

The Lonely Man Article

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1 INT. COZY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

1

JACKSON John Jones (32, average Australian guy) sits in a small, trendy restaurant by himself. A fierce storm rages outside, the occasional flash of lightning brightening the room, but otherwise the restaurant is warm and cozy.

Jackson waits, looking out the window into the stormy night, checking his phone for messages, checking his calendar to make sure he is in the right place. Checking his watch, waiting for someone. He has been stood up. Again.

ALEX (early 30's) a waiter approaches Jackson's table.

ALEX
Going to order anything
Jack?

JACKSON
More wine?

ALEX
I think you've had your
fill.

JACKSON
(defeated)
The bill?

Alex takes out a note pad and pretends to add up Jackson's total.

ALEX
Two bottles B.Y.O. Two hours
waiting. Hmm, look at that,
exactly zero dollars.

Jackson looks up and forces a smile. He gets up and gathers his coat and rainbow coloured umbrella.

JACKSON
Thanks Alex. I owe you one.

ALEX
If I weren't already taken.

Jackson makes his way to the exit of the restaurant, Alex follows.

JACKSON
You would not. We both know
I'm not your type.
(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)
 But thank you for the
 kindness anyway. Say hello
 to Toad for me.

Alex smiles and gives Jackson a quick hug. Jackson heads out into the dark wet night.

2 EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

2

Jackson walks in the rain, rainbow umbrella keeping him mostly dry, cars driving past on the nearby road. The light from passing cars flashing over Jackson as he walks.

A large truck speeds past and splashes muddy water all over Jackson. Jackson just stops and looks up at the sky.

JACKSON
 Really? Was that necessary?

A single page of wet newspaper slaps into Jackson's face. As he pulls the newspaper away his eyes catch one line of print.

JACKSON (V.O.)
*The wet newspaper slapped
 into his face.*

Jackson looks at the paper in surprise. Another car splashes water over him. He folds up the paper and shoves it in his pocket continues on his way home in the rain.

3 INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

3

Jackson arrives at his 1940's style apartment, wet from the rain, the storm continues outside. He turns on the light in the kitchen, he fills a kettle with water and puts it on the stove.

While he waits for the water to boil he unfolds the soggy newspaper page on the ironing board and leans over it to read.

JACKSON
 (reading the
 paper)
*After another normal and
 dull day at work the lonely
 man was looking forward to
 his date that evening.*
 (MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)
He waited at the cafe for his date to arrive. Two hours, no sign, no response to his text messages, he hollowly accepted that the guy was not coming. Don't feel too bad lonely man, that wasn't the right guy for you, you will meet your match in 12 days. He walked home in the rain, his rainbow umbrella useless when a truck splashed muddy water all over him. A single sheet of newspaper was tossed and turned on the cold stormy wind of fate. The wet newspaper slapped into his face. As he pulled the wet page away his eyes glanced the sentence 'The wet newspaper slapped into his face'. Feeling slightly better about the world for the strange coincidence, he took the wet paper home with him. 12.

(NOTE: Every full article finishes with a countdown number.)

Jackson turns the page over, looking for more of the article, but that is all there is.

JACKSON
Canberra Echo, today's date.

Jackson shakes his head as he looks over the page again.

JACKSON
Can't be.

Jackson scrunches up the page and throws it in the bin where it lands on top of a holiday brochure for Hawaii.

4 INT. JACKSON'S BATHROOM - DAY

4

Jackson is getting ready for work the next morning, showering and talking to himself.

JACKSON
No, it's too stupid.

He steps out of the shower and towels off.

JACKSON
It was printed yesterday
morning...

He pulls on his work jeans and walks into the kitchen, he retrieves the scrunched up newspaper from the bin. He spreads it out on the ironing board again, but the print is now almost impossible to read.

JACKSON
It could have been about
anyone.

He throws the newspaper back in the bin and then irons his shirt, unknowingly getting ink stains in the middle of the back of his shirt from where the newspaper had been resting on the ironing board.

5 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

5

Jackson waits for his coffee to be made by HOLLY, the young barista. He notices copies of 'Canberra Echo' available and picks one up, flicking through it for the article.

HOLLY
Jackson - long black, three sugars.

Jackson picks up his coffee and folds up the paper and puts it under his arm.

He fishes in his pocket for some change and pulls out a few coins and hands them to Holly.

JACKSON
For the paper.

6 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

6

Jackson thumbs through the paper as he waits for the bus with the other commuters, trying to balance his coffee as he turns the pages. It is clear from the way he fumbles that he doesn't usually read the paper.

7 INT. BUS - DAY

7

Jackson sits on the bus, headphones in his ears as he pages through the paper, sipping his coffee. He finally finds the article.

JACKSON (V.O.)

When the lonely man had arrived home he'd spread the wet newspaper out over his ironing board and examined it, but even as he read the account of his day he was not convinced. In the morning on his way to work he bought a newspaper for the first time in eleven years. He found the article described the events of his life, so engrossed was he that he missed his stop.

Jackson looks up, yelps and lunges for the stop button.

8 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 8

Jackson rushes across the foyer, past a large sign for 'Canberra Echo'.

9 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - ELEVATOR - DAY 9

Jackson pushes the button marked 'BB' - the double basement. The lift drops down quickly.

10 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - DOUBLE BASEMENT - DAY 10

Jackson navigates a maze of corridors, filled with old office equipment and long since abandoned pneumatic tubes. All while trying to drink his coffee and read the newspaper at the same time. He stops at a door with an old hand painted sign that reads 'Pneumatics and Communications', this sign has been crossed out and a newer, but still old, sign reading 'Information Technology and Communications Group' is attached below. Jackson pushes the door open.

11 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY

11

The room is a shambles, old antiquated computers stacked on shelves, dull fluro lights. Pneumatic tube next to the computers. Jackson sits down at a desk, putting his coffee and newspaper down and taps a few keys on his keyboard.

Across the room from him sits ANDREW (early 30's), he watches Jackson arrive.

ANDREW
And good morning to you too
sunshine.

Jackson looks up and sheepishly smiles.

JACKSON
Morning Andy.

Jackson looks back at his screen and starts opening files and windows, looking for something.

ANDREW
This is, what, the second
time I've ever gotten to
work before you? Ever?
What's up? Did the date go
well then?

Jackson grunts and shakes his head as he keeps typing on his keyboard. Focused on what is on the screen

JACKSON
Guy never showed.

ANDREW
Ah.

Jackson keeps typing.

ANDREW
So what's got you all
distracted first thing in
the morning then, huh?

Jackson picks up the paper and waves it around. Andrew scoots his chair over to Jackson's desk and takes the paper.

ANDREW
Isn't this our paper?

Jackson finally looks away from the screen and towards Andrew.

JACKSON
Yeah, it is, I was reading
it on the bus and -

ANDREW
(cutting off)
You actually bought a copy
of the paper we get free in
the cafeteria?

JACKSON
(exasperated)
Yes, and I was reading it on
the bus, and I missed my
stop.

Jackson points to a small article at the bottom of page 13.

JACKSON
Here, I was reading this.

Andrew looks at the indicated article.

ANDREW
Ooh, Lonely Man, I love this
guy, he is so ...
unfortunate.

Jackson finds this curious.

JACKSON
You know about this?

ANDREW
Yeah, sure, even heard a
rumor they were going to
make it into a movie or
something.

Andrew looks more closely at the paper. Jackson turns back to his computer.

JACKSON
Second paragraph.

ANDREW
(reading
from the
paper)

In the morning on his way to work he bought a newspaper for the first time in eleven years. He found the article describes the events of his life, so engrossed is he that he missed his stop.

Andrew chuckles.

ANDREW
So you missed your stop because the lonely man missed his?

Jackson frowns.

JACKSON
What? No. Because I was engrossed, reading the paper at the time.

Andrew looks at the page again.

ANDREW
And what... you jump to the conclusion its all about you? It could be about anyone. It could be about no one. Hell it could have been me last week.

JACKSON
You don't get the bus.

ANDREW
Last week I did.

JACKSON
Did you miss the stop?

ANDREW
Well, no, but you know what I mean.

Andrew looks back at the article again.

ANDREW
And really? Eleven years?

Jackson shrugs.

JACKSON
Probably, school assignment.

ANDREW
It's just a stupid
coincidence mate. This sort
of stuff happens to
thousands of people every
day.

Jackson shrugs again.

JACKSON
Yeah, maybe, but I'm still
gonna check it out.

Jackson points at his computer screen.

JACKSON
Do you have any idea how to
use the article archive
system?

ANDREW
(parroting)
You're just here to install
the computers and make the
printers work. Leave the
important stuff to the
people upstairs.

Jackson smiles at that.

JACKSON
Upstairs... Shela!

Jackson is up out of his chair and across the cramped room. He stops, walks back, plucks the paper out of Andrew's hands and then walks out.

12 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - OFFICE - DAY

12

Jackson knocks on the door of Shela's office, SHELA is late 30s, large but not fat, earth toned skirt and shirt, sensible shoes and a beaded wooden necklace, feminist cliché.

Shela looks up from her desk.

SHELA
Jackson? What did I break
this time?

JACKSON

(smiling)

This time? Nothing, that I
know of. But I'm here to
cash in one of those 'if you
fix this it will literally
save my job' favours.

Shela raises an eyebrow, but extends her hand and motions him in. Jackson closes the door behind him and sits, he holds out the paper, opened to the Lonely Man article. He points at the article.

JACKSON

I need to know who writes
this, where is comes from.
Any info we have basically.

Shela's eyebrow raises higher.

SHELA

The Lonely Man? Seriously,
its not even that well
written.

JACKSON

I just want to get in touch
with the writer.

Shela looks the article over and then looks Jackson up and down as if the man is out of his mind.

JACKSON

Do I need to mention the USB
stick incident?

Shela smiles and shrugs.

SHELA

Must be serious if mild
mannered Jackson is willing
to resort to threats.

Shela accesses the files about the article on her computer, adjusting her glasses and leans in closer to the screen.

SHELA

Oh, not much here I'm
afraid, its a syndicated
article, part of a package
deal from the mother
company.

Jackson leans forward to look at the screen, he can see that the 'author' and 'contact' details are blank.

JACKSON
Well, it must come from somewhere.

SHELA
Yeap, New York office. Some odd stuff here about publication date limitations, but otherwise just a boring feed from the States. Anything more than that and you'd need to talk to someone at their office.

Shela grins and looks back at Jackson.

SHELA
And I don't think the USB story will get you any traction there.

13 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - ELEVATOR - DAY

13

Jackson reads the paper as he pushes the 'BB' button.

JACKSON (V.O.)
Still fixated on this article, the Lonely Man had no luck finding anything out about it at work. Timezones where causing him trouble. When he got home he made a few phone calls to the New York office.

JACKSON
That's actually not a bad idea.

14 INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

Jackson is on the phone. While he talks on the phone he is working on repairing an old mechanical clock.

JACKSON
No. I want to talk to
someone in article
syndication.
(pause)
I don't know their name,
just anyone in that
department.
(pause)
If I knew the number I'd
have rung them directly.
(pause)
I'm from the Canberra Echo.
You know, in Canberra. The
capitol of Australia?
(pause)
No Sydney is not the
capitol.
(pause)
Yes I'm sure.

15 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY

15

Jackson walks into the office and throws the
newspaper across the room at Andrew.

JACKSON
So apparently today I'm
going to take the blame for
something you did?

Andrew picks up the paper and reads it.

ANDREW
You know you can read this
thing on the website right?

Jackson sits at his desk and opens the 'Canberra
Echo' website and after a few clicks has found the
Lonely Man article.

JACKSON
I suppose I should have
thought of this.

ANDREW
Given that you maintain the
web servers, yeah.

Jackson clicks a few more and does a web search.

JACKSON
Wow, there are whole
websites and forums
dedicated to talking about
this article.

ANDREW
Rule 43. Probably rule 34
too.

(NOTE: In internet slang Rule 43 is often defined as: "You can find anything on the Internet if you are willing to look for it long enough." And Rule 34 is defined as: "If it exists, there is porn of it.")

JACKSON
I hope not.

16 INT. TRENDY WINE BAR - NIGHT

16

Jackson is out with some friends, Andrew from work is there, also present are SIMON (early 30's) and TERRI (early 30's). They are sitting around drinking wine and relaxing. The bar is quiet, other customers in the background.

TERRI
So... Andy, reckons Jacks is
this Lonely Guy or whatever?

ANDREW
No, I didn't say that. I
said Jack thinks he's the
lonely man. I's starting to
think he's the crazy man.

Simon looks up at the mention of Lonely Man.

SIMON
The Lonely Man?

Simon looks Jackson up and down.

SIMON
I always imagined him older.

TERRI
Oh, so you've heard of this
guy too?

SIMON
Hasn't everyone?

Jackson leans forward and pulls the now crinkled newspaper out of his pocket and waves it around.

JACKSON
I hadn't, until a few nights ago.

Simon reaches over and takes the paper, he opens it up and reads the article.

SIMON
(reading the paper)
The late night phone calls to New York had only served to keep the Lonely Man up past his bedtime and make him sleepy and cranky in the morning. At work he got called into the boss's office and got strips torn off him for a coworker's mistake. He wasn't in the mood to fight back, so he took the blame. Another favour his coworker owes him.

ANDREW
Oh yeah, what was that all about?

JACKSON
All that porn you've been downloading at work.

ANDREW
My porn? Doesn't the boss know you're gay?

JACKSON
Apparently not.
(to Simon)
Keep going.

SIMON
(continuing to read)
The lonely man suspects there was more to this little newspaper article, but his work kept him busy with menial tasks. After work he caught up with 5 of his friends.

Simon stops and looks up.

SIMON
See, its wrong. There are
only three of us here.

Alex (the waiter from scene 1) and his boyfriend TOAD (early 30's) arrive.

ALEX
Hey there party people,
thought we might find you
all here.

TERRI
That makes five!

Simon shakes his head more.

SIMON
Na, no way. Its just a
fluke.

17 EXT. TRENDY WINE BAR - BALCONY - NIGHT

17

Jackson is out on the balcony, looking out over the small city. Alex steps outside and gets a cigarette out of his pocket as he walks over to Jackson.

ALEX
How ya doing Lonely Man?

Jackson smiles halfheartedly.

JACKSON
Fine.

ALEX
Yeah, bullshit.

Alex leans against the railing as he lights his cigarette.

JACKSON
You ever gonna quit smoking?

ALEX
Yeap, just as soon as you
stop feeling sorry for
yourself.

JACKSON
(to himself)
If I knew how...

Alex sucks deeply on his cigarette.

ALEX

Do I really have to go all
'fair godmother' on you
here? Its easy. It really,
really is. Find something
that takes you out into the
world and do it. Don't go
looking for love, just live
and be open to whatever
comes.

JACKSON

You sound like a self-help
books.

ALEX

I'm serious, all you gotta
do is get off your butt and
do something?

Jackson shakes his head, more to himself.

JACKSON

Like what huh?

ALEX

(with a
smile)

Like this Lonely Man thing.

Jackson raises an eyebrow.

ALEX

Well, you're obviously got a
but up your arse already
about it, follow it up.

JACKSON

I've done all I can.

ALEX

I really doubt that. Didn't
you do a semester of
investigate journalism at
uni?

JACKSON

Next step would be to
actually go to New York.

ALEX

So?

JACKSON

I can't just drop everything
and travel half way around
the world.

ALEX

Because? And don't say
money.

Jackson opens his mouth to respond, but can't think
of anything to say.

18 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - I.T. MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

18

Jackson knocks on the door and enters. Jackson's
boss, NOBEL (late 40s, heavy, going through a mid-
life crisis) looks up.

NOBEL

What?

Jackson walks into the room a little. Intimidated
by Nobel.

JACKSON

I wanted to talk to you
about taking some time off.

Nobel puts his pen down and leans back in his
chair. Typical authority play tactics.

NOBEL

Good. HR is biting my head
off. You have too much leave
owing.

JACKSON

(nodding)

Yeah, well, I need to take
off. Next week?

NOBEL

(shaking his
head)

Nope. No good. The new
printers arrive. You need to
install them.

Jackson's shoulders slump further.

JACKSON

Andrew and that new guy can
do it, its not even urgent.

NOBEL
Yes it is.

Jackson turns to leave, but stops and turns back to Nobel.

JACKSON
So, are you going to tell HR
that you denied my leave
request? Or should I?

Nobel raises an eyebrow.

NOBEL
The only way you're getting
next week off is if you
quit.

JACKSON
I'm owed what? About four
weeks?

NOBEL
I guess.

JACKSON
In that case, I quit. I'm
giving you four weeks
notice. And I'm taking a
four week holiday.

Jackson turns and leaves the room, Nobel blinks in surprise.

19 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - MENS TOILETS - DAY

19

Jackson is leaning with his back against the wall in the empty room, shaking and trying to steady his hands. Deliberately trying to slow down his breathing and get over the shock of actually standing up to his boss and cutting all sense of financial security. Having a 'What have I done?' moment.

20 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - CUBE FARM - DAY

20

Jackson is walking through the office.

KYLIE (early 40s, woman) pops out of her office cubicle just after Jackson walks past.

KYLIE
Jackson? Just the man I'm
looking for.

Jackson stops, turns around with a forces smile and walks over to Kylie.

JACKSON
What can I do for you Kylie.

KYLIE
It's this data basey. I
can't get in again.

Jackson reached over to Kylie's desk and picked up a note bad.

JACKSON
How about I right it down
for you?

Jackson notes down the 7 steps that Kylie always forgets. Jackson's handwriting is distinctive and neat.

21 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY 21

Jackson is at his desk, gathering his things. Andrew is watching from his desk.

ANDREW
You sure about this?

JACKSON
You think he'd let me un-
quit?

ANDREW
(shaking his
head)
Not a snowball's chance.

Jackson picks up a box with his personal things inside.

JACKSON
I just hope he doesn't dish
this out on you.

ANDREW
Don't worry about it. I'll
be fine.

Jackson walks across the room, past Andrew's desk.
Andrew reaches out and stops Jackson.

ANDREW
I still don't get why this
article thing is so
important.

JACKSON
I know.

ANDREW
Just something you gotta do?

Jackson nods.

ANDREW
I hope you find whatever the
hell it is your looking for
Jacks.

Jackson smiles warmly.

JACKSON
I'll be in touch.

22 INT. CANBERRA AIRPORT - DAY

22

Jackson reaches down for a copy of the 'Canberra Echo', he hesitates, but picks it up anyway. He browses the shop and also picks up a sudoku book. Alex and Toad walk behind him.

TOAD
See, told you. He's buying
the paper.

ALEX
Yes yes, your very clever.
Shut up.

Jackson turns to them.

JACKSON
What the hell are you two
doing here?

TOAD
Seeing you off.

ALEX
Isn't that what friends do?
Come on, we'll buy you a
drink, help settle your
nerves.

23 INT. CANBERRA AIRPORT BAR - DAY

23

Jackson, Alex and Toad are sitting at a table and drinking. Alex is distracted by a group of handsome guys standing at the bar.

JACKSON
I was hoping to just slip
away quietly.

ALEX
Like you always do.

JACKSON
Hey, its my thing.

ALEX
Your thing is why your still
single.

Toad reaches out and puts a hand on Alex's. Alex looks at the hand and then up at Toad.

ALEX
(to Toad)
I am being nice.
(to Jackson)
Anyway, you remember Pen
from Uni?

JACKSON
Penelope? Yeah. She was
kinda hard to avoid. I think
she still thinks I was just
acting gay to get rid of
her.
(beat)
Why?

ALEX
Well... She's living in New
York now. I was talking to
her last night and I kinda
told her you were going to
be over there soon.

Jackson is very surprised at this news.

ALEX
She's married now.

Alex looks back over at the guys by the bar.

TOAD
I've been reading the older
articles on this Lonely Man
thing...

JACKSON
And?

Alex isn't even paying attention to the
conversation anymore.

TOAD
Are you sure its you?

Jackson is noncommittal.

One of the men at the bar walks past the table.
Alex's leans over to Toad.

ALEX
(whispers)
I'll be back.

Alex gets up and follows the man.

JACKSON
Why do you put up with him
when he does that too you
all the time?

TOAD
That is very complicated.
Let's just say we have an
understanding. And you are
avoiding my question.

JACKSON
I dunno. I read through the
old articles too. There are
no people or place names at
all. Its very vague. But it
feels like me.

Toad doesn't seem convinced.

TOAD
Can I make a suggestion?

JACKSON
I've never been able to stop
you before.

TOAD
Don't go telling everyone
your the lonely man. People
that don't know you might
not understand.

JACKSON
I wasn't going to go
shouting it in the streets
you know.

TOAD
I'm just saying be discrete.
Tell them your looking into
the article for ... a story
your writing or something.
Anything to not sound like a
crazy fanboy.

24 INT. AIRPLANE ECONOMY SECTION - DAY

24

On the plane, Jackson has an aisle seat. Sitting
next to him is BETH a middle aged business woman.

Jackson is rummaging around in his carry-on
backpack for something.

BETH
Lost something?

Jackson looks up.

JACKSON
Um... I don't seem to have a
pen. Don't suppose you have
one I could borrow?

BETH
Borrow? No. I never leand
things I don't expect back.

Beth looks through her bag and pulls two pens out
and holds them up.

BETH
Which one do you want? Brain
cancer or menopause?

Jackson reaches over and hesitates.

JACKSON
That's some choice. I guess
I'll take menopause.

He opens up his sudoku book as Beth watches.

BETH
Not fond of flying huh?

Jackson starts to fill in the puzzle.

JACKSON
No. But its fine if I can
take my mind off it.

Beth reaches over and pats Jackson on the arm.

BETH
You just off to Hawaii for a
holiday?

Jackson looks up.

JACKSON
Just a stop over on the way
to New York actually.

BETH
Really? You should check
Hawaii out. You never know
what you might find. It's
where I met my partner.

25 INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - NIGHT

25

Jackson drags his luggage through the terminal.
Tickets in hand, looking at indicator boards,
trying to find his connecting flight.

Up ahead a large crowd has gathered around the
check-in counters.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, we are
having troubles with our
electronic check-in system.
Our technicians are working
on it as quickly as
possible. If you could be
patient and wait quietly I
will let you know just as
soon as I know more.

Jackson looks up at the blank departures screens.

JACKSON
(to himself)
I need to find a bar.

SALLY, a young woman, walks his way, smiles and trips.

Jackson drops his bag and instinctively catches her.

SALLY
Oh, opps, serves me right
for checking out the cute
guy.

Jackson is lost for words. He helps Sally back to her feet.

SALLY
Thanks.

Sally walks off.

Jackson shakes his head picks up his bag and heads off towards the nearest bar.

KANOA, a young man dressed as a 1940's reporter, watches Jackson and Sally walk off in different directions. He follows sally.

26 INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - BAR - NIGHT

26

Jackson is sitting at the bar drinking a whiskey. He is reading his copy of 'Canberra Echo'.

JACKSON
Short delay my arse!

JACKSON (V.O.)
*After a short delay the
Lonely Man resumed his
quest. Having completely
missed four significant
opportunities while in
Hawaii.*

JACKSON
(to the
paper)
You couldn't be a bit more
vague could you?

Kanoa walks up and sits down next to Jackson.
Jackson puts his copy of the 'Canberra Echo' on the bar.

KANOA
(to Jackson)
I think you lost this.

Kanoa puts Jackson's phone on the bar.

Jackson pats his jeans pocket and realises it is his phone. He reaches out and accepts it.

JACKSON
But... where did you...

Jackson glances back in the direction of his run in with Sally.

FLASH - JACKSON ENCOUNTER WITH SALLY

Rewind to Jackson's catching Sally, as Sally stumbles and falls against Jackson she slides his phone out of his pocket.

BACK TO THE BAR

JACKSON
And, what do I owe you?

Jackson puts his phone back in his pocket. Kanoa smiles.

KANOA
Its not like that. You don't owe me anything at all. But I wouldn't say no to a drink, and maybe your number.

Jackson blinks in surprise, not used to being hit on so directly.

Jackson nods to the barman and gestures to his glass.

JACKSON
One for my friend here.

Kanoa smiles wide and turns in his chair to look Jackson up and down slowly.

KANOA
You didn't ask what I wanted.

JACKSON
(shrugging)
I'm buying, you'll drink
what I get you.

KANOA
Yes sir.

The Barman pours another whiskey.

Jackson takes a moment to look Kanoa up and down.

JACKSON
So what are you dressed as
then huh? Nineteen forties
detective?

Kanoa points to the piece of paper poking out of
the ribbon of his Fedora. On the paper is printed
the word 'PRESS'.

JACKSON
Ah, Nineteen forties
reporter. I can't seem to
escape newspapers. You're
still in the wrong century.
(beat)
Don't suppose you know
what's going on here then?

Jackson indicates the crowd of passengers all
waiting at the ticket counters.

KANOA
Yeah, some sort of colossal
fuck up of the check-in
system. I don't think they
will have it fixed tonight.

JACKSON
Great.

Jackson finishes his whiskey and gets the barman to
refill his glass.

Kanoa sips his.

KANOA
What do you mean you can't
seem to escape newspapers?

JACKSON
I worked for that one until
I quit yesterday.
(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)
And I'm on my way to New
York to visit the head
office.

KANOA
You a reporter?

JACKSON
No. I thought about that
once, but the politics of it
didn't appeal. I just fix
the computers.

Kanoa looks Jackson up and down.

KANOA
Ah, a tech guru. I like your
accent. Australian?

Jackson is caught off guard.

JACKSON
Are you flirting with me
Mister Reporter?

KANOA
Yes. Mister Guru, yes I am.

JACKSON
Oh. Um.

KANOA
It is working?

They are both quiet for a moment, sipping their drinks.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Passengers traveling with
Tran-American Air, we have
just been informed that the
check-in system will not be
able to be repaired this
evening.

The noise level of the crowd waiting in the check-in area gets louder.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
We will arrange
accommodation for everyone
tonight and alternative
travel arrangements for you
all tomorrow.
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (cont'd)
If you could move up to the
counters in an orderly
fashion then we will get
through this as quickly as
possible.

JACKSON
Great.

Kanoa grins.

KANOA
Rather than hang around here
for hours while they sort
out hotels for everyone, why
don't you stay at my place?

Jackson leans back and frowns, not sure that Kanoa
is serious.

JACKSON
Are you this determined with
every guy you hit on?

KANOA
No. Just you.

Jackson looks out at the queue of people.

JACKSON
How comfy is your sofa?

Kanoa shakes his head.

KANOA
Who said anything about the
sofa?

JACKSON
(raising an
eyebrow)
Oh? And exactly where will I
be sleeping then?

KANOA
My bed. With me.

Jackson looks Kanoa up and down again.

JACKSON
We may not get much sleep.

Kanoa gets up and pulls some money out of his pocket, he puts it on the bar for the drinks and then picks up Jackson's bag. He holds his other hand out for Jackson to take hold of.

KANOA
That's kinda the idea. You can sleep on the plane.

Jackson takes the offered hand.

27 INT. KANOA'S KITCHEN - DAY

27

Kanoa is cooking pancakes, wearing just a pair of boxer shorts. Jackson walks in with a towel around his waist, hair still wet from just having had a shower.

JACKSON
Have you seen my undies?

Jackson stops and notices what Kanoa is wearing.

JACKSON
Oh. There they are. So what am I supposed to wear then huh?

Kanoa flips a pancake.

KANOA
Top left drawer of the dresser, your pick. Borrow any pair that takes your fancy.

Jackson leaves the room.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Borrow?

KANOA
You can give them back when you come back this way.

JACKSON (O.S.)
What if I want to keep them?

KANOA
Buy me a new pair in New York.

Jackson walks back in, now wearing a blue pair of jeans.

JACKSON
One night together and your
wanting presents?

Kanoa sets a plate stacked with pancakes on the table.

KANOA
Yes. That's how this works.

JACKSON
(smiles)
If you say so Mister
Reporter. I don't usually do
the casual sex thing with
guys I don't know.

KANOA
Really? Cause you seem to
know what you were doing.
For the record, I fuck
around a lot. But I've never
made any of them breakfast.

Jackson sits at the small kitchen table and picks up a copy of the local newspaper that is there. It is the 'The Chronicle'.

Kanoa walks over and kisses Jackson's forehead.

KANOA
Have your breakfast while I
shower and then I'll drive
you back to the airport.

Jackson nods and starts on the pancakes.

Kanoa leaves the room, the sound of a shower running can be heard.

Jackson opens the paper and stops on a page.

JACKSON (V.O.)
*After a short delay the
Lonely Man resumed his
quest. Having completely
missed four significant
opportunities while in
Hawaii.*

Jackson frowns.

28 EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - DAY

28

Kanoa drives his small car up to the drop off point and gets out, helping Jackson get his bags out of the boot.

KANOA

Have fun in the Big Apple. I expect daily updates.

JACKSON

Are you like this with every guy you have a one nighter with?

KANOA

No. Just you.

Kanoa pulls Jackson into a tight hug. Jackson squirm, not used to public shows of affection.

JACKSON

I could just cancel my flight and stay here you know.

Kanoa shakes his head.

KANOA

No no no. Your on your secret mission. The sooner you go the sooner you can come back.

Jackson tries to squirm out of Kanoa's hug, but Kanoa is holding on tight.

JACKSON

Your gonna have to let go then mate.

Kanoa finally lets go.

29 INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - DAY

29

Jackson stops at a newsagent and buys a copy of 'The Chronicle'.

He sits down at the departure lounge and opens the newspaper, looking for the Lonely Man article.

JACKSON (V.O.)

*After a short delay the
Lonely Man resumed his-*

Jackson flips back to the front of the paper to make sure it was today's date.

JACKSON
But that was yesterday's...

He checks the date on his phone and finds that it matches the paper.

Then he checks his wristwatch and finds that it is a day ahead.

JACKSON
Well they can't both be right.

30 INT. KANOA'S KITCHEN - DAY

30

Kanoa walks in, drops his car keys on the small table and sits down. He pulls the newspaper across the table and sees that it is open to the Lonely Man article. He smiles happily at that.

31 INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE - DAY

31

Jackson pulls his phone out of his pocket, calls Andrew and holds the phone to his head.

32 INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

32

A dark bedroom back in Canberra. A phone screen lights up and the room is filled with the ring tone. Andrew reaches over, looks at the screen and then answers the call.

ANDREW
Jackson?

33 INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

33

JACKSON
Hi Andy, how's things?

ANDREW
I dunno... I was asleep.

JACKSON
Oh, shit, sorry.

ANDREW
What do you want?

JACKSON

Tech support, needed a second opinion. Assuming they're not broken, why would my watch be a day ahead of my phone?

ANDREW

(pause)

Seriously? You rang me at 1AM to discuss the international date line?

JACKSON

Ah.

ANDREW

For a bright guy you can be a bit dim sometime. You know this counts as one of those favours I owed you right? Don't call this late again.

JACKSON

Sorry mate-

ANDREW

Second thought, three more calls like this and we'll be even.

Other passengers start to line up at the gate.

JACKSON

Gotta go, thanks for the nudge in the right direction.

Jackson hangs up the phone and gathers his bags and goes to the gate.

34

INT. NEW YORK - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

34

Jackson is sitting at a table, drinking a coffee and playing with his tablet computer.

PENELOPE (early 30s, stylish and sophisticated, all in red) walks in, makes a bee-line for Jackson and sits down opposite him.

PENELOPE

Of course your early.

JACKSON
Early? I'm a day late. I got
distracted in Hawaii.

Penelope puts a copy of the 'Daily Post' on the table, folded open to the Lonely Man article.

PENELOPE
So I see.

Jackson grabs the paper and starts reading.

JACKSON
(reading)
*The lonely man had gotten
very little sleep as the
gymnast man had kept him
awake most of the night show
him interesting new
positions that he had never
tried before. Perhaps the
gymnast man was just showing
of his strength and
flexibility. Whatever the
reasons, the Lonely Man
enjoyed the display.*

Jackson looks up from the paper.

JACKSON
Alex told you huh?

PENELOPE
He never was good with
secrets.

Jackson agrees.

PENELOPE
Still gay?

JACKSON
Yes Pen. Still. And always.
Besides, aren't you married
now?

PENELOPE
Just checking. So what ya
gonna do about this whole
lonely guy thing.

JACKSON
 Going to walk in the front door of the Daily Post building, find out who does this article and get all the answers from them.

35 INT. DAILY POST - HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

35

Jackson walks across the large foyer, a few business people walking around.

Jackson walks up to an information counter. JERRY, a man in his late 50s looks up.

JACKSON
 Hi, I want to talk to someone in article syndication.

JERRY
 (pause)
 Okay, what you need to do is take the lift up to 14, head to the east side of the building and follow the signs to weather.

JACKSON
 Weather?

JERRY
 New CEO, department rearrangement. They haven't fixed the signs yet.

36 INT. DAILY POST - LEVEL 14 ELEVATOR FOYER - DAY

36

GRAHAM (a business man) is waiting for an elevator, the bell dings, the doors open.

Jackson steps out of the elevator, not looking where he is going as he checks something on his phone.

Jackson bumps into Graham as they pass.

Jackson's hold on his phone slips. The phone hits the carpeted floor of the elevator and bounces, it spins in the air.

Jackson and Graham watching it in slow motion.

The phone hits the floor again bounces off the metal track of the elevator doors. It spins more and falls, perfectly sliding into the gap between the building floor and the elevator floor.

The sound of the phone clinking its way down the 14 storey elevator shaft is the only thing that fills the silence.

Jackson is lost for words.

GRAHAM
Sucks to me you.

Graham pushes the 'close door' button and the elevator doors close leaving Jackson alone in the elevator foyer.

37 INT. DAILY POST - SYNDICATION DEPARTMENT - DAY 37

Jackson walks into a cramped office. Towers of storage boxes taking up most of the space in the room.

KATRINA (late 20s, professional, kind) looks up.

KATRINA
Hello?

JACKSON
Hi. Is this the syndication office?

Katrina waves her hands around at the mess.

KATRINA
It will be once I get it all sorted out. So you better hope the answer to your question isn't in a box I haven't gotten to yet. What can I help you with?

Katrina waves her hand towards the chair opposite her desk. Jackson sits down.

JACKSON
This may sound strange but I'm just after information about the writer of the Lonely Man article.

KATRINA
You're not one of those
conspiracy website wackos
are you?

JACKSON
Conspiracy website? No, no.
(thinking)
I'm from the Canberra Echo,
one of your sister papers.
I'm looking into the
background of the Lonely
Man.

Jackson pulls his wallet out of his pocket and shows her his staff card.

KATRINA
Doesn't really change anything. It's one of the most often asked questions, all these poor guys thinking they are the Lonely Man. It's a bit sad really. But the truth is I don't have that info. We get the article from 'Global Press'. All they send us is the text of the article itself.

JACKSON
Right, then. Global Press HQ is in this city isn't it?

KATRINA
Yeah, but good luck getting in there. If you do end up finding out, let me know, I've been curious about the Lonely Man for ages. And it would be good to be able to tell all the guys that ring that they aren't him.

38 INT. NEW YORK - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

38

Jackson is reading something on his iPad when his phone message alert goes off.

SUPERIMPOSE: Hey there Mr Tech Guru How goes New York?

Jackson smiles at his phone. And types a reply.

SUPERIMPOSE: Running in circles, no luck with the first option. Next stop Global Press.

Jackson goes back to his iPad but is getting frustrated, the screen showing the message "Account Invalid"

Jackson brings up Andrew's contact entry on his phone, his finger hovers over the 'call' button, but he stops and checked the timezone instead, the local Canberra time is listed at 6.00AM.

He puts his phone back in his pocket and orders another coffee.

39 INT. GLOBAL PRESS - HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

39

Jackson walks into a large foyer, lots of business people rushing through, but all having to stop and swipe their ID badge to get through a security gate.

Jackson sees this and then walks over to the information counter. BATHANY, early 20s, just out of college look.

JACKSON

Hi, I want to talk to someone in article syndication.

BATHANY

Okay, do you have an appointment?

JACKSON

No.

Bathany frowns.

BATHANY

Well, do you know who it is you want to talk to?

JACKSON

Anyone in that department will do.

BATHANY

Sorry, without a name I can't call them. Company policy.

JACKSON
I'm with the Canberra Echo.

Jackson shows his ID again.

BATHANY
I don't care if your married to a Kardashian. I ain't gonna screw up second day on the job. It took way too long on internship to get here.

JACKSON
Well, thanks anyway.

Jackson nods and turns to leave, he walks back across the foyer.

40 INT. APPLE STORE - NIGHT

40

Jackson walks up to the service bar and talks to ALISTAIR (mid 20s, clean cut) a staff member.

JACKSON
I need a new phone.

Jackson puts a brown paper bag down on the counter. It makes an odd crunch noise.

ALISTAIR
Of course sir. Do you have your old phone here?

Jackson tips the bag out onto the counter. The shattered remains of his iphone spill out of the counter.

ALISTAIR
Ah. I don't think this is covered by the warranty.

41 INT. NEW YORK - COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

41

Jackson and Penelope are sitting at a window table.

PENELOPE
You didn't expect it to be that easy did you?

JACKSON
Easy? I've flown half way around the world.

PENELOPE

Well then, there is the
other half still to go isn't
there.

Jackson doesn't have an answer for that so he plays
with his new iphone.

PENELOPE

Did you say something about
intern?

JACKSON

The girl at the counter had
been one... why?

PENELOPE

Just an idea.

Penelope reaches into her bag and pulls out a copy
of the 'Daily Post'.

Jackson noticed the paper was folded open to the
'Lonely Man' article.

Penelope opens the paper out and flicks through the
pages, folding it down and passing it over to
Jackson. An add for holiday jobs in Hawaii sits
above a large ad for internships at Global Press.

JACKSON

I'm not looking for a job.

PENELOPE

No. Your looking for a way
into the building. They are
doing interviews and trials
every day this week.

Jackson looks more closely at the ad

42 INT. JACKSON'S HOTEL - NIGHT

42

Jackson is sitting at a small hotel table in his
room, looking at his tablet and the error message
again. He takes his phone out and calls Andrew.

43 INT. CANBERRA ECHO - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY

43

Andrew answers his phone.

ANDREW
When you said you'd be in touch, I didn't expect calls every day you know.

44 INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

44

JACKSON
Yeah, well, this time your the only person that can help. I can't get onto the Canberra Echo website.

Andrew types on his keyboard.

ANDREW
Hmm, seems your login has been terminated. You know your access is limited to while you work for the company right?

JACKSON
Yeah, but I am currently on leave, so I technically still work there.

ANDREW
Well then I will technically re-activate your account. You know how it goes still right?

JACKSON
(parroting)
Your account has been activated, please allow up to a hour before trying to log in.

Jackson types on his tablet and pushes the login button.

ANDREW
Yeah, all that but it usually...

JACKSON
I'm in.

ANDREW
Why do you want to get into this anyway?

JACKSON

The papers here are a day
behind you guys, so all I
can get is yesterday's
article.

ANDREW

So you haven't read
tomorrows yet?

JACKSON

No... why... have you?

ANDREW

Well, I had to have a look
didn't I. But I'm more
interested in what have you
been up to the past 24 hours
then huh?

JACKSON

Well, ended up staying the
night in Hawaii.

ANDREW

Oh yeah, what was he like?

JACKSON

He was amazing. Hey... I
should never have told you
about this article.

ANDREW

Too late for that. What did
you and the gymnast get up
to?

JACKSON

Best blow job I've gotten in
years, possibly ever.

ANDREW

Hey!

JACKSON

Your straight now remember,
you told me that one no
longer counts. Besides, he
was a lot better.

ANDREW

Fine. And what's this about
an internship?

JACKSON

I couldn't get past the front desk at Global, so I'm gonna get a job and then do some nosing around inside. What are they going to do? Fire me?

ANDREW

You really are crazy you know. Maybe you should just give up on all this and go back to Hawaii for the rest of your holiday?

JACKSON

It's bloody tempting. But I started this, so I gotta try at least. When I run out of leads I'll stop, but till then I've gotta follow this through.

ANDREW

Alright mate. I still owe you two so, call any time.

JACKSON

Thanks again Andy. Later.

Jackson ends the call.

45 INT. JACKSON'S HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

45

He taps on his tablet and loads up the Lonely Man article on the 'Canberra Echo' website.

JACKSON (V.O.)

The lonely man had gotten very little sleep as the gymnast man had kept him awake most of the night showing him interesting new positions that he had never tried before. Perhaps the gymnast man was just showing off his strength and flexibility. Whatever the reasons, the Lonely Man enjoyed the display. Later in the day the Lonely Man had had no luck at all in the weather department.

(MORE)

JACKSON (V.O.) (cont'd)
*Across town he had realised
 his only way forward was to
 become an intern. 7.*

Jackson smiles widely at this and pulls his phone back out of his pocket, he selects Kanoa's entry and pushes 'CALL'.

46 EXT. KANOA'S KITCHEN - DAY

46

Kanoa is sitting at his kitchen table, laptop open, pages of notes in a distinctive and neat handwritten scattered across the table. Kanoa's phone rings and he answers it.

KANOA
 Hi there Mister Tech Guru

47 INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

47

JACKSON
 Hi Mister Reporter. Strange question for you, but are you a gymnast?

KANOA
 I used to be, back at college. Made it to the nationals... Why?

JACKSON
 Ah, nothing, was just wondering.

KANOA
 No. No fair. You gotta give me more than that.

JACKSON
 Its just this thing I'm chasing up.

KANOA
 How can whatever it is your doing in New York have anything to do with weather I'm a gymnast or not?

Kanoa picks up the copy of the 'The Chronicle' from his kitchen table, the newspaper open at the Lonely Man article.

JACKSON

There really is no way I can answer that without sounding like a 100% nut job.

KANOA

You know I like nuts right?

JACKSON

I don't know you well enough to tell you all my secrets.

KANOA

Hmm, fair enough I guess. But you'll have to tell me sometime.

JACKSON

Deal.

KANOA

How did your hunt today go anyway?

JACKSON

Slowly. Oh, while I have you on the phone. Do you know anyone inside Global Press?

KANOA

Nope. The most useful thing I know in newspapers is how to get into the secret basement at The Chronicle.

JACKSON

Oh, is that the paper your work for?

KANOA

Work for is perhaps a strong way of putting it, but yeah.

JACKSON

Secret basements sound like fun. Maybe you could show me around... as long as we wont be interrupted.

KANOA

Are you trying to be suggestively dirty Mister IT?

JACKSON
 I was doing more than just
 trying.

KANOA
 Good boy.

48 EXT. NEW YORK - STREET - DAY

48

Jackson walks down the street reading the latest Lonely Man article from the 'Canberra Echo' website on his phone and not paying attention to where he is walking as he walks towards the curb.

JACKSON (V.O.)
Don't step off the curb!

Jackson stops just as a large bus passes that would have hit him.

49 SERIES OF SHOTS - JACKSON GETS A JOB

49

JACKSON (V.O.)
The Lonely Man narrowly avoided being hit by a bus on his way to the intern job. He successfully managed to bluff his way into the intern interviews, which was surprisingly easy considering he had never done a job like this before. Turns out it mostly involves making coffees and photo copies. Just before lunch time the Lonely Man finds himself in an elevator by himself and notices a familiar symbol.

--Jackson walking through the foyer of the Global Press building.

--Jackson being handed a 'global press' note pad and pencil.

--Jackson making drip coffee in a small kitchenette.

--Jackson using a large photocopier.

--Jackson waiting for an elevator.

50 INT. GLOBAL PRESS - ELEVATOR - DAY 50

Jackson looks at the indicator buttons for the floors and notices the last one on the panel is listed a 'BB' - a double basement. He pushes 'BB'.

51 INT. GLOBAL PRESS - BASEMENT - DAY 51

Jackson steps out into a dimly lit basement and looks around. The corridors are filled with boxes and old equipment. Old pneumatic tubes snake across the ceiling and down the walls.

Jackson makes his way cautiously down the corridors towards the only room with a light on. He shouldn't be down here, and does not want to get caught.

As Jackson walks past a pneumatic tube it makes a loud click sound.

Jackson stops and looks at the perspex hatch with '9 Month Archive' printed on the perspex.

He reaches out and opens the hatch door, which comes off completely.

Jackson looks up and down the hallway to make sure no one saw him break the hatch. He looks around for somewhere to hide the hatch, but when not finding somewhere he stuffs the perspex hatch cover into his shoulder bag.

He continues on his way down the hall as if nothing had happened.

52 INT. GLOBAL PRESS - I.T. DEPARTMENT - DAY 52

A room that looks surprisingly similar to the IT Department of the Canberra Echo, but with more pneumatic tubes. Two technicians are working at different computers, backs towards the door.

Jackson pokes his head through the door and knocks on the door.

JACKSON
Excuse me? Hi.

Both technicians look up from their screens. Jackson watching them like a tennis match.

TECH #1
Oh, a visitor?

TECH #2
We don't get visitors very often.

TECH #1
When was the last time someone came down here?

TECH #2
Last year?

TECH #1
Yes, definitely last year.

TECH #2
Was just before thanksgiving.

TECH #1
Oh yes, that was it, that cute little Jossie woman. Something to do with the letter 'p' not working on her keyboard.

TECH #2
I went and had a look at it, worked fine.

TECH #1
Never saw her again.

Jackson steps into the room. To cover his nervousness he picks up a jumbled rubics cube from the nearby desk and fidgets with it.

JACKSON
Wow, you boys don't get out much.

TECH #1
You'd think with newspapers going online that they would have more respect for us now.

TECH #2
But no, they get consultants in for all the interesting stuff.

TECH #1
Were just here to make the printers and photocopiers work.

JACKSON
Tell me about it. I've
worked in I.T. before.

Both the Technicians are surprised and suspicious
of this. Looking Jackson up and down. Fully
acknowledging his presence for the first time.

JACKSON
Quit my job a few days ago,
and now I'm an intern here.
Thought I'd pop down the the
basement and say hello to
the people that really run
the place.

TECH #1
What is it you want exactly?

JACKSON
To say hello.
(beat)
Hello.

TECH #2
And?

JACKSON
Does there have to be an
and?

TECH #1
Course not.

TECH #2
Never has to be no nothing.

TECH #1
But there is. There always
is.

Jackson is getting nowhere fast. He plays with the
rubics cube more firmly.

JACKSON
I was hoping to find out
some info on one of the
articles your organisation
runs.

TECH #1
There see, what did I tell
you.

TECH #2
No one comes down here
unless they want something.

TECH #1
And usually they don't want
others knowing they were
looking for help.

TECH #2
Only ask for empty favours
and broken promises.

Jackson had many similar experiences when working
in IT, frustrated to be on the receiving end for a
change.

JACKSON
Sometimes favours can be
cashed in... if you remind
people. But I have no
favours to give, no promises
to make.

The technicians both seem to accept the truth of
this.

TECH #1
We probably couldn't help
you.

TECH #2
We don't have access to the
article management system.

TECH #1
We look after the server.
That's it right there.

TECH #2
We do all the backups and
upgrades.

TECH #1
And keep it running.

TECH #2
But they don't give us
access.

TECH #1
No login accounts.

JACKSON
It was a long shot anyway.
Thanks.

Jackson sets the solved rubics cube down on the table between the technicians and then walks back towards the door.

The technicians look at the solved cube, they had been trying to solve that for months.

TECH #2
Which article was it you were looking for anyway.

Jackson stops and by the door.

JACKSON
The Lonely Man.

TECH #1
Ooh, that poor guy.

TECH #2
You need Rodriguez in syndication.

TECH #1
8th floor, room 8113.

JACKSON
Thanks guys, I knew you'd be able to help.

Jackson leaves.

TECH #2
(shouts)
Mittens.

53 INT. GLOBAL PRESS - SYNDICATION OFFICE - DAY

53

Jackson knocks and then enters the office. No one else is around. The office is neat and tidy.

Jackson walks over to the only desk and sits down. He taps the keyboard, the computer screen lights up and requests a password.

Jackson frowns and shrugs. He spins around in the chair, he checks his watch and looks towards the door.

Jackson turns back to the computer. He types in '1234' and hits enter, but gets an error message.

He tries again, this time with 'password' but gets the error message again.

He then notice a framed picture of a cat by the computer. He types in 'mittens' and it is accepted.

JACKSON

Really?

Jackson sorts through the apps on the computer and quickly find the article management system. He puts in a search for 'Lonely Man' and find 265 entries. All the previously published articles.

He then opens up details about the syndication. All the time glancing at the door as he works.

JACKSON

I know all this. Where does
it come from?

Jackson notices a button labeled 'source details'. He moves the mouse to click on it.

Un-notice by Jackson, RODRIGUEZ (large, mid 30s, man) walks into the office.

RODRIGUEZ

Who the hell are you?

Jackson it startled.

JACKSON

I'm um. I'm. An intern.

RODRIGUEZ

Not for long. Get away from
my computer.

Rodriguez pulls the chair Jackson is sitting on away from the desk. Jackson clicks the button just before the mouse is out of reach.

Rodriguez looks at the screen.

RODRIGUEZ

This is sensitive.

(frowns)

Really, this stupid article.

Rodriguez clicks the mouse and the screen goes black giving Jackson too short a glimpse of the details he was looking for.

Rodriguez picks up his phone.

RODRIGUEZ
Security.

54 EXT. GLOBAL PRESS - HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

54

Jackson is roughly pushed out of the building by two large security guards.

SECURITY GUARD #1
We see you again and we'll
tell the cops we caught a
terrorist.

Jackson gets up, shaken and turns and walks away quickly.

55 INT. NEW YORK - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

55

Jackson is surfing the net on his tablet and sipping slowly on a large glass of water. His phone chirps with a text message.

Jackson gets the phone out of his pocket and looks at it.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Hows your day going Mr Tech Guru?"

Jackson smiles and types back.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Fine Mr Reporter, until I got kicked out of the building by security."

Jackson moves to put the phone down on the table but it rings before he lets go of it. He answers it and lifts it to his ear.

56 INT. KANOA'S BEDROOM - DAY

56

Kanoa is sitting on the edge of his bed wearing nothing but Jackson's undies, holding his phone to his ear.

KANOA
What did you do?

57 INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

57

JACKSON

Just because I hacked into
someone's computer and was
caught accessing stuff I
shouldn't have been.

KANOA

Wait... what? Hacked?

JACKSON

Its not as impressive as it
sounds.

KANOA

Your not just Tech Guru...
your a... Wizard.

JACKSON

Wizard?

KANOA

Yeah IT Wizard Jackson. You
should get that on your
business cards.

JACKSON

Now I know your just teasing
me.

KANOA

A little. But are you okay.

JACKSON

I'm fine. I was so close
too. The information was on
the screen for less than a
second. All I saw were the
letters "HI" but that could
be almost anything.

KANOA

So you going to tell me what
it is your looking for yet?

JACKSON

You'll think I'm crazy.

Jackson continues to surf the net on his tablet
while talking on the phone.

KANOA

I already think your crazy.
Fortunately I like your kind
of crazy.

JACKSON

Fine then. You ever heard of
The Lonely Man?

Kanoa pauses.

KANOA

Yes. Very. I've read every
article as it happens...
why?

JACKSON

I am the Lonely Man.

Kanoa pauses again.

KANOA

Thought so?

JACKSON

See, no one ever believes
me. Hey wait... what?

KANOA

Hey... if your the lonely
man... that makes me...

JACKSON

The gymnast, yeap.

KANOA

Well, I never expected to
actually be a character in
the article.

JACKSON

You really don't think I'm
crazy?

KANOA

Oh, I'm sure your still
crazy. But that doesn't mean
your wrong.

JACKSON

Its probably sappy of me,
but that means a lot.

KANOA

So what exactly is it your
looking for in New York?

JACKSON

Trying to find out where
this article comes from. I
want to talk to the writer.
Find out how they know what
I'm going to do before I
even do it.

KANOA

Why don't you just get on a
plane and come here and we
can sort this out together.
You said you ran out of
leads in New York right?

Jackson frowns at his tablet screen.

JACKSON

New York. Yes. But I might
have just found something in
San Francisco. A bunch of
the fans are getting
together for a 'Lonely Men'
conference.

Kanoa pauses.

KANOA

That's a thing?

JACKSON

Apparently.

KANOA

Is there any chance I can
talk you out of this?

JACKSON

Probably not. Besides, your
the one that said I had to
finish my mission.

KANOA

If your the real lonely man,
then all you'll find at the
conference is a bunch of
wannabes.

JACKSON

They might know something
about it.

(MORE)

JACKSON (cont'd)
 Its kinda on the way. If I
 find nothing at the
 conference then I'm on the
 next flight to Hawaii. How
 does that sound.

KANOA
 When is this conference on?

JACKSON
 Tomorrow.

KANOA
 Hmm, I guess I can wait.

58 EXT. NEW YORK - SOHO STREET - DAY

58

Jackson is walking down the street when he notices two cute guys, hand in hand, walk out of a shop.

He looks at the shop and sees that it is a specialty shop for mens underwear.

Jackson walks in.

59 INT. UNDERWEAR SHOP - DAY

59

Jackson browses the store, looking at all the very brief underwear. JUAN, a young shop assistant dress very fashionably, looks Jackson up and down.

JUAN
 I don't think we have
 anything for you.

Jackson is taken aback.

JUAN
 You should try Wal-Mart.
 They have things your...
 style.

JACKSON
 My outfits not that bad.

MALCOLM (mid 40's, slim and fit, fashionable), steps in front of Juan.

MALCOLM
 Ignore him. We don't
 discriminate in this shop.
 We happily take anyone's
 money, be it pink or
 (MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)

(looks
Jackson up
and down)

Not.

Jackson is more put out. He turns on his heal and walks out of the shop.

60 EXT. NEW YORK - SOHO STREET - DAY

60

Jackson gets his phone out of his pocket and types on it.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Is it okay if I show that surfboard pic of you to someone else?"

Jackson leans against the shop window for a moment. His phone chirps.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Why?"

Jackson types his reply.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Its a secret."

His phone chirps again.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Another secret? You have a few too many of those. But I trust you."

61 INT. UNDERWEAR SHOP - DAY

61

Jackson walks up to the counter, his phone still in his hand.

JACKSON

First off.
(pointing to
himself)

Gay. Second, I'm not looking
for undies for me.

Jackson holds the phone so that Malcolm and Juan can see a photo of Kanoa leaning against a surfboard.

JACKSON

I need to find a fun pair
for my boyfriend here.

Juan looks at the photo and is lost for words.

MALCOLM
We have some items over here
for special customers.

62 EXT. NEW YORK - SOHO STREET - DAY

62

Jackson exits the shop carrying three shopping bags.

63 INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY

63

Jackson collects his baggage from the conveyer belt. ROLAND (early 40's, large overweight man) walks up.

ROLAND
You must be Jackson.

Jackson lifts his bag onto his shoulder and turns around.

JACKSON
Roland?

Roland nods.

ROLAND
Yeap. Must say I was might surprised to get your message, and commin all the way from New York just for our little shindig.

JACKSON
From Australia actually, but this was on my way back to Hawaii.

Roland nods again and leads the way through the airport.

JACKSON
So where is this conference held anyway. The website was very vague.

ROLAND
Oh, its at the second Hilton.

Jackson frowns.

JACKSON
You have two?

ROLAND
We have three.

JACKSON
That must get confusing.

64 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 64

The room has several dozen people milling around and talking. An amazingly wide range of mostly men, but there are a few women there too. Everyone is wearing name tags.

A large banner hangs across the room and reads:
"Welcome Lonely Men"

Roland and Jackson walk in and make their way through the crowd, Roland leading the way.

Roland and Jackson stop at a table with several different people sitting at it. CHIEF Lonely Man (late 50's, slim tall man) and the other people at the table turn to see to new arrivals.

ROLAND
Chief, this is the guy I was telling you about.

Chief gets up and holds out a hand. Jackson automatically shakes it.

ROLAND
Jackson, this is our leader, Chief Lonely Man. Chief this is Jackson. He's from Australia.

CHIEF
Ah, Lonely Man Down Under.
You've come a long way.

JACKSON
Um, yeah. You know we don't actually use that phrase right?

CHIEF
That's not really the point.

Chief turns to one of the people at the table.
ANOREXIC Girl Lonely Man (young overly thin woman),
is already writing on a name tag. She hands it to
Chief.

CHIEF
Thank you Anny.

Chief sticks the name tag onto Jackson's shirt
before he can protest. The tag reads: "Down Under
Lonely Man".

CHIEF
There much better.

Chief turns to Roland.

CHIEF
And what happened to yours?

ROLAND
Oh, I took it off. Security
a the airport was looking at
me funny.

Roland pulls a crumpled up tag out of his pocket
and puts it on his shirt, it reads: "Big Gay Lonely
Man".

CHIEF
There's always someone
trying to put down our
happiness.

65 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE 65
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Jackson is sitting at a table next to Roland.

JACKSON
Is it just me, or are most
the guys here not even gay?

ROLAND
Yeah, most of them are
straight.

JACKSON
Have they even read the
article? How can they think
it might be them?

ROLAND

Your missing the point. No one here actually believes they are the Lonely Man. Well... except Billy, he's a bit strange, his name tag reads "The Real Lonely Man". Best off avoiding him.

JACKSON

Most of these people are really nice. I just don't get it.

ROLAND

Your still very new to this aren't you?

JACKSON

Six days ago I had never heard of the Lonely Man. Now here I am with a bunch of wannabes. They wouldn't know if the real one was here or not.

66 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

66

Jackson is now talking to CONSPIRACY Lonely Man.

CONSPIRACY

Oh, he's hear alright. He wouldn't miss an opportunity like this. Best way to hide.

JACKSON

Hide? Doesn't he want to be found?

CONSPIRACY

Found. Not found out.
There's a huge difference.

JACKSON

Found out? You make it sound like he has a plan.

CONSPIRACY

He must. No one would publish one article a day for 266 days without break unless they knew what they were doing.

Jackson is unconvinced.

JACKSON
I wish I knew what it was.

67 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

67

Jackson is now talking to PREACHER Lonely Man.

PREACHER
All we need to know is that
there is a plan for
everyone.

JACKSON
I wish I could believe.

PREACHER
The power of the Lonely Man
doesn't require you to
believe my son. Just to
follow your heart and to try
your best.

JACKSON
What happens when what your
heart wants changes?

PREACHER
You have to walk many paths
before you find your
destination.

JACKSON
Why can't I just skip to the
end?

PREACHER
Destiny doesn't work like
that.

Jackson is unimpressed with this.

JACKSON
I've been going around in
circles.

68 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

68

Jackson is now talking to SEXY Woman Lonely Man.

SEXY

You think you got it bad.
Here I am, hot as all hell,
a room full of lonely guys
and I still can't get any
attention.

JACKSON

At least your reason for
being here makes sense.

Sexy leans in closer and put her hand on Jacksons
chest.

SEXY

I'm sure I could help all
your trouble float away.

Jackson picks up Sexy's hand and removes it from
his body.

JACKSON

Your really not my type.

SEXY

What? Why not?

Jackson is getting more frustrated with the
conference.

JACKSON

I play for the other team.

69 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

69

Jackson is now talking to BASEBALL Lonely Man.
Baseball has his hand on Jackson's leg.

BASEBALL

Oh yeah? Which team is that?

Jackson removes Baseball's hand.

JACKSON

The team that is already
taken.

BASEBALL

How about a quicky then?

JACKSON

I've had more than enough of
them in the past.

70 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

70

Jackson is now talking to FATCHICK Lonely Man.

FATCHICK

What about you? What you
looking for?

JACKSON

If you'd asked me that a
week ago I would have said a
fit hot muscular guy that's
hung like a horse.

FATCHICK

That's kinda shallow. What
changed?

JACKSON

I met someone.

FATCHICK

You better watch it, talk
like that and you wont be an
official 'Lonely Man'
anymore.

JACKSON

I could be half way around
the world with the man of my
dreams.

FATCHICK

Then what the fuck are you
doing here?

Jackson was wondering the same thing.

JACKSON

It had seemed so important
at the time.

71 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - SECOND HILTON - LARGE
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

71

All the lonely men are seated, facing towards a
podium at which Chief is addressing the gathering.

CHIEF

Before we wrap up this
Lonely Men's club we will
play a round of Last Lonely
Man standing. Everyone to
their feet.

Everyone stands. Jackson is amongst the crowd,
standing next to Roland.

CHIEF

For those that are new here
today, the rules are simple.
As I read each line of the
article from today for
yesterday, sit down if the
events didn't happen to you.

The crowd cheers.

CHIEF

(reading)
Don't step off the curb!

CHIEF

Well that's not an event so
we'll skip that bit.

CHIEF

(reading)
*The Lonely Man narrowly
avoided being hit by a bus
on his way to the intern
job.*

Chief pauses and looks up, 2/3 of the crowd sit
down. The rest hesitantly stay standing.

CHIEF

(reading)
*He successfully managed to
bluff his way into the
intern interviews, which was
surprisingly easy
considering he had never
done a job like this before.*

Chief pauses again, all but 4 people sit down.
Jackson is one of the few still standing.

CHIEF

(reading)
*Turns out it mostly involves
making coffees and photo
copies.*

Chief looks up, but no-one sits down this time.

CHIEF
 (reading)
*Just before lunch time the
 Lonely Man finds himself in
 an elevator by himself and
 notices a familiar symbol.*

Chief pauses as two people sit down, only Jackson and IT Lonely Man still standing.

CHIEF
 (reading)
*In the depths of the
 building he gets the advice
 of two wizards before
 getting kicked out by
 security. Two.*

Chief finishes. IT Lonely Man sits down, leaving just Jackson. The crowd is hushed and all looking at him.

CHIEF
 Wow. We have a winner. This
 has never happened before.

72 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - GAY BAR - NIGHT

72

Jackson is at a bar with Roland. Lots of hot guys drinking and chatting. Jackson is absently playing with a book of matches with 'The Closet' written on the back.

JACKSON
 Well, the conference was
 interesting. I hope everyone
 isn't too mad at me.

ROLAND
 They just can't accept that
 someone else might be the
 lonely man. They'll get over
 it. Or not. Either way, not
 your problem.

JACKSON
 I'm still no closer to
 finding out where this
 article comes from.

ROLAND
If you are the lonely man
I'm sure you'll find it. Its
almost as if the article is
guiding him sometimes.

Jackson puts the book of matches in his pocket and gets his phone out and opens to the article.

JACKSON
You seen what it has in
store for me?

Roland glances at the phone and then looks away.

ROLAND
I try not to read the future
issues. Whenever I do I just
get disappointed when things
turn out different.

JACKSON
(reading)
*A similarly lost soul takes
the Lonely Man out to the
best night spot in town.
After having already ruined
one party today, the Lonely
Man was not in the mood.*

ROLAND
This is hardly the best
night spot in town.

JACKSON
It gets better.
(continuing
to read)
*At 8 pm the lonely Man gets
hit on by exactly the kind
of guy he had always lusted
after.*

ROLAND
The article doesn't often
get so specific.

Roland looks at his watch.

ROLAND
Its almost 8 now.

JACKSON
(reading)
He-

Jackson is interrupted as MATT (fit, hot, sexy guy).

MATT
You look like you could use
some company.

JACKSON
Story of my life.

MATT
Well I got here just in time
then.

Roland looks at this watch and holds it up so it can be seen to read 8:00.

Jackson smiles and pulls Matt in close to whisper to him.

JACKSON
Have you heard of The Lonely Man.

MATT
From the papers? Yeah. Why?

JACKSON
My friend here thinks he is the Lonely Man, but the article says at eight tonight he gets hit on by a sex god.

Matt glances in Roland's direction.

MATT
He can't be the lonely guy,
he's too cute.

JACKSON
It would really make his night if you chatted to him for a bit.

Matt is surprised and impressed.

MATT
That has got to be the classiest brush off I've ever had.

Jackson smiles again and pushes Matt towards Roland.

MATT
 So big boy, if I said you
 had a good body would you
 hold it against me?

Roland sputters his drink. Jackson discretely leaves the bar.

73 INT. SAN FRANCISCO - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

73

Jackson runs in from the street and across the lobby. His phone in his hand. He skids to a halt at the reception counter.

The CONCIERGE (young, polite woman) looks up as he arrives.

CONCIERGE
 Can I help you sir?

Jackson puts his phone on the counter and points at the opened Lonely Man article.

JACKSON
 This here... I'm not reading
 this wrong am I? This is an
 address?

The Concierge looks at the screen.

CONCERIAGE
 (reading)
The Chronicle Building
 404 Kuhio Ave
Honolulu, Hawaii 96813
 (looking up)
 Yes sir. In Hawaii.

Jackson is anxious and excited.

JACKSON
 I need to get to Honolulu as quickly as possible.

CONCERIAGE
 Your are booked on a flight
 that leaves tomorrow morning.

JACKSON
 Is there anything sooner?

The Conceriage taps on her computer for a few moments.

CONCERIAGE
There is a 10.30pm flight.

Jackson leans over the desk to look at the computer screen.

JACKSON
Change my booking to that flight. And organzie for someone to drive me to the airport ASAP.

CONCERIAGE
Yes sir.

Jackson turns to leave, but then turns back.

JACKSON
I'll be back down here in 5 minutes.

CONCERIAGE
I'll have everything ready sir.

74 INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - DAY

74

Jackson walks across the departure hall and out into the Hawaiian sun.

75 EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - DAY

75

Jackson stands at the curb and hails a cab.

JACKSON
The Chronicle building,
thank you.

76 EXT. THE CHRONICLE - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

76

There are a hundred people all gathered around the entrance to the building.

A taxi pulls up and Jackson gets out.

People in the crowd are pushing each other as security prevents any of them from getting into the building.

CROWD #1
I'm the Lonely Man.

CROWD #2
No, I'm the Lonely Man.

CROWD #3
Your both wrong. Its me.

Jackson stands there with his bag slung over his shoulder not sure how to proceed when he is tapped on the shoulder. He turns to find Kanoa.

Kanoa is dressed in his 1940's style report outfit, a old-fashioned leather briefcase under his arm.

Before Jackson can say anything Kanoa pulls him into a big bear hug.

Jackson coughs a little and pushes Kanoa.

JACKSON
Damn your strong.

Kanoa releases his hug and grins.

KANOA
Missed you.

JACKSON
Its only been four days.

KANOA
Missed you a lot. And what's with not telling me you were coming to the island?

Jackson grins.

JACKSON
I wanted to surprise you.

KANOA
Might have worked, if there wasn't a newspaper article about you every day.

Kanoa takes Jackson's hand in his and leads him down a side street.

JACKSON
Where are we going?

KANOA
Back door. I do work here you know.

77 INT. THE CHRONICLE - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 77

Kanoa and Jackson enter a main hallway and Kanoa stops.

KANOA
So, you got into the building. What's your next step huh?

Jackson frowns.

JACKSON
Find out whoever writes the Lonely Man article I guess.

KANOA
And just how are you going to do that?

Jackson frowns again.

JACKSON
Um.

KANOA
You are too cute.

Kanoa reaches up and puts his hand to either side of Jackson's head and pulls his head forward so he can kiss the shorter man's forehead.

KANOA
Have you considered asking someone? Maybe someone you know? That works here?

Jackson grins.

JACKSON
Okay Mr Report, any ideas?

KANOA
Secret basement.

JACKSON
You just want to get me alone and do rude things.

KANOA
That too.

Jackson looks around, but doesn't have a better idea.

JACKSON
Lead on then.

Kanoa looks at his watch.

KANOA
Not yet.

Jackson frowns.

JACKSON
Oh you tease.

Kanoa grins.

KANOA
Come on, I'll show you my
desk.

78 INT. THE CHRONICLE - OFFICE - DAY

78

Kanoa leads Jackson into a standard cubicle office
and to his desk.

KANOA
This is me.

Jackson nods as he looks at the personal knick-
knacks that Kanoa has on his desk.

MULBERRY (late 40s man) pops his head up over the
partition.

MULBERRY
Kay, your back.

JACKSON
Kay?

Kanoa grins and nods.

KANOA
Yeah Mulberry, what's up.

MULBERRY
I can't get this stupid
thing to print.

JACKSON
(automatical
ly)
Have you tried turning it
off and on again?

Mulbery growls.

MULBERRY

Very fun. Are you the new IT
guy then?

KANOA

Go on Mister Tech Guru, show
us your stuff.

Jackson frowns but walks around the partition to
examine the printer. After a few seconds he nods.

JACKSON

Your problem is an
overcapacity buffer, its
leaking cache into the grid.

Kanoa tries to keep a straight face. Mulbery is
taking it very seriously.

JACKSON

The memory addresses have
been reversed, and the fuser
assembly needs to be
depolarized.

Jackson reaches over and switches the printer off.

JACKSON

Just need to let it
recalibrate.

He turns it back on and looks at his watch.

JACKSON

Any second now.

The printer starts to hum and print out pages.

MULBERRY

Wow, I take it back.

Jackson walks back around to Kanoa's desk and leans
against it.

KANOA

That was impressive.

HAYNES (mid 60s, white hair, short man) walks up
and claps.

HAYNES

Indeed it was. You should put your name down in for the IT position. We still haven't found anyone that can handle antiquated equipment we have here.

KANOA

(to Jackson)

This is Mister Haynes, he owns the Chronicle.

(to Haynes)

This is my boyfriend, Jackson.

Jackson raises an eyebrow.

JACKSON

Well I am between jobs at the moment.

HAYNES

Excellent, excellent.

Haynes turns and walks off before anyone can say anything.

JACKSON

Did I just accidentally get a job? Hey wait... you said boyfriend!

Kanoa pulls Jackson into a kiss. Mulbery sees this from across the office space.

MULBERY

Hey. No fraternizing in the office.

They break apart, both embarrassed at getting caught.

JACKSON

So why are we waiting around?

KANOA

We need to wait until eleven.

JACKSON

Because?

KANOA

That's when they serve the
donuts in the break room.

Jackson doesn't see the connection.

KANOA

And no one will notice us
slip into the janitors
closet.

79 INT. THE CHRONICLE - HALLWAY - DAY

79

Kanoa leads Jackson down the hallway.

Kanoa stops at a Janitors closet, opens it and steps inside, tugging at Jackson's hand to come with him.

JACKSON

Seriously?

Jackson steps in and Kanoa closes the door.

80 INT. THE CHRONICLE - CLOSET - DAY

80

Kanoa turns on a bare light bulb hanging in the small closet.

JACKSON

Did you really just drag me
into the closet?

KANOA

I guess I did, yeah.

Kanoa opens a door at the back of the closet and leads Jackson into a staircase that only goes down.

JACKSON

Bigger on the inside huh?

81 INT. THE CHRONICLE - SECRET BASEMENT - DAY

81

The basement is dark. Kanoa throws a switch and a lot of old electric lights warm up. Pneumatic tubes and equipment from the 1940s are everywhere.

JACKSON

No one else knows this is
down here?

KANOA

Its a legend that there are
parts of the old building
still here under the new
building. But no one takes
them seriously.

Kanoa leads the way down the corridors.

JACKSON

How did you find it then?

KANOA

I noticed the janitors
closet on the plans was a
lot bigger than the real
thing.

JACKSON

So Mr Gymnast is super sexy,
and clever too huh?

KANOA

I try not to let it show.

Jackson stops and pulls Kanoa to a stop too.

JACKSON

Don't.

KANOA

Don't what?

JACKSON

Hide who you are.

KANOA

From you? Never. No secrets.
Not after today.

JACKSON

Deal. Besides, I think I've
figured out who the writer
of the Lonely Man articles
is.

KANOA

If you think its me the your
only part right. The truth
is always more complicated.

82 INT. THE CHRONICLE - OFFICE - SECRET BASEMENT - DAY 82

Kanoa and Jackson enter a large office space, most things are covered in decades of dust, but there is one table and chair that have been cleaned.

Jackson sits down at the desk and notices an 'in' and 'out' pneumatic tube. The 'out' tube has seen better days. A red light on the 'out' tube flashes slowly.

Kanoa puts his leather brief-case on the floor next to the table.

JACKSON
Your 'Out' tube looks
broken.

KANOA
Yeah, something wrong with
it. But the 'In' tube works.

Jackson lifts his shoulder bag onto the desk and tips everything out. All the random bits he has been collection tumble onto the desk. His broken iPhone, a pen, a notepad, a book of matches, the hatch from the pneumatic tube in New York.

Jackson rummages through the odds and ends. He picks up the hatch and holds it over the 'out' tube, but it doesn't fit very well.

KANOA
What are you up to?

JACKSON
Just making repairs.

Jackson finds a wooden yo-yo in his things and starts to take the string off it. Using the various items he has collected he makes some changes to the hatch and then reattaches it to the out tube.

The red light stops flashing and a green light lights up.

KANOA
How the hell did you know
how to do that?

JACKSON
Dunno... just good with
stuff like that I guess.

Kanoa pulls a pocket watch out of his waistcoat, looks at it and then smiles at Jackson.

KANOA
Should be here in about 40 seconds.

JACKSON
What should?

KANOA
I found this about place 9 months ago. Scared the crap out of me the first time. Though the place was going to come down on top of me.

Sounds of old machines start to rumble softly in the distance.

JACKSON
Okay.

KANOA
That was when the first message arrived. I've been coming here at this time every day since then.

The sounds of the machines get louder, some of the pneumatic pipes start to shake a little.

KANOA
I never expected I'd actually meet you, or bring you here.

The rumbling of the machines gets louder and louder, the pipes shaking more and more.

KANOA
Here it comes.

The noise gets deafening. Jackson covers his ears as Kanoa just stands there calmly like this is normal.

The noises and the shaking all stop. There is a single clank sound and one of the pneumatic tubes deliverers a container onto the desk.

Jackson looks at it in surprise.

Kanoa reaches out and picks up the cylinder and hands it to Jackson.

KANOA
Open it.

Jackson twists the end of the tube and tips the contents onto the table. There are three envelopes and a book of matches from the same San Francisco club. Written on envelop it reads: "For: The Lonely Man". On another: "Stay". And on the last: "Go".

Jackson picks up the envelop address to the lonely man.

JACKSON
Hey. This is my hand writing.

KANOA
Yeah, I though it might be.
The first one hand my name on it. This one seems to be for you. Open it.

Jackson opens the envelope and reads the note inside.

JACKSON
(reading)
Don't freak out Jackson.

Jackson drops the note and steps back.

JACKSON
Shit.

Kanoa bends down and picks it up.

KANOA
Yeah I did that the first time too. Want me to read it?

Kanoa reads the note.

KANOA
(reading)
Don't freak out Jackson. By now you will have travelled to the other side of the world and back. You will have already fixed the 'out' pneumatic tube. If everything has worked out Kanoa is reading this to you now.

(MORE)

KANOA (cont'd)
You've already worked out
that Kanoa is the one who
has been publishing the
Lonely Man articles. And you
have worked out that you are
indeed the Lonely Man.
The question is do you want
to be the Lonely Man
forever, or are you ready to
become something more?
What I know you haven't
worked out yet is how Kanoa
knew so much your life. The
answer is you told him. You
wrote it all down and sent
it out in the pneumatic tube
and it arrived on Kanoa's
desk nine months ago.
You will write and send this
very message nine months
from now. I don't know how
it works either. It doesn't
matter. Without the Lonely
Man article you and Kanoa
would never have meet.
There is only one choice to
make. Now that you have
meet, will you stay or will
you go?

Kanoa holds up the other two envelopes. One with "stay" and one with "go" written on it.

Jackson is undecided, he looks from one envelope to the other, and then looks at Kanoa. He pulls Kanoa into a forceful, passionate kiss.

KANOA
Please stay.

Jackson grabs the envelope marked "go".

Kanoa is frozen in place, holding his breathe, unsure of Jacksons intentions and not wanting to break whatever spell has brought them together.

Jackson picks up the book of matches, lights one and sets fire to one corner of the envelope. It bursts green and burns away to nothing in a flash.

They embrace and kiss again, this time lovingly, deeply, gently.

83 INT. KANOA'S KITCHEN - DAY

83

SUPERIMPOSE: "Nine months later."

Jackson is sitting at the kitchen table hand writing with a purple menopause pen on a San Francisco Hilton note pad.

JACKSON (V.O.)
*Nine months from now The
 Lonely Man will write this,
 the last article. This is
 where the story of the
 Lonely Man ends. There will
 be no more articles. For the
 Lonely Man is no longer
 Loney. To his deep surprise
 he has found companionship,
 a man to love and love him
 back.*
*But what about all of you?
 The readers? You may not
 believe this, but if it
 wasn't for you the Lonely
 Man would never have found
 his partner, his boyfriend,
 his soon to be husband. Most
 of you helped simply by
 reading this story. Some of
 you helped in a much more
 direct way.*
*My thanks go to you all, but
 particularly to: the data
 entry clerk in Las Vegas who
 shutdown an airline for 24
 hours, the Florida pool
 attendant who let an old man
 in for free, the Seattle
 house husband who got the
 radio competition wrong, and
 most importantly to the
 newspaper man who convinced
 his boss to publish the
 story in the first place.*

Kanoa walks in, still in his wetsuit, hair wet.

JACKSON
 How were the waves?

KANOA
 Was rolling really sweet out
 there today. Not that that
 means anything to a
 landlubber like you.

Jackson smiles.

JACKSON
The words, no. The way you
say it. Tells me everything.

Kanoa sits down and looks at what Jackson is writing.

JACKSON
Just finishing the last
article.

KANOA
Its so weird to watch you
write something for the
first time, when I read them
all nine months ago.

JACKSON
After this one we are free
of it. No more articles
telling us what happens
next.

Kanoa notice the unsealed envelopes on the table.
One marked "Stay", the other "Go". He picks up the
"Go" one.

KANOA
What are you going to put in
here?

Jackson finishes his writing and tears the page off the notepad. He grins as he tears the next page, which happens to be the last page, off the pad and leaving it blank he folds it and puts it in the "Go" envelop.

KANOA
What if you had chosen that
one?

JACKSON
Then I would not have
deserved an answer. Besides
I will always always always
choose you.

THE END