

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - DAY

Sunlight arches its way across a cluttered, dusty room, through a half opened curtain.

There are framed photographs on every surface of a woman and her family. They cover about 20 years of her life.

At her youngest she's about 50. At her oldest she's about 70. The place is half packed up.

Distant FOOTSTEPS start in the distance. The shape of the light changes as a cloud moves across the sun.

The new, longer shafts of light land on a box of medical supplies stacked next to an IV Pole.

There's a hole punched in the wall above the boxes. A few very small drops of dried brown blood stain the wall.

A parrot SQUAWKS in the next apartment. The footsteps get closer. A MUFFLED VOICE comes with them.

The shape of the light changes again when the cloud passes away from the sun. Dust motes drift through the stuffy air.

Two sets of footsteps stop in the hall. Keys JIGGLE. The Muffled Voice becomes legible.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.C.)

If you don't get her stuff out of here I'll have to drop it off at Goodwill or some shit. I want to show the apartment. Fucking A.S.A.P. Do you hear me?

The Muffled Voice waits for a response.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.C.)

Do you?

There's no verbal response but the keys CLINK in the lock and the door CREAKS open.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.C.)

If you take a shower bleach it out after. You hear me?

CLICK. The door closes. JACKSON (30's) a big, hard-living kind of guy, shuffles into the room.

It's evident why the landlord told him to bleach the shower. You can more or less see the stink lines coming off him.

He stands at the end of the short hallway and surveys the room. He doesn't look at any one thing. He sways.

SQUAWK. The parrot starts up in earnest. It SQUAWKS and SCREECHES the whole time Jackson stays in the apartment.

Jackson stumbles farther into the room. He's clearly drunk. "Being drunk is all I ever do" drunk.

His eyes land on a small suitcase-record player. He manages to make it to it without knocking anything over.

He opens the lid and drops the needle. "The Young Mods' Forgotten Story" by The Impressions starts up.

He cranks the volume as high as it will go. The song distorts through the cheap speakers.

He makes a precarious circle around the room. His eyes land on a 8x11 frame. He snatches it and drops into a chair.

It's a picture of him in his early twenties with his arm around CLOVER, clearly his mother.

She's the woman in all the pictures. In this one Jackson, in a military uniform, half smiles with pride.

He's barely recognizable. Young face. Fit frame. His uniform is as neat as it's supposed to be.

He stares at it without much of a response. No tears. His hand doesn't shake. He just looks at his mom.

Something in the song prompts him to stand. He walks very carefully to where he grabbed the picture and replaces it.

The second the frame leaves his hand his drunkenness returns full force. He staggers back and topples over a box.

He laughs at himself as he tries to get up. It takes a few tries. Loose photographs spill out of the box.

He grabs a handful and leans on the wall to look through them. They tell a fairly sequential story.

They're all of Jackson and Clover, and they were all taken inside the apartment.

An aged Jackson back from the war. He sits on a couch with Clover but they don't touch. It falls to the floor.

Jackson in the doorway in clothes that could be dirty or could be the only clothes he owns. Clover is behind him.

It falls to the floor.

Jackson in the kitchen. He holds a bottle of liquor like a can of beer. Clover cooks at the stove.

They don't look at each other. It falls to the floor.

Clover in her bed. An IV is hooked up to her arm. She's wasting away. Jackson leans on the window sill.

He holds this one up to stare at it. He studies her bed-side stand. It's covered with bottles of painkillers.

It falls to the floor. The needle on the record player hits the end of the song. SCRITCH. SCRITCH. SCRITCH.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jackson tears through the packed boxes piled in the mostly empty room. There's no furniture. Only boxes.

He throws his mothers clothes all over the place. Her makeup. Her jewelry. He ignores all of it.

When he empties one box he tears open another one.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

There's not a single thing in the kitchen except a prayer card stuck to the fridge with a magnet shaped like a lime.

He opens all the cabinets and all the drawers. He even checks the fridge and the oven. Nothing.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

He tears through the mostly empty bathroom. There are few generic items in the medicine cabinet. Q-Tips. Band aids.

He checks under the sink. A bucket. An almost empty bottle of toilet cleaner.

He looks at the toilet. He takes the lid off the tank. His eyes light up. He reaches into the blue water -

- and pulls out a half full bottle of cheap liquor. It's the same brand from the photograph.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackson stands in the middle of the room. Everything is a mess. The pictures are all knocked over.

The cushions are tossed off the sofa. An old chair lies overturned under the window. He had himself a time.

He tips the bottle to his lips and downs the whole thing in one gulp. As soon as its drained he starts to sob.

He stays on his feet and sways with the grief that shakes his entire body. His feet stay planted where they are.

His sobs fade as quickly as they came. SQUAWK. The damn parrot is loud as hell since the music stopped.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

SQUAWK. The parrot gets louder as a hip, LOVELY WOMAN comes out of her apartment with a load of laundry.

Through the crack in the door you can see that her apartment is in much better shape than Clover's.

The walls are painted, the wood floors refinished. Tasteful and fancy art hangs on the walls.

She pulls the door behind her but leaves it open a crack so it doesn't lock. SQUAWK.

Jackson emerges from the shadows at the far end of the hall. SQUAWK. He waits until the Lovely Woman moves downstairs.

SQUAWK. He approaches her door. SQUAWK. He looks over the railing. The Lovely Woman is on the next flight down.

He presses his fingers to the door. SQUAWK. It gives a little. SQUAWK. SQUAWK. He opens it all the way.

It swings closed behind him when he steps into the apartment. SQUAWK SQUAWK SQUA -

- the SQUAWKING stops. After a ten count or so Jackson slips out of the apartment. He holds a bottle of wine.

He balances the door the same way the Lovely Woman did and heads down the stairs.

EXT. SYCAMORE GROVE PARK - DAY

The short park is filled with a lazy Sunday's worth of people. A couple of picnics. A few bike riders.

Jackson stands a good clip away from a power line filled with birds. All the people cut a wide berth around him.

He throws rocks at the birds and swigs from the wine bottle. SIRENS wail. A cop car pulls up to the curb.

Two COPS get out and approach Jackson. He throws another rock. WHAM.

He got one.

CUT TO BLACK: