

**SWINGERS**

by

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Third draft

**1 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

**1**

The soundtrack opens with Frank Sinatra's "Fly Me to the Moon".

A HELICOPTER SHOT OF THE L.A. basin.

The pool of golden light disintegrates into the thousands of points which constitute it as we rapidly draw closer to the city.

We are just above the tops of the highest buildings as we approach Hollywood Boulevard. Below is neon and the icy

thrust of search lights rotating on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

We continue west, then quickly north.

There is the momentary appearance of the moonlit HOLLYWOOD sign as we pass the blinking red beacon of the Capital Records building and drop into Franklin avenue and over the **101**.

Architectural remnants of Hollywood's past whip up. We are heading east at treetop level. A warm glow in the distance quickly grows into a modest commercial strip which includes cafes, bookstores, and a theater.

We drop to eye level as we spy through the plate glass showcase window of the "Bourgeois Pig" coffeehouse, which holds the translucent reflection of the full moon.

A cigarette wedged between knuckles smoulders. MIKE takes the last drag with great effort, then crushes it out. He sits in the window sprawled across a red velvet couch that once perfectly complemented a faux spanish foyer.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

2      **EXT. "BOURGEOIS PIG" COFFEEHOUSE - COUCHES AND TABLE IN FRONT**  
2      **WINDOW - NIGHT**

ROB sits down next to Mike, pouring himself some tea.

**MIKE**

And what if I don't want to give up on her?

**ROB**

You don't call.

**MIKE**

But you said I shouldn't call if I **wanted** to give up on her.

**ROB**

Right.

**MIKE**

So I don't call either way.

**ROB**

Right.

**MIKE**

So what's the difference?

**ROB**

The only difference between giving up and not giving up is if you take her back when she wants to come back. See, you can't do anything to make her want to come back. You can only do things to make her not want to come back.

**MIKE**

So the only difference is if I forget about her or pretend to forget about her.

**ROB**

Right.

**MIKE**

Well that sucks.

**ROB**

It sucks.

**MIKE**

So it's almost a retroactive decision. So I could, like, let's say, forget about her and when she comes back make like I just pretended to forget about her.

**ROB**

Right...or more likely the opposite.

**MIKE**

Right... Wait, what do you mean?

**ROB**

I mean first you'll pretend not to care, not call - whatever, and then, eventually, you really won't care.

**MIKE**

Unless she comes back first.

**ROB**

Ah, see, that's the thing. Somehow they don't come back until you really don't care anymore.

**MIKE**

There's the rub.

**ROB**

There's the rub.

**MIKE**

Thanks, man. Sorry we always talk about the same thing all the time...

**ROB**

Hey man, don't sweat it.

**MIKE**

...It's just that you've been there. Your advice really helps.

**ROB**

No problem.

**MIKE**

Rob, I just want you to know, you're the only one I can talk to about her.

**ROB**

Thanks. Thanks, man.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

3     3     **INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Close up on answering machine. Mike pushes the button.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Hello, you have **five** messages.

Mike's eyes light up. He paces in anticipation as the tape rewinds.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(male voice)

Hey, baby. It's Trent. I hope you're feeling better about your old girlfriend. I hope my advice helped...

Mike fast-forwards to next message.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Skipping message.

(male voice)

Whatsup, Mike. If you want to talk some more about Michelle...

(synthesized voice)  
Skipping message.  
(female voice)  
Mike, it's Chris. Feeling better yet  
about...?  
(synthesized voice)  
Skipping message.

Tension grows with every inch of spooling tape. Did she  
leave a message?

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(female voice)  
Hi, Mike. Did she call yet? If she  
didn't then she doesn't deserve...  
(synthesized voice)  
Skipping message.

The last one. It's a long shot, but he's got the faith.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(elderly female voice)  
Michael, this is Grandma. I want to know  
if you got the part on that television  
program. I told the whole family and  
they're very excited to know if...  
(synthesized voice)  
Skipping message. End of final message.

**MIKE**

(lighting a cigarette,  
defeated)  
Shit.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)  
You have to put things in perspective.

**MIKE**

(unfazed by the sentient  
appliance)  
I know, I know.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)  
You've been through worse.

**MIKE**

You're right. I know.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Ever since I've known you.

**MIKE**

I don't know about that.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Moving here from New York was much more of an adjustment than this.

**MIKE**

It didn't feel that way.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

That's because it was a challenge. You has control over you're situation. It was hard, but you rose to it.

**MIKE**

Okay. I'll think about that. Bye.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

You really should. Life, after all, is really just a series of challenges...

**MIKE**

(growing irate)

Enough. I've got to use the phone.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Are you calling Her?

**MIKE**

No. Stop, come on.

The LED goes black as the machine beeps off. Mike picks up the phone and hits autodial.

Machine beeps off. Phone rings again, then is answered.

**TRENT**

(over phone)

Hello?

**MIKE**

S'up Trent?

**TRENT**

Lemme get off the other line, baby.

We hear the clicks of call-waiting-hold limbo. The silence is interrupted.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice over phone)  
You should call your Grandmother.

**MIKE**

Shuddup.

**TRENT**

(returning to line)  
That was Sue. We got two parties tonight. One's for a modeling agency.

**MIKE**

I don't know...

**TRENT**

Listen to me, baby, there are going to be beautiful babies there.

**MIKE**

Trent, I don't feel like going out tonight. I got shit to do tomorrow...

**TRENT**

Listen to you. I got an audition for a pilot at nine and I'm going. You gotta get out with some beautiful babies. You can't sit home thinking about her.

**MIKE**

I don't know...

**TRENT**

I don't know, I don't know- listen to you. We're gonna have fun tonight. We gotta get you out of that stuffy apartment.

**MIKE**

We're gonna spend half the night driving around the Hills looking for this party and then leaving cause it sucks, then we're gonna look for this other party you heard about. But, Trent, all the parties and bars, they all suck. I spend half the night trying to talk to some girl who's eyes are darting around to see if there's someone else she should be

talking to. And it's like I'm supposed to be all happy cause she's wearing a backpack. Half of them are nasty skanks who wouldn't be shit if they weren't surrounded by a bunch of drunken horny assholes. I'm not gonna be one of those assholes. It's fucking depressing. Some skank who isn't half the woman my girlfriend is is gonna front **me**? It makes me want to puke.

**TRENT**

(beat)

You got it bad, baby. You need Vegas.

**MIKE**

What are you talking about? Vegas?

**TRENT**

**VEGAS.**

**MIKE**

What Vegas?

**TRENT**

We're going to Vegas.

**MIKE**

When?

**TRENT**

Tonight, baby.

**MIKE**

You're crazy.

**TRENT**

I'll pick you up in a half an hour.

**MIKE**

I'm not going to Vegas.

**TRENT**

Shut up- yes you are. Now listen to Tee. We'll stop at a cash machine on the way.

A long thoughtful pause.

**MIKE**

I can't lose more than a hundred.

**TRENT**



Just bring your card. Half an hour.

**MIKE**

Wait.

**TRENT**

What?

**MIKE**

What are you wearing? I mean, we should wear suits.

**TRENT**

Oh... Now Mikey wants to be a high roller.

**MIKE**

No, seriously, if you're dressed nice and you act like you gamble a lot, they give you free shit.

**TRENT**

Okay Bugsy. Twenty minutes.

**MIKE**

Wear a suit, I'm telling you it works.

**TRENT**

Be downstairs. You're beautiful.

**CUT TO:**

4      **EXT. MIKE'S BUILDING - FRANKLIN AVENUE - NIGHT**

Mike is dressed to the nines in classic vintage threads. He's trying to look at ease as he straightens his cuff links. He approaches Trent who suavely leans against his worn down ride. He's a tall, slim, good-looking cat. His sharkskin suit hangs well on his lanky frame as it tapers to his ankles. Sinatra's "Come Fly With Me" on the tape deck adds an elegance to the scene. They exchange an impish grin and depart without saying a word. Maybe this isn't such a bad idea.

**CUT TO:**

5      **INT. TRENT'S CAR - DETAIL SHOT - SPEEDOMETER - NIGHT**

The NEEDLE IS PINNED. The gauges are blurred by the vibration of the poorly tuned engine. The SHOT WIDENS to

reveal that the "Oil" and "Service" dummy lights are both illuminated, causing an eerie red glow onto TRENT's white knuckles.

6       **EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT**  
6

Trent's car is red-lined. The SWINGERS are Vegas bound. Do not pass go.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

7       **INT. TRENT'S CAR - NIGHT**  
7

**MIKE**

(counting bills)  
I took out three hundred, but I'm only gonna bet with one. I figure if we buy a lot of chips, the pit boss will see and they'll comp us all sorts of shit, then we trade back the chips at the end of the night. You gotta be cool though.

**TRENT**

I'm cool, baby. They're gonna give Daddy a room, some breakfast, maybe Bennett's singing.

**MIKE**

I'm serious. This is how you do it. I'm telling you.

**TRENT**

I know. Daddy's gonna get the Rainman suite. Vegas, baby. We're going to Vegas!

**MIKE**

Vegas! You think we'll get there by midnight?

**TRENT**

Baby, we're gonna be up by five hundy by midnight. Vegas, baby!

**MIKE**

Vegas!

Mike twists up the Chairman of the Board as we...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

8        8        INT.   TRENT'S CAR - HOURS LATER

The two swingers are starting to fray around the edges but are unwilling to admit it to each other or themselves. Frank has been replaced by talk radio.

                         TRENT  
                 Vegas, baby!

                         MIKE  
                 Vegas!

The needle is still buried.

DISSOLVE TO:

9        9        INT.   TRENT'S CAR - MANY HOURS LATER

Sleep deprivation and desert static radio.

                         TRENT  
                 Vegas.

                         MIKE  
                 Vegas.

DISSOLVE TO:

10       10       INT.   TRENT'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike is sleeping in the passenger seat.

                         TRENT  
                 Wake up, baby.

                         MIKE  
                 (stirring)  
                 Whu?

                         TRENT  
                 Look at it, baby. Vegas, baby!

Trent points out a mountain range. It is now the only thing separating them from their destination. The surreal glow of the desert sky is accentuated by the loud slashing of the cobalt and ruby lasers emanating from a source masked by the craggy peaks. Mike slowly stirs from his slumber. He is transfixed by this affrontation of nature. It is his first

glimpse of the city without God.

**MIKE**

(in reverie)  
Vegas.

**CUT TO:**

**11 EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

The shrill cry of Basie's fat brass section heralds the arrival of the young swingers. Their eyes drink every watt of golden light as Sinatra's crooning urges them on.

Mike has either had enough sleep or so little that it no longer matters. Either way, there's no turning back.

They roll up to a casino valet. TILT UP to a skull and crossbones which looms overhead.

**CUT TO:**

**12 INT. TREASURE ISLAND CASINO - NIGHT**

The two guys walk and talk down a fluorescent hallway. It is well past midnight and the only patrons at this hour are tourists too drunk to sleep and compulsive gamblers who snuck out of their rooms without waking their wives.

It is a weeknight and it is beginning to become painfully obvious that our boys are overdressed.

The decor is nautical plaster. Castings of bearded men with primitive prosthesis clutching daggers between their teeth are everywhere.

All of ye olde promenade shoppes are closed.

**MIKE**

(the first budding of  
crankiness)  
Pirates of the fucking Caribbean.

**TRENT**

This is the hot new place, besides, you love pirates. Tell me Mikey doesn't love pirates.

**MIKE**

This is fuckin' post-pubescent

Disneyland.

**TRENT**

You gotta love the pirates, baby. The pirates are **money**.

The corridor empties into the equally kitch CASINO.

**MIKE**

This place is dead. I thought this was the city that never sleeps.

**TRENT**

That's New York, baby. You should know that. Look at the waitresses. I'm gonna get me a peg-leg baby.

**MIKE**

They're all skanks.

**TRENT**

Baby, there are beautiful babies here.

**MIKE**

Tee, the beautiful babies don't work Wednesdays midnight to six. This is the skank shift.

**TRENT**

What are you talking about? Look at all the honeys.

Trent contorts his face at a cute WAITRESS passing by with a tray of drinks.

**TRENT**

Arrrrrg!

The waitress cracks a smile as she crosses away. Mike is visibly embarrassed.

**MIKE**

Cut that shit out.

**TRENT**

She smiled baby.

**MIKE**

That's not cool.

**TRENT**

Did she, or did she not smile?

**MIKE**

It doesn't matter...

**TRENT**

I'm telling you, they love that shit.

**MIKE**

You're gonna screw up our plan.

**TRENT**

We're gonna get laid, baby.

**MIKE**

First let's see what happens if we play it cool.

**TRENT**

What? You think she's gonna tell her pit-boss on us?

**MIKE**

Don't make fun, I think we can get some free shit if we don't fuck around.

**TRENT**

Who's fucking around? I'm not making fun. Let's do it, baby.

**MIKE**

The trick is to look like you don't need it, then they give you shit for free.

**TRENT**

Well, you look **money**, baby. We both look **money**.

Mike points to a semi-curtained, semi-roped-off area near the baccarat tables. The clientele is classier, but they're still obviously overdressed.

**MIKE**

(pointing)

That's where we make our scene.

**TRENT**

You think they're watching?

**MIKE**

Oh, they're watching all right. They're watching.

CUT TO:

13     13     INT.   TREASURE ISLAND CASINO - THE CLASSY SECTION - NIGHT  
13

Mike is at a blackjack table with Trent at his side. The game has paused to observe the newcomers as Mike draws a billfold out of his breast pocket. They're pulling it off with only slightly noticeable effort.

**MIKE**

I don't know, I guess I'll start with  
three hundred in, uh, blacks.

Mike tries to hand the DEALER a handful of twenties after counting them twice.

**DEALER**

On the table.

**MIKE**

Sorry?

**DEALER**

You have to lay it on the table.

**MIKE**

Uh, I don't want to bet it all.

The other players grow impatient.

**DEALER**

You're not allowed to hand me money, sir.  
You'll have to lay it on the table if you  
want me to change it.

**MIKE**

(hastily laying down the bills)  
Oh... right.

The dealer lays out the bills such that the amount is visible to the camera encased in the black glass globe overhead. Trent and Mike look up at it open-mouthed like turkeys in the rain.

**DEALER**

Blacks?

Mike's attention is recaptured by the dealer, but Trent continues trying to peer through the smoked glass.

**MIKE**

Huh?

**DEALER**

You want this in black chips.

**MIKE**

Sure, that'll be fine.

The dealer chirps out an unintelligible formality and the PIT BOSS chirps the response. Trent's focus whips away from the camera as both he and Mike stare at the pit boss ten feet away.

The dealer plunks down the measly THREE CHIPS which represent Mike's entire cash reserve. Not quite the effect he had hoped for.

The swingers stare at the chips. The players stare at the swingers. The dealer stares at the pit boss.

**MIKE**

Do you have anything smaller?

**DEALER**

Yes, but I'm afraid this table has a hundred-dollar-minimum bet. Perhaps you'd be more comfortable at one of our lower stakes tables.

The dealer indicates a FIVE-DOLLAR TABLE across the room where an Hispanic woman deals to a BLUEHAIR, a BIKER, and a COUPLE in matching Siegfried and Roy T-shirts.

The swingers look back to the dealer who is now flanked by the pit boss.

The tense silence is broken by...

**WAITRESS**

Drinks?  
(then to Trent)  
How about you, **Cap'n**?

Trent looks over to see that it's the same WAITRESS who flashed him a smile earlier. At first he begins to smile, then, remembering that he is locked in a high stakes battle of wills, subtly shakes her off. She smirks and starts to leave until she is interrupted by Mike holding up a finger. It's a balsy move, but everyone's watching. The kid's going for broke.

**MIKE**

(to the waitress, but never



breaking eye contact with the  
dealer)  
I'll have a vodka martini, straight up,  
shaken not stirred, very dry.

Smooth. Trent is impressed, but masks his pride.

**WAITRESS**

(under her breath cynically as  
she writes it down)  
One "James Bond".

Ow. She exits.

**MIKE**

(regaining composure)  
No. Blacks will be fine.

Mike throws a chip in the circle. Trent is shocked. That's  
a hundred bucks. Mike and Trent share a look. The dealer  
and the pit boss exchange glances. Bets are all down and the  
cards are meticulously dealt.

The dealer has a two showing. Mike has been dealt a five and  
a six- **eleven**.

**TRENT**

(hushed tones)  
Double down.

**MIKE**

(even husheder)  
What?!?

**TRENT**

Double down, baby. You gotta double down  
on an eleven.

**MIKE**

I know, but...

**TRENT**

You gotta do it.

**MIKE**

...but that's **two hundred dollars**.  
This is **blood money**...

**TRENT**

If we don't look like we know what we're  
doing, then we may as well...

Everyone's waiting for them.

**MIKE**

I know.

The dealer, the pit boss, and all the players look on as Mike drops ANOTHER BLACK CHIP in the circle with a barely audible, yet deafening, thud.

**MIKE**

(with all the nonchalance he  
can muster)

Double down.

A bead of sweat.

The sharp snap of a dealt card.

It's a seven. **Eighteen.**

Disappointment twists their faces.

Finally the dealer flips over his card.

It's a king! **Twelve.** Here comes the bust...

Flick - four. **Sixteen!** Here comes the bust...

Flick - five. **Twenty one.** Groans all around, except for the swingers who watch their chips slide away in silence.

Mike breaks the spell with a plucky smile from the pit of his stomach.

**MIKE**

(to the pit boss)

Sure could use some dinner about now.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

Trent and Mike are wedged between the BLUEHAIR and the BIKER At the FIVE DOLLAR TABLE. They share a pile of red chips.

**TRENT**

I'm telling you, baby, you **always** double  
down on an eleven.

**MIKE**

Yeah? Well obviously not **always!**

**TRENT**

**Always,** baby.

**MIKE**

I'm just saying, not in this particular case.

**TRENT**

Always.

**MIKE**

But I lost! How can you say **always**?!?

In the meantime, the Bluehair has been dealt an eleven. This captures the swinger's attention.

**BLUEHAIR**

Hit.

Four. **Fifteen** all together.

**BLUEHAIR**

Oh... I don't know... Hit.

Two. **Seventeen**. Dealer has a seven showing.

**BLUEHAIR**

What the hell- hit.

Four! **Twenty one**.

**DEALER**

(with a warm smile)

Twenty one.

Polite applause from around the table which the Bluehair humbly waves off. Mike looks at Trent. Daggers. Trent shrugs.

A different PIT BOSS approaches.

**PIT BOSS**

Would you care for some breakfast, ma'am?

**BLUEHAIR**

Well...? No, I shouldn't. Maybe later. Thank you, though.

**MIKE**

(to Trent, under his breath)

I'm gonna fuckin**k**ill you.

**CUT TO:**

14     14     INT.   TREASURE ISLAND CASINO - CASHIER'S WINDOW - NIGHT  
14

Mike is presented a stack of twenties by the CASHIER, who counts them out. Trent looks on.

**CASHIER**

...eighty... one hundred... one hundred  
and twenty dollars. We hope to see you  
back on the high seas soon.  
(polite smile)

Mike throws her a disgusted look, then turns to go. Trent struggles to cheer him up.

**TRENT**

What's that? One twenty? You're up  
twenty bucks, baby.

Mike throws him a disgusted glare.

**TRENT**

... Well, you know, not counting the  
first table.

**MIKE**

Thanks for clarifying that.

**TRENT**

Hey, man, I'm down too, you know.

**MIKE**

Yea, how much?

**TRENT**

I don't know, what? Thirty, Forty maybe.

**MIKE**

Don't give me that shit. You know  
exactly how much you lost. What'd you  
drop?

**TRENT**

Twenty... but I was down at least fifty.  
I'm sorry, I got hot at the crap table.

**MIKE**

You won. There's nothing to be sorry  
about. You're a winner. I'm the fuckin  
loser. I should be sorry.

**TRENT**

Baby, don't talk like that, baby.

**MIKE**

Let's just leave.

**TRENT**

Baby, you're **money**. You're the **big** winner.

**MIKE**

Let's go.

**TRENT**

(condescending)

**Who's** the big winner?

Mike looks away, shaking his head in disgust.

**TRENT**

(lifting Mike's reluctant hand  
from the wrist like a boxing  
champ)

**Mikey's** the big winner.

**MIKE**

(shaking his head to hide a  
smirk)

What an asshole.

**TRENT**

Okay, Tee's the asshole, but Mikey's the  
big winner.

The same WAITRESS from before approaches the swingers as they  
are about to leave.

**WAITRESS**

There you two are. I walked around for  
an hour with that stupid martini on my  
tray.

**MIKE**

Sorry. We got knocked out pretty  
quickly.

**CHRISTY**

(sarcasm?)

A couple of high rollers like you?

**MIKE**

Could you believe it?

**CHRISTY**

Wait here, I'll get you that martini.

**MIKE**

Nah, I didn't really want it anyway. I just wanted to order it.

**CHRISTY**

Can I get you something else? I mean, you shouldn't leave without getting something for free.

**MIKE**

No thanks. Why ruin a perfect night.

**TRENT**

(condescending)

Bring a James Bond for me **and** my boy Mikey, and if you tell the bartender to go easy on the water...

(holds up a half-dollar)

...this Kennedy has your name on it. Now run along, I'm timing you.

The waitress smiles in spite of herself, shakes her head, and walks away.

**MIKE**

What an asshole.

**TRENT**

That was **money**. Tell me that wasn't money.

**MIKE**

That was so demeaning...

**TRENT**

She **smiled**, baby.

**MIKE**

I can't believe what an asshole you are.

**TRENT**

Did she, or did she not smile.

**MIKE**

She was smiling at what an asshole you are.

**TRENT**

She was smiling at how **money** I am, baby.

**MIKE**

Let's go. I'm not paying for a room, and if we don't leave now we'll never make it.

**TRENT**

Leave? The honey-baby's bringing us some cocktails.

**MIKE**

What are you, nuts? You think she's coming back?

**TRENT**

I **know** she's coming back.

**MIKE**

I don't think so.

**TRENT**

Baby, did you hear her? "You shouldn't leave without getting something for free." She wants to party, baby.

**MIKE**

You think so?

**TRENT**

You gotta give Tee one thing. He's good with the ladies.

**MIKE**

I'm too tired for this. Let's just go.

**TRENT**

Baby, this is what we came for. We met a beautiful baby and she likes you.

**MIKE**

She likes **you**.

**TRENT**

Whatever. We'll see. Daddy's gonna get her to bring a friend. We'll both get one. I don't care if I'm with her or one of her beautiful baby friends.

**MIKE**

I don't know...

**TRENT**

You gotta get that girl out of your head. It's time to move on. You're a stylish, successful, good looking cat. The ladies want to love you, you just gotta let them.

**MIKE**

That's bullshit.

**TRENT**

It's not. You're **money**. Any of these ladies would be lucky to pull a cat like you.

**MIKE**

It's just that I've been out of the game so long. Trent, I was with her for **six years**. That's before AIDS. I'm scared. I don't know how to talk to them, I don't know...

**TRENT**

You can't think like that, baby. It's hard, I know. I've been there. Not for six years, but I know. You just gotta get back out there.

**MIKE**

It's just tough, after sleeping with someone you love for so long, to be with someone new... who doesn't know what I like... and you **gotta** wear a jimmy...

**TRENT**

... **gotta**...

**MIKE**

... and then I'm struggling to impress some chick who's not half as classy as my girlfriend, who I'm not even really attracted to...

**TRENT**

Oh **fuck** that. You don't have to try and impress anyone. You think I give a shit? You think I sweat that skanky whore waitress...

Tee is interrupted by the WAITRESS who, thank God, barely missed his comment.

**TRENT**



(recovering, looking at watch)  
... One fifty-nine, Two minutes.

**WAITRESS**

Two vodka martinis, straight up, shaken  
not stirred, very dry, easy on the water.

**TRENT**

Beautiful. What time are you off...  
(reads nameplate)  
... Christy?

**WAITRESS**

Six.

Mike can't believe it. Tee is just making it happen.

**TRENT**

Call a friend and have her meet the three  
of us at the Landlubber Lounge at 6:01.  
(Trent throws the half-dollar  
on her tray)

**SMASH CUT TO:**

15     15     INT.   TREASURE ISLAND CASINO - COFFEE SHOP - SAME NIGHT

Trent and Mike are looking at menus. They're smoking at the  
table because the can.

**MIKE**

That was so fuckin' **money**. It was like  
that "Jedi mind" shit.

**TRENT**

That's what I'm telling you, baby. The  
babies love that stuff. They don't want  
all that sensitive shit. You start  
talking to them about puppy dogs and ice  
cream. They **know** what you **want**. What do  
you think? You think they don't?

**MIKE**

I know. I know.

**TRENT**

They know what you want, believe me.  
Pretending is just a waste of time.  
You're gonna take them there eventually  
anyway. Don't apologize for it.

**MIKE**

I'm just trying to be a gentleman, show some respect...

**TRENT**

Respect, my ass. They respect honesty. You see how they dress when they go out? They want to be noticed. You're just showing them it's working. You gotta get off this respect kick, baby. There aint nothing wrong with letting them now that you're money and that you want to party.

The COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS approaches the table. She's cute, but not nearly as hot as Christy.

**WAITRESS**

Are you ready to order?

**MIKE**

Coffee...

(points to Trent, who nods)

Two coffees. It says "Breakfast Any Time", right?

**WAITRESS**

That's right.

**MIKE**

I'll have "pancakes in the Age of Enlightenment".

It goes over like a lead balloon.

**WAITRESS**

And you?

**TRENT**

I'll have the Blackbeard over easy.

**WAITRESS**

I'll be back with the coffee.

She takes the menus and goes.

**TRENT**

(genuinely)

Nice, baby.

**MIKE**

I should've said Renaissance, right? It went over her head.

**TRENT**

Baby, you did fine.

**MIKE**

(disgusted with himself)  
"Age of Enlightenment". Shit. Like some waitress in a Las Vegas coffee shop is going to get an obscure French philosophical reference. How demeaning. I may as well have just said "Let me jump your ignorant bones."...

**TRENT**

...Baby...

**MIKE**

... It's just, I thought "Renaissance" was too Excaliber, it's the wrong casino. She **would've** gotten it, though...

**TRENT**

You did fine. Don't sweat her. We're meeting **our** honeys soon. You **know** Christy's friend is going to be money.

**MIKE**

I hope so.  
(checks watch)  
We gotta go soon.

**TRENT**

Baby, relax. It's just down the hall. She's gotta change... we'll be fine.

**MIKE**

We didn't do so bad after all.

**TRENT**

Baby, we're **money**.

Mike tries to catch the attention of their waitress, who is passing with a huge platter containing a BREAKFAST BANQUET.

**MIKE**

Excuse me. We're in a bit of a hurry.

**WAITRESS**

Hang on, Voltaire.

She passes their table and sets the ENTIRE FEAST in front of the BLUEHAIR from the casino who sits alone.

**BLUEHAIR**

I said **two** lox platters. This isn't thirty dollars worth of food. I have a **thirty dollar** voucher. This isn't my first time in Vegas, you know.

CUT TO:

16 16 INT. TREASURE ISLAND CASINO - LANDLUBBER LOUNGE - SAME NIGHT

Christy is at the bar wearing acid-washed jeans with a matching denim top. She's sexy in a pathetic mid-eighties sort of way. She's sitting next to a pretty brunette, LISA, dressed in a similar fashion.

There is something bizarre about her appearance. Her hair is tied into long pig-tails with powder blue ribbons. Her makeup job is almost theatrical, with bright pink/red lips. She can't be **that** out of it, or can she?

The girls have already been flanked by a herd of potential **COURTIERS**.

The SWINGERS saunter up to the girls in a smooth, SLOW-MOTION **SHOT**.

The girls notice them.

The courtiers sense their rejection and part like the Red Sea for the swingers in perfect slow-motion choreography.

**CHRISTY**

Hi, boys, we almost gave up on you.

**TRENT**

Oh, are we late? There are no clocks in this town.

**CHRISTY**

Well, no harm done. This is Lisa. I'm sorry, I never got your names...

**MIKE**

I'm Mike...

(with contempt)  
and this is my friend "Doubledown Trent".

**TRENT**

(working the bit)  
Stop.  
(then to the girls)

Ladies, don't you double down on an eleven?

**CHRISTY**

**Always...**

**LISA**

No matter **what...** like splitting aces.

**MIKE**

Whatever.

**TRENT**

Hello, Lisa. I'm Trent. What a lovely makeup job.

**CHRISTY**

Lisa works at the MGM Grand...

**LISA**

(apologetically)  
I'm a "Dorothy".

**TRENT**

(trying to sell her to Mike)  
Oh... a **Dorothy**.

**MIKE**

Well... we're not in Kansas anymore.

Another lead balloon. Uncomfortable silence.

**CHRISTY**

What do you guys do?

**MIKE**

I'm a comedian.

More uncomfortable silence.

**LISA**

Do you ever perform out here? I'd love to see you.

**MIKE**

No...

**LISA**

You should. A lot of comics play Vegas.

**MIKE**

Well, I'm afraid it's not that easy...

**LISA**

Why not?

**MIKE**

There are different circuits... it's hard to explain... you wouldn't understand...

**LISA**

Who's your booking agent?

**MIKE**

(flustered)

Oh? You know about booking agents... I don't, uh, actually have a **west coast** agent as of yet...

**LISA**

Well, who represents you back east?

**MIKE**

Actually, it's funny you... I'm actually, uh, **between**...

**LISA**

What do you do, Trent?

**TRENT**

I'm a producer.

**BOTH GIRLS**

Wow... Oooh... Ahhh...

Mike rolls his eyes at how full of shit he is.

**CHRISTY**

Listen, I'm not really allowed to drink here. We should go someplace else. How's my place?

The swingers exchange a glance.

Beat.

**TRENT & MIKE**

Sounds good to me... Fine... Sure

**CUT TO:**

**17 EXT. CHRISTY'S TRAILER - EARLY MORNING**

Establishing shot of an Airstream trailer dug into the desert on chocks. Trent's car and two El Caminos are parked out front.

18     **INT. CHRISTY'S TRAILER - SAME**

The foursome, now somewhat more intimate, sit huddled around the fold-out table.

They've been drinking whiskey and long-neck Buds, judging by the recyclables.

The pairings seems to be Trent/Christy, Mike/Lisa.

The cramped compartment is filled with secondary smoke and laughter.

**TRENT**

No... no... The worst was when I went in for this After-School special and I'm sitting in the waiting room with all these little kids. I see they're all signed in for the same role as me...

**CHRISTY**

They were auditioning for the same role as you?

**TRENT**

Wait... Wait... Listen... So, I check the time and place. I'm where I'm supposed to be. I call my agent... She says they asked for me specifically...

**MIKE**

What was the part?

**TRENT**

Oh... "I love you... I can't believe you're doing this... Drugs are bad..." Whatever. After-School bullshit. The role is Brother.

**MIKE**

"Big Brother", "Little Brother"?

**TRENT**

Wait... Wait... Just "Brother". So I go in. "Hello... Hi... We loved your guest spot on Baywatch... blah blah blah..." Whatever. So, I start to read, and,

Mikey, I was money. I prepared for a week. It's a starring role. I'm crying... The casting director, she starts crying...

**MIKE**

No!

**TRENT**

Yes!

**LISA**

Oh my God.

**CHRISTY**

Did you get it?

**TRENT**

Wait... She's crying. I finish. I hold up my finger like "Wait a second". They sit in silence for, like, at least five minutes. I look up and they all start **clapping**, and now they're **all** crying. Even the **camera guy**.

**MIKE**

No! Not the camera guy!

**TRENT**

I'm telling you!

**LISA**

So what happened?

**TRENT**

So, I swear to God this is exactly what he said. The producer says to me... now he's still crying... he says to me that I was great, that that was exactly what they were looking for...

**MIKE**

... So give me the fuckin part...

**TRENT**

Right? ... that I nailed it... Whatever. Then he says it's just that I'm a **little old**. I'm like "How old is the Brother?". He's like, he says this with a straight face, I swear to God, he says "**Eleven**."

**MIKE**



So, what'd you say to him? **"Double down."**?

They all crack up even more.

**TRENT**

It's like, you looked at my tape. You saw my picture. Why did you call me in? You knew I was twenty-four.

**CHRISTY**

What an asshole.

**MIKE**

I believe it.

The room dies down. The girls settle into the arms of their men. There's a lot of body language and pheromones, but not a lot of words.

**CHRISTY**

How rude of me. I haven't given you the tour.

She gets up and leads Trent into the sleeping compartment to the rear. The door slaps shut.

Mike and Lisa, in all her made-up glory, look into each others eyes.

**CUT TO:**

**19 INT. CHRISTY'S TRAILER - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - SAME**

Trent is already at work. He's smooth. A cascade of stuffed animals tumble off the bed with every thrust. Clothes start to peel off.

Trent takes a breather. He takes a step to the door.

**TRENT**

Let me just check on my boy.

**CHRISTY**

Don't worry. He's in good hands.

Trent cracks the door and peers through. The light is dim, but he can make out that they're starting to neck.

He closes the door, satisfied.

**CHRISTY**

(coyly)

What a good friend. I can use a friend like you.

(she beckons him back to bed)

**CUT TO:**

20     **INT. CHRISTY'S TRAILER - FRONT ROOM - SAME**  
20

What seemed like necking is actually Lisa and Mike huddled tight having an intimate conversation.

**LISA**

(reassuring)

I'm sure she'll call. Six years is a long time. You don't just break it off cleanly after six years.

**MIKE**

I know, but she did. She's with someone else now...

**LISA**

Already? You poor thing. It won't last.

**MIKE**

Why not?

**LISA**

It's a rebound.

**MIKE**

**We** were a rebound, and we lasted six years.

**LISA**

Yeah, but how long was the relationship she was rebounding **from**?

**MIKE**

Six years.

Beat.

**MIKE**

Can I check my messages? I have a calling card.

**LISA**

Sure, I guess. The phone's in the back.

Mike gets up and approaches the door.

**MIKE**

Sorry, it's just that...

**LISA**

I understand.

Mike lightly knocks on the door.

**MIKE**

Trent...

(knock knock)

Tee.

The door cracks.

**MIKE**

Sorry, man, I need...

Trent pokes a CONDOM through the door.

**MIKE**

No, man. I need to use the phone.

**TRENT**

What?

**MIKE**

I gotta use the phone.

**TRENT**

Baby, you'll check them tomorrow.

**MIKE**

Please, Tee. I have to use the phone.  
Sorry, man.

**TRENT**

Hold on.

The door closes.

**MIKE**

(to Lisa)

I hope I'm not interrupting anything.  
They weren't in there that long.

Lisa reassuringly shakes her head.

Beat.

Christy walks out wearing only Trent's sharkskin jacket as a robe.

Trent follows with a towel wrapped around his waist.

Trent glares at Mike as they pass. Daggers.

**MIKE**

(apologizing to Christy as she exits)

I've got a calling card, there's no charge to your phone.

**CUT TO:**

21     **INT. CHRISTY'S TRAILER - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - SAME**  
21

Mike dials.

**BACK TO:**

22     **INT. CHRISTY'S TRAILER - FRONT ROOM - SAME**  
22

Half naked Trent and Christy sit with fully clothed Lisa.

**CHRISTY**

(to Lisa)

The poor thing. Six years?

**LISA**

... And she's with someone else.

**CHRISTY**

The poor thing. I'll make some coffee.

Trent is not happy.

**BACK TO:**

23     **INT. CHRISTY'S TRAILER - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - SAME**  
23

Mike is on the phone.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

She didn't call.

Disappointment pulls at Mike's brow.

**BACK TO:**

**24**     **INT.   CHRISTY'S TRAILER - FRONT ROOM - SAME**  
**24**

The girls clean up the bottles and ashtrays. The coffee is brewing. The shades are up. It's officially morning.

Trent's chin is in his hand. He radiates the blue tinge of glandular congestion. He'll have no part of any of this.

**CHRISTY**

He's so sweet. He really said that?

**LISA**

I believe it too. He really just wants her to be happy.

**CHRISTY**

He is **so** sweet.

Mike enters.

The girls immediately stop their chatter and look at him in anticipation.

Mike shakes his head "no".

The girls walk to embrace him in consolation.

**BOTH GIRLS**

Awwww.

Trent just shakes his head. He'll have no part of any of this.

**CUT TO:**

**25**     **EXT.   DESERT ROAD - DAY**  
**25**

Establishing whot of Trent's car heading back to L.A. on the northbound I-15. The speeding car is dwarfed by the expansive badlands.

**26**     **EXT.   TRENT'S CAR - DESERT ROAD - SAME**  
**26**

**MIKE**

She asked me what I was thinking about?  
What should I have done? Lie?

**TRENT**

You didn't have to get into it, baby.

**MIKE**

Sorry about interrupting...

**TRENT**

Don't worry about me, baby. I just wanted you to have a good time.

**MIKE**

Christy was nice...

**TRENT**

I didn't even like her, to be honest.

**MIKE**

She was hot.

**TRENT**

She really didn't do it for me, baby. How'd you like Dorothy?

**MIKE**

I don't know. The whole Judy Garland thing kind of turned me on. Does that makes me some kind of fag?

**TRENT**

No, baby. You're money.

**MIKE**

She didn't like me, anyway.

**TRENT**

She thought you were money.

**MIKE**

I don't think so.

**TRENT**

I heard them talking. They both thought you were money.

**MIKE**

Yeah, a good friend.

**TRENT**

Baby, you take yourself out of the game. You start talking about puppy dogs and ice cream, of course it's gonna be on the

friend tip.

**MIKE**

I just don't think she liked me in that way.

**TRENT**

Baby, you're so money you don't even know it.

**MIKE**

Tee, girls don't go for me the way they go for you.

**TRENT**

Michelle went for you, right.

**MIKE**

That was different.

**TRENT**

How?

**MIKE**

I was younger... It was college. You didn't go to college, you don't know what it's like. You screw chicks you have no business being with. They're young, they don't know any better.

**TRENT**

That's just plain silly. Your self-esteem is just low because she's with someone else. But thinking about it and talking about it all the time is bad. It's no good, man. You gotta get out there. The ladies want to love you, baby.

**MIKE**

I just need some time...

**TRENT**

Why? So you can beat yourself up? Sitting around in that stuffy apartment. It's just plain bad for you, man. It's depressing. You've come so far. Remember the first week? After she told you? You couldn't even eat.

**MIKE**

Don't remind me.

**TRENT**

You just sat around drinking orange juice. Now look at you. Look how far you've come in just a few months. You got that part in that movie...

**MIKE**

... a **day**...

**TRENT**

... Whatever. It's work. You're doing what you love. What's she doing?

**MIKE**

Selling scrap metal.

**TRENT**

(smiles)

See? And what does this guy she's with do?

**MIKE**

He drives a carriage.

**TRENT**

What?!?

**MIKE**

(smiling)

I hear he drives a carriage around Central Park or something.

**TRENT**

Please. And you're sweating **him**? You're "all that" and you're sweating some lawn jockey?

**MIKE**

I hear she's getting real fat.

**TRENT**

Baby, she's the one who should be thinking about **you**. Sounds to me like you cut loose some dead weight. Trust me, Mikey, you're better off.

Trent cranks some Frank. "You Make Me Feel So Young".

Mike is finally, genuinely, smiling.

He turns down the music enough to talk.



**MIKE**

I'm gonna try. I'm really gonna try.

Trent just smiles and cranks Frank back up

27     **EXT. DESERT ROAD - SAME**  
27

Trent's car drives off into the distance. A sign reads:  
"Los Angeles - 270 miles".

**DISSOLVE TO:**

28     **EXT. PITCH AND PUTT GOLF COURSE - LOS FELIZ - DAY**  
28

Establishing shot of MIKE and ROB teeing off with nine irons.

Rob wears a Yale sweatshirt. Mike wears one from Queens College. A Mets cap shades his eyes. Neither have shaved and, odds are, neither showered. They each carry a loose nine blade and putter as they wander to their lie.

**ROB**

I don't think I'm gonna take it.

**MIKE**

I's a gig.

**ROB**

I mean, I need the money.

**MIKE**

You're an actor. Find the Zen in the role.

**ROB**

It's definitely a step back for me.

**MIKE**

Look, there's not much of a call for Shakespeare in this town.

**ROB**

There's just something about being "Goofy". Any other Disney character would be fine. There's just this stigma associated with the character.

**MIKE**

What do you want? You're tall.

**ROB**

Do you realize how hard it's going to be to tell my parents? I still haven't told them I didn't get the pilot.

**MIKE**

You tested over a month ago. I'm sure they figured it out by now.

**ROB**

It's like "Hi, Mom. I'm not going to be starring in that sit-com and, oh by the way, I'm Goofy. Send more money."

They split up and both over-chip the green miserably.

**CUT TO:**

29     **EXT.   PUTTING GREEN - PITCH AND PUTT GOLF COURSE - SAME**  
29

Mike and Rob putt.

**MIKE**

Haven't you noticed I didn't mention Michelle once today?

**ROB**

I didn't want to say anything.

**MIKE**

Why?

**ROB**

I don't know. It's like not talking to a pitcher in the midst of a no hitter.

**MIKE**

What? Like, you didn't want to jinx it?

**ROB**

Kinda.

**MIKE**

I don't talk about her **that** much.

**ROB**

Oh no?

**MIKE**

I didn't mention her once today.

**ROB**

Well, until now. Tend the pin.

Mike pulls out the flag for Rob's putt. He misses.

**MIKE**

The only reason I mentioned her at all is to say that I'm not going to talk about her anymore. I thought you'd appreciate that.

**ROB**

I do. Good for you, man.

**MIKE**

I've decided to get out there.  
(re: the ball)  
Go ahead. Play it out.

Rob putts the "gimme". He misses by an inch.

**MIKE**

I'm not making any more excuses for myself.

Rob taps it in. He tends the pin or Mike, who misses.

**ROB**

Good to hear, Mikey.

Mike putts again, and misses.

**MIKE**

You want to hit the town tonight?

**ROB**

I shouldn't, Mike, it's a weeknight.

**MIKE**

What do you have? A Pluto call back?

**ROB**

Sure. Kick me when I'm down.

Mike plunks it in.

**MIKE**

Count 'em up.

The two of them count and recount as they revisualize each shot in their head. Throughout the process they count under

their breath and point to different parts of the fairway and green.

The two of them revolve, point, and mumble for an absurdly long amount of time until finally...

**ROB**

How many strokes?

**MIKE**

I don't know. Eight or Nine.

**ROB**

I'll give you an eight.  
(writes score)

**MIKE**

What'd you get?

**ROB**

An eight.

**MIKE**

Looks like we're in a dead heat after one hole. This is turning into quite a rivalry.

Rob points to the far-off crowd of a dozen IRATE GOLFERS Waiting to tee off.

**ROB**

You better replace the pin, Chi-Chi. The natives look restless.

**CUT TO:**

30     **INT. SUE'S APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - EVENING**

First of all, SUE is a **guy**, and a tough guy at that. He is wearing an L.A. Kings home jersey. His sweater bears the sacred number "99". Sue is lounging in front of the TV in army surplus khaki cutoffs and untied Doc Martin boots.

Sue brushes back a shock of straight, greasy, dirty blonde hair as not to obscure his view of the screen. His face glows with the reflection of the SEGA HOCKEY game on the set. Sue and TRENT are locked in a heavily contested battle of motor reflexes. Nothing moves but their eyes, thumbs, and mouths...

**SUE**

Bitch... You little bitch!

**TRENT**

Chelios to Roenick...!

MIKE looks on. He is more captivated with the simulated sporting event than the Clippers game on the TV across the room.

Electric guitars blaze over the stereo.

The room, like the guys, could use a spring cleaning. Pizza boxes, beer bottles, and full, full ashtrays. You can taste the smoke.

**SUE**

You little bitch!

**MIKE**

Hey Sue. Gretsky's on his ass again.

**TRENT**

Because he's a bitch.

**SUE**

That's so bullshit. This is so bullshit.

**MIKE**

You should play another team. The Kings are bitches in this game.

**SUE**

Hey, man. I took the Kings to the **Cup**.

**TRENT**

... against the **computer**.

**SUE**

They're a finesse team...

**TRENT**

They're a bitch team... **SCORE!**  
**Roenick!**

**SUE**

**Fuck!!!** That is so **bullshit!**

**MIKE**

Give it up, Sue.

The PHONE RINGS. Sue picks it up and balances it on his shoulder as he plays.

**SUE**

Hello?

(re: game)

**Shit!**

(back to phone)

Yeah. The elevator doesn't work.

(he lets the phone drop. Then  
to Mike)

It's Pink Dot. Buzz him in - hit nine.

Mike picks up the phone off the matted shag carpet. He  
pushes "9", listens, then hangs up.

**TRENT**

I wish the game still had fights so I  
could bitch-slap Wayne.

**MIKE**

This version doesn't have fighting?

**TRENT**

No. Doesn't that suck?

**MIKE**

What? That was the best part of the old  
game.

**SUE**

I don't know. I guess kids were hitting  
each other or something.

**TRENT**

You could make their heads bleed, though.

**SUE**

Yeah... If you hit them hard their heads  
bleed all over the ice and their legs  
convulse.

**MIKE**

No.

**TRENT**

Yeah.

**SUE**

It's kinda money, actually.

**MIKE**

Make someone bleed.

**SUE**

No, man, we're in the play-offs.

**TRENT**

I'll make Gretsky bleed, the little bitch.

The DELIVERY MAN knocks on the door.

**SUE**

Pause it.  
(Trent pauses the game)

**MIKE**

Give me the money. I'll get it.

While Sue gives Mike the money, Trent UNPAUSES the game and checks Gretsky into the boards, leaving him writhing in a pool of red pixels.

**SUE**

You **bitch!**

Sue dives onto Trent. They wrestle a little too rambunctiously for indoors. Trent pulls the hockey sweater over Sue's head and starts wailing on his back.

Mike crosses. The CAMERA follows him down a shallow hallway to the door. He unlocks it.

A delivery man of eastern-hemispheric decent is out of breath from four flights of stairs. He hands Mike a twelve-pack of Bud cans and three packs of Marlboro reds.

He can HEAR, but NOT SEE, the chaos ensuing in the living room.

**CUT TO:**

**31**     **31**     **INT. SUE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Trent and Sue are flushed. They pause long enough to torment Mike.

**TRENT**

(feigning homosexuality)  
Is he **cute**? Ask him if he wants to stay for a cocktail!

**SUE**

(following suit)

... Is he **brown**?

**BACK TO:**

32     **INT.   SUE'S DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS**  
32

Mike forces an apologetic smile. He is embarrassed. The delivery man doesn't seem to understand any of this.

Mike, out of guilt, hands him a four dollar tip. This he seems to understand. He smiles and leaves.

Mike crosses back to the main room.

**MIKE**

You guys are such assholes.

**TRENT**

(continuing the gag)

Aww... He got away?

**SUE**

(untangling himself from  
Trent)

Gimme my reds. I've been jonesing for an hour.

Mike throws him a pack of smokes, which he unravels with surgical precision.

Cans of beer are tossed around and cracked.

**MIKE**

What time's this party tonight?

**TRENT**

It starts at eight...

**SUE**

... which means no one will get there 'til ten.

**MIKE**

So, what? Eleven?

**TRENT & SUE**

Midnight.

**MIKE**

I'm gonna bring an old friend who just moved out here.



**TRENT**

Who? Rob?

**MIKE**

Yeah. You met him once.

**TRENT**

(approvingly)

Yeah. He's a "rounder".

**SUE**

What's he do?

**MIKE**

He's trying to be an actor.

**TRENT**

What a surprise...

**SUE**

... How novel.

**CUT TO:**

**33     EXT.   DARK ALLEY - OFF OF HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - SEEDY - NIGHT**

MIKE and ROB walk down the dirty deserted alleyway. Mike is wearing baggy slacks, Doc Martin shoes, and an oversized Eisenhower-cut jacket with a vertical stripe inset. The collar is large and pointy, but definitely not seventies. His ensemble has more of an early sixties vibe.

Rob hasn't been at it quite as long. He's wearing worn-in Levi's over worn-in boots and, the nineties standby, an untucked flannel.

Mike walks with purpose. He intermittently tries to pull open locked steel doors along the alley. Rob looks confused.

**ROB**

So, if the party starts at eight, why are we first going to a bar at ten?

**MIKE**

To get a drink before we meet the guys for a bite at eleven.

**ROB**

Oh.

(beat)

Where is this place?

**MIKE**

(pulling handle)

It's one of these. For some reason, cool bars in L.A. have to be very hard to find and have no signs out front.

**ROB**

That doesn't sound too good for business.

**MIKE**

(pull)

It's kinda like a speakeasy kind of thing. It's kinda cool. It's like you're in on some kind of secret. You tell a chick you've been some place, it's like bragging that you know how to find it. The only way you could know where a place is is if someone who knows brought you there. You have to have someone come before. There is a direct line connecting you back to the original, unequivocally cool, club patrons. It's kinda like Judaism...

**ROB**

Sounds more like Aids...

**MIKE**

... That's probably a more appropriate analogy.

At this point they come upon an unmarked BLACK METAL DOOR, which Mike successfully pulls open to reveal...

34     **INT. "THE ROOM" - HOLLYWOOD BAR - SAME**

A smoke-filled, windowless, black-walled room. There are several round padded booths lining the walls. The place is packed, and the funk standard "Brick House" throbs over the **P.A..**

A HANDHELD SHOT as the two guys serpentine to the mirrored bar at the far end of the room. Enshrined in its center is a framed photograph of SINATRA smiling in approval as he presides over the evening's activities.

Mike proudly points out the photo to Rob.

**MIKE**

Kinda money, huh?

**ROB**

(smiling)

Classy.

Mike catches the attention of a cute female BARTENDER.

**MIKE**

I'll get a Dewars rocks...

(looks to Rob)

**ROB**

Bud.

**MIKE**

...A Dewars on the rocks and a Bud,  
please.

She goes.

**ROB**

I can't get over how cute the girls in  
this city are.

**MIKE**

I know. It's like the opposite of  
inbreeding. The hottest one percent from  
around the world migrate to this gene  
pool.

**ROB**

Darwinism at its best.

**MIKE**

I've been around here six months and I  
still can't get over it.

**ROB**

It's like, **every day** I see a beautiful  
woman. I'm not used to that. I'm used  
to seeing a beautiful woman, I don't  
know, once a week. I can't handle it.

**MIKE**

Wait till summer. I swear, you can't  
leave the house. It hurts. It  
physically hurts.

**ROB**

I can't wait till I actually get to touch  
one of them.

**MIKE**

Ah, there's the rub...

**ROB**

There's the rub.

The bartender serves them their drinks.

**CHARLES**

(o.s.)

Whassup Mikey?

Mike turns to see CHARLES. A young black man with a tight Dolomite fro. He wears a black leather blazer over a black turtleneck. Just look up "cool" in the dictionary.

A handshake turns into a hug.

**MIKE**

Charles! What's up, man?

**CHARLES**

Oh. You know.

**MIKE**

Did you, um, did you get that pilot?

**CHARLES**

No, man. I know you didn't get it 'cause you wouldn't've asked me. It wasn't that funny anyway...

**MIKE**

... piece of shit. Listen, Charles, this is my friend Rob from Back East.

Shake.

**CHARLES**

Hi.

**ROB**

My pleasure.

**MIKE**

Charles and me went to network on this pilot together.

**ROB**

I just tested for one...

**MIKE**

... yeah, a month ago.

**CHARLES**

Oh, I'm sorry. How'd your folks take it?

**ROB**

I haven't heard an official "no" yet.

**CHARLES**

You haven't told then, huh?

**ROB**

No.

**CHARLES**

I still haven't told my folks I didn't get "**Deepspace 9**". You'd think they'd'a figured it out by now, but Mom keeps asking...

**MIKE**

... and boy does it hurt when they ask.

**CHARLES**

I don't even tell them about anything I'm close on anymore...

**MIKE**

... not until you book it...

**CHARLES**

... and even then...

**MIKE**

... you might get cut out.

**ROB**

I'm considering taking a job as a "Goofy".

**CHARLES**

Hey, man. At least it's Disney.

**MIKE**

You want to come with us to a party at the Chateau Marmont? They got a bungalow and lots of beautiful babies.

**CHARLES**

(yelling over the roar of the wall to wall crowd)  
Why not? This place is dead anyway.

CUT TO:

35     **INT. "SWINGERS DINER" - BEVERLY BLVD. - LATER THAT NIGHT**

MIKE, TRENT, SUE, CHARLES, and ROB sit around the round scotch-plaid corner booth of the retro-hip coffee shop. All of our boys, with the exception of Rob, are classily dressed. They wear a lot of black, brown, and gray with a splash of gold and maroon.

The CAMERA REVOLVES around the table in a repeating "Reservoir Dogs" style over the shoulder 360 DEGREE PAN.

**TRENT**

... No, baby. I got a better one. You gotta admit the steadycam shot in "Goodfellas" was the money...

**ROB**

... through the basement of that restaurant...

**MIKE**

... the Copa, in New York...

**TRENT**

... through the kitchen...

**CHARLES**

... I heard it took four days to light for that shot...

**ROB**

... Four days..?

**SUE**

... I don't know about **four** days...

**CHARLES**

... That's what I heard...

**MIKE**

... Maybe. I mean you gotta hide all the lights...

**TRENT**

... It looked money.

**SUE**

... Not as money as the shot from

**Reservoir Dogs...**

**ROB**

... Which one?

**SUE**

... In the beginning. When they're walking in slow motion...

**MIKE**

... How can you compare them? Tarantino totally bites everything from Scorsese...

**SUE**

... He's **derivative**...

**TRENT**

... You gotta admit, it looked money...

**CHARLES**

.... I heard they made that whole movie for **ten grand**...

**ROB**

... What's the big deal? Everyone steals from everyone.

**MIKE**

(checking his watch)  
Well, let's hit that party.

**CUT TO:**

36     **EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - HEADLIGHTS AND NEON - NIGHT**  
36

The five swingers walk down the boulevard in a SLO-MO SHOT which is extremely "derivative" of the "Reservoir Dogs" credit sequence.

The scene is choreographed to Bennett's big band arrangement of "O SOLE MIO".

**CUT TO:**

37     **EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT BUNGALOW - OUTSIDE THE PARTY - MIDNIGHT**  
37

Muffled music seeps through the door. The swingers turn the knob and enter...

38     38     INT.   THE PARTY - CHATEAU MARMONT BUNGALOW - SAME

The huge sunken living room is packed with people congealed into circles of conversation and sipping cocktails.

EVERYTHING STOPS when they enter. The music, the conversations, all movement, everything.

Everyone in the room STARES at them standing in the doorway.

Beat.

The music starts back up and everyone returns to their conversations.

The swingers weave their way through the crowd to...

39     39     INT.   THE BAR AREA - THE BUNGALOW KITCHEN - SAME

The swingers fix themselves drinks from an assortment of bottles cluttering the table. The shamelessly paw at the top shelf brands.

**MIKE**

Who threw this party, anyway?

**SUE**

Damned if I know...

**TRENT**

... Beats me...

**CHARLES**

... I came with **you**.

With that, the three of them peel off to work the room.

**ROB**

What's that guy's name? **Sue**?

**MIKE**

**Sue**. His dad was big Johnny Cash fan.

**ROB**

Oh, like that song...

**MIKE**

... "A Boy Named Sue". I think that's why he's such a bad cat.



**ROB**

Him?

**MIKE**

He's a mean dude. I've seen him smash a guy's face into the curb. He knocked out his teeth... blood... He was just like Boom, Boom, Boom... fuckin nasty shit, man. He's a nice guy though.

**CUT TO:**

**40 INT. LIVING ROOM - BUNGALOW - SAME**  
**40**

Trent and Sue are scouting some LADIES across the room. One wears a FUNKY OVERSIZED HAT. Intermittent eye contact has been established.

**TRENT**

Oh, it's **on**, baby...

**SUE**

... It's **on**.

**BACK TO:**

**41 INT. LIVING ROOM - BUNGALOW - SAME**  
**41**

Mike and Rob have come back into the room. They scout the terrain.

**MIKE**

There are so many beautiful women here.

**ROB**

It's unbelievable.

**MIKE**

I got to at least try once.

**ROB**

You're a better man than I am, Charlie Brown.

**MIKE**

No, I just promised myself I'd give it a try. I gotta get out there sooner or later.

**ROB**

Go for it, man.

Mike spots a pair of beautiful BLONDES in black. They're wearing stretch bell-bottoms and tops that expose their mid-drifts. The seventies never looked so good.

**MIKE**

(indicating the ladies)  
I'm going in. Will you be my wing-man?

**ROB**

I'll be your winger.

They make the approach. With a great deal of effort, Mike catches their attention...

**MIKE**

Good evening, ladies...

... only to be interrupted by the party STOPPING to check another entrance.

Beat.

The party RESUMES and the blondes redirect their attention to Mike. He is a little put-off but, God love him, he gets back in there.

**MIKE**

How are you ladies doing this evening?

**BLONDE**

What do you drive?

**MIKE**

I'm sorry?

**BLONDE**

What kind of **car** do you drive?

**MIKE**

Oh... a Cavalier.

The blondes immediately enter back into their conversation as if they were never approached.

Mike and Rob exchange defeated glances.

One more try.

**MIKE**

... It's red?

CUT TO:

42     INT.   LIVING ROOM - BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS  
42

Trent and Sue are trying to look like they're not paying attention to the group of ladies they saw across the room.

**TRENT**

Is she looking at me, baby?

**SUE**

No.

**TRENT**

Now?

**SUE**

No.

**TRENT**

Is she looking now?

**SUE**

**No!** She's not looking at you. She hasn't looked at you **once**. Will you stop asking if... Wait, she just looked.

**TRENT**

See, baby?

Mike and Rob walk up to Trent and Sue.

**MIKE**

How you guys doing?

**TRENT**

It's on.

**MIKE**

Which one?

**TRENT**

(indicated the group of girls  
with a subtle head move)  
Minnie Pearl.

Mike and Rob STARE DIRECTLY at the girls like a deer in the headlights... a big no-no.

**MIKE**

The one in the hat? She's cute.

Trent and Sue react with frustrated disappointment.

**TRENT**

What are you doing?

**MIKE**

What?

**TRENT**

You looked **right at** her, baby.

**MIKE**

She didn't notice.

**SUE**

Yes she did.

**TRENT**

Damn. Now I gotta go in early.

**MIKE**

I'm sorry.

**TRENT**

Don't sweat it, baby. This one's a lay-up.

Trent crosses away.

**SUE**

How's it going for you two?

**MIKE**

Not well.

**SUE**

Rejected?

**ROB**

Shaged.

Mike's P.O.V. of Trent passing near and the GIRL IN THE HAT. He says something, smiles, and points to her hat. She laughs.

**SUE**

Well, just watch the T-bone and learn.

**CUT TO:**

43     43     INT.   LIVING ROOM - TRENT'S CONVERSATION - CONTINUOUS

Trent is having a sensitive one-on-one with the girl in the hat.

**GIRL IN HAT**

... I've always wanted to be an actress,  
at least as long as I could remember. I  
went to...

Under Trent's affirmative response we hear the first haunting  
TUBA PULSE of the JAWS THEME:

**TRENT**

(nodding in agreement)  
Uhhhh... Huuuhhh.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of MIKE'S FACE as he looks on in HORRIFIED AWE from  
afar.

BACK TO:

44     44     INT.   LIVING ROOM - TRENT'S CONVERSATION - CONTINUOUS

**GIRL WITH CIGAR**

... Then one day after class my drama  
teacher, the one who directed the play,  
said he thought I should...

The second TUBA PULSE accompanies Trent's sound of agreement:

**TRENT**

Uhhh... Huuhh.

BACK TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP of MIKE'S HORRIFIED EYES.

BACK TO:

45     45     INT.   LIVING ROOM - TRENT'S CONVERSATION - CONTINUOUS

**GIRL WITH CIGAR**

... I met with an agent last week and I'm  
waiting to hear...

The third, and progressively faster, TUBA PULSE sounds under

Trent's response as the JAWS THEME begins to speed up and fill out:

**TRENT**

Uh-Huh, Uh-Huh, Uh-Huh, Uh-Huh...

**CUT TO:**

Mike, Rob, and Sue look on.

**SUE**

Here comes the kill...

**MATCH CUT TO:**

The group's P.O.V. of the conversation.

The JAWS THEME reaches its violent crescendo as the girl looks into her purse.

Trent winks to the boys. Smooth.

She comes up with a pen and writes out her phone number.

Trent crosses back as the music dies away.

Using his body as a shield so the girl can't see, but so his boys can, he rips up and drops the number as he approaches them.

**TRENT**

Was I money?

**MIKE**

I don't know. It was kind of a dick move if you ask me.

**TRENT**

Why, baby? What'd I do wrong?

**MIKE**

You asked her for her number, and then you tore it up.

**TRENT**

She didn't see.

**MIKE**

That doesn't matter.

**SUE**

That **was** pretty cold, dude.

**TRENT**

What was cold about it?

The door opens. The party PAUSES to look, then RESUMES.

**TRENT**

She offered me her number. What should I have said? "No"? **That** would've hurt her feelings. This way she feels like the winner.

Trent smiles and waves to her across the room. She coyly waves back and makes a "phone sign" with her hand. Trent nods and smiles.

**TRENT**

Tee can't roll with that, she's "business class".

**ROB**

"Business class"?

**SUE**

(explaining to Rob)  
Big butt... you know, can't fly coach.

**MIKE**

I can't believe you.

Charles approaches the crew.

**CHARLES**

They're out of Glenlivet.

**MIKE**

What else is going on?

**TRENT**

We could hit the Dresden.

Overhead LONG SHOT of the swingers entrenched in the CROWDED PARTY.

**SUE**

Yeah. This place is dead, anyway.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - OUTSIDE THE CHATEAU MARMONT - NIGHT

The swingers have left the party and are heading to their cars. They are all parked in a row, one behind the other. They each climb behind the wheel of their own car. They pull out in UNISON.

They travel like a train with their bumpers ALMOST TOUCHING.

CUT TO:

47     **EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT**  
47

SHOTS of the CAR-TRAIN driving and making turns.

"O SOLE MIO" reprise.

DISSOLVE TO:

48     **EXT. THE DRESDEN - VERMONT AVE. - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**  
48

The car-train BREAKS UP to nose-in park behind the bar. They all "club" their steering wheels.

CUT TO:

49     **INT. "THE DRESDEN ROOM" - SAME**  
49

The SWINGERS lounge in a booth against the cork-paneled wall, sipping cocktails. They watch MARTY and ELAYNE, the resident lounge act, perform a jazz fusion cover of "Staying Alive" on synth and upright bass. The seventies are alive and well here, but they're starting to yellow around the edges...

The room is busy, but not packed.

The swingers have all had a few.

**CHARLES**

I know what you're saying, man. I don't know what to tell you...

**ROB**

... I mean, does it have to be "Goofy"?  
I was playing Hamlet off-Broadway two months ago, for crying out loud...

Trent and Sue are involved in a different conversation. They are observing two HOT GIRLS at another cocktail table.

The girls are wearing short plaid skirts with black stockings



pulled up to midthigh. It's the "catholic-school-girl-gone-bad" look.

The girls are a little too touchy-feely with each other, suggesting a certain sexual open-mindedness.

**TRENT**

It's **on**.

**SUE**

You think?

**TRENT**

Baby, I know it is. It's a black diamond trail...

**SUE**

... double diamond...

**TRENT**

... but it's worth the risk. True or false: It's worth the risk.

**SUE**

True.

As they get up to leave...

**MIKE**

God bless you guys.

They cross to the ladies.

Mike's P.O.V.

The girls seem at first cold, the receptive. Trent and Sue join their table and share some laughs.

Mike half-heartedly looks on. He is obviously not happy with where he stands on the bell-curve of masculinity.

Mike, looking for any kind of escape, crosses to the bar.

**CUT TO:**

50     **INT. BAR - DRESDEN ROOM - SAME**  
50

Mike unsuccessfully tries to catch the attention of the middle aged BARTENDER.

**MIKE**

(to himself)  
I can't even get **this guy** to notice me...

A cute BLONDE sitting at the bar chuckles at his comment.

Mike is at first self-conscious, then pushes ahead.

**MIKE**

You like laughing at the misery of others?

**BLONDE**

I'm sorry, I couldn't help it. Let me make it up to you.

She raises her finger and the bartender immediately approaches.

**BARTENDER**

What can I get you?

**MIKE**

I'll have a Dewars on the rocks.

He goes to fix it.

**MIKE**

Thanks.

**BLONDE**

I've seen you somewhere...Where have I seen you?

**MIKE**

You ever go to the Kelbo's? On Pico?

**BLONDE**

... maybe...

**MIKE**

... Monday nights? I host an open mike...

**BLONDE**

You're a comedian?

**MIKE**

Yeah.

**BLONDE**

What's that like?

**MIKE**

(trying to bluff, not an ounce  
of sarcasm)

Well, you know, it's tough. A lot of  
traveling. A lot of hotels... but, you  
know, it's a dream... and the money's  
really good. I think I might buy another  
really expensive imported car after my  
next gig in Vegas...

**BLONDE**

(politely interrupting)

I know! Starbucks! I served you an  
espresso at Starbucks.

**MIKE**

Are you sure? Maybe...

**BLONDE**

Yes! Remember? You asked me for an  
application? I introduced you to the  
manager?

**MIKE**

(trying to pull out of the  
dive)

Oh, yeah... Boy, that must've been a  
while ago.

**BLONDE**

I'd say about two weeks.

**MIKE**

Probably a little longer than that, but,  
whatever.

**BLONDE**

(smiling at him)

You better pay the man.

Mike notices the bartender, who has been waiting patiently  
with the drink.

**MIKE**

(fumbling with the money)

Oh... Sorry.

She chuckles. He pays and throws down a two-dollar tip  
apologetically.

**MIKE**

(tactical retreat)

Well, thank you...?

**BLONDE**

Nikki.

**MIKE**

Thank you, Nikki.

He walks away kicking himself. He is interrupted by Trent and Sue, who both hold up cocktail napkins with scribbles.

**TRENT**

We got the digits, baby.

**MIKE**

What a surprise.

**TRENT**

What's wrong? I saw you talking to that beautiful blonde baby.

**SUE**

She was cute.

**MIKE**

She didn't like me... I made a fool of myself...

**TRENT**

Baby, don't talk that way, baby...

**SUE**

You are so money, and you don't even know it...

**TRENT**

That's what I keep trying to tell him.  
(to Mike)  
You're so money, you don't even know...

**MIKE**

Please, don't mess with me right now...

**TRENT**

We're not messing with you...

**SUE**

... we're not...

**TRENT**

You're like this big beer with claws and fangs...

**SUE**

... and big fuckin' teeth...

**TRENT**

... and teeth... And she's like this little bunny cowering in the corner...

**SUE**

...shivering...

**TRENT**

... And you're just looking at your claws like "How do I kill this bunny?"...

**SUE**

...You're just poking at it...

**TRENT**

... Yeah. You're just gently batting it around... and the rabbit's all scared...

**SUE**

... and you got big claws and fangs...

**TRENT**

... and fangs... and you're like "I don't know what to do. How do I kill this bunny?"...

**SUE**

... you're like a big bear.

Beat. Mike smiles.

**MIKE**

You're not just, like, fucking with me?

**TRENT**

No, baby!

**SUE**

... honestly...

**TRENT**

... you're **money**...

**SUE**

... you're so fuckin **mmmoney**.

**TRENT**

Now go over there and get those digits.

**SUE**

You're money.

**TRENT**

(pulling him aside, dead  
serious)

Now when you talk to her, I don't want  
you to be the guy in the PG-13 movie that  
everyone's pulling for. I want you to be  
the guy in the rated R movie who you're  
not sure if you like.

Mike nods and, energized by the bombardment, crosses back to  
the bar and right into the fray.

Trent and Sue rejoin the other swingers.

Swinger's P.O.V. of Mike decisively engaging her in  
conversation.

She laughs.

Out comes the pen and the cocktail napkin. Bingo.

Mike crosses back to the swingers' table and, using his body  
to shield Nikki's view, pretends to rip the napkin. This  
breaks the guys up.

Mike sits down and, after admiring the blotchy numerals,  
delicately folds the napkin and pockets it.

**TRENT**

See, baby. It's not that hard.

**CHARLES**

818?

**MIKE**

310.

Everyone reacts favorably to this area code.

**MIKE**

How long do I wait to call?

**TRENT**

A day.

**MIKE**

Tomorrow?

**TRENT**

No...

**SUE**

... Tomorrow, **then** a day.

**TRENT**

... Yeah.

**MIKE**

So, two days?

**TRENT**

Yeah. I guess you could call it that.

**SUE**

Definitely. Two days. That's the industry standard...

**TRENT**

(to Sue. shop talk)

... I used to wait two days. Now everyone waits two days. Three days is kinda money now, don't you think?

**SUE**

... Yeah. But two's enough not to look anxious...

**TRENT**

Yeah, but three days is kinda the money...

**MIKE**

(interrupting sarcastically)

Why don't I just wait three weeks and tell her I was cleaning out my wallet and found her number...

**CHARLES**

... then ask where you met her...

**MIKE**

Yeah, I'll tell her I don't remember and then I'll ask what she looks like.

(pause)

Then I'll ask if we fucked. How's that, Tee? Is that "the money"?

The guys laugh.

**TRENT**

Laugh all you want, but if you call to

soon you can scare off a nice baby who's ready to party.

**SUE**

Don't listen to him. You call whenever it feels right to you.

**MIKE**

How long are you guys gonna wait to call your honeys?

**TRENT & SUE**

Six days.

**CUT TO:**

51     **EXT. THE DRESDEN - PARKING LOT - OUT BACK - NIGHT**

The swingers are leaving through the back door. The doorway is congested with another group of guys who are entering.

A BALD GUY with a goatee brushes by Sue.

**SUE**

Watch where you're going, asshole.

**BALD GUY**

What'd you say, bitch?

**SUE**

I said watch where you're going, bitch!

That's it. Now they're squaring off in the empty parking lot.

All the bald guy's boys fall in behind him. All the swingers fall in behind Sue. The swingers are not happy with Sue at all.

The two cliques contrast each other in every way.

The bald guys all have facial hair and multiple pierced extremities with the odd neck-tattoo thrown in for good measure.

Baggy denim and boots. Pot leaves and Pumas. Long, heavy key chains. Vintage 1994 whiteboy faux-gansta. They do, however, look big and mean next to our boys.

The early sixties style sweater jackets and blazers over button down shirts and tapered slacks don't quite have the



same fear factor, but the boys do look classy.

The word "bitch" is growled out by the two of them a half dozen more times until...

Sue pulls a PISTOL out of his belt.

Everyone is SCARED. Especially the swingers.

**SUE**

Now what, bitch? Now who's the bitch,  
bitch?

The bald guys HOLD UP THEIR HANDS and slowly back up to their ride.

**BALD GUY**

Hey, man. I'm the bitch. I'm **your**  
bitch, okay? We're just gonna leave.  
Okay? I'm the bitch. I'm such a bitch,  
I can't even begin to tell you...

They jump in the car and SPEED AWAY.

Sue belts the gun and stands tall like Clint.

**TRENT**

What the fuck..?

**MIKE**

What an asshole. Didn't you see "Boys in  
the Hood"? Now one of **us** is gonna get  
shot.

**SUE**

He's a bitch. He ain't gonna do nothing.

**MIKE**

You asshole.

**TRENT**

You dick.

**SUE**

What'd you want me to do? Back down? He  
called me a bitch. We kept our rep.

**CHARLES**

Fuck rep, I've got a callback tomorrow.

Charles leaves.

**ROB**

Yeah, I gotta be up early tomorrow.

Rob leaves, shaken up.

**MIKE**

You asshole. Why are you carrying a gun?  
What? In case someone steps to you,  
Snoop Dogg?

**SUE**

Hey, man, you're not **from** here. You  
don't know how it is. I **grew up** in  
**L.A....**

**TRENT**

... Anaheim...

**SUE**

... Whatever. Things are different here.  
It's not like New York, Mikey.

**MIKE**

Yeah. Here it's easier to avoid trouble.  
It's not like you like in Compton where  
bullets are whizzing by your head every  
day. Nobody's mugging you on no subway.  
In New York the trouble finds you. Out  
here you gotta go look for it...

**SUE**

... People get carjacked...

**TRENT**

... Oh, who would jack your fuckin K-car?  
He's right, Sue. You don't need no gat.

**SUE**

Listen. Just because I was the only one  
with the balls to stand up to them...

**TRENT**

... Oh yeah, like "Cypress Hill" was  
gonna do anything...

**MIKE**

You live in such a fantasy world...

**SUE**

What about you, Mikey? At least I got  
balls. You're always whining about some  
bitch who dumped you a year ago...

**MIKE**

... It was six months, and she didn't dump...

**SUE**

... Whatever. You're like a whining little woman. Big deal. You got a fuckin' number. Whoopee! You'll fuck it up...

**TRENT**

... Sue...

**SUE**

Have you gotten laid **once** since you moved here? Did you fuck once?

**TRENT**

... Shut up, Sue...

**SUE**

I know for a fact you haven't, because you never shut up about it. You're like a little whiney bitch...

**TRENT**

Sue!

**MIKE**

No, Trent. He's right.

Mike walks to his car.

**TRENT**

Mikey!

It's too late. He's leaving.

Sue starts to open his mouth.

**TRENT**

Don't even talk to me.  
(pause)  
You **asshole**.

**CUT TO:**

52     52     INT.   MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike opens the door and flicks on the lights in his sparsely

furnished single.

He drops his keys on the table and makes a bee line to the answering machine.

He pushes the button.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

She didn't call.

Mike collapses into his futon and lights a smoke.

Beat.

He pulls out the COCKTAIL NAPKIN. He stares at the number.

He looks at the clock. 2:20 AM.

He looks at the napkin.

He thinks better of it, and puts the napkin away.

Beat.

He takes out the napkin and picks up the phone.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Don't do it, Mike.

**MIKE**

Shut up.

He dials.

It rings twice, then...

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.

(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike. I met you tonight at the Dresden. I, uh, just called to say I, uh, I'm really glad we met and you should give me a call. So call me tomorrow, or , like, in two days, whatever. My number is 213-555-4679...

(beep)

Mike hangs up.

Beat.

He dials again.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.

(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike, again. I just called because it sounded like your machine might've cut me off before I gave you my number, and also to say sorry for calling so late, but you were still there when I left the Dresden, so I knew I'd get your machine. Anyway, my number is...

(beep)

Mike calls back right away.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.

(beep)

**MIKE**

213-555-4679. That's all. I just wanted to leave my number. I don't want you to think I'm weird, or desperate or something...

(he regrets saying it  
immediately)

... I mean, you know, we should just hang out. That's it. No expectations. Just, you know, hang out. Bye.

(beep)

He hangs up.

Beat.

He dials.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leaves a message.

(beep)

**MIKE**

I just got out of a six-year relationship. Okay? That should help to explain why I'm acting so weird. It's not you. It's me. I just wanted to say that. Sorry.

(pause)

This is Mike.

(beep)

He dials again. There's no turning back.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.

(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. This is Mike again. Could you just call me when you get in? I'll be up for awhile, and I'd just rather talk to you in person instead of trying to squeeze it all...

(beep)

He dials yet again.

**NIKKI**

(recorded)

Hi. This is Nikki. Leave a message.

(beep)

**MIKE**

Hi, Nikki. Mike. I don't think this is working out. I think you're great, but maybe we should just take some time off from each other. It's not you, really. It's me. It's only been six months...

**NIKKI**

(Live, in person. she picks up the line)

Mike?

**MIKE**

Nikki! Great! Did you just walk in, or were you listening all along?

**NIKKI**

(calmly)

Don't call me ever again.

**MIKE**

Wow, I guess you were home...  
(click)

She hung up on him.

He's frozen.

He hangs up.

Beat.

He pulls the comforter off the futon and curls up in the corner of the room.

**LONG DISSOLVE TO:**

**MONTAGE FLASHBACK:**

The following sequence is m.o.s. over Billie Holiday's "Maybe You'll Be There."

53     53     **INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - QUEENS COLLEGE - DAY**

YOUNGER MIKE catches his first glimpse of MICHELLE. She doesn't see him looking at her. She is paying attention to the lesson.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

54     54     **INT. STUDY HALL - QUEENS COLLEGE - DAY**

Mike approaches Michelle for the FIRST TIME. She looks beautiful when she looks up at him for the first time.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

55     55     **EXT. FLUSHING MEADOW PARK - SPRING AFTERNOON**

They're having a PICNIC with white wine, Cheese, prosciutto, and French bread. Mike plays a ukulele.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

56     56     **EXT. SHEA STADIUM - QUEENS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY**

**CUT TO:**

57     57     INT.    SHEA STADIUM STANDS - SAME

Mike and Michelle sit with a lap full of food. They are laughing about something. Mike leans in for his first deep, passionate KISS. The crowd jumps up to cheer a Daryl Strawberry home run which the lovers don't notice. They stay seated, kissing, and are lost to the CAMERA in the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

58     58     INT.    MIKE'S BEDROOM - NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Their first sexual experience. Mike is obviously nervous as he lies undressed under the covers. He sporadically adjusts his hair and strikes poses as he waits for Michelle to come out of the bathroom. This is INTERCUT with shots of the closed bathroom door.

DISSOLVE TO:

59     59     EXT.    NEW YORK CITY STREET - IN FRONT OF "RADIO CITY" - NIGHT

Mike and Michelle are Christmas shopping in the snow. It's like a story book.

A newspaper, barely noticeable on stand in b.g., reads "VITO CORLEONE FEARED MURDERED"

DISSOLVE TO:

60     60     INT.    MIKE'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

Mike and Michelle lethargically lay across the couch. They half-heartedly watch a rented video as they shovel Chinese take-out into their bloating faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

61     61     INT.    LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY

Mike and Michelle say good bye. They hug and cry. He boards a plane for L.A..

FADE TO:

62     62     INT.    MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY



SHOT of answering machine.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(Trent's voice)

... Pick up.... Pick up, Mikey... Are you home?

He is.

He is sitting in the same corner, smoking, with a two day beard. He is surrounded by full ashtrays and empty Tropicana containers. Billie Holiday's "Maybe you'll Be There" draws to a close on the C.D. player.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(Trent's voice)

... I guess you're not home. Why don't you come out tonight, baby. We haven't seen you for two days. We're gonna play hockey at Sue's house til ten thirty then we're either going to the Lava Lounge for Sinatra night, or the Derby for the Royal Crown. We might also check out Swing Night at the Viper. If we're not there we'll be at the Three of Clubs. So come meet up with us. We'll see you there, gorgeous.

(beep)

**DISSOLVE TO:**

63     **INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**  
63

He hasn't moved.

The PHONE RINGS.

He looks to the answering machine hopefully as it picks up after one ring.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(Rob's voice)

Mikey...? It's Rob. Pick up, buddy.

His shoulders slack with DISAPPOINTMENT. It's not Her.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(Rob's voice)

... I'm downstairs. Buzz me in. I know you're home. Your lights are on and your

car's here. Come on, buddy. Open up...

Mike picks up the phone, pushes "9", and hangs up.

He lights a cigarette.

A knock at the door.

Mike opens it, and Rob walks in with a brown bag.

He surveys the scene. He's seen this before. He moves some laundry off an armchair and sits down.

He pulls a pepperoni and a loaf of seminola out of the bag.

He hands Mike a pint of orange juice.

**MIKE**

Thanks, man.

**ROB**

No problem, buddy. You eat anything today?

Mike shakes his head, "no".

**ROB**

Yesterday?

Mike shakes his head again.

**ROB**

You haven't been drinking, have you?

**MIKE**

No. Just O.J.

Rob cuts into the pepperoni with his Swiss army knife. Mike drinks his juice.

**MIKE**

Sorry about what happened at the Dresden.  
I had no idea...

**ROB**

Don't sweat it. Now I got an L.A. gun story. You should hear the way I tell to the guys back home. He had an Uzi.

Mike half-smiles.

Beat.

**ROB**

You want to talk about it?

**MIKE**

What's the point?

**ROB**

It's been two days. You should call that girl Nikki...

Mike grabs his head in pain.

**MIKE**

Uuuuugh!

**ROB**

Oh boy.

**MIKE**

I'm such an asshole.

**ROB**

She wasn't your type anyway.

Beat.

**MIKE**

I think I'm gonna move Back East.

**ROB**

Well, **that's** dumb.

**MIKE**

What's dumb about it?

**ROB**

Well, you're doing so well...

**MIKE**

How am I doing well? I host an open mike and I played a fuckin' bus driver in a movie. Big fuckin' deal. I'm with an agency that specializes in fuckin magicians. How good am I doing?

**ROB**

At least you didn't get turned down for Goofy...

**MIKE**

They turned you down?

**ROB**

They went for someone with more theme park experience. I woulda killed for that job.

Mike lets it sink in.

**ROB**

See, it's all how you look at it. If your life sucks, then mine is God awful. I mean, I moved out here partially because I saw how well you were doing. You got in the union, you got an agent. I thought if you could make it, maybe I could too...

**MIKE**

I didn't make it...

**ROB**

That's your problem, man. You can't see what you've got, only what you've lost. Those guys are right. You are "money".

Mike smiles, then...

**MIKE**

(starting to cry)  
Then why won't she call...?

**ROB**

Because you left, man. She's got her own world to deal with in New York. She was a sweet girl but fuck her. You gotta move on. You gotta let go of the past. The future is so beautiful. Every day is so sunny out here. It's like Manifest Destiny man. I mean, we made it. What's past is prologue. That which does not kill us makes us stronger. All that shit. You'll get over it.

**MIKE**

How did you get over it? I mean how long 'til it stopped hurting?

**ROB**

Sometimes it still hurts. You know how it is, man. I mean, each day you think about it less and less. And then one day you wake up and you don't think of it at

all, and you almost miss that feeling.  
It's kinda weird. You miss the pain  
because it was part of your life for so  
long. And the, boom, something reminds  
you of her, and you just smile that  
bittersweet smile.

We see that Mike has been GNAWING AWAY at Rob's pepperoni and  
semolina as he listens intently.

**MIKE**

You **miss** the pain?

**ROB**

... for the same reason you miss her.  
You lived with it so long.

**MIKE**

Wow.  
(finishing the loaf)  
You wanna grab a bite?

**ROB**

(smiling)  
Sure.

He helps Mike up.

**ROB**

By the way, the guys back home said she  
put on some weight.

**MIKE**

(smiling)  
You always know the right thing to say.

**CUT TO:**

**64**    **INT. SUE'S APARTMENT - OUTSIDE THE DOOR - NIGHT**  
**64**

Trent opens the door. He sees Mike standing there dressed  
for trouble. His face lights up.

**TRENT**

Mikey! Guys, Mikey's here!

**GUYS (O.S.)**

(from the living room)  
Mikey!

Mike HEARS the sound of a hotly contested SEGA MATCH.

**SUE (O.S.)**

Bitch! You little bitch!

The CAMERA follows Mike and Trent into the...

65     **INT. LIVING ROOM - SUE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Mike's JAW DROPS when he sees that Sue has been playing hockey against the BALD GUY from the Dresden.

**BALD GUY**

Bitch! You bitch!

The room is filled with the BALD GUY'S CREW. They greet Mike as they take hits off their forty ouncers.

**SUE**

Trent. Take over.

They do a high-speed "controller handoff."

Sue crosses to Mike.

**SUE**

I'm **so sorry**, man. You were **so right**.  
I got rid of the gun

**MIKE**

What are they **doing** here?

**SUE**

We ran into them that night at Roscoe's.  
Tee cleared it up, I apologized, bought  
them some chicken and waffles. They  
fuckin **love** Tee. That boy can talk.

All the baldies howl and slap hands at something funny Tee said.

**SUE**

But most important, man, I'm sorry about  
what I said. I was drunk... My  
adrenaline was going...

**MIKE**

Don't sweat it, man. I needed a kick in  
the ass. We're better friends for it.

**SUE**

Thanks, man.  
(they hug)

I've been hating myself for the last two days.

**MIKE**

Believe me, I know what that's like.  
(then to Trent)  
Yo, Double Down! What time are we leaving?

**TRENT**

Five minutes, baby. Hey, it's been two days. You should call Nikki and see if she wants to meet you there.

**CUT TO:**

66     **EXT. "THE DERBY" - HOLLYWOOD NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**  
66

The THREE SWINGERS are waved pass the line by the doorman in a Scorsese-style STEADICAM SHOT which continues up the stairs and through a curtained doorway into...

67     **INT. "THE DERBY" - HOLLYWOOD NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**  
67

They enter the domed decco lounge and the full house parts for them and greets them in perfect Scorsese choreography.

They pass the billiard table and the circular brass rail bar.

The six piece swing band decked out in zoot suits wail on stage as the crowded dance floor whirls.

The swingers eventually settle into a dark curtained-off onstage booth.

Sue thrusts a scotch into Mike's hand.

68     **INT. "THE DERBY" - MOTAGE - NIGHT**  
68

Montage of smoking, drinking, and carousing.

The parquet floor is packed with swinging hepsters dressed in Hollywood's take on forties threads. The dancing is full-blown overcrowded slam swing. The floor is full, and everyone is damn good. This definitely aint amateur night.

69     **INT. BAR AREA - THE DERBY - NIGHT**  
69

Mike steps up to the bar to refill his drink. He sees a BRUNETTE sitting at the bar.

She's cute.

Real cute.

She glows.

There's something fresh about her. She's dressed nice, but different. She definitely is not a regular.

She throws Mike a half-smile, then looks away.

He looks away.

Should he?

He shakes his head to himself. No.

Beat.

He looks over at her again.

Mike's P.O.V. of a WHITE BUNNY sitting on the bar stool.

He smiles, shrugs, and CROSSES TO HER.

When he gets to her she has reverted back to human form.

**MIKE**

Hi.

**BRUNETTE**

Hi.

**MIKE**

I'm Mike.

**BRUNETTE**

Hi, Mike. I'm Lorraine.

**MIKE**

Like the quiche?

**BRUNETTE**

(smiles)

Yes. Like the quiche.

**MIKE**

I like quiche.



**BRUNETTE**

I thought real men don't like quiche.

**MIKE**

My reputation seems to have preceded me.

**BRUNETTE**

Why? You're not a real man?

**MIKE**

Not lately.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

Trent points the conversation out to Sue from across the room.

Trent and Sue's P.O.V. of Mike and Lorraine having an unforced, enjoyable conversation.

**TRENT**

It's on...

**SUE**

... it's on.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**BACK IN THE TRENCHES:**

**BRUNETTE**

... so I thought, what the hell, they make movies in L.A., not in Michigan, so I moved here.

**MIKE**

Just like that?

**BRUNETTE**

Well, it wasn't the simple, but yeah.

**MIKE**

How was it hard?

**BRUNETTE**

Well, I left someone very special behind.

**MIKE**

Tell me about it...

**BRUNETTE**

You too?

**MIKE**

Yeah.

**BRUNETTE**

(lights up)

I thought I was going to die.

**MIKE**

It's been six months and I'm just starting to get over it.

**BRUNETTE**

Oh, God. That's two more than me. Tell me it gets better.

**MIKE**

(smiles)

It does.

**BRUNETTE**

How?

**MIKE**

Well, it still sucks, but you start to see that there are advantages to being single.

**BRUNETTE**

(coyly)

Like what?

**MIKE**

What what? What advantages?

**LORRAINE**

You said there are advantages to being single. I want to know what the advantages are.

**MIKE**

(playing along)

Well... You can talk to a beautiful woman at a bar without worrying if anyone's watching you.

**CUT TO:**

Trent and Sue are watching from across the room.

**TRENT**

It's on.

**SUE**

... it's definitely on.

**BACK TO:**

**BRUNETTE**

What else?

**MIKE**

What else...? Let's see... You have complete freedom.

**BRUNETTE**

To do what?

**MIKE**

I don't know.... To grow, to go out. Whatever you want.

**BRUNETTE**

Anything?

**MIKE**

Anything.

**BRUNETTE**

Like if I meet a handsome young man and I wanted to ask him to dance? I can do that?

**MIKE**

Uh, if the guy wants to.

**BRUNETTE**

You don't think the guy would find me attractive enough to dance with?

**MIKE**

Yes. I mean, no. I mean, maybe he would find her, I mean you attractive. Maybe he doesn't like to dance. Maybe all he likes to do is just stand around and drink and smoke and look cool with his buddies who don't dance either...

**BRUNETTE**

Maybe it doesn't matter if he's a good dancer cause it's a slow song, if that's what he's afraid of.

**MIKE**

(smirk)

No... Maybe that's not the case. Maybe she shouldn't be such a smug little shit because she'd be surprised at what a good dancer he really is, but it's been a long time and he doesn't know if he's ready to...

**BRUNETTE**

Mike...

She gets up. She's beautiful. She is beautiful.

**BRUNETTE**

... Will you dance with me?

She's in great shape, and look how classy her vintage dress looks. A vision from the forties. She's too good for this place. She belongs on the nose of a B-52. What can he say, but...

**MIKE**

Sure I will.

He awkwardly leads her to the unusually empty dance floor. They START TO DANCE. It's a slow song and they boringly rock back and forth. Mike is self-conscious, but her touch. Oh her touch.

**CUT TO:**

Trent and Sue watching in disbelief.

**SUE**

It is **on**.

**TRENT**

... it is **so** on.

**BACK TO:**

The couple's dance is cut short as there were only a few bars left of the slow ballad. Mike smiles politely in relief and begins to lead Lorraine off the floor.

She pulls him back. He's not getting off that easy. She wants a whole song. He politely holds her, poised for another slow number. They're alone on the floor.

Much to Mike's dismay, the song begins with a DRIVING TOM TOM SOLO. This cues every hep cat in the Derby that the big one's coming. They all flood the floor for the last dance of the night.

Mike pleadingly shakes his head at Lorraine. It's too fast. Her eyes narrow as her grip tightens. No sympathy here.

The band breaks into the full-tilt swing number and the dance floor writhes around them.

They stand motionless for what seems like an eternity.

Gut check. Fuck it. Sink or swim.

Mike grabs her like a man grabs a woman. It's just a simple six-count swing step, but they're in perfect harmony.

Mike and Lorraine look into each others eyes. It's on, baby.

As Mike's courage grows, the moves start to flow. A spin at first. Then a double twirl. It's not long before he's throwing her through combinations that stand out even among the pros.

**CUT TO:**

Trent and Sue, mouths agape.

**BACK TO:**

Mike is whipping her smoothly through violent-looking combinations without a trace of hesitation, and, boy, can she follow.

The set ends with a flourishing crescendo. They're frozen in a final dip, panting through a glaze of clean sweat.

Mike and Lorraine smile and look into each other's eyes. The smile slowly disappears. Will they kiss?

They're close.

Really close.

Lips almost touching.

Mike tries to muster-up the courage, but it's been so long.

He can't do it. He lets her up.

The floor clears. Exhausted dancers push past them. Forget it. The moment's gone.

What the hell. They had a great time. What's the hurry?

**SOFT CUT TO:**

70      **EXT. LA BREA AVENUE - OUTSIDE THE DERBY - NIGHT**  
70

Mike is walking Lorraine to her car. They come upon a parked Escort.

**LORRAINE**

Well... This is it.

**MIKE**

Listen. I had a great time.

**LORRAINE**

Me too.

**MIKE**

I would love to see you again sometime.

**LORRAINE**

I'll be around.

**MIKE**

That's not good enough. I want to make plans to see you.

**LORRAINE**

Let me get a pen out of my car.

(opens the door)

Do you have something to write on?

Mike hands her a business card.

**LORRAINE**

(looking at it)

You're a comedian?

**MIKE**

Yeah. And an actor.

**LORRAINE**

I'll have to come see you sometime.

**MIKE**

If and when I get a real gig I'll call you.

**LORRAINE**

It's not going to well?

**MIKE**

When I lived in New York they made it

sound like they were giving out sit-coms to stand-ups at the airport. I got off the plane in L.A. six months ago and all I got to show for it is a tan.

**LORRAINE**

Didn't you tell me to be patient with my career?

**MIKE**

... Yeah, but entertainment law isn't something you just jump into...

**LORRAINE**

Neither is acting. Not if you're serious about it.

(She writes her number on the card.)

Can I have one of these?

**MIKE**

Why, you like the duck with the cigar?  
(hands her a card)

**LORRAINE**

Yeah. Nice touch. It's the logo from "You Bet Your Life", right?

**MIKE**

Good eye. Not one club owner got it. They all ask me why I got Donald Duck on my card.

**LORRAINE**

Hey, at least it's not Goofy.

Beat.

**LORRAINE**

Well, I should be getting...

**MIKE**

... It's really getting late.

**LORRAINE**

... home. It's getting late. Yeah.

Beat.

**LORRAINE**

Can I give you a ride to your car...?

**MIKE**

... Nah. I'm right across the street...

**LORRAINE**

... Which one...?

**MIKE**

... The red piece of shit over there...

**LORRAINE**

... well, it suits you...

**MIKE**

... get the hell outta here already...

Mike leans in and slowly gives her the sweetest, softest, most innocent kiss.

He backs up. She's got that goofy look as she unlocks her club and starts the car.

**LORRAINE**

Bye.

She drives off.

He watches her go.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

71     **EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT**  
71

Mike is driving Trent and Sue home in his car.

**CUT TO:**

72     **INT. MIKE'S CAR - SUNSET BOULEVARD - SAME NIGHT**  
72

**TRENT**

You were off your ass back there! Where the hell did you learn to do all that twirly whirly shit?

**MIKE**

I took a ballroom class with Michelle. I never danced with anyone but her, til tonight. That Lorraine chick is **good**.

**TRENT**

**You** were good. Did you see how she was



vibing you?

**SUE**

Sorry man.

**TRENT**

Yeah. You probably coulda hit that tonight if you didn't have to drive us home.

**SUE**

... Definitely...

**MIKE**

It's not like that...

**TRENT**

Don't give me that! She **liked** you, man.

**MIKE**

I know she liked me. I mean, it's not like I wanted to do anything with her tonight.

**SUE**

Good for you, man. He's being smart.

**MIKE**

She's really special, guys.

**TRENT**

The bear's got his claws back.

**SUE**

Be smart about it.

**TRENT**

I'm telling you. Wait **three** days...

**SUE**

You don't have to wait **three** days...

**TRENT**

... Okay, two...

**SUE**

... just be smart about it.

**MIKE**

Guys... Guys... I got it under control.

**TRENT**

Oh. He's got it under control...

**SUE**

... Well, then, I guess we don't have to worry about **him** anymore.

**TRENT**

Our little baby's growing up...

Trent and sue pretend to cry and hug each other.

Mike looks at them in the rear view mirror.

He smirks and shakes his head.

**MIKE**

You guys are such assholes.

**BACK TO:**

73     **INT. MIKE'S CAR - SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT**

Trent and Sue scream at the top of their lungs as they cruise down Sunset. Alcohol is a terrible drug.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

74     **INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Mike is standing in the middle of the room looking at LORRAINE'S NUMBER on the back of the BUSINESS CARD.

He looks at the clock.

**2:45 A.M.**

He looks back at the NUMBER.

Beat.

He thinks better of it. He wedges it into a crack in the answering machine and unbuttons his shirt for bed...

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

Good move.

Mike smirks.

**FADE TO:**

75     **INT.   MIKE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING**  
75

Mike wakes up and rolls out of bed.

He walks to the phone and pulls the CARD out of the crack.

He looks at the clock.

**12:10 PM.**

He sticks it back in the crack.

He makes an "x" on a day of his calendar.

**CUT TO:**

76     **INT.   MIKE'S BATHROOM - MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY**  
76

Mike brushes his teeth.

He looks at the card clipped into the frame of the bathroom mirror.

He turns the faucet, allowing exactly ONE DROP of his precious Los Angeles water supply to drip onto his toothbrush.

He resumes brushing.

**CUT TO:**

77     **EXT.   "BOURGEOIS PIG" COFFEEHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**  
77

Mike sips espresso as he stares at the CARD.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

78     **INT.   MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**  
78

Mike is playing solitaire with the CARD laying above all the playing cards.

The PHONE RINGS.

Mike rushes to get it, then forces himself to wait another ring and a half exactly.

**MIKE**

Hello?

**FEMALE VOICE**

Hi Michael.

**MIKE**

Michelle?

**MICHELLE**

How's it going? It's been a while...

**MIKE**

... Six months.

**MICHELLE**

How are you doing?

**MIKE**

Fine... I guess. You?

**MICHELLE**

Good.

(pause)

I think about things.

**MIKE**

Yeah?

**MICHELLE**

Yeah.

**MIKE**

What kind of things?

**MICHELLE**

You know, us.

**MIKE**

I thought you met someone else.

**MICHELLE**

It doesn't matter. I think about you every day.

**MIKE**

Really?

**MICHELLE**

I miss you, Mike.

**MIKE**

Why didn't you call?

**MICHELLE**

I couldn't. Do you know how hard it's been not to call you? I pick up the phone every night. Whenever that commercial comes on...

**MIKE**

... the Micheline commercial...

**MICHELLE**

... Yeah, with the baby in the tire. One time I started to cry right in front of Pierre...

**MIKE**

Pierre... That's his name? Pierre? Is he French?

**MICHELLE**

No, he's not... Listen I don't want to talk about him. That's a whole other headache. I called because I heard you might be moving back to Queens...

The BEEP of Mike's CALL WAITING.

**MIKE**

Hang on. Let me get rid of this call.

He clicks to the OTHER LINE.

**MIKE**

Hello?

**LORRAINE**

Hi, Mike?

**MIKE**

Lorraine?

**LORRAINE**

Are you on the other line?

**MIKE**

Yeah, hold on.

**LORRAINE**

I can call back...

**MIKE**

No, no. Hold on.

He clicks back to the OTHER LINE.

**MIKE**

Hi.

**MICHELLE**

I heard you might be moving back...

**MIKE**

Yeah, uh, I don't think that's gonna be happening any time soon... Listen, can I call you right back? I gotta take this call...

**MICHELLE**

I'm not home and going out of town tomorrow for a week. Can't you talk for five more minutes?

**MIKE**

I really want to catch up with you, but I've gotta take this call. They're holding. I'll talk with you when you get back in town. Bye.

**MICHELLE**

Goodbye. I lov.....(click)

Mike SWITCHES LINES, cutting Michelle off mid-sentence.

**MIKE**

Hi. Sorry about that.

**LORRAINE**

You didn't have to get off the other line. I would've called you back.

**MIKE**

That's okay. I wanted to talk to you.

Mike holds his palm over the receiver and looks at the answering machine.

Beat.

**MIKE**

(to answering machine)  
Do you realize that I've been waiting for

that call for six months and I cut her off?

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

(synthesized voice)

You're money, baby.

Mike smiles.

Back to Lorraine.

MEDIUM SHOT of Mike through his window as he looks down onto Franklin avenue and talks on the phone.

**MIKE**

Hi, Lorraine. Thanks for holding on.

**LORRAINE**

Listen, Mike. You really didn't have to get off the line. I just wanted to ask you one thing. I know I shouldn't have called, I mean, my friends said I should wait two days... Oh God, I probably sound like such a schoolgirl... It's just that it's tonight only... I mean, it's Sinatra's birthday and they have this thing every year at "The Room". Do you know where that is? It's impossible to find if you've never been there. I don't understand why none of the clubs in Hollywood have signs. Anyway, I'm so bad at this, if you're not busy I thought you might...

Mike smiles as the CAMERA PULLS BACK from the window and backwards down Franklin Avenue in a reverse of the first shot of the movie. The soundtrack kicks in with Sinatra's "Here's To The Losers"....

**FRANK**

Here's to those who love not too wisely,  
no, not too wisely, but too well...  
To the girl who sighs with envy when she  
hears that wedding bell...  
To the guy who'd throw a party if he knew  
someone to call...  
Here's to the losers... Bless them all...

...We rise and pass the glowing Hollywood sign. It's still a full moon...

**FRANK**

Here's to those who drink their dinners  
when that lady doesn't show...  
To the girls who wait for kisses  
underneath that mistletoe...  
To the lonely summer lovers when the  
leaves begin to fall...  
Here's to the losers... Bless them all...

.... Past the blinking red beacon of the Capital Records  
building...

**FRANK**

Hey Tom, Dick and Harry...  
Come in out of the rain...  
Those torches you carry...  
Must be drowned in champagne...

... Up and over Hollywood Boulevard. High above the city...

**FRANK**

Here's the last toast of the evening...  
Here's to those who still believe...  
All the losers will be winners...  
All the givers shall receive...  
Here's to trouble-free tomorrows...  
May your sorrows all be small...  
Here's to the losers... Bless them all.

... It's all just a pool of beautiful golden light.