

Unknowing
By
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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning light filters through the blinds of a suburban bedroom.

We hear the noise of a clock radio going off. Two cheesy, morning show DJs voices are heard.

JT

Well hello and good morning,
Harrisburg. JT and the Fish with
you on WJ-Rock.

FISH

Classic oldies 101.

JT

What have you got for the AM
tidbits, Fish?

FISH

Uhh, let's see...Oh, this morning
is the Harrisburg and Greater
Eastern Pennsylvania Chili Cook
Off--

JT

--That'll jump start you in the
morning.

FISH

Ha-ha! It'll jump start something,
I tell you what.

As the two men laugh and continue their morning diatribe, we dolly past ceramic knick-knacks on a shelf; clowns, chickens, etc. The camera lingers over framed family photos. We pass the clock radio to the waking face of DON. He is a worn looking man in his forties, lying on his side. As we focus in on him, his eyes spring open. He looks confused and bewildered. From behind him we hear a woman stretching and yawning. He looks more confused. She sits up from behind him and kisses him on the cheek. She is PATRICE, a pleasant looking woman, in her late thirties.

PATRICE

Mmmm, c'mon, sleepy head. Time to
make the doughnuts.

She climbs out of bed and out the door. He sits up, really baffled. He gets up slowly and looks around the room. He looks at his hands, at his clothes. He meanders to a bathroom off the bedroom. He steps slowly to the mirror and

looks into it, shocked. He touches his face at he stares at his reflection. Patrice calls from downstairs.

PATRICE

Let's go, sweetie! You'll be late for work!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Don steps downstairs and into the dining area. He is wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. Two children, MAYA and THOMAS, sit at the table eating. She is 13 he is 10.

MAYA

Morning, Dad.

THOMAS

Morning.

Don look at them, confused. Patrice is making eggs at the stove. She turns to him.

MAYA

Mom, can I wear my black jeans today?

PATRICE

No, I told you they were in the wash. Make do with what you got.

(To Don.)

You want scrambled or over...

(She turns and sees him.)

Don...what are you...? You got work this morning, honey. The big presentation, remember? I laid out your gray suit.

DON

(Confused.)

Presentation?

PATRICE

(Smiling angrily.)

Bad joke...Give me a heart attack.

DON

(Really confused.)

Right...right.

He slowly makes his way upstairs.

The children look at one another and roll their eyes.

THOMAS
Dad's gone mental.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

A blue sedan pulls into the driveway and beeps it's horn.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Don comes down the stairs wearing a grey suit, light blue shirt and gold tie. He looks uncomfortable in it. Patrice approaches him and hands him a Pop Tart.

PATRICE
That's Jerry. Come on, honey. Pick
it up. Today's the big day!

He heads for the door.

PATRICE
Don!

He turns. She is holding a large presentation portfolio.

He takes the portfolio from her and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

Don closes the door behind him and heads toward the blue sedan in the driveway. The driver's side window rolls down. Behind the wheel is JERRY, a cheerful man wearing a hip checked suit and wrap-around sunglasses. He holds a Starbucks cup of coffee.

JERRY
Let's go, partner! The fish are on
the hook!

Confused, Don goes to the driver's side door, opens it, puts the portfolio in the back seat and climbs in. He shuts the door and the car backs out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S CAR

JERRY

Got you a full-caf latte, this time, pal. Premium grade. We're gonna need the horse power.

Jerry points to a cup of coffee in the cupholder.

JERRY

How's it hangin', amigo? You get any sleep last night? I know I didn't.

DON

A little, yeah...

JERRY

Oh, I realized last night--I was gonna text you. Don't worry about Amy and the whole "clickthrough" thing for the web banners. I'm renegotiating the pay-per-click that'll sit well below the budget, so...

Jerry notices Don looking vacantly straight ahead.

JERRY

Donny?...Don.

Don turns and looks at Jerry.

JERRY

You with me, here, pal? You good?

DON

No...yeah...I'm fine.

JERRY

(Chuckling nervously.)

This is the big one, Ace. Don't go veg on me here. I need you balls to the wall. You sharp?...You all right?

DON

Yeah.

JERRY

Atlas International, bud. Fifteen major brands spread across all fifty states and twenty-two countries. The big boys! Boo-ya!

Jerry laughs and holds out his hand for a fist bump. Don looks at it, confused. Then clumsily bumps back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORPORATE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Jerry's car pulls into a large parking lot of a huge, glass corporate building. A sign on the grounds reads "Atlas International".

The two men get out of the car and head for the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BOARD ROOM - DAY

A large, modern, glass board room. Sitting at the long black table are three men and a woman. They seem a bit stiff, but with open and friendly expressions.

Jerry and Don are standing at the other end of the table, beginning their presentation. Jerry smiles and Don is completely petrified.

JERRY

Well...Tom, Marty, Amy,
Glen...thanks for putting up with
our ugly mugs this early in the
morning.

The four seated people smile and chuckle, pleasantly.

JERRY

And I gotta say, both Don and I
have been working balls to the wall
on these ideas, and I think we hit
a home run. Right, Don?

DON

(Sighing nervously.)
Yeah...

JERRY

(Uncomfortably.)
So...why don't we get started?

Jerry looks at Don, motion with his eyes. Don is completely confused. There is a pause. The four at the table look slightly concerned.

JERRY

(Ad-libbing.)

Okay, why don't I start?
So...uh...as you know, we've all
determined that there is a soft
spot in your secondary alcohol
brands among target customers in
both the states and mid-Europe.
Leaving out New York, Paris,
London, Berlin, dense urban
centers, blah, blah, blah. I know
it's been driving everybody nuts.

The four at the table look at one another and chuckle.

JERRY

Well Don has developed this
ingenious formula, involving
on-premise, c-store and
distribution lines that makes the
whole problem easy to see.

The four at the table are intrigued and lean forward. Jerry
opens the floor to Don. Don stares nervously, then looks
down at his feet. Jerry frowns.

JERRY

...Which is all diagrammed...Don,
why don't you show them the flow
chart you put together?

Don pauses, then nervously rummages through the portfolio.
He pulls out a large piece of artwork of a well-endowed
Octoberfest woman holding steins of beer. The title under
her ample bosom reads: "*Shlingen-Hoffen. Ist Der Gut!*" Don
puts it on an easel near the table and holds out his hands
(ta-da!) The four at the table are confused and concerned.

JERRY

(Very nervous.)

Yeah, no, the diagram, Don?

Don rummages through the portfolio. He looks back at Jerry,
nervously.

JERRY

(Smiling.)

The *diagram*? The CBG formula
diagram you've been working on for
a month?

Don pulls out a wad of charts and presentation artwork. he tries to put them all on the easel. The easel collapses in a wad of cardboard and torn paper. Don pauses. Swallows hard and runs from the room. The four at the table are stunned, as is Jerry.

JERRY

Uhhh...give us a sec.

Jerry bolts from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE HALLWAY - DAY

Don has his face in a drinking fountain, slathering his face in water. Jerry stands outside the glass walls of the meeting room, looking stunned. He looks into the meeting room through the glass and smiles.

JERRY

Two seconds.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Don and Jerry are sitting on a park bench in a quaint city park. Don stares straight ahead while Jerry has his head in his hands.

JERRY

Jesus...oh, Jesus...oh sweet
Jesus...oh my sweet tea Jesus...

DON

I'm sorry.

JERRY

Five weeks, Donny. Five weeks
straight...no sleep...killing
ourselves...what? What did you...?

DON

I'm sorry.

JERRY

Oh fucking Christ on dry
toast...Jesus.

DON
I'm really sorry.

JERRY
(Composing himself, standing.)
No...no, it's okay...I guess. I mean, we can reschedule. I'm sure they bought the whole "Don's having a seizure" thing...well, not Amy, probably, but...holy Jesus, Don.

DON
I'm not Don.

JERRY
What?

DON
I'm not Don. I mean...not here.

Don points to his head.

JERRY
(Smiling, confused.)
Don, what the fuck--

DON
(Standing, panicky.)
I'M NOT DON!!! I'm not...oh Christ!

Jerry goes to Don and touches his shoulder.

JERRY
(Concerned.)
Hey man, don't--

DON
(Pulling away.)
Don't touch me!

Don is starting to lose it. He begins trembling uncontrollably.

DON
Jesus! God! Shit!

Don begins to sob. Jerry backs away a bit. He motions to the bench.

JERRY
Take it easy, man. Come on...

DON

Fuck!

JERRY

Sit down. Just relax and...you
know...sit.

Without any other choice, Don sits. Jerry sits next to him.
There is a pause as Don tries to collect himself.

DON

(Staring straight ahead.)
My name...is Bob. Bob Jennings. I
don't live in Pennsylvania...I
live...in this tiny, shit-hole
rental in Milwaukee.

JERRY

(Stunned.)
Shit, man...

DON

I'm not married. I don't know who
that woman is! Those kids...My wife
left me six years ago...took my
daughter. Tessa. I was a sheet
welder...got laid off about a year
ago. No job. Unemployment's running
out. Rent's overdue. I'm about
ready to suck a gun barrel.
Shit...I wake up today.
Harrisburg...wife... kids...some
kind of...job, I don't know. I
thought I was in some kind of
freaking dream. Or maybe I was in a
car accident and I'm in a coma or
something. But...it all seemed so
real. I didn't know what to do,
what to...I don't know who I am!
(He cries for a moment. then
composes himself.)
I'm sorry. Screwed up your big deal
and whatever...

JERRY

No, no...it's fine. Look, I think
we'd better get you home. Try and
sort this out, huh, pal?

Don turns slowly and looks at Jerry.

DON
(sadly.)
I'm not your pal.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Jerry's car pulls up to Don's house. Two police cars sit in the driveway.

JERRY
Oh, shit...

The two men get out of the car. Jerry runs into the house. Don follows behind, slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

Patrice is in the living room with two police detectives and a sketch artist at a laptop. She is in a panic. She rushes to Jerry and hugs him.

JERRY
Patty, what happened!

PATRICE
Oh, Jerry. It was horrible!

Don enters the room. Patrice runs into his arms and hugs him. He holds her lightly and uncomfortably.

PATRICE
Oh, Don! Oh, my God!

JERRY
What happened?

DETECTIVE #1
She was attacked.

JERRY
What?

PATRICE
I was...I took Thomas to the bus stop, and I was walking back. And he just ran at me!...Out of the bushes!

JERRY

Christ...

PATRICE

He grabbed me. He had his hands all over me...He said he loved me. He said my name! He said my name, Don! Oh my God!

She sobs and sits on the couch.

DETECTIVE #2

She scratched him across the face and broke away. Seems he took off across the yard and over Jackson Street.

JERRY

Thank God.

DETECTIVE #1

We're just finishing up with a composite sketch. We'll make copies and start spreading them around the neighborhood. Don't worry, he won't get far.

The sketch artist hit a key on the laptop and a portable printer on the coffee table begins spitting out prints. Don walks to the table and takes one of the copies.

The sketch is of a shaggy looking man with a beard and long hair. Don stares at the picture intently.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

The sun rises over the suburban neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Don opens his eyes and slowly slides out of bed, being careful not to disturb the sleeping Patrice.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

Don comes out of the house carrying a gym bag. He walks down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Don sits on a Greyhound bus. He unfolds a piece of paper. It is the composite sketch from the printer.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILWAUKEE BUS STATION - DAY

Don comes out from the bus station. He hails a cab and climbs in.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILWAUKEE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The cab pulls up in front of a ramshackle, old Victorian house in a questionable neighborhood. Don gets out of the cab and pays the driver. The cab pulls away.

Don look up at the house, then slowly climbs the wooden steps to the front porch. He hesitates, then rings the doorbell.

The door opens. It is the man from the sketch, except with three scratches on his face. He stares at Don, stunned. The two men circle one another slowly, both staring into each other's face. They stop circling, then slowly reach out towards one another. They stop.

DON AND THE MAN
(At the same time.)
What the fu--

CUT TO:

BLACK. THE END.