

MY BEST FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY .

Written By
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Special Note:

The following story takes place in Torrance,
California. Almost nothing ever happens in Torrance,
but sometimes a person has a bad night there.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A Ford Mustang driving down the street.

INT. MICKEY'S MUSTANG -- MOVING -- DAY

MICKEY BURNETT drives, listening to the RADIO, which is dialed to KBLI. Clarence Pool, the D.J. and Mickey's best friend, is talking.

CLARENCE (V.O.)

Hey you cool cats out there, my best friend Mickey Burnett's up after me, and you know what? It's Mickey's birthday!

Mickey shakes his head and smiles.

MICKEY

Tomorrow, Clarence.

CLARENCE (V.O.)

So, here's a little Rockabilly medley for my pal on his 30th birthday. Yep, that's right. The big three . . . oh!

MUSIC starts playing.

MICKEY

Don't tell them how old I am.

Clarence talks over the music.

CLARENCE (V.O.)

So, if you're listenin', Mick, here's 30 minutes nonstop Rockabilly rock dedicated to you, buddy. One minute for each year!

MICKEY

Clarence . . .

CLARENCE (V.O.)

And if you listeners want, why don't you call Mickey on his show later and those of you old enough, tell him what you did on your 30th birthday.

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

Right, that's it. Tell the whole world.

Mickey turns the radio off.

MICKEY

Great, Clarence.

INT. KBLI RADIO STATION -- DAY

Two young men are sitting in the recording booth of the small radio station KBLI (pronounced K-Billy). CLARENCE POOL, a Rockabilly boy complete with a pompadour haircut, is the disk-jockey. LENNY OTIS, the on-the-air guest, sits next to him.

The phone light up. Clarence answers it.

CLARENCE

The Clarence Pool show.

(pause)

Sorry, we don't take requests.

(pause)

'Cause when I'm jock, I play what I wanna play, when I wanna play it. Someday, maybe, you can be a jock and, if your taste is as respected as mine, you can play what you wanna play.

(pause)

I don't care what Unruly Julie does on her show. I don't do it on mine.

(pause)

Well, then listen to Unruly Julie, dickbait!

Clarence hangs up.

CLARENCE

(under his breath)

Unruly Julie . . .

(to Lenny)

Music's almost done, so we're gonna be goin' on in a coupla seconds. You're not nervous, are ya?

CONT.

CONT.

LENNY

Not at all. I thought I might be,
but I don't feel a thing.

CLARENCE

Good. You'll be fine. Just don't
think about making a fool outta
yourself in all those millions of
people's homes.

(on-the-air -- talks in
microphone)

You're listening to K-Billy, and
this is the original hillbilly cat
Clarence Pool talkin' to you. And
we got a special guest in the booth
today . . . and his name is ---
What's your name, son?

LENNY

Lenny Otis.

CLARENCE

Otis? You mean like the drunk
on the Andy Griffith Show?

LENNY

What?

CLARENCE

It doesn't matter. So, Lenny,
you're the leader of the Eddie
Cochran Fan Club?

LENNY

I'm not the leader, I'm the head
of the California chapter.

INT. KBLI FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

MEG, the KBLI secretary, sits at a desk. Mickey walks in.

MEG

Oh, hi, Mickey. Happy birthday.

MICKEY

Thanks. Actually, it's tomor---

CONT.

CONT.

MEG

Boy, 30 years old. I'll bet you feel terrible about that.

MICKEY

Look, Meg, I'm kindda sensitive about the turning 30 stuff, okay?

MEG

I can understand. I know this guy who lives two apartments down from me. He turned 30 two weeks ago. He hasn't been out of his apartment since.

MICKEY

That's, uh, nice to know, Meg.

MEG

Mickey, would you cover for me? Drooley's Pizza's selling a medium pizza for the price of a small to-night only, and I'm really hungry.

MICKEY

Sure, Meg.

Meg leaves. Mickey sits down behind her desk.

MR. TRUMPER, the station owner walks in. He's all business.

MICKEY

Hi, Mr. Trumper.

TRUMPER

Hi, Mickey. Look, Grandma Mohmmi will be calling tonight. Be nice to her. And tell Clarence to start playing more of Elvis's live Vegas stuff. Grandma Mohmmi likes that.

MICKEY

Well, I think what Clarence is trying to do is get the audience to remember Elvis back in his Rockabilly days when he was crass and cool and ---

CONT.

CONT.

TRUMPER

Grandma Mohmmi is this station's
biggest contributor. Money talks,
bullshit walks. I wanna hear
Elvis's Vegas act from now on!

Trumper's about to walk out, but pauses.

TRUMPER

By the way, happy birthday.

MICKEY

Thanks.

Trumper looks Mickey over.

TRUMPER

30 years old already. Shit, how
time flies.

Trumper leaves.

CLANCY, another D.J., bops into the reception area, and sits down
on the desk.

CLANCY

Hey, happy three-oh, dude. You're
gett'in' up there.

MICKEY

Thanks for reminding me, Clancy.
Wha:'re you doin' here?

CLANCY

I was down this way, so I thought
I'd come on in. Wish you a happy
birthday, then maybe zonk out in
the lounge 'till after your show.
I'm subbin' for Rhonda tonight.

MICKEY

You look like shit, man.

CLANCY

Funny, I feel like diarrhea. Oh,
hey, I'm sorry to hear about Pandora
givin' you your walkin' papers.

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

I don't want to talk about Pandora
. . . or my birthday.

CLANCY

Man, I feel like a bunch of little
guys with pointy sticks are in my
stomach goin' . . .

(makes a pointing gesture and
groans)

MICKEY

What'd you do last night?

CLANCY

I was out with Jerry. You know
Jerry?

MICKEY

Harry's brother Jerry?

CLANCY

The same. We were experimenting
with some shit . . . so strong I
think an Indian tribe in Brazil
has formed a religion around it.

(whips out pack of gum)

Want some gum?

Clancy gives Mickey a stick of gum. The phone RINGS. Mickey
pops the gum in his mouth and answers the phone.

MICKEY

K-Billy.

(pause)

Oh, hi, Grandma Mohmmi.

(pause)

Oh, yes, we're going to play Elvis
at Vegas, and I just want you to
know that we all at K-Billy think
you're ---

(a look of horrible revulsion
comes across his face)

SHIT!

(he spits out gum)

CLANCY

(laughs)

Whatsamatter? Don't like garlic
gum?

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

Asshole! You stupid moronic asshole!

CLANCY

Last night me and Jerry went into this novelty shop stoned. Have you ever went into a novelty store fucked-up? It's an experience. We bought a hundred and fifty dollars worth of shit.

Clancy holds up a plastic zip lock baggie full of white powder. Meanwhile, Mickey's digging through Meg's desk for anything that will give him relief.

CLANCY

I picked up this itchin' powder for Clarence. I thought he'd be a guy who could really appreciate it. This stuff is a killer. One little dab on the back of your hand will drive you crazy. Ya gotta wash it off.

Mickey finds a pack of Lifesavers. He pops five in his mouth.

MICKEY

You shit-eatin' dickweed! You pile of shit!

CLANCY

Hey, Mick . . . Grandma Mohmmi.

Mickey looks at the phone, horrified.

MICKEY

Grandma Mohmmi? Hello? Hello?

Mickey hangs up. He glares at Clancy.

CLANCY

Gee . . . you think she heard you?

INT. KBLI RADIO STATION -- DAY

Clarence is interviewing Lenny Otis.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

Do you remember when he died?

LENNY

Do I remember the date, or actually when it happened?

CLARENCE

The actual day.

LENNY

I wasn't born yet.

CLARENCE

Neither was I. But I remember. I remember when I was three years old. There was this one particular day. I felt really depressed. For no reason what-so-ever. I had no idea why, but I was feelin' low. I even thought of suicide. I was gonna get in the bathtub and slit my wrists with a razor blade. I was actually gonna do it. Now for a three year old to be thinkin' like this, you gotta be feelin' pretty bad. The only reason I didn't do it was "The Partridge Family" was about ready to come on, and I wanted to see it. So, I thought I'd watch that, and do it after the show was over. But "The Partridge Family" was really funny that night and after the show I was feelin' better. So, I didn't do it. What were we talkin' about?

LENNY

Eddie Cochran.

CLARENCE

Oh, yeah. So anyway, I find out twenty years later that the very day I felt so depressed for no reason, low and behold, just so happens to be the day that one of the greatest rock 'n rollers of all time buys the farm. The very same date. I'm tellin' ya, I felt like someone spit in my socks.

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

But in a way there's a certain symmetry to that, I guess. How many -- what's the word I'm lookin' for? It means other people who would be disciple in what you're doin'. You know what I mean?

LENNY

Members?

CLARENCE

Yeah, that's it. Members. How many members do you have?

LENNY

Six hundred in the California area.

CLARENCE

Whoa! That's a lot. Do you have a get together every year at the Ramada Inn or somethin'?

LENNY

Every once in a while we work something out.

CLARENCE

We'll be right back talking with Lenny Otis -- You're not related to Johnny Otis, are you?

LENNY

No.

CLARENCE

The leader of the Eddie Cochran Fan Club . . . in a sec.

Clarence puts on some music.

CLARENCE

Well, so far, so good.

INT. KB LI FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Mickey drinking water. Clancy gets up, holding the baggie of itching powder.

CONT.

CONT.

CLANCY

Too bad about Grandma Mohmmi.
Well, I'm gonna give Clarence this
itchin' powder.

Mickey stands.

MICKEY

No, you're not. You stay here
and watch the phone.

Mickey swipes the baggie from Clancy.

MICKEY

I don't trust you, and I don't
want you messin' with Clarence
while he's doing his show.

CLANCY

S'cuse me, pal. It's a free world,
and I can do what I wanna do.

Mickey presses close to Clancy.

MICKEY

Not if you're dead, you can't.

CLANCY

(gets the point)
I'll, uh, watch the phone.

INT. RADIO STATION -- DAY

Clarence and Lenny. MUSIC is still playing.

CLARENCE

Y'know, this has really been a
good interview.

LENNY

It has?

CLARENCE

Absolutely. I sound great.

Mickey sticks his head in the booth and sings the first part of
the theme song to the "PATTY DUKE SHOW." Clarence sings the
other part and they join in on the chorus.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

Mickey, this is the leader of the
Eddie Cochran Fan Club.

LENNY

Head of the California chapter.
Lenny Otis.

Mickey and Lenny shake hands.

MICKEY

You mean like Otis the drunk on
the Andy Griffith Show?

Lenny doesn't have an answer.

MICKEY

Clarence, I have something for you.

Mickey hands Clarence the baggie of itching powder, which
Clarence immediately assumes is a bag of cocaine. Clarence can't
believe Mickey's flashing it around in front of a stranger.

CLARENCE

Mickey!

MICKEY

Clancy got it for you. Look, I gotta
go back to the front office before
Clancy does something stupid.
(points at baggie)
We'll have fun with that later,
okay?

Clarence gestures "A-Okay" to Mickey. Mickey leaves.

Clarence looks at Lenny, who also assumes the bag's full of
cocaine.

CLARENCE

So, Lenny, you're cool, right?

LENNY

Yeah, I'm cool.

CLARENCE

Good.

Clarence pours out the bag on the counter, takes a razor blade
from his drawer, and starts cutting lines.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE
Want some toot-uncommon?

LENNY
I'll pass.

CLARENCE
Aaah, too cool, huh?

Clarence makes two big lines and snorts them in both nostrils just as the song ends.

CLARENCE
We're back with the leader of the
Eddie Cochran Fan Club, Lenny Otis.
Tell me, Lenny, what first got ya
into Eddie?

Lenny's kind of stunned. After all, this is the first time Clarence has really let him talk. He starts telling a story about how he first heard Eddie sing "Pink Legged Slacks."

As Lenny's talking, a weird look crosses Clarence's face. He jerks his head back. First, it's an irritation, then it grows to out and out pain.

CLARENCE
A Kleenix. Give me a Kleenix.

Lenny stops talking and gives Clarence a box of tissue. Clarence is blowing his nose as Lenny continues talking.

Clarence starts rubbing his nose, then picking his nose. It gets worse. He starts BANGING the counter with his fists.

CLARENCE
I AM IN HELL!

Clarence starts FLAILING around in the booth. He points to the phone.

CLARENCE
(to Lenny)
911 . . . 911 . . .

Meg happens to be walking by the booth, holding a pizza box. She sees what's happening to Clarence.

INT. KBLI FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Mickey's sitting behind the desk. Clancy's on the phone with some girl.

CLANCY

C'mon, Geradine, you know that you're the only one I love. Let me come over tonight. I mean it, I really am in love with you . . . by the way, is your roommate still outta town? Good. Anyway, I really love you . . .

Mickey quietly takes a stick of garlic gum out of the pack and gives it to Clancy.

CLANCY

(to Mickey)

Thanks.

(pops gum into his mouth)

Okay, okay, so I had a little fling with Dori . . . yeah, and Paula, too. But they didn't mean anything.

You're my one true ---

(the garlic gum gets to him)

FUCK!

(he spits out the gum)

Mickey laughs.

Meg runs in.

MEG

Mickey, there's something wrong with Clarence!

INT. RADIO STATION HALLWAY -- DAY

Mickey and Meg run down the hallway. Mr. Trumper steps out of a room.

TRUMPER

Mickey, come back here! Grandma Mohmmi just called me!

He runs after Mickey and Meg.

INT. RADIO STATION -- DAY

Clarence is on the floor -- kicking and screaming.

CLARENCE

I'll never do it again! Just make
it stop!

Lenny's speaking into the microphone.

LENNY

Ahh, somebody, I think we need
some help here.

Mickey and Meg rush in, followed by Mr. Trumper.

MICKY

What happened?

LENNY

(right by microphone)
Well, he snorted that cocaine
you gave him.

Mickey quickly covers the microphone with his hand.

Clarence crawls over to the water cooler and tries to pour water
into his nostrils.

Mickey looks down at Clarence, then up at Mr. Trumper.

Mr. Trumper glares at Mickey.

EXT. DARWIN APARTMENTS -- EVENING

Mickey parks his Mustang, and trudges to his apartment.

INT. MICKY'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Mickey comes in and is stopped short by a well-endowed woman,
PANDORA, standing in the middle of the room and holding a record
album. He can't believe it.

MICKY

Pandora?

PANDORA

Hi, Mickey.

CONT.

7
CONT.

MICKEY

What the hell are you -- Baby, I'm
sure glad to see you.

He walks over to her and gives her a big kiss. She's taken by
surprise, but goes along with it. As he talks, Mickey kisses her
lips, her hands, her fingers, etc.

MICKEY

How long has it been?

PANDORA

Since what?

MICKEY

Since the last time we've seen
each other.

PANDORA

(counts her fingers)

Let's see, January, February . . .

(holds up two fingers)

Two monthes.

MICKEY

(kisses both fingers)

It seems one helluva lot longer
than that. Oh, by the way, those
phone calls you were getting last
month . . . They'd ring, you'd answer,
then they'd hang up . . .

PANDORA

Uh-huh.

MICKEY

That was me. I just had to hear
the sound of your voice. What's
it been like for you?

PANDORA

Well, I've been ---

He kisses her.

MICKEY

I don't mean to cut you short, baby,
but I'm just so happy.

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

I've been going through hell without you. You know, baby, we fight over the stupidest things. But never again. Now I got you, Pandora, I'm never gonna let you go. That's a promise, baby.

Mickey lifts Pandora off the ground and kisses her. He sits down on the coffee table and places her on his lap. She doesn't resist at all. In fact, she seems to be enjoying it. She puts her arms around his neck.

PANDORA

Mickey, you're being so nice.

MICKEY

And this is the way I'm gonna be from now on. Forever, and ever, and ever. Feel my heart beat.

He puts her hand on his chest.

MICKEY

Fast, ain't it? Let me feel yours.

(he checks her pulse on
her wrist)

Just like mine. A mile a minute.

It must be love.

(kisses her wrist)

Honey, I want you to know, the last few times we talked on the phone . . .

PANDORA

Uh-huh.

MICKEY

I didn't mean any of that. You know that, don't you?

PANDORA

I thought you hated me.

MICKEY

I was bluffing. I wanted you to think I hated you. All I felt was "what do I do now?" I was angry at you. Listening to you was so damned frustrating. But I never stopped loving you.

CONT.

CONT.

PANDORA

I'm a little surprised. I've never seen you so sweet before.

MICKEY

This might turn out to be a good birthday after -- Whoa! Is that why you came back today? You remembered my birthday?

(hugs her tight)

I'm so in love with you. Tell me. I gotta know. What made you come back? I promise I won't interrupt.

He strokes her hair.

PANDORA

Well, yesterday, I was talking to Yolanda Waxman. Do you remember her?

MICKEY

Uh-huh.

PANDORA

Yeah, well, she was over at the house. And we were going through my records, and I was telling her about this sad Rod Stewart song. So, we're looking through my albums and I can't find it. Then I remember . . . it's not an album, it's a tape, and I left all my tapes here. So, I thought I'd come by and pick it up. I got it. See?

She shows him the tape.

MICKEY

That's why you came back?

PANDORA

Oh, and guess what? When I was goin' through my albums, I found one of your Elvis Prestley records. I knew you couldn't live without that, so I dropped it off.

Mickey's in a state of shock. After baring his soul, this is what he gets. Pandora stands up and looks around the room.

CONT.

CONT.

PANDORA

God! This place looks so empty
without my stuff. Maybe I should've
left you some of my plants.

The sound of a toilet FLUSHING from the bathroom.

MICKEY

What's that?

PANDORA

It's a toilet flushing.

The bathroom door opens and OLIVER, a handsome yuppie, steps out.

OLIVER

Whooah . . . Talk about dropping
a cheese bomb. I wouldn't go in
there in the next hour if I was you.

PANDORA

Oliver. Sweetheart. Come over
here.

Oliver walks over and holds hands with Pandora.

PANDORA

Oliver, darling, I want you to
meet one of my oldest friends,
Mickey. Mickey, this is one of
my newest friends, Oliver Brandon.

OLIVER

Hey, guy.

Oliver extends his hand. Mickey ignores him.

MICKEY

(to Pandora)

How did you get in here? You gave
me your key.

PANDORA

Oh, Ollie got us in.

OLIVER

You know, the old credit card in
the lock routine. Hope you don't
mind, guy. Had to get sugar here
her Rod Stewart.

CONT.

CONT.

Oliver looks at Mickey's Elvis album.

OLIVER

I see you like Elvis. That's nice.
I have an aunt who likes Elvis.

PANDORA

Oliver's a really great actor.

OLIVER

You should talk. You're pretty
great yourself.

PANDORA

I am not.

OLIVER

You are.

PANDORA

I'm not.

OLIVER

You are.

PANDORA

You're better.

OLIVER

I'm not.

PANDORA

You are.

OLIVER

Am not.

PANDORA

Are, too. Mickey, don't listen
to a word he says. He's really
glorious. Oh, I'm so stupid. I
didn't even tell you the most exciting
news. I got a part in a play.
It's the Torrance Community Theatre
production of "Godspell." That's
where I met Ollie.

(to Oliver)

Tell him what part you play.

CONT.

CONT.

OLIVER

Jesus.

(pause -- to Pandora)

Well, we gotta go or we'll be late.
We got that thing to go to.

PANDORA

What thing?

OLIVER

You know, that thing.

Pandora still isn't picking up on how uncomfortable Oliver is in Mickey's presence. She plays along anyway.

PANDORA

Oh . . . okay. Bye, Mickey. Call me up sometimes and we'll talk.

OLIVER

Later, guy.

They walk out, closing the door behind them. From outside, Mickey can hear:

OLIVER (O.S.)

Did you used to have a scene with that guy?

PANDORA (O.S.)

Just a little one.

Mickey just sits there, motionless.

A few beats pass, then Clarence BARGES through the door, holding a half full bottle of beer in his hand.

Mickey just sits there. As Clarence rants and raves, he takes hits off his beer.

CLARENCE

I can't fuckin' believe it! I can't fuckin' believe it! Trumper fires us! He fuckin' fires us! And for what? For what? Just because he thinks we have some illegal substance in his shitty booth. You know how many jocks are high when they're working? Huh? You know how many jocks are fuckin' wasted when they're on the air? Huh?

CONT.

CONT.

Mickey just sits there.

CLARENCE

I don't know either. But I can tell you this, it's a lot. I mean, if pea-brain Trumper knew how many jocks are shit-faced stoned when they're working, he'd shit in his pants! No! He'd shit all over the wall! That's what he'd do. He'd shit all over the wall! All over the booth! All over the station!

Clarence takes a big swig off the beer, finishing it. He goes inside Mickey's kitchen. We hear a refrigerator door open and close, and a bottle of beer get opened.

Mickey just sits there.

CLARENCE (O.S.)

(from kitchen)

I'll tell ya somethin' else, pal. We made that station. The original cool cat Clarence Pool and Midnight Mickey were K-Billy. We were the gurus of Rockabilly airwaves, I'll tell ya that.

Clarence walks back into the living room with his beer.

CLARENCE

It was because of our shows that we got enough sponserers to increase our power so that K-Billy is now heard in Lakewood, Compton, Inglewood, and parts of Bellflower, and not just Torrance. I'll tell ya that. We fuckin' did it. Not that prissy, prima donna prick Trumper.

(takes a big swig)

You know, Mick, we'll open up our own radio station. That's what we'll do. 'Cause when people hear that you and I got canned at K-Billy, they won't listen anymore. We're too big for K-Billy anyway. We have a fuckin' cult following. Trumper's gonna regret the day he ever fucked with Clarence Pool and Mickey Burnett!

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

I mean, I wasn't even snortin' cocaine. Whoever heard of anyone firing somebody for snortin' itchin' powder? We could probably sue the bastard. In fact, that's what we'll do. We'll fuckin' sue him, take the money we win, which will probably be a lot, and open up our own fuckin' station. Then we'll ---

For the first time, Clarence realizes Mickey's just sitting there staring at him.

CLARENCE

Hey, Mick, what's wrong?

MICKEY

Pandora was just here.

CLARENCE

Pandora?

MICKEY

Yeah, with some yuppie shit named Oliver. I think she just dumped me again.

Clarence doesn't know what to say.

MICKEY

Hell, Clarence. I get fired, I'm turning thirty, and my ex-girlfriend makes a quick pitstop to wipe her feet off on me one more time.

Clarence sits down next to Mickey.

CLARENCE

You know that girl I told you about? The one I've been seein' on the sly 'cause she's got an asshole boyfriend?

MICKEY

Yeah, uh, what's her name . . .

CLARENCE

Cecilia. You've never met her, and maybe you never will.

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

To be honest, I don't even know how long the relationship will exist. There's so many problems, and it's startin' to get to me. Especially the part about her bozo boyfriend. Now I could be mopin' about this. And I have to admit I was a little pissed there for a moment about us gettin' fired at K-Billy, but after a coupla beers, I'm startin' to feel better. Are you startin' to see the point?

MICKEY

No.

CLARENCE

The point is, life's cool. We're cool. Life goes on. We go on. Fuck everything else. We got nothing to be sad about when it's been all said and done. We got the future to celebrate.

Clarence makes a toasting gesture with the beer bottle.

CLARENCE

Tonight's the night, Mickey. My best friend's birthday.

MICKEY

My birthday's tomorrow.

CLARENCE

(ignores Mickey's comment)
What do you want to do? Have a party? Wait a minute, that's stupid. Of course, we're gonna party. You wanna get laid?

(slaps himself in the head)
Shit . . . wake up, brain. Of course you should get laid. It'd be great therapy for you. Besides, it's the big three . . . oh.

MICKEY

Clarence, I'm tired.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

Hate to disappoint my pal, but there just ain't no time to get tired. Big things are happenin' tonight. I know 'cause I'm psychic about stuff like that. You can't escape it. It's in the cards, and there's nothing you can do about it.

MICKEY

Clarence, you're the greatest and I love you.

Mickey stands up.

CLARENCE

Hey, I love you too, pal.

Mickey takes Clarence by his arm, stands him up, and leads him to the door.

MICKEY

But tonight I'm gonna just sit back, then take a shower, and then go to bed.

CLARENCE

Mickey, you're not listening to me.

Mickey nudges Clarence out the door.

MICKEY

I'll call you tomorrow. Sorry I'm so down tonight.

CLARENCE

Mickey . . .

Mickey closes the door. From outside:

CLARENCE (O.S.)

(outside the door)
You can't fight fate.

Mickey sits back down and sighs.

EXT. RONNY'S BAR -- NIGHT

A dive bar. Clarence parks his car, and goes inside.

INT. RONNY'S BAR -- NIGHT

Small and dumpy. RONNY, the pudgy bartender, stands next to a radio playing ELEVATOR MUSIC. Ronny hums to the schmaltzie music as he cleans glasses. Several CUSTOMERS are in the bar.

Clarence walks over to the bar counter and unplugs Ronny's radio.

RONNY

Aw, come on, Clarence. Why can't we listen to my kind of music? Give me one good reason.

CLARENCE

One good reason?

(laughs)

'Cause your music sucks, mine doesn't.

Clarence moves to the juke box, deposits several coins, and pushes the appropriate buttons. Rockabilly MUSIC starts playing. Clarence dances by himself next to the juke box. Suddenly, he notices MISTY KNIGHT, who's playing pool by herself. She's very sexy and wearing a revealing dress, which accentuates her shapely figure.

Clarence goes back to the bar counter. He sits down on a bar stool. As he talks with Ronny, he keeps glancing over at Misty.

CLARENCE

Listen up, Ronny. I'm sorta on a mission tonight.

RONNY

A mission?

CLARENCE

That's right. I'm gonna show Mickey a good time for his birthday.

A GUY walks up to the bar counter.

GUY

Another pitcher, Ronny.

Ronny starts pouring a pitcher.

CONT.

CONT.

RONNY

How is Micky? He's turning thirty, isn't he? How's he taking it?

CLARENCE

Not good. He's had a bad night.

Ronny gives Guy the pitcher. Guy pays him.

GUY

Turning thirty, huh? You talkin' about Mickey Burnett? Yeah, I hear he's real busted up over Pandora droppin' him.

CLARENCE

You know Mickey?

GUY

Never met him. But I know this guy who drives a cab here in Torrance. His cousin's been goin' out with Yolanda Waxman. She knows Pandora real well. Yeah, I hear Mickey's all screwed up inside. And now, he's turning thirty? Shit, man, I couldn't deal with all that in one night.

Guy goes back to his table. Ronny hands Clarence a beer.

RONNY

Word travels fast in Torrance.

CLARENCE

Yeah.

Clarence keeps eyeing Misty. He decides to make a move. He gets up, beer in hand, and approaches Misty.

As Misty leans over the pool table to make another shot, Clarence moves behind her. She pulls back on the cue stick, POKING Clarence in the eye.

CLARENCE

Aaahhh!

Misty turns around. Clarence has his hand over his eye.

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

Oohh . . . I'm sorry. Are you all right?

CLARENCE

No problem. I think the blindness is only temporary.

He rubs his eye.

MISTY

What're you doing?

CLARENCE

Peeling my eyeball off my brain.

MISTY

I'm really sorry.

CLARENCE

I'm okay now. I'm just fine. See?
(takes hand away from eye)
Looks almost like the other one.

Misty laughs.

CLARENCE

My name is Clarence Pool.

MISTY

I'm Misty Knight.

CLARENCE

Misty Knight . . . what a pretty name. Very passionate sounding.

MISTY

Are you the one who's playing Shakin' Stevens on the juke box?

CLARENCE

That's me. Yeah, I --- You know who Shakin' Stevens is?

MISTY

Oh, yes. He's my very favorite. Wait a second! Clarence Pool . . . not the Clarence Pool from KBLI?

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

The one and only.

MISTY

What a privilege to meet you. What are you doing here?

CLARENCE

I come here a lot. Actually, right now I'm doin' a little recruiting.

MISTY

Recruiting?

CLARENCE

For a party. See, there's this guy . . . my best friend. He's really cool, the coolest. Things have been a bit tough for him. His girl walked out on him, and he's turning thirty. His name is Mickey.

MISTY

Mickey . . . Mickey Burnett? You mean Midnight Mickey?

CLARENCE

Yeah, that's him.

MISTY

I love his show. So, what's the scoop? Are you recruiting me?

CLARENCE

Well, I don't want this to sound . . . you know . . . I mean I could bring my girl and if Mickey had a girl, we could all party.

MISTY

Oh, I get it. You want me to be Mickey's date for tonight. Right?

CLARENCE

Yeah, I was thinking that ---

MISTY

Great.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

It is? All right, all right. I mean, I'd only do this for a girl I liked 'cause Mickey's the best.

MISTY

Fine.

CLARENCE

It is? Fabulous. I'll have to give you Mickey's address.

Misty picks up a mammoth-sized purse from the floor. She pulls out a notebook and pen, and gives it to Clarence. Clarence writes the address down.

CLARENCE

Nice purse. Very roomy. Sorta like a luxury model of the purses. (takes a key out of his pocket -- gives it to her) That's his key. We're best friends. We have keys to each other's place. Anyway, maybe you could go there and kinda surprise him and ---

MISTY

Entertain him.

CLARENCE

Yeah, right. Entertain him. Then you could talk him into coming over to my place -- he knows where it is -- and we'll have a birthday party. You and him, and me and my girl.

MISTY

That sounds fun. Should we talk price now or later?

CLARENCE

Price? What price?

MISTY

My price.

CLARENCE

Your price?
(realizes she's a pro)
Oh . . . your price. Uh, well, how much?

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

Well, how much do you think?

CLARENCE

How much do you usually charge?

MISTY

How much do you usually pay?

CLARENCE

Uh, usually, uh, the going rate.

MISTY

I should explain that I'm not a hooker, I'm a call-girl. Call-girl's are much more classier.

CLARENCE

I know that. I knew that before I came over here. I wouldn't get just a hooker for Mickey.

MISTY

(flattered)

Really?

(does some figuring in her head)

Fifty dollars?

CLARENCE

I could go thirty.

MISTY

Forty. .

Clarence thinks it over. He discreetly takes out his wallet, peeking over his shoulder to see if Ronny's watching. Ronny's eyes are practically popping out of their sockets. He leans over the counter, peering at Clarence.

Clarence blocks Ronny's view, hands Misty the forty dollars. She smiles, and so does Clarence.

MISTY

I'll see you at your place . . .
with your best friend.

CLARENCE

It's gonna be a wild night.

CONT.

CONT.

As Misty leaves, Clarence sashays back to the bar counter. Ronny looks at Clarence.

CLARENCE
Something wrong, Ronny?

RONNY
Where'd she go?

CLARENCE
Mickey's.

RONNY
Why?

CLARENCE
'Cause I told her to. Is Bill
Smith's Video Bakery open tonight?

RONNY
Yep.

CLARENCE
Good. See ya.

Clarence leaves the bar.

Seconds later, CLIFFORD THE PIMP walks in. He's black, dressed in an outdated and unkempt suit, and totally monotone. This guy is definitely in the wrong profession. He surveys the bar, then walks over to Ronny.

CLIFFORD
Hey, dickhead, you see a girl with
a short dress, blond hair, nice
figure, shooting pool in here?

RONNY
Yeah.

CLIFFORD
Know where she went?

RONNY
Yeah.

CLIFFORD
Where?

CONT.

CONT.

RONNY

I can't tell you. When a customer comes into my bar, they know that they have total privacy. They can come and go where they want and completely trust me to keep my lips sealed. I would never betray one of my customers. No matter what.

Clifford GRABS Ronny by the shirt collar, pulling him half over the bar counter. Clifford sticks his fist up to Ronny's face.

CLIFFORD

How'd you like me to squash your fat face, num-nuts?

RONNY

She went to Darwin Apartments on Carpenter Street. Apartment 13.

Clifford releases Ronny, and storms out of the bar.

RONNY

(mutters to himself)
He better hope our paths never cross again.

INT. BILL SMITH'S VIDEO BAKERY -- NIGHT

This store is a combination bakery and video store. You can rent a tape with the pie, cake, or cookies you buy. Clarence stands by the counter, looking over all the pastry. BILL THE BAKER is waiting on him.

CLARENCE

Let me have a dozen of those doughnuts, a box of those cookies, that cream pie . . .

BILL

Clarence, hey, hold on. You wanna give Mickey sugar diabetes?

CLARENCE

It's his birthday. Let me have that cake.

BILL

Which cake?

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

Whatta ya mean, which one? The coolest one. That big white one there.

Bill pulls it out and sets it on the counter.

CLARENCE

You'll write on it for me, won't ya?

BILL

Yeah, sure. How's Mickey doin' anyway? I haven't seen him since Pandora cut out on him.

CLARENCE

You know about that?

BILL

All my customers are talkin' about it. And by the way, the last time Mickey was in here, you and him were arguin' with me, and I want to make my point clear. You didn't give me a chance last time. Now, I agree that when it came to singin' and makin' albums and performing, Elvis was king. But I'm sorry, as a actor, the guy was a lost cause.

CLARENCE

Elvis was a great actor. He just made some shitty movies.

BILL

Wait a minute. Elvis wasn't a great actor. Marlon Brando's a great actor. Michael Caine's a great actor. Gene Hackman's a great actor. You put Elvis up with those guys?

CLARENCE

Yes. Now just hear me out. When you say Elvis was shitty, you're probably talkin' about the Elvis who was in "Girls, Girls, Girls", "Harem Scarem", "Kissin' Cousins", or "Paradise, Hawaiian Style."

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

That's not what I'm talkin' about. Not to say he was bad in those. He was as good as a person can be in "Clambake." But what I'm talkin' about is the first movies he made like "Jailhouse Rock" -- which is one of Mickey's all time favorites -- "Lovin' You", "King Creole", "Flaming Star." He was so natural, so sexy, so Elvis. He couldda been so great. He had a wonderful natural quality about him. What fucked him up? "Blue Hawaii." That was the first of the quote "Elvis Presley movies." Elvis singin' a bunch of lame songs every minute. No story. Just a real dog shit movie all around. But the fuckin' thing was a hit. So asshole Tom Parker said, "Well, that's what the people want." So, any chance of Elvis growing as an actor, workin' with good directors and good scripts got shot to hell. Then they did "Kissin' Cousins" and they found out they could crank 'em out in thirteen days. So, that's why ya had a Elvis movie out every Christmas and every summer.

BILL

Yeah, I remember every Christmas and summer a new Elvis and Jerry Lewis movie would come out. And I'd keep goin' hoping they'd be good. But you know, his music was like that, too. There was never any doubt in my mind if he got himself some good material, and put out one good album, he'd be right back on top. As big as he ever was. I knew it, and so did everyone else who was cool. Just one good album was all it wouldda took. I had a picture of him on the wall. And I'd say, "Come on, Big E" -- that's what I called him -- "Come on, Big E, you can do it." It didn't matter he was in his late thirties. I mean, that's old --

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

Not for Elvis.

BILL

Right, not for Elvis. While the Beatles are comin' out with "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart Club Band" he comes out with the soundtrack for "It Happened At The World's Fair." Look, what do you want written on the cake?

Clarence pulls a paper out from his shirt pocket.

CLARENCE

I have it right here.

(reads)

"Friendship. Friendship will always be the love between Mickey and me. The joy of always know ---

BILL

Hold it. Time out, Greenbay. I can't put all that on.

CLARENCE

Why not?

BILL

I don't have that much room?

CLARENCE

How much room do you have?

BILL

I got about enough room for "Happy Birthday, Mickey."

CLARENCE

Aww, man. Everyone puts that on their cake.

BILL

Everyone named Mickey. Y'know, there's a reason, Clarence. It's short and sweet.

CLARENCE

You're right. We're not eating the lettering. Actually, we are eating the lettering, but just put down whatever.

CONT.

CONT.

Bill starts writing.

CLARENCE

You're not writing "whatever," are you?

BILL

No, I'm not writing "whatever."

Bill stops.

BILL

Look, just forget it. Take the cake the way it is.

CLARENCE

You're right. And I want the cookies, the doughnuts, the pie. Maybe some fudge.

BILL

Fuck it.

Bill starts walking to the back of the store.

BILL

I'm getting a box, Clarence. A big one. How the fuck do ya think you're gonna eat all that shit?

Bill goes into the back room. Clarence is still thinking.

CLARENCE

Maybe some chocolate eclairs, or some turnovers, or some apple fritters . . .

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Clifford's walking down a dimly lit Torrance street, mumbling to himself.

CLIFFORD

I'm a hand grenade with the pin pulled.

He stops to read a street sign. He pauses, deciding which direction he should take.

CONT.

CONT.

Clifford continues mumbling as he walks down another street.

CLIFFORD

I'm a fuming volcano of rage ready
to erupt.

EXT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Misty stops in front of Mickey's apartment and checks the room number with the address in her notebook.

MISTY

Whew. That was a long walk.

She unlocks the door, using the key Clarence gave her.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) -- NIGHT

Mickey's in the shower. Obviously still depressed, he's just standing still letting the water run down his body.

Suddenly, Misty opens the shower door.

MICKEY

Aaahhh!

MISTY

Hi, Micky. I'm Misty Knight, your
birthday surprise.

Mickey just stands there, mouth agape.

MISTY

(sings)

Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday dear Mickey.
Happy birthday to you.

Mickey still isn't moving.

MISTY

Now, I'll wait in the other room
and when you're done here, we can
start our party.

(pause)

I love your radio show.

CONT.

CONT.

Misty closes the shower door.

Mickey just stands there.

Misty opens the shower door.

MISTY

Oh . . . and keep it casual. What
you have on is fine.

Misty closes the shower door.

Mickey's just standing there.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Clarence stands next to a table dialing a phone. On the table is a big birthday cake, strawberry shortcake, a bowl of candy bars, doughnuts, fudge bars, cookies, a cream pie, and a bowl of punch.

Clarence gets a BUSY SIGNAL. He hangs up. He tries again. Another BUSY SIGNAL. He hangs up. He dials the operator. As he talks, he dumps an entire bottle of Vodka into the punch.

CLARENCE

Operator, I need to make an emergency
phone call.

INT. CECILIA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

CECILIA, a very attractive lady dressed in a police uniform, sits on her bed and talks with her analyst on the phone.

CECILIA

Dr. Reighold, I can't live like
this anymore. I have one on one
end, and one on the other. And it's
tearing me apart.

DR. REIGHOLD (V.O.)

Well, now, Cecilia. What are the
choices?

CECILIA

Well, Clarence is cool, at least
he tells me he is.

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

CECILIA

But Eddie is supposed to be my boy-friend. And he's my partner. We drive around in a squad car together. But I have to take a stand. I have to get out from the middle.

The OPERATOR interrupts.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I have an emergency call for Cecilia Long from Aldo Ray.

CECILIA

Aldo Ray?

DR. REIGHOLD (V.O.)

Cecilia, you never told me you knew Aldo Ray.

CECILIA

I don't know Aldo Ray. Doctor, let me call you back.

Cecilia hangs up. Almost immediately, the phone RINGS. WE SEE both sides of the conversation. As Clarence speaks, he munches on a candy bar and pours yet another bottle of Vodka into the punch.

Cecilia answers the phone.

CECILIA

Hello.

CLARENCE

Hello, baaabbbbyyy.

CECILIA

Clarence!

CLARENCE

Yeah. Who were you expecting?
Aldo Ray?

(he laughs)

Cecilia, I just called to see if you'd like to go to a party tonight. Actually, the party's here, and it's for my best friend Mickey -- I've told you about him -- but he doesn't know about the party 'cause it's gonna be a surprise.

CONT.

CONT.

CECILIA

Clarence, listen to me . . .

CLARENCE

And there'll be just the four of us. You, me, Mickey, and his girlfriend, who he hasn't met yet. Well, actually, by now he probably has, but it doesn't matter because she'll bring him here some time tonight.

CECILIA

Clarence, listen to me . . .

CLARENCE

I know what you're gonna say. Just wear any old thing as long as it's nice.

CECILIA

Clarence! I can't come over! In fact, I can't ever see you again!

CLARENCE

What? You know, this smacks of the work of that lunk-head boyfriend of yours again.

CECILIA

Yes, it's Eddie. He's been spying on me. He knows I've been seeing you. I can feel it.

CLARENCE

So what?

CECILIA

So, you don't know Eddie. He's really strong . . .

INSERT: EDDIE, wearing workout clothes, doing curls. He SCREAMS.

CECILIA

. . . and really mean . . .

INSERT: Eddie's bench pressing. He SCREAMS.

CECILIA

. . . and really jealous.

CONT.

CONT.

INSERT: Eddie, wearing his cop uniform, aims his .357 right at the camera. He SCREAMS.

CLARENCE

And I'm really pissed. I'm telling you, Cecilia, he doesn't know just who he's messing with here. And when I get pissed, watch out.

CECILIA

I'm sorry, Clarence. I just can't come over.

CLARENCE

Sure you can, baby. You can do it. You just need a little strength. The strength that a woman finds inside herself when the chips are down, when it's time to get tough, when it's time to take a stand. Know what I mean, baby?

Clarence hears a DIAL TONE. He hangs up.

INT. MICKEY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Misty's lying on top of a coffee table practicing sexy poses.

Suddenly, Clifford BURSTS in through the front door.

CLIFFORD

What do you think you're doin'?

MISTY

Clifford, I'm with a customer.

CLIFFORD

I get your customers.

MISTY

How can you get me customers? You can't even afford a car.

CLIFFORD

Why don't you stay by the phone like I told you?

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

Clifford, you're upsetting me.
Now, this is the last time I'm
telling you, I don't want you to
be my pimp anymore.

CLIFFFORD

So, you don't want me to be your
pimp no more?

Clifford moves at her, and starts strangling her. Misty
struggles and flails with her hands. She accidentally BOPS
Clifford in the nose.

CLIFFFORD

Ooww!

He holds his nose.

MISTY

Clifford, you shouldn't have started
choking me. Let me see you nose.
Come on. Let me see.

Clifford does.

MISTY

Oh, you're all right.

She starts laughing.

Clifford really gets pissed. He grabs her again. They struggle.

CLIFFFORD

I came all the way down here on
the bus and this is what I get?

Clifford THROWS Misty on the floor.

MISTY

Owch!

CLIFFFORD

What'd I tell you? Shouldn't be
messin' with the kid.

Mickey steps out of the bathroom. He thinks Misty's alone.

MICKEY

You know, maybe you're right. I've
been down so long I need to party
and ---

CONT.

CONT.

Mickey stops when he sees Clifford standing over Misty.

MICKEY
(to Clifford)
Get outta my apartment!

Clifford points at Mickey.

CLIFFORD
You! Your ass is grass, and I'm
the lawn mower!

Clifford pulls out a pair of nunchakus from inside his suit jacket. He starts twirling them.

Misty gathers her stuff, and runs out the door.

Clifford CHARGES Mickey, twirling the nunchakus.

Mickey freaks. Just before Clifford's on him, he ducks back inside the bathroom.

THE BATHROOM

Mickey shuts the door. From inside the bathroom he hears a THUNK as Clifford runs into the door.

CLIFFORD (O.S.)
(outside door)
Ooohhh!

Mickey hears another THUNK as Clifford hits the floor.

THE LIVING ROOM

Mickey steps out of the bathroom and finds Clifford lying on his back on the floor. He's dropped the nunchakus.

Mickey picks Clifford up and starts to drag him toward the front door.

Suddenly, Clifford breaks free. He does a "karate SCREAM" and moves into the ridiculous preying mantis stance from "Karate Kid."

Mickey snorts, and SMASHES Clifford with a flurry of karate KICKS.

CONT.

CONT.

Clifford SLAMS into the wall.

Mickey BATTERS him with more karate kicks. One kick KNOCKS Clifford into the kitchen.

From the living room, Mickey hears the CLATTER and CLANGING of Clifford falling into kitchen utensils.

Suddenly, Clifford bolts out of the kitchen twirling a floor mop as if it were a fighting staff.

CLIFFORD

Nnnnyyaaahhh!

Mickey BLOCKS Clifford's first few flails. He catches the mop in both hands.

Clifford thrusts the mop forward, SMACKING Mickey right in the face, and KNOCKING him down.

Clifford stands above the fallen Mickey, twirling the mop.

Lying on his back, Mickey KICKS Clifford in the groin.

Clifford backs up a few steps and folds, dropping the mop.

Mickey springs to his feet. He touches his nose with his fingers and realizes it's bleeding. Now he's really pissed.

Mickey grabs Clifford, raising him up.

MICKEY

Lights out, prick.

Mickey hauls off and SMASHES Clifford in the face with a sweeping haymaker of a punch.

Clifford backpedals off camera.

Mickey spins around and around, and finally falls on his butt from the force of his punch.

Mickey scrambles to his feet, looking around his apartment. Where did Clifford go?

Mickey looks out his front door, which is still open. Directly beneath Mickey's second floor balcony is a large trash can. Clifford's feet are dangling out of it.

EXT. DARWIN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Mickey runs down the steps, slipping on a leather jacket over a T-shirt and jeans. He stops by the trash can, and looks at Clifford's legs dangling out of it.

Not wanting any part of Clifford, Mickey just keeps running.

EXT. STREET BY DARWIN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Mickey runs to his Mustang. He gets inside and tries to start it. It won't start.

MICKEY

Don't do this to me.

He tries again. It still won't start.

A CUTE GIRL, 10 years old, zips by on roller skates. Suddenly, she stops, and skates back to Mickey's Mustang. She raps on his window.

Mickey nods at her, and tries to start the car. It won't start. She raps on the window again. Mickey rolls the window down.

MICKEY

What?

CUTE GIRL

You're Midnight Mickey, aren't you?
I've seen your picture in the Entertainment section of the Torrance Tribune.

MICKEY

Right, I'm me. Look, I don't want to be rude, but I'm in a real hurry.

CUTE GIRL

Too bad about Pandora.

MICKEY

Yeah, well, I gotta go and --- How do you know about Pandora?

CUTE GIRL

I read it in Beatrice Buford's gossip column in the Torrance Tribune.

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

What the hell's she writing that for? I thought Beatrice liked all the jocks at K-Billy.

CUTE GIRL

Well, that's the price of being a celebrity, I guess.

Mickey tries to start his car. It won't start. The Cute Girl just stands there, staring at him.

MICKEY

Look, honey, you're very nice and very pretty, and I've enjoyed our conversation, but I'm kinda busy right now. Maybe we could talk again at another time.

CUTE GIRL

Wow! Pervert-city! Wait 'till I tell everyone that an older man like you came on to me.

MICKEY

What're you talkin' about? I didn't come on to you.

CUTE GIRL

You called me honey and pretty, and you said you wanted to meet with me later!

MICKEY

I didn't say that. I said ---

She skates away. Her voice trails off: .

CUTE GIRL

Wow! Midnight Mickey's a sickie!

Mickey just groans and tries to start his car.

EXT. A STREET -- NIGHT

Clarence drives his car down a street. He sees Misty walking on the sidewalk. Clarence parks by the curb, and gets out of his car.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE
Misty! Over here!

Misty sees Clarence. She runs over to him.

CLARENCE
That was quick.

MISTY
Too quick. We never got started.

CLARENCE
Too quick . . . it was? Mickey?
I thought he'd savor someone like
you.

Misty doesn't hear him. She's already inside his car.

INT. CLARENCE'S CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Clarence gets inside the car with Misty.

MISTY
Clarence, could we just leave?

CLARENCE
The experience was that bad?

MISTY
It was terrible. What a mess. I don't
want to talk about it.

Clarence starts the car, and drives.

CLARENCE
I'm sorry he's not Johnny Weismuller.

MISTY
I didn't have time to find out.

Clarence reacts to this.

MISTY
Please, let's just drop it. What
are you doing here?

CLARENCE
Well . . . my baby left me.

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

Oh, that's sad. Why did she leave you?

CLARENCE

She has a boyfriend.

MISTY

What a stupid reason to leave somebody.

CLARENCE

I was thinkin' about talkin' to Mickey about it . . . after you two were done, I mean.

MISTY

You can talk to me, if you like.

CLARENCE

That's really nice, Misty. I don't know. Tell ya the truth, I don't really feel like talkin' about it.

Misty takes the forty dollars out of her purse, and hands it to Clarence.

MISTY

I didn't really earn this.

CLARENCE

Sure ya did. I couldn't take it back now.

Misty tries to give him the money again.

CLARENCE

Really . . . I don't want it.

Misty reluctantly puts the money back inside her purse.

MISTY

What're you doing right now?

CLARENCE

Just drivin'.

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

Seeing how your date fell through
and things didn't work out for
me, why don't we have that party
anyway? Just you and me?

CLARENCE

You and me? Really?

MISTY

Really.

EXT. BUSINESS BUILDING -- NIGHT

An aging building with business offices inside. A YOUNG MAN stands by the building strumming his guitar and singing folk songs. He has a hat on the sidewalk for people to donate spare change.

A 4wd Bronco SCREECHES to a halt by the curb. "Torrance Police Department" insignias on the doors. Eddie gets out of the Bronco and looks at the building. He starts for the door, then stops by the Young Man, who's still singing.

EDDIE

Get a job.

Eddie goes inside the building.

INT. ARNO POSNER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

A dumpy office. ARNO POSNER, a dumpy private investigator, sits behind his dumpy desk, drinking a can of beer. A nameplate on his desk: "Arno Posner, P.I."

Eddie bursts into the office.

EDDIE

Okay, Posner, let's see the pictures.

POSNER

Eddie, I wasn't expecting you.

EDDIE

So what? Let's see the fuckin'
pictures.

CONT.

CONT.

Posner pulls a wad of snapshots out from a desk drawer.

POSNER

Okay, Eddie, but you're not gonna like it.

He hands the pictures to Eddie. Eddie looks at them, getting angrier with each one.

POSNER

I took 'em outside of the Dew Drop Motel.

EDDIE

Dew Drop Motel . . . I hate that place!

Eddie POUNDS his fist on Posner's desk. Papers go flying. Eddie looks at another picture.

EDDIE

Look at this . . . they're snugglin'.

Eddie KICKS a trash can against the wall.

POSNER

Hey, take it easy.

Eddie looks at another picture.

EDDIE

They're kissin'!

Eddie PUNCHES a file cabinet, knocking over a lamp which was on top of it.

Eddie looks at another picture.

EDDIE

They're kissin' and snugglin'!

(to Posner)

How could you stand watchin' such filth?

POSNER

Just a job, pal.

Eddie throws the pictures in Posner's face, and grabs him. He starts SHAKING Posner by his shirt collar.

CONT.

CONT.

EDDIE

How can you call doin' this shit
just a job?

Posner's scared to death.. He's ready say anything to stop Eddie
from hurting him.

POSNER

It was awful! It was terrible!
I've never been so humiliated!

Eddie stops shaking Posner, and releases him.

EDDIE

Who's the asshole with her?

POSNER

His name's Clarence Pool. Some
jock for KBLI. I got a phone number
on him outta the book.

Posner hands Eddie a piece of paper with Clarence's phone number.

EDDIE

His address?

POSNER

I ain't got that yet. He uses a
post office box. But I know he
hangs out at that dive Ronny's
Bar.

Eddie's about to leave.

POSNER

Hey, Eddie, one thing . . . I think
your chick was wise to me followin'
her.

EDDIE

Wise? There's nothin' wise about
someone fuckin' with me.

Eddie leaves -- much to Posner's relief.

EXT. BUSINESS BUILDING -- NIGHT

Eddie walks out of the building, and steps inside a phone booth.

CONT.

CONT.

Eddie looks at the paper with Clarence's number. He digs through his pockets for some change. He doesn't have any.

EDDIE

Shit.

Eddie looks at the Young Man, and gets an idea.

Eddie steps out of the phone booth and marches over to the Young Man. He tips over the Young Man's hat, and loose change scatters across the pavement.

YOUNG MAN

Hey!

Eddie helps himself to some change. He looks at the Young Man, then grabs his guitar. Eddie SMASHES the guitar against the side of the building.

The Young Man panics, and runs for it.

EDDIE

Welfare wimp.

Eddie returns to the phone booth, and deposits several coins into the phone.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT on Clarence's phone machine. The phone RINGS. The answering machine kicks in. Rockabilly MUSIC starts playing.

CLARENCE (V.O.)

Hello, baaaby. You've reached the ring-a-ding of the original hillbilly cat, Clarence Pool. And I'm gone, all gone. So, all you hep cats and kittens leave your name and number at the sound of the guitar lick. As soon as I'm done with my fresh fish special, I'll try not to drag my axle in waltz time, and get back to you. Bye.

The phone machine BEEPS.

CONT.

CONT.

EDDIE (V.O.)

You asshole! This is Eddie. I hope you know who I am. I hope that name means somethin' to you. I'm the man who's gonna drop-kick you to hell! Cecilia's my woman. She's my property, and you been messin' with her. Look, garbage can, when I find you and when I lay my hands on you, I'm gonna punch a hole through your rockabilly face! Then I'm gonna body-slam your rockabilly carcass to the ground! Then tie your rockabilly ass to the back of my car, and drag you down the middle of the street. I just wanted you to know that. I'M ON MY WAY!

RACK FOCUS to the doorway. Clarence and Misty enter, arm-in-arm.

CLARENCE

Yeah, it'd be perfect for me and Mickey now that we're not workin' at K-Billy. There'd be a whole chain of 'em. It'll be called, "Rockabilly Burger." Fifties music playin' all the time, pictures of Elvis everywhere. We'll have the Be Bopalula Burger and the Breathless Burito. One bite leaves you, "Ooohhh Breathless!"

(pause)

My room's just down the hall.

(sings)

Rock, rock, rockabilly burger!

EXT. STREET BY DARWIN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

The hood is up on the Mustang. Mickey's working on the engine, using a flashlight to help him see.

MICKEY

There, dammit, that should do it.

Mickey slams the hood shut.

BIG GUY (O.S.)

Hey, barf-bag!

CONT.

CONT.

Mickey turns, and sees a BIG GUY waddling toward him. The Cute Girl follows the Big Guy.

BIG GUY

What're you tryin' to do to my daughter, puke-face?

Mickey jumps inside the Mustang.

MICKEY

I can't believe this shit.

He starts the Mustang. The Mustang BURNS RUBBER and speeds away with the Big Guy and the Cute Girl running after it.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) -- NIGHT

The bedroom is rife with Elvis and movie posters. Clarence and Misty are on the floor next to the bed. Clarence's hands have been tied to a comic book stand. Clarence wears a robe, and Misty's wearing just her blouse, which stops above her knees.

CLARENCE

So, how long have you been a call girl?

MISTY

Not very long. In fact, this is my first time. I haven't even been living here that long.

CLARENCE

Oh, I see.

MISTY

I'm not finished.

CLARENCE

Oh, I'm sorry.

MISTY

See, for the past three years I worked at K-Mart in Cleveland.

CLARENCE

Really? What department?

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

Records and tapes.

CLARENCE

You lucky dog. I worked at K-Mart, too.

MISTY

Really?

CLARENCE

Yeah, out here. I always tried to get into records and tapes, but they stuck me in women's shoes.

MISTY

No kidding? I always felt sorry for those guys in women's shoes. Some of those ladies that would come in would make you try on fifty pairs of shoes before they made up their mind.

CLARENCE

Yeah, but I had a foot fetish, so it evened itself out. I remember my shining moment of glory at K-Mart. I'm telling this customer what size shoe she wears, then all of a sudden this big fat rat falls out of the air duct, right in her lap.

MISTY

Oh, my God . . . I would've freaked.

CLARENCE

She starts screaming. The rat takes off like a shot. Wham! I go after him. I chased him all around the store for ten minutes. I finally beat him to death with a broom stick in hosiery.

MISTY

(laughs)

That's so classic! While I enjoyed records and tapes, I still felt unfulfilled. You know what I mean?

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

I hear ya talkin'.

MISTY

So, one night I go out on a date with this guy from auto accessories and we saw a film thta was to change my life.

CLARENCE

What?

MISTY

"Dressed to Kill."

CLARENCE

Wonderful movie. Excellent movie.

MISTY

You liked it, too?

CLARENCE

Liked it? I loved it. That Brian De Palma's a real mean motor scooter.

MISTY

I love his movies.

CLARENCE

He's right up there in my cool book. The man ain't shabby.

MISTY

Well, you remember Nancy Allen in it?

CLARENCE

Remember her? How could I forget her?

MISTY

Wasn't she a knock out in that?

CLARENCE

You know, I think they should pass a law that says Nancy Allen has to have sex with me anytime I want.

MISTY

Remember what she was in that movie?

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

She was a call girl . . . and she was so cool and so together, I said to myself, "Louise, that's the job for you."

CLARENCE

Louise?

MISTY

I mean Misty. "Misty, that's the job for you." So, I came out here to make my mark. So far I've been an absolute failure.

CLARENCE

What have you failed at?

MISTY

Well, my pimp, Clifford -- he's a lousy pimp. A helluva nice guy, but a lousy pimp. I just had to face the fact he wasn't doing anything to further my career. So, I fired him and tonight, my first time at bat with a paying customer . . . and everything explodes.

CLARENCE

That's hardly your fault.

MISTY

How am I ever going to start a referral system? When people pay for a good-time girl, they want a good time. Not get involved in a miasma. That's why I was so upset.

CLARENCE

Are you still upset?

MISTY

(coyly)

No.

CLARENCE

(coyly)

Why?

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY
(coyly right back)
None of your business.

They kiss.

CLARENCE
You're sweet, you're nice, you have
great taste in music. You know,
the first time I saw you dancin'
to that music, I thought to myself,
"That's my kindda woman."

MISTY
Well, why didn't you do anything
about it?

CLARENCE
I did.

MISTY
Yeah, you set me up with your friend.
(pause)
Why didn't you do anything about
it for you?

CLARENCE
I don't know. I guess I'm just
stupid.

MISTY
You're not stupid. Just wrong.

They kiss.

INT. RONNY'S BAR -- NIGHT

Ronny's making himself a sandwich and listening to ELEVATOR MUSIC
on his radio. Somebody speaks to him. He doesn't look up, being
totally immersed in making his sandwich.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Are you Ronny?

RONNY
(not looking up)
Who's asking?

The radio is suddenly turned off.

CONT.

CONT.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I'm asking. Who else is talking to you?

Ronny looks up and sees Cecilia, dressed in her cop uniform.

RONNY

Okay, okay. I'm Ronny.

CECILIA

Where's Clarence?

RONNY

Who?

CECILIA

Clarence Pool. Where is he?

RONNY

I don't know any Clarence Pool.

Cecilia whips out her nightstick, and waves it menacingly in front of Ronny's face.

CECILIA

I've had it with the games, dough-boy-face. I know Clarence comes here a lot, and I know he knows Ronny -- that's you. Where is he?

RONNY

Is it an emergency, officer?

Cecilia sets the nightstick gently on top of Ronny's shoulder.

CECILIA

The emergency will be right here if you don't talk, nerf-nose.

RONNY

He's at his apartment.

CECILIA

I called there, fat-head. I got his phone machine.

RONNY

Maybe he's not answering his phone. He does that sometimes.

CONT.

CONT.

Cecilia turns, and leaves the bar.

Ronny waits until she's gone, then mutters to himself.

RONNY

Lucky for her she's a woman. Otherwise, there's no telling what I would've done.

EXT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A disgruntled Mickey wipes some blood from his nose with a handkerchief, then takes a key out of his jacket pocket and opens the door.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Mickey looks around. He tries the bedroom.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) -- NIGHT

Mickey walks in on Clarence and Misty.

MICKEY

Clarence, I just -- Whooaa . . .

MISTY

(to Clarence)

What's he doing here?

CLARENCE

(to Mickey)

What're you doin' here?

MICKEY

What am I doing here? What's she doing here?

MISTY

(points at Clarence)

I'm with him.

MICKEY

(to Clarence)

She's with you?

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

She's with me.

MICKEY

She was with me.

CLARENCE

(to Misty)

That's true.

MISTY

I left.

MICKEY

I know.

CLARENCE

(to Misty)

He knows.

MICKEY

Look, Clarence, who gives a shit?
Can I please talk to you . . . alone?

MISTY

(to Clarence)

I think you should talk to him.

CLARENCE

We better talk, Mickey. See ya
in the living room.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Mickey walks into the living room. Seconds later, Clarence joins him. Clarence pats Mickey on the back and they sit down to talk.

MICKEY

You don't know what just happened
to me ---

CLARENCE

Yes, I do.

MICKEY

You do?

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

Misty told me, and it's nothing to get upset about. It happens to everybody..

MICKEY

You gotta be kidding.

CLARENCE

It's happened to me.

MICKEY

No shit? How come you never told me about it?

CLARENCE

Well, come on, it's not the type of thing a guy goes talkin' about.

MICKEY

Why not? We're best friends. I was gonna tell you.

CLARENCE

Okay, you're right. I'll tell you about it sometime. Right now I ---
(looks at Mickey's nose)
Did you get into a fight?

MICKEY

Hell yes! I thought you said Misty told you what happened. Hell, if you think that's something, let me tell you, pal -- after the fight I had some asshole chasin' after me accusin' me of molesting his ten year old daughter. Great night.

CLARENCE

Damn, man, you gotta loosen up.

Clarence gets up. He gestures for Mickey to do the same.

CLARENCE

Come here.

Mickey follows Clarence to the food table.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

Look at that, Mick. We got fudge, shortcake, cream pie, Vodka punch, even a big birthday cake. All for you. I say we forget all the shit that's happened to you tonight and have a birthday party.

MICKEY

I'm not in the mood.

CLARENCE

Not in the mood? Hey! It's me! Clarence! Remember? When have I ever steered you wrong? Look, Mickey, tell me this -- can you think of anyone, anyone at all, cooler than me?

Mickey thinks about it.

MICKEY

Billy Joe Ewald at Video Archives?

CLARENCE

He doesn't like Sonny Chiba's karate films.

MICKEY

Oh, that's right. I forgot.

(thinking)

What about Tommy Mero?

CLARENCE

He doesn't like the vanilla cokes at Cafe Fifties.

MICKEY

He doesn't? What a asshole.

CLARENCE

Tell me about it. I wrote him right out of my cool book.

MICKEY

I gotta admit you're the coolest, Clarence.

CLARENCE

Case closed. Anybody who works as hard as I do at being cool isn't gonna lead you wrong.

(MORE)

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

You gotta face life like a man on the prowl, always on the hunt for a good time. Or life passes you by.

Mickey doesn't know what to say.

CLARENCE

Before you say anything there's a little somethin' else.

Clarence reaches behind the birthday cake, and picks up something wrapped up as a birthday present. He gives it to Mickey.

CLARENCE

Happy birthday, Mickey.

MICKEY

Thanks . . . uh . . .

CLARENCE

Open it.

Mickey eagerly tears off the wrapping. It's a VHS tape of Howard Hawks's "Rio Bravo." Mickey's really taken by this.

MICKEY

Clarence . . . "Rio Bravo."

CLARENCE

Picked it up when I got the cake and stuff. I know how much you like Howard Hawks. Cast ain't shabby, either.

MICKEY

Shit, Clarence. "Rio Bravo" . . . birthday cake . . .

Clarence and Mickey laugh, then embrace.

CLARENCE

What you need is a hot steaming shower so you can relax. I'll finish up in there, and maybe Misty can invite a friend over, and we'll have our party.

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

Okay, okay . . . cool.

CLARENCE

Now you're talkin'. It's gonna be
a wild night.

EXT. DARWIN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Clifford's still upside down in the trash can. He fidgets, but can't free himself. He's stuck.

KLONDIKE, a janitor, walks over to the garbage can with a broom and a bag of trash.

KLONDIKE

Hey, man, you're gonna have to
move for a second.

CLIFFORD

I'm stuck in here.

KLONDIKE

You are?

Klondike sets his broom and bag down. He grabs Clifford's legs and pulls up. Clifford raises a bit, then slides back down with a THUNK, hitting his head on the bottom of the trash can.

CLIFFORD

Ooowww!

KLONDIKE

What's wrong?

CLIFFORD

Just get me outta here, dick-head!

KLONDIKE

I got an idea.

Klondike pushes the trash can over. It CLUNKS to the ground.

CLIFFORD

Aaahhh!

Klondike starts SHAKING the can until Clifford can wiggle himself free. Clifford slowly stands up, then brushes himself off.

CONT.

CONT.

KLONDIKE

Here.

Klondike hands Clifford a small whisk broom which hangs from his belt. Clifford uses it to brush himself off.

CLIFFORD

Thanks.

He gives the whisk broom back to Klondike.

KLONDIKE

Quite a suit you're wearin'.

CLIFFORD

I'm a pimp. I have to dress fancy.
PR and all that.

(pause)

Well, I'm gonna go bust up my bitch.
Thanks for your help.

KLONDIKE

Well, I always say helpin' people
is what life's all about.

Clifford's about to leave. He pauses, then puts Klondike's trash bag in the garbage can.

KLONDIKE

Thanks, man.

CLIFFORD

No problem. See ya.

KLONDIKE

Have a nice night.

Clifford takes off. Klondike starts sweeping.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Cecilia enter the apartment with a key in her hand. She looks around, then walks down the hallway. She hears the shower running in the bathroom.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) -- NIGHT

Cecilia walks in the bathroom, thinking it's Clarence in the shower.

CONT.

CONT.

She starts unbuttoning her police uniform.

CECILIA

I'm not being pushed around anymore.
I'm leaving Eddie. He doesn't own
me. From now on, I'm making my
own decisions.

Cecilia pulls open the shower door, and finds Mickey, who covers himself.

CECILIA

Nnyyaa! Who are you?
(thinks for a moment)
Oh, my God! You and Clarence aren't
. . . aren't . . .

MICKEY

Aren't what?

CECILIA

You and Clarence don't go to gay
bars together, do you?

MICKEY

No, we don't go to gay bars.

CECILIA

Where's Clarence?

MICKEY

Obviously, not in here!

Mickey SLAMS the shower door shut.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (HALLWAY) -- NIGHT

Cecilia wanders out of the bathroom. She sees Clarence's bedroom door is closed.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) -- NIGHT

Cecilia opens the door and finds a blanket over two chairs, like a pup tent. GIGGLING comes from beneath the blanket. Clarence hears the door opening.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

(thinking it's Mickey)
Look, I love you, but you're gonna
have to wait 'till I'm done here,
and I'll find someone for you.
Okay? So, be cool for now.

Shocked, Cecilia backs out of the room, closing the door.

Inside the tent, Clarence and Misty look at a book.

CLARENCE

There's nothing here on fellatio,
but the Guinness Book of World Records
for kissing is 3 hours, 20 minutes.

MISTY

Okay, we can do that.

CLARENCE

Let's start now.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Cecilia's gulping down cup after cup of Vodka punch. She's
getting loaded. Mickey, fully dressed, walks over to her.

MICKEY

I'm sorry I yelled at you in the
bathroom. It's been a bad night.

(pause)

Are you a friend of Clarence's . . .
or Misty's?

Cecilia doesn't answer. She keeps on drinking.

MICKEY

(regards her cop uniform)

I thought maybe that was your costume.

(pause)

Are you in the right apartment?

She keeps drinking.

MICKEY

You know, there's Vodka in that punch.

Cecilia stammers, having difficulty finding the right words.

CONT.

CONT.

CECILIA

Oohh . . . I know there's, uh, punch
in the Vodka . . . and I can hold
my . . . punch . . . all right . . .

MICKEY

Why are you drinking like that?

CECILIA

Who's drinkin . . . I mean, how'd
you like to be . . . just slapped
. . . in the face . . .

MICKEY

I wouldn't like it.

CECILIA

I don't mean . . . by mean . . .
I mean, by me, you dim-wit.

MICKEY

What do you mean?

CECILIA

I mean, I'm not pushing anyone . . .
I mean, I'm not being pushed around
by anyone anymore . . .

MICKEY

Well, good for you. Gotta stand
on your own two feet. That's for
sure.

CECILIA

I'm bein' aggress -- aggress --

MICKEY

Aggressive.

CECILIA

Right! When I . . . see something
I want . . . I'm gonna . . . grab it.

MICKEY

Absolutely. Woman on the prowl,
on the hunt for a good time.

CECILIA

A good time . . . like right now!

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

You got it.

CECILIA

And right now . . . I want what I
see . . . right now!

MICKEY

Right now? What do you --

CECILIA

And I'm gonna get it!

Cecilia attacks Mickey, smothering him with kisses.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Clifford walks down a city street, mumbling to himself.

CLIFFORD

I'm a fiery furnace of hatred . . .
A howling storm of revenge.

INT. RONNY'S BAR -- NIGHT

Eddie bursts into the bar and SLAMS his fist on the bar counter,
scowling at Ronny.

EDDIE

You! Where is she?

RONNY

Who?

EDDIE

The girl with the asshole.

RONNY

There's girls without assholes?

Eddie reaches across the counter and grabs Ronny by his face.

EDDIE

Listen up, butt-breath. My girl
meets some Rockabilly asshole named
Clarence Pool twice a week. I know
the asshole comes here a lot, and
I'm sure she's with him. Now,
where is she?

CONT.

CONT.

RONNY

At the asshole's apartment.

EDDIE

Where's the asshole live?

RONNY

Asshole lives at East Wood Apartments on Callahan Drive.

Eddie releases Ronny, turns, and starts walking toward the door. He stops, and goes back to the bar counter. He grabs Ronny by his face again.

EDDIE

Apartments have numbers.

RONNY

Apartment 44.

Eddie releases Ronny, then leaves. Once Eddie's gone:

RONNY

And stay out.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

In the living room, Mickey and Cecilia are underneath a throw rug, kissing and groping at each other's clothes.

At the same time, Clarence, wearing his robe, and Misty, wearing her long blouse, walk out of the bedroom, cuddling with each other.

CLARENCE

I feel like Fred did when he met Ginger.

MISTY

Really?

CLARENCE

Misty, I never lie about Fred and Ginger.

Misty's really touched. She kisses Clarence.

CLARENCE

Now let's party.

(loudly)

Mickey, I have a poem!

CONT.

CONT.

Clarence reads from a sheet of paper. He and Misty move into the living room, catching Mickey and Cecilia off guard. As he reads, they scramble for their clothes. Misty sees this, and tugs at Clarence's arm. He ignores it.

CLARENCE

(reads)

"Friendship" by Clarence Pool.
Friendship will always be
the love between Mickey and me.
The joy of always knowing
that our affections are showing.
And to show that we care,
we lay our souls bare
to the love we both share.

(he looks up)

Happy birthday, Mick ---

Clarence sees Mickey and Cecilia partially undressed.

CLARENCE

What's this? What the hell's
this? Mickey, how could you?

MICKEY

Could I what?

CLARENCE

With her?

MICKEY

Who's she?

MISTY

(to Clarence)

Who is she?

CLARENCE

She's . . . she's . . .

MICKEY

(to Cecilia)

Who are you?

CLARENCE

My girlfriend.

CECILIA

No, I'm not!

CONT.

CONT.

73

MISTY
(to Clarence)
Your girlfriend?

MICKEY
(to Cecilia)
You are?

CLARENCE
She is!

CECILIA
No, I'm not!

MISTY
You bitch!

CECILIA
(to Misty)
Who are you?

CLARENCE
Cecilia, how could you? And with
my best friend . . .

MISTY
(to Clarence)
Your best friend?
(to Cecilia)
You tramp!

MICKEY
I'm sorry, Clarence. I didn't
know she was your girlfriend.

CECILIA
I'M NOT!

CLARENCE
It's all right, Mickey. I know
you didn't.
(points at Cecilia)
It's all her fault. How could you
in my living room on my carpeting
underneath my throw rug like a ---

CECILIA
Like a what?
(points at Misty)
Like a whore?

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

I'm not a whore! I'm a call-girl.

MICKEY

What the hell's goin' on here?

CLARENCE

Yeah, Cecilia, what the hell's goin' on here?

CECILIA

What's going on, Clarence? Why, we're having a party. We're having fun.

Cecilia marches over to the birthday table. Clarence follows her.

CECILIA

Let's have some more fun!

Cecilia picks up a can of whipped cream, and SPRAYS it all over Clarence's face.

MISTY

You bitch!

Misty runs over. She and Cecilia start fighting, while Clarence wipes his face with a napkin.

Mickey intervenes, pulling the two women apart.

MICKEY

Knock it off! Both of you! Just grow up and quit acting like brats!

That doesn't go over well. Misty KICKS Mickey in the shin.

MICKEY

Ooowww!

Cecilia picks up the cream pie and SMASHES it into Mickey's face. He stumbles and falls on his butt by the table.

Mickey grasps hold of the table and starts to slowly rise. At the same time, Clarence tries to break up the fight.

CLARENCE

Girls, don't fight over me.

Misty and Cecilia PUSH Clarence away. He stumbles, FALLING on top of Mickey, who PLUNGES face-first into the birthday cake.

CONT.

CONT.

Misty and Cecilia continue fighting. They fall on the floor and roll around.

Clarence and Mickey both stand up. Mickey's covered with cream pie and birthday cake. Clarence hands him a napkin.

CLARENCE

Hey, Mick, you're not pissed at me, are you?

Mickey calmly takes the can of whipped cream off the table and pours it all over Clarence. Mickey sets the can back down on the table, steps over the battling girls, and ambles toward the bathroom.

CLARENCE

There for a minute I thought he was pissed.

Clarence steps over the girls, and heads for the bathroom.

Misty and Cecilia never break stride. They keep fighting.

EXT. EAST WOOD APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Eddie's walking through the complex, looking at apartment numbers. GILBERT, a young man, is walking by.

EDDIE

Police! Freeze!

Scared to death, Gilbert freezes. Eddie walks over to him, and looks him eye-to-eye.

EDDIE

What's your name, boy?

GILBERT

Gilbert.

EDDIE

Gilbert? Is that your first name?

Gilbert nervously nods yes.

EDDIE

How can you live with yourself?

(pause)

You know where Clarence Pool lives?

CONT.

CONT.

GILBERT
Glarence Pool?

EDDIE
The Rockabilly asshole.

GILBERT
I know where a Rockabilly asshole
lives. Apartment 44.

EDDIE
I know that --
(sissy-like)
"Gilbert" . . .
(angry again)
Where's apartment 44?

GILBERT
Down the hall and turn left.

EDDIE
You know the Rockabilly asshole?

GILBERT .
Well . . . I've seen him around.

Eddie grabs Gilbert by his collar, and pressed close.

EDDIE
You ever talk to him?

GILBERT
Maybe a couple times . . .

EDDIE
You like him?

GILBERT
Uh . . . no . . .

Eddie releases Gilbert.

EDDIE
You're lucky. Now, get outta here!

Eddie starts to walk away.

GILBERT
But, sir, I live here.

Eddie stops and points at him, as if to say "Don't talk back to me."

CONT.

CONT.

GILBERT

I'll move!

Gilbert runs away.

EDDIE

And get that name changed!

Eddie starts down the hall.

EDDIE

(muttering)

"Gilbert" . . . shit.

INT. RONNY'S BAR -- NIGHT

Elevator MUSIC plays on the radio. Ronny's talking to himself.

RONNY

That did it. I mean it. I can't
take it anymore. The next one who
messes with me is getting exactly
what they deserve.

Clifford enters, obviously pissed.

Ronny immediately pulls the plug on the radio, and blurts out:

RONNY

East Wood Apartments! Callahan
Drive! Apartment 44!

Clifford turns and leaves.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Cecilia and Misty are still fighting. Suddenly, POUNDING on the door.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Open up! I know you're in there,
Cecilia!

Cecilia and Misty stop fighting. More POUNDING on the door.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Open up!

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY
Who's that?

CECILIA
My boyfriend.

MISTY
How many have you got?

CECILIA
He'll kill us.

MISTY
Us? Why not just you?

CECILIA
He likes beating up people. Once
he starts, he just can't seem to
stop.

Eddie POUNDS even harder on the door.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) -- NIGHT

Clarence is at the sink, washing off the whipped cream. Mickey's
in the shower, washing off cake and cream pie.

CLARENCE
C'mon, Mickey. I need to get cleaned
up, too.

No answer from Mickey.

CLARENCE
Look, I don't want you getting
depressed or anything.

MICKEY
Don't talk to me, Clarence.

CLARENCE
Seriously, I'm sorry about what
happened. It's a simple misunderstand-
ing, I'm sure. I'm gonna straighten
everything all out. Okay? I'll
clear up the mess with the girls
and everything'll be great. We
can even have our party now. Besides,
what else could possibly go wrong?

CONT.

CONT.

Misty and Cecilia BURST inside the bathroom.

MISTY
He's gonna kill us!

CLARENCE
Who's gonna kill us?

CECILIA
Eddie! He's here!

MICKEY
(from shower)
Clarence, what's going on?

CLARENCE
(to Mickey)
Nothing.
(to girls)
Now I'm pissed! And when I get
pissed, watch out!

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Eddie BREAKS OPEN the door. He charges inside, gun drawn.

EDDIE
FREEZE!

Eddie realizes nobody's in the living room.

EDDIE
Awright, you pompadour prick! I
got a gun, and I'm gonna blast
your ass off!

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) -- NIGHT

With the bathroom door open, Clarence, Misty, and Cecilia can
hear Eddie's threat.

CLARENCE
Oh . . . shit.

CECILIA
We have to hide.

Cecilia shuts and locks the bathroom door.

CONT.

CONT.

Misty gets an idea. She opens the shower door. Mickey covers himself.

MISTY

Quick, in here.

Clarence, Cecilia, and Misty pile inside the shower with Mickey.

MICKEY

Now what?

Misty shuts the shower door.

CLARENCE

Turn off the water.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Eddie in the living room.

EDDIE

I'm gonna fire a warnin' shot, dick-face, and then you better come out!

Eddie pulls the trigger. CLICK! He pulls the trigger again. CLICK! He checks his .357.

EDDIE

Aww, hell . . . forgot to load it.

Eddie grabs a quick load from his belt, but then pauses. He thinks for a moment.

EDDIE

No, that's too easy. Too fast.

Eddie takes off his gun belt, holsters his gun, and sets the belt on a table.

EDDIE

Awright, you ducktail dork! It's hand-to-hand now!.

Eddie starts ransacking the apartment, searching for Clarence and Cecilia. He spots some of Cecilia's clothes on the living room floor, where she was with Mickey.

CONT.

CONT.

Eddie picks up Cecilia's police blouse, and looks at it. He explodes.

EDDIE

AAAAAAHHHHH!

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) -- NIGHT

Clarence, Cecilia, Misty, and Mickey are crowded together inside the shower stall. They hear Eddie's scream.

MICKEY

What the hell's tha---

CLARENCE

Ssshhh, quiet.

MISTY

Shut-up. You wanna die?

CECILIA

Dumb-ass.

Mickey reacts.

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (HALLWAY) -- NIGHT

Eddie's kicking open doors, looking for Clarence and Cecilia.

EDDIE

I can't wait to hurt somebody.

He comes to the bathroom door. It's locked.

EDDIE

The bathroom . . . Of course,
where else would shit hide?

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) -- NIGHT

Eddie BREAKS the door open, and barges inside. He sees someone's in the shower. Eddie opens the shower door and finds Clarence, Cecilia, Misty, and Mickey all huddled together, and all at least partially undressed.

EDDIE

This is the sickest thing I've ever
seen.

CONT.

7
CONT.

Eddie clenches his fist, and winds up for a big punch.

Clarence, Cecilia, and Misty SCREAM. Eddie SWINGS. Clarence, Cecilia, and Misty DUCK.

Eddie WALLOPS Mickey in the face. Mickey collapses on the shower floor.

Clarence, Cecilia, and Misty tumble out of the shower, falling on top of Eddie.

EDDIE

Let me up! I'll kill everybody!

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

Eddie, Clarence, Cecilia, and Misty stumble out of the bathroom. Eddie grabs Clarence and RAMS him against the wall all the way down the hallway. Cecilia and Misty run after them, SCREAMING.

Once in the living room, Eddie gets Clarence into a headlock, but Misty and Cecilia jump on top of Eddie. They're all so tangled up, Eddie can't hit Clarence.

They BANG against the walls, then BASH into the front door, which closes it. They BANG against another wall.

EDDIE

I'm gonna kill him!

CLARENCE

He's gonna kill me!

CECILIA

Don't kill him!

EDDIE

I'll kill all of ya!

MISTY

We're all gonna be killed!

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) -- NIGHT

Mickey groggily crawls out of the shower stall.

MICKEY

God, please wake me up from this nightmare. Please wake me up . . .

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) -- NIGHT

The four still grapple. Eddie HURLS Misty into a couch. He THROWS Cecilia over a chair. Eddie still has Clarence in a head-lock.

Mickey hobbles out of the bathroom, pulling up his pants and slipping on his shirt.

Eddie THROWS Clarence onto the floor. He looks down at him.

EDDIE

Now I'm gonna break your Rockabilly face.

Mickey sees this. He rushes over, spins Eddie around, and CRUNCHES an uppercut into his gut. Eddie SHOVES Mickey into the wall. Mickey lands a few good SHOTS, then they WRESTLE with each other.

Misty and Cecilia quickly help Clarence to his feet.

CLARENCE

That did it! Now I'm pissed!
And when I get pissed, girls,
watch out!

Clarence charges forward, and blindly SWINGS a wild haymaker of a punch.

Eddie sees it coming. He ducks.

Clarence CLOBBERS Mickey in the face, knocking him down and out.

Clarence and Eddie look at a fallen Mickey for a moment. Eddie laughs to himself.

CLARENCE

(points at Mickey)
You see that? You see that, Eddie?
That's just a small sample of what
you'll get messin' with me, buddy!
(starts dancing around Eddie,
flicking a jab)
C'mon! I'll hand you your ass!
C'mon! Just try it! C'mon!

Eddie winds up, and SMASHES Clarence in the mouth. Clarence falls on his butt, out cold.

Eddie's full of macho bravura.

CONT.

CONT.

EDDIE

Anybody else? Huh? Anybody else?

Clifford charges into the apartment, SLAMMING the front door against Eddie, who SMASHES head-first into the wall. Eddie drops to the floor, unconscious.

MISTY

Oh, Clifford. What're you doing here?

Clifford's about to respond, but he sees the three guys lying on the floor.

CLIFFORD

(meaning guys)

Who're they?

(pause)

Never mind. Misty, you're comin' with me.

CECILIA

Who's he?

CLIFFORD

I'm her pimp.

MISTY

Ex-pimp.

CLIFFORD

Look, whore --

MISTY

Cali-girl.

CLIFFORD

-- You're comin' with me.

Clifford grabs Misty. She KNEES Clifford in the groin.

CLIFFORD

Ooowww . . .

Clifford drops to his knees.

Cecilia stuffs a waste basket over Clifford's head. He drops to the floor.

Misty and Cecilia look at the four guys sprawled out on the floor.

CONT.

CONT.

CECILIA

Pretty disgusting, if you ask me.

Cecilia picks up the rest of her clothes.

MISTY

What are you doing?

CECILIA

I've had enough of men tonight.

MISTY

Yeah . . . and I need to rethink what I want to do with my life.

CECILIA

What're you doing now?

MISTY

I'm a call-girl.

CECILIA

You know, I could bust you for that.

Misty reacts.

CECILIA

Don't worry, I won't. You handled yourself pretty good with that weird-looking pimp.

MISTY

Ex-pimp.

CECILIA

Maybe you should think about being on the force.

MISTY

Like Nancy Allen in "RoboCop"?

CECILIA

Something like that.

MISTY

Wow! I'll get my clothes.

Misty starts gathering her clothes.

CONT.

CONT.

Meanwhile, the four guys groggily look up at the ladies, who are getting ready to leave.

Cecilia makes the rounds, standing over each one.

CECILIA

(to Eddie)

I don't ever want to see you again, Eddie. And I'll never be your partner on the force again either.

(to Clarence)

Good-bye forever, Clarence.

(to Mickey)

I'm sorry I threw a pie in your face, Mickey. Actually, you're kind of nice, but never again. I don't like your friends.

(to Clifford)

Get a new suit.

Misty takes her turn.

MISTY

(to Clifford)

Stay out of my life, Clifford. And get a different job. I'm sorry, but you're a lousy pimp.

(to Eddie)

I don't know you, Eddie, but I think you're a jerk.

(to Mickey)

Happy birthday, Mickey. Hope it's a good one.

(to Clarence)

Guess what? I'm going to be a cop just like Nancy Allen in "RoboCop." Anyway, thanks for the great time, Clarence. Call me.

Misty moves next to Cecilia.

CECILIA

How would you like a drink, Misty?

MISTY

At Ronny's Bar?

CECILIA

I'd rather be burned at the stake. I know another place. A lot classier.

CONT.

CONT.

MISTY

Sure.

Cecilia and Misty leave.

The four guys struggle to their feet.

EDDIE

(to Clarence)

Did you see that? She left me.
Thanks to you I've lost Cecilia.

CLARENCE

What do you mean? Thanks to you
I lost Cecilia and Misty. Well,
maybe not Misty, but ---

(looks at Clifford)

By the way, who're you?

CLIFFORD

I'm a pimp.

MICKEY

Will somebody just once tonight
tell me what the hell's goin' on?

CLIFFORD

(looks at Mickey)

Wait a minute. You're the sonuva
bitch who was with my whore.

CLARENCE

Call-girl.

EDDIE

Whore? Who cares about a whore?

CLARENCE

Call-girl.

CLIFFORD

I do.

EDDIE

Why?

CLIFFORD

'Cause she's my whore.

CLARENCE

Call-girl.

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

Someone please tell me what's goin' on!

CLIFFORD

Well, now I'm dead. No whore ---

CLARENCE

Call-girl.

CLIFFORD

--- No business. No business, no life.

EDDIE

What're you bellyachin' about? How about me? Do you know what it's like to have the woman you love watch you with admiration while you smash some faggot's head in with your nightstick?

CLIFFORD

No.

EDDIE

It's ecstasy . . . and now it's gone.

CLARENCE

Big ass deal. I find the woman of my dreams and now she wants to run off and become a cop.

EDDIE

And what's wrong with that?

CLARENCE

From where I'm standin', plenty.

Mickey can't take it anymore.

MICKEY

I SAID, WILL SOMEBODY JUST TELL ME WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON!

Everybody shuts up. They look at Mickey, who looks like he's lost his mind.

CONT.

CONT.

MICKY

I SWEAR I'LL KILL THE NEXT ASSHOLE
WHO TALKS ABOUT ANYTHING, AND I
MEAN ANYTHING AT ALL, THAT I DON'T
COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND!

Looking like a madman, Mickey glares at the other three guys,
daring anyone to talk in riddles.

Everyone's a bit freaked. Eddie looks at Clifford. Clifford
looks at Eddie. They both look at Clarence.

CLARENCE

Uh . . . you know, actually, when
you think about it, Mickey's got
a good point. I mean, we've all
been through a lot, and talkin'
about it is gettin' us nowheres
fast.

(to Mickey)

Know what I mean, pal?

MICKY

Yeah.

Clarence looks at Eddie and Clifford. They're listening.

CLARENCE

Okay . . . I suggest we stop dickin'
around, count our losses, lick
our wounds, and go to Ronny's
Bar. Maybe after a few beers we
can make some sense outta all this.

EDDIE

(to Clarence)

You buyin'?

CLARENCE

(gropes through pockets
in his robe)

Tell ya the truth, I don't know
where I put my wallet ---

Eddie, Clifford, and Mickey glower at Clarence. He can feel the
tension.

CLARENCE

Oh, that's right! I left it in
my pants in the other room. No
problem. I'll buy.

CONT.

CONT.

Clarence looks at the other three guys, waiting for some response. Nobody says anything.

CLARENCE

Well, are we goin' or not?
(pats Mickey on back)
How about it, Mick? You look like
you could use a cold one.

Mickey takes a deep breath. He gives in.

MICKEY

All right.

CLARENCE

Okay, okay.

Clarence looks at Clifford and Eddie. They've relaxed a bit. Clifford shrugs his shoulders. He's in. Eddie realizes he's odd man out.

EDDIE

(to Clarence)
Bring your wallet.

CLARENCE

All right!

Clarence raises his hand high for a high five. No one gives it to him. He clears his throat.

CLARENCE

Right . . . Uh, I'll get dressed.

INT. RONNY'S BAR -- NIGHT

The radio's playing ELEVATOR MUSIC again. With his back to the bar, Ronny's cleaning glasses. He hears the plug get pulled on his radio. He turns around and sees Eddie, Clarence, Mickey, and Clifford all sitting at the bar counter. Ronny drops his glass. It SHATTERS on the floor.

CLARENCE

Four beers, Ronny.

Ronny stands frozen, looking at them.

CLARENCE

Come on, Ronny. What's the delay?

CONT.

CONT.

Ronny slowly gets the beers. He silently places them in front of the four guys. First Eddie, then Clarence, then Mickey, then Clifford. Eddie immediately chugs his beer down and is finished by the time Clifford gets his beer.

Eddie belches, then gets up from the bar counter.

EDDIE

See ya.

CLARENCE

Leavin' already?

EDDIE

Why? You buyin' another round?

CLARENCE

Uh . . . well ---

EDDIE

Look, every night at about this time some asshole is throwin' an outdoor party. And every time that happens, some of the assholes there are smokin' dope. And every time that happens, I'm there bustin' heads, which is exactly what I feel like doin' considering the mood I'm in right now.

Everyone looks at Eddie.

EDDIE

Hey, I'm mendin' a broken heart. What can I say?

Eddie walks out of the bar.

Ronny waits until Eddie's gone.

RONNY

Boy, that guy really pisses me off. He's lucky he left.

CLARENCE

Yeah, I could see the animal rage buildin' up in you, Ronny.

RONNY

It was!

CONT.

MICKEY

So, who's that Eddie guy?

CLARENCE

Cecilia's boyfriend.

MICKEY

I thought you were her boyfriend.

CLARENCE

I was. I mean, we both were, but now we're not. I mean . . . Trust me, you don't wanna know.

MICKEY

The guy can hit, that's for sure. Knocked me silly in your bathroom.

CLARENCE

You're pretty bad yourself, Mick. You were right on him layin' on pain. I was impressed.

MICKEY

For a while. After I pulled him off you, he caught me with a punch I didn't even see. Knocked my lights out.

CLARENCE

It did? The punch was that hard? I mean, the second punch . . . when we were all fighting in the living room. It knocked your lights right out?

MICKEY

Yeah.

Clarence gloats, since Mickey's really talking about his punch.

CLARENCE

(to himself)

When I get pissed, watch out.

MICKEY

Huh?

CLARENCE

Nothing.

CONT.

Clifford sniffs at his suit.

CLIFFORD
Smell like a trash can.

Clifford pours beer on himself. Mickey sees this.

MICKEY
Why'd you do that?

CLIFFORD
Rather smell like a drunk than a
bum. Bad for the image.

MICKEY
Oh . . .

Clarence looks at the clock. It's a few minutes past midnight.

CLARENCE
Hey! That's it! It's past mid-
night.
(to Mickey)
It's your birthday!

MICKEY
Clarence . . .

RONNY
Happy birthday, Mickey.

Ronny gives him another beer.

RONNY
On the house.

MICKEY
Thanks, Ronny, I ---

CLARENCE
All right! Party time!

MICKEY
Clarence . . .

CLIFFORD
How old are you?

CONT.

CONT.

Before Mickey can respond:

CLARENCE

Thirty! The big three . . . oh!
This is a milestone, Mickey! We're
gonna party like there's no tomo---

MICKEY

CLARENCE!

Clarence shuts up. Ronny and Clifford freeze.

MICKEY

(to Clarence)
I'd like to talk to you . . .
outside . . . now.

Mickey leaves the bar.

Clifford and Ronny look at Clarence.

CLARENCE

He's fine. Really. Everything's
cool. I'm gonna go outside and me
and Mickey'll have a little chat,
and then we're all gonna party.
Ronny, get my man, Cliff, here,
another beer.

Ronny gives Clifford another beer.

CLARENCE

Cliff, drink up as much as you
want. On the house tonight.

RONNY

Hey . . .

CLARENCE

Ronny, get out the pretzels, the
chips, the dip, and every kindda
beer you got. I want it to be
beer-city in here when I come
back with Mickey.

EXT. RONNY'S BAR -- NIGHT

Clarence meets Mickey outside behind Ronny's bar.

CONT.

CONT.

MICKEY

Look, Clarence, I appreciate your sentiments. I really do. But I just don't wanna party. Okay?

CLARENCE

Mickey . . . it's your birthday.

MICKEY

You've been saying that all night! I know it's my birthday. Nobody knows that more than me. And it's been a rotten experience. This has been the worst night of my life. Any minute now someone I've never seen before might walk around that corner and punch me in the mouth. What . . . you wanna party, Clarence? Fine. Why not buy a birthday cake? I'll go along so I can try it on first to see if it's the right size.

CLARENCE

Hey, Mickey ---

MICKEY

I'm serious here, Clarence. I feel like a Soupy Sales reject. How many people do you know have ever had a cake and a cream pie smashed into their face in their whole life, let alone one night. And what's with this everyone seein' me naked in the shower shit? You know, I used to like taking showers. I found them relaxing. I really did, but not anymore. Now, if I wanna meet an idiot, I can just jump into the shower. Some asshole'll show up.

Clarence becomes somber. He walks over to the front fender of a car, which protrudes from an alley. You can't see the entire car because the building wall blocks it. Clarence sits on the car hood.

MICKEY

Clarence?

CONT.

CONT.

Clarence doesn't respond. He's depressed. Mickey walks over.

MICKEY

Clarence, what's the matter?

CLARENCE

You're right. It's all my fault.

MICKEY

What's your fault?

CLARENCE

Everything. I fucked up the whole night for you.

MICKEY

Now wait. I didn't say that.

CLARENCE

It seems like I turn everything to shit. It's really my fault we got fired. And I ruined your birthday party. This always happens. Like last week when you we're gonna fight those two guys. I jump in to help you and I go and bump you ---

MICKEY

Hold the phone, pal. Now, before you go blamin' yourself, consider this . . . If you hadn't accidentally bumped me and knocked me into that fat girl's banana split, there wouldn't have been a diversion. If there's wasn't a diversion, the big guy wouldn't have started laughing, and you wouldn't have been able to sneak up behind him and slug him with the gumball machine. That left the other guy to me, which was one on one, and, hey, it was a piece of cake. It was teamwork, like it always is with us.

CLARENCE

Yeah . . . like Starsky and Hutch or Crockett and Tubbs.

MICKEY

You got it.

CONT.

CONT.

CLARENCE

But you're still a little pissed.

MICKEY

I'm not pissed.

CLARENCE

You're pissed off. I know you.

MICKEY

I'm not pissed off. You keep sayin'
I'm pissed off, I might get pissed
off.

CLARENCE

Then do Eastwood.

MICKEY

Why do I gotta do Eastwood?

CLARENCE

Because if you're not pissed off,
you can do Eastwood, and I know
you're pissed off. You're in a
foul mood.

MICKEY

All right, if I do Eastwood, no
more talk about me bein' pissed
off, or anything bein' your fault.

CLARENCE

Nothin's my fault if you do Eastwood.

Mickey takes a moment, then does an impersonation of Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry.

MICKEY

(Clint Eastwood voice)

Well, what kindda gun you carryin'
there, boy? Oh, a .38. Not a bad
gun. Let's see what it can do.

(holds pretend gun to his
head)

Boom!

(snorts)

Well, I just happen to have a .44
Magnum, the most powerful handgun
in the world. Let's see if it can
blow your head clean off.

CONT.

CONT.

Mickey pretends to shoot a bigger gun at Clarence. They both laugh.

CLARENCE

Sit down here.

Mickey sits on the hood next to Clarence. Clarence reaches inside his coat and pulls out a joint.

CLARENCE

Here . . . go on, take it. It's from my private stash.

Mickey takes the joint. Clarence gives him some matches.

CLARENCE

Tell you what, seein' as how tonight started on the wrong foot, why don't you light that up, you smoke it, and you relax. And when you're ready, you come back inside. In the meantime, I'll call Misty and see if she's home. And this time, maybe we can get her to bring some friends, and we really will party.

MICKEY

Misty seems like a nice girl, Clarence.

CLARENCE

Yeah, I like her. So, what do you think? You wanna give the birthday party one more shot?

MICKEY

(laughs)
Why not?

CLARENCE

Happy birthday, Mickey.

MICKEY

Thanks, Clarence. You're my best friend.

They embrace. Clarence jumps off the car hood.

CLARENCE

It's gonna be a wild mornin'!

CONT.

CONT.

Clarence goes back inside the bar.

Mickey laughs. He lights up the joint, and takes a big drag. He exhales.

Suddenly, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS start FLASHING.

CAMERA follows Mickey as he turns, revealing the rest of the car parked in the dark alley.

Mickey realizes he's sitting on the hood of a police car. A COP gets out of the car, and SHINES his flashlight on Mickey, who's holding the joint.

Mickey reacts.

THE END