco girl.

CHARLIE
Wholesome?

PARKER
Wholesome girls love to fuck, man.

CHARLIE
Why don't you fuck 'em then?

PARKER
It's one of my three goals in life.

CHARLIE
 (laughs)
 Wow, you actually got goals now?
 Look at you, all grown up.

PARKER
 Fuck you.

DAVID (O.S.)
 You two ready?

David and Madison walk into the living room.

PARKER
 Hold on. Game point.

Parker and Charlie continue to hit the ball back and forth to one another.

Madison strides over to the table.

She grabs Charlie's paddle and pushes him out of the way.
 She hits the ball back to Parker.

Parker hits it back to Madison.

Madison rears back and hits an epic slice shot. Parker dives for it--misses.

MADISON
 Game!
 (points at Parker)
 You suck.

Parker picks himself off the ground. He tosses the paddle on the table.

PARKER
 And that's why we never let her
 play.

INT. UPSCALE SAN FRANCISCO BAR - NIGHT

It's a sleek, modern bar, filled with BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. The four friends sit at the lounge, drinks in hand.

MADISON
 Oh please, that did not happen.

PARKER
 It happened. I shit you not. I
 was with Jenny...Jenny...

CHARLIE
DeLucchi.

PARKER
DeLucchi! Remember Jenny DeLucchi?
She was something.

DAVID
You hated Jenny DeLucchi.

PARKER
I did. But she still taught me the
greatest lesson of my life...never
stick your dick in crazy.

The three guys break up laughing. Madison doesn't.

MADISON
One of these days it's just gonna
fall off.

Parker nudges Charlie.

PARKER
Nine-o-clock. All you.

Charlie turns to his left and sees a BEAUTIFUL GIRL (25), in
a red dress, sitting alone at the bar counter.

CHARLIE
I'm good. Go ahead.

MADISON
Come on, Charlie. She's hot.

CHARLIE
It's not that.

DAVID
Then what? She seems--

CHARLIE
I just don't want to get involved
with anyone...not right now.

A long beat.

PARKER
I got it! I know this girl.
Stacy. Undergrad. Smokin' hot
body. She's a fucking ten. But
here's the best part...
(grins)
...she's a jersey chaser.

CHARLIE
Jersey chaser?

PARKER
How can you be an athlete and not
know about God's gift to your kind?

Parker looks over at David for some backup. David shrugs.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Jersey chasers are women who love
to fuck famous athletes.

CHARLIE
I'm not even recognizable to men
who follow basketball. There
aren't any women out there who
think I'm famous.

PARKER
Stacy's a sure thing.

CHARLIE
I told you, I'm not looking to get
involved with--

PARKER
Who said anything about getting
involved? Just smash and dash.

MADISON
I can't wait until I meet your
future wife.

PARKER
(ignoring Madison)
Do you know why God gave you the
talent to shoot a basketball?

CHARLIE
Yeah, so I could--

PARKER
So you could fuck as many women as
possible. You're going on a date
with Stacy.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna pass.

PARKER
I'm setting it up. You're going
out with her tomorrow night.

CHARLIE
Parker, there's no fucking way I'm
going on that date.

INT. UPSCALE SAN FRANCISCO BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

The same bar. Charlie sits across from STACY (21). She looks like she's come straight out of a "Maxim Hot 100 Issue." And not #76 or #43, but #1.

Charlie looks miserable. He downs a shot of vodka.

STACY
So you play basketball?

CHARLIE
Yep.

STACY
Like in the NBA?

CHARLIE
I did.

STACY
Wow, fucking Kobe and shit.

CHARLIE
What?

STACY
Kobe. He's like soooo awesome.

CHARLIE
Yeah.

STACY
So do you know him?

CHARLIE
Kobe?

STACY
Yeah, like how is he in real life?

CHARLIE
(beat)
I played for the New York Kni--

STACY
Do you have Kobe's number?

Charlie stares at her blankly.

EXT. STACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie and Stacy stand in front of her apartment building.

STACY
Thanks for walking me home...you
can come in.

CHARLIE
No thanks.

Stacy looks insulted.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I just have somewhere I have to be
right now.

Stacy continues to look offended.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(reluctantly)
But we should do this again
sometime.

Stacy smiles. She opens the door.

STACY
Okay, but next time you're coming
in. Call me soon?

CHARLIE
Absolutely....
(door shuts)
Never gonna happen.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PIER 7 - MIDNIGHT

Charlie walks down the pier. Not another person in sight.
He reaches a SMALL MEMORIAL.

The sign reads: "NEVER FORGET - JUNE 26, 2014."

Charlie takes out his phone.

CLOSE UP: The time. "12:02 AM." The date. "Sunday, June
26, 2016." It's been exactly 2 years since the bombing.

Charlie's eyes scan through the BLACK-AND-WHITE PICTURES on
the wall. He finds the one he's looking for--*Jessica*. He
stares at her picture. Holds back tears.

Charlie walks away from the memorial. He heads down the
pier. Towards the ocean.

There's a BENCH at the end of the pier. He walks past it. He reaches the wooden railing. Grabs it tightly with both hands. His knuckles turn white.

Silence...

CHARLIE
Fuck! FUUUUCCCCCK!

He POUNDS on the railing with his fists. He stops. He takes a couple deep breaths. He sits down on the bench.

Charlie stares out into the ocean, towards the endless night.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Fuck you.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Fuck you, too.

Charlie turns around and sees an ATTRACTIVE GIRL (27).

She has short dark hair. She's wearing a tank top--with the words "FUCK SLEEVES" on the front--and yoga pants. She has a GUITAR slung behind her back and SPORTS BANDAGES wrapped around her wrists.

GIRL
(smiles)
Just kidding...

She walks towards Charlie.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Mind if I sit?

Without waiting for an answer, the girl takes off her guitar, puts it down flat on the ground, and sits next to Charlie.

GIRL (CONT'D)
So why are you cussing out the world?

Charlie stares at her blankly.

GIRL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. That's personal. I shouldn't have asked. I do that sometimes. It's a big problem. Or that's what people--wait, I recognize you from somewhere...

CHARLIE
I doubt it.

GIRL
No really, I do...

Charlie turns away her. But she stares at him intently.

GIRL (CONT'D)
You're Charlie Donovan! The
basketball player! That's you,
right?

The girl continues to stare at him, waiting for an answer.

CHARLIE
(resigned)
Yeah.

GIRL
I knew it! You're like a Bay Area
legend.

CHARLIE
I'm not.

GIRL
You are! You led Cal, of all
schools, to the title game. Their
first title game appearance in like
fifty years! And I remember you
being a huge deal in high school.

CHARLIE
You went to Lowell?

GIRL
(shakes her head)
Washington. We hated you guys.

No response.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Wow, Charlie Donovan...
(beat)
It's midnight. What are you doing
out here alone?

CHARLIE
I was--

GIRL
I mean besides "fuck you-ing" the
world. And I'm not judging. I
drop more "fuck you's" than that on
a daily basis. I'm a "fuck you"
slut. So I'm not judging at all.

CHARLIE

What are you doing out here alone?

GIRL

I like the view. Can I ask you something?

Charlie closes his eyes.

CHARLIE

I really want to be alone right--

GIRL

Why do you guys slap each other's ass?

Charlie looks at her.

CHARLIE

What?

GIRL

Basketball players.

VIDEO CLIPS OF VARIOUS NBA ASS-SLAPS

We see four quick clips of famous NBA teammates slapping one another's ass.

Jordan and Pippen. Stockton and Malone. Kobe and Shaq. LeBron and Wade.

EXT. PIER 7 - CONTINUOUS

GIRL

Actually, athletes in general. It's an epidemic. The only time and place where a guy should slap someone's ass is in bed, right before or during sex. And that's only if the guy doing the slapping is the type of guy who can pull it off. If he can't pull it off, it's just a mood killer. I guess some women can pull it off, too, but that's a whole different--

(smiles)

You're so freaked out right now. I can tell. You want me to go away?

Charlie just stares at her.

CHARLIE
It's the same as a high-five.

GIRL
Are you kidding me? Ass slaps and high-fives are not the same thing.

The girl grabs her guitar off the ground. She STRUMS a few chords.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Okay, say I had just finished playing a song and you wanted to high-five me.

CHARLIE
Why?

GIRL
Because it was a good song.

She gestures at Charlie to put his hand up. He does. The girl gives him a high-five.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Not awkward at all, right? But, what if--

She stands up and turns around. Her back and her ass are now towards Charlie.

GIRL (CONT'D)
(strums a few chords)
--I was standing here playing, minding my own business, when you just decide to slap my ass?

She looks back at Charlie. He doesn't slap her ass. The girl sits back down.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Exactly. I totally would've punched you in the face if you had slapped my ass. Not the same as a high five, huh?

Charlie can't help but smile. He shakes his head.

GIRL (CONT'D)
You played for the Knicks, right? Just got released?

CHARLIE
You follow basketball?

GIRL
I love the Warriors.

CHARLIE
Seriously?

GIRL
Dude, I've watched all their games
since the Tim Hardaway days.

CHARLIE
(impressed)
You know who Tim Hardaway is?

GIRL
Best crossover in NBA history.

VIDEO CLIP OF TIM HARDAWAY [CIRCA 1990]

We see a quick 5 second clip of Tim Hardaway doing his thing,
crossing-over a couple defenders. He's a wizard with a
basketball.

EXT. PIER 7 - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE
Hardaway's was good, but A-I had
the best.

GIRL
Iverson? Please. Don't insult
Timmy Hardaway that way. Iverson
was the better pure scorer, but the
prettiest, smoothest crossover?
Hardaway. No contest.

CHARLIE
I'll admit, the "Run TMC" days with
Tim, Mitch, and Chris, they were
pretty epic.

GIRL
I have "Run TMC" tattooed on my
body...somewhere.

A beat.

CHARLIE
Seriously?

GIRL
Seriously.

CHARLIE

Where?

GIRL

Now who's the one with the personal questions, huh?

CHARLIE

Sorry, I didn't mean to--

GIRL

You want get a drink?

She stands up and slings her guitar behind her back.

CHARLIE

I don't even know your name.

GIRL

Kelli.

CHARLIE

(puts out his hand)
Charlie.

Kelli laughs. She's cute when she laughs.

KELLI

(shakes his hand)
I know.

Kelli starts to walk away. Charlie remains on the bench.

KELLI (CONT'D)

You coming?

A beat.

CHARLIE

You really have "Run TMC" tattooed on your body...somewhere?

Kelli looks back at Charlie. She continues to walk away.

KELLI

Only one way to find out.

Charlie watches her walk away.

CHARLIE

(to himself)
Holy shit.

INT. KNOCKOUT BAR - NIGHT

Charlie and Kelli walk into the bar. It's loud and packed with COLLEGE STUDENTS and SAN FRANCISCO HIPSTERS.

Kelli turns to Charlie and whispers in his ear--

KELLI

Wait here, I'll get us seats.

CHARLIE

(yelling over noise)

You crazy? It's packed!

Kelli flashes him a quick smile and walks away.

Charlie watches her squeeze through an endless sea of people. She reaches the bar counter and greets the BARTENDER with familiarity. She starts chatting him up.

Charlie scans the crowd around him. Music blaring. Drunk girls dancing. Hipsters smoking.

This is not his scene.

Charlie looks back towards the bar. Kelli's nowhere in sight. He heads towards where he last saw her.

A DRUNK IDIOT runs into Charlie.

DRUNK IDIOT

Watch it, bitch!

Charlie turns around and heads back towards the exit.

Someone grabs his hand...

...it's Kelli.

She pulls him back into the crowd. There's barely any room to stand, let alone walk, but she navigates the two of them through the packed bar with ease.

INT. KNOCKOUT BAR / BOOTH - LATER

The two sit in a booth.

Charlie's two pints in, working on his third. He's a little drunk. Kelli drinks a diet Pepsi. She's completely sober.

CHARLIE

(points to Pepsi)

So you don't drink?

KELLI
What? Alcohol? No.

CHARLIE
Why not?

KELLI
No reason...sorry, am I destroying
your "party-hard" image right now?

CHARLIE
(laughing)
I've never had that image.

KELLI
Bullshit. I've heard stories about
NBA players. Not even in college?

CHARLIE
(shakes his head)
Parties, bars, clubs, they were
never my thing.

KELLI
You're telling me, as one of the
most well known athletes at Cal,
you weren't going to frat parties
and getting sorority girls thrown
at you, twenty-four-seven?

CHARLIE
I met Jess in my first couple weeks
at Berkeley.

KELLI
Jess?

CHARLIE
My fiance. Or she was...

KELLI
Bad break up?

CHARLIE
No, I just haven't talked about her
to anyone since...

Charlie pauses, debating whether or not he should continue.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
She was one of the thirty-seven
people killed in the bombing at the
pier, a couple years ago.

Kelli is stunned. For the first time since we've met her, she's rattled and uncomfortable.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Actually, it was exactly two years ago today.

KELLI
I'm sorry...I shouldn't have asked.

CHARLIE
You didn't. I brought it up.

Kelli bites her lower lip. She doesn't know what to say.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm guessing this is the first time in your life you've been speechless.

KELLI
(smiles)
For your information, I was just trying to think of a way to make you feel better?

CHARLIE
Figure anything out?

Kelli checks to see if anyone's looking at their booth.

The coast is clear.

She pulls up her shirt with her left hand. There's a TATTOO on her left ribcage. Charlie doesn't notice the tattoo. He just takes in her fantastic body.

KELLI
(points to tattoo)
Here.

CLOSE UP: The words "RUN TMC" and three small, BOBBLEHEAD-LIKE FACES have been imprinted on her body.

CHARLIE
Holy shit.

Charlie leans over the table for a closer look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You even got their faces on there and everything.

KELLI
Oh, I had to get their faces.
What's "Run TMC" without the T-M-C?

Kelli pulls her shirt back down. Charlie can't stop smiling.

INT. KNOCKOUT BAR / BILLIARD TABLE - LATER

The two are now playing pool.

CHARLIE
So you're a musician?

KELLI
Yeah, I play at the wharf.

CHARLIE
What's with the bandages then?

Charlie points to the sports bandages on Kelli's wrists.

KELLI
I kick-box in my spare time.

CHARLIE
Yeah? Get a lot of pleasure
hurting other people?

Kelli forces a laugh.

KELLI
Sadly, the only person I could ever
hurt is myself.

Kelli bends over the table and lines up a shot.

Charlie notices a TATTOO on the back of her left shoulder
blade.

CLOSE UP: The tattoo. "ETHAN."

CHARLIE
Who's Ethan?

Kelli looks up at Charlie. She doesn't answer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't mean to--

KELLI
I'm hungry. You hungry?

Charlie gives a slight nod.

KELLI (CONT'D)

This is that moment when you're supposed to ask me, if I want to go get something to eat with you.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

KELLI

Yes.

CHARLIE

You want to go get something to eat with me?

KELLI

Thought you'd never ask. After I slam in this eight-ball, okay?

Kelli bends over the table and lines up the shot.

DRUNK COLLEGE GUY #1 (O.S.)

Check out that piece of ass.

FOUR DRUNK COLLEGE GUYS stand behind Kelli. We see DRUNK COLLEGE GUY #2 do a series of degrading PELVIC THRUSTS towards Kelli. His friends burst out laughing.

Charlie gives them a deadeye stare. Kelli ignores them.

She SLAMS the 8-ball into the left-corner-pocket. She puts the cue stick on the table. She grabs her guitar off the ground and slings it behind her back.

KELLI

Let's go, Charlie.

He doesn't move. He stares-down the college guys.

DRUNK COLLEGE GUY #3

Awww, shows over? Bend over for us one more time, baby.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. UC BERKELEY CAMPUS - DAY [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

Charlie and Jessica walk to class. They pass by a GROUP OF FOOTBALL PLAYERS. Jessica bends down to tie her shoe.

Charlie waits for her.

She stands up.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Bend over for us one more time,
baby.

The football players laugh.

Charlie starts to turn towards them, but Jessica stops him.
They walk away.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KNOCKOUT BAR / BILLIARD TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The memory fades.

Charlie's eyes burn with rage. He SMASHES a beer bottle
against the table. He sprints towards the college guys.

They rush forward to meet him.

Charlie lifts the broken bottle...Kelli steps in front of
him. She puts her hands on his chest.

KELLI
Don't.

Charlie looks at Kelli. He looks at the college guys.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Let's go, Charlie.

Breathing heavily...he slowly lowers the bottle.

DRUNK COLLEGE GUY #1
Listen to your bitch.

Kelli grabs the broken bottle from Charlie's hand, drops it
to the floor, and pulls him out of the bar.

EXT. KNOCKOUT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's right hand is in a fist--shaking. Kelli reaches
over and grabs it.

KELLI
(softly)
Hey, breathe. Breathe. It's okay.

Charlie takes a few deep breaths. He calms down. He lets go
of his fist.

The two walk down the sidewalk.

KELLI (CONT'D)
 What were you thinking back there?
 There were four of them.

CHARLIE
 Did you not hear what they were
 saying to you?

KELLI
 You don't need to get your ass
 kicked for me, Charlie. You don't
 even know me.

They cross the street and head towards a DINER.

CHARLIE
 I just thought it was the right
 thing to do.

KELLI
 And what made you think that?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S DORM ROOM - DAY [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

Charlie and Parker are lounging on the floor of a cramped college door room.

PARKER
 Rule #6: "A woman always wants you
 to get in fights for her. Never
 let some douchebag talk shit about
 her."

CUT BACK TO:

INT. 24-HOUR DINER - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Kelli walk into the diner. Kelli tries to hold it together, but she can't help it. She bursts out laughing.

KELLI
 I'm sorry, it's just that your
 friend is so wrong. I would never
 want to be with a guy who gets into
 fights, just because someone
 insulted me. He'd probably be
 getting beat up every single day.

A WAITRESS (45) walks over to them. She looks exhausted.

WAITRESS
Booth or counter?

We PAN around the diner. A lone TRUCK DRIVER is sitting at the counter.

We see TWO OLD TVs. The TV near the counter shows ESPN. The TV near the booths shows a CAR COMMERCIAL.

Charlie glances up at the ESPN broadcast. He looks away.

CHARLIE
Booth.

The waitress leads them to a booth and hands them TWO MENUS.

WAITRESS
What can I get for you two?

Charlie and Kelli peruse their options.

CHARLIE
I'll take a Western burger, fries,
and some coffee. Black.

KELLI
And I'll have a banana shake and a
banana on the side.

WAITRESS
You want a banana shake and another
banana on the side?

KELLI
Yes. A whole banana. Peel and
everything.

WAITRESS
(annoyed; takes menus)
Mmmm-hmmm.

INT. 24-HOUR DINER - LATER

The food has arrived. Charlie is halfway through his burger.

Kelli meticulously cuts the "extra" banana into small pieces with a knife, and adds them to her milk shake.

KELLI
(off Charlie's look)
They never give you enough banana
in the shake, which is really sad
considering it's a banana shake.

CHARLIE

Why don't you just ask them to add
an extra banana into the shake?

Kelli shrugs.

She drinks her shake. Charlie eats his burger. We only hear
SLURPING and CHEWING...

...Charlie stops chewing.

He stares at the TV SCREEN near the booth. The car
commercial has long since been replaced by a late night FOX
NEWS BROADCAST.

A PICTURE of Sergeant Tate is in the top-right-corner of the
TV screen.

FOX NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

It has now been exactly two years
since Sergeant Alex Tate took the
lives thirty-seven people in San
Francisco...

Kelli glances at the TV screen. She looks back at Charlie.
He continues to stare at the screen.

Kelli turns to the front of the diner.

KELLI

Can we get the check please?

The waitress walks over with the CHECK.

Kelli reaches for it--

CHARLIE

I got it.
(checks his pockets)
Wait...my wallet...

He continues to search his pockets. No wallet.

KELLI

Relax, I'll pay.

EXT. 24-HOUR DINER - EARLY MORNING

It's 4 AM. Charlie hails a CAB. It pulls up to the
sidewalk.

CHARLIE

Take it.

KELLI
I live here.

Kelli points to an OLD BUILDING across the street.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Third floor. That's me.

CHARLIE
Oh...alright.
(turns to cab)
You go to Oakland? 6600 Elverton
Drive?

CAB DRIVER
Yeah, I can take you there.

Charlie gets into the cab and shuts the door. He rolls down the window.

KELLI
It was nice meeting you.

CHARLIE
Yeah...you, too.

They stare at one another...Charlie turns away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to driver)
Go ahead.

The cab drives off.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Charlie glances down at his left wrist. His tattoo. "FIND ME ON 7/4/2016."

He rubs the tattoo with his right hand. He lies down in the backseat and closes his eyes--

QUICK-HITTING MONTAGE [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

This entire sequence takes about 5 seconds. A series of jarring images FLASH by:

Sergeant Tate's face--Charlie missing the last shot in the NCAA title game--Tate's face--Charlie shooting at the Oakland hoop--Tate's face--Jessica's face.

We hear a DISTORTED RINGING noise--

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

 DAVID (O.S.)
 Charlie!

Charlie opens his eyes.

He's lying down on a bed. He turns and sees David standing over him.

 DAVID (CONT'D)
 You alright?

 CHARLIE
 (rubs eyes)
 Yeah...I'm fine.

David holds out a PHONE.

 DAVID
 It's your agent.

 CHARLIE
 You answered my phone?

 DAVID
 Talk to him.

Charlie takes the phone. David walks out of the room.

INT. LOS ANGELES SPORTS AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Brian sits at his desk.

 BRIAN
 You gotta return my calls, Charlie.
 New York let us go. So what? Fuck
 the Knicks. Free agency starts in
 two weeks. We gotta start taking
 meetings as soon as--

INTERCUT WITH CHARLIE'S BEDROOM--

 CHARLIE
 I'm done, Brian.

 BRIAN
 (stands up)
 What are you talking about?

No response.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You have too much talent, too much potential, to just quit now. You're the best pure shooter I've ever seen.

CHARLIE

Not anymore.

BRIAN

You had a couple bad years, so what?

CHARLIE

You know it's more than that.

BRIAN

I do, Charlie, but...look, I need you here in two weeks. Can you do that for me?

Charlie chucks his phone. SMACK! It hits a wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

David is sitting in a one-seater, reading a newspaper. Parker and Madison are sitting on a couch, eating bagels.

Charlie walks into the living room. He takes a seat in a chair across from the couch.

PARKER

So?

CHARLIE

So...what?

PARKER

How was she?

CHARLIE

Who?

PARKER

Stacy! You woke me up at like five in the morning to pay for your cab fare. I deserve details. And none of that SparkNotes shit. I want the play-by-play.

CHARLIE

Nothing happened. I just walked her home.

Madison holds out her right hand to Parker. "Pay up."

MADISON
Twenty-spot.

Parker puts up his left hand. "Hold on."

PARKER
Then why the five-o-clock entrance?

CHARLIE
I met this other girl--

PARKER
Do I know my boy, or do I know my
boy!

Madison shakes her head, but hands Parker a \$20 bill.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Well hello there Mr. Jackson.

CHARLIE
I didn't sleep with her.

Madison snatches back the \$20 bill.

PARKER
You didn't sleep with her?

CHARLIE
No.

PARKER
You sleep with anyone last night?

CHARLIE
No.

Parker shakes his head in disgust. He hands Madison another \$20 bill.

MADISON
So who's this "other" girl?

CHARLIE
Her name's Kelli. She's a
musician. But get this...she has a
"Run TMC" tattoo under her left--

Charlie points to the left side of his chest.

PARKER / DAVID
Holy shit.

CHARLIE

I know.

Charlie, Parker, and David sit in silence. All three attempting to picture the tattoo...

MADISON

I call bullshit.

PARKER / DAVID

What?!

MADISON

Nope, not buying it. That girl doesn't exist.

PARKER

Oh come on!

MADISON

You three idiots have been obsessed with the Warriors for as long as I can remember. That's the only reason why I even know what "Run TMC" is.

There's a knock at the door. Madison gets up to answer it.

MADISON (CONT'D)

There isn't another woman out there who knows what "Run TMC" is, let alone one who would get a tattoo of it. I'm sorry, but this "Kelli" girl doesn't exist.

Madison opens the door. Kelli stands in front of her.

KELLI

Hi, I'm Kelli. Is Charlie here?

MADISON

Fuck.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Charlie and Kelli walk towards the front gate.

CHARLIE

So stalking me already?

KELLI

You think I'm stalking you?

CHARLIE
Hey, no shame in that.

KELLI
If I was stalking you, you'd know.

CHARLIE
So what are you doing here?

Kelli reaches into her pocket and pulls out...CHARLIE'S WALLET. She hands it to Charlie.

KELLI
It was in lost-and-found at the bar.

CHARLIE
Thanks...how did you know where I was staying?

KELLI
Wow, wow, wow. You actually think I'm a stalker, huh?
(smiles)
You said the address last night. To the cab driver.

CHARLIE
Righhhht...

They reach the gate. Charlie opens it. Kelli steps out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Well thanks for--

KELLI
You busy right now?

CHARLIE
No, why?

KELLI
There's this ice cream place in Berkeley that I've been wanting to try. You like ice cream, right?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PIER 39 - DAY [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

The outdoor shopping center is packed with TOURISTS. Jessica sits on a bench. Charlie walks over with TWO ICE CREAM CONES. He hands one to Jessica.

CHARLIE
You like ice cream, right?

JESSICA
(apologetic)
I'm allergic to ice cream.

A beat. Charlie grabs Jessica's cone and runs off. We stay with Jessica on the bench.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
I'll be right back.

After a few beats...Charlie runs back with TWO SNOW CONES. Jessica beams. She kisses him.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

KELLI
Charlie?

Charlie looks down at his tattoo. Kelli notices it.

CHARLIE
I forgot I have this big call
scheduled with my agent. Sorry.

KELLI
Oh...don't worry about it.

An awkward beat.

CHARLIE
Thanks again for the wallet.

Charlie starts to shut the gate.

KELLI
Hey, wait.

Charlie re-opens the gate.

KELLI (CONT'D)
What if I want to see you again?
(beat)
I could use a friend right now.

CHARLIE
Yeah, sure.
(beat; reluctantly)
Let me give you my number.

KELLI
Actually, I don't have a phone.

CHARLIE
You don't have a phone?

KELLI
Nope.

CHARLIE
Why not?

KELLI
I don't know. I've never had one.

CHARLIE
How do you stay in touch with people?

KELLI
I guess I don't...which is why I could use a friend right now.
(beat)
So? Friends?

CHARLIE
How would that even work?

KELLI
I know where you live. You know where I live. We'll figure it out.

A beat.

CHARLIE
(puts out his hand)
I'll see you around, friend.

KELLI
(laughs; shakes his hand)
I'll see you around.

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - DAY

A 500-FOOT SKYSCRAPER stands in the heart of the vibrant SOMA district of San Francisco.

PARKER (PRE-LAP)
Friends?!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The interior of the hotel presents five-star-luxury in a modern setting.

Charlie, David, and Parker walk across the lobby.

PARKER
You cannot be friends with this chick.

CHARLIE
Why not?

PARKER
(to David)
I don't even know what to--talk some fucking sense into your brother.

DAVID
I'm with Parker.

PARKER
Thank you!

The three walk into--

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--where they see Madison instructing a group of HOTEL EMPLOYEES on where to put various TABLES and CHAIRS. The three guys lean back against a nearby wall.

DAVID
Look, I'm all for the idea that a single man and a single woman can just be friends with one another. It's a great theory--

PARKER
It's a shitty theory.

DAVID
--but it doesn't work.

CHARLIE
Why not?

DAVID
The potential for sex. No matter what, it's always there.

PARKER

Exactly. And either the guy wants to fuck the girl, or the girl wants to fuck the guy, but it never goes both ways. It's a parasitic relationship.

CHARLIE

I have plenty of female friends. Maddy's our friend.

DAVID

Doesn't count. She's in a relationship.

PARKER

And it's with your brother. You're friends by default.

CHARLIE

You don't think we'd still be friends with her if she wasn't with Dave?

Madison walks by and spots the three guys doing nothing.

MADISON

If you guys came here to help, help! We have one week left! One!

She points to a set of tables and chairs leaning up against the wall next to them.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Tables and chairs! Now!

Madison walks away.

PARKER

Yeah, we'd definitely still be friends with her.

David smacks Parker on the head.

Parker notices TWO CUTE GIRLS (25) eyeing them nearby.

PARKER (CONT'D)

(nudges Charlie)

Twelve-o-clock.

Parker smiles and waves at the girls. The girls wave back.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Let's go.

CHARLIE
I'll pass. Enjoy yourself.

PARKER
You're gonna make me go Kobe on these girls? You want to see the one man show? You want me to score all by myself? Alright...

Parker makes his way towards the two girls. He yells back--

PARKER (CONT'D)
I'll be my own fuckin' Robin!

Charlie and David laugh. Madison walks by the two brothers.

MADISON
Tables and chairs!

Charlie and David grab a table, carry it over to the center of the banquet room, and put it down...

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

...the table is decorated with PLACE SETTINGS and a CENTER PIECE. Plates and utensils are in front of each chair.

SUPER: "One Week Later"

We PULL BACK from the table, and see that the banquet room is filled with DOZENS OF WELL-DRESSED GUESTS.

SUPER: "Rehearsal Dinner -- July 3, 2016"

We PAN around the room.

David and Madison are sitting at a table with guests. Parker is entertaining a COUPLE GIRLS. Charlie is standing at the bar by himself, drink in hand.

He rolls up the sleeves of his dress shirt. He looks at his left wrist. The tattoo. "7/4/2016." ONE DAY AWAY.

Charlie's mother, MRS. DONOVAN (55), walks over to him.

Without saying a word, she takes the drink away from Charlie and hands it to a nearby waiter.

MRS. DONOVAN
So are you seeing anyone?

CHARLIE
Ma, come on.

MRS. DONOVAN
 What? Your brother's getting
 married tomorrow? You know that?

CHARLIE
 I'm standing here.

MRS. DONOVAN
 (grabs Charlie's cheeks)
 You're such a handsome young man.
 You shouldn't be here alone.

Charlie breaks free from his mother's clutches.

CHARLIE
 Ma, I'm fine.

MRS. DONOVAN
 You don't look fine. Is it 'cause
 the Knicks let you go? You'll find
 another team, Charlie.

CHARLIE
 Please stop.

MRS. DONOVAN
 If you're having trouble with
 girls, I can set you up. Sally
 Richardson's daughter, Julia, you
 'member her? She got a divorce--

CHARLIE
 Ma! Stop with the--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
There you are.

Charlie turns and sees...

...Kelli. She stands out from the well-dressed crowd, as
 she's wearing just a casual sweater and jeans.

She walks up to Charlie and puts her arms around him.

KELLI
 (whispers in his ear)
 Follow my lead.
 (loudly)
 I've been looking all over for you.
 You ready to go?

Charlie's thrown off. Kelli looks over at Mrs. Donovan.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Kelli. You must be Mrs.
Donovan.

Kelli sticks out her hand. Mrs. Donovan gives Charlie a surprised smile. She shakes Kelli's hand.

MRS. DONOVAN
Please, call me Sheri. And I'm
sorry, Charlie didn't tell me he
brought a date.

KELLI
(squeezes Charlie's cheek)
Oh that's so typical of Charlie.

MRS. DONOVAN
Yes it is.

KELLI
Well, sorry to meet and run, but I
have to steal Charlie for a bit.

Kelli grabs Charlie's hand and pulls him away.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Kelli walk out of the banquet room.

Charlie looks down. Kelli is still holding his hand. He lets go, immediately.

An awkward beat.

CHARLIE
Thanks for saving me back there.

KELLI
Anytime.

CHARLIE
You know for someone who claims not
to be stalking me, you do a pretty
good job of it.

KELLI
(smiles)
Hey, I had no idea you'd be here.

CHARLIE
It's my brother's wedding. Why are
you here?

KELLI
A friend of mine's the guitarist in
the wedding band. But he got mono.

CHARLIE
Covering for him?

KELLI
(nods)
But I get his cut of the pay, and a
free room at the St. Regis for the
next two days. How could I say no?

We see Parker walk out of the banquet room with TWO YOUNG
BLONDES (20). He spots Charlie. Parker motions to the
blondes that he'll meet them outside. He walks over to
Charlie and Kelli.

PARKER
I can't decide.

Parker watches the two blondes walk away.

PARKER (CONT'D)
(to Charlie)
The left one or the right one?

KELLI
What are they, eighteen? At your
age? Dude, that's impressive.

Kelli puts up her hand for a high-five.

PARKER
(to Charlie)
She's funny.
(to Kelli)
You're funny. Kelli, right? I can
dig the high-five.
(slaps her hand)
I'm more of an ass-slapper myself,
but only in bed, ya know?

Parker gives her a wink. Kelli looks at Charlie.

KELLI
(smiles; shakes her head)
Wow, you told him?

PARKER
Oh, he tells me everything.

KELLI
Noted.

CHARLIE
 (to Parker)
 Alright, get the fuck out of here.

Parker laughs and starts to walk away. He turns back.

PARKER
 So which one?

CHARLIE
 (reluctantly)
 Left.

PARKER
 I was leaning left, too.

Parker walks off.

KELLI
 He's nice.

CHARLIE
 (laughs)
 Yeah.

Kelli notices a door with a SIGN.

It reads: *"DO NOT ENTER -- POOL CLOSED DUE TO FLOOR RENOVATIONS."*

She gives Charlie a mischievous smile. She walks towards the door. Charlie follows.

INT. HOTEL POOL - CONTINUOUS

The two walk in. Kelli shuts the door.

The floor around the pool has been halfway RE-TILED. The SKYLIGHT shows the night above. The pool is lit up. STEAM rises from its surface.

Kelli steps out of her heels, takes off her sweater, and slides off her jeans. She's in her underwear. She gracefully dives into the pool.

She swims a few lengths underwater, before popping back up to the surface. She treads water and looks back at Charlie.

KELLI
 What are you doing? It's so warm.

CHARLIE
 We shouldn't be here.

KELLI
Come on, Charlie. It's fun to
break the rules sometimes.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BARCLAYS CENTER GREEN ROOM - EVENING [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

It's draft day. Charlie's in the GREEN ROOM. Jessica's at the press conference at the PIER. They're on the phone.

CHARLIE
Come on, Jess. It's fun to break
the rules sometimes.

QUICK-HITTING MONTAGE [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

A series of jarring images FLASH by:

Sergeant Tate's face--Charlie shaking the NBA commissioner's hand--Tate's face--Charlie watching the aftermath of the bombing--Tate's face--Jessica's face.

INT. HOTEL POOL - CONTINUOUS

KELLI
Charlie!

Charlie snaps back to reality.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Jump in!

Charlie hesitates...

...but he starts to unbutton his shirt. He takes off his clothes, until he's down to his boxers.

He takes a deep breath and dives into the pool. We see Charlie swim underwater. He pops up to the surface, directly in front of Kelli. They stare at one another. Charlie opens his mouth to speak...

...Kelli SPLASHES him with a SMALL WAVE of water.

KELLI (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Did it get in your mouth? I'm sor--

A HUGE WAVE of water hits Kelli in the face. Charlie swims away, laughing. Kelli swims after him.

INT. HOTEL POOL - LATER

In an OVERHEAD SHOT, we see Charlie and Kelli leaning back against a wall, in the shallow end of the pool.

Charlie looks up at the night. Kelli watches him.

KELLI
Can I ask you something?

CHARLIE
(looks at Kelli)
We both know it doesn't matter what I say. You're gonna ask anyway.

KELLI
(smiles)
How did you feel after that shot?

CHARLIE
What shot?

KELLI
You know, the shot.

CHARLIE
The title game?

Kelli nods. Charlie takes a moment to think.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I didn't feel anything. My whole college career had been leading up to that one moment. Four years of hard work, gone...so I was in shock.

KELLI
You know being in shock...
(leans in and whispers)
It's a feeling.

Charlie smiles...but the smile slowly disappears.

CHARLIE
You want to know the first thing that happened to me after I missed that shot?

KELLI
What?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARENA - NIGHT [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

CLOSE UP: The basketball hoop. A BASKETBALL drops down towards the basket.

CLANG! No basket. BZZZZZZZZZ. Game over.

The Kentucky players and coaches storm the center of the court. Jumping up and down in celebration.

Charlie remains standing at the three-point-line.

ATTENDANTS hand out HATS and SHIRTS to the Kentucky team. The KENTUCKY FANS flow out of the stands and join the celebration.

Charlie pulls off his JERSEY. He takes one last look at the raucous celebration. He turns to leave...when an ATTENDANT hands him a hat.

CLOSE UP: The hat. "KENTUCKY 2014 NCAA CHAMPIONS."

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL POOL - CONTINUOUS

KELLI
So what did you do with it?

CHARLIE
The hat? I kept it.

KELLI
Why?

CHARLIE
'Cause fuck 'em.

Kelli laughs. Charlie doesn't.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Seeing it written down that way,
that they had won and we had
lost...do you believe in fate?

KELLI
No.

CHARLIE
I always used to wonder, what if I
had taken one extra second to set
my feet? Maybe the shot would have
gone in.

Charlie looks down at his tattoo. "FIND ME ON 7/4/2016."

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But then I remember, our lives are written exactly how they're meant to be.

(beat)

We don't control anything in life.

He continues to stare at his tattoo.

KELLI

You're wrong.

Charlie looks at Kelli.

KELLI (CONT'D)

We control our own happiness in life. Bad things happen along the way, but that doesn't mean our lives are written or meant to be a certain way. That's just life.

Charlie doesn't respond. He notices Kelli has SPORTS BANDAGES wrapped around her wrists. They're soaking wet.

CHARLIE

You need to take those off.

KELLI

What?

Charlie points to her bandages.

KELLI (CONT'D)

These? No, it's okay.

CHARLIE

The water's gonna tighten them up. Trust me. Here...

Charlie reaches for her wrists. Kelli turns away from him and climbs out of the pool.

She grabs her sweater off the ground and puts it on.

KELLI

Come on, I'm tired. Let's go.

INT. KELLI'S HOTEL ROOM / DOORWAY - NIGHT

Kelli stands in the doorway of her hotel room. Charlie stands in front of her.

KELLI

Do you have a room?

CHARLIE

No, I'm heading back to Oakland.
Gonna BART back in the morning. So
I'll see you tomorrow?

KELLI

Yeah...

Charlie starts to walk away.

KELLI (CONT'D)

...or you could just sleep here?

CHARLIE

(turns back)

Sleep here? With you?

KELLI

Not like that. Just seems
ridiculous for you to go all the
way back to Oakland, and then BART
back in a couple hours.

No response.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Do you have your tux and everything
here for tomorrow?

CHARLIE

Yeah, with the concierge, but--

KELLI

Sleep here tonight.

CHARLIE

Look...I don't know if that's--

KELLI

Gosh, if you're that worried, I
promise not to have sex with you.

Kelli grabs his hand and pulls him inside.

INT. KELLI'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Charlie--fully clothed--is asleep on the right side of the
bed. The lights are turned off on his side. He faces away
from Kelli.

Kelli is sitting up, awake, on the left side of the bed. The lights are turned on on her side. She watches Charlie sleep. She smiles.

Charlie inadvertently turns towards Kelli and puts his left hand on her lap. He continues to sleep.

Kelli's smile disappears.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

A MAN is asleep on the right side of the bed. The lights are turned off on his side. We can't see his face.

Kelli is sitting up, awake, on the left side of the bed. The lights are turned on on her side. She looks YOUNGER. She has LONGER HAIR. She watches the man sleep. She looks down at her left hand. She's wearing a WEDDING RING.

The man inadvertently turns towards Kelli and puts his left hand on her lap. He's also wearing a WEDDING RING.

We PAN towards the man's face--

REVEAL: It's *SERGEANT ALEX TATE*.

Kelli leans down and kisses Tate's sleeping face.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KELLI'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelli looks at her left hand. There's no longer a wedding ring.

She stares at Charlie's hand on her lap.

Wracked with guilt.

She takes his hand off of her lap. She reaches over and turns off the light. It goes DARK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

The sunlight shines through the windows. The ballroom is packed. We see DOZENS OF GUESTS sitting in chairs.

SUPER: "Wedding Day -- July 4, 2016"

David, Madison, and the PASTOR stand in front of everyone. Charlie and Parker stand next to David. The BRIDESMAIDS stand next to Madison.

PASTOR

I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

David kisses Madison. The guests CLAP and CHEER...

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - DAY

...the CHEERING continues.

The MAID OF HONOR walks to the stage, microphone in hand. Kelli and the WEDDING BAND are also on the stage.

David and Madison sit at the front table.

MAID OF HONOR

I still remember the moment when Maddy and David first met. It was our first day of residency at the hospital...

We PAN to the back of the room. Charlie and Parker stand at the bar, drinks in hand.

PARKER

So what happened with that girl last night?

CHARLIE

Nothing happened.

PARKER

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

CHARLIE

I told you, we're just friends.

PARKER

Fuck. Don't tell Maddy. You'll cost me another twenty.

(beat)

You gotta seize the day, man.

(points to the Maid of Honor)

You see Grey's Anatomy up there? Give me an hour, and I'll be seizing the day with her, over and over again.

The guests APPLAUD, as the Maid of Honor walks off the stage.

CHARLIE
 (laughing)
 Whatever, man. Let's go, we're up.

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - DAY

A LIMO is parked by the sidewalk. The words "JUST MARRIED" are written on the back window.

Madison stands by the limo, saying goodbye to guests.

Charlie sits down on the FRONT STEPS of the hotel.

Hearing a BUZZ, he checks his phone. It's his agent. Charlie shakes his head, but answers it--

CHARLIE
 What do you--

BRIAN (ON PHONE)
 LA, Miami, Chicago, Dallas, they all want you. They all still believe in Charlie Donovan. Hell, even New York's offering you a spot on their Summer League roster.

CHARLIE
 I told you, I'm--

BRIAN (ON PHONE)
 You're going through a lot. I get that, but--

CHARLIE
 Stop. You don't get it. I'm done.

BRIAN (ON PHONE)
 Charlie, players that sit out a year never get back to the NBA.
 (beat)
 If you're not down here in a week...I'll have to drop you.

CHARLIE
 Then drop me.

Charlie hangs up the phone.

DAVID (O.S.)
 You're not quitting.

David sits down next to Charlie.

CHARLIE
 Seriously? We're doing this here?

DAVID
 Yeah. We are.

CHARLIE
 Dave, just let it go.

DAVID
 I'm not letting go of shit. You've loved playing ball since you were three years old. It's who you are. And now you're just gonna quit?

CHARLIE
 You think I want to quit?
 (beat; almost whispering)
 Every time I touch a basketball, I can't see the hoop. I can't see the court. I can't see my teammates. I just see her face.

A long beat. David doesn't know what to say.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (laughs)
 What are we doing? It's your wedding day. It's not your job to worry about me. Not today.

DAVID
 It's always my job to worry about you, Charlie.

The two brothers exchange a look. It's a nice, quiet moment between the two.

CHARLIE
 I can't believe you're married.

The two glance out towards Madison. She's hugging guests.

DAVID
 I know, I know.

We see Kelli walk up to Madison and give her a hug.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 So what about her?

ANGLE ON: Kelli. The sunlight's on her face. She's beautiful.

CHARLIE

She's--

Parker plops down between the two brothers.

PARKER

I just thoroughly explored Grey's Anatomy, and let me tell you, there ain't nothin' wrong with that body.

Parker puts up his hands, expecting high-fives from the two brothers. Charlie and David stand up and walk away.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Charlie watches the LIMO drive off.

KELLI (O.S.)

That was a pretty good speech in there...for a basketball player.

Kelli walks over to Charlie, guitar slung behind her back.

CHARLIE

What can I say, I have a way with words.

KELLI

Oh is that so?
(overtly sexual voice)
Can you say something sexy for me?

CHARLIE

Serendipitous.

KELLI

(laughs)
That was actually pretty good.

Kelli puts up her hand. Charlie gives her a high-five.

The two walk down the sidewalk.

CHARLIE

You have any plans for today?

KELLI

Meeting someone for dinner. But I have some time. Why?

Charlie looks down at his tattoo. "7/4/2016."

CHARLIE

I have to go do something right
now, and if you want--

KELLI

I'll go with you.

INT. BART SUBWAY CAR - DAY

The two enter a subway car. The doors close behind them.

The car is packed with PASSENGERS.

We see a MAN lying down, sleeping on two-corner-two-seaters
(four seats). He's wearing nothing but a YELLOW SPEEDO and a
KNIGHT'S HELMET.

Kelli spots the SPEEDO KNIGHT (35).

She walks towards the him. Charlie pulls her back.

CHARLIE

What are you doing?

KELLI

I'm gonna wake him up, so we can
sit down.

CHARLIE

You crazy? Who knows what that guy
might do?

Kelli shakes his hands off of her shoulders. She walks over
to the sleeping knight.

She taps him on the arm.

SPEEDO KNIGHT

(stirs awake)

Hmmmm...

(looks around at everyone)

What are you doing here!

Charlie and the other passengers flinch at the sudden yell.

KELLI

(softly)

Hey, it's okay. You just fell
asleep.

The Speedo Knight gets his bearings. He looks at Kelli.

SPEEDO KNIGHT
Oh, hey Kelli.

KELLI
Hi Bob. Do you mind sitting up, so
we can sit down?

SPEEDO KNIGHT
I didn't even know I fell asleep.

The Speedo Knight moves his legs. Kelli sits down.

She motions at Charlie to come over. He walks over
apprehensively and sits down next to Kelli.

KELLI
Bob, this is Charlie.

SPEEDO KNIGHT
My good sir.

Charlie shakes Bob's hand.

SUBWAY INTERCOM (O.S.)
Lake Merritt station.

The subway car slows to a halt. The Speedo Knight gives a
quick nod to Kelli and Charlie. He exits the car.

KELLI
Bye Bob!

The doors shut. The BART picks up speed.

Charlie stares at Kelli.

CHARLIE
You're on a first name basis with a
Speedo wearing knight?

KELLI
Bob's a great guy. Don't knock
Bob.

CHARLIE
I'm not knocking Bob. Just...how?

Kelli looks out the window. We see downtown Oakland.

KELLI
You take the BART often enough, you
get the opportunity to meet a lot
of great people. I love the BART.

CHARLIE
Nobody loves the BART.

KELLI
Well I do.

Kelli continues to look out the window. Charlie watches her in awe...he can't help but smile.

EXT. ALAMEDA COUNTY FAIR - DAY

In a WIDE SHOT, we see the fairgrounds--a Ferris wheel, roller coasters, merry-go-rounds, and HUNDREDS OF FAIRGOERS.

INSIDE THE FAIRGROUNDS

Charlie and Kelli walk through the CROWD.

They reach a FENCE.

Charlie helps Kelli over the fence and climbs over it himself.

EXT. BEHIND THE FAIRGROUNDS - LATER

The two stand beneath a LARGE OAK TREE.

Charlie takes FIVE METHODICAL STEPS away from the tree. He gets on his knees and starts digging with his hands. Kelli watches him for a few beats.

She gets on her knees and helps him.

They dig in silence...

...the hole is now two-feet deep.

We see the top of a BLACK METAL BOX. Charlie pulls the box out of the ground. The front of the box has a METAL LATCH and a LABEL.

The label reads: "7/4/2016." Today's date.

Charlie flips the latch. He opens the box--

REVEAL: There's a VIDEO CAMERA inside.

Charlie takes out the camera. Turns it on. And flips open the SCREEN. He takes a deep breath.

He CLICKS play. We go to--

TIME CAPSULE VIDEO

The camera must be on a tripod, as we see Charlie and Jessica standing underneath the SAME OAK TREE.

Charlie is wearing a "CALIFORNIA" hat, jacket, and sweats.

Jessica is wearing a black dress. She holds a TINY TREE BRANCH under her mouth, mimicking a microphone.

CHARLIE

Is it on?

JESSICA

Yes, it's on. Do it right.

CHARLIE

(laughs)

Alright, alright.

We see the DATE at the bottom-right-corner of the video. "7/4/2011." Exactly five years ago.

Jessica composes herself. She gets into "reporter mode."

JESSICA

(turns to camera)

I'm with the soon-to-be second year point guard of the California Golden Bears, Mr. Charlie Donovan.

(turns to Charlie)

Charlie, is it true that you're going to score fifty-points-a-game this year?

CHARLIE

(laughs)

Yes, that is true.

JESSICA

And is it true that you're going to lead your school to an NCAA Title within the next three years?

CHARLIE

Yes, that is true.

JESSICA

And is it also true--

Charlie walks away from Jessica and towards the camera.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Charlie!

He grabs the camera off the tripod. He walks back to Jessica, filming her the whole way.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 (fake pout; smiling)
 You're not doing it right.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 (reporter voice)
 Jessica Harper, is it true that you're going to graduate from Berkeley, three years from now, with a four-point-o GPA, and become the greatest reporter the world has ever seen.

Jessica gives Charlie (the camera) a sheepish smile.

JESSICA
 Yes, that is true.

Jessica jumps onto Charlie and kisses him. Laughing, they both fall to the ground.

Charlie steadies the camera. He flips it around so that it shows the two of them on screen. Charlie looks at the camera.

CHARLIE
 So we're really burying this thing?

JESSICA
 Yes! We have to. And we can't dig it up for five years.

CHARLIE
 Sure...

JESSICA
 I'm serious, Charlie. Promise me that we'll both come back here in five years, on the Fourth of July, and watch this video together.

Charlie kisses her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 You won't dig it up earlier, right? You'll wait five whole years?

CHARLIE
 I'll wait five whole years. I promise.

Charlie drops the camera to the ground. We see the dirt.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll even get a tattoo of the date
to remind myself.

JESSICA (O.S.)
(laughing)
Yeah right.

The video ends. We go back to--

BEHIND THE FAIRGROUNDS

Charlie turns off the camera. His face is devoid of emotion.

We PAN to Kelli. Eyes red. Tears stream down her face.

KELLI
I'm so sorry, Charlie. I'm so
sorry.

Charlie looks over at Kelli. He's surprised she's crying.

CHARLIE
Hey, it's okay. Come here. It's
okay.

Charlie holds her.

KELLI
I'm so sorry...

CHARLIE
Why are you sorry? There's nothing
to be sorry about. I'm alright.

KELLI
Why did you want me here?

CHARLIE
I don't know. I didn't want to be
alone when I...
(beat)
I just didn't want to be alone.
Not today.

Kelli wipes away the tears in her eyes. She forces a smile.

EXT. ALAMEDA COUNTY FAIR - DAY

Charlie and Kelli walk through the CROWD. Charlie holds the
time capsule box. Kelli holds a stick of cotton candy.

KELLI

Want some?

Charlie shakes his head.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Oh my god! Charlie!

Charlie turns...

...and gets slammed backwards by the impact of a hug. It's Stacy. The jersey chaser.

STACY

It's soooo awesome to see you here.
How come you haven't called?

Charlie looks over at Kelli. She has an amused smile on her face. Charlie looks back at Stacy.

CHARLIE

Sorry, just been really busy. This
is Kelli by the way.

Stacy looks at Kelli. Kelli gives her a wave. Stacy looks back at Charlie.

STACY

Give me a call next time you're
free, okay?

STACY'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Stace, let's go!

STACY

(turns around)
Hold on!
(turns back to Charlie)
Sorry, we're heading out.

Stacy gives Charlie another hug.

STACY (CONT'D)

Make sure to call me soon, okay?

Stacy runs back to her friends.

Charlie looks at Kelli. She has a huge grin on her face.

KELLI

Wow, wow, wow.

CHARLIE

Yeah--

KELLI
 (imitating Stacy)
 That was soooo awesome.

CHARLIE
 Funny.

KELLI
 Ex-lover?

CHARLIE
 God no. My best friend's idea of a
 joke. She's a "jersey chaser."

KELLI
 Oh, one of those.

CHARLIE
 You're familiar with 'em?

KELLI
 Jersey chasers? Yeah.

CHARLIE
 How familiar?

KELLI
 (off Charlie's smile)
 Not that familiar. Give me a
 little more credit than that.

Kelli playfully shoves Charlie. They continue walking.

KELLI (CONT'D)
 So since I came here with you, and
 did you this huge favor, you have
 to go somewhere with me.

CHARLIE
 (stops walking)
 Where?

EXT. ORACLE ARENA - SUNSET

In a WIDE SHOT, we see the home arena of the Golden State Warriors. The red-and-white "ORACLE" sign graces the front entrance.

EXT. ORACLE ARENA / FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Kelli reach the top of the steps. Charlie holds the time capsule box.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (60) is standing at the entrance. He wears a BADGE that reads: "ARENA CUSTODIAN: ROY JOHNSON."

CHARLIE
(to Kelli)
What are we doing--

Kelli runs over to Roy and gives him a big hug.

ROY
(southern accent)
You been good, darlin'?

KELLI
Of course.

ROY
You gonna be playin' at the wharf tonight? I gotta spot locked up, banjo ready.

KELLI
Not tonight. But maybe tomorrow?

Kelli pulls out a WHITE ENVELOPE from her pocket.

She hands it to Roy.

ROY
What's this?

KELLI
It's for Grace.

Roy shakes his head. He holds the envelope back out to Kelli.

ROY
No. You always tryin' to help everybody but yourself. You need this more than me. I ain't takin' your--

KELLI
It's not money. It's for Grace. She'll like it. Trust me, okay?

Roy looks at Kelli. He gives her a quiet smile. He nods and pockets the envelope.

Kelli motions at Charlie to come over.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Roy, this is Charlie.

ROY
Lord almighty, Charlie Donovan.

Roy and Charlie shake hands.

CHARLIE
Nice to meet you, sir.

ROY
You fixin' on comin' back and
playin' for the Warriors?

Charlie gives Roy an awkward smile. He looks over at Kelli.

KELLI
(changing subject)
So can you get us in, Roy?

ROY
Oh, right!
(leans in; lowers voice)
I could only get you thirty
minutes.

KELLI
That's plenty, thanks.

Roy unlocks and opens one of the doors.

Kelli pulls Charlie into the arena.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - LATER

Charlie and Kelli stand at the center of the basketball court, on top of the WARRIORS LOGO.

A BASKETBALL sits in the corner.

Kelli grabs Charlie's time capsule box from his hands. She walks over to the side of the court and puts down the box. She takes her guitar off of her back and puts it down.

She runs over to the corner and picks up the basketball.

KELLI
Come here.

Kelli dribbles the ball. Charlie doesn't move.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Don't tell me you're scared of
getting beat by a girl, Mr. NBA
player.

CHARLIE
Former NBA player.

KELLI
Oh come on, don't be so dramatic.
You'll be back in--

CHARLIE
(sharply)
What are we doing here?

Kelli's taken aback. But she recovers quickly. She gives Charlie a mischievous smile. She passes him the ball.

Instinctively, he catches it. He stares at the ball--

QUICK-HITTING MONTAGE [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

Images of Jessica's face FLASH by: Jessica opening her eyes-- laughing--crying--smiling--closing her eyes.

INT. ORACLE ARENA - CONTINUOUS

KELLI
Charlie!

Charlie looks over at Kelli. She studies his face.

KELLI (CONT'D)
I know how you feel.

Charlie passes the ball back to her.

CHARLIE
No. You don't.

Charlie walks towards the time capsule box.

KELLI
Where you going?

CHARLIE
(turns back around)
I'm fuckin' leaving. You can stay
if you want.

No response. Charlie turns and walks away.

KELLI
The last thing you want to do, is
something that makes you feel any
kind of happiness...

Charlie stops walking.

KELLI (CONT'D)
 ...because all that does is remind
 you of how you felt before...
 (beat)
 There are days when you wish you
 could feel nothing, just so you
 could make it all go away.
 (beat)
 I know how you feel.

Charlie turns around and faces Kelli.

KELLI (CONT'D)
 You can't live in the past forever.
 It's okay to live your life,
 Charlie.

CHARLIE
 You don't get it. I can't just--

KELLI
 "Success is never final, failure is
 never fatal. It's courage that
 counts."

Charlie looks at Kelli. They lock eyes.

CHARLIE
 (appreciative)
 Who said that?

KELLI
 You don't think I came up with that
 all by myself?
 (smiles)
 John Wooden.

Kelli passes the ball to Charlie. He stares at it.

KELLI (CONT'D)
 Don't think. Focus on the now.
 And shoot the ball.

Charlie looks at Kelli. He looks down at the ball in his
 hands. He dribbles the ball. Sets his feet. Shoots...

...SWISH. A perfect shot.

Charlie smiles and shakes his head in slight disbelief.

Kelli grabs the ball and passes it to Charlie. He shoots.
 SWISH. She passes him the ball again. He shoots. SWISH.

EXT. BART SUBWAY STATION - EVENING

A BART TRAIN speeds by. The two stand at a BART platform.

CHARLIE
So who you meeting for dinner? Hot date?

KELLI
Actually yeah.

CHARLIE
Really?

KELLI
You want to come?

CHARLIE
On your date?

KELLI
Yeah. You hungry?

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie and Kelli walk up the front steps of a small, Victorian-style house. Kelli checks the doorknob--it's unlocked. She opens the door.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kelli slips off her shoes. She takes her guitar off of her back and leans it up against a wall.

KELLI
(whispering)
Take off your shoes.

Charlie puts down the time capsule box and takes off his shoes.

Kelli tip-toes across the hall. Charlie follows her into--

THE KITCHEN

A YOUNG BOY (7) sits at the kitchen table, reading DR. SEUSS' "OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!" He has his back towards Kelli.

Kelli sneaks up from behind and puts her hands over his eyes.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Guess who?

The boy turns around and jumps into Kelli's arms.

BOY

Mommy!

Kelli gives him a kiss.

KELLI

Did you miss me?

BOY

Yes!

Charlie is stunned. Kelli puts the boy back down on the ground. She turns to Charlie.

KELLI

Ethan, this is my friend, Charlie.

Ethan walks over to Charlie and sticks out his hand.

ETHAN

Hi Charlie, nice to make your acquaintance.

CHARLIE

(surprised; shakes Ethan's hand)

Nice to acquaint you, too.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Kelli, is that you?

KELLI

We're in here.

A WOMAN (55), wearing a sundress, walks into the kitchen. Kelli gives her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Charlie, this is Mrs. White.

CHARLIE

Hi.

MRS. WHITE

Hello Charlie. Are you staying for dinner?

ETHAN

Oh you have to stay! We're having spaghetti!

Ethan pulls Charlie towards the table.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

The four are sitting at the table, eating spaghetti. No one is talking.

Ethan eagerly looks around.

Kelli bites her lower lip.

MRS. WHITE
Don't bite your lip, dear.

KELLI
Sorry.

The four continue to eat in silence.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie and Kelli walk out of the house.

ETHAN (O.S.)
Bye!

Kelli turns around and waves back to her son.

KELLI
I'll see you next week, okay?

MRS. WHITE (O.S.)
Goodbye dear.

Kelli forces a smile.

KELLI
I'll see you next week.

She waves. The door shuts. Kelli turns back to Charlie.

An awkward silence.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Kelli and Charlie walk down the sidewalk.

INT. KELLI'S STUDIO - NIGHT

It's dark. The door opens. Kelli and Charlie walk in. Kelli TURNS ON the light.

We PAN around the tiny studio apartment.

There are CLOTHES strewn about in one corner. A SINGLE MATTRESS in another. An OLD COUCH against the wall. A SMALL TABLE. And two OLD CHAIRS.

Kelli takes her guitar off her back and puts it on the floor.

She walks to her "kitchen" (which is about five feet away from her "bedroom").

KELLI (O.S.)
You want something to drink?

Charlie takes a seat in one of the chairs. He puts the time capsule box on the table.

CHARLIE
Sure.

KELLI (O.S.)
I only have water or juice.

CHARLIE
Juice sounds good.

Kelli comes out of the kitchen with TWO BOWLS and a CARTON OF ORANGE JUICE.

She places the bowls down on the table and pours some juice into each bowl.

She hands one to Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You don't have cups?

KELLI
I like bowls.

Charlie picks up his bowl and takes a long drink.

Kelli studies his face.

CHARLIE
What?

KELLI
You're wondering why my son doesn't live with me, huh?

CHARLIE
No, I wasn't thinking that at--

KELLI
I need to tell you something.

Charlie puts down the bowl.

CHARLIE

Okay?

Kelli bites her lower lip.

KELLI

A while back, I went through this period of...I just got into some really bad things, and...

(beat)

I used to be a drug addict.

Charlie stares at her. Eyes wide open.

Kelli looks down at the floor.

KELLI (CONT'D)

That's why Ethan lives with Mrs. White. She raised me, and when--

CHARLIE

You used to be a drug addict?

KELLI

Yes.

CHARLIE

But not anymore.

KELLI

No.

CHARLIE

Where's Ethan's father?

No response.

A silent tension engulfs the room...

KELLI

He's not around anymore.

(beat)

I'm a mess, huh? You don't have to stay. You can go if you want. I know you have enough problems to deal with. You don't need to--

CHARLIE

Don't do that.

KELLI

What?

CHARLIE

That.

A long silence.

Kelli stands up and walks over to the light switch. She turns it off. The room goes DARK.

Charlie looks out the window. The FOURTH OF JULY FIREWORKS are going off in the distance.

Kelli grabs a FLASHLIGHT off the floor and walks back over to Charlie.

KELLI

Come here.

She grabs his hand and pulls him towards her mattress.

She lies down.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Lie down.

Charlie lies down next to her. Kelli grabs a LARGE BLANKET and pulls it over them, covering their bodies. We go--

UNDER THE BLANKET

Kelli TURNS ON the flashlight. A BRIGHT LIGHT appears between the two of them.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Remember when you were a kid, and you were scared at night, you would always get under the covers and turn on your flashlight?

CHARLIE

Yeah, sure, I totally did that.

KELLI

Don't try and play cool. I know you did.

Kelli looks over at Charlie and smiles.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Anyway, whenever I feel completely lost or like I'm losing control of...everything...I come under here and I just lie here. It makes me feel like in this little world, right here, I know who I am.

(MORE)

KELLI (CONT'D)
 And there's nobody else, but me,
 that has a say in my life and what
 happens next.

Charlie stares at Kelli. We CLOSE ON the BRIGHT LIGHT...

INT. KELLI'S STUDIO - MORNING

...the sunlight shines through the window.

Charlie--fully clothed--is asleep on the mattress. Kelli is nowhere in sight.

We see the flashlight on top of a pillow, holding down a HANDWRITTEN NOTE.

Charlie stirs awake. He looks around the studio.

He spots the note and picks it up. It reads--

KELLI (V.O.)
 Sorry for leaving you alone.
 There's some food on the table.
 Help yourself before you take off.
 And come back to my place tonight,
 around seven. I have something to
 give you.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CHINATOWN / BACK ALLEY - SAME TIME

Kelli stands in front of a shady-looking door. It opens.

We see a HEAVILY-TATTOOED MAN (35). He holds out a BROWN PAPER BAG. Kelli grabs it and takes a look inside.

KELLI
 This is perfect, thanks.

Kelli hands the man five \$20 bills. He counts the bills.

TATTOOED MAN
 (shakes his head)
 Two hundred.

KELLI
 Two? Come on.

The man snatches back the bag.

Kelli reaches into her pockets and pulls out an assortment of \$1, \$5, and \$10 bills. It adds up to \$55. Kelli hands it all over to the tattooed man.

KELLI (CONT'D)
That's all I have.

He hands her the brown paper bag and shuts the door.

INT. KELLI'S STUDIO - MORNING

Charlie walks over to the table and finds a bowl filled with eggs and toast. He walks into the kitchen and opens a couple of drawers. He finds one with utensils and grabs a fork.

He shuts the drawer...he re-opens the drawer. We see a PICTURE underneath the utensils. We can barely see one side of a MAN'S FACE. A man wearing a MILITARY UNIFORM.

Charlie grabs the picture.

CLOSE UP: We see Kelli. She looks younger. She has longer hair. She's smiling and holding onto...*Sergeant Alex Tate*.

Charlie stares at the picture.

A long beat.

Charlie folds the picture in half and pockets it. He grabs the time capsule box and walks out of the studio.

INT. UC BERKELEY BOALT HALL - DAY

Charlie and Parker are sitting down outside of a classroom.

Parker has his LAPTOP open to a SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE ARTICLE from two years ago. There's a PICTURE of Kelli and Sergeant Tate in the article.

PARKER
Holy shit! That's fucking her!

LAW STUDENTS file into the classroom.

PARKER (CONT'D)
What did she say?

CHARLIE
She wasn't there.

PARKER
Fuck.
(beat)
Fuck that girl. Look, I have to take this test, but after, we're going out.

CHARLIE

I don't want to go out.

PARKER

I need my wingman. I always do better with you around. I know a couple parties we can hit up tonight. There's gonna be a lot of quality girls there.

Parker's LAW PROFESSOR (50) walks by.

CHARLIE

I don't want to help you fuck every girl at this school, Parker.

The professor turns and looks at Parker.

PARKER

How's it going, Professor?

The professor shakes his head and walks into his classroom.

PARKER (CONT'D)

I'll see you inside. Totally psyched for the test.

(to Charlie; whispering)

What the fuck, man? I'm trying to help you. I'm doing this for--

CHARLIE

(losing it)

Fuck you! You're not doing shit for me! All you can think about is yourself!

Parker is speechless. Charlie gets up and walks away.

INT. BEAR'S LAIR BAR - DAY

Charlie sits at the counter. There are four empty beer bottles in front of him and a half-full bottle in his hand.

He looks miserable. He takes a swig of his beer.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Charlie!

Charlie turns and sees...Stacy. She sits down next to him.

STACY

What are you drinking?

CHARLIE
 (slightly drunk)
 Considering the only options in
 this bar are beer...or beer...I'm
 drinking beer.

STACY
 You alright?

CHARLIE
 I'm fucking golden.

Stacy grabs Charlie's beer and finishes it.

STACY
 You want something a little harder?

INT. STACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stacy and Charlie walk into her apartment. Stacy tosses her keys on the counter and heads to her BEDROOM.

STACY (O.S.)
 Help yourself to whatever's in the
 fridge.

Charlie walks into the KITCHEN.

He opens the fridge. He grabs a half-finished bottle of RUM and takes a drink.

STACY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 So what do you think?

Charlie looks over at Stacy.

She's wearing nothing but Charlie's old COLLEGE JERSEY. It hangs down like a small dress.

She does a little spin. We see Charlie's #11 and the words "DONOVAN" on her back. She walks over to Charlie.

He takes another drink from the bottle. She grabs his face and kisses him. Charlie pulls away. He turns her around and lifts up the jersey. He unbuckles his belt. Re-positions himself behind her...

STACY (CONT'D)
 (moaning)
 Yes...yes...

Stacy reaches back and tries to caress Charlie's face. He shoves her hand away.

CHARLIE
Don't talk.

Stacy nods. They continue to fuck.

We CLOSE ON Charlie's face. His eyes are filled with anger.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

We see the San Francisco skyline. Grey clouds. Darkness setting in. The sun disappears in the background.

Charlie walks down the sidewalk. His face devoid of emotion.

INT. KELLI'S STUDIO - NIGHT

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Kelli walks towards it. She looks like she's just gotten back from a kick-boxing session, as she wears a tank-top, yoga pants, and sports bandages on her wrists.

She opens the door. It's Charlie.

KELLI
(smiles)
Hey.

Kelli leaves the door open and walks to her BATHROOM.

KELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're late. There's food on the table if you're hungry. You like pasta, right?

Charlie walks into studio and shuts the door. He looks over and sees two bowls of pasta on the table.

KELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It might be cold, and I know it looks weird, but it tastes better than it looks. Eat it, okay?

Charlie walks over to the COUCH. He sits down. Kelli walks out of the bathroom with the BROWN PAPER BAG.

KELLI (CONT'D)
So I got something for you.

No response.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Hey, what's wrong?

Charlie just sits on the couch--silent. Kelli stands in front of him. He doesn't look up.

A few beats pass.

Kelli drops the brown paper bag. She takes off her shirt. Lets it fall to the ground. She takes a couple steps towards the couch. She slowly straddles Charlie.

With her knees on both sides of his legs, she leans in. Kisses his neck. Her lips make their way up to his cheek.

She presses and grinds her body against his.

It's incredibly sexy.

Her lips are an inch away from his mouth. She looks at Charlie. Hesitates. Bites her lower lip. Leans in to kiss him...

...but he grabs her shoulders and stops her.

KELLI (CONT'D)
You don't want to do this?

No response.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Charlie, just tell me if--

CHARLIE
I slept with Stacy.

Kelli pushes herself off of Charlie and stands up.

KELLI
Who?

CHARLIE
The jersey chaser. Stacy. I slept with her a couple hours ago.

KELLI
Why are you telling me this?

No response.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Good for you.

Charlie stands up from the couch. Kelli backs away from him.

CHARLIE
That's all you have to say?

KELLI
What do you want from me?

CHARLIE
How about something, anything,
real!

Kelli walks to the door and opens it.

KELLI
Get out.

CHARLIE
So you clearly don't give a fuck
about me, or who I fuck.

Kelli turns back around.

KELLI
Charlie, you're not my boyfriend or
my husband or--

CHARLIE
That's right, I'm not.

Charlie takes out the PICTURE of Kelli and Tate from his
pocket. He tosses it at her feet.

Kelli looks down and sees the picture.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Your husband died two years ago,
when he blew himself up, along with
thirty-seven other innocent people.
Including my fiance.

Kelli closes her eyes. His words cut right through her. A
tear rolls down her face.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO PIER 7 - NIGHT [BLACK-AND-WHITE]

Kelli wipes a tear from her face. She holds the PICTURE of
herself and Tate. She stands in front of the SMALL MEMORIAL.

She's wearing a tank top--with the words "FUCK SLEEVES" on
the front--and yoga pants. She has a GUITAR slung behind her
back and SPORTS BANDAGES wrapped around her wrists.

She hears a voice YELLING from the opposite end of the pier. She looks over and sees...

...Charlie. This is the night they first met.

Kelli walks towards Charlie.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KELLI'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE

So were you just planning on lying to me this whole time?

Kelli opens her eyes. She looks at Charlie.

KELLI

No, it wasn't like that. I was--

CHARLIE

Why didn't you tell me about him?!

KELLI

I didn't know what to--

CHARLIE

How can you still keep a picture of him?! After what he--

KELLI

Because I loved him!

CHARLIE

I had a right to know--

KELLI

What do you want to know?!

Tears stream down Kelli's face.

KELLI (CONT'D)

You want to know how I felt when I found out that my husband, the man that I loved, was responsible for killing thirty-seven people?

Charlie just stares at her.

KELLI (CONT'D)

You want to know how I felt like it was my fault that my husband was a completely different person when he came back to me from the war? How he moved out and told me he didn't love me anymore? How even now, to this day, there are parts of me that still loves him? Parts of me that still misses him? And how I hate myself for it?

Kelli is completely breaking down now.

KELLI (CONT'D)

You don't want to know that, Charlie. You don't want to know how I was so fucked up that I started injecting myself with every drug I could find. You don't want to know how I was so selfish and weak that I couldn't even be there for my own son.

Kelli RIPS OFF the BANDAGES from her wrists.

KELLI (CONT'D)

You don't want to know how I felt like I didn't deserve to live.

Her wrists are covered in RED SLASHES. Multiple SCARS.

CHARLIE

You should have told me--

SLAM! Kelli shoves him into a wall.

KELLI

Get out!
(pushes him towards the door)
Get the fuck out!

She shoves Charlie out the door. SLAMS it shut.

She leans her back against the door. Her head in her arms. She slumps down to the floor--crying.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Charlie stares at the door. He turns and walks away. Stops. Turns around. Takes two steps back towards the door. Stops.

He leans his face against the wall. He makes a fist...

...THUNK!

Punches a hole in the wall.

Searing pain shoots up his arm.

CHARLIE

Fuck!

He takes a couple deep breaths.

He looks towards the door. We can still hear Kelli crying.
Charlie walks away.

INT. BART SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Charlie sits in a two-seater by himself. Through the window,
he looks out at the night.

INT. KELLI'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Kelli sits on the floor. Back against the door. Her eyes
are red, but she's no longer crying.

She closes her eyes. Grabs her forehead with her right hand.
Bites her lower lip.

She opens her eyes. She stares at the BATHROOM DOOR...

...she stands up and walks over to--

THE BATHROOM

She gets on her knees. Reaches behind the toilet.

CLOSE UP: Her hands. She lifts up a LOOSE TILE. Beneath
the tile is a BLACK LEATHER CASE, about the size of a book.

Kelli grabs the case. She gets up and goes back to--

THE STUDIO

Kelli walks over to the table. Sits down.

She places the case in front of her. Bites her lower lip.
Stares at the case.

Swallows hard.

She UNZIPS the case. Opens it.

CLOSE UP: The contents of the case. ALCOHOL SWABS, a SYRINGE with a needle, an ELASTIC TOURNIQUET, a METAL SPOON, a LIGHTER, COTTON BALLS, and a small bag of HEROIN.

Kelli picks up the two bowls of pasta that are sitting on the table, walks over to the kitchen, and puts them on the counter.

She grabs an EMPTY BOWL, turns on the faucet, and fills the bowl with WATER.

She walks back over to the table. She places the bowl of water next to the open case.

Bites her lower lip.

Swallows hard.

She stares at the case...

...she grabs the spoon and the alcohol swabs. She methodically cleans the spoon.

She opens the small bag of heroin. Holds the spoon level in her right hand. Takes a pinch of heroin with her left. And places it on the spoon.

She picks up the syringe and puts it in the bowl of water. She gathers about 50 units and squirts it onto the spoon.

The water mixes with the heroin.

She grabs the lighter with her left hand. FLICKS it on. And holds it right under the spoon.

She cooks the heroin...

...the liquid SIZZLES.

She puts down the lighter. She grabs the syringe with her left hand. Flips it over. And uses the PLUNGER-SIDE to mix the SIZZLING liquid.

She puts down the syringe.

She rips off a tiny piece of cotton. Rolls it into a tiny ball--about half the size of a match head--and drops it into the HEROIN SOLUTION.

She picks up the syringe. Pokes the needle into the cotton ball. And pulls the plunger back. The solution gets sucked up into the syringe.

She puts down the spoon.

She puts the syringe between her teeth.

She grabs the elastic tourniquet. Wraps it around her left arm. And squeezes it tight.

She takes the syringe from her mouth with her right hand. Places the needle flat against her skin, on top of a vein, near the bend of her left arm. The needle pierces her skin.

She hesitates...

...she holds the needle in her arm. She doesn't move. It seems like an eternity...

...she pulls back the plunger. BLOOD spurts into the syringe. It mixes with the heroin solution.

She pushes the plunger back down. The liquid disappears into her arm.

She lets go of the elastic wrapping. It falls to the ground. She removes the needle from her arm. It drops to the table.

CLOSE UP: Kelli's face. She GASPS. Mouth open. The sensation runs through her body. She closes her eyes...we BLACKOUT.

A FEW SECONDS OF BLACK.

WE FADE BACK IN:

EXT. PARKER AND DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's calm and peaceful.

The picturesque home sits on top of the Oakland Hills, with the stars and the night in the background.

INT. PARKER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie KNOCKS on Parker's door. It's slightly ajar.

Parker is asleep at his desk. LAPTOP open. A few empty beer bottles on the floor.

Charlie walks over to his friend, picks him up, and carries him to his bed.

He grabs the beer bottles from the floor and tosses them in the trash. He walks over to Parker's desk and starts to close the laptop screen...but does a double-take.

ANGLE ON: The laptop screen. A WORD DOCUMENT is open. It's titled "MY THREE GOALS IN LIFE." It reads--

PARKER (V.O.)
One, study for the bar exam. Make
the bar my bitch. Pass the bar.

Charlie grins.

PARKER (V.O.)
Two, find a nice, wholesome girl,
who accepts me for who I am.
(beat)
Three, help Charlie move on from
Jess, so that he can move forward
with his life.

Charlie stares at the screen.

PARKER (O.S.)
(stirs awake)
Ohhhh...man...headache...

Parker rubs his eyes. He sits up and looks at Charlie.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Hey.

CHARLIE
Hey. Look, I'm--

PARKER
Me too, man.

The two friends smile.

Charlie notices a small box on the side table. He walks over and picks it up.

CLOSE UP: An open box of condoms.

CHARLIE
(reads label)
Magnum Extra Large?
(laughing)
Dude, I've seen you naked a hundred
times. You don't need a magnum
extra anything.

Parker grins.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What?

PARKER
Think of all the things I was
touching, right before I grabbed
that box.

Horrified, Charlie drops the box.

He sprints to the bathroom. We hear the sound of WATER
RUNNING and voracious SCRUBBING.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Charlie's sitting on his bed, holding the VIDEO CAMERA from
the time capsule box

He's watching the VIDEO.

JESSICA (ON VIDEO)
You won't dig it up earlier, right?
You'll wait five whole years?

CHARLIE (ON VIDEO)
I'll wait five whole years. I
promise.

On the video, we see Charlie drop the camera to the ground.

CHARLIE (ON VIDEO O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll even get a tattoo of the date
to remind myself.

JESSICA (ON VIDEO O.S.)
(laughing)
Yeah right.

The video ends. A blank screen. A low sound emits from the
camera. BEEEEEEEEEE...

Charlie puts down the camera.

He stares at the wall in front of him. BEEEEEEEEEE...silence.

JESSICA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
Hi Charlie.

Charlie grabs the camera...*THERE'S ANOTHER VIDEO.*

JESSICA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
I know, I know, I broke the rules.
Me of all people, crazy right?

Jessica sits on the ground, under the SAME OAK TREE where
they buried the box.

She's wearing the Cal school colors.

CLOSE UP: The date on the bottom-right-corner of the screen. "4/8/2014." It's the day after the NCAA Championship Game.

JESSICA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
I couldn't help it. I saw your
face when the game ended and...

Jessica contemplates for a beat.

JESSICA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
There was this guy, this French
philosopher--yes, I'm talking about
French philosophers, don't make fun
of me, Charlie.

We PULL BACK and see Charlie smile. We CLOSE ON the video--

JESSICA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
So this guy, Albert Camus, he once
said, "There is no sun without
shadow, and it's essential to know
the night."

(beat)

It's okay to be sad or angry or
even hate the whole world when
things don't go your way. We all
have to know the night.

(beat)

But you have to know that the day,
and everything that makes you
happy, is just around the corner.
So look forward to the good times
ahead, and don't let the bad hold
you back.

A beat. She smiles.

JESSICA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I broke the rules. Don't
be mad at me, okay?

Jessica leans into the camera and kisses the screen.

JESSICA (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
Just be happy, Charlie.

The video ends. BEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

Charlie smiles.

The look on his face says it all--*he's at peace.*

EXT. BART SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Charlie sits at a bench, waiting for the BART. He takes out his phone.

CLOSE UP: The phone screen. He texts his agent.

CHARLIE (TEXT)
Summer League. Knicks. I'm in.

He hits send.

A subway car arrives.

INT. BART SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

Charlie steps into the subway car.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Charlie!

Charlie looks left and spots...

...the Speedo Knight.

Bob sits in a two-seater by himself. Charlie walks over and sits down next to him.

CHARLIE
Hey Bob.

SPEEDO KNIGHT
So grand to see you again.

Charlie smiles.

EXT. DINER / KELLI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Charlie walks past the diner, towards Kelli's apartment.

INT. KELLI'S STUDIO / HALLWAY OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Kelli's front door. Charlie takes a deep breath.

He KNOCKS.

A few beats pass. Nobody comes to the door.

He KNOCKS again. He tries the doorknob. It's unlocked.

He opens the door.

THE STUDIO

Charlie sees Kelli. She's lying motionless on the floor. A small POOL OF BLOOD around her.

Her left wrist has been SLIT OPEN.

There's a BLOODY KNIFE on the ground.

Her eyes are closed.

Her hair is soaking wet.

Her body is covered in sweat.

The HEROIN KIT is on the table.

CHARLIE
No, no, no, no! Kelli!

Charlie rushes over to her.

He shakes her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Wake up!

Charlie takes out his phone.

Dials 911.

He RIPS OFF a piece of his shirt.

Wraps up Kelli's bloody wrist.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Kelli! Wake up!

911 DISPATCHER (ON PHONE)
Nine-one-one, what's your location?

CHARLIE
(into phone)
She's bleeding! She took
something! She's not breathing!

911 DISPATCHER (ON PHONE)
Please sir, what's your location?

Charlie answers, but we're not listening anymore.

We PAN towards the window, to the night, and we...

FADE TO BLACK:

A FEW SECONDS OF BLACK.

We hear a soft BEEP...BEEP...BEEP...

WE FADE BACK IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP: A CARDIAC MONITOR. The line jumps...BEEP.

The sun shines brightly through the window.

Kelli is lying down on a hospital bed. Her eyes are closed. She's wearing a HOSPITAL GOWN. Her left wrist and the bend of her left arm have been BANDAGED UP.

Kelli stirs awake.

She opens her eyes and winces at the intensity of the light.

A HAND appears in front of her and shields her eyes.

Kelli looks to her left. Mrs. White is sitting down in a chair next to her.

MRS. WHITE
How do you feel?

Kelli looks down at the bandages on her arm. She closes her eyes and holds back tears.

Mrs. White holds her. Comforts her.

MRS. WHITE (CONT'D)
It's okay. I know, I know.

We hear KNOCKING.

TWO SOCIAL WORKERS, in business attire, stand in the doorway.

SOCIAL WORKER #1
I'm sorry, but we're gonna have to talk to Ms. Tate now.

MRS. WHITE
(firmly)
Can we please get five minutes?

The social workers look at one another. They look at Mrs. White and nod. They exit the room.

KELLI
Who are they?

No response.

KELLI (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Where's Ethan?

A beat.

MRS. WHITE
They are not going to take him.

Kelli's face is wracked with guilt.

KELLI
I need to see him.

MRS. WHITE
No. You need to get better.
(beat)
I packed your things.

Kelli looks past Mrs. White and sees her GUITAR and a DUFFLE BAG sitting on a table.

Mrs. White reaches into her purse and pulls out a WHITE ENVELOPE.

MRS. WHITE (CONT'D)
This came for you, yesterday.

She hands the envelope to Kelli.

MRS. WHITE (CONT'D)
I'll give you a few minutes before
I let them in.

She stands up and exits the room.

Kelli opens the envelope.

She pulls out a HANDWRITTEN NOTE.

It reads:

*"It wasn't your fault. You did nothing wrong.
Don't ever think that you did.
--Charlie."*

Kelli flips the envelope around. Looks at the front.

We see a LAS VEGAS return address.

INT. LAS VEGAS BASKETBALL GYM - DAY

A basketball game. College-sized gymnasium. The stands are half-full. The COACHES and BENCH PLAYERS sit in metal folding chairs.

SUPER: "Las Vegas, Nevada -- NBA Summer League"

A YOUNG PLAYER (20), wearing a "KNICKS" Summer League jersey, dribbles the basketball. He sends a cross-court pass to...

...Charlie.

Charlie dribbles the ball. Sizes up his DEFENDER. Crosses him over. And gets by him.

ANOTHER DEFENDER jumps in front of him.

Charlie spins past him.

He spots up for an open jumper. Shoots...

...SWISH.

The opposing team quickly in-bounds the ball. Charlie sprints back to play defense.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO REHAB CENTER - DAY

In a WIDE SHOT, we see a rehab facility, perched high atop a cliff, surrounded by panoramic views of the ocean.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO REHAB CENTER / KELLI'S ROOM - DAY

Kelli drops her duffle bag to the floor. She takes her guitar off her back and leans it up against the wall.

She begins to unpack.

She sorts through her duffle bag. She takes out her clothes...and stops.

An item underneath her clothes catches her eye...

...THE BROWN PAPER BAG.

Kelli grabs the bag. Opens it. And looks inside.

She contemplates for a beat.

She reaches into her pocket. She pulls out the white envelope with the Las Vegas address.

INT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Charlie and a TEAMMATE walk into the lobby.

A young HOTEL CONCIERGE (21) runs over to them.

HOTEL CONCIERGE

Mr. Donovan, we have a package for
you.

CHARLIE

(to teammate)

I'll catch up.

Charlie follows the concierge to the lobby desk.

He signs for his package. The DESK CLERK hands him a box
with a San Francisco return address.

Charlie opens the box.

He sees...

...the brown paper bag.

He opens it and pulls out a NEWSPAPER-WRAPPED OBJECT. He
rips off the newspaper--

REVEAL: It's a hat. "CALIFORNIA 2014 NCAA CHAMPIONS."

Charlie stares at the hat in awe.

He spots a HANDWRITTEN LETTER inside the box.

He picks it up. It reads--

KELLI (V.O.)

Do you know what happens to a
losing team's championship hats?

(beat)

There's this organization, World
Vision, they collect all the losing
team's merchandise, and give it to
people in need, all around the
world.

IN ZAMBIA

YOUNG ZAMBIAN CHILDREN run around on a dirt field, kicking a
soccer ball.

They're all wearing "CALIFORNIA 2014 NCAA CHAMPIONS" SHIRTS
and HATS.

KELLI (V.O.)
 There are places in this world
 where you won that game, Charlie.

IN MONGOLIA

A MONGOLIAN MAN (40) hands a GIFT-WRAPPED BOX to a YOUNG MONGOLIAN BOY (7).

KELLI (V.O.)
 So nothing is ever written or meant
 to be.

The boy opens the box and sees a Cal championship hat inside.

IN HAITI

HAITIAN MEN and WOMEN walk through flood waters, wearing Cal championship gear. They all laugh and joke with one another.

KELLI (V.O.)
 Even in the worst of times, we
 still control our own happiness in
 life.

THE HOTEL LOBBY

We see Charlie reading the letter.

KELLI (V.O.)
 Good luck with everything. You'll
 be great. I know it.

Charlie stares at the hat.

FADE TO BLACK:

A FEW SECONDS OF BLACK.

We hear the sound of OCEAN WAVES.

WE FADE BACK IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO REHAB CENTER - DAY

Kelli stands at a BALCONY, overlooking the San Francisco Bay. She stares out into the ocean. She's wearing a tank top and sweats.

No bandages.

We see the scars on her wrists. The red dots on the bend of her left arm. And the tattoo ("ETHAN") on her back.

She's no longer hiding her past.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Got a delivery for you.

A STAFF MEMBER (40), wearing a crisp, white uniform, walks over to Kelli. He hands her a SMALL BOX.

KELLI
Thanks.

Kelli stares at the box. We see a Las Vegas return address.

The staff member continues to stand in front of her.

STAFF MEMBER
(smiles; politely)
You're gonna have to open that in front of me.

KELLI
What?

STAFF MEMBER
It's a policy.

Kelli hesitates for a beat.

KELLI
Yeah. Okay.

She opens the box--

--the staff member grabs it. He inspects the contents, nods, and hands the box back to Kelli.

STAFF MEMBER
You're all set.

He walks away.

Kelli looks inside the box. We see a handwritten note and...

...A PHONE.

Kelli takes out the note.

It reads:

*"So this is what's called a phone.
Turn it on and press 1."*

Kelli stares at the phone.

INT. LAS VEGAS BASKETBALL GYM - SAME TIME

Charlie's at the three-point-line. The gym is empty. Not another person in sight. He sets his feet. Jumps. Shoots...

...CLANG!

Without missing a beat, Charlie sprints and grabs the rebound.

He dribbles back to the three-point-line. Shoots...

...SWISH.

He sprints towards the ball again. Grabs it. Dribbles back towards--

BZZZZZZ...BZZZZZZ...BZZZZZZ...

Charlie stops. He walks over to the sidelines.

He picks up his PHONE.

CLOSE UP: The screen shows "KELLI."

The phone continues to BUZZ.

Charlie flashes a smile, and we...

FADE TO WHITE.