

FADE IN

EXT. CROWDED BUS STOP - MORNING

It's a crappy Boston morning. MAX is standing at a bus stop with a groggy, hungover face. Most people are standing around with flat faces, trying not to make eye contact with their fellow commuters. In the background the annoying sounds of a chowdahead in conversation with another chowdahead ring out.

MASSHOLE SALESMAN

(With Boston accent)

Oh yeah, I'm riding the T today.
(beat) Ridin the muthafuckin T with the little people (he looks around nervously and cackles a shamefaced laugh)

Max's eyes wander involuntarily towards the voice and settle on the speaker, MASSHOLE SALESMAN, wearing a suit and tie. He's holding a Metro and staring out the glass of the bus stop shelter, apparently having an animated conversation with his reflection. While he speaks, he gestures wildly with both hands.

MASSHOLE SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Audi's in the shop. That chick last night...Did I fuck her? Oh you know I hit it (Beat) I mean...her tits were out-stand-ing...

Max is now staring openly, trying to focus on the crazy man in front of him.

MASSHOLE SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, fuck yeah, you know I love the ladies, and the ladies...hang on a second

The Masshole Salesman turns and stares at Max. As he does so, a small blinking Bluetooth head set can be seen in his ear.

MASSHOLE SALESMAN (CONT'D)

What muthafuckah? You like what you see?

MAX

Um...sorry...

Max turns and looks in the opposite direction as the man keeps jabbering.

When Max looks away, he notices a gibbering HOMELESS MAN #1 seated in an apartment entrance behind them, rocking back and forth and muttering to himself. Max hitches up his bag and shuffles quickly away.

MAX (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll walk...

The Masshole turns his head and spits on the ground.

MASSHOLE SALESMAN
Um, what were we talking about?
Yeah some fag was staring at me...

INT. STANDARD ISSUE OFFICE - DAY

Max is walking hurriedly down the hallway of an office space type warren of cubicles. His friend, DAVE, comes up to him and walks with him. Dave is chewing gum, throwing a tennis ball up in the air and catching it.

DAVE
Hey buddy, yer late.

MAX
Yeah...I missed the bus.

They reach a standard office space cubicle and Max sits down at the desk, clicking on the screen and checking email. Dave sits in a chair, leaning back against the wall and continuing to toss the tennis ball in the air.

DAVE
You look even worse than usual.
Stay out late last night?

MAX
I uh, had a few beers, yeah.

DAVE
Really? Its about time yer getting out and living a little. You shoulda called me, party animal.

MAX
Nah, I didn't feel like going out.
I was just watching tv by myself.

DAVE
Urrr...ok...You feeling alright?

MAX

Uh, I dunno. I haven't been able to sleep much lately. I've had this feeling...

The sound of a cheesy synthesized version of Ennio Morricone's "The Good the Bad and Ugly" theme song breaks in and Dave jumps up and looks at his cellphone.

DAVE

Sorry man, I got to take this.

MAX

Bu-But...

DAVE

(Speaking while walking out of the cube)
I'll catch you later... give me a call.

DAVE

(Speaking into a bluetooth)
Nah, I'm not doing anything, what's going on?

Max looks a little more deflated and turns back to the computer screen that casts an unhealthy green pallor on his face. He reaches for the phone.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Max is punching in a number on his phone, with the receiver to his ear. In the background, Dave's phone voice occasionally leaks through the cubicle walls.

MAX

Susie

(INTERCUT)

Susie wears a bluetooth headset and sits at another office space style cubicle. She has a secretary's type phone with clear plastic squares indicating multiple lines.

SUSIE

Hey Max! How's work going?

(INTERCUT)

MAX
Um...ok. We still on for lunch?

(INTERCUT)

SUSIE
Yeah, definitely!!! Hang on.

Susie presses a button on the phone.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Bruuuuce. (Beat) Yeah, hang on a second.

Susie presses the button for the other line.

SUSIE (CONT'D)
Max.

(INTERCUT)

Max is tapping on his desk and staring off frustratedly into space. Dave's voice is jabbering in the background simultaneously.

MAX
(Beat) oh, yeah. What time should we meet?

DAVE
I used to think so too, but I'm telling you, the show sucks you in.

(INTERCUT)

SUSIE
12:30? Hang on, I've got another call. (Beat) Hello? Not much. Can you hang on. (Beat) Max? Oh sorry Bruce, hold on one more sec. Max?

(INTERCUT)

Max is staring down at his desk with the phone to his ear and his other hand holding his forehead.

MAX
Yes! Listen, I think...

DAVE
...she did this killer 2 minute
(MORE)

DAVE (Cont'd)
 version of "Stairway to Heaven,"
 just blew me away...

(INTERCUT)

SUSIE
 So what were we saying? Oh. Hold
 on.

INTERCUT

Max sighs in exasperation and hangs up the phone.

DAVE
 Well...Simon said it sounded like
 bad karaoke, but that guy's just a
 prick, y'know?

INTERCUT

Susie is now clicking through phone lines rapidly

SUSIE
 Bruce? Hang on a sec. Max? Oh,
 Bobby. Yeah, I'll be with you in
 just a sec. Max? Bruce? Yeah, oh
 not much just hardly workin'

EXT. WALKING DOWN THE STREET - MIDDAY

Max is shuffling down the street through Central Square,
 hunched over with his hands in his pockets. All around him
 people are talking, sometimes on cellphones, sometimes they
 appear to be talking only to themselves. As Max walks down
 the street ever fancier bluetooths can be seen in
 passerby's ear.

Max passes a the same particularly disturbed homeless
 person sitting in a corner with a dunkin donuts cup placed
 in front of him. The man is still rocking and talking to
 himself with his head down.

HOMELESS MAN #1
 Fucking dumbass. Fuckin Fuckin
 dumbass. TOLD him not to lose his
 head. TOLD him.

Max steps gingerly around the man and continues walking
 down the street.

INT. COFFESHOP - MIDDAY

Max has a cup of coffee and is looking around for someone. He almost bumps into a man walking in the other direction, talking into a blue tooth and not looking around. Max comes upon Susie sitting at the table paging through a textbook in concentration. Max looks nervous and swallows dryly before speaking.

MAX

Susie.

Susie looks a little unfocused but moves her head in what looks like a nod. Max sits down with his eyes lowered and pours a ton of sugar into his coffee.

MAX

Seems like you're really busy today.

SUSIE

Not much

MAX

What are you studying?

SUSIE

Yeah, I'm still working on my take home exam

MAX

I didn't know you had a take home exam. What class?

SUSIE

True. organic has been a bitch this year.

MAX

How's your mom doing?

SUSIE

I know, she's a bitch right?

MAX

Huh? You're mom? I always thought...

Max looks up for the first time and sees that Susie is still looking down at her book. Now it is apparent Susie has a Bluetooth with a blinking light in her ear. He gets up with a start, jarring the table and almost spilling their coffee cups. Susie looks up.

SUSIE
 Hey Max! I didn't see you there.
 What's the word?

Max backs away and stutters

MAX
 I...uh... I gotta go

SUSIE
 Max?

He turns and hurries out the door.

EXT. WALKING DOWN THE STREET - MIDDAY

Max stumbles out of the coffee shop and fast walks down the street. He passes other people sitting on park benches talking apparently to themselves, one of them turns as he stares at them, and she has a phone in her ear.

Another cheesy phone rings, (I Always Feel Like somebody's watching me) and Max pulls the phone out of his pocket and throws it in the gutter. He approaches the muttering homeless man again.

HOMELESS MAN #1
 Fucking dumbass. Fuckin Fuckin
 dumbass.

The man gets more agitated as Max gets nearer. Suddenly, the man looks straight into the street and sticks his legs out, making Max step around him.

HOMELESS MAN #1 (CONT'D)
 Don't trust 'em, they're talking
 about you!! I TOLD him, but he
 wouldn't listen, Fucker!!! Fuckin
 Fucker!

As Max hurries past him the man's voice rises to a shout.

HOMELESS MAN #1
 The voices!! Max! Listen to the
 voices!!! Don't listen!!!

Max comes up short and turns back to look at the man, but he has become even more agitated and completely unintelligible.

MAX

What did you say? Did you say my name?

Suddenly, the homeless man jumps to his feet and walks quickly towards him; he's jabbering away rapidfire, practically snarling. Max turns in a panic and runs off in the other direction.

EXT. ON THE SIDEWALK NEAR THE CHARLES - AFTERNOON

Max slows to a jog and then to a walk. His face is flushed, his shirt is sticking to him, and it seems like he's been running for awhile. Although he is walking now, he still looks over his shoulder as if someone is chasing him. Suddenly, a voice speaks from beside him.

JACK

Max! Hey, how's it going? Long time no see.

Max stares at this man coming towards him, a slack look on his pasty white, sweaty face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Max, its Jack. Your college roommate? You didn't recog...

Max turns and runs away. Jack stares at him uncomprehendingly and jogs a couple of steps after him. Max sees him over his shoulder and runs faster, taking the foot bridge over the Charles. While he's running up over the bridge, he sees a whole group of people wearing black Harvard business school fleece vests coming towards him, all talking to themselves on very expensive bluetooth (teeth?).

Max stops in the middle of the bridge and holds his head in his hands.

INTERCUT

HOMELESS MAN #1

The voices, Max!!!

INTERCUT

JACK

Its me, your old college, roommate!

INTERCUT

MASSHOLE SALESMAN
You fucked her, right? I mean,
those tits...hang on, you're
breaking up

INTERCUT

STUDENT #1
...a tax cut is what. Look at the
Laffer curve...wait, can you hear
me?

INTERCUT

DAVE
Workin hard or hardly workin? Ha ha
ha...

INTERCUT

SUSIE
Bruce? uh... Robert? I mean...hi
Max!

INTERCUT

STUDENT #2
...freezin my balls off, global
warming my ass, right!!!

INTERCUT

STUDENT #1
you can hear me, right? I got this
sweet new headset, smaller than a
hearing aid...

INTERCUT

MAX
AIUGHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Max leaps over the side of the bridge into the river. He splashes at the water and swims off with very hectic, uncoordinated strokes. After a few seconds his stroke gets smooth and clean.

On the bridge: Various people go to the railing and lean over; all talking over each other to the their phones and not to each other.

Students 1,2,3,4 talk simultaneously

STUDENT #1
Yeah, some crazy dude just jumped
over the bridge...

STUDENT #2
Weird, somebody jumped off the
bridge...

STUDENT #3
You won't believe it, some wackoo
just jumped off the footbridge

STUDENT #4
Somebody went apeshit and jumped
into the Charles right in front of
me. (Beat) Yeah right now!!!

Students all pause to listen to the people on the other end
of the phone and then all talk at once again.

STUDENT #1
I dunno, just crazy I guess...I
think I read the water is safe now,
though.

STUDENT #2
Maybe he had some schizo issue or
something, didn't that article in
the Globe say...

STUDENT #3
I think there's some loonie bin in
Central Square or something...I
wonder if the water's clean?

STUDENT #4
Yeah, who wrote that song? The
Little Rascals or something?

Talk gets more cacophonous and incomprehensible as Max
swims away. (CUE GIANT SQUID) A women's four crew team
stroke smoothly past Max and under the bridge.

COXSWAIN
Stroke! Stroke!

FADE OUT

THE END