

**AN UNFINISHED LIFE**

Created and Written

by

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"What if you were given one last chance at life?"

- The Players -

Jax Hebert  
Pete the Doorman  
Pete the Homeless Man  
Homeless Man  
Mary  
Mrs. Mankiewitz

**NEW ORLEANS MOVING PICTURES Co.**

**FIRST DRAFT**  
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AN UNFINISHED LIFE

INT. MODERN GLASS OFFICE/CHRISTMAS TIME - DAY

CU: OFFICE TELEPHONE - RINGING... RINGING... RINGING...

JACQUES HEBERT (Jax AY-bear), (early 40's), sits there in his corporate uniform at his desk. Eyes closed. Steaming. Hating on that PHONE. It won't stop ringing. Please make it stop.

JACQUES  
(picks-up phone)  
Jax Hebert!

Whoever is on the other end might as well be speaking Mandarin Chinese. Jax could care less. He listens?

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(sotto voce)  
You have a nice day.

Slowly he replaces the handset before it's destroyed. The phone goes silent. A CLOCK'S ARMS beckon 5 p.m.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY/ELEVATORS - DAY

Jax robotically walks to the elevators. He stares just 13 inches in front of his face. The elevator closes him up.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK/STREET CORNER - DAY

Jax exits the building to a frenetic city. Approaching the corner, BRIEFCASE in hand, jacket over his shoulder, shirt untucked, he stops on the Don't Walk sign's advice. Traffic stops. The Walk sign yells for him to cross.

A GIANT GREEN-METAL-OF-DEATH GARBAGE TRUCK roars through the red light right in front of him. Inches in front.

The dust wipes his face as it goes by. He looks at the escaping jackass, horn blaring. Pauses. Steps off the curb.

BLAAAMMM!!! Jax is instantly hit by an asshat in a WHITE PICKUP TRUCK. He flies through the air, up and more up. Up.

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE/CHRISTMAS TIME - DAY

Jax lands at the big pearly gates. Standing there with his briefcase, jacket, untucked shirt. Waiting.

PETE THE DOORMAN is taking names and checking notes. Less saint, more Chicago gangster slash New York doorman.

PETE THE DOORMAN

Hey, pally? You gonna stand there sulking or give me your name?

JACQUES

(looking around)  
I'm the only one standing here.

PETE THE DOORMAN

(snappy)  
Hey! I don't need no lip from no stiffs. Step up. Name?

JACQUES

Jax Hebert.

PETE THE DOORMAN

Jax-a-bear? Hey! What kind of crap you pulling? Don't jack me around.

JACQUES

(frustrated)  
My name is Jax Hebert.  
H-E-B-E-R-T. Is this--

PETE THE DOORMAN

Why didn't you just say HE-ber-t?

JACQUES

It's pronounced AY-bear.

PETE THE DOORMAN

Listen, jack. Don't start with me. I got a tough enough job as it is.

JACQUES

(looking around)  
I can see. What is this... What am I doing here?

PETE THE DOORMAN

(checking his clipboard)  
You sure you spelled your name right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
 (getting pissed)  
 I know how to spell my own goddamn  
 name!

PETE THE DOORMAN  
 Hey! Hey! Calm down there. You  
 can't say the G-D around here pal.

JACQUES  
 What kind of crap is this?!

PETE THE DOORMAN  
 You're not on the list.

JACQUES  
 What the hell is going on?!

PETE THE DOORMAN  
 Whoa! Whoa! Pal. This ain't H-E  
 double hockey sticks.  
 (happily)  
 I can check for you though?

He reaches for the RED PHONE. Dials the old fashioned way.

JACQUES  
 Wait! No. Stop.

Pete hangs the phone up next to the CHRISTMAS TREE.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 Am I...?

PETE THE DOORMAN  
 That depends.

JACQUES  
 On what?!

PETE THE DOORMAN  
 (yelling)  
 You're not on the list, pal!

JACQUES  
 (incensed)  
 Do I have to be with the band to  
 get on the... The... List?!

PETE THE DOORMAN  
 (checking clipboard)  
 Are you with the band?

CONTINUED: (2)

JACQUES

Where am I, damnit?!

PETE THE DOORMAN

You can't say damnit, either. No  
damns, damnits or the G-D word.  
Dems da rules.

JACQUES

(sotto voce)

I was waiting to cross the street.  
That garbage truck...

(staccato; confused)

The garbage truck missed me.

PETE THE DOORMAN

Listen, I hate to break it to ya  
pally, but you're dead. Dead as a  
cucumber. D-E-D. But you're not on  
the list.

JACQUES

(coming to his senses)

Did you ever work at the D-M-V?

PETE THE DOORMAN

Have we met before?

JACQUES

(yelling to the Heavens)

What's wrong with my G-D life?!

PETE THE DOORMAN

G-D is okay. Oh, you're life is  
over. But you're not on the list.

(happily)

I can check for you though?

Jax just stares Pete down. Pete slowly grabs the Red Phone.  
Dials. Ringing. Christmas tree LIGHTS BLINKING.

PETE THE DOORMAN (cont'd)

(into the phone)

Yeah, Pete. Doorman upstairs. I got  
a jackoff up here who's not on the  
list.

(pause)

Jax HE-bert. Okay.

JACQUES

(exasperated)

AY-bear. AY-bear! It's G-D Hebert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PETE THE DOORMAN

(to Jax; pointing)

You said it was Jax HE-bert? Don't start with me, you!

(to the phone)

No? Really? Naw. I'll figure it out. Hey, how's biz going down there? No kidding? Wow. No wonder it's been slow up here. Yeah. Yeah.

(hangs up; to Jax)

Listen, Jax, G-D, whoever--

JACQUES

Stop saying my name that way. My name is Jax Hebert!

PETE THE DOORMAN

Listen, pally. They ain't got your name on their list either. Sorry. If you're not on the list, no ticky, no entry. You ain't with the band. Dems da rules.

JACQUES

What's wrong with my life? What went wrong? What...

PETE THE DOORMAN

We all got problems pal.

(beat)

You must've had some unfinished business. Cuz you ain't on the list.

JACQUES

Just my luck. I'm dead and I'm stuck between Heaven and Hell... With a wiseguy wannabe at the pearly gates of the G-D D-M-V.

PETE THE DOORMAN

(shoving Jax)

Hey! Wise guy! Get out of here!

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK/STREET CORNER/AGAIN - DAY

Jax is standing there again. Eyes closed. He steps off.

A HOMELESS MAN grabs Jax by the shoulder. Hmmm. He looks strikingly familiar to Pete the Doorman from upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHOOSH!!! The asshat in the Pickup Truck flies by again, chasing the giant green-metal-of-death garbage truck again.

PETE THE HOMELESS MAN

Hey pally?! Look out. That's a long walk to make. Some of us have unfinished business.

JACQUES

(stunned)

Do I know you? You're--

PETE THE HOMELESS MAN

You've always known me. You see me everyday. Pay no attention. I've always been here. Saved you.

JACQUES

(epiphany)

I know now. I know now. I... I know what I need to do. I've got to go home.

Jax turns and begins to run off. Stops and turns back to thank the Homeless Man. But, it's not the same guy.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Thank you. Thank you.

HOMELESS MAN

Bless you sir. Bless you.

Jax reaches in his pocket. Crushes out several twenties.

JACQUES

Get a hot meal. Please. You have unfinished business. We all do.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY/ELEVATORS (1 HOUR EARLIER) - DAY

Jax watches himself leave the office angry. Depressed.

INT. MODERN GLASS OFFICE/ENTRANCE (9 HOURS EARLIER) - MORNING

Jax watches himself come to work angry. Depressed.

JACQUES

Boy, I'm a pitiful excuse for a human being. What happened to me? What happened to my life?

EXT. JACQUES'S HOUSE (10 HOURS EARLIER) - MORNING

Jax watches himself leave for work angry. Depressed.

JACQUES  
 (to the Heavens)  
 I get it! Alright already! I get  
 it!

EXT. JACQUES'S HOUSE/CHRISTMAS TIME (NOW) - MORNING

Jax is just standing there in the middle of the sidewalk. Corporate uniform and all, with his obligatory briefcase.

MARY (early 30's), Jax's wife, in her Christmas PJ's is standing on the porch, crying. In her FUZZY SLIPPERS.

Jax looks back at her. Stands there. He's not happy.

JACQUES  
 Uh, hi. My name is Jax. I've never  
 seen you come in here before.  
 What's your name?

MARY  
 Hi, Jax. Nice to meet you. I'm  
 Mary. I lost my job.

JACQUES  
 Yep. That's about how it all  
 started back then. Then somehow we  
 got married. Christmas is supposed  
 to be happy and fun. We're supposed  
 to be thankful for life, family and  
 friends. You don't look happy and  
 I'm not having any fun. Can we  
 start over? Today? We have some  
 unfinished business.

MARY  
 (squeesss; sniffles)  
 Yes! Yes! Yes!

She runs, jumps on him, humping him with her FUZZY SLIPPERS. MRS. MANKIEWITZ (mid-60's), is watering her lawn. Staring in absolute shock.

JACQUES  
 Hi, Mrs. Mankiewicz!

He turns around and Mary, still humping Jax...



CONTINUED:

MARY

Hi, Mrs. Mankiewicz! Merry  
Christmas!

He lets her down, grabs her hand and they walk down the  
sidewalk. His corporate uniform, her fuzzy slippers.

JACQUES

(V.O.)

Life's too short. You never know  
how long you have on this Big Blue  
Marble. Make the best of it.

(beat; to Mary)

You think we have an unfinished  
life?

They stop, turn and she kisses him. Smiles.

A giant green-metal-of-death garbage truck pulls to the  
corner and turns down the street. Jax and Mary turn, throw  
everything, run for their lives!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MODERN GLASS OFFICE/CHRISTMAS TIME/AGAIN - DAY

CU: RED PHONE - RINGING... RINGING... RINGING...

CUT TO BLACK.

- THE END -