

The Lonely Man Article

Written by
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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... Sheila!

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 Sheila's office, SHELA is late 30s, large but not fat, earth toned skirt and shirt, sensible shoes and a beaded wooden necklace, feminist cliché.

Sheila 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 it comes from. Any info we have basically.

Shela's eyebrow raises higher.

SHELA

The Lonely Man? Seriously, it's not even that well written.

JACKSON

I just want to get in touch with the writer.

Shela looks at the article over and then looks at 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, it's 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 coworkers 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 forced 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 pad.

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 at 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 trails 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 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. 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 heel 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
CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

65

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.

CONCERGIAGE

(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.

CONCERGIAGE

Your are booked on a flight
that leaves tomorrow
morning.

JACKSON

Is there anything sooner?

The Concierge taps on her computer for a few
moments.

CONCERPAGE

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 organize for someone to drive me to the airport ASAP.

CONCERPAGE

Yes sir.

Jackson turns to leave, but then turns back.

JACKSON

I'll be back down here in 5 minutes.

CONCERPAGE

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.

MULBERRY

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 find 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 delivers 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 envelope it reads: "For: The Lonely Man". On another: "Stay". And on the last: "Go".

Jackson picks up the envelope 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 LasVegas 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