

"RENTED LIFE"

written by

Kelly Suth, Mateo Giovannini, Michael Yu

Dir: Michael Yu (909-788-5154)
Berkeley & Claremont, CA
michaelyu@berkeley.edu
myu24@cmc.edu

1EXT. GAS STATION / INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

JOHN (30s, preppy, put-together) exits a gas station smoking a cigarette.

John brushes past a man dressed in all black, doesn't take too much notice, taking a quick hit before absent-mindedly chucking his cigarette to the side.

JEAN (30s, flannel, comic-book tee) exits the shop carrying two six-packs; John turns around to help him with one and they move towards their car.

JOHN

(tired)

Stellas, man? I told you Buds, they're way cheaper-- and why did we get two packs?

JEAN

(cheerful)

Buds taste like horse-piss. You gotta live a little, John.

JOHN

Watching middle-aged adults play dress-up -- that's your idea of livin'?

John and Jean place the beers in the backseat.

JEAN

(offended; leaning over top)

This is THE San Diego Comic-Con we're talking about here. You would've killed to go back in college.

JOHN

(rolling eyes; leaning over top)

A \$300 weekend to Neverland.

They hop into the front.

JEAN

(compassionately)

Entirely on me, by the way.

Jean starts the engine, places hands on steering wheel.

JOHN
 (sarcastically)
 Thanks, Peter Pan.

Beat. Jean thinks about how he'll form his next words, taking his hands off the steering wheel.

JEAN
 (compassionately)
 I--I know it hasn't been easy with your Dad's situation but let's just enjoy the trip. When he wakes up, you can tell him all about it.

JOHN
 (without much confidence)
 Right -- *when*.

Jean is saddened to see the lack of confidence in John's eyes.

JOHN
 (slightly frustrated)
 We should have been working at Sal's this weekend.

Jean looks straight ahead, as if about to tell him something, but notices the bird shit on the windshield.

JEAN
 D-Dude, was there always this much bird shit on the windshield?

JOHN
 (apathetically, frankly)
 Birds shit my friend, that is a fact of life.

John goes to turn on the radio whilst Jean looks at the car ahead, peculiarly.

JEAN
 (questioningly)
 Are we sure we're in the right car?

John, disregarding the question, finishes picking the station.

JOHN
 (with haste)
 Yea -- whatever. Let's get going, man.

CUT TO:

Jean drives.

JOHN
Has Sal said anything to you about
promotion yet?

JEAN
(hiding something, quick to change
subject)
Uhh -- not really.

Jean, smiling at John, does a double-take on his rear-view mirror which makes his expression concerned.

JEAN
(startled, with a childlike air)
J--John! Where's my Batman?

John sighs at his childish request and lights up a cigarette.

JOHN
(tired)
If you bring up that goddam doll
again.

JEAN
(frustrated)
You know that's a 1984 vintage, it was
mint, man. The exact one from when we
were younger -- still in the packaging
and everything.

John hits his cigarette with disapproval and curls his body against the window.

JOHN
(annoyed)
How much did it even run you?

To the side of the road, a disheveled man in a navy suit, red tie, glasses holds up his thumb trying to hitch a ride.

JEAN
(proudly)
\$90 on eBay, it was a sweet deal.

Jean notices the man.

(intrigued)

Oh, maybe this guy needs a ride to Comic-Con! He's got the Clark Kent get up.

Jean begins to pull over the car, John stares at Jean.

JOHN
(appalled)
For how much??

Jean begins slowing the car to pull over. John notices now.

JOHN
Jean, what are you doing?

JEAN
I'm pulling ov--

JOHN
(interrupting)
--I can see that! You don't know who the hell this guy is man, he could be a serial killer or--

JEAN
(interrupting)
--in a bowtie?

JOHN
(concerned)
Probably all the more reason!

JEAN
It'll be good karma.

They pull over. The man moves to the passenger side. John sighs in reluctant compliance as Jean slides down John's window, leaning over the gear stick to speak with him.

JEAN
(vibrantly)
Hello friend! Are you by any chance headed to--

ATTICUS reaches through the window and begins violently strangling John.

ATTICUS
(ferociously)
You fucks!!

Atticus immediately opens the door and yanks John out onto the floor, immediately mounting him. He throws a barrage of meek punches which John blocks without much difficulty.

JEAN
 (alarmed)
 John!

Jean rushes out the driver's side door.

ATTICUS
 (aggressive)
 You fucks made me miss my *interview*!!
 And my *brother's* -- rhhaa!!

CUT TO:

INT. GENERIC SEDAN - NIGHT / EXT. LOOKOUT POINT - NIGHT

ROB (neat, buttoned shirt and slacks) drives STELLA (sharp, velvet dress, luxurious jewelry) over winding highways. They are in a visibly awkward silence. Beat.

ROB
 So how was the food?--

STELLA
 (interrupting)
 --Can we turn on the radio?

Both chuckle, moment of awkward silence.

STELLA
 (reluctantly)
 It was -- yea, fine.

Rob turns into a small car-park with a look out point.

ROB
 (compassionately)
 I'm sorry about that. I should've
 picked a nicer place.

STELLA
 (over-genuine)
 No, Rob, don't worry, it was fine. I
 had a really good time, really.

Beat. Again an awkward silence.

Rob pulls in to a parking spot.

ROB
 So this view's pretty sweet?

STELLA
 (interrupting)
 --Radio?

ROB
 Yeah, yeah I got you.

Stella nods, a little relieved, leans against the window. Rob puts on the radio which cuts in between static and different channels.

Stella leans over to try help, hands touch awkwardly. They pull there hands away and exchange an equally awkward glance. Beat.

STELLA

You wanna check out the view from outside?

Rob nods, grateful the moment is over.

Stella opens her door and a gust of wind comes in. She over-sells a shiver.

STELLA

(damsel in distress)

Rob, its cold do you have an extra jacket or something?

ROB

(too genuine)

Yeah! I have one in the back let me grab it, you hang tight.

Stella smiles back at him. His smile immediately fades into a determined look as he exits the vehicle.

Stella also drops her smile, extending her neck to watch Rob move to the back of the car.

Rob pops the trunk open and there lies hidden a pistol. He meticulously and quietly opens the cartridge to check for ammunition then clocks the gun carefully.

He composes himself, cracks neck, and moves purposefully round the car, pistol by his side, gently twirling his fingers around it.

As he reaches the passenger's side and begins slowly raising his pistol, he feels the barrel of a gun pressed against the back of his neck.

STELLA

(stern)

Drop it, Robbie.

WIDE SHOT: Stella standing over Robbie.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - NOON / INT. RENTAL CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON /
EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Entering a rental car, ATTICUS (early 20s, business attire) chucks his briefcase across to the passenger's side whilst practicing the opening for his interview.

ATTICUS
(loud & clear, but stern and monotone)
clears throat Hello there, my name is Attic--no.. no.. no..

Atticus fumbles to open his briefcase in haste, pulling out a toiletries bag.

ATTICUS
(bright and chirpy, then under his breath)
Allow me to introduce myself--no.. no... you're not hosting a flippin' gameshow..

Atticus removes a comb and moisturizer from his toiletries, begins using them whilst starting the engine.

ATTICUS
(overly-friendly, then annoyed)
I'm Atticus! but you can call me Atty
-- how is there this much bird shit --

Inspecting the bird shit on the windshield, Atticus accidentally squirts too much moisturiser which spills onto his lap.

CUT TO:

Atticus drives along a highway, glancing up and down from the road to his phone, where he is mumbling notes to himself.

He's interrupted by a phone call which he ignores until finishing reading the rest of the sentence to himself.

ATTICUS
(apathetic, quickly)
Yeah Mom.

Atticus wedges the phone between his ears while changing gear, accelerating.

MOM
Do we have any milk at home?

ATTICUS
(slightly annoyed)
Yea probably, check the fridge.

MOM
(droning on)
I'm not at home, that's why I'm asking. And make sure you bring your brother something nice, today! Your father and I got him a new board game -- ooh! are we out of cereal?

ATTICUS
(annoyed)
Mom! You know today's the big day can we do this later? I'm already late cuz my frickin' car--

MOM
(disappointed, then droning)
Don't you swear at me, Atticus! And please, don't be late. They start at 3, your brother's class comes out at 4, I think -- ohh I can't believe he's going to into *middle* school already --

ATTICUS
(seeming to care)
Oh, yeah. About that mum.
So, my interview is pretty far out --

MOM
(motherly)
--You are *not* skipping your baby brother's graduation! You know he thinks the world of you, make sure you're not late!

Atticus sees two figures in all black attire and ski-masks run onto the middle of the road. He immediately begins slowing the car as they stand staring him down.

One figure carries a gun, who points it straight at him, the other a duffle bag. Atticus, expressionlessly, brings the car to a halt, hanging up his phone.

MOM
Atticus. Atty? Atticu--

The figure wielding the gun moves to the driver's side and violently yanks Atticus out.

He tumbles to the floor and expressionlessly, then painfully watches them drive off.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LOOKOUT POINT - NIGHT / EXT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

STELLA

(stern)

Drop it.

Rob slowly swivels his head, sporting a confused look, trying to understand the situation.

STELLA CONT'D

Come on, on the floor.

Rob carefully places the gun on the floor, turning his body and getting up with his hands in the air. Stella kicks it away.

His expression is still confused, as a smile slowly forms, twirling his tongue around teeth.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Now Rob, just as you are, nice and calm, you're going to tell me who the hell you are and what type of ride you've been taking me on in which you'd feel the need to hide a pistol in your trunk.

Rob now sports a cheeky grin.

ROB

(grinning)

I've got a few questions for you myself--

STELLA

(stern, interrupting, cocks gun)

--Wallet and keys, now.

Rob lets out a light chuckle and begins looking her up and down, his head leaning side to side. Beat.

ROB

(impressed)

This was all a stick-up from the beginning -- wasn't it? The offering to pay the

STELLA

(interrupting, annoyed)

--Don't get smart with me while I'm pointing a gun at you, Robbie--

cheque, the jewelry, the red velvet dress..

STELLA
(trying to maintain composure)

--Wallet and keys, now.

ROB

(ignoring her request)

...the awkward car ride, the "im so cold, Rob, go get me a"--

Rob, hands still raised, inches himself towards to Stella.

ROB

(intrigued)

You're -- you're actually pretty damn good...

Ninja-like, rob ducks his head to the side, simultaneously disarming Stella as the gun falls to the floor. He traps her hands down near his stomach (almost crotch), as he leans in to whisper.

ROB

(whispering, sensually)

..but not good enough, Stella, to know that this Vintage Explorer II--

Rob looks down at his watch then back up at Stella as she suddenly him in the nuts, thrusting him against the car and pinning him down by his wrists, stamping her heel into his foot whilst moving in close to whisper.

STELLA

(whispering, sensually)

--is worth over thirty grand? Thanks for reminding me. I didn't realize it was a vintage.

Stella inspects the watch, then Rob's face (lips & eyes), biting her lip ever so slightly as she twists her heel into his foot.

STELLA (CONT'D)

(playfully, leaning in)

It is very pretty. May I have it?

Both stare deep into each other's eyes, leaning in and beginning to shut their eyes ever so slightly.

PROFILE SHOT: TRACKS FORWARD// Ever so slowly, they inch their lips towards each other...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PAWNSHOP - DAY

PROFILE SHOT: Rob and Stella enter a gradual yet passionate kiss, moving their necks back and forth in tandem //TRACKS BACK (to reveal them in black/dark attire)//

In unison, they pull down their black ski-masks, and move hastily yet confidently into the store.

CAM: STAYS IN CAR FOR A FEW BEATS, THEN SWIVELS TO BACKSEAT

Rob and Stella rush back with excitement and fervour, chuck a duffle bag full of cash into the trunk, exchange a quick smooch and hop in the front.

CAM: SWIVEL BACK TO FRONT SEATS.

CUT TO:

INT. GETAWAY CAR (driving along secluded highway) - DAY

Rob, bursting with excitement lets out a maniacal laugh and looks over at Stella who shares the same feeling of adrenaline.

He looks deep into her eyes away from the road, takes a hand off the wheel to grab her face and pull it in for an almost-violently passionate kiss.

When he looks back to the road, he notices he is veering off course and slams on the break as they crash into a mound of rocks beside the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. GETAWAY CAR (crashed into rocks beside highway) - DAY

Rob and Stella, unconscious, lean against the dashboard. Police sirens are heard in the distance and a continuous beep emanates from the smoke-filled car.

Rob regains consciousness, wipes blood off forehead; dazed, he shakes Stella weakly which wakes her suddenly.

They exit the smoking car and go around to grab the duffle bag from the back. The trunk is wide open and the duffle bag has fallen beneath the rear of the car. Oil drips from the

car and leaks onto the bag.

STELLA
(picking up duffle bag from ground)
R--Robbie! The money's all wet!

Limping slightly, wiping the blood off his forehead, Robbie scans the surroundings looking in the direction of the sirens, disregarding what she says.

ROB
(dazed, anxious)
Come on, grab it! Let's go!

Rob notices a car approaching in the distance, he immediately jumps out onto the road and pulls out his pistol.

He sticks-up the car, yanking the driver out as Stella chucks the duffle bag into the trunk.

They race down the highway. Rob and Stella, short on breath, rip their ski-masks off and gaze into each others eyes with a relief which blends into a joyous sense of adrenaline. Rob lets out an even larger maniacal laugh and Stella shakes her head in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The car pulls up to a gas station.

STELLA
(excited)
I'll go pay for some gas. Lie low.

Rob nods, still buzzing. He watches her enter the gas station, grinning ear to ear.

He sits in the car for a beat, readjusting the radio.

Feeling a bit jittery, he checks his watch, notices the bathroom sign outside, and exits the car. In his excitement, he only lightly closes the door which is left half open.

Walking into the shop, he brushes past John.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Begrudgingly, a disheveled Atticus--drenched in sweat, blazer in one hand & briefcase in the other--limps slightly as he drags himself along a deserted highway.

His phone starts ringing with the most pestering ring tone. Beat. He seethes as he pulls it out.

ATTICUS
(frustrated)
Mom, I don't wanna hear it! I'm not going to make it so ur gonna have to tell him --

LITTLE BROTHER
(innocently)
Atty?

Beat. Atticus' frustrated look drops to one of guilt.

LITTLE BROTHER
Atty? Are you almost here?

Atticus' look of guilt drops again to one of deep sadness.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ATTICUS
(ferociously)
You fucks!

Atticus opens John's door and pulls him out onto the floor and mounts him. John struggles against Atticus' barrage of punches, the few of which that land are body shots.

ATTICUS
(aggressive)
You fucks made me miss my *interview*!
And my brother's -- rhhaa!!

Jean makes his way around the car and begins pulling Atticus off John.

JEAN
(struggling)
Easy there, Clark Kent!

ATTICUS
You cocksuckers!

John lets his guard down as Jean is struggling to pull Atticus away when Atticus squeezes out a firm punch to John's nose. John falls back, clenching his nose with an angry cry of pain.

Jean puts Atticus in a semi headlock.

JEAN
Dude! Calm down! What the hell are you on about?

ATTICUS
(outraged)
You stole my rental you ffu- aahh!

Atticus is dragged away from John with Jean's semi headlock, which begins loosening as Atticus uses all his strength to break free.

John sits back up and grabs Atticus' legs for a brief moment. Jean is able to more securely tighten his headlock. Atticus squeezes out a firm kick to John's stomach, John stumbles back having had the wind knocked out of him.

JEAN
(struggling)
Damn, Kent -- you're strong!

Jean has now secured Atticus in a headlock. John moves purposefully towards Atticus. He stands over him, seething. Beat. John socks him hard twice, in the face, purposefully.

John grabs and twists Atticus' collar and leans in looking him in the eyes.

JOHN
(boiling up)
We didn't take your rental.

John cocks his arm for another.

JEAN
John stop it! Calm down, man.

Arm still held in the air, John turns to Jean who sets down the injured and groaning Atticus tenderly down on the floor.

JEAN
 (nervous)
 San Diego is only 2 hours away. We'll
 be there soon and every -everything's
 gonna be fine.

John stares at Jean, bewildered. He lowers his arm. Beat.

JOHN
 (outraged)
 San Dieg-- My nose is fucking *broken*
 and you still want to go to San Diego?

Jean looks at him as if being scolded by a teacher. Beat.

JEAN
 (naively)
 There's clinics in San Diego
 -- Plus, I thought you'd
 like going to Comic--

JOHN
 (exasperated)
 -- What -- what fucking
 fantasy world are you living
 in, man? Krypton? Gotham?

JEAN
 (matter of fact)
 That doesn't even make
 sense. Gotham's a city so it
 wouldn't be considered
 fantasy--

JOHN
 (frustrated)
 --You were wasting away on
my couch watching Marvel
 movies before I brought you
 to Sal's!

Atticus follows the two's debacle as if watching a tennis
 match.

JEAN
 (defensive)
 Right, cuz you're one of his
favourites!

JOHN
 (?)
 He knows I work a night job!

JEAN
 (hurt)
 And that's a valid excuse for
 everything, even missing my 30th? *How*
could you not be there?

Atticus' intrigue in the argument drops to a look of guilt
 and realisation... [(light) DOLLY ZOOM]

JOHN
 (an infuriated sadness)
 Well your Dad isn't in a
 fucking *coma*, is he?

JEAN
 (understanding)
 I know it's been tough,
 John. But it's -- I really
 thought you would enjoy this
 trip, man.

JOHN
 (outraged)
 Why would you even spend all this
 money on Comic-- What are you *twelve*?

Jean winces, anticipating the gravity of his next words.
 Beat.

JEAN
 So Sal would give a *twelve* year old a
 promotion?

John goes deadpan. Beat.

He charges at Jean with anger, a hint of jealousy. They
 grapple with each other for a moment before Atticus wedges
 himself in between, shoving them both back firmly.

ATTICUS
 ()
 Calm it, you two! A--Aren't you
 friends?

JOHN
 (snappy)
 Guy, you broke my nose --
 fuck makes you think I'm
 calming down!

JEAN
 John please, he didn't mean
 it. I guess Sal was right
 about your temper.

John focuses back on Jean.

JEAN
 You gotta learn to just
 live, man.

JOHN
 (infuriated, moving)
 I am not taking *life* lessons
 from a fucking *twelve-year*
 old.

John begins moving past Atticus as if about to charge Jean
 again when Atticus shoves him back more firmly.

John and Jean stare past him--John clenching his fist, Jean
 with a look of disappointment and shock.

ATTICUS
 ()
 Don't you live together?

JOHN
 (near hatred)
Doubt for much longer.

ATTICUS
How did that even happen?

JEAN
We've been together since college. He was nicer back then.

JOHN
I can't believe I was in the same frat as your bitch-ass!

ATTICUS
You're telling me you guys were *frat* brothers?

Beat. John stares at Jean with anger, Jean to Atticus with intrigue (as if to say "whats your point"?).

ATTICUS
(cont'd)
A brother is a *brother*. -- Believe me, you don't wanna lose one.

The air is still tense, John tries to compose himself. The moment John tries to move to the side Atticus grabs his arm. He flings him away.

JOHN
(pissed)
I'm *going* to get the first aid kit.

John drags himself to the trunk. He opens it to find a duffel bag full of cash. He pauses and then begins thinking.

JOHN
(frankly, firm)
Jean, either we head back or I'm leaving you here with Kent.

Jean follows and they both stare at the duffel bag full of money in shock.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

[Audio from dialogue fades. Score swells in tandem with the two arguments, as they heat up. Slo-motion, shallow DoF, many CUs highlighting the sense of near-*animalism*.]

INTERCUT I: EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

JEAN
(concerned, [SOUND FADING OUT])
Wait -- this isn't our car, John.

ATTICUS
(marvelling)
Holy -- fucking -- shit.

John begins picking up a few of the loose bills, inspecting them, and placing them back into the bag. Jean tries to hold his arm back as if to say, "don't touch that! You have no idea where that's from!"

Atticus and Jean, overtly worried, begin debating about the money. John puts the last bills in the bag and seals it up.

John stands back for a moment, still staring at the back whilst they debate. He pulls out his cigarette box, then a cigarette, tenderly placing it in his mouth as he begins lighting it.

Before even taking a full puff, John violently chucks the cig to the side and dashes to grab the duffle, running with it towards the drivers seat.

[TIME BEGINS TO SLOW]

He puts the car into drive and is slams the door violently shut when Jean sticks his fingers between the gap.

[TIME SLOWS TO 120fps]

Jean retracts his hand in agony. Triggered by the situation, Atticus makes a move for the bag in John's lap, yanking it away from him as John maintains a strong grip.

Atticus yanks John out the car by way of the bag. They tug it back and forth as they wrap around to near the back of the trunk. Jean follows them, half in pain, half trying to break up their tussle.

[SOUND FADES BACK IN SLOWLY]

JOHN
Hand this shit over!

ATTICUS
We could've split it, you asshole!

They all freeze, then drop the bag the moment they hear the voice of Rob.

INTERCUT II: EXT. GAS STATION / INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Stella and Rob stand outside the gas station in front of where their car previously was. They bicker over whose fault it was and point fingers at each other. Stella goes over to other rental and begins picking its lock, their bickering continues. In car on way to find their's, argument intensifies -- **relationship perhaps at breaking point**. Ends with Stella motioning Rob to stop the car as she tries to open the door of the moving vehicle. Rob yells at her to not be stupid when they both notice their stolen rental in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SUNSET

Couple stare in shock as they notice their stolen car in distance.

Atticus, John continue in their tug of war match over the bag of money.

Couple get out of the car, move towards the scene. Rob raises his gun.

ROB
(firmly)
Drop that bag! -- Drop it!

The three immediately shut up and freeze.

Rob moves carefully towards the two near the bag.

Jean jumps him, knocking his forearms such that the gun skids across the road into a bush.

Rob quickly breaks from Jean's grip, knocking him down firmly in (a few) swift moves.

Stella darts for the money as John and Atticus grab her by each shoulder.

Rob tackles Atticus away from Stella, shoving him towards the 2nd rental.

Stella slips out of John's grip and shoves/kicks him aside, nimbly picking up the bag as she tries to dart away.

Pinned against the car, Rob and Atticus exchange a few punches before Atticus is thrown the open car door into the

driver's seat.

John makes a stumbling dive for the bag, pulling Stella back as she kicks him off of her. The final kick(s) land directly on John's nose.

Atticus, shoved into the driver's seat, kicks Rob back in the stomach, scrambling for something on the dashboard to use as a weapon. He picks up the action figure box, rolls out of the car and makes a powerful swipe towards Rob's right ear.

Jean darts towards Stella and shoves her away from John, making the bag fall to the ground, as he immediately kicks it away.

[CU: John] John on ground, watches Jean tussle with Stella for a moment, as his eyes move back to the money which has now caught fire.

JOHN

Oi!

Jean, losing, and Stella tussle. Atticus and Rob tussle.

JOHN

(desperate)

OI!

The other four notice, pause mid-fight, frozen in their spots.

Beat.

All gradually straighten up. (ex; Rob is holding up Atticus' leg up, Stella mid-strangling Jean whose down on a knee).

Everyone stares blankly, in disbelief.

Beat.

Stella drops to a kneel, then sits on her feet in sadness. Rob moves to her left, wraps his arm around her shoulder. She moves in close with him, noticing then wiping the blood dripping from his right ear.

John joins them and sits next to the fire, pulls out the box of cigarettes and lights one on the fire.

Atticus, holding the action figure box covered in blood, moves to Rob.

ATTICUS
(somewhat apologetically)
We have a first aid kit if you need
it.

Stella nods at Atticus, Rob continues blankly looking at the fire as she tenderly wipes the blood from his ear.

Atticus, moving to the trunk to grab the first aid kit, walks by Jean and hands him the action figure.

ATTICUS
(kindly)
This your's?

Jean, drenched in blood, takes the box off Atticus appreciatively.

John, nose dripping in blood whilst smoking a cig, swivels around to face Atticus.

JOHN
(rather tenderly)
Can we drop you somewhere, man?

Atticus, moving to grab the first aid kit from the trunk, is pleased to hear John's question.

ATTICUS
(appreciatively)
I'm down in Irvine, if that's on your
way.

Jean sits down next to John, wiping the blood off the action figure's packaging carefully.

Atticus returns and hands the first aid kit to Stella.

John looks at Jean who stares lifelessly into the fire, clenching his action figure. Rob leans in to Stella's shoulder as she puts a bandage around his ear.

JOHN
(caringly?)
That's on the way to SD, right Jean?

Stella hands the first-aid kit over to John as Jean looks up at him with glee. He then turns his attention to Atticus.

JEAN
While you're up, can you grab those

beers, man?

ATTICUS
Sure, which car are they in?

JEAN
The one with all the bird shit.

ATTICUS
(playfully, to Rob & Stella)
So the one you fucks stole off me?

ROB
(playfully yet firm)
You're lucky we didn't pop yo ass.

Atticus returns with the beers and begins handing one out to everyone.

Atticus hands the final one to Jean who watches Atticus inquisitively as he sits down next to him, looking down at his action figure and back up at Atticus.

JEAN
(interested)
Say, how old's your brother, Kent?

ATTICUS
Hm?

JEAN
(caring; gesturing to Rob/Stella)
You said we -- I mean *they* -- made you miss your brother's -- birthday or something?

ATTICUS
(nodding)
He just finished elementary.

Jean, wiping the blood off the casing of the action figure, pauses. Beat. He tears open the casing and slides out the figure, to John's bewilderment.

JEAN
He likes Batman?

Atticus shrugs slightly whilst nodding.

JEAN
 (with a bit of reluctance)
 It's vintage. Make sure he takes good
 care of it.

Atticus smiles and accepts the figure thankfully. John
 glances at Jean, impressed, as his eyes move to the rentals.

JOHN
 What kinda bird could've done that
 shit anyways.

JEAN
 No pun intended?

STELLA
 Must've been a whole damn
 fleet!

ATTICUS
 Or an eagle.

ROB
 (confused)
 Fuck's a beagle gotta do
 with this?

STELLA
 (tenderly)
 Aw, we gotta get your ear
 checked out, honey.

They all share a chuckle.

JOHN
 (compassionately, to Jean)
 And we gotta get you a new action
 figure.

John and Jean look at each other with a feeling of tender,
 brotherly love.

CAM: TRACK OUT

CUT TO: BLACK