

PINE ROCK PINES

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COLD OPEN

INT. GRILLE ROOM. LUNCH.

In **SLOW MOTION**, we move through the crowded casual dining area of an exclusive country club. Even though the room is raucous -- sweaty men gesture wildly next to their blonde trophy wives -- we can barely hear a sound. What little noise we can hear is **DISTANT** and **ECHOEY**.

We continue through the room until we come to **ANDY HEALEY** (25, boyish, heart on his sleeve) wearing a green polo shirt tucked into khakis, and leaning against the mahogany bar. He's transfixed by something across the room.

ANDY'S P.O.V.

In **SLOW MOTION**, **OLIVE GINSBURG** (23, confident but absent-minded) crosses through the restaurant towards us.

ON ANDY

He stares longingly at Olive.

ANDY
I love you, Olive Ginsburg.

Andy smiles, lost in his reverie. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, shithead!

The sound of the crowd suddenly **CUTS IN** and we're jolted back to **NORMAL SPEED** by **BOB** (mid-60's, the club's old, grizzled bartender).

BOB
Who you talkin' to?

ANDY
What? Nobody, nothing.

BOB
Good. 'Cause I need you to do something for me, and it's gonna require all of your focus.

ANDY
Really?

BOB

Yeah. It's top secret and you're the only person I can trust with this.

ANDY

Wow. Okay. What is it?

Bob leans across the bar and motions for Andy to come closer. Andy leans in, their faces an inch apart.

BOB

Take these martinis... and deliver them to table nineteen... like I asked you... five fucking minutes ago.

Bob slides two martinis towards Andy.

ANDY

Oh. Right. Sorry, Bob.

Andy takes the drinks and starts to cross off, but as he does, Olive brushes past him.

OLIVE

Hey, Andy.

ANDY

(startled)

Whoa my god!

Olive is gone too quickly to see both glasses slip out of Andy's hands and SHATTER on the floor. Andy turns to Bob.

BOB

Two more martinis?

ANDY

That would be great.

Bob angrily starts mixing two new drinks.

BOB

Shithead.

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. GRILLE ROOM. LATER.

Lunch is over. The crowd has thinned out. Andy cleans his section as another waiter, MONTY (late 20's, crass but lovable) approaches.

MONTY

Bro, I'm gonna be completely honest with you. I am insanely horny today.

ANDY

Thanks for letting me know.

MONTY

Have you seen the skirt Diane is wearing?

ANDY

No.

MONTY

It's painted on. Her ass looks like two perfectly-cooked loaves of bread.
(then, pointing)
Looklooklooklook! There she is.

DIANE, the assistant general manager, (mid-40's, trying too hard) crosses through the restaurant, stopping briefly to flirt with a table of old men.

MONTY

My white whale.

One of the old men "accidentally" knocks his fork off the table. When Diane goes to pick it up, the men stare at her ass. From across the room, Monty stares along with them.

MONTY (cont'd)

Someday she will take me into a bathroom stall and do dirty, dirty things to me.

Diane crosses out. Andy continues to wipe down the table.

MONTY (cont'd)

The fuck's wrong with you? Why you being so quiet?

ANDY

I'm wiping down a table. It's a quiet activity.

MONTY

Alright, tell me what's wrong but I swear to god if you say you're bummed about Olive--

ANDY

(overlapping)

I'm bummed about Olive.

MONTY

Fuckin' A. Alright, let's go to the pool

ANDY

Why?

MONTY

Because if I'm gonna listen to you bitch and moan about Olive for the billionth time, I'd at least like to do it while staring at some titaaaaays.

ANDY

I think the majority of what you say could be used as evidence in court.

MONTY

I think you might be right.

EXT. POOL. LATER.

CLOSE ON three sunbathing women. Widen to reveal Monty and Andy standing nearby, sipping iced teas.

MONTY

You were saying?

ANDY

Okay, well you know how whenever Olive enters a room I basically have a stroke?

MONTY

Yes.

ANDY

Well, lately it's gotten worse. Last week she asked if I could run some food to her table and I said, "When in Rome..."

MONTY

What does that mean? That doesn't mean anything.

ANDY

I know. It means nothing. That's my point. Words just dribble out of my mouth like I have no control over my face. Sometimes I don't even have to say anything to embarrass myself. Yesterday she was walking to her car and she waved goodbye. All I had to do was wave back. You know what I did instead? Gave her two thumbs up and walked directly into a tree.

MONTY

Jesus.

ANDY

Yeah. It's constant humiliation.

MONTY

What happened to you, man? Remember how much fun you used to be?

Monty looks out over the pool.

MONTY

Remember you used to organize those pool parties? We'd all come out here at the end of a long night and get shit-faced?

ANDY

Yeah.

MONTY

We'd stumble around the golf course.

ANDY

Yeah.

MONTY

We'd try to get Diane to suck on our toes.

ANDY

What?

MONTY

Nothing.

ANDY

I mean, it's not like I want to be lame. But being around Olive just... paralyzes me. And honestly, I think I've reached my breaking point. I can't keep doing this.

MONTY

What do you mean you can't keep doing this?

ANDY

I mean I can't keep doing this. I dread coming to work every day. And the only solution I can come up with is to just remove myself from the situation.

Monty suddenly looks concerned.

ANDY

So I asked Jim about transferring me to Cedar Ridge.

MONTY

(shocked)

Cedar Ridge?! Are you fucking kidding me?! You're not leaving me alone here with these *animals*!

Andy doesn't say anything.

MONTY (cont'd)

So *I* have to suffer because *you're* a pussy?

ANDY

I already put in the request.

MONTY

Fuck you. You're not leaving. When would this happen?

ANDY

Jim said one week.

MONTY

Okay. So we have one week to get you and Olive together.

ANDY

(scoffs)

Monty, Olive has worked here for three years. Nothing I do in the next week is going to magically make her fall in love with me.

MONTY

I'm not talking about falling in love. I'm talking about progress. If, over the next week, we see that she has even the slightest interest in you... would you consider staying?

Andy thinks about it for a minute, then:

ANDY

Yeah. I guess. But it's not gonna--

MONTY

Shake on it.

ANDY

I'm not--

MONTY

Shake on it.

Reluctant, Andy finally shakes. Monty holds his hand tightly and won't let go.

MONTY

And this means that for the next week, you need to be the best, most charming version of yourself. You can't sabotage this.

ANDY

I assure you, my lack of charm has never been an attempt to sabotage myself.

(then, sighs)

I will do the best I can.

MONTY

Great. Let's get started. You tried small-talk. That didn't work.

ANDY
Not even a little.

MONTY
You tried non-verbal communication
and you walked into a tree.

ANDY
(re: forehead)
Still have a bruise.

MONTY
What if you did something big and
romantic?

ANDY
Why big? Can't it just be romantic?

MONTY
No. You're attempting to make the
often fatal leap from friend to
lover. You're not gonna get there
with flowers. It's gotta be big. And
it's gotta be something she'll never
forget.

ANDY
Okay, like what?

MONTY
You could build something for her.
You know how to build stuff?

ANDY
I made a birdhouse in high school.

MONTY
That's not bad.

ANDY
It collapsed and killed a family of
blue jays.

MONTY
Jesus.

ANDY
What if I gave her cash?

MONTY
You want to give Olive cash?

ANDY
Maybe?

MONTY
Oh my god.

ANDY
What?

MONTY
(re: off-screen)
I think... I see... Mrs.
Strassberg's... left... nipple.
(then)
Yup, that's definitely a nipple.
Okay, I'm gonna go say hi then rub
one out in the bathroom.

ANDY
You're leaving? This was your idea!

MONTY
Sleep on it, we'll talk tomorrow.
(calling off-screen)
Mrs. Strassberg! Beautiful day, isn't
it?

Monty crosses off as Andy slurps the last of his iced tea.

INT. MAIN LOBBY. THE NEXT MORNING.

The next morning, Andy enters the lobby. CARL (30's, loyal as a dog, dumb as a brick) is up on a ladder hanging a banner that reads, "WELCOME YOU MEMBERS!" The club's general manager, JIM (50's, balding, beer belly, constantly exasperated) enters.

JIM
What the-- Carl, are you kidding me?
It's supposed to say *new* members, not
you members. *New* members. I told you
that like fifty times.

Carl looks at the banner, then at Jim, then at the banner.

CARL
It was supposed to say...?

JIM
New members.

CARL
 (overlapping)
 New members. Got it.

Carl starts taking down the banner.

JIM
 (shaking head)
 I swear to God.
 (noticing Andy)
 Healey! Staff meeting in ten minutes!

Andy nods and crosses off. Behind him, there's a giant CRASH. He looks back to see Carl has fallen off the ladder and taken Jim down with him.

JIM
 SON OF A BITCH, CARL!

INT. HALLWAY. LATER.

Andy and Monty make their way through a maze of hallways.

ANDY
 So I think I may have come up with a way to ask out Olive.

MONTY
 I tell you I masturbated nine times last night and that's your response?

ANDY
 (ignoring him)
 What if instead of doing something *big* and romantic, I just do something *romantic* by telling her the truth? I'll tell her how I feel about her. Maybe she would respect that.

MONTY
 No, we decided on big and romantic. Telling her how you feel won't accomplish anything.

ANDY
 Yes it will. Girls like honesty. I heard my dad say that once to the woman he was cheating on my mom with.

MONTY

Okay yes, *some* girls like honesty. But they like it from guys who can string words together to form coherent sentences and, unfortunately, that's not exactly your wheelhouse.

ANDY

I know. Which is why I came up with a few very specific things to say.

MONTY

Okay, let's hear 'em.

They turn a corner and continue down another long hallway.

ANDY

Well, I would start by telling Olive that I think she's not only beautiful, but also incredibly smart. Then, if she's still standing there, I would tell her that even though we haven't spent much time together outside of work, she's been an important part of my life and I'd like to get to know her better.

MONTY

(considering)

Huh. That's actually not bad.

ANDY

See? Any jackwagon can do big and romantic. It takes a real man to be straight-up romantic. It takes balls to just walk up to a girl and say--

Just then, OLIVE comes around the corner and COLLIDES with Andy, her knee slamming into his crotch.

ANDY

MY BALLS!!!

Andy crumples to the floor in pain.

OLIVE

Andy! Holy shit! Are you okay?!

He can't respond. He just rocks back and forth, groaning.

MONTY

Of course he's okay! This guy? Such a trooper!

(MORE)

MONTY (cont'd)
(to Andy, sotto)
Got your back, bro!

OLIVE
Let me go get you some ice.

MONTY
Awww come on, he's fine.
(to Andy)
You don't need ice, do you, champ?

Andy moans a bit, then shakes his head.

MONTY
Wow, look at that. So strong. Real
boyfriend material right here.
(to Andy, sotto)
Get up, you are blowing this.

Monty helps Andy to his feet. Andy puts his hands on his hips and staggers around in small circles, making weird breathing sounds.

OLIVE
Andy?

ANDY
(trying to be casual)
I'm good. Need a sec. You guys keep
chattin'.

He makes some more weird noises.

OLIVE
I am so sorry. I cannot believe I
just did that.

More weird noises. Andy notices Olive's phone on the ground. He reaches down to pick it up.

ANDY
Here, you dropped this OH MY GOD IT
HURTS TO BEND!

Andy winces in pain as he hands Olive her phone.

ANDY (cont'd)
I think your phone cracked.

OLIVE
Oh it's okay, I drop it all the time.

As she says this, it slips out of her hand and smashes on the ground.

OLIVE
 Dammit. See?
 (then)
 Seriously Andy, are you okay?

ANDY
 Oh yeah. Feelin' strong.

OLIVE
 (to Andy)
 Alright, well, if you're sure...

Andy is now leaning against the wall, trying to look casual but it's more seductive and weird. He gives a thumbs up.

OLIVE
 ...I'm gonna run to the bathroom before the staff meeting, so... I'll see you guys in a few minutes?

MONTY
 See ya there!

Olive starts down the hall. Andy bends over, hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath.

ANDY
 (wheezing)
 See what I mean? Constant humiliation.

MONTY
 Yeah that was hard for me to watch.

Olive turns back and calls out to Andy.

OLIVE
 Hey, Andy! Say sorry to your balls for me!

MONTY
 (to Andy, rapid fire)
 Don't say anything don't say anything don't say any--

Andy puts his hand near his crotch, then opens and closes his fingers like a puppet.

ANDY
 (high-pitched
 "testicle" voice)
 We forgive you, Olive!

A bit weirded out, Olive gives a half-smile, then disappears around the corner. Monty looks at Andy.

MONTY
 Fucking Christ.

INT. BANQUET HALL. LATER.

At the far end of the large banquet hall, a few dozen chairs have been set up for a staff meeting. EMPLOYEES mill about as Jim the general manager unsuccessfully tries to get people to take their seats. Andy and Monty sit in the back row.

ANDY
 I'm leaving.

MONTY
 You're not leaving.

ANDY
 Dude! Did you see what happened back there?! You think I can keep working here after that testicle puppet show?! THIS IS NO WAY TO LIVE!

Monty suddenly grabs Andy's waistband and looks down his pants.

ANDY (cont'd)
 What the fuck?!

MONTY
 Are you wearing diapers?

ANDY
 What?!

MONTY
 I said, are you wearing diapers?
 Because you are acting like a giant
 fucking baby right now!

Andy grabs his waistband back from Monty.

MONTY (cont'd)
 We both just witnessed why it's a bad
 idea for you to talk to Olive.
 (MORE)

MONTY (cont'd)
 So now we go back to my plan. You do one big, romantic thing for her, and see what happens. If it doesn't work, then you can leave.

Monty stands up.

ANDY
 Where are you going?

MONTY
 (determined)
 Whale hunting.

Monty crosses off.

ANDY
 (racking his brain)
 Big and romantic, big and romantic...

Olive and a few other WAITRESSES enter and sit down at the far end of Andy's row. Andy sighs.

JIM
 Good morning, everyone. Thanks for getting here a full...
 (re: watch)
 ...twenty minutes late. As always, your lack of punctuality is almost impressive. All right, just a couple things to follow up on since our last meeting...

VOICE (O.S.)
 Nobody cares!

JIM
 That's helpful feedback, thank you.

JIM
 (then)
 Uh, first of all, whoever changed the nameplate on my door from "JIM" to "JIZ," it would be great if you could change that back.

Stifled laughter makes its way through the crowd.

JIM (cont'd)
 A truly masterful prank. Bravo.
 Second order of business--

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Booooooooooring!

JIM
Very mature.
(then)
Second order of business: it appears
someone has been urinating in the ice
machine again. If it sounds like I'm
describing you, please stop. We
already have two strikes from the
Board of Health.
(to himself)
Okay, what else...

ANDY
(still brainstorming)
Big and romantic, big and
romantic...

Monty slips into the seat next to Andy. Just then, the door
behind Jim opens. We ramp into **SLOW MOTION** and in walks
BRYCE BARROW (imagine Ryan Gosling except more handsome and
charming). As Bryce walks towards the group, he runs his
fingers through his hair.

MONTY
What. The. Fuck.

Back to **NORMAL SPEED**.

ANDY
(looking around,
genuinely confused)
Are we in a shampoo commercial?

JIM
Bryce! You made it! Perfect timing.
Okay, everyone. I want you to meet
our newest employee, Bryce Barrow.
Bryce, this is everyone.

Bryce waves. All the girls swoon. Including Olive.

MONTY
(to Andy)
Oof. You are *fucked*.

Off Andy, defeated...

ACT TWO

INT. BANQUET HALL. DAY.

Bryce stands at the front of the room with Jim.

ANDY

(to Monty)

Well. We gave it a shot.

MONTY

No. We can still do this. As long as that guy doesn't meet, look at, talk to, or interact with Olive in any capacity over the next few days, you'll be fine.

(then, noticing)

My god, look at his biceps.

JIM

Now, normally I would give Bryce a tour of the club myself but apparently our grounds crew thought it would be funny to run a squirrel through the wood chipper so I need to go have a little chit chat with them. In the meantime, does anybody want to volunteer to show Bryce around?

Andy looks down the row and sees Olive's friends hitting her on the arm, trying to get her to volunteer. Olive is reluctant, but finally gives in and starts to raise her hand.

ANDY

Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

MONTY

Bro, fuckin' do something!

Andy leaps out of his chair.

ANDY

I'LL DO IT! I'LL SHOW BRYCE AROUND!

Everyone turns around. Andy smiles, then quickly sits.

MONTY

Subtle.

JIM

Well Bryce, that overly-excited fellow in the back row is Andy Healey. He'll take you around, show you what Pine Rock Pines is all about.

Bryce waves to Andy, appreciative.

BRYCE

(English accent)

Cheers, mate.

There's an audible gasp among the girls in the crowd when they hear Bryce's accent.

MONTY

Oof. Doubly fucked.

JIM

Okay, next order of business. This Saturday night is the New Members Banquet--

VOICE #3 (O.S.)

Hey Jim, suck a dick!

Jim just sighs.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

Andy shows Bryce around the club.

ANDY

So... where in England are you from?

BRYCE

Toddington. Have you heard of it?

ANDY

Of course. Big Toddington fan.

BRYCE

Really? You've been?

ANDY

Oh yeah. Just south of London.

BRYCE

North.

ANDY
North of London. And a bit east.

BRYCE
West.

ANDY
Northwest of London, that's right.

An awkward beat.

BRYCE
Ever left the States?

ANDY
I have not.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

Andy leads Bryce through the men's locker room.

ANDY
Okay, showers over here, toilets over there, lockers down that way.

Andy notices something off-screen.

ANDY
Oh, shit. Don't look to your left.

BRYCE
Why not?

Bryce looks to his left where an OLD NAKED MAN is drying his balls under the hand dryer. The man smiles and waves.

BRYCE
(recoils in horror)
Bollocks!

Andy enjoys this.

INT. VALET LOUNGE. DAY.

Andy leads Bryce to a small room where a few valets are playing poker. On the table are a couple of flasks, a few joints and a surprising amount of cash. The head valet, TANNER, (20's, shaggy, stoner) looks up.

TANNER
(re: Bryce)
Holy shit! It's Brad Pitt!

ANDY
Guys, this is Bryce.

TANNER
Loved you in Moneyball, bro.

BRYCE
Thanks, mate.

TANNER
(re: his accent)
Whoa, *British* Brad Pitt. Fucking bad
ass.

Tanner holds up a flask to Andy.

TANNER
Whiskey?

ANDY
No thanks.

TANNER
(to Bryce)
What about you, Meet Joe Black?

Bryce looks to Andy for permission. Andy nods. Bryce takes the flask and drinks from it. It's a big swig and he handles it like a champ. The valets nod, impressed.

TANNER (cont'd)
Bad ass.

Now Andy's got something to prove.

ANDY
You know what? I'll actually have
some.

TANNER
Yeah?

ANDY
Yeah, why not. It's already...
(checking watch)
...9:37 AM. Wow it's early.

Bryce hands Andy the flask.

ANDY
Do you guys have a cup or-- We're all
just putting our mouths on it?

The valets stare at him.

ANDY (cont'd)
Right.

Andy uses his shirt to wipe down the mouth of the bottle. He takes a deep breath and knocks it back. He chokes and a bunch of whiskey spills down his chin.

ANDY (cont'd)
(wiping chin)
Whiskey! Woo! Love it!

Andy dry heaves a bit.

ANDY (cont'd)
(coughing)
Okay, let's go.

BRYCE
(to the valets)
Cheers!

Andy exits into the hallway, choking hard.

EXT. POOL. DAY.

Andy and Bryce stand poolside. The place is hopping. Dozens of women lounge around. Andy watches Bryce.

ANDY
Soooooo you into girls, or...?

BRYCE
(laughs)
I like girls, yes.

ANDY
Well, you came to the right place.
Lots of girls here. *Lots*.

BRYCE
Yes, seems to be quite a few.

ANDY
I could set you up with one of them,
if you want. Just say the word.

BRYCE

You know, there was one girl who caught my eye. She was at the staff meeting. Sitting towards the back. Dark brown hair.

Andy knows he's referring to Olive.

ANDY

Sitting towards the back... dark brown hair... that doesn't ring a bell. You'll have to point her out.

A woman in a thong walks by.

ANDY

What about her? She seems nice.

INT. GRILLE ROOM. LATER.

The tour is over. Andy and Bryce stand against the bar.

ANDY

So that's pretty much it. Do you have any questions?

BRYCE

No, I can't think of any-- Oh, there she is. The girl from the meeting.

Bryce points across the room to Olive. Andy pretends not to see her.

ANDY

The lady in the sweater?

Andy points to a very overweight woman in an ugly sweater.

BRYCE

No, her.

Bryce again points to Olive.

ANDY

The woman in the wheelchair?

Andy points to a woman in a wheelchair connected to an oxygen tank.

BRYCE

Right there. Her.

Bryce again points to Olive.

ANDY
 (stalling)
 Ohhhhh *her*. You know, she looks familiar, but there's so many girls here and they all have different names so I can't really keep track--

VOICE (O.S.)
 That's Olive.

Andy and Bryce turn around. It's Bob, the bartender.

BRYCE
 Olive?

BOB
 Yeah. Olive. You know...

Bob reaches into a container and pulls out a green olive. He holds it up, turning it between his finger.

BRYCE
 Olive. What a lovely name.

BOB
 Lovely girl, too. Andy can tell you. He's been in love with her for years.

Andy glares at Bob, who pops the olive into his mouth and flashes a devilish grin. Bryce turns to Andy.

BRYCE
 Is that true?

ANDY
 What? No! I've never seen her before in my life! She looks like a bitch!

BRYCE
 If you're into her, mate, just tell me. I won't go near her. I promise. You were here first.

ANDY'S P.O.V.

Across the room, Olive leans against the wall, playing on her phone. She goes to put it back in her pocket, but misses. It falls and smashes on the ground.

OLIVE
 Dammit, not again.

ON ANDY AND BRYCE

Andy smiles, lets out a sigh, then comes clean.

ANDY

Okay. Yes. It's true. I am in love with her. I am completely and hopelessly in love with her.

BRYCE

Forget I asked then. I won't even talk to her.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Diane, the assistant manager, stands at the center island, expediting food.

DIANE

Table 6, order up!

A WAITRESS arrives and takes the tray. Over by some tall stacks of plates, Monty looks nervous. He takes a deep breath, steels himself, then sidles up next to Diane.

MONTY

(suave)

Hey, baby.

DIANE

(startled)

Jesus, Monty! What the hell are you doing?

MONTY

(losing confidence)

Flirting... with you... I think?

DIANE

I'm your boss. You trying to get me fucking fired?

Diane goes back to the food. Defeated, Monty sulks off.

EXT. VALET STAND. LATER.

Andy finds Tanner organizing car keys at the valet stand.

ANDY

Hey, Tanner. Have you seen Bryce? I'm supposed to give him his uniform.

Tanner points across the parking lot, where Olive is getting into Bryce's car.

ANDY

What the fuck?! Why is Olive getting into his car?!

TANNER

I think she was having car trouble so Bryce offered her a ride.

ANDY

FUCK MY ASS!

Andy kicks a nearby bench and doubles over in pain.

ANDY

OW OW OW OW OW!

Andy collapses on the bench. Tanner sits down next to him.

TANNER

Still crushin' hard on Olive, huh?

Andy sighs. Tanner puts a hand on Andy's shoulder.

TANNER

Sorry, man.

They watch as Bryce's car disappears into the distance.

ANDY

Got any more of that whiskey?

Tanner pulls his flask out, gives it to Andy. Andy takes a big swig, but immediately starts choking, coughing some of the whiskey back into the flask. Andy offers the flask back to Tanner, who looks grossed out.

TANNER

Uhh, you just hang on to that, bro.

Tanner walks off, leaving Andy alone with his new flask.

ACT THREE

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB. THE NEXT NIGHT.

Bentleys, Maseratis and Rolls Royces are lined up at the valet stand. Well-dressed families make their way towards the club for the New Members Banquet.

INT. MAIN LOBBY. NIGHT.

Andy enters the lobby in his tuxedo. Jim enters from another direction to find Carl up on a ladder again, hanging a new banner. Jim's eyes go wide.

JIM
CARL! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

Reveal the banner now reads, "WELCOME JEW MEMBERS!" Carl looks at Jim, then at the banner, then back at Jim.

CARL
Is that still not right?

JIM
NEW MEMBERS, CARL! NEW! WHY IS THAT
SO GODDAMN HARD TO UNDER-- Good lord
just take it down!

INT. EMPLOYEE LOUNGE. NIGHT.

Monty is watching TV in the employee lounge. Diane enters. She closes the door behind her. Monty stands up.

MONTY
Diane. Hey. Look, I wanted to
apologize for yester--

Diane walks over to Monty and puts her finger over his lips, shushing him. Then she slides her finger into his mouth.

DIANE
There is *nothing* to apologize for.

She pushes him down on the couch, straddles him and starts unbuttoning her shirt.

MONTY
Uhhhhh... what's happening?

DIANE
 Just something I've wanted to do for
 a very... long... time.

MONTY
 (to himself)
 I've dreamed of this moment for so
 long.

Monty grabs Diane's ass and kisses her passionately.
 Suddenly, the door flies opens and Andy enters. Diane jumps
 up from the couch and buttons her shirt.

DIANE
 (covering)
 And that's how you fill out a
 timecard!

MONTY
 Wait! No! Don't leave!
 (exploding)
 ANDY GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

Diane quickly exits.

MONTY
 (to Andy)
 DUDE, WHAT THE FUCK?! WE WERE GONNA
 BONE! WE WERE FINALLY GONNA BONE!
 (points to crotch)
 LOOK AT ME! I'M ROCK HARD!

Monty realizes Andy isn't paying attention. He's putting a
 bag into a locker.

MONTY (cont'd)
 What's that?

ANDY
 Shirts, pants, apron.

MONTY
 What are you doing with them?

ANDY
 Giving them back.

MONTY
 Why?

ANDY
 Tonight's my last night. I start at
 Cedar Ridge tomorrow.

MONTY

What?!

Monty stands up, furious.

MONTY

Andy! What the fuck, man?! It hasn't been a week yet! You shook my hand! We had a deal!

ANDY

Fuck your deal, Monty.

MONTY

What about big and romantic?! You didn't even try!

ANDY

I did try! Every day for the last three years I tried! But I could never summon the courage to ask Olive out. I'm a fucking coward, okay? And now this goddamn British *dickfuck* shows up with his bulging muscles and his perfect hair and my chances with Olive are now officially zero. I could work here a thousand more years and it would never happen. So yeah, fuck your deal, man. I'm done.

Andy and Monty stand there for a moment, silent. Then:

MONTY

Well. Sorta hard to argue with that.

ANDY

Yeah.

MONTY

So... this is your last night.

ANDY

This is my last night.

MONTY

Shit.

ANDY

I'm gonna miss you, buddy.

Monty pulls Andy in for a hug.

ANDY (cont'd)
I can feel your boner.

MONTY
Apologies.

Andy walks over to his locker.

ANDY
And look, I know this won't make up
for three years of me being lame, but
I thought, since it's my last night,
we could celebrate.

Andy reaches into his bag and pulls out a comically large
bottle of whiskey.

ANDY
It's not romantic, but it's
definitely big.

Andy opens the bottle, takes a deep breath, then with both
hands tips it back and chugs from it. He winces, but gets
down a big gulp. He offers it to Monty.

ANDY
Like old times.

MONTY
(smiles)
Like old times.

Monty takes a swig.

INT. BANQUET HALL. NIGHT.

Monty and Andy, both in their work tuxedos, stumble their
way through cocktail hour. Tanner crosses through the room.
Andy approaches him.

ANDY
Tanner. Spread the word. After
dinner. Pool party.

TANNER
(impressed)
Andy's back! Bad ass!

INT. STORAGE ROOM. NIGHT.

Andy jimmies his way into a storage room. He and Monty dig through boxes, grab a bunch of booze, then run out.

EXT. GOLF COURSE. NIGHT.

It's an hour later. Now very drunk, Monty and Andy stagger around the golf course. Monty holds a golf club. He steps up to a sprinkler.

MONTY
Foooooooooore!

He swings and knocks the sprinkler off its base, spraying water straight into the air.

ANDY
Gimme that.

Monty tosses the golf club to Andy, who lines up another sprinkler.

ANDY
(to sprinkler)
Ooooh look at me. I'm Bryce Barrow.
(terrible accent)
Pip pip cheerio! Bugger bugger
bollocks!

Andy winds up...

ANDY (cont'd)
FUCK... YOU... LIMEY!

He swings with all his might and connects dead-on with the sprinkler head. It explodes, spraying water everywhere.

ANDY (cont'd)
YEEEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHH!!!

Andy runs back and forth through the water, celebrating.

MONTY
Come on, let's go!

Andy chucks the golf club into a nearby pond and they stumble back towards the club, laughing the whole way.

EXT. POOL. LATER.

UNDERWATER POV: Monty, in boxers, cannonballs into the pool.

ABOVE WATER, a turquoise glow illuminates a couple dozen employees. They drink beer and smoke cigarettes. Bryce sits in the hot tub with the valets, passing a bottle of vodka.

Everyone is stripped down to their underwear except for Andy, who is still in his tuxedo, slumped in a chair, shitfaced. The table in front of him is littered with empty beer cans. Monty climbs out of the pool and sits down next to him.

MONTY

Andy, you okay?

ANDY

(slurred)

Monty, Monty, Monty. I'm sooooookay.

Monty notices something off-screen.

MONTY

Shit.

Andy turns around. Olive and a few waitresses have come outside. They strip down to their underwear and jump in the pool. Andy watches for a moment, then turns back to Monty.

ANDY

(slurred)

You're a friend good Monty. You're a good good friend good Monty. Don't you worry about me good friend. I'll be an okay man.

Olive and her girlfriends climb out of the pool and start to dry off. Olive notices something.

OLIVE

Oh, shit.

OLIVE'S FRIEND

What's wrong?

OLIVE

My ring. I think it came off in the pool.

And this is when things get a bit trippy.

We PUSH IN on Andy as the song "Space Oddity" by David Bowie
FADES IN. We PUSH IN on Olive's mouth as we hear her words
again, but this time they're ECHOY and in **SLOW-MOTION**.

OLIVE

Myyyy riiiiinnngg. Iiiii thiiiinkk
iiiiitt caaamme ooooff iinnn tthee
pooooool.

David Bowie starts to sing.

DAVID BOWIE (V.O.)

Ground control to Major Tom...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Andy.

Suddenly, his eyes go wide. At long last, he's got an idea.

It's big. And it's fucking romantic.

Andy finishes his beer, tosses the can into a nearby bush
and stands up. In **SLOW-MOTION**, he stumbles towards the pool.

DAVID BOWIE (V.O.)

*Ground control to Major Tom /
Commencing countdown, engines on /
Check ignition and may God's love be
with you...*

Andy reaches the edge of the pool and gazes into the water.
Monty notices him standing there. David Bowie counts down.
3... 2... 1...

MONTY

Andy? What are you doing?

Andy ignores Monty. He looks over at Bryce in the hot tub.

MONTY

Andy! Don't!

DAVID BOWIE (V.O.)

Liftoff...

Just as the music crescendos, Andy, still in his tux, RUNS
AND LEAPS INTO THE POOL!

UNDERWATER POV: Andy CRASHES into the water.

DAVID BOWIE (V.O.) (cont'd)

*This is Ground Control to Major Tom /
You've really made the grade...*

Andy kicks his way towards the bottom of the pool, his bow tie flapping behind him like a fish. He swims harder, going deeper and deeper.

DAVID BOWIE (V.O.)
*This is Major Tom to Ground Control /
 I'm stepping through the door / And
 I'm floating in a most peculiar
 way...*

When Andy reaches the bottom of the pool, he finds Olive's ring stuck between two slats in the drain. He tugs on it, but it won't budge. He pulls harder. Still nothing. The longer Andy is down there, the more ECHOEY and DISTORTED David Bowie's voice becomes. Andy pulls on the ring again. It finally begins to loosen. But just as it's about to break free, everything starts to go black... and the music... fades..... out.

A BLACK SCREEN. THEN:

EXT. POOL. MOMENTS LATER.

Andy is startled back to consciousness. He coughs up water and looks around, confused. He's laying on the edge of the pool. Monty is kneeling over him, dripping wet and completely out of breath. Olive is crouched nearby. A crowd of terrified co-workers stands over them. A beat, then:

ANDY
 I'm okay.

The employees let out an audible sigh. Monty collapses next to Andy, completely winded.

MONTY
 You fucking dick.

Andy coughs up more water, then lets out a huge BELCH.

EMPLOYEE
 Ugh, gross.

Some of the employees begin to disperse.

OLIVE
 (to Andy)
 What the hell was that?! Why'd you
 jump in?!

Three years have led Andy to this moment. He smiles, then slowly opens his hand to reveal... Olive's ring.

OLIVE
 Jesus Christ, Andy! Are you insane?
 You didn't have to do that!

ANDY
 (noble)
 Yes, Olive. I did.

OLIVE
 No, you really didn't. I got that
 ring for five bucks at a mall kiosk.
 It literally means nothing to me.

A beat.

ANDY
 Oh.

Now very annoyed with Andy, the rest of the crowd disperses.

ANDY
 Sorry, everybody. Sorry about that.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE. LATER.

Andy stands in the parking lot with a blanket draped over him, talking to Tanner and a few other co-workers. As they cross off, Monty comes over and puts his arm around Andy.

MONTY
 How you feelin', buddy?

ANDY
 Nauseous.

MONTY
 Well, this might make you feel
 better: Diane just sucked my face in
 the ladies room.

ANDY
 Nope, made it worse.
 (then)
 So after all that build-up? No sex?

MONTY
 Well, Mrs. Steyer was in the next
 stall loudly pooping so that kinda
 killed the mood.

Andy reacts, disgusted.

MONTY

But it's the weirdest thing. When Diane's tongue was halfway down my throat--

Andy clutches his stomach, disturbed by the visual.

MONTY (cont'd)

--I suddenly wasn't even thinking about sex anymore. I just wanted to keep making out. After all these years, I imagined we would have crazy gorilla sex. But instead, it was, I don't know, kinda... romantic.

(then, horrified)

Oh my god. Is my lust turning into... love? FUCK!

Andy laughs, as Monty, confused by these new feelings, crosses off. Olive approaches.

OLIVE

Hey.

ANDY

Hey.

OLIVE

That was really stupid.

ANDY

Which thing? Jumping in the pool?

OLIVE

Yeah.

ANDY

Okay, because I tripped over the curb a minute ago and I wasn't sure if you saw--

OLIVE

Yeah, I saw that, too. But no, I was talking about the pool thing.

ANDY

Okay.

(then)

Yeah, it was stupid, I know.

OLIVE

But it was also really sweet.

She gives him a hug.

OLIVE
Goodnight, Andy.

ANDY
Goodnight, Olive.

Olive turns and heads off towards the parking lot. Andy watches her go, but after a beat, he calls out.

ANDY
Hey, Olive!

OLIVE
(turning back)
Yeah.

Andy collects his thoughts, then:

ANDY
I know we don't know each other that well, but I just wanted to tell you that you've been a really important part of my life these last three years.

Olive looks confused.

OLIVE
Why does this sound like a goodbye?
Are you going somewhere?

Andy knows his plans have changed.

ANDY
No. I'm not going anywhere. I just wanted to be honest.

OLIVE
Well, thank you. Us girls really appreciate honesty.

ANDY
(to himself)
I fucking knew it.

Olive smiles and starts to head off again.

ANDY
Hey, Olive?

She turns back.

ANDY (cont'd)
Sorry, I swear, this is the last time
I'll make you turn around.

OLIVE
(laughs)
It's okay, what's up?

ANDY
This is sort of a random question,
but what was wrong with your car the
other day?

OLIVE
Oh, it was the craziest thing.
Someone slashed my tires.
(beat)
Why?

ANDY
No reason.

OLIVE
See you tomorrow?

ANDY
Yeah. See you tomorrow.

As Olive walks to her car, she takes out her phone, but it
slips out of her hand, and SMASHES on the ground.

OLIVE
Oh come on, this is a new phone.

Andy laughs at this and watches her leave. After a moment, a
powerful hand lands on Andy's shoulder.

BRYCE
Hey, mate.

ANDY
Oh, hey Bryce.

BRYCE
Thought we lost you for a moment back
there.

ANDY
No, no, I'm fine. Just a little
drunk, was all.

BRYCE

Well, I'm glad you're okay. Good night, then.

Bryce heads off.

ANDY

Hey, Bryce?

Bryce turns back.

ANDY (cont'd)

Why did you drive Olive home the other day? After you promised me you'd stay away from her?

Bryce walks back to Andy, and puts his hand on his shoulder.

BRYCE

Oh, right. Well, as you get to know me better, you'll see that, sometimes, in order to get what I want...

Bryce leans in very close and SQUEEZES Andy's shoulder until he winces.

BRYCE

...I lie.

Bryce starts to walk away. Andy realizes something.

ANDY

You slashed her tires.

Bryce stops. He turns back to Andy and smiles. A beat.

BRYCE

Cheers, mate.

Bryce turns and walks towards the club. Andy stands there for a moment, shaken, rubbing his shoulder.

Then all of a sudden, something changes. The expression on Andy's face shifts from uncertainty and fear... to confidence. For the first time, Andy looks like a man. He stops rubbing his shoulder and stands up straight.

And then, just as a hint of a smile starts to creep across his face, we...

CUT TO BLACK.