

ITS ALL GOOD...not

Written by

Lawrence Whitener

*Based on true events*

*Actor Geoffrey Blake told his friend's "Its all good" catch-phrase story to me while in L.A. I wrote this with Geoffrey's permission.*

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FADE IN:

**EXT. AERIAL OF WASHINGTON D.C. LANDMARKS - MORNING**

U.S. Capitol, Union Station, Metro escalators, White House, the usual movie Establishment Shots of our Nation's Capital.

**CAPTION:** *Based on true events*

**INT. DENNY'S CAR - SAME**

DENZEL "DENNY" JONES, 60s, African-American, tall, in a suit, sits in his car with the engine *running*. He turns on the radio. *David Bowie's "Starman"* comes on midway through.

RADIO

"There's a starrrr-man waiting in the sky. He'd like to come and meet us, But he thinks he'd blow our minds. There's a starrrr-man waiting in the sky. He's told us not to blow it 'Cause he knows it's all worthwhile. He told me ..."

Emotionless until this moment, Denny sings along animated.

RADIO/DENNY

"Let the children lose it,  
Let the children use it,  
Let all the children boogie."

Denny turns off engine and exits the car, but ...

Bowie's end music continues to *play* over building's huge mural of a rabbit wearing a space helmet. Image defocuses...

**TITLE:** *Its all good...not* ("...not" fades in after IAL)

**INT. SPACE RABBIT COFFEE BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Some square tables with a few CUSTOMERS, mostly take-out.

KRINGLE, because he played one, 70s, sits alone at a table sipping a cup of coffee. A second cup sits across from him.

Denny enters, rushes over, and sits.

DENNY

Sorry, audition ran over.

Kringle holds his cup up for a toast.

Denny holds up his own cup and smiles big. His perfect and bleached-white teeth actually star-gleam, *ding*.

DENNY/KRINGLE

"F" It.

Both "clink" their paper cups, drink, then *laugh*.

DENNY

Best lesson ever learned in acting class.

KRINGLE

Have to do it every time.

DENNY

Thousand reasons not to get a Part.

DENNY

None have to do with talent.

Denny holds up his cup to toast again. Kringle "taps" it. They drink more. Kringle waits ...

KRINGLE

So you got it?!

Denny *spit-takes*, then wipes chin.

DENNY

A-hole.

Both *laugh*.

KRINGLE

For?

DENNY

Pilot.

KRINGLE

Forrrrr --?

DENNY

Sit-com.

KRINGLE

Dad?

DENNY

Of course.

KRINGLE

Where?

DENNY

Where else?

Both imitate the famous salsa commercial.

DENNY/KRINGLE

"New, York, City?!"

Both *laugh*, then continue to drink between chats.

DENNY

D.M.V. has some great actors.

KRINGLE

All L.A. Studios use us for are  
Establishment Shots.

Both tap their cups together again.

DENNY/KRINGLE

"F" it.

Both *laugh* and continue to drink between chats.

KRINGLE

So how's the family?

DENNY

"Its all good."

KRINGLE

How long has it been?

This is the first time Denny's smile turns upside-down.

DENNY

Too long.

KRINGLE

No, seriously.

DENNY

No --seriously.

KRINGLE

I went through a stretch years ago.  
No calls, so no call-backs.  
Actually thought about quitting the  
Business. Then I found out a C.D.  
had black-listed me.

Denny *chokes* on his coffee.

DENNY

You never told me that.  
(wipes chin)  
Which Casting Director lied?

Kringle holds pointer-finger across upper lip.

DENNY

Soup Nazi?

KRINGLE

(nods)  
On my way to Set when I had to flag  
down a police officer thinking I  
was having a heart attack.

DENNY

Were you?

KRINGLE

Turns out a gall bladder attack  
mimics the exact same symptoms.

DENNY

What happened?

KRINGLE

Emergency room tests showed my gall  
bladder failed, so they removed it.

DENNY

Laparoscopic?

KRINGLE

Moral of this story is --never be a  
70 year old surgeon's last  
procedure on a Friday night.  
(shakes head remembering)  
He couldn't get it out his little  
hole, so cut a big one in me.

DENNY

Did you call out first?

KRINGLE

Didn't have time. Then his staple  
unstapled and bile poured into its  
open body cavity scarring my liver  
area.

Denny is aghast. Kringle *sips* nonchalant.

KRINGLE

I got every normal infection known to open surgery, so the hospital kept me in a month.

DENNY

(chokes on coffee again)  
"A month" --  
(wipes chin again)  
before you could tell her?

KRINGLE

Yep. So I went to her office with my hospital records to explain.  
(in female German accent)  
*"Thank you so much for coming in."*  
(back to regular voice)  
She reaches in a desk drawer and pulls out my headshot.

Kringle holds "imaginary" one up in same German accent.

KRINGLE

*"Is this you?"*

Kringle nods, then continues in German accent.

KRINGLE

*"Again, thank you soooo much for coming in."*

Kringle makes the hand-motion of dropping his invisible headshot, then goes back to his regular voice.

KRINGLE

Dropped it in "File 13."

DENNY

Her round metal wastebasket? By her desk? Over-looking Connecticut Avenue --in front of you?!

KRINGLE

Fake-smiling away. Five years.  
(holds up hand splayed)  
Five --before I got my next gig.

DENNY

How'd you find out you were black-listed?

KRINGLE

Went up to the new C.D. after that  
shoot thanking her for casting me  
and breaking my losing streak. She  
stared back --"You didn't know?"

(shakes head)

Know what? --She tells me Soup Nazi  
called every D.M.V. Casting  
Director saying not to hire me  
because I "never show up."

DENNY

Key-f'n-Christ.

KRINGLE

Close enough for government work.  
Anyway, the D.C. Lottery commercial  
went viral and --

(arms-wide as *Dick Vitale*)

"I'm back, baby."

DENNY

Wait, the commercial we did with  
Chuck Brown at the 9:30 Club?!

Denny nods proud.

DENNY

Why didn't you tell me this before?

KRINGLE

Saved it for a special occasion.

DENNY

Liiiiike --?

KRINGLE

"Like" now. Look, I know you're  
going through a rough batch, so I  
wanted you to know I'm here when  
you need to talk to someone.

DENNY

Abooooout --?

Kringle gives Denny the stink-eye.

Denny's *Used Car Salesman* big-smile returns.

DENNY

"Its all good."

KRINGLE

Oh no you didn't?!

DENNY  
Didn't what?

KRINGLE  
Say that.

DENNY  
What?

Denny smiles even bigger. Kringle points to it angry.

KRINGLE  
That! Misdirect to deflect, your  
signature tag-line.  
(no response, exasperated)  
"Its all good!"

DENNY  
It is.

KRINGLE  
"It" can't be!

Denny's cell phone *rings*. He holds up a finger "Wait" and pushes on his wireless earbud so other person is not heard.

BIG K  
"Its all good" ...I am? ...They  
did? ...When? ...Thanks.

Denny disconnects and drinks nonchalant.

KRINGLE  
What?

DENNY  
Whom.

Kringle waits frustrated, then whole-body shakes, *Whom?!*

DENNY  
My agent.

Kringle waits frustrated, then whole-body shakes, *And?!*

BIG K  
Got the call-back.

Kringle holds up his cup for the *F-it* toast again, but Denny now reaches across the table to pull Santa's hand down.

DENNY  
Don't jinx it.



KRINGLE

I'm not? --Are you?

This is the first time we see Denny get angry...almost.

DENNY

What --are you talking about?

KRINGLE

Exactly.

DENNY

"Exactly" --what?

KRINGLE

I'm talking, you're not listening.

DENNY

Listening to what --bullshit?

KRINGLE

Takes one to shovel it.

Denny tightens tie, then goes to stand up.

KRINGLE

Carol called Susan.

DENNY

(re-sits)

Your "Carol?" --My "Susan?"

KRINGLE

(nods)

Susan's concerned you've been moping about the bills.

DENNY

She said I'm, "wandering around listless and aimless because of unhappiness?" --I don't do that?

Kringle gives Denny a sniper's thousand-yard stare, then quotes other definition.

KRINGLE

I think she meant, "mood disorder causing a persistent feeling of sadness and loss of interest."

DENNY

Depression? You think I'm -- depressed?

KRINGLE

I sure was, when I wasn't working.

DENNY

(biggest smile yet)

"Its all good."

Kringle drops his head, then shakes it talking to the floor.

KRINGLE

*Major Event syndrome.*

DENNY

I got your major event --  
(grabs own crotch)  
right here.

Denny now sings *David Bowie* lyrics from "Space Oddity."

DENNY

"Ground Control to Major Tom,  
commencing countdown engines on."

Denny raps his knuckles on Kringle's forehead who looks up sad. Denny smiles singing more of *Bowie's* "Space Oddity."

DENNY

"And I think my spaceship knows  
which way to go-o. Tell my wife I  
love her very much, she knows-ohs."  
(no response)  
Why you rainin' on my parade, man?  
(goes arms wide)  
I'm singin' in it.

KRINGLE

And if it passes you by?

DENNY

Can't, won't --won't let it.

KRINGLE

Desperate people do ...

DENNY

What, the f, is your problem?

KRINGLE

My problem is I'm a problem solver.  
And you my friend, you, is my  
problem.

This is the second time we see Denny go to stand up angry.

DENNY  
I have to run Lines.

KRINGLE  
(lens across table)  
Why won't you listen to me?!

DENNY  
Because I don't want to think about  
it, let alone talk about it!

CUSTOMERS and STAFF stare at them. Kringle is embarrassed and  
sits back hand-motioning for Denny to stay.

KRINGLE  
How long have we known each other?

DENNY  
(sarcastic)  
To long apparently.

KRINGLE  
Please.

Denny thinks, then relaxes absent-mindedly remembering.

DENNY  
Uh, we met On Set, so --ten years.

KRINGLE  
And our "Set" --was my first one,  
in five years.

DENNY  
Your point being?

KRINGLE  
I wouldn't still be here now, if I  
hadn't gotten that part --then.

DENNY  
"Still --be here?"

KRINGLE  
Being out of work, constantly  
rejected, bills piling up, all of  
those took its toll. I got --close.

DENNY  
"Close?"

Kringle stares back cold, then puts finger-gun to his temple.

DENNY

What, you're afraid I'll blow my  
brains out if I blow this audition?

KRINGLE

No, I'm afraid --you will "blow  
this audition."

DENNY

Why would I do that?

KRINGLE

(takes both Denny's hands)  
*Because it means too much to you.  
You, the actor, won't be able to  
detach and become "the character."*

DENNY

(pulls his hands away)  
P-l-e-a-s-e.  
(guffaws)  
"Its all good."

Denny holds his cup up to toast. Kringle does't hold up his.

DENNY

"F" it.

But this time, Denny said it as a throw-away line.

KRINGLE

Say it like you mean it!

DENNY

Man, I really don't get you today.

KRINGLE

I know, that's what I'm afraid of.

Denny reaches a hand out across the table singing another  
"Space Oddity" lyric. He really is quite good.

BIG K

"Ground Control to Major Tom. Take  
your protein pills and put your  
helmet onnnn --"  
(Kringle shakes)  
"Its all good."

Denny tries to stand but Kringle holds on.

KRINGLE

I'll go with you.

They stare. Kringle doesn't want to let go.

Denny *laughs* explosive breaking away and exits the door just as a FEMALE CUSTOMER enters past him.

KRINGLE  
Break A Leg!

Female Customer looks down at her legs, then up confused.

**EXT. DMV SIDEWALK - LATER THAT DAY**

Kringle, dressed same, walks along when his cell *vibrates*. He stops to pull it out and check text message, then arm pumps.

KRINGLE  
Yes!  
(walks on)  
"F" it.

Kringle continues on whistling *David Bowie's "Space Oddity."*

**INT. SANTA'S HOME - THAT EVENING**

Small rambler, normal, with modest furnishings.

Kringle enters in a good mood with Hispanic accent.

KRINGLE  
"Lucy --I'm home!"  
(no response, remembers)  
Kids' soccer night, right.

Kringle turns on their FM-radio. It is playing *David Bowie's "Space Oddity."* His cell phone *vibrates*. He turns down the radio's volume. He pushes on his earbud and answers like a parrot. Other person is not heard.

KRINGLE  
'El-lo? ...Carol? Hey, things went well this ...Why do I have to sit? ...Okay, okay, I'm sitting!  
(remains standing)  
Yes, we talked ...Yes, he told me about his... Say again?  
(sits down hard)  
When? How?  
(mouths falls open)  
"He drove his car --into a wall?"

Denny pantomime-repeats last line to himself in disbelief.

Bowie song on radio replays.

KRINGLE

And you, are you okay? ...Don't  
 sound it ...Of course, I'll come  
 right over ...No, no bother, see  
 you in a ...Excuse me?  
 (gets misty-eyed)  
 We'll talk about that when I get  
 there. ...Yes, I'll take care of  
 the arrangements ...See you in a  
 few. Hang in there, sweetie.

Kringle disconnects his cell and takes out his ear bud. He stands, turns left, right, can't decide, then looks straight up with his arms out, *Why?* He shuffles sad, stooped over, to turn up the radio's volume and sings sad along with it.

RADIO/KRINGLE

"This is Major Tom to ground  
 control, I'm stepping through the  
 door-or, And I'm floating in a most  
 peculiar way, And the stars look  
 very different --  
 (voice breaks)  
 today-ay."

Kringle cries as he exits the front door closing it behind.

**MUSIC END OVERLAY:** *David Bowie's "Space Oddity" with lyrics, after the above verse, continues to play on radio.*

**CAPTION:** *12th leading cause of death in America is suicide.*

**FADE CAPTION:** *Dial 988, 24/7. It really does help to talk.*

FADE OUT.

**DEDICATION:** *For all those who thought no one cares.*

**FADE DEDICATION:** *We all do.*