

WALK OF SHAME
by Christopher Baldi

First Draft
contact:
CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY
Bill Zotti
NEW WAVE ENTERTAINMENT
Josh Adler / Mike Goldberg

EXT. CITY STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Morning in New York City. It's not even 7AM yet. Only the go-getters are awake. Young professionals and health nuts. People getting an early start at the office, people walking their dogs, people squeezing in a morning jog. What wholesome lives they must lead.

We open with a POV shot. A leisurely walk through midtown.

Notice the reactions of other pedestrians as they pass. Notice their glances and little chuckles. Some people are amused, some are mildly repulsed. But one thing is clear. They know a deviant when they see one.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ANDY FRICKE, late 20s, rolls over, yawns, and opens his eyes.

The alarm clock reads 6:59. He's a minute early, as usual.

He sits up and stretches his arms.

ANDY
Good morning, beautiful.

He's talking to a framed poster of Debbie Harry, lead singer of Blondie.

The clock buzzes as it reaches 7:00. He silences it.

He opens the curtains, revealing midtown Manhattan. Light fills the immaculate room as he makes his bed.

The first thing you notice about Andy is that he's very organized. Neat, clean, punctual, conservative. Oh, and obviously, he sleeps alone.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Andy is singing in the shower, the old Queen song *Somebody to Love*. Not really belting it out, just singing to himself.

ANDY
Can anybody find meeee...
Somebody to love...

He shuts off the water and pulls back the curtain. He grabs his towel, and grumbles at the sight of:

A pile of laundry on the bathroom floor. Mens' clothes, tossed aside in a hurry. Dirty underwear on top, with the name ROB embroidered on the ass.

INT. BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Andy wipes away the rest of his shaving cream, and then combs his hair. For a guy with such a boring haircut, he's pretty fussy about it.

INT. APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Andy fixes his tie, still softly singing.

ANDY
Can anybody find meeee...

The intercom buzzes. He answers the box on the wall.

ANDY
Yes?

ROB (O.S.)
Hey, it's me. Door's stuck again.

As Andy exits the apartment, he props the door open by extending the latch.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - A MOMENT LATER

Andy opens the lobby door for his roommate. ROB is Andy's polar opposite. A red-blooded, oversexed ladies' man.

He strolls into the lobby wearing last night's clothes. He's been up all night drinking, and he looks like it. As they walk back to their apartment:

ANDY
You smell like a dumpster.

ROB
That's the smell of romance. I woke up at Fordham.

ANDY
Again? Are you paying tuition?

ROB
You should have seen this chick. Senior tits with a freshman ass.

ANDY
And nobody notices an unkempt 31-year-old man leaving the girls' dormitory of a Catholic university at 7AM?

ROB
Of course people notice. I had to walk by an entire group of Jesuits. They were muttering and crossing themselves.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Andy finishes prepping for work while Rob peels off his dirty clothes. One guy starting his day, the other ending it.

ANDY
Yeah, I'm sure they were. It's, like, one look at you and the whole city knows what you've been up to.

ROB
And they're all jealous.

ANDY
I just, I don't know where you get the nerve.

ROB
Andy. I love you, but you're an old lady trapped in a guy's body. Seriously, you're the only person I know who's never done the Walk of Shame.

ANDY
I have to be comfortable with somebody before I... When I do spend the night with a girl, I pack a sleepover bag, with a change of clothes and a toothbrush, and-

ROB
And these chicks are still willing to bang you after you show up with your "sleepover bag?"

ANDY
I'm not like you. I have inhibitions.

ROB
Inhibitions are like herpes. Everybody has them, you just need to repress them.

ANDY
If I start sleeping around, who's gonna let you in every morning.

Andy exits, off to work, as Rob heads off to bed.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER THAT MORNING

Andy shuffles onto the crowded subway train and looks around. Only one open seat- next to a shaggy, dirty BUM.

BUM
Spare some change?

Andy timidly pats his pockets and looks away. He's always been scared of homeless people.

ANDY
Uh, sorry, I don't really...

BUM
Yeah yeah.

Andy makes his way down the train. Then, he spots her- his SUBWAY GIRL.

She's just one of those faces that became familiar during the morning commute. But man, what a face. Bright, beautiful, lost in the New York Times crossword puzzle.

He casually settles into the seat across from her, and busies himself in his own copy of the Times. Until:

SUBWAY GIRL
Hey, good morning!

ANDY
Oh, hello. How are you?

SUBWAY GIRL
I was hoping I'd bump into you.

ANDY
Really?

SUBWAY GIRL
34 down, six letter word for green.

ANDY
34 down.
(checks his answer)
Callow?

SUBWAY GIRL
Callow... Oh, you're good.

She fills in the answer.

Andy watches her, fumbling. *Say something else. Anything.*

ANDY
Heels today.

SUBWAY GIRL
What?

ANDY
Usually you're wearing the flats.
I like the heels. They look nice.

SUBWAY GIRL
Oh, thanks. I'm hostessing today.
I'll be back in the flats tomorrow.

He laughs a little, even though it's not especially funny.

Her smile is devastating. He can feel himself blushing. But it's now or never. *Ask her, stupid.*

ANDY
Hey, I was wondering. What are you
doing, um, Sunday night?

SUBWAY GIRL
Just working. Dinner shift.

ANDY
Oh, right. Of course.

He tries to seem unaffected as he goes back to his puzzle.
Nice going, stupid. You blew it. You're a creepy loser.

SUBWAY GIRL
I get off around nine.

He looks up again. *Wait, what?*

SUBWAY GIRL
So, yeah, I'm free after nine?

ANDY
Oh, OK, so, um, uhhh...

She smiles, waiting for his response. One word. Anything.

He's frozen. Totally blanking as the subway slows down.
Some of the other passengers are watching him.

ANDY
Maybe, um... Ahhhh...

She's still waiting, and starting to feel a little silly.
The doors open. She folds her paper and stands.

SUBWAY GIRL

This is me.
(awkward pause)
I'll see you around.

She exits. The doors close, and the subway lurches forward.
Finally, the words come out.

ANDY

Nine. Nine is good. What's your
name. God, I'm so stupid.

She's gone, and he's alone. Frustrated and ashamed.

INT. MURRAY DUNN, LOBBY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Murray Dunn is the biggest PR and marketing firm in New York.
Andy is still kicking himself when he arrives in the lobby.
He wants to crawl in a hole and die, and it's not even 9AM.

As he nears the elevator, a co-worker approaches. BAXTER,
30ish, full of cocky ambition. Technically, they're friends,
but he's always subtly cutting Andy down to size.

BAXTER

What's the matter with you?

ANDY

I saw her again.

BAXTER

Your little subway girl? How'd it
go?

ANDY

She gave me an opening, and I
froze.

BAXTER

Did you at least get her name this
time?

ANDY

There were so many other people
around. How am I supposed to talk
to her with random commuters just
watching me?

BAXTER

So still no date for Sunday night.

ANDY

(sighs)
Maybe I won't go.

BAXTER

Oh, come on. There are plenty of girls out there looking for nice, ineffectual guys just like you.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Andy, Baxter, and their fellow desk jockeys crowd into the elevator. People exchange *hellos* and *how-are-yous*.

Buttons light up for the cubicle floors. 13, 14, 15. The doors are just about to close when they hear:

JANET

Hold the elevator.

JANET STUMP, president and CEO of Murray Dunn. She's a tiny woman, impeccably dressed, always shadowed by TAYLOR, her assistant. As they step onto the elevator, the temperature drops by 20 degrees, everybody suddenly afraid to breathe.

She presses button 98. The top floor. The doors close.

BAXTER

Good morning, Miss Stump.

JANET

Hello.

BAXTER

How was your commute?

JANET

Long. I just returned from Paris.

BAXTER

Paris. Wow. Business or pleasure?

JANET

Business is pleasure. If you have to make a distinction, you're in the wrong field.

Baxter tries to smile. Tough crowd.

BAXTER

That's a lovely fragrance you're wearing. Soft, yet commanding. Is that Chanel?

JANET

Please don't smell me.

Baxter shuts up. The rest of the ride is painfully quiet.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Andy, Baxter, and their co-workers exit at the 13th floor.

Once the elevator doors close and Janet is gone, everybody's posture returns to normal.

CO-WORKERS

Well, that was awkward.
Excruciating.

BAXTER

(to Andy)
Hey, at least I tried. It's called
building a rapport.

ANDY

She's so foreboding. It's like
sharing an elevator with Darth
Vader.

BAXTER

What do you think would happen if I
asked her to lunch?

ANDY

I think she would choke you out
with her mind.

The clock reads 8:59 as Andy settles into his desk and powers the computer.

At precisely 9:00, one by one, the phones begin to ring. He answers the first call of the day, soft and polite.

ANDY

Murray Dunn, music publicity
department, this is Andy.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - A FEW HOURS LATER

The hours pass. The office hums with activity. Andy is still on the phone when the drama begins.

ANDY

-and the press release will be
ready by Friday. OK, you bet.
(hangs up)

JIMMY STEELE is one of the most powerful publicists in the business. At least, he was- until today. He marches through the office with a cardboard box of his belongings, accompanied by two beefy SECURITY GUARDS.

Andy wheels his chair towards Baxter and whispers:

ANDY
What's going on?

BAXTER
You didn't hear? Jimmy's fired.

ANDY
Fired? He's our biggest publicist!

BAXTER
And he slept with our second
biggest client.

ANDY
You mean-

BAXTER
Yup.

ANDY
But she's-

BAXTER
Unhappily, apparently.

Jimmy pauses as he notices a plaque on the wall. It's a
platinum record, commemorating some sales milestone.

GUARD
Don't do it, Jimmy. Company
property.

JIMMY
I made this record happen. I
earned it. It's mine.

Jimmy yanks the plaque off the wall. The Guards restrain
him. A frantic wrestling match ensues.

The whole office is staring.

ANDY
I guess it didn't work out.

BAXTER
These things never work out. The
relationship went bad, she made one
phone call, and now Jimmy's out of
a job. Maybe the whole industry.

ANDY
Poor guy.

BAXTER
It's his own fault. Me, I'd rather
be blue-balled than black-balled.

Finally, the melee dies down. Jimmy releases the plaque and labors back to his feet. He grabs his box and staggers away.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER THAT DAY

The conversation continues as they're eating lunch.

BAXTER

This is big, you know. This means there's an opening at the top.

ANDY

They'll probably poach some big shot from one of the other firms.

BAXTER

Well, why not one of us? Why not me? I work my ass off looking busy for this place.

ANDY

Best case scenario, they'll send Tom upstairs until they make the hire, and they'll have Scott cover for Tom. And that means somebody will have to take over Scott's desk for a while. Best case scenario.

BAXTER

So your big aspiration in this situation is to move to a larger cubicle, temporarily.

ANDY

Scott's cubicle has a nice view of the kitchenette.

BAXTER

You know what your problem is, Andy? You have no drive. This is why you can't laid. This is why people think you're a wuss.

ANDY

Who thinks I'm a wuss?

BAXTER

You know, hypothetically.

ANDY

I'm just being realistic. I've been here five years, and I have yet to see any of these so-called advancement opportunities. At this
(MORE)

ANDY (cont'd)
point, I'll jump on any little
opening that comes along.

BAXTER
Careful. That was Jimmy's mistake.

EXT. ANDY'S BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

Andy approaches his building carrying a bag of groceries. He fishes the keys out of his pocket and tries to unlock the lobby door- but no luck. Stuck again.

ANDY
Dammit.

He hits the intercom button.

ANDY
Come on, Rob. I know you're home.

He buzzes the intercom again, mashing it down. Finally:

ROB (O.S.)
What?

ANDY
The stupid door again.

ROB (O.S.)
I'm indecent.

ANDY
This is time sensitive. I have ice
cream melting.

ROB (O.S.)
What flavor?

ANDY
Will you please just let me in?

ROB (O.S.)
Give me a minute.

We hear some shuffling- the intercom is still live.

ROB (O.S.)
I'll be right back.

STACY (O.S.)
I'm just gonna leave. I got an
early class tomorrow.

ROB (O.S.)
What, now? We're almost done here.

Andy's eyes widen. His hits the button again.

ANDY
Rob, the intercom-

STACY (O.S.)
No, you're almost done. I'm in
limbo.

ROB (O.S.)
Well, let's fix that. How's this?

STACY (O.S.)
(getting aroused)
Oh, God. Yeah, that might work.

ANDY
Rob, the intercom!

Andy frantically taps the button. No luck. They're live to the whole sidewalk.

ROB (O.S.)
Yeah. Arch your back, that's good.

An elderly couple walks by, staring as the intercom emits moans and murmurs. Andy offers an embarrassed smile.

ROB (O.S.)
Right there. Bullseye. Bullseye!

STACY (O.S.)
Wait, keep going-

ROB (O.S.)
I can't help it. It's happening-

STACY (O.S.)
Oh, come on! Not yet!

ROB (O.S.)
Ohhhh yeah.
(then)
I win.

STACY (O.S.)
Ugggh, you suck.

More shuffling noises. We hear a door open and close. Andy shakes his head, mortified.

A moment later, Rob appears in the lobby, dressed in underwear and socks. He pushes the door open.

ANDY
Apparently, the intercom's broken
now, too. I heard everything.

ROB
I was gonna recap it for you,
anyway.

INT. THE APARTMENT - A MOMENT LATER

The guys reach their door. Rob reaches for the doorknob- but
it's locked from the inside.

ROB
Shit.

ANDY
You gotta leave the latch-

ROB
Yeah yeah, I know.

Rob is just about to knock, when the door opens. STACY
emerges. Early 20s, very attractive, slightly dishevelled.
She brushes past without much of a goodbye.

STACY
I borrowed your electric
toothbrush.

ROB
That's not mine.

Andy mutters under his breath as he enters the apartment.

ROB
Thanks for stopping by. I'll booty-
call you later.

Stacy holds up a middle finger as she exits.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Andy lies in bed, reading Spin Magazine, listening to his
stereo on old-fashioned, hi-fi headphones.

Rob appears in his doorway, dressed up for a night of work.

ROB
I'm spinning at Pacha tonight.
Free drinks. Tons of ass.

ANDY
You know that's not my scene.

ROB
I'm putting you on the list. It's
Friday night. Let somebody else
jerk you off for a change.

Rob starts to exit, but then-

ANDY
Rob?

He turns around again.

ANDY
Do you ever meet girls on the
subway?

ROB
Dude, are you kidding? All the
time. Subways are like the sock-
hops of the 90's.

ANDY
OK, but how do you transition from,
you know, chit-chat into, um...

ROB
Try the D train around 3AM. I've
gone from zero to finger-blast with
total randos in 10 minutes flat.

ANDY
That's not what I mean... There's
this girl on my train sometimes.
She's really pretty. She does the
Times crossword puzzle every
morning, like me. I sit down
across from her, and, you know, we
talk a little, but-

ROB
OK. I'm gonna stop you there.
Next time, don't sit across from
her. Sit down next to her. She
says hello. And you say, "I've
been giving the matter a lot of
thought, and I've decided that you
and I need to hang out at my
earliest convenience."

ANDY
Instead of hello?

Rob solemnly nods.

ANDY

I've been giving the matter a lot of thought, and I've decided that you and I need to hang out at your earliest-

ROB

At my earliest convenience. It sounds polite, but what you're saying is subtly condescending. Mind control.

ANDY

I'm just no good at this stuff. I tried to invite her to my company's masquerade party, but I-

ROB

The Murray Dunn Masquerade Party?

ANDY

It's on Sunday night. I saw her this morning, and I had my chance, and... you know how I am around girls. I'm a total loser. I can't even look this girl in the eye without having a panic attack.

ROB

Hold on, back up. You're telling me that you're actually invited to the Murray Dunn Masquerade Party.

ANDY

I've been there five years. You do homework for the in-crowd for five years, eventually, they gotta invite you to a party.

ROB

And you have a plus-one?

Andy hesitates to answer. He's said too much already.

ROB

Dude!

ANDY

No no no. This is a work function, all my superiors will be there, I can't have you going around trying to, um, finger-bomb every girl you-

ROB

Finger-blast, Andy, finger-blast. See, this is why you need me. How
(MORE)

ROB (cont'd)
do you expect to navigate a big,
classy social event when you don't
even know the proper terminology?

ANDY
I've worked a long time to get here-

ROB
Lest we forget how you even got
here. Five years ago, I got
bombarded with potential roommates.
Do you have any idea how many were
so-called actresses? I could be
living with some unemployed
knockout right now, leveraging rent
money for oral favors.

ANDY
Well, thank God I'm never late on
the rent.

ROB
You didn't know one single person
in this town, but I took a chance
on you. I had a feeling about you.
I now realize that feeling was a
premonition, that someday you would
grant me access to the Murray Dunn
Masquerade Party. You owe me.

Andy knows that it's a bad idea. But if not Rob, then who?

INT. THE PARTY - THAT SUNDAY NIGHT

The Murray Dunn Masquerade Party is the event of the year.
Like Puffy's White Party or Elton John's Oscar Party, only
more exclusive. A top-shelf affair, full of moguls and rock
stars. Everybody's faces half-covered by Venetian masks.

As they enter: Rob is instantly mesmerized. Andy is out of
his league, and he knows it.

ROB
It's even better than I imagined...
it's like God's bachelor party.

Andy sees Baxter across the room and offers a wave.

Baxter is sucking up to some big shot, too busy to
acknowledge him.

Andy retracts his wave, increasingly self-conscious.

ANDY
Do I look alright?

Rob looks him over, then pulls him into the nearest corner.

ANDY
What are you doing?

ROB
Trust me, OK? You dress like a square every day. Tonight, I'm gonna round off the edges.

He unbuttons Andy's top buttons, untucks his shirt, and messes up his hair.

ROB
There. Much better. The mask works in your favor, too. Turn down the lights and we might even dupe one of these chicks into going home with you.

ANDY
I'm so not the guy that chicks go home with.

ROB
Well, just for tonight, you're gonna look like him.

Then, as they're hovering in the back corner, they just happen to witness the discreet arrival of the biggest name in modern music. She slips in through the back door, preceded by three bodyguards and two personal assistants:

Pop star HALEY COMET, 20s. Beautiful, brilliant, mysterious.

ROB
No way. Is that-?

ANDY
Uh-huh. Our biggest client.

They stand in awe. Sure, the party is full of celebrities. But Haley isn't just any celebrity. She's Elvis reborn.

ROB
You didn't tell me Haley Comet was gonna be here.

ANDY
Nobody thought she would show. She hates parties, she hates the press. The last time she appeared in public was at a birthday party. For Amy Winehouse.

ROB
I'm gonna hit on her.

ANDY
You what?

ROB
This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. I'm just gonna politely introduce myself and try to bang her.

ANDY
Over my dead body! If you bother her, I'll be out of a job and you'll be out on your ass. Do you see the way everybody tiptoes around her?

People are trying not to gawk, but she turns heads with every step she takes.

ANDY
Besides, you can't just proposition Haley Comet. She's a musical genius. She's got a dozen Grammy Awards.

ROB
Yeah, she's way overqualified for the job but I still wanna nail her.

ANDY
She's a very private, temperamental person. She's Eddie Vedder with a vagina. Look, there are plenty of other girls here.

ROB
Yeah, but Haley screws up the whole grading curve. These other chicks look like prize pigs next to her.

ANDY
And it wouldn't be the first time you settled for one of those.

ROB
(frustrated pause)
Fine. I'd better start drinking.
What do you want?

ANDY
Just get me a ginger ale.

ROB
Oh, loosen up. You're at a party.

ANDY
Yeah, and I have work at 9AM. I'm not gonna risk a hangover.

ROB
Sobriety can be risky, too, you know. Sobriety increases your inhibitions, lowers your confidence, and accelerates your motor skills. Do you really wanna take that chance?

INT. PARTY, BAR - AN HOUR LATER

Ten empty bottles are collected on the bar. Rob has a good buzz going, and Andy is now officially drunk.

ANDY
-and that woman over there, she used to be married to Ricky Martin. She's an actress, obviously. And the girl she's talking to, that's- oh, wait. That's Justin Bieber.

ROB
Wow, dude. I never knew your job was interesting.

ANDY
Ahhh, my job sucks. I'm a sycophant.

ROB
A what?

ANDY
I answer phones. I make copies. I'm a glorified secretary.

Andy leans over the bar and tries to order a new round-

ANDY
Hey, excuse me? Sir?

The bartender hurries by without acknowledging him.

ROB
So why do you do it?

ANDY

I got into music publicity because I love writing about music. It's all I ever wanted to do.

ROB

And you're good at it! Your blogs are really smart and persuasive. You've convinced me to buy multiple Radiohead albums through the power of the written word, and I totally hate Radiohead. That's talent.

ANDY

Nobody cares if I have talent. Simon Cowell came into the office last week. I got to make him tea. That was the highlight of my month.

Again, Andy tries to signal a bartender. Ignored again.

ROB

Hey, screw that limey prick and his fancy tea. Go tell your boss you want something better, or you quit.

ANDY

Ha. I can't even get respect from a bartender.

ROB

Dude, this is New York City. Nobody hands you opportunities. You have to take them.

ANDY

Look, I know I deserve more, but this is the way the industry works. You pay your dues, you suck up-

ROB

Oh, bullshit. You think America's top music writer, whoever he is, sat around getting tea? No. He walked right up to his boss and said, go to hell, sir! I demand respect! And that's how it's done!

To make his point, Rob turns around and whistles loudly.

ROB

Dude, what's the hold-up!? Two more beers!!

Almost instantly, the bartender delivers two fresh bottles.

BARTENDER

Sorry 'bout that.

Andy does a double-take. Maybe Rob's onto something. He takes a deep breath and makes a resolution.

ANDY

You're right. Tomorrow morning, I'll approach my boss, and I'll request that she consider me for-

ROB

Don't wait for tomorrow. Monday morning, everybody's stressed out, pissed off. Do it now, at a party.

ANDY

I really don't think this is the time or place-

ROB

This is the perfect time and place! Everybody's mixing it up, having fun. If your boss is half as drunk as us, she'll promote the shit outta you right now!

ANDY

(nervous pause)

I'm gonna do it. How's my breath?

ROB

It's fine while you're inhaling. I believe in you. You can do this.

Rob removes Andy's mask, turns him around and smacks his ass.

INT. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

In the back of the room, Janet is quietly chatting with a few giants. This is the innermost circle of the industry, one of those conversations that make or break entire careers.

Andy slinks up behind her, a bundle of nerves.

ANDY

Um, excuse me? Miss Stump?

She turns around. No smile, no response.

ANDY

I'm Andy Fricke. I work on the 13th floor.

JANET

I know who you are.

That catches him off guard. It sounds more like a threat than an affirmation. Andy feels himself sweating.

ANDY

I understand that Jimmy Steele's position has not yet been filled.

Janet stares at him. The other giants are also watching.

ANDY

I would like to apply for the position.

She raises an eyebrow. The silence is agony. Finally:

JANET

We'll arrange an interview.

ANDY

An interview?

She doesn't repeat herself. She just lets it sink in.

ANDY

Thank you, Miss Stump.

He starts to leave, but then:

JANET

One more thing. If you even dream of advancing in this business, you'd better drop the formalities and start calling me Janet. This industry runs on name recognition, not little titles like Miss or Mister. Do I make myself clear?

ANDY

(stunned pause)

Yes, Janet.

INT. PARTY, BAR - A MOMENT LATER

Andy returns to the bar. Rob hands him his mask, which he accepts with shaky hands.

ROB

Well?

ANDY
(still stunned)
I have an interview for a
promotion.

ROB
That's great! Good for you! See,
Andy, anything you want can be
achieved through confidence. Which
can be achieved through alcohol.

ANDY
I'm on a first-name basis with
Janet Stump. The president of the
company.

ROB
Look at you, making moves, making
connections! I'm so proud of you,
man. Now I know how you must feel
about me all the time.

ANDY
Yeah, I'm still in shock. I gotta
find a bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Andy runs some water into his hands and splashes his face.
Full of nervous pride, amazed at his own audacity.

A toilet flushes.

As he's drying his face, somebody emerges from the stall. A
woman. He turns around, confused, and suddenly sees:

ANDY
Haley Comet?

HALEY
Hello.

He blinks in awkward disbelief. She clears her throat,
equally uncomfortable.

ANDY
You're a man?

HALEY
No. You're in the ladies' room.

ANDY
I am?

HALEY
No urinals.

He looks around, and suddenly realizes that she's right.

ANDY
It was an accident.

He grabs his mask, heads for the exit, then pauses.

ANDY
I mean, I, um, I walked in here by accident, I didn't have an accident, I don't want you to misunderstand and think that I had an accident in the urinary sense-

HALEY
No, I get it.

She washes her hands. He heads for the exit, then pauses.

ANDY
One more thing. I love your work. I'm sorry about the circumstances, but it was an honor to meet you.

HALEY
Thank you.

ANDY
OK. I'm leaving now. Sorry for stalking your ear off.

HALEY
Stalking?

ANDY
Talking. I meant talking, I swear.

She smiles, in her small, modest way. This guy is so helpless that it's endearing.

HALEY
What's your name?

ANDY
Oh God, please don't have me fired.

HALEY
(laughs)
I'm not gonna have you fired. I just, um... I get really nervous at these things, too. Would you keep me company and maybe have a drink with me?

We hold on Andy, dumbfounded. This is officially the highlight of his life.

EXT. BAR - A MOMENT LATER

Haley leads Andy to the bar. Two bartenders immediately step up to serve her.

HALEY
Patrón Cafe. Two shots, and leave
the bottle, please.

Andy watches the bartender serve up two generous shots. Holy shit. He's having drinks with Haley Comet.

HALEY
Thank you.

ANDY
For what?

HALEY
I know what people think of me.
I'm trying to be less of a hermit
lately, but these parties... if I
don't have someone to talk to, I
get bombarded by sycophants. So, I
don't know, tell me about yourself.

ANDY
Well, I, I, I, um-

He grabs a shot, throws it back, and then continues.

ANDY
I work for Murray Dunn and I live
in midtown. I love music and I
occasionally use the ladies' room.

Further down the bar: Rob is chatting up some young, sexy partygoers. As he orders another round, he happens to see:

Andy, having drinks with Haley Comet. She's laughing at something he said.

Rob's reaction is priceless. Stupefied, speechless pride. Tonight is gonna be one of those nights, when anything is possible.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The room is dark.

Andy lies beneath a bundle of sheets, drooling on the pillow. Still wearing last night's clothes, barely breathing, severely hungover.

His cell rings. He groans, reaches across the bed, pats the mattress, and finds the phone.

ANDY

Andy Fricke.

TAYLOR

Hi Andy, I've got Janet Stump on the line.

Andy blinks in confusion, then abruptly sits up.

ANDY

Um... yes, thank you, please put her through.

TAYLOR

Janet, you're on with Andy.

INT. JANET'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Janet's office is like the throne room of the Death Star. Her gigantic clock reads 9:05. The week is only five minutes old, and she's already getting down to business.

JANET

I just called your desk. Where are you?

ANDY

Um, good morning, Janet. I'm, ahh, downstairs. In the copy room. Making copies of some of the great press from last night.

JANET

You seem very eager to assert yourself lately.

ANDY

Oh, yeah, about that. Sorry if I came off a little bold last night.

JANET

Don't apologize. Bold is the quality that gets people noticed, for better or worse. Apologize for that and you might as well ask somebody to unnotice you.

ANDY
(confused pause)
OK.

JANET
So I'll see you in my office. 3PM.

ANDY
Your office?

JANET
If you still want to be considered
for the position. Your interview
is with me. 3PM.

ANDY
Uh, yes ma'am. 3PM. See you then.

He ends the call and jumps out of bed. But as soon as he's upright, the headache hits him like a brick wall.

ANDY
Whoa, whoa...

He loses his balance and nearly tips over. He rubs his eyes, stumbles to the window, and throws open the curtains. Light fills the room.

But instead of the familiar Manhattan skyline, he sees a beach. The sun coming up over the Atlantic Ocean.

ANDY
(stunned pause)
Beach?

He spins around and surveys the room.

That's not his bed. This isn't his stuff. The room is lavish, thoroughly modern, completely alien.

He gasps like a little girl. *This is somebody else's place!*

ANDY
Oh. My. God. What did I do?

He's suddenly distracted by the sound of running water. He looks over and sees steam seeping beneath a door. A bathroom. Somebody taking a shower.

He pauses, nervously listening. He hears a voice. The singing is faint, but the voice is familiar.

Then, the water shuts off.

A panicked inner voice tells him to get his stuff and get the hell out. He pats himself down. Nothing in his pockets. He searches the bed and carpet. Still nothing.

Then, he hears footsteps. Somebody's coming.

He hesitates for a moment, and then flees. No wallet, no keys, no shoes. Just the dirty clothes on his back and the cell in his hand.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He bursts into the hallway. He spots an elevator and pushes the button.

INT. LOBBY - A MOMENT LATER

The elevator arrives at the ground floor of an upscale condo. He scans the posh, immaculate lobby, but still no recognition. He heads for the door.

EXT. CONDO - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of that door, an army of photographers is waiting for him.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Hey!
Over here!

He gasps and ducks back inside, narrowly avoiding the flashes. *Paparazzi? How!? Why!?*

He hurries across the lobby to the back door and peeks through. *More paparazzi!*

He approaches the elevator and presses the up button. It stays dark. He tries again. No luck. A panel on the wall reveals the security policy; nobody goes up without the residential keycard. He's trapped.

He stands there, back to the wall, frightened and confused. He opens his phone and makes a frantic call.

INT. ROB'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rob is sleeping off a hangover of his own when the call comes. He grumbles as he finds his phone.

ROB

What.

ANDY

Rob! You gotta help me! I don't know where I am or how I got here but I must have been really drunk last night, and now-

ROB

Whoa whoa whoa, slow down.

(pause)

Who is this?

ANDY

It's Andy! I need your help! Where are you?

ROB

No idea, last night is a blur. I'm in a bed. Unfamiliar yet comfy.

(looks around)

Oh. This is my room.

ANDY

I woke up in this weird fancy condo, it's by a beach.

ROB

(not listening)

My room gets a lot of light in the morning. I should take up painting-

ANDY

Hey! Focus! There's press outside, they tried to take my picture! Is this normal? Does everybody get media coverage on their first Walk of Shame?

ROB

Whoa, wait a minute. OK, it's coming back now. I'm blacking in.

Rob sits up, rubbing his head, flooded with hazy flashbacks.

ROB

Dude. You banged Haley Comet.

Andy stops walking. His heart stops beating.

ANDY

What?

ROB

Yeah, she was all over you. All night long, you and her, alone at the bar, throwing back shots-

ANDY

Oh my God. Did anybody see us?

ROB

I don't know, you were wearing the mask. Maybe nobody recognized you.

ANDY

And we were... flirting?

ROB

Well, yeah, but you weren't totally obnoxious about it. You were, um, what's that word...

ANDY

Respectful?

ROB

Bingo. And then you left together.

ANDY

No, tell me you're kidding.

ROB

Kidding? I'm furious with jealousy! I went home alone, and you banged a celebrity! It's like goddamned Bizarro World!

Andy turns white. Heart thumping, knees shaking.

ANDY

OK. Maybe I'm overreacting. Maybe nothing happened.

ROB

Oh, don't play dumb. There are ways of knowing these things.

ANDY

What are you talking about?

ROB

Stand still. Close your eyes. Now, examine your genitals with your mind.

Andy exhales, close his eyes, and thinks for a moment.

ANDY

Oh my God! I think I put out! I'm all sore down there!

ROB

You cockblocking son of a... You gave me that whole big speech about Eddie Vedder's vagina just so you could swoop right in.

ANDY

Rob, I never wanted this to happen! If the firm hears about this, my career is over! I have a 3PM interview with my boss and I just had sex with her biggest client!

ROB

Oh big deal. I've literally passed out during interviews, and look at me today. Unbridled success.

ANDY

I don't know where I am, I don't have my shoes, I don't have my wallet-

ROB

Did you check your sleepover bag?

ANDY

This is serious! I need your help! How am I gonna get home?

ROB

Go ask your new millionaire girlfriend for some cab money.

ANDY

I can't, I'm trapped in the lobby. Even if I could, I'm not ready to face my seductress. She took advantage of me, Rob.

ROB

Dude. Stop freaking out. First things first, you need to figure out where you are. OK?

ANDY

OK. I'll call you back.

Andy ends the call, then searches the lobby for another exit. There's only one other door in sight- the stairwell.

EXT. CONDO - FRONT EXIT

Meanwhile, out front: The paparazzi are growing restless, adjusting their lenses and checking their watches.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

So has anybody got a decent shot of this guy yet?

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

Tip came in late last night. They've been holed up in there ever since.

PHOTOGRAPHER 3

How do we know it's not some ex-boyfriend?

ENZO

Do your homework. She doesn't have ex-boyfriends.

The other photographers turn around to see ENZO FARANACCI approaching. A fat, scruffy, unscrupulous rogue. The best (read: worst) in the business. Never content to stand by and wait, he has a way of making things happen.

ENZO

This guy, he's not an ex, he's not even famous. He's a nobody. Some shmuck who hit the lottery.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

Enzo. Figured you'd be dressed up as a window-washer or something.

The other paparazzi laugh.

ENZO

Laugh it up, you jobbers. But how do you think I got those shots of A-Rod with the tranny?

The laughing stops.

ENZO

Yeah, that's right. And those pictures paid for my beach house.

INT. CONDO - A MINUTE LATER

Andy ascends the stairs, but is met by a locked door at every new level. Finally, as he reaches the top floor, he finds an unlocked door, which leads-

EXT. CONDO, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Onto to the roof. A bird's eye view of the whole block. He canvasses the building, peeking over the edge.

Paparazzi swarming at both the front and back exits.

Then, he spots a rickety fire escape, leading towards an alley below. No paparazzi in sight.

The frame is old and rusty. But here goes nothing. He climbs over the side and finds his footing.

ANDY

God, if you're up there, I'll never
listen to Black Sabbath again, just
please don't let me die.

The old steps begin to wobble.

ANDY

Easy. Easy now.

He goes a little further. One step at a time. But then...

One of the steps gives out.

ANDY

Ahhh!!

Suddenly, he's dangling above the concrete, three stories high, hanging by his fingertips.

ANDY

Help! Somebody help!

He looks around, desperate, barely hanging on.

Thank God, he spots somebody. A young, Hispanic HOUSEKEEPER emerges from the service entrance, lugging a bag of trash towards a dumpster.

ANDY

Hey! Hey there!

The Housekeeper looks around, confused, and then looks up.

ANDY

Señora! Por favor! Traime...
el... basura!

Very roughly translated: *Bring me the garbage.*

She slowly catches on and pushes the dumpster forward.

ANDY

Si! Basura! Basura!

But Andy can't hang on much longer, the old fire escape is creaking beneath his fingertips.

ANDY
Please hurry! Arriba, arriba!
Andale!

The Housekeeper slowly wheels the dumpster towards him, just as Andy loses his grip and falls three stories.

ANDY
Ahhhhh!!

He crashes into the dumpster with a splash of garbage.

A moment later, he emerges, covered in trash. He climbs to the top of the garbage pile, still spinning from the fall.

The Housekeeper watches with a blank stare.

ANDY
Gracias.

He dusts himself off, and realizes that his phone is missing.

ANDY
My phone. Where's my phone.

Then, he hears a ringtone. Muffled, lost in the dumpster.

ANDY
Damn it!

He dives in, tossing garbage aside, following the ringtone.

As he's digging, a garbage truck approaches.

Mechanical arms reach down and seize the dumpster.

Andy pauses, bewildered, as the dumpster begins to rumble. He pokes his head up from the trash, and suddenly finds himself being hoisted off the ground.

He jumps out in the nick of time.

A moment later, the dumpster is turned upside down and emptied into the abyss of the garbage truck. All the while, his phone is still ringing.

The truck's arms return the dumpster to the pavement and then compress the trash.

ANDY
No no no! My phone!!

Somewhere in the pit of garbage, Andy's phone is squashed into oblivion, and the ringing ends for good.

As the truck drives away, Andy reads the lettering on the back: EAST HAMPTON DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION.

ANDY

East Hampton. I'm in the Hamptons.

(pause)

The one time I'm not dressed like a square.

He ducks through an alley and heads off in search of civilization.

EXT. CONDO / INT. ENZO'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Enzo peels off from the crowd and returns to his van. He opens the back door, revealing a customized, computerized control center, where we meet:

PAULY, Enzo's nephew and assistant, early 20s, a tech-savvy hacker prodigy. He's listening to news radio as he types.

ENZO

Whattya got?

Pauly tilts his monitor towards Enzo, revealing grainy black-and-white footage.

PAULY

The garage has a closed circuit security network. I pulled this off'a one of the cameras. 4:17 AM.

Onscreen: Andy drunkenly stumbles as he climbs out of Haley's car. She takes his hand and leads him across the garage. They're only visible from behind, faces obscured.

PAULY

Worth anything?

ENZO

Not much. But it's our first look at loverboy. This footage, plus one good shot of his face, now that's pay dirt.

PAULY

He knows we're out here. He's stalling for time.

ENZO

Let him stall. I got all day. Anything hit the radio yet?

PAULY

Nah, pretty slow news day. Top story is the crackdown on unlicensed massage parlors.

ENZO

In that case, I got all night, too.

Enzo hops out, leaving Pauly in the van.

EXT. CONDO - A MINUTE LATER

Enzo wanders around the periphery, scrutinizing the building.

As he rounds the corner, he spots the Housekeeper, lugging another garbage bag to the dumpster.

ENZO

Hola, Señorita. You speak English?

Blank stare from The Housekeeper.

ENZO

I'm a photographer. Fotografía. And in your building, there's a young man, uno muchacho. He's been in there for a while, and I need to take his picture. Maybe you can convince him to come outside. You know, outside?

Still nothing.

A frustrated pause. Enzo steps closer and lowers his voice.

ENZO

Say, does this building have a fire alarm? Fuego alarma? Do you know what a fire drill is?

Enzo reveals a 50 dollar bill. The Housekeeper eyeballs it.

HOUSEKEEPER

You just missed him.

ENZO

Come again?

HOUSEKEEPER

He came down the fire escape about three, four minutes ago. He's on foot, headed southwest.

ENZO

Can you describe him?

HOUSEKEEPER
About five ten, brown hair. Dirty.
Barefoot.

ENZO
Barefoot?

She plucks the money out of Enzo's hand.

HOUSEKEEPER
Pulling the fire alarm is a felony.

She returns to her work. Enzo chuckles to himself, and then looks to the southwest.

INT. JANET'S OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Janet is reviewing proof sheets with a magnifying glass when Taylor (her assistant) enters.

TAYLOR
Um, Janet? Rolling Stone is on 1.
It's about Haley Comet.

JANET
Why are you wasting my time? You
know the policy on Haley.

TAYLOR
Yes, I know, but-

JANET
Whatever bozo's on the line, all he
needs to know is that the album
drops next month.

TAYLOR
It's Jann Wenner.

Janet looks up from her work, then reaches for the phone.

JANET
Jann, hello! How are you, dear?
What can we do for you?
(pause)
She what?
(pause)
She did?
(pause)
I swear, this is the first I'm
hearing. And you know that Haley's
off-limits, even to you. She's
Area 51. Can you hang on?

Janet puts him on hold and looks up at Taylor.

JANET
Holy Christ. Haley had some kind
of sleepover last night.

TAYLOR
(gasps)
That guy from the party.

JANET
What guy.

TAYLOR
I, I don't know, he was wearing a
mask like everybody else. Her
date, I guess?

JANET
She didn't bring a date. She
brought three bodyguards and two
assistants. Why the hell didn't
anybody tell me about this?

TAYLOR
I didn't know she brought him home.

JANET
Apparently the press knows, and the
phones downstairs are going to
light up like Chinese New Year.
Remind the entire staff what the
official position on Haley's
personal life is. Not one comment.

EXT. MAIN STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

East Hampton on a Monday morning is a picturesque, white-bread postcard.

Snobby townies stroll along the sidewalks, everyone fresh out of a J. Crew catalog.

And then there's Andy, who wanders into town looking like a filthy, ragged drifter.

He smooths out his shirt and approaches the first woman he sees, an uppity yacht-club-type.

ANDY
Excuse me, ma'am. Perhaps you can
tell me where-

The woman takes one look at him and quickens her stride.

Andy shakes his head. What a bitch.

He tries somebody else, a guy resembling Prince Charles.

ANDY
Excuse me, sir. Sir?

Charles turns his nose up, refusing to acknowledge him.

Andy takes a deep breath and scans the neighborhood.

Finally, he approaches a bright-eyed, sympathetic-looking COLLEGE GIRL. Holy Cross jacket and a Greenpeace totebag.

ANDY
Excuse me, miss. I just need
directions to-

COLLEGE GIRL
Get away from me, bum.

ANDY
Bum? OK, I know how I look, but
I'm not a bum. I just-

She pulls out a can of pepper spray and blasts his eyes.

ANDY
Ahhhhh!

COLLEGE GIRL
Back off, dirtbag! I said no!!

He runs off in the opposite direction, coughing and gagging.

EXT. CAFE - A MINUTE LATER

Andy rubs his red, swollen eyes as he stumbles towards a water fountain, an oasis in the shade of an upscale café.

He splashes water on his face, still gagging. He moans as he opens his eyes. That's when he spots it:

A crowded bicycle rack, full of shiny beach cruisers. The rightful owners are completely oblivious, chatting away in the café. Sure, there are a few pedestrians coming and going, but they're minding their own business.

His heart races. He's never stolen anything in his life, but he's desperate. He hears Rob's voice, ringing in his head:

ROB (V.O.)
Nobody hands you opportunities.
You have to take them.

He shakes his head. He's not a thief. He feels guilty for even considering it.

ROB (V.O.)
 Seriously, dude. Take a bike.
 These people are snotty assholes.

His heart races as he approaches the bikes. He tries to act cool, but at the same time, he's imagining himself in handcuffs.

Then, he goes for it. He grabs the last one on the rack and wheels it towards the street.

He jumps on and pedals. So far, so good. Then:

TODDLER
 Mommy!

The voice makes him jump. Hitched to the rear of the bike is a baby trailer. With an actual human baby sitting in it.

Andy gasps.

At the same moment, the baby's MOM exits the café. She looks around, flustered, and then hears her son:

TODDLER
 Mommy help!

She drops her coffee and shrieks.

MOM
 My son!!

Andy panics and pedals harder.

ANDY
 Holy crap!

TODDLER
 Stranger stranger!

ANDY
 No, kid, listen, I'm not a-

TODDLER
 Stranger stranger stranger!

ANDY
 OK, yes, I am a stranger but I'm
 not attracted to you, I swear!

Mom is hysterical, screaming and pointing.

MOM
 My son!! That dirty man has my
 baby boy!!

It doesn't take long to rally the troops. A crowd is forming.

CROWD

What happened?
That gross bum kidnapped her child!
Somebody stop him!

Suddenly, a mob of angry, screaming Hamptonites are chasing him through town.

ANDY

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Andy hits the brakes. He reaches back, fiddles with the latch, and hurriedly releases the baby trailer.

ANDY

(patting the toddler)
Look, see? See? I'm not a bad
guy, I'm just stealing the bike.

He pedals away, leaving the baby trailer behind.

But, then- the trailer creeps forward, rolling down the subtle decline of the road.

The road forks. Andy bends right. The trailer bends left.

The toddler picks up speed, zooming down the sloping street, sailing away towards the horizon.

TODDLER

Mommmmmmmmy!

Andy pedals as fast as he can, until he's safely out of range. He looks back and sees the herd of angry mommies chasing the runaway toddler.

He exhales, then turns around and looks up- just in time to see himself sailing towards the bumper of a parked car.

ANDY

Car!!

He hits the brakes, but not soon enough. He plows into the back of a CONVERTIBLE, instantly totalling the bike and somersaulting himself through the open air.

He lands ten yards away, hitting the pavement with a thud.

CARLY / MADISON

Ahhhhhh!

Andy sits up, seeing stars, as two teenage girls jump out of the car, screaming their heads off.

Meet CARLY and MADISON. Underage, pampered, trust-fund bimbos, like the Hilton sisters when they were still young and presentable.

CARLY
Oh my God oh my God!

MADISON
What's happening!?

ANDY
I'm sorry, I didn't see you there.

CARLY
Is the car OK!?

ANDY
Yeah, please stop screaming. The car's fine.

Carly breaks down sobbing. Madison hugs her.

CARLY
I've never been in an accident before.

MADISON
I'll call my brother. He's, like, some kind of doctor.

ANDY
No, I don't need a doctor, I just-
(double-take)
Aren't you guys a little young to be driving?

The girls exchange a look of terror. Busted.

MADISON
Please don't get us in trouble!

CARLY
My dad'll kill me! I'm not supposed to be getting in accidents until I get my license!

MADISON
We'll do anything! Show him your boobs, Carly.

CARLY
What! Show him your boobs,
Madison! This is your fault!

ANDY

Nobody has to show me their boobs.
I really don't care-

MADISON

(still screaming at Carly)
I just wanted to ditch school and
be good! You're the one who wanted
to drive into the city!

ANDY

The city? Like Manhattan? I'm
going there, too.

CARLY

Can you drive stick?

ANDY

Um, no, why?

CARLY

We only know how to drive regular.

MADISON

We're really good at steering and
going downhill. We just don't know
what to do after that.

ANDY

(deadpan pause)
Are you honestly telling me that
you two are driving around in a car
that you don't know how to drive?

MADISON

We were in the middle of googling
it when you crashed into us.

Andy stares at them, confounded. Lifestyles of the rich and
brainless.

ANDY

Hmmm. OK, here's an idea. I
actually do have a little bit of
stick shift experience. Maybe, we
can, you know, carpool...

We hold on Carly and Madison, considering the offer.

EXT. INTERSECTION / INT. ENZO'S VAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The van stops at a red light. Enzo drums his hands on the
wheel and scans the sidewalks.

ENZO
Hey. Get up here and keep your
eyes peeled.

Pauly climbs up into the passenger seat.

ENZO
Five ten, brown hair.

PAULY
On foot?

ENZO
Barefoot, supposedly.

As they're scanning the pedestrians, a car labors up to the
stoplight. It bucks and stutters, and then stalls out.

ANDY
Excuse me, sir? Do you know how to
get to Manhattan?

Enzo barely acknowledges the driver.

ENZO
Not from around here, bub.

Enzo doesn't notice as Carly leans over and directs Andy:

CARLY
Look, there's a highway sign.

Andy grinds into first gear. The car lurches forward.

Just before they drive off, Enzo happens to notice Andy.
Five ten, brown hair. Dirty, disheveled. And getting away.

ENZO
Son of a bitch!

He cuts the wheel and peels out.

They're right behind the convertible, until:

Two POLICE OFFICERS appear in their path, dragging sawhorses
into the middle of the road.

Enzo slams on the brakes. Pauly braces himself against the
dashboard.

ENZO
What the hell's going on!?

COP
Sorry, pal. Amber alert. Some
creep tried to snatch a baby.
(MORE)

COP (cont'd)
Nobody leaves town square until we
get statements.

In the distance, Andy and the girls reach the highway
entrance and turn onto 27 West.

ENZO
This is bullshit! I need to get to
the highway!

The Cop lowers his sunglasses and glares at Enzo.

COP
What do you got in the van?

EXT. HIGHWAY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Carly and Madison cringe with every grind of the gears. Andy
is hunched over the wheel, determined to keep the car moving.

He forces the car into fifth as they reach the open road.
Finally, he can cruise for a while without shifting. Exhale.

ANDY
Say, do you guys have anything to
drink? I'm really dehydrated.

Madison hands him a water bottle.

He takes a big slug, and then gags.

ANDY
Jesus. This is pure vodka!?

MADISON
Vodka and diet pills.

ANDY
OK, that's not gonna help my
headache. Thanks anyway.

He passes it back. Carly and Madison both take a big drink.

Andy leans forwards and checks the clock on the dashboard.

ANDY
10:30. 100 miles to go. We could
be in the city by noon. If we
don't hit any traffic, I can stay
in fifth gear, and we'll have a
nice, smooth ride all the way to-

CARLY / MADISON
Oh my God!!
Turn it up!!

Andy jumps as they scream. Carly leans forward and cranks up the volume. *Someone Like You* by Adele, of course.

ANDY
(shouting over the music)
Girls, seriously, can we turn this
down just a tad?

CARLY
No, you don't even know, Andy!
This song is totally about me!

MADISON
Me too!

Andy winces as the girls shout along to the music.

INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rob pours a cup of coffee as he calls Andy's cell.

ANDY'S VOICEMAIL
Hi, you've reached Andy Fricke-

Rob hangs up, stumped. Getting a little concerned.

He turns on the stereo, which is set to an FM station, then goes back to preparing his coffee.

TRAFFIC REPORTER
-delays at the Queens Midtown
Tunnel, where inspections are
slowing things down a little.
That's traffic, back to you, Scott.

DISK JOCKEY
Thanks, Jodi. Another hot one
today, 83 in midtown, and speaking
of hot, listen to this, word around
town is that Haley Comet might
finally have a man in her life-

Rob looks up from his coffee.

DISK JOCKEY
-The reclusive pop princess showed
up at the Murray Dunn Masquerade
Party last night, and sources say
she left with a mysterious new boy-
toy on her arm. We'll get you all
the dirt as details come in, in the
meantime, here's the new single
from Haley's upcoming-

Rob adjusts the dial and finds the somber all-news station.

REPORTER

-declaration of war. And our top story, a new development in the social life of singer-songwriter Haley Comet. The award-winning musician made a rare public appearance at the Murray Dunn Masquerade Party last night and allegedly left the event in the company of an unnamed male suitor. Stay tuned to News 101 for updates.

Rob grabs his phone and tries Andy again.

ANDY'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, you've reached Andy Fricke. Please leave a message.

ROB

Yo dude, it's me. Call me back if you get this, I just need to know that you're OK.

(pause)

And also, any details about Haley Comet's anatomy that you might be able to recall, I need to know that, too. So hit me up.

EXT. QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - TWO HOURS LATER

Carly and Madison are screaming along to a Katy Perry song as they approach the tunnel.

Andy is in agony. Hanging on the wheel, laboring to breathe, sweating profusely.

Madison finally lowers the volume.

MADISON

Andy, are you sure you're OK?

ANDY

I've never been so hungover. I feel like my brain got kicked in the balls. And the heat. Am I the only one feeling this heat?

CARLY

Maybe we should put the top up and turn on the AC.

ANDY

Yeah, thanks, that would be very nice 100 miles ago.

As they approach the toll, traffic slows for police inspections. Carly and Madison suddenly get very nervous.

CARLY

What are the cops doing here!?

ANDY

Relax, it's only a checkpoint.
It's a regular thing.

MADISON

Are they gonna search the car!?

ANDY

Just be cool. It's not like we're
wearing turbans.

Carly and Madison share a look of panic. This is bad.

CARLY

We should eat the drugs now.

MADISON

Help us eat the drugs, Andy.

Carly pulls their stash out of the glove compartment. A huge zip-lock bag full of pills, powders, and paraphernalia.

ANDY

Dear Lord, what is all that!?

CARLY

We weren't expecting police!

ANDY

Who were you expecting, Courtney
Love!?

CARLY

Who's Courtney Love?

ANDY

I can't be involved in this. I've
never done drugs in my- who is
Courtney Love!? Jesus, I'm old.

Carly and Madison ingest drugs by the handful.

MADISON

What if they search the trunk?

CARLY

Maybe they won't.

MADISON

Yeah, but what if they do!?

ANDY
Jesus, what's in the trunk!?

MADISON
I'm not going back to boarding
school! I'll die before I go back!

Carly and Madison frantically argue.

Meanwhile, the police are getting closer. Casually strolling
from car to car. Waving some through, inspecting others.

Sweat pours down Andy's face.

The girls yell at each other as they gobble down drugs.

ANDY
Ah, the hell with this.

He jumps out of the car and takes off on foot.

CARLY / MADISON
Andy!
Where are you going!?

He darts through the maze of cars and ducks behind a van.

He peeks around a corner. All of the cops are busy- for now.

He crosses himself, then runs for it. Finally, he makes it
to the tunnel, narrowly avoiding cops along the way.

INT. QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Midtown Tunnel is not a place to venture barefoot. Hazy
florescent light. Walls stained with soot. Smog as thick as
pea soup.

Andy creeps along the narrow shoulder, hugging the dirty wall
as cars whiz by. Passing drivers honk and shout.

DRIVER
Get out of the tunnel, asshole!

ANDY
Yeah yeah, I know, I'm the asshole.

More cars speed by. Every third or fourth driver has
something rude to say.

DRIVER
Outta the way, you idiot!

ANDY
Mind your own business, sir!

More cars speed by.

A BMW skirts the shoulder, splashing Andy with thick, oily mud.

ANDY

Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

Andy pauses and wipes the mud off his face. By this point, he's somewhere between crying and screaming.

Another car speeds by.

DRIVER

Watch where you're going!

ANDY

Ride the lightning, bitch! Ride
the lightning!

He surprises himself with the outburst. He takes a deep breath, and then keeps walking.

ANDY

Ride the lightning? Where did that
come from?

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

For the past two hours, the entire department has been flooded with calls. The news about Haley's new mystery man is starting to break, and the phones are on fire.

We see a succession of assistants juggling calls:

VARIOUS ASSISTANTS

No comment.

No comment.

No, that's entirely untrue!

We cut to Baxter, as he takes the next call.

BAXTER

Murray Dunn, music publicity
department, this is Baxter.

INT. ENZO'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Enzo is calling from his cell as he approaches the Midtown Tunnel.

ENZO

Baxter! Jimmy Jones, over in David
Geffen's office.

BAXTER
Jimmy Jones?

ENZO
Yeah, we met last year, at the VMAs
or the CMAs or BETs, one of them.
How the hell are ya?

BAXTER
Um, great, Jim, what can I do for
you?

ENZO
David's throwing a little party
tonight down at China Club. He's
got Haley Comet on the guest list,
along with that new boyfriend of
hers. Real quick, can you get me
the correct spelling on the
boyfriend's name?

BAXTER
Sure Jimmy, hang on while I double-
check that for you. OK, that name
is spelled O... U... almost had
me there, you goddamn parasite.

ENZO
(frustrated pause)
OK listen, pal. This is Enzo
Faranacci. You know who I am?

BAXTER
Yeah, I know you.

ENZO
How do much do you make there,
answering phones, 'bout 35 before
taxes?

BAXTER
How much do you make, harassing
people with actual talents?

ENZO
Do you have any idea what the press
is willing to pay for this story
right now? And they'll get the
story, one way or another. Now you
can delay the inevitable for a few
more hours. Or you can double your
salary right now with one name.

BAXTER
Piss off.

Baxter hangs up on him.

Enzo snaps his phone shut, frustrated. Pauly gives him a look that says, *Now what?*

PAULY
4 million people in Manhattan on
any given Monday morning.

ENZO
Don't start with me, Pauly. I
found Sarah Jessica Parker at the
Kentucky Derby, I'll find this kid.

EXT. MANHATTAN, EAST SIDE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

When he finally reaches the other end of the tunnel, Andy is nearly unrecognizable. Covered in soot from head to toe, hands and feet stained black.

He passes a store window and does a double-take at his own reflection.

ANDY
God, I look like a chimney sweep.

Well-dressed bankers and businessmen hurry by, none of them acknowledging him.

A woman tosses a nearly-empty bottle of Evian into a trash can on the street corner.

Andy hurries to the corner, retrieves the bottle and shakes the last few drops into his mouth.

A young man in an NYU t-shirt stands nearby, waiting to cross the street. He's clean-cut and unpretentious, and even vaguely resembles Andy.

NYU GUY
Walk of shame?

Andy looks around, as if to say, *are you talking to me?*

ANDY
How'd you know?

NYU GUY
Dude, are you kidding? You look
like my freshman year of college.

ANDY
Oh... yeah, you know. Just one of
those nights.

The NYU Guy chuckles. The light turns green. He's about to cross the street, but Andy intercepts him.

ANDY

Hey, um, I really hate to do this, but...

NYU GUY

No wallet?

ANDY

No anything. And my apartment's about 50 blocks away. If you could spare some change for the subway-

NYU GUY

Let me see.

ANDY

Thank you. I'm so embarrassed.

NYU GUY

We've all been there. New Year's Day, I woke up in Queens with two black eyes and blood in my stool.

The NYU Guy searches his pockets and hands Andy some change.

NYU GUY

Sorry, it's all I got on me.

ANDY

No, it's a big help. Thanks again.

The NYU Guy exits as Andy counts the change. Only about 50 cents. Not enough for subway fare, but it's a start.

He looks around and spots a payphone. He rushes over, plunks the coins in, and makes a call.

INT. ANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BAXTER

No, that is absolutely ridiculous. Haley is not carrying anybody's baby, and we will litigate if you print that.

Baxter hangs up and rubs his eyes. What a day. Almost instantly, the phone rings again.

BAXTER

Murray Dunn, music publicity department, this is Baxter.

EXT. PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

ANDY

Baxter! It's me, it's Andy!

BAXTER

Man, you picked a hell of a day to play hooky.

ANDY

Just listen, please. I'm desperate, I'm totally stranded.

BAXTER

What do you mean, stranded?

ANDY

Can you keep a secret? I mean, like, take it to your grave?

BAXTER

It's in the vault.

ANDY

(nervous pause)

I spent the night with Haley Comet.

BAXTER

That was you!? Andy, the rags are in a frenzy! The phones are ringing off the hook!

ANDY

Yeah, and I totally buried myself with Janet! She thinks I'm in the building! I have a 3PM interview in her office!

BAXTER

Interview?

ANDY

The Jimmy Steele position. I don't know what came over me last night. I asked for an interview, and she actually gave me one, but now-

BAXTER

Whoa.

ANDY

Whoa what?

BAXTER

I underestimated you. All that talk about the promotion being so
(MORE)

BAXTER (cont'd)
unattainable. Was that just for my
sake?

ANDY
Oh, come on, man-

BAXTER
So last night you broke Rule Number
One, and today you want a corner
office? Ballsy. Very ballsy.

ANDY
Yeah, I know, I'm a real cutthroat.
Please, man. Can you help me or
not? I'm begging you.

Baxter exhales. *You think you know somebody...*

BAXTER
Stay where you are. I'll send a
company car. Our little secret.

ANDY
Oh my God, you're saving my life.
I'm by this little park, the corner
of 36 and Lex. Thank you so much-

BAXTER
Yeah yeah, don't mention it.

Baxter hangs up. He stares at the phone, increasingly
bitter. *That backstabber. That snake in the grass.*

He glances over his shoulder, then punches a few buttons on
the desk phone, reviewing his incoming calls.

He thinks for a bit, then grabs his cell and leaves his desk.

INT. MURRAY DUNN, LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

Baxter exits the elevator and finds a discreet corner of the
lobby. He glances over his shoulder as he dials his cell.

BAXTER
Enzo. Baxter, over at Murray Dunn.
Listen, I think we got off on the
wrong foot.
(pause)
Let's say there was a photo op to
be had. Who's the highest bidder
and what's the take?
(pause)
I can deliver the guy. You take
the pictures. I get 50 percent.
Yes or no.

EXT. MIDTOWN PARK - A SHORT WHILE LATER

A trash can overflows with garbage. On top of the pile, two pigeons are pecking at a half-eaten orange.

Andy slinks over, trying to act discreet. If anybody sees this, he'll die of humiliation.

ANDY

Go on, get outta here. Shoo.

He waves the pigeons away, and then snatches the orange.

He hurries over to the nearest bench and tries to find a clean patch of shirt to wipe the orange with.

An OLD LADY sits next to him, reading the New York Post through extremely thick glasses. As he begins to eat, the front page catches his eye:

HALEY COMET SIGHTING: MYSTERY MAN MAKES MOVES ON MISANTHROPIC MUSICIAN!

The headline is accompanied by a stock photo of Haley, plus a man's silhouette, with a big question mark for a head.

Andy turns white. There is such a thing as bad publicity.

OLD LADY

I always had her pegged for a lesbian.

ANDY

What?

OLD LADY

Haley Comet. With those strange outfits and that husky voice. I could have sworn she was gay.

ANDY

Ha. I wish.

The Old Lady gives him a confused look.

ANDY

Say, when you're done with that article? Do you mind if I--?

OLD LADY

Take it. Nothing but gossip anyway.

She passes him the paper. He quickly skims the article.

ANDY (V.O.)
...talk of the evening was
reclusive superstar Haley Comet...
first time the eccentric pop
princess has been seen in public
since... appeared visibly taken
with a young man whose identity
remains unknown. Remains unknown.
(then, out loud)
Thank God.

He looks up from the paper and exhales. OK, maybe this isn't
certain doom.

ENZO
Hey, kid! Over here!

He turns around.

Enzo snaps a few pictures. CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Andy flinches and shields his face, but he's too late.

Enzo got the shot. Lots of them. He caps his lens and runs.

ANDY
What the-?

He blinks in disbelief. *Now what!?* He springs to his feet,
leaps over the bench, and charges after him.

Enzo is nearly back to his van- but it's parked across the
street, which is presently a drag race. Traffic racing down
Lexington Avenue in both directions.

ENZO
Shit!

He cuts left and continues on foot.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The chase spans several blocks.

Enzo has a head start, but he's built like a sumo wrestler,
and wheezing already.

Andy runs like the wind, bare feet pounding the pavement.

Enzo rounds a corner, huffing and puffing, clutching his
camera as if it were solid gold.

Andy dives and tackles him. They hit the sidewalk and tumble
across the pavement, wrestling for the camera.

They scuffle and scramble, and they don't even realize that they're rolling right towards the SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

Commuters jump out of their way. Andy and Enzo tumble down the stairs-

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

-and land on the floor of the grimy subway station. They lie on their backs for a moment, catching their breath.

Andy pulls himself together, grabs the camera and runs.

Enzo labors to his feet and chases him.

Andy jumps the turnstile without hesitation.

Enzo follows, but his wide hips get wedged in the turnstile bars. Stuck, like a hippo in a doggy door.

Andy sees his dilemma and pauses. He can't help feeling sorry for him. But this is war.

ANDY

I can't let you have these pictures. My career is at stake.

ENZO

I got a career too, kid. Ever hear of freedom of the press? Congress shall pass no law, prohibiting, something something freedom of the press.

ANDY

But I'm not famous! I'm not even interesting!

Enzo is about to reply- then, he spots a TRANSIT COP.

ENZO

Hey, over here! This guy didn't pay the fare!

The Transit Cop looks at Andy.

Andy considers his situation. He's just assaulted a man, stolen his property, and jumped the turnstile.

Across the platform, passengers are boarding a train. He hears that familiar DING-DING as the train gets ready to close its doors.

The Transit Cop narrows his eyes.

Andy runs for it.

TRANSIT COP

Hey!

Andy races through the station, weaving through the crowd.

The Cop isn't far behind.

Andy reaches the back of the train and dives towards the doors, making it by an inch.

The train lurches forward, just as the Cop reaches the closed doors. Two seconds too late.

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Andy catches his breath and makes his way through the crowded train. People turn up their noses and step out of his way.

There's one seat open- next to a haggard, hairy BUM. Tie-dye t-shirt, American flag bandana, dirty beard. Probably a veteran of Vietnam, or maybe just the war on drugs.

Andy gives the guy a little nod as he sits down beside him.

ANDY

Say, um, which train is this?

BUM

This is the 7 train.

ANDY

7 train. Would you happen to know where I can transfer to the C?

The Bum looks him over, and then makes a connection.

BUM

That's where I know you from.

ANDY

Excuse me?

BUM

I saw you on the C train, few days ago.

(pause)

Rough night?

ANDY

You can say that again.

(pause)

I'm surprised you remember me.

BUM

Oh sure, I remember you. I held out my hand. You looked the other way.

ANDY

(awkward pause)

I'm sorry about that. I just didn't have-

BUM

Didn't have any change. Yeah, I know. I know that song by heart.

Andy shifts uneasily in his seat.

ANDY

You're probably wondering why I'm so, uh...

BUM

Nah, I got you figured.

ANDY

You do.

BUM

Yeah, that's right. I don't know your name, I don't know where you're from, but I do know that whatever happened to you since three days ago, there's gotta be a woman at the middle of it.

The Bum smirks. Andy still can't tell whether he's being friendly or mocking him.

ANDY

Not just any woman. This one is like... a forbidden siren. I spent one night with her, and it might be the biggest mistake of my life.

BUM

Brother, take it from somebody who made a lot of big mistakes back in the day. Better to regret something you did than something you didn't do.

(pause)

Trust me on that.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - A SHORT WHILE LATER

It takes three cops to squeeze Enzo free from the turnstile.
We hear a metallic squeal as they finally get him loose.

ENZO
Thank you, officers.

TRANSIT COP
Next time use the handicapped gate,
big guy.

ENZO
Yeah yeah, I said thank you.

He exits in a huff, and then whips out his cell phone.

INT. ENZO'S VAN, CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

PAULY
Are we good?

ENZO
Not yet. I need you to work your
magic and get into the MTA's
security network. He's in the
front car of the 7 train right now.

Pauly cracks his knuckles and gets busy, hacking away.

ENZO
As soon as he gets off, get over
there and get the shot.

PAULY
(as he's typing)
I'm just a hacker, Enzo. I don't
have your eye.

ENZO
We're not looking for a Pulitzer,
stunod! Use a Polaroid for all I
care, just don't let him get away!

Pauly pounds the keys, and the hack comes together. His
monitor reveals a security feed from Andy's subway train.

PAULY
I'm in! He's on the 7, I see him!

ENZO
Good boy! Now get that shot!

Pauly hits a few keys, sending the image to a monitor on the
van's dashboard.

He jumps behind the wheel, fires the engine, and peels out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - A MOMENT LATER

The van tears through traffic and blows past a CBS News crew.

The REPORTER does a double-take and turns to her CAMERAMAN, who is in the middle of breaking down their gear.

REPORTER

That was Enzo Faranacci's van.

(pause)

Where's he going so fast?

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Andy steals a look at his neighbor, The Bum. After all he's been through, there's a strange kinship between them.

ANDY

Can I ask you something? You're,
um... homeless, right?

BUM

What gave it away?

ANDY

And, ah... unemployed, I assume?

BUM

That's kind of the pre-requisite to
being homeless.

ANDY

Well, no offense, but... where
exactly are you going?

BUM

Why do you care?

ANDY

OK, please don't take this the
wrong way, but when I see homeless
people on the subway, I just
wonder, you know, if you don't have
a job, per se, and if you don't
have, like, an actual place of
residence... where are you going?

BUM

Brother, we live in the most
beautiful, brilliant, messed-up,
fascinating city in the world.

(MORE)

BUM (cont'd)

Since when do you need a reason to go anywhere in this town?

ANDY

So nowhere special. Just asking.

BUM

Oh, but you got somewhere special to be.

ANDY

Well, yeah, I do.

BUM

And if you don't get there by a particular time, then you're gonna be in some kinda trouble, right?

ANDY

Yeah. Understatement.

BUM

That's an illness. Most people in this town got that same illness. Always somewhere else to be, never just being where you're at. Do you hear me?

ANDY

Stop and smell the subway, is that it?

BUM

When's the last time you went anywhere without having somewhere to be?

A quiet pause, as Andy's thoughts turn to regrets.

ANDY

Honestly, I don't know. I moved to New York about five years ago to take a job, and at the time, I really thought...

(sad pause)

I've been working 60 hour weeks ever since. I spend my life answering other people's phone calls. I've seen more of New York this morning than I did in the past five years.

BUM

Living on the street ain't no picnic. But I got my freedom. I can take this train anywhere I

(MORE)

BUM (cont'd)
 please. Some days, I go uptown,
 some days, I go downtown. When I
 see a friend on the train, I say,
 hey there friend, wanna take a walk
 in the park?

ANDY
 Wow. You make it sound really,
 kind of, um... beautiful.

BUM
 Yeah, and some days the transit
 police catch you marking your
 territory, and they drag you off
 the train by your beard.

An awkward pause. *OK, maybe not that beautiful.*

ANDY
 So do you know if I can transfer to
 the C train?

BUM
 Nah, this train's heading for
 Queens. You're better off gettin'
 off and walking.

ANDY
 Thanks.

The train slows as it nears the next station. Andy stands
 and prepares to exit.

ANDY
 I did have change. The other day.
 I could have spared it, and I
 didn't. I'm sorry.

BUM
 I'm sorry, too.

ANDY
 For what?

BUM
 Everybody that stiffes me, I put a
 hex on 'em.

ANDY
 Well, take it easy with that hex.
 It's very effective.

Andy extends his hand. The Bum shakes it.

BUM
 Look out for them sirens, kid.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - A MINUTE LATER

Andy emerges from the subway station and reaches Times Square. The nucleus of New York City, an orgy of glitz.

He does a double-take as he crosses Broadway.

An enormous electronic billboard- the biggest screen in Times Square- is flashing an ad:

TONIGHT ON FOX NEWS! HALEY COMET'S LIBERAL LOVELIFE EXPOSED!

ANDY

Fox News. Great. Even the lazy journalists are chasing me.

Across the street, an unmarked van cracks its door. A camera lens emerges. Pauly awkwardly fumbles with the settings.

The glare from the sun catches Andy's attention.

ANDY

Oh, crap!

He shields his face and runs.

Pauly misses the shot.

PAULY

Damn!

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Andy sprints, fleeing Times Square.

The van blows through a red light, narrowly avoiding a crash.

Andy races across the street, dodging cars, running as fast as he can.

The van is still right on his ass.

He runs around a corner- and right into the hood of an oncoming taxi.

Brakes SQUEAL as Andy tumbles across the hood and lands on the pavement.

SMASH. A second car rear-ends the taxi, and traffic comes to a standstill.

As the dust settles, Andy labors to his feet.

Pauly jumps out of the van, grabs the camera, and scrambles for a shot.

Andy covers his face and takes off.

He runs across several blocks and eventually finds himself in-

EXT. MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

The eerie west side of midtown. Stark, industrialized, instantly gloomier than the rest of the city.

Pauly isn't far behind, and he's in much better shape than Enzo was.

Andy turns a corner and comes upon the steel door of an unmarked club. Heavy bass audible from inside. He ducks through the door and pulls it shut, as he lands in-

INT. THE MANHOLE - CONTINUOUS

The gayest gay bar in New York City. Once inside, Andy finds himself face to face with OX- an enormous, hairy bouncer.

OX

Members only. Get lost.

ANDY

I'm already lost. Please, man, I just need a few minutes.

OX

You took a wrong turn, kid. Now beat it.

Andy is instantly scared of this guy. And that's when he notices the atmosphere of the club. Steel cages, bondage gear, creepy phallic artwork. And then, there are the PATRONS. Leather-bound bikers, sneering like angry jackals.

ANDY

Sir, please. I know this sounds crazy, but if I go outside, I'm gonna lose my job.

OX

You stay in here, you're gonna have a brand new job on the wrong side of a glory hole.

ANDY

Glory-what?

OX

I'm warning you. Hit the bricks.

For just a moment, Andy considers leaving. Then, he pauses. Outside, more press vans are already arriving. The time has come to take a stand.

ANDY

OK, listen, pal. I'm not gay, but I've always been sympathetic to your lifestyle. I vote Democrat, I watch Glee, I know every single word of every song that Queen ever wrote-

Ox steps closer. Andy can feel his breath in his face.

OX

(tense pause)
You like Queen?

ANDY

Freddy Mercury. Greatest frontman of all time.

OX

(lowers his voice)
Look, you seem like a nice kid. But if I let you in, I wouldn't be doing my job. Our members take their privacy very seriously.

ANDY

As do I. So how do I apply for membership?

INT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Rob paces, cell phone pressed to his ear.

ANDY'S VOICEMAIL

Hi, you've reached-

He snaps the phone shut. Suddenly, it rings.

ROB

Yeah?

SARA

Rob, it's Sara. I took a long lunch today, and I'm in your neighborhood-

ROB

Hey, babe. Today's no good for me.

SARA

Are you with someone?

ROB
No, I'm just kinda preoccupied. My
roommate's in a bit of a pickle.

SARA
Oh, come on. 10 minutes. I just
got back from the clinic and I'm
good to go. Pleeeease.

ROB
Another time.

He hangs up, then turns up the television volume.

Onscreen: A smarmy host doing a promo for tabloid TV.

ACCESS HOLLYWOOD
Haley Comet hits the town- but did
she or didn't she bring home a
booty call? We'll have lots of
empty speculation, tonight on-

He flips to another channel:

E! NEWS
-and the discreet diva has the
music biz buzzing with talk of a
brand new beau. Tune in tonight
for all the soft-hitting pseudo-
news, only on-

Another channel:

TMZ
-does Haley Comet have a live-in
loverboy? We'll poke our noses
right up her private life, tonight-

He turns off the TV and scratches his head.

ROB
Andy, buddy, wherever you are... I
hope you're keeping a low profile.

INT. THE MANHOLE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Meanwhile, back at the bar: Ox steps onto the modest stage
and clears his throat.

The regulars pause their conversations and look up.

OX
Gentlemen. We've got a special
guest today, a young man who's here
on a trial membership. I leave it
(MORE)

OX (cont'd)
 up to you to determine whether or
 not he meets our lofty standards.
 Let's have a warm Manhole welcome
 for this afternoon's entertainment,
 Andy Fricke.

Nobody claps.

The lights go down. A spotlight falls upon the empty stage.
 A familiar beat ensues.

ANDY
Can anybody find me...

A black leather boot steps into a spotlight. We pan up to
 reveal Andy, wearing a ridiculous hardcore leather jumpsuit.

ANDY
Somebody to love?

He takes the stage, nervous and inhibited, but determined to
 hold up his end of the bargain.

The patrons are skeptically eyeballing him. Tough crowd.

ANDY
*Each morning I get up, I die a
 little...
 Can barely stand on my feet...
 Take a look in the mirror and
 cry...
 Lord, what you're doing to me...*

He's timid at first, having never stretched his vocal cords
 in public. Let alone to a bar full of hostile homosexuals.

The regulars are not impressed. Freddy Mercury is their
 patron saint, and this kid is not worthy to wear the chaps.

Andy sweats under the lights, his voice wavering.

ANDY
*I work hard every day of my life...
 I work 'til I ache my bones...
 At the end, I take home my hard
 earned pay all on my own...*

But then, the magic of Queen takes hold. The spirit of the
 music lifts him up, bolstering his confidence.

ANDY
*Somebody... Somebody...
 Can anybody find me...
 somebody to love?*

Faces in the crowd nod along. OK, this kid isn't half bad.

Ox raises an eyebrow, impressed and aroused.

ANDY

*I'm OK, I'm alright...
I aint gonna face no defeat...*

The music swells. The crowd claps. And by the time he reaches the next chorus, Andy is a man transformed.

He's not just hitting the notes anymore, he's killing them. Gyrating like a stripper, working the crowd into a frenzy.

The guys in the crowd chime in for the bridge, filling in on background vocals.

CROWD

*Find. Me. Somebody to love...
Find. Me. Somebody to love...
Can anybody find me...*

ANDY

Somebody to love!

By the time the song reaches it's soaring conclusion, Andy is just one of the gays. They love him. He hits the final note, and the crowd erupts into cheers.

EXT. THE MANHOLE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, paparazzi surround the club, forming a barricade of cameras, staking out their positions.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

You hear the latest numbers?

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

I hear The Enquirer's offering 200.

PHOTOGRAPHER 3

TMZ's at 250. Two-hundred-fifty K for one clear shot of this guy.

PHOTOGRAPHER 4

Well, this is the only entrance.
He's gotta come out eventually.

They adjust their lenses for the tenth time, drooling over the thought of all that money.

ENZO

What a bunch of hacks. Quarter-mil in the pot and that's your plan?

The other photographers turn around to see Enzo approaching. He's brandishing some new bumps and bruises, speaking in a dark, foreboding tone, as if telling a ghost story:

ENZO

I already had the shot. Perfect lighting, tight focus. But he's a real punk, this one. Not content to sit still and smile. Fights as dirty as he smells. You think he's gonna come waltzing out the front door? Ha. You got a better chance of getting Sean Penn to comb his hair and say cheese.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

So... what do we do?

ENZO

By and large, this racket is every man for himself. But times like these call for a bit of conspiracy.

INT. THE MANHOLE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Andy sits at the bar, downing a beer with dozens of new pals. BILL, MIKE, JOSH, CHRIS, and the rest of the gang are listening to his tale:

ANDY

I dodged the cameras, I turned the corner, and that's how I found this place. But now, I'm trapped. Soon as I go out there, I'm front page news. Ox, are you sure there are no other exits?

OX

Sorry. The entrance is the exit. Kind of a motto, around here.

MIKE

What if you call Janet, reschedule the interview for later in the week? Buy a little time?

JOSH

You don't reschedule on a woman like Janet. She'll see it as a sign of fear and doubt.

ANDY

Josh is right. If I'm not there at 3, I'll never get the chance again.

MIKE

Yeah, but what if Janet knows everything by now?

ANDY

That's what I'm afraid of. Even if I do make the interview, I could be walking into an ambush.

BILL

And if that happens, you just gotta own it. You wear it with pride, just like you're wearing the hell out of those chaps right now.

JOSH

You deserve that promotion, bro. You're bright and sexy and personable. You're gonna be a great publicist, and don't let anybody tell you otherwise.

ANDY

Psshh. You guys have no idea how competitive the corporate world is.

JOSH

I'm the CFO of a Fortune 500 company, Andy.

Andy chuckles. Josh doesn't. Andy realizes that he's telling the truth.

ANDY

Really?

JOSH

This is just me-time.

(pause)

Don't be afraid to loosen the tie once in a while. You'll be surprised who you meet.

Andy looks around the bar, and begins to see the crowd in a new light.

BILL

Yeah. I'm in business law.

MIKE

I'm a systems analyst.

CHRIS

(shrugs)

I'm just a gay biker.

Meanwhile, across the bar: Ox takes another peek through the slat in the door.

More cameras by the minute. The circus is in town.

EXT. THE MANHOLE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Enzo is up to something, quietly negotiating with The Manhole's neighbors.

The rest of the paparazzi are watching curiously. A young CAMERA ASSISTANT whispers to an OLD PRO:

ASSISTANT

Who is this guy, anyway?

OLD PRO

He's a legend, that's who. He's the guy who talked Britney into shaving her head. Convinced her it would be good for her image.

Enzo returns to the pack and lays out the plan.

ENZO

OK, to the right, we got the deli. To the left, we got the laundromat. I greased both the owners. Wasn't cheap, but they've agreed to let us tap their electric. Half of us will run cables out of the deli. Half of us use the laundromat.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

What's the point? I'm fully juiced already.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

Me too.

PHOTOGRAPHER 3

I got enough battery to last a week. I thought we working on getting the kid out of the bar.

ENZO

Just do what I say. We're gonna round up every bit of gear we have. Lights, mikes, chargers, everything. I got splitters in the van. Everybody plug in.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

Enzo, even if we did need their juice, we couldn't all plug in at
(MORE)

PHOTOGRAPHER 1 (cont'd)
once. We'd knock out the whole-
(trails off)

All at once, the other photographers smile and *a-ha*, as Enzo's plan begins to sink in.

ENZO
The whole block. That's right.
We'll milk the power until the
whole block goes down. Once that
happens, it's gonna get pretty hot
in there, and that should expedite
his departure.

The paparazzi grin.

ENZO
Alright, grab your gear, what are
we waiting for.

INT. THE MANHOLE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, the clock is nearing 2PM. Andy and his new allies are still brainstorming:

ANDY
Maybe if I had some kind of
diversion. Something to take their
attention off of me.

MIKE
This is ridiculous. Let's just go
kick their asses already.

BILL
They got a right to be there,
unfortunately. First amendment.

MIKE
Such bullshit.

BILL
Dude, that bullshit protects your
right to dress up like Liza Minelli
every St. Patrick's Day. Have some
respect for the Constitution.

Suddenly, the lights go out.

Everybody finds themselves in darkness, mumbling *what the hell?* and *what happened?*

CHRIS
OK, now it's a party.

ANDY
Hey hey! Somebody's touching me!

OX
Everybody relax!

Ox flicks his lighter and hurries over to the bar's fusebox.

OX
AC is down too. It's gonna get
awfully warm in here, especially if
y'all start playing grabass, so
just keep calm and drink your
drinks.

ANDY
(solemn pause)
They're trying to flush us out.

MIKE
You think they cut the power on
purpose? They can't do that.

ANDY
These guys are the bloodsuckers of
my industry. They've done much
worse, trust me.

OX
Let's get the bikes out. We can
use the headlights while we come up
with a plan.

ANDY
Bikes? You mean, like,
motorcycles?

OX
We keep 'em parked in the ladies
room. Why?

A pregnant pause. We hold on Andy, his mind at work.

EXT. THE MANHOLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Manhole is quiet. No sign of life from inside.

The paparazzi are poised for attack, cameras steady.

Then, the front door opens.

The paparazzi snap to attention, scrambling to line up that
million-dollar shot.

ENZO
Here he comes!

Suddenly, they hear the fiery growl of a motorcycle engine.

A HARLEY DAVIDSON bursts out of The Manhole. Andy driving, his head hidden beneath a dark helmet.

The bike blazes a path through the crowd.

PAPARAZZI
Look out!

Photographers dive out of the way. The bike tears into the street.

The paparazzi jump in their vans and peel out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Harley roars across the pavement. Andy is surprisingly adept at handling the huge bike.

A parade of press vans are right behind.

Enzo and Pauly lead the way, their van tearing through the narrow streets with no regard for pedestrians.

Andy weaves around cars, races across a sidewalk, and cuts the bike down the wrong way of a narrow one-way alley.

Enzo cuts the wheel and tries to follow, but his van can't handle the turn. He loses control and smashes into a dumpster.

The press vehicles pile up behind, backed up ten deep at Enzo's totalled van.

The Harley screeches to a halt. The driver removes his helmet, revealing his bearded face:

It's not Andy- it's Josh, dressed in Andy's dirty clothes.

JOSH
That's for Lady Di, you son of a
bitch!

Enzo and Pauly climb out of their van, the world spinning around them. Enzo realizes that he's been duped, and slams his fist on the hood.

ENZO
Goddammit!

EXT. THE MANHOLE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, a second bike bursts out of the bar- this one is a zippy little Vespa. Ox at the wheel, with Andy on back, still dressed in leather, nervously hanging on.

The engine whines as they speed away, nothing but open road ahead.

EXT. ANDY'S BUILDING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Vespa putts up to the foot of Andy's building. He climbs off, catching his breath.

ANDY

You saved my butt, Ox.

OX

My pleasure, kid. Next time you're downtown, drop by The Manhole and give us another serenade.

ANDY

You got it.

OX

Now, go get that promotion. Oh yeah, one more thing-

Ox grabs Andy, pulls him close, and plants a big, wet french kiss. Andy just stands there and takes it, stunned.

Finally, Ox releases him.

OX

For luck.

He revs the gas, cuts across traffic, and zips away.

EXT. ANDY'S BUILDING - A MOMENT LATER

Andy reaches the lobby and buzzes his apartment.

A moment later, Rob's voice buzzes through the intercom:

ROB

Yeah?

ANDY

Rob, it's me, I'm downstairs! Open the door! Hurry hurry!

A moment later, Rob rushes through the lobby and opens the door.

He blinks in disbelief when he sees Andy's leather wardrobe.

ANDY
Long story.

They race through the lobby and down the hall.

ROB
Seriously, I've been really
concerned about you. And that was
before I saw the outfit.

ANDY
It's my first Walk of Shame, OK?

ROB
I'm pretty sure you're doing it
wrong.

When they reach the apartment, Rob reaches for the door.

Locked.

ANDY
Don't even.

ROB
Oh, shit.

ANDY
You didn't.

ROB
Yeah, I did.

ANDY
You have to leave the latch-

ROB
Yeah, I know, I know.

Andy yanks on the doorknob. As if that will help. He's on
the verge of a nervous breakdown.

ANDY
Please tell me you have one of your
girls in there.

ROB
Funny you should mention it. The
opportunity presented itself
earlier today, but I was so
concerned with finding you-

ANDY
Oh, so this is my fault!?

ROB

No, it's not your fault that we're locked out. It's just your fault that I turned down casual sex.

ANDY

I have to be at work in 30 minutes! I have to shower, I have to change! This is my career we're talking about, Rob!

ROB

OK, think. There's gotta be a way.

ANDY

We'll call the super.

ROB

Mario's not gonna help us. He's still pissed at me for installing the shower mirrors.

ANDY

A locksmith.

ROB

I've tangled with locksmiths before. It's like a five-hour ordeal.

ANDY

The landlord.

ROB

Lives in White Plains. And he hates me ever since I took his girlfriend's anal virginity.

ANDY

Are you trying to sabotage me!?

ROB

What!? Hey, I'm on your side, man.

ANDY

No, you're on your own side, as usual! This whole entire day is your fault! You got me drunk last night! You locked me out today! You talked me into applying for this promotion, which I'm never gonna get in the first place-

ROB

Jesus H. Christ, listen to you! You're talking yourself out of
(MORE)

ROB (cont'd)
upward mobility! The only person
holding you back is you!

ANDY
You're a bad roommate, Rob. You're
a caveman with a fervor for sex.

ROB
A what?

ANDY
Sex rules your life. It consumes
you. It prevents you from having
actual relationships with women,
and it's ruined your friendship
with me. Do you have any idea how
many hours of sleep I've lost while
you've got some bimbo in your room,
screaming at the top of her lungs!?

ROB
I'll start choking them harder.

ANDY
Don't bother. I'm moving out.

ROB
You know, all this time, I thought
maybe you were just a late bloomer.
Maybe there was a real thundercat
somewhere in there, and maybe that
thundercat just needed time to
blossom. Well, it turns out I was
wrong. You're not a thundercat.
You're just a pussy.

ANDY
Ah, screw you.

ROB
Listen to yourself! You can't even
swear!

ANDY
Screw is a swear word!

ROB
In what world is screw a swear
word!?

ANDY
Many people consider it so!

ROB
Screw is a swear word in the land
of cowardly virgins.

ANDY

OK. Well. Go fuck yourself. How about that?

They take a few paces apart, and then plop down on their asses, sitting uselessly in the hallway. Locked out and pissed off. The toothpaste is out of the tube.

INT. JANET'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JANET

(into phone)

Now, you listen to me, Blitzer! Haley is the most important artist of her generation, not a goddamn Kardashian! You want a sound bite? Get in line and buy the album like everybody else. In the meantime, stay out of her personal life!

She smashes the phone down and reaches for her flask. Before the flask is even to her lips, Taylor rushes in.

TAYLOR

E News on two. MTV on three.

JANET

Keep 'em waiting. Cancel my dinner and push that interview with whatshisname from downstairs. In fact, move all of the interviews to next week, we'll fill that hole once the dust settles.

TAYLOR

Yes ma'am.

(nervous pause)

Um... Janet?

Janet looks up.

TAYLOR

I know the official position is no comment, but... have you actually spoken to Haley about this?

JANET

Straight to voicemail all day.

(pause)

In the six years that we've repped her, Haley hasn't so much as grazed first base, at least, not in public. Something happened last night, and I wanna know what.

The clock reads 2:32. 28 minutes to go...

EXT. THE GUYS' APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The guys lie on the floor, still locked out. Both feeling stupid, regretting the things they said.

Rob glances at Andy, and fumbles with an apology.

ROB

I don't want you to move out.

ANDY

You'd be better off with somebody else, somebody more like yourself. A matching caveman.

ROB

But we're a good team, me and you. I eat your leftovers. You wash my dishes.

ANDY

I just, I always feel like a wet blanket next to you.

ROB

I guess I do have that effect on blankets. But honestly, man, I wish I was more like you. Your determination, your focus...

ANDY

Oh, come on.

ROB

Seriously. Guys like me have a shelf life, I know that. I mean, how many years can I go on partying and banging co-eds before I'm ridiculous? 10, 15? 25 tops?

ANDY

Still a brighter future than mine.

A quiet pause. The clock ticking.

ROB

I'm sorry if you get fired over this. But dude. Haley Comet. After last night, your penis is my idol.

Andy looks up at Rob, and reluctantly, softly chuckles.

ANDY

Not bad for my first one-night stand, huh?

ROB

Seriously! Haley is the great white whale of ungettable chicks, and you had sex with that whale!

ANDY

Yeah, but at what price.

ROB

At any price! Hell, I would punch your boss right in the face just to sniff Haley's dirty gym clothes, and I don't even know your boss.

ANDY

(finally smiles)

You're right. I did. I banged Haley Comet, probably.

ROB

Look at you. You're like a new man. I still don't know why you're dressed like that, but you know what, I dig it.

ANDY

I banged her all night long, maybe.

ROB

You're like a folk hero! You're an invincible sex monster! Just accept it, already!

ANDY

I banged Haley Comet!

Rob stands up, swept up by a thunderous second wind.

ROB

And now we're gonna bust through this door, just like Kool-Aid Man!

ANDY

We are?

ROB

Yes! I like this plan, I condone it! Ready!?

They step back, sizing up the door. Andy looks uncertain.

ROB

Now!

They charge the door. Rob half-asses it. Andy collides at full force, nearly breaks his arm, and tumbles backwards.

ANDY

Owww, damn it!

ROB

Again!

ANDY

No, not again. That door is very sturdy.

ROB

We almost had it!

ANDY

No, not even close.

Andy stands up, rubs his shoulder, and forms a new plan.

ANDY

I'm going back out there.

ROB

Out where?

ANDY

Into the world. I can still make it. But I need your help. You're the pro.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - A MOMENT LATER

The guys take to the streets. Andy still rubbing his shoulder, but with a new sense of purpose.

ANDY

OK, think. First order of business, I need to change.

ROB

No, first order of business, you need a shower.

ANDY

Is it that bad?

ROB

You smell like a pile of diapers.

ANDY

Well, there's gotta be somewhere I
can clean up. Doesn't have to be
Trump Plaza.

Rob thinks for a moment, then snaps his fingers.

ROB

I got it. Minnie Duvet.

ANDY

Who?

ROB

Old friend of mine. Two blocks
away. You can shower there, maybe
find something to wear. Come on.

Rob leads the way as they run off together. As they pass the
corner deli, the clock in the window reads 2:37.

INT. MINNIE'S BUILDING, ELEVATOR - A MINUTE LATER

Andy and Rob catch their breath as they squeeze into a
narrow, rickety elevator.

ANDY

What if she's not home?

ROB

Minnie's always home. Works out of
her apartment.

ANDY

Is she gonna be cool with us just
popping in like this?

ROB

Should be fine.

ANDY

And how well do you know her?

ROB

It's a professional relationship.
I drop by when I'm stressed out.

ANDY

Stressed out?

(suspicious pause)

Is this woman your therapist?

Rob hesitates to respond. Andy smiles.

ANDY

You know, I always thought that you would benefit from therapy. I just didn't know how to broach the subject.

ROB

Well, stop broaching. It's not what you think.

ANDY

Seriously, it's very progressive. I'm proud of you.

The elevator dings.

EXT. MINNIE'S APARTMENT - A MOMENT LATER

Rob approaches and knocks on the door. Three long, pause, four short. Andy looks at him, confused.

ANDY

Was that a code?

ROB

What? That's how people knock.

ANDY

That's how Black Panthers knock. Where are you taking me?

The door opens. MINNIE appears. 90 years old, four feet tall, Asian, with a thick accent and even thicker make-up.

MINNIE

Meester Rob!

ROB

Well, hello there, hot stuff. Are you busy?

MINNIE

Never too beesy for you. Come in come in!

She ushers them inside. Andy is suddenly very creeped out. The apartment is decorated like a third-rate harem.

ANDY

(quietly, to Rob)

Are you sure this woman is a licensed therapist?

MINNIE

What we do today, Meester Rob? You want the special?

ROB

I'm fine today, Minnie, but perhaps you can take care of my buddy here.

MINNIE

He look dirty.

ROB

He's very dirty. Give him the Double Rubber Ducky and put it on my tab, OK?

ANDY

Double Rubber what? What is this place? Why do you have a tab here?

Minnie snaps her fingers twice and yells in Chinese.

A moment later, two ASSISTANTS appear. Both very old, both very obedient, and neither one knows a word of English.

Minnie gives them a stern order in Chinese.

The Assistants bow to Andy, and then drag him down the hall.

ANDY

Hey! What's happening!?

ROB

Just relax, dude. They're professionals.

ANDY

Ladies, please! Where are you taking me!?

Andy awkwardly protests as the assistants drag him away.

ROB

(chuckles, to Minnie)
First timer.

Minnie smiles and makes a few notes in her ledger. Rob takes a seat on the sofa and thumbs through a magazine.

ROB

Hey, how's Melissa? Is she around?

MINNIE

Melissa retire.

ROB
No way! Not Melissa, she was my
favorite!

MINNIE
Arthritis.

ROB
Arthritis. Talk about a season-
ending injury.

Suddenly, Andy re-appears, wide-eyed, soaking wet, barely
covering himself with a small towel.

ANDY
Exactly what kind of establishment
are you running here, madam!?

ROB
Dude, chill out and let these women
do their jobs.

ANDY
I've been sexually assaulted, Rob!
The Double Rubber Ducky is Chinese
for shower rape!

ROB
It's a massage parlor. This is
just another day at the office for
them. Go with it.

ANDY
This can't be legal.

Rob scoffs and turns to Minnie.

ROB
You're legal here, right?

Minnie bursts out laughing, as if to say, *yeah right*.

ROB
No?

MINNIE
Yeah, we legal. Selling handjob is
legal now.

ROB
OK, but it's not like anybody
enforces those laws, right?

They're interrupted by a big, pounding KNOCK on the door.

POLICE (O.S.)
Minnie Duvet!

Rob, Andy, and Minnie exchange a look. That's definitely not the secret knock.

POLICE (O.S.)
Minnie Duvet, this is NYPD! You
got three seconds to open the door!

Andy shrieks.

Minnie yells something in Chinese, alerting the staff.

ROB
(to Minnie)
Hide your records! Destroy my tab!

CRASH. Six COPS plow through the door, dressed up in full riot gear. Helmets, batons, the works.

ROB
Oh, shit.

Andy shrieks again and runs in the other direction. Rob follows.

HEAD COP
Stop those two! Nobody leaves!

The cops charge through the apartment, but they're confronted by an army of Asian women. And these old broads aren't going down without a fight.

The women claw and scratch at the cops. The cops pull their pepper-spray and tazers.

Rob and Andy flee down a long, narrow hallway. Rob looks back and sees:

Cops zapping old women with tazers. Women kicking and biting. Everybody gagging on pepper spray.

ANDY
What do we do!?

ROB
Keep running! It's like Saigon
back there!

They reach a small window. Andy pokes his head out. Directly below the window is an old, rickety fire escape.

ANDY
Not another fire escape.

ROB
Perfect. Those things are built to
last. Come on.

Andy and Rob jump out of the window and land on the fire
escape. Seems sturdy, for now.

Then, as they're descending:

COP
Hold it, you two!

They guys keep going. No turning back now.

COP
(to his partner)
We got two runners. Come on.

Both cops jump out of the window and land on the fire escape.

ROB
What are we doing!? We can't run
from the cops!

ANDY
I've already been sexually
assaulted once today, I'm not going
to jail in a towel!

Suddenly, they hear a squeal beneath their feet. The entire
fire escape becomes unhinged.

Rob, Andy, and both cops hang on as the fire escape breaks
loose and teeters across the gaping alley.

ANDY
Hang on!!

Rob and Andy ride the fire escape like a falling ladder.
Sparks fly as it crashes into the neighboring building,
forming a bridge over the alley.

They jump down to the pavement and flee.

The cops are a moment behind.

Through it all, Andy is barely hanging onto the little towel.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - A MOMENT LATER

Andy and Rob dash across the street and scale a stone wall.

Their feet hit the grass of Central Park. They tear through
the crowd of pedestrians, turning heads, drawing catcalls.

Andy's bare ass is plainly visible through the flapping towel.

Spectators whip out their phones, laughing, pointing, snapping pictures.

INT. THE MANHOLE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, back at the bar: Bill is using his blackberry when a photo pops up.

BILL

No way.

(then)

Guys. Look what just popped up on Twitter.

Mike, Josh, Ox, and the rest of the guys crowd around.

A photo of Andy's bare ass has been uploaded for the entire world wide web to enjoy.

OX

Ahhh, the one that got away.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - A MOMENT LATER

Andy and Rob duck beneath a small bridge. The cops run past.

They exhale. Finally safe, but Andy's still practically naked.

They retreat to the edge of the park, and take turns peeking over the stone perimeter.

ROB

We gotta find a clothesline or something.

ANDY

A clothesline. On Central Park West. You think somebody's hanging their fur coats out to dry?

ROB

OK then, a laundromat. The naked pedestrian's best friend.

ANDY

Do you see a laundromat? Once again, we're on Central Park West.

Rob surveys the horizon, and then... bingo.

ROB
I got it. Come on.

EXT. MIDTOWN FITNESS - A MOMENT LATER

They hurry across the street and approach the lobby of a gym.

ANDY
What are we doing here? Do you
have a membership?

ROB
Just follow me.

INT. MIDTOWN FITNESS - CONTINUOUS

Andy leads Rob inside, where they're met by a young, fit receptionist. This is KAITLYN, not too bright, and not too fond of Rob.

KAITLYN
Hello, welcome to Midtown Fit-
(sudden recognition)
Security!

ROB
Hey hey, come on, Kaitlyn. Don't
be like that. I thought we were
friends.

KAITLYN
(angry pause)
When did you get back to town?

ROB
Oh, you know... the other day.

ANDY
What are you talking about, out of
town?

Rob elbows Andy and goes right on talking.

ROB
OK, babe, the truth is, I'm sorry
about the way things ended. I took
you for granted, I took advantage,
I used you, but I came here today
to apologize for all that. Also,
my buddy needs to make use of your
facilities. Can you help us out or
what?

Kaitlyn glances at Andy, unimpressed.

KAITLYN
Stairmaster?

Andy looks down at his body, confused. *What is that supposed to mean?*

ROB
Locker room. Five minutes. Is that cool?

Kaitlyn narrows her eyes. She wants to tell him to get lost, but can't resist the smile.

KAITLYN
Three minutes.

ROB
You're the best.

KAITLYN
I want my vibrator back.

ROB
Give me a day to run 'it through the dishwasher. I put a few miles on that thing.

Rob grabs Andy by the elbow and leads him to the locker room.

ANDY
What did she mean by that? Am I that out of shape?

ROB
You look fine.

ANDY
I do abdominal contractions at my desk, you know.

ROB
A stairmaster wouldn't hurt. I'm just saying.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROB
OK. I'll keep watch. You grab some clothes.

ANDY
From where?

Rob waves his hand. *Look around, dummy.* They're surrounded by columns of lockers.

ANDY
You expect me to steal?

ROB
Steal is an ugly word. Think of it
as burglary. We're just gonna
burglarize this stuff.

ANDY
That's the exact same connotation.

ROB
Andy, everybody plunders a locker
room once in a while. Where do you
think I got our bathroom towels?

Andy is about to reply, then notices the clock. It's 2:50.

ANDY
(exhales)
Watch the door.

Rob stands guard.

Andy goes on the hunt, opening and shutting lockers. Some
are locked, and most of the unlocked are empty. Then:

ANDY
Bingo. Business casual. I-
(checks the label)
Oh, crap. Old Navy.

ROB
You love Old Navy.

ANDY
Not today, I don't.

He tries another locker, then another.

ROB
Just grab anything.

ANDY
Let me explain something here. I'm
interviewing for the Jimmy Steele
position in 10 minutes.

ROB
9 minutes.

Andy opens another locker, and then, jackpot. He hurriedly
changes into the clothes.

ANDY

This is the interview that could change my life. Everybody in the entire PR industry is gunning for this job as we speak. And maybe I'm not the ideal candidate-

He steps out from behind the lockers. Tailored shirt, designer slacks, Italian shoes, and it all fits like a glove.

ANDY

But just for today, I'm gonna look like him.

Rob looks him over, impressed.

ROB

Invincible sex monster.

ANDY

Growl.

As they're heading for the door, a sweaty BODYBUILDER enters. Roughly Andy's height, but this guy is cut like a Greek God.

They brush past each other-

ANDY

Excuse us.

BODYBUILDER

No problem.

-but then, the Bodybuilder pauses. He turns around and grabs Andy by the arm.

BODYBUILDER

Hey!

Andy nervously meets the eyes of the Bodybuilder.

The Bodybuilder looks him over, and then smiles.

BODYBUILDER

Brooks Brothers. 6th Avenue.

Andy nervously smiles.

ANDY

I go to the one on Madison.

The Bodybuilder chuckles, and then releases him.

Andy and Rob quickly exit.

The Bodybuilder approaches his locker and kicks off his sneakers. But when he opens the locker door, he turns red.

In place of his clothes, nothing but a dirty towel.

BODYBUILDER
Son of a bitch!

EXT. MIDTOWN FITNESS - CONTINUOUS

Andy and Rob burst out of the gym and spin around. The nearest clock says 2:57.

ANDY
Shit! 2:57.

ROB
Just run for it.

ANDY
10 blocks in three minutes!? The fastest guy in Harlem couldn't make that!

Rob cracks his knuckles. *Think, man, think.*

Then, a lightbulb over his head. He steps into the street.

ROB
Taxi!

ANDY
What are you doing? We don't have any money.

A taxi veers to the curb and screeches up to their heels.

ROB
Relax. Just get in.

ANDY
Yeah, but how are we gonna-

BODYBUILDER
Hey!

Andy and Rob spin around to see the enraged Bodybuilder charging towards them.

ANDY
You're the boss.

They jump in the back seat and slam the door.

ANDY
Go, go, go!

EXT. MIDTOWN / INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The taxi veers into traffic with the Bodybuilder in the rearview mirror.

CABBIE
Where you headed?

ROB
Main Street, Westchester, and step
on it!

The Cabbie hits the gas and heads uptown.

Andy gives Rob a look. *What the hell is in Westchester?*

The taxi cruises through traffic, speeding up to beat the yellow lights.

ANDY
I don't know what you're up to, but
you're really good at this.

ROB
Hey, look who's talking, running
from the cops in a towel. You're a
natural.

ANDY
Oh, come on.

ROB
I'm serious, man. You're like an
old pro already. I'll be staging
your invention before you know it.

ANDY
Well, thanks, but you're still the
master. If anything, I'll be
staging your intervention.

A moment of mutual appreciation. Rob punches his shoulder.

ROB
We'll have a joint intervention.

ANDY
(mumbles)
So what about the fare?

Rob winks at Andy, and then says to the Cabbie:

ROB
Hey buddy, maybe we should stop for
gas before we hit the interstate.

CABBIE
Interstate?

ROB
Yeah, interstate.
(pause)
You know I meant Westchester
Connecticut, right?

The Cabbie hits the brakes and pulls over.

CABBIE
Buddy, I'm a local cab. I thought
you meant Westchester, New York.

ROB
Oh, but-

CABBIE
Sorry. You gotta get out here.

The Cabbie lets them out, free of charge, right in front of
Andy's office building.

EXT. MURRAY DUNN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The taxi screeches away. Andy looks at Rob, amazed, and
considers kissing him.

ANDY
Did you just think of that right
now?

ROB
Thank me later. 2:59!

Andy takes a step, and then pauses. One last thing.

ANDY
I couldn't have done it without
you.

ROB
We did it together.

ANDY
See you at home.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Baxter is on the phone with Enzo, calling from his discreet corner of the lobby. We cut between them for the following.

BAXTER

Nothing!? I delivered him on a silver platter!

ENZO

No, you delivered a degenerate track star. Call me next time some starlet forgets her panties. In the meantime, go to hell.

Baxter hangs up, frustrated, and then gets in the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Baxter pushes 13.

Just as the doors are closing, Andy ducks inside. Baxter does a stunned double-take as Andy pushes the button for 98.

BAXTER

Buddy! You made it!

ANDY

(exhales)

Yeah. Seat of my pants.

BAXTER

What happened out there?

ANDY

I got ambushed by the press. Yesterday, I was nobody. Today every paparazzo in the world wants a picture.

BAXTER

Well, thank God they didn't get any.

(pause)

I mean, let's hope they didn't get any.

Baxter slipped up, and Andy catches it.

ANDY

What were you doing in the lobby?

BAXTER

Oh, you know. Getting some air.

Baxter cracks a smile, trying to punctuate the tension.

ANDY

You're a hard-working guy, Baxter.
Ambitious. Focused.

BAXTER

Yeah. Thank you.

ANDY

I'm about to interview for the
Jimmy Steele position. And I just
hope there are no hard feelings
between us, when I get the job.

BAXTER

(pause)

When you get the job?

DING. The elevator stops at the 13th floor.

ANDY

Your floor.

INT. JANET'S OFFICE - A MOMENT LATER

The moment of truth. Janet sits at her desk, arms folded,
poker-faced.

The clock strikes 3 just as Andy bursts in the door.

ANDY

Janet, I did it! I mean, I'm here.

JANET

Andy. I guess you didn't get the
message. We're postponing the
interview.

His face sinks. All that for nothing.

JANET

But as long as you're here. Come
in. Sit down.

Andy is still catching his breath as he pulls up a chair.

JANET

Somebody to see you.

HALEY

Hey, Andy.

He turns around, dumbfounded, as Haley steps forward from the
back of the office. Holding his wallet, keys, and shoes.

HALEY

You left these in my car.

Andy opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. Busted.

Janet glares at him, as if to say, *I knew it.*

HALEY

Janet, do you have any idea how talented Andy is?

Wow. This just went from bad to worse. Before she can say anything else, Andy pops out of the chair.

ANDY

OK, I admit it. Janet, I spent the night with Haley. And I know we're not supposed to hook up with the clients, but I had way too much to drink last night, I had no idea there was so much tequila in Patrón. I apologize for violating company policy. However, I can not in good conscience apologize for responding to the advances of this young woman, because I'm a passionate person, Janet, and that passion, when kindled, cannot be controlled. It's like trying to put a rainbow in a jar. So if you're gonna fire me for that, well then, go ahead and fire me.

HALEY

We didn't hook up.

ANDY

What?

HALEY

We were up all night talking. You read me your blogs. I played you the new album. The only reason I agreed to do the whole publicity tour is because you talked me into it.

This is news to both Andy and Janet. Big news.

ANDY / JANET

(simultaneous)

Publicity tour?

HALEY

Janet, you know I hate doing press. But Andy has such a fresh new slant on everything. He totally gets me.

JANET

I never thought we'd see the day when anybody got you, Haley.

HALEY

I think he has a future. I want him as my new point.

Janet is quiet for a moment, and then smirks. She extends her hand to Andy.

He timidly shakes it.

ANDY

Really?

JANET

Whatever Haley wants. I'll have legal draw up the contract.

Janet exits, leaving Andy and Haley to fill in the blanks.

ANDY

Oh my God. That was... I just...

HALEY

I'm sorry, I should have asked you first. Is that OK? Do you want to be my publicist?

ANDY

Are you kidding? I'm honored.

HALEY

I have a good feeling about this.

ANDY

So... we really didn't... do anything?

HALEY

No, not like that. We just shared a bed.

ANDY

Oh. So, second base.

HALEY

You passed out as soon as your head hit the pillow.

ANDY

But why am I sore... down there?

A confused pause. Then, Haley smiles.

HALEY

I do yoga before bed. You tried to join me. It was very cute, but you're not good.

ANDY

And I really talked you into a publicity tour?

HALEY

I've never been comfortable as a public figure. But last night, you made perfect sense of it. Everybody has inhibitions, I just need to repress them.

Andy is beside himself. Somehow, one blank night just changed his entire life.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER THAT DAY

The train is packed full of exhausted, sweaty commuters. Andy is the only smiling face. Still walking on air.

SUBWAY GIRL

Hey.

He snaps out of his daze.

ANDY

Oh, hey there. My favorite stranger. How's it going?

SUBWAY GIRL

Uggh. I feel like I spend the whole day commuting.

ANDY

I know what you mean.

SUBWAY GIRL

You look great today. New suit?

ANDY

New to me.

The train slows and screeches up to her station.

SUBWAY GIRL

Well. Always nice to see you.

ANDY

Do you have any plans right now?

SUBWAY GIRL

Right now? Like, this minute?

ANDY

It's such a warm night, I think I
might take a walk in the park.
Would you care to join me?

She's taken aback by his new sense of confidence.

SUBWAY GIRL

Sure.

ANDY

I'm Andy, by the way.

They exit the train together. Andy finds some change in his
pocket and drops it into a homeless guy's cup along the way.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

SIX MONTHS LATER: The Grammy Awards. BONO is at the podium,
presenting the final award of the evening.

BONO

And the Grammy for Album of the
Year goes to...
(opens envelope)
Haley Comet. Forbidden Fruit.

Cheers and applause.

Haley is genuinely surprised. She nervously takes the stage
and accepts the award.

She steps up to the microphone. Still not a big fan of
public speaking, but poised and confident nonetheless.

HALEY

Wow. Thank you so much. I'm so
proud of this album and just
thrilled by the reception it's had.
(pause)
You know, I'm not a big fan of
public speaking.

Knowing laughter from the crowd.

HALEY

But I'm learning to be comfortable
in my own skin. And I want to
dedicate this award to the person
(MORE)

HALEY (cont'd)
who makes me feel that way. My
amazing publicist, Andy Fricke.
Andy, please stand up. This is for
you.

A spotlight scans the crowd, then falls on an empty seat.

People look around and whisper. *Where is he?*

Suddenly, the back door of the auditorium opens. Andy and Rob burst in. Dirty, unshaven, still wearing last night's clothes.

All eyes on them as they rush to their seats.

ANDY
Just so you know, the next time I
get a plus-one, I'm bringing my
mom.

THE END.