

JUNIE AND JACK S1:E5

"Where's Jack?"

By

JACK AND JUNIE ITIS

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FADE IN:

SC1 – JACK IN THE SHACK

INT. JACK SHACK – UNKNOWN

FAINT SOUNDS OF AN AC WHIRRING

JACK

I came to in complete darkness,
with only a small amount of
artificial light spilling through
the cracks in the walls.

I had no idea where I was, but it
seemed to be an empty storage
shed. The only thing I could hear
was the faint hum of something
mechanical. No cars, no trolleys,
no people.

Wherever I was, it was the middle
of nowhere.

(beat)

I struggled to remember what had
happened. My massive headache told
me that I had been the recipient
of a cute little tap on the head.
Maybe from a blackjack or a pistol
whipping.

It didn't matter what had knocked
me out though, what mattered was
why?

The last thing I remember was
messing things up with
Junie...again. She had asked about
that damned pocket watch, and I'd
told her the truth. She got mad
and stormed out.

(beat)

I was left on my own at her pad.
Everything after that was fuzzy.

DOOR CRACKES OPEN AND SOMEONE ENTERS.

JACK (CON'T)

I winced against the bright light
as the door opened. I couldn't
tell who it was, only that they
were doing their best to be
menacing.

Scary sound fx

(beat)

Considering I was currently tied
to a chair, - I'd say it was
working.

SC2 -BUNGALOW AND OFFICE

INT - JACK'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

JUNIE

(narration)

Jack's place was as topsy-turvy as
mine. Whatever they were looking
for they'd done a thorough job of
it. Jack was going to have a lot
of cleaning up to do.

Everything was on the floor or
turned upside down. The glasses
and plates in the kitchen had all
been smashed, as though they were
punishing Jack for not finding
whatever it was that they were
looking for.

SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING ON GLASS AND MOVING MESSY THINGS
PILED ON TOP OF EACH OTHER.

JUNIE (CON'T)

I went through every room. Even
the little mattress he slept on
had been turned over.

SOUNDS OF JUNIE PICKING UP A BROKEN PICTURE FRAME

JUNIE (CON'T)

(out loud (softly) - admiringly)

Jack.

(beat)

You still had my picture by your
bed?

MORE FOOTSTEPS

JUNIE

It was clear that Jack wasn't
here. I wondered if they had come
here first, before they went to my
place?

(beat)

Probably. If they thought Jack had
something, this would be the first
place they'd look. There would be
no reason for them to think that
Jack had been staying with me.

MORE CRUNCHY FOOTSTEPS AS JUNIE WALKS TO THE LIVING ROOM

JUNIE

(out loud)

What's this?

(beat - narration)

In the middle of the mess was a
leather satchel similar to the one
we found at Union Station. It was
old and well worn. The tag around
its handle identified its owner as
'Thomas Itis.'

(beat)

The leather straps were already
undone, so I took a peek inside.

(beat)

There was a set of clothes, a roll of cash, a train ticket, and a photo.

(beat)

Of me.

I think this was Jack's go bag.

(beat)

Taped to the back of the photo was a letter addressed to me.

SOUNDS OF A LETTER BEING OPENED.

JACK

Junie,

If you're reading this, then something has gone very wrong. Hopefully I'm still breathing.

(beat)

I've had to leave town, and I don't know when I'll be back. I don't want you to get mixed up in anything, so I'm not going to tell you where I've gone.

(beat)

I'll give you a ring if I can, but if not, remember this:

(beat)

You were the only thing in my life that was ever worth a damn. My whole life has been going from one mistake right into another. I dunno why - I guess I can't help it.

(beat)

But the one thing that was never a mistake was getting tangled up with you.

I don't much like who I've had to
be when I'm without you, but when
you're around, you make me the man
I want to be.

(beat)

If I could do it all over again,
I'd whisk us away to somewhere
tropical and beautiful, and never
leave.

Maybe one day, we'll get to live
that dream.

(beat)

Until then, you'll always be in my
thoughts.

(beat)

All my love,
Jackie.

JUNIE

(out loud)

Oh, Jackie.

(beat)

I guess he could be romantic.

(beat - narration)

Had he skipped town?

(beat)

No, he couldn't have. If he had,
the bag would have been with him,
and not on the floor.

Oh God. What's happened to him?

SOUNDS OF JUNIE WALKING OUT AND CLOSING THE DOOR. A LITTLE CLICK
AS SHE LOCKS IT.

JUNIE (CON'T)

After Jack's, I headed over to my
office, and it was as ransacked as
the other two places.

(beat)

And whoever had done it, had the nerve to smash my brand-new typewriter. Now that was just plain rude.

(beat)

If these guys wanted to play tough, then so would I.

SOUND OF JUNIE SLIDING SOMETHING OVER, FOLLOWED BY THE CLICKING SOUND OF A COMBINATION LOCK.

A TWIST OF A MECHANISM AND A SAFE OPENING.

JUNIE (CON'T)

I was going to pay a little visit to my friend Shifty.

(beat)

Only this time...

(beat)

SOUND OF A MACHINE GUN COCKING

JUNIE (CON'T)

I wasn't going to play nice.

(beat)

I grabbed my trenchcoat on my way out the door.

SC3 – JACK IN THE SHACK

INT – JACK'S SHACK – NIGHT

STILL SOUNDS OF AC

JACK

(narration)

It took a while for my eyes to readjust after the door closed again, but once they did, I knew exactly who had knocked me out.

(beat – dialog)

I bet you were waiting all day to
get me back, weren't you, Leggy?

LEGGY

Just following orders, but yeah.
Seeing you go down felt pretty
good.

JACK

(narration)

It all came back to me when I
recognized Leggy. Someone had
broken into Junie's pad, and I hid
in a closet to get the drop on
them.

I jumped out as Leggy walked by,
and then got hit in the head
before I could so much as throw a
punch.

(beat)

Where's Junie?

LEGGY

No idea, bub. She wasn't at her
pad OR her office.

But I'm not an information booth.

(beat)

You are.

JACK

I don't follow.

LEGGY

Let me spell it out then. I ask
questions, and you answer.

(beat)

If your answers ain't all wet,
then I'll be happy. But if you lie
to me, well, I won't be able to

stop the doctor from banging on
you.

JACK

Who's the doctor? I might need
someone to look at my head.

LEGGY

He ain't no shrink, kid, and he
sure as hell ain't no real doctor.
But Sawbones will cut you up just
the same.

JACK

Sawbones, huh. I get it.

(beat)

Ask away, I guess, but I ain't no
snitch.

LEGGY

There's just one question, Jack.

(beat)

Wat did you do with the books?

JACK

Why you asking? I already told Fat
Johnnie: I don't know nothing
about no books.

LEGGY

Wrong answer, pal.

SC4 – RAINBOW SALOON

INT – RAINBOW SALOON – NIGHT

SOUNDS OF MUSIC, DRINKING, AND PARTYING.

JUNIE

(narration)

It was getting near midnight when
I got to the Rainbow Saloon. Even

though Flipstick said it was closed on Sundays, it looked to be in full swing.

(beat)

Flipstick wouldn't lie to me, would he?

(beat)

I made my way into the club and through the doors to the back room. No ruse this time; everyone already knew who I was.

I got stopped by the bartender and one of the goons.

BARTENDER WILLIAM

Sorry, miss. You can't go in there.

GOON

Bar's closed.

SOUNDS AS JUNIE PULLS OUT THE TOMMYGUN

JUNIE

Good thing I brought my all-access pass.

GOON

Nice typewriter!

BARTENDER WILLIAM

Miss, I don't want to disappoint you, but this isn't the first time I've had a Tommy gun pointed at me.

JUNIE

No? Well it might be the last.

FOOTSTEPS AS JUNIE WALKS PAST THE TWO MEN

BARTENDER WILLIAM

You might be outgunned in there!

MORE FOOTSTEPS AS JUNIE CONTINUES TO WALK. MUSIC FADES.

LOUD THUNK AS JUNIE KICKS THE DOOR OPEN.

SHIFTY

What the...?

JUNIE

Guns down, boys. I've got an itchy
finger tonight.

SOUNDS AS EVERYONE DROPS THEIR GUNS.

SHIFTY

Miss Fleerhousen. What is the
meaning of this? How dare you
point that heater at me!

JUNIE

I'll point it anywhere I please.
Your goons broke the wrong
typewriter, and I'm in the mood to
write a novel.

BONES

(giggles)

That was a good one.

(beat)

Get it, boss? Cause a Tommy gun is
a Chicago typewriter? And you
write books on a typewriter?

SHIFTY

Shut up, idiot.

(beat)

I'd like to know the meaning of
this intrusion, Miss Fleerhousen.

JUNIE

Ask Stubbs. He can tell you.

STUBBS

I don't think I can. We're done as far as I'm concerned. I have no idea why you're here.

SHIFTY

Done? What sort of side deal you running here, Stubbs?

(beat)

Never mind. We'll talk about that later.

(beat)

Can you tell me why you've come into my office with the heater?

JUNIE

WHERE'S JACK??

SHIFTY

Jack? Did you lose your squeeze? I'm not surprised. That man is as unreliable as an old jalopy.

JUNIE

Don't get all clever with me, Shifty. Your boys tore up my house and snatched Jack.

(beat)

You're just lucky I wasn't there, or I would have repainted my walls with your boys' guts.

SHIFTY

Ah, I see.

STUBBS

This must be about the books.

SHIFTY

Yeah.

JUNIE

What books? The same books Fat
Johnnie asked Jack about?

SHIFTY

One in the same.

(beat)

Listen, Junie. Can I call you
Junie? Put the typewriter down and
I'll tell you what I know.

SOUND OF JUNIE PUTTING THE TOMMY GUN AWAY.

JUNIE

Fair enough. That's all I want.

SHIFTY

The books ain't got nothing to do
with any of us. That's all Fat
Johnnie.

He thinks Jack took them, and
probably sent Leggy and Stiv after
Jack to get them back.

JUNIE

Not Stiv. He'll be drinking
through a straw for a while.

SHIFTY

(chuckles)

Ha. I never liked that guy anyway.
Too cocky for his own good.

(beat)

So their the ones who took your
man. I don't know where he is,
unless they went straight to Fat
Johnny.

JUNIE

I want to see Fat Johnnie.

BONES

(guffaws)

STUBBS

(laughs)

JUNIE

What's so funny?

BONES

(still laughing)

Ain't nobody sees the boss.

SHIFTY

No one sees Fat Johnnie unless he
wants them to.

(beat)

And after what you've done today,
I doubt he will.

JUNIE

Am I going to have to bring the
out the heat?

(beat)

I want. To. See. Fat. Johnnie.

SHIFTY

Tell you what, doll. Since you
have the heater and all, maybe you
can do a favor for me. In
exchange, I'll see what I can do
about arranging a meeting.

JUNIE

I'm not killing anyone for you,
Shifty. I'm not one of your
goombahs.

SHIFTY

It ain't nothing like that. It's a simple delivery.

It's just in a

(beat)

Dangerous area. Bones can show you where.

JUNIE

No thanks. I'll take Stubbs.

SHIFTY

Fine. William can give you the package.

JUNIE

Who?

STUBBS

The bartender, William.

JUNIE

(understanding)

Ooooh. He's not going to be happy with me.

SHIFTY

Why?

JUNIE

I might have threatened to put some holes in him.

SHIFTY

(chuckles)

He'll live. Stubbs does that at least twice a week.

JUNIE

What's the deal with these books?
Why is everyone so interested in
them?

SHIFTY

I'm not at liberty to say. All I
can tell you is that they're very
important to Fat Johnnie's
business.

JUNIE

Of course not. You guys can never
be straight with me.

SHIFTY

Nature of the business, I'm
afraid.

(beat)

Stubbs, when you get back I need
to know exactly what sort of deal
you made with Jack and Miss
Fleerhousen.

JUNIE

Let's go, Stubbs.

FOOTSTEPS AS THEY WALK OUT.

JUNIE (CON'T)

(narration)

I was right. William the Bartender
was not happy to see me. But
seeing me with Stubbs cooled him a
little.

We got the package and headed out.

SC5 – JACK IN THE SHACK

INT – JACK SHACK – NIGHT

LEGGY

Where are the books?

SOUND OF A PUNCH TO THE FACE

JACK

What books? Is this about my
overdue copy of The Hobbit?

LEGGY

You must like pain.

JACK

Why? You gonna sing for me?

ANOTHER PUNCH

JACK (CON'T)

Can you at least describe these
books to me? Maybe I can help you
find them.

LEGGY

What do you mean, describe them to
you? They're THE books. Everyone
knows about them.

JACK

I don't. So why do you think I
have them?

LEGGY

Everyone saw you take them. You're
the moron who broke into the boss'
office with the whole crew around.

JACK

Says who?

LEGGY

What did I just say? Everyone! You
hard of hearing or something?

JACK

Look, I ain't denying that I was
in his office. That's old news. Me

and Fat Johnnie already have that sorted.

(beat)

But I damned well didn't take any books from him!

LEGGY

Don't try to pull one over on me, Jack!

PUNCH

LEGGY (CON'T)

Where.

PUNCH

LEGGY (CON'T)

Are..

PUNCH

LEGGY (CON'T)

The books?

JACK

(narration)

I felt like I'd been taking punches since leaving Junie's office. My face felt like a boxer's. My bruises were getting bruises.

And Leggy wasn't like the guy in the Rainbow Saloon. His punches were hard. I wish I could tell him where these books he was talking about were.

(beat)

But I didn't know, and I just couldn't get that through to him.

(beat)

I might have to just make
something up.

SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING AND SOMEONE WALKING IN.

JACK (CON'T)

(narration)

Another guy entered the little
room I was in. That didn't bode
well for me.

LEGGY

Ah, good. Just in time. My fists
were starting to hurt.

JACK

(narration)

Definitely not good for me.

(beat)

Sawbones had arrived.

SC6 – JUNIE AND STUBBS ON A SIDEQUEST

SOUND OF A CAR DRIVING

EXT - LA STREETS - NIGHT

JUNIE

Stubbs directed us into a waiting
car that drove us across town.
Neither he nor the driver spoke
while we were moving.

The idea that this must have been
all planned out crossed my mind
more than once, and if I didn't
have the Tommy gun under my coat,
I would be worried that they were
trying to kidnap me.

I made sure to keep a finger near
the trigger in case they tried to
pull one over on me.

(beat)

The driver took us across town
into Vinnie The Mick's territory.
No wonder they needed someone
neutral who brought a little
firepower with them. It made me
wonder what Shifty was up to.

SOUND OF A CAR COMING TO A STOP AND THEM GETTING OUT.

JUNIE (CON'T)

We got out in front of a bakery
that should be closed this time of
night.

Stubbs took me around back.

STUBBS

Thanks for not blowing it in front
of my nonna.

(beat)

She would be devastated if she
found out what I do for a living.

JUNIE

You're welcome. She's a lovely
lady. I hope she never finds out.

(beat)

Oh, that reminds me.

SOUNDS OF A KEY BEING HANDED OVER.

JUNIE

Here's the key to the locker back.
The letter is inside.

STUBBS

It's weird that I trust you.

JUNIE

Same.

BUZZER SFX AS STUBBS RINGS THE BELL

JUNIE (CON'T)

Also, you need to watch your back.
I think Fat Johnnie suspects
something.

STUBBS

What makes you say that?

JUNIE

Stiv tried to jump me at the bus
station. He said he was waiting
for you.

STUBBS

Oof. Margaret was worried about
something like this happening.

(beat)

Thanks for the heads up.

JUNIE

You're playing a dangerous game,
Tony. Not just with Fat Johnnie.
What were you thinking, whacking
the courier for Jack's Will?

(beat)

These aren't the kind of people
you double cross.

STUBBS

That's not your concern. I know-
Thunks as the service door opens.

BILLY THE LIP

Yes?

(beat)

Stubbs? You gotta lotta nerve
coming 'round here.

JUNIE

Cool it. We come in peace. Shifty
wanted me to deliver this letter.

SOUNDS OF A LETTER BEING PULLED OUT.

BILLY THE LIP

A letter from Shifty?

STUBBS

It's for Vinnie.

BILLY THE LIP

I can see that. I'll get it to him.

JUNIE

How can we trust that you won't just open it or toss it?

BILLY THE LIP

Lady, I don't know who you are, or how Fat Johnnie's boys run things, but I wouldn't dare open a letter addressed to Vinnie.

(beat)

Even if that would be a quick way into concrete galoshes, our boys are classier than that.

(beat)

And I ain't waking the boss up in the middle of the night for a stupid letter nohow.

STUBBS

This is...

(beat)

Miss Fleerhousen. She's not in a crew, so she doesn't know how these things work.

(beat)

Thanks Billy. We'll be going now.

BILLY THE LIP

I'll make sure you get safe passage.

(beat - mocking)

Tell **Miss Fleerhousen** that she doesn't need to bring the heater next time.

DOOR CLOSSES AND FOOTSTEPS BACK TO THE CAR.

STUBBS

Nonna expects you for dinner.

JUNIE

Oh boy, I don't think I'm ready to meet the in-laws.

STUBBS

Did you ever meet Jack's nonna?

JUNIE

(laughs)

STUBBS

What's so funny?

JUNIE

I'm trying to picture Jack with a nonna.

(beat)

I met Jack when he was just starting out, and well, I'm pretty sure I'm the only family he's got.

STUBBS

That's a lonely life.

JUNIE

He met my family though.

STUBBS

Yeah? How'd that go?

JUNIE

He's lucky to have all his fingers.

STUBBS

Really?

JUNIE

Well, my dad chased him outta the house with a loaded shotgun.

STUBBS

What? I'da pissed myself

JUNIE

He did.

CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES ARE CAR DRIVES OFF.

SC7 – JACK AND SAWBONES

INT – SHACK – NIGHT

JACK

(narration)

The guy who walked in wasn't anything like I expected. He was tall, skinny, and wore a pair of waders that looked like rubber overalls.

He was about as intimidating as my 90-year-old grandfather.

LEGGY

Jack, meet Sawbones.

JACK

You gotta think of a better nickname, pal. People are going to confuse you with the other Bones.

(beat)

Especially since you look about as dumb.

PUNCH

LEGGY

Show some respect. He spent years training in the fine arts of pain and human dismantling.

JACK

Why ain't he the one defending himself? Is he too shy?

LEGGY

Let's just say he took a vow of silence by popular demand.

SAWBONES

(grunts)

This guy is an asshole (in unintelligible grunts)

SOUNDS OF A COAT OPENING

JACK

What, you're a flasher now?

SAWBONES

(grunts)

Wiseass (in grunts)

LEGGY

He wants to show you the tools he brought.

(beat)

They may look familiar to you, but he's made careful modifications to them to ensure maximum pain.

(beat)

Saw, why don't you start with the hammer and pliers. I don't think I like Jack's fingers unbroken.

SAWBONES

(grunts)

Ok. (in grunts)

SOUNDS OF TOOLS BEING PULLED OUT AND FOOTSTEPS GETTING CLOSER.

JACK SQUIRMING IN HIS CHAIR

JACK

Now hold on...

How am I going to continue my career as a violinist if you break all my fingers.

SAWBONES

(grunts)

Maybe the blade? (in grunts)

LEGGY

Yeah, Saw, I think you might be right.

(beat)

He wants to make you a little prettier before we move on to your fingers.

JACK

What does that mean?

Sounds of sawbones putting the tools down and pulling out a blade.

JACK (CON'T)

That's a really big knife.

SAWBONES

(grunts)

*I'll make that ugly face better
(in grunts)*

JACK

What'd he say?

LEGGY

He said your ugly mug would really
be set off by some scars.

FOOTSTEPS. JACK SQUIRMING IN HIS CHAIR

JACK

Ok, hold on. I'll talk

SOUND OF A CHAIR SQUEAKING.

JACK (CON'T)

(narration)

I'd like to say that he stopped
and didn't swing that blade at my
face, but I'd be wrong.

I'd also like to say that I dodged
it like Joe Lewis dodges a punch.

But again - I'd be wrong.

SC8 – JUNIE WALKING THE STREETS

EXT - LA STREETS - NIGHT

SOUNDS OF NIGHTTIME IN LA. JUST A FAINT HUM AND OCCASIONAL CAR
DRIVING BY.

JUNIE

Well, as Jack would say, this was
a trip for biscuits. I wasn't any
closer to finding out where Leggy
had taken him to.

It was close to 3am, and I didn't
have the energy to deal with the
mess in my house. I was tired,
angry, and frustrated.

And worried about Jack. I hoped that he was alright. I couldn't stop picturing him tied to a chair getting his face beaten to a pulp - if they hadn't already killed him.

He might be a nogoodnik, but he weren't all bad, and whatever they were doing to him, he didn't deserve it.

I had to find him and bust him out.

But how? I had no idea where he was. If I couldn't see Fat Johnnie, then I'd have to find Leggy, and I knew nothing about him, and I don't think I can count on Shifty or Stubbs to tell me. They weren't the type to rat out their fellow goons.

Flipstick might know, but providing that kind of knowledge might be deadly for him, and even if he were willing, he'd charge an arm and leg for it.

CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT RIGHT NEXT TO HER. DOOR OPENS AND FOOSTEPS OF TWO MEN JUMP OUT.

SOUNDS OF TWO MACHINE GUNS COCKING

JUNIE

Who the hell are you? Don't touch me - I'll break your neck.

(narration)

I tried to get away up until I felt the barrel of a gun jammed in my back.

I'd been around long enough to recognize when someone got the drop on me.

I was really mad at myself for not seeing it coming.

(beat)

But now it's too late.

(beat)

They got me.

DUN DUN DUUUH

JUNIE (CON'T)

(narrating)

Will Jack survive his
interrogation by Sawbones and
Leggy, or will he crack?

Am I in trouble?

Tune in next week to find out.

END MUSIC and CREDITS