

Revelations

By

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INT. O'CONNELL'S PUB - NIGHT

The busy restaurant is packed with people, conversations making the atmosphere noisy. In a corner booth sits Adam, 32, unconventionally attractive, black hair brushing his shoulders as he listens to the conversation his friends are having. His dark eyes focusing on each speaker. Dressed in all black, he is a tall, broad, imposing figure. Next to him sits his best friend Catherine, 30, petite with long, blonde hair.

CATHERINE

All I'm saying is that there can actually be fun ways to work out. You don't just have to go to the gym and lift weights. Look at Adam, he never lifts weights and he's built like a brick shit house.

ADAM

I dunno, I box, but that's mainly because it helps with writer's block.

FRIEND #1

You seriously box? I can't picture that, you wouldn't hurt a fly.

ADAM

(shifting to grip his drink)
Yeah. I enjoy it, it gets out extra aggression.

FRIEND #1

I'll take your word for it. I still think you're all insane for thinking anyone would actually enjoy working out though. I'd rather just meet a nice girl and hope she goes blind so I can get fat in peace.

CATHERINE

(quietly, to Adam)
What'd I tell ya? Socializing isn't all that bad. Even if you're secretly annoyed by everyone here.

ADAM

Secretly? It's not too obvious he lost my attention 20 minutes ago?

CATHERINE

Nah, I'm impressed. Don't think you need to white knuckle your drink anymore though, I think he's getting winded with all his ranting.

ADAM

(nudging Catherine's arm)

I'm gonna head out. My social battery has been dead for a while.

CATHERINE

Alright, Sasquatch. Get home safe. And get some sleep!

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Adam is sitting at his desk, hand in his hair, as he writes in his notebook. He scribbles out the last thing he wrote, groaning. His dog, Anakin, is laying down on the floor by his feet.

Frustrated, he stands from his desk, grabs the stress ball that sits on it, and throws it at the wall. Taking a deep breath and shaking out his hands, he grabs his duffle bag and goes to leave his apartment.

INT. BOXING CLUB - NIGHT

Adam goes to a bag at the far end of the gym and begins to wrap his hands. One of the gym employees, Ben, 20s, walks over and nods at him.

BEN

Hey man, you didn't stay away long. Weren't you here this afternoon?

ADAM

I'm going stir crazy in my apartment, figured getting a bit of extra time in wouldn't hurt.

BEN

I'm glad you came by actually. A friend of mine who takes some classes here was asking about you. She said, and I quote, "I'd climb him like a tree." She wants to know if you're single.

ADAM

Right... I mean I'm single but all my free time goes to work, so I'm not sure I'm what she's looking for.

BEN

I get it, man, but listen. I think you should give her a call. Her name's Rachel, she's nice, and she'll help with your stir craziness.

(handing Adam a card)

She wanted me to give you her number.

ADAM

I'll call her but no promises it'll go anywhere.

BEN

That's the spirit! Alright I'll leave you to it, nice catching up.

INT. O'CONNELL'S PUB - NIGHT

Adam is sat at a table with Rachel, mid 20s, short brown hair. His small notebook is wedged between his leg and the chair.

RACHEL

You're telling me you have two degrees from Yale and you decided to become a writer? What made you go that route?

ADAM

Good ol' fashioned self destruction. Why become a lawyer and pay back my student loans when I can sit in my apartment and write about the tragedy of the human condition instead? Why did you decide to become a bartender?

RACHEL

I don't think anyone decides to be a bartender. People end up as bartenders. Hold that thought though, gotta run to the little girl's room.

Rachel gets up from the table and heads towards the bathroom. Adam takes the notebook from under his leg and begins to write. From the side of the room, Jason, mid 20s, blond, wide smile, walks over to Adam's table and knocks on it.

JASON

Hey, sorry, excuse me. I don't want to bother you, but are you a writer?

ADAM

Uh, yeah... Sorry, do I know you?

JASON

No, no, sorry, I'm Jason.

(he holds his hand out to shake)
I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I saw your notebook and got curious. Do you write plays, or?

ADAM

I'm actually with someone, so I don't-

Rachel approaches the table with her phone in her hand.

RACHEL

Adam, shit, I'm so sorry to do this but my friend just called me freaking out about something and I'm the only person she knows in the city so I need to help her out. Do you mind if we rain check? I'm really sorry to have to bail on you.

ADAM

Yeah, no, of course. Do what you gotta do. We can hang out another time.

RACHEL

You're the best.

(she squeezes his shoulder)
I'll call you.

JASON

(sitting down in Rachel's seat)
That's rough. So. Plays?

ADAM

(running a hand through his hair)
Novels.

JASON

Anything I've read?

ADAM

Doubt it.

JASON

How can you be so sure?

(pause)

Okay, look, confession time. My girlfriend dumped me last night and I'm here drinking alone. Humour me? I'm trying to feel less sorry for myself and sitting here makes me look less pathetic.

ADAM

My stuff tends to be on the darker side, a bit reflective I guess. You seem to be more of the slapstick comedy type.

JASON

I can see that. You totally give off a deep, pensive vibe.

ADAM

(biting his cheek to stop his smile)

Not sure.

JASON

We're all our own worst critics, eh? I'm an actor and I'm always pouring over what I've done.

ADAM

Fuck that, you couldn't pay me to read back what I've written. I don't need that kind of negativity.

JASON

Could I read some of your stuff? I can help you workshop if you don't wanna look it over. I've had to read so many of my friend's scripts I've become an amateur expert.

ADAM

I don't think being an amateur expert is a thing. And thanks, but I don't really share my works in progress with anyone.

JASON

Well look, if you change your mind, here's my email address.

Jason reaches over to take Adam's pen and writes his email address in Adam's journal.

JASON (CONT'D)

It's there if you want it, no pressure. But I've annoyed you enough. Hope to hear from you!

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Adam sits at his desk, his open laptop in front of him as he stares at a word document. He closes the window and opens his email. Pulling out his notebook, he stares at Jason's email address. He clicks to compose a new email.

"Jason, I just finished these two chapters. Let me know what you think. I'm trying to decide what his occupation should be."

He sends the email, stands, and picks up his stress ball from the floor, squeezing it.

LATER

Adam's laptop chimes. He opens his email to find a new message from Jason.

"That was amazing! I'm seriously impressed. He should be some kind of secret agent or hitman. You got any more you can send me? I'm invested now!"

Adam composes a new email, attaching a document.

"Jason, thanks. I've attached two earlier chapters. They give a little backstory into his life."

He switches to Netflix to watch a movie. Jason's response comes 20 minutes later.

"Okay I love this guy. Wanna grab a drink? I have thoughts."

EXT. O'CONNELL'S PUB GARDEN - DAY

Adam and Jason sit at a table against the wall, Adam's notebook in front of him, while Jason looks over the printed chapters.

JASON

I like that he's kind of a loner. It makes me think there's more to him. Like I wanna dig into his brain, you know? I get the sense that he could kill me with his little finger.

ADAM

That's the point. He's intense and intimidating because he wants to be left alone. He's cynical and thinks he'll be happier if people take him more seriously. I guess it's good that you're getting out of it what I want you to.

JASON

I definitely get that! You've got a gift, my dude.

EXT. O'CONNELL'S PUB GARDEN - DAY

Title card is seen on screen reading, "TWO MONTHS LATER."
Adam and Jason are sitting at the table against a wall. Jason stands and picks up the four glasses in front of them.

JASON

I'll grab the next round. Don't go anywhere!

Adam pulls out his phone and begins to write a text to Catherine.

"We still on for movie night tonight?
I've gotten some good notes from Jason
I wanna run by you."

Catherine responds immediately.

"Duh. Can't wait."

Jason walks back over carrying two pints.

JASON

So I was thinking. My uncle works at a publishing company and I think he'd be really into your book if I sent it over to him.

ADAM

Ah. Yeah I don't know. I don't think

it's ready. I have a lot I want to tweak.

JASON

It's ready. It's definitely ready. It's basically finished. Why are you dragging your feet?

ADAM

I'm not dragging my feet. I just don't think it's ready.

JASON

How can I convince you to send this thing off?

ADAM

Not gonna happen. I know what I want it to be and it's not there yet.

JASON

Seriously, one call to my uncle and you could be on your way to being a published author. Isn't that what every writer dreams of?

ADAM

Yeah, and I'm not every writer. Stop trying to push this. I'll know when it's time.

JASON

No offense, bud, but that's bullshit and you know it. You're just nervous, but I promise my uncle is a nice guy-

ADAM

Goddamn it, Jason, NO. How many times do I have to tell you I'm not sending it off yet?

Adam stands, jolting the table and knocking the pints over, beer going all over Jason's lap. Adam turns away and walks off.

INT. CATHERINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits on the couch, his head flopped against the back with his eyes closed. Two bottles of rum sit empty on the coffee table. Catherine walks over slowly, a bowl of popcorn in one hand and two beers in the other. She places everything

on the table and put her hand on Adam's knee.

CATHERINE

Hun, I'm sorry, but I don't really see what the big deal is...

ADAM

I don't like it when people try to pressure me into doing something. Especially overly enthusiastic people who don't know when to shut up.

CATHERINE

Don't be mean. You like Jason. He was just trying to help.

ADAM

Yeah I did like Jason, but he needs to know when his help isn't wanted. He's like a puppy, he's too eager to try to please people that he just becomes fucking annoying.

CATHERINE

I think he was good for you. I like to think he was rubbing off on you. A few more months of him and maybe you wouldn't brood so much.

ADAM

I don't brood.

CATHERINE

You brood. Broodiness comes out your pores. You could go to Starbucks and they'd write, "Tall, Dark, and Broody" on your cup.

(pause)

Look, I don't like seeing you like this. It's not like you to get so bummed about a friendship.

ADAM

I dunno.

(shaking his head)

Okay. I guess I saw Jason as an opportunity to reinvent myself. He thought I was interesting. He might have just been kissing my ass but it didn't seem like it.

CATHERINE

Why do you want to reinvent yourself?

ADAM

If I tell you this, do you promise you won't laugh?

CATHERINE

You're my best friend. I'd never laugh.

ADAM

I guess I've always wanted to be seen as some kind of interesting, dangerous guy.

(pause)

Like, the kind of guy that people are fascinated by. But also intimidated by. I know I'm not making any sense.

CATHERINE

So like an asshole. You want people to think you're an asshole.

ADAM

No, I don't want people to think I'm an asshole, I just want people to think I'm capable of being as asshole, like someone you wouldn't want to cross.

CATHERINE

So like Bucky Barnes. That explains why you keep your hair so long. You want to be post-Winter Soldier Bucky Barnes.

ADAM

No! I'm not explaining this right.

CATHERINE

(sincerely)

Adam, it's okay to be a good person. For what it's worth, you're 6'3" and you barely have any smile lines. You don't exactly come across as soft and squishy. Just when people get to know you.

(she pokes his stomach)

I love the person you are. I don't know why you would want to be someone

else.

ADAM

I don't know why either.

Catherine stares at him. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and leans over and kisses the corner of his mouth. His face breaks into a large smile.

INT. ADAM'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Adam sits at his desk and opens his laptop. A photo of him and Catherine kissing on the High Line is set as his laptop background. Title card is seen on screen reading, "FOUR MONTHS LATER."

He smiles at the photo of them and opens his email. He clicks on the only unread message in his inbox.

"Dear sir, we are delighted to inform
you that we have decided to publish
your manuscript..."

Adam rereads the email, squeezing his stress ball. He stands and runs out of his apartment.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Adam pounds his fist against Catherine's door. He does not stop knocking until she opens the door.

CATHERINE

Adam what the fu-

ADAM

Did you do it?

CATHERINE

What? Did I do what?

ADAM

Did you submit my novel for
publication?!

CATHERINE

What are you talking about? Come
inside, I have neighbours.

She opens the door wide enough for him to come inside.

ADAM

I'm talking about you going behind my back to submit my novel. It had to be you, you're the only one who has it.

CATHERINE

You don't get to come in here and start throwing accusations at me, I haven't done anything.

ADAM

Then what the fuck Catherine?! You wanna tell me why I got an email today saying my book is going to be published?

CATHERINE

Keep your voice down. I'm confused. Isn't that a good thing?

ADAM

(running his hand through his hair)
No! You knew I wasn't ready for it to be submitted yet! And you went behind my back and did it any way.

CATHERINE

Adam, stop! I didn't touch your fucking manuscript. How could you think I would go behind your back and do that?

ADAM

Then how? Explain that to me. This all seems pretty damn clear.

CATHERINE

You know what? Just get out. I'm not doing this. You're acting like a fucking lunatic.

She shoves at Adam's shoulder and opens the door to push him out, slamming the door behind him. He groans and punches her door before turning to walk back down the hall.

INT. BOXING CLUB - DAY

Adam stands in front of a bag at the back, punching it with no real pattern. Ben sees him and begins to walk over, but sees the anger coming from Adam and turns to speak to someone else instead.

Adam punches the bag until his arms shake, and he unwraps his hands quietly.

INT. O'CONNELL'S PUB - NIGHT

Adam sits at the bar. He has a glass of rum in his hand and his hair is ruffled. The bartender, a tall man in his late 20s, lingers by him behind the bar.

ADAM

Worst part is I fucking knew I
shouldn't have given up so easily. Who
does that? I just up and forgot about
what I was working towards and for
what?

He finishes his glass and taps it for a refill.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I just let myself get so caught up and
I just shoved that nagging feeling
down. Now my girlfriend doesn't wanna
fuckin' look at me.

The door to the pub opens. Jason walks in with a young woman.

JASON

(loudly)

... and now I'm gonna be a published
author. I gotta share the writing
credits but this might be my big shot,
you know?

He walks over towards a small table and pulls the chair out for the woman. Adam stands from the bar and begins to walk over towards where Jason's back faces him.

ADAM

You fucking prick.

He grabs Jason's shoulder and turns him around, glaring at the shorter man.

JASON

(nervously)

Adam, hey! Long time no see! Did you
hear the good news-

Adam arches back and punches him in the jaw, putting all of his body weight behind it. Jason falls to the ground, Adam shoving a chair out of the way and leaning down towards

Jason. He grabs Jason's jacket collar, drawing his arm back to hit him again. The bartender runs over to them, grabbing Adam's arm and pulling it behind his back, yanking him away from Jason and towards the door.

BARTENDER

Okay, you need to go.

ADAM

Do you know what he fucking did?!

BARTENDER

Don't care, get the fuck out.

He pushes Adam out of the bar, closing the door behind him. Adam shouts at the door, grabbing a discarded pint glass that was placed on the window sill and smashes it on the ground. A police car arrives outside of the pub and sounds the sirens.

ADAM

Are you goddamn joking?

Two police officers step out of the car and approach him.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Sir, you need to calm down.

ADAM

I haven't fucking done anything.

POLICE OFFICER #2

We've had reports that you assaulted a patron inside.

ADAM

Assaulted a patron? Fuck off. I punched a prick in the face, you would have too.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Okay. I'm placing you under arrest.

ADAM

Are you kidding me? For what?

POLICE OFFICER #1

For aggravated assault and public intoxication. Please place your hands on your head.

ADAM
For fucks sake, you don't have
anything better to do?

Police officer #2 walks over and grabs his wrists, placing
him in hand cuffs.

POLICE OFFICER #1
You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say can be used against
you in court...

FADE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Adam sits in his holding cell. He has his hands folded in his
lap and his leg shakes.

POLICE OFFICER #2
You have one phone call.

Adam closes his eyes and stands, taking a deep breath. He is
unsteady on his feet.

Adam dials a phone number and waits, staring at a spot on the
floor.

ADAM
Uh, hi, it's me - it's Adam, please
just listen to me.

CATHERINE (V.O)
Adam, I really don't want to talk to
you right now.

ADAM
I know, I know. Please just listen. I
need to ask you a favour, a really,
really big favour.

CATHERINE (V.O)
You have to be kidding me. You storm
over to my apartment and start
throwing accusations at me and you
really think-

ADAM
Catherine! Please. I need to you to
listen to me. I need you to pick me
up.

CATHERINE (V.O)
(sighs)
Where are you?

ADAM
Northeastern Police Station.

CATHERINE (V.O)
What?! What happened?

ADAM
I can explain when you get here, but
please get here.

CATHERINE (V.O)
(pause)
Yeah. Yeah okay give me an hour.

Adam hangs up the phone, his hands shaking. His right hand is swollen and bruised.

LATER

Adam sits in his cell. The door to the holding area opens and an officer walks over to him.

POLICE OFFICER #1
You're free to go, you made bail.

Adam nods and stands, the officer opening the door for him. He walks into the lobby where Catherine stands, arms crossed.

ADAM
Cath-

CATHERINE
Shut up. Just, seriously, shut up,
Adam.

Adam nods and follows her silently.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You know what? You fucked up something
really good, you do realize that,
right? You just couldn't let yourself
be fucking happy.

ADAM
He sent it off to get published behind
my back. Jason. He took my book and
sent it off. He attached his own name

as writing credit. He *stole* my book.

CATHERINE

He didn't steal your book! He might have done something that you didn't want, but you're going to be a published author. Why can't you see that that's a good thing? Yeah, obviously attaching his own name for writing credit was a shitty thing to do but it's far from the worst thing to ever happen to someone.

ADAM

You don't get it-

CATHERINE

You don't get to tell me when I get something. And you definitely don't get to go around punching people when things don't go your way. You're lucky he's not pressing charges.

ADAM

I know.

CATHERINE

I...- what?

ADAM

I know. I fucked up.

CATHERINE

I just want you to get your head out of your ass. The best part about all this is that you finally got what you wanted.

ADAM

I didn't want this.

CATHERINE

Like hell you didn't. You wanted people to think you're capable of being an asshole? Message received loud and clear. Well done.

ADAM

I get it, okay?

CATHERINE

I don't think you do. You have people who fucking love you, Adam. Your family loves you, for some god forsaken reason I love you, and you still feel like everyone is against you, or that you want everyone to be against you.

ADAM

I don't want everyone to be against me.

CATHERINE

You're a good person, despite yourself. Just be a good person. The only thing that being an asshole gets you is arrested again. Well done, you've got your villain origin story.

ADAM

Post-Winter Soldier Bucky Barnes?

CATHERINE

Shut up, I'm mad at you. You owe me 1,500 bucks, by the way.

(pause)

But yeah, definitely post-Winter Soldier Bucky Barnes.

