

GRAND AVENUE

by

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FADE IN:

MUSIC UP: "Tonight You Belong to Me" by Paul Stanley.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

CLOSE ON a mural with the American Flag and eagle, adorned with patriotic bunting, with the words MASPETH IS AMERICA.

SPENS (V.O.)

Maspeth is America. That got a lot of attention at John Gotti's wake in 2002. Right here on Grand Avenue.

EXT. O'SHEA'S BAR - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A faded, orange brick building - the local hangout.

SUPER: "QUEENS, NEW YORK... MAY, 1989"

INT. O'SHEA'S BAR - NIGHT

Closed eyes... belonging to JOE "SPENS" SPENSIERI... open. Early 20s, he exudes a quiet, thoughtful confidence. He stands behind a DJ console, headphones cupped to his ear.

SPENS (V.O.)

Ever feel like an alien who just landed here? Like you really don't belong anywhere? Yeah, me too.

BAR AREA

JAMES "JAY" HOWELL (22), ominipresently agitated, with a bandanna over his long auburn hair - knifes through the three-deep bar crowd. He waves impatiently for service.

Next to Jay is MICHAEL "PERRY" VIOLA (20), chiseled and femininely gorgeous. He tosses his feathered hair back and exchanges smiles with a very attractive woman.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jay and Perry. Joined at the nuts.

POOL TABLE AREA

KAREN "MIDGE" O'NEILL, early 20s and not quite five feet tall, holds a pool cue in one hand and a beer in the other.

NICKY "BUHB" FONTANATO (19), rotund and cherubic, leans over the table and lines up a shot.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Midge and Buhb. I mean, Jesus though, how many games of pool can you play before you lose your mind?

Next to Midge is SYLVIA "SYL" CARLUCCI, a gum-snapper in her early 20s. She stares in Jay's direction, arms crossed.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 If you handed Syl a knife she'd
 probably hand you back Jay's heart.

RESTROOM AREA

JIMMY "BEESH" SIANI - early 20s, cool yet excitable - exits the men's room. He pinches his nose and sniffs. He wipes off some white residue with the back of his hand.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Beesh. Doing what he loves best.
 The truth is I loved these people.
 Oh wait, here she comes. I Remember
 this like it was yesterday.

DJ CONSOLE

The lean, glorious, raven-haired beauty that is MARIE FALCO (22) saunters... slowly... past the DJ console.

Marie notices Spens' traveling gaze. She enjoys it.

Spens looks back down and focuses on his music.

Marie turns her head. She steals a long glance of Spens.

Spens looks up in time to see Marie join a crowd of people.

MARIUSZ "MARK" SWOLSKI - early 20s, baby-faced and goofy - approaches, two beers in hand. He hands Spens one.

MARK
 Hi. Can you play some dance music?

SPENS
 Fuck off, I'm here with someone.

Spens locks in on Marie and her friends.

MARK (O.S.)
 They were here last week, right?

MICHELLE LORETTA - early 20s, a fresh-faced stunner - approaches, a beer in hand.

SPENS
 Hey Michelle. Since when do you
 come here?

MICHELLE
 Hey Spens. Michael told me you were
 deejaying, so -

Mark snickers.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I'm not calling him Perry, Mark.
How about I call you Mariusz?

SPENS
No, no, you're pronouncing it
wrong. Watch me. MOD-EEE-UUSH.

Mark gives Spens the finger. Michelle laughs.

MICHELLE
Who needs one?

Spens and Mark tilt their bottles. Michelle extends her hand. Spens sighs and hands her a ten. Michelle struts off.

MARK
Like it's our fault he looks like
Steve Perry!

MICHELLE (O.S.)
That's not really a bad thing!

The guys chug their beers. Mark nods at the dance floor.

MARK
Wonder if Fly's seen Michelle yet.

RONNIE "FLY" KWIATKOWSKI, early 20s, a bushy-haired geek, sways to the music along with STACEY "PEEBES" VALERIO, a freckle-faced sweetie who looks much younger than nineteen.

SPENS (V.O.)
Fly's been in love with Michelle
for... well, forever.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY (THREE YEARS EARLIER)

Spens, Michelle and Fly sit sprawled in back, knapsacks next to them. Perry, in a Catholic school uniform, sits a few rows up, talking with two pretty school girls.

MICHELLE
He's a friend of yours, right?

SPENS
Who, Perry? Yeah.

MICHELLE
Hmmm...

SPENS
He's in high school, Michelle.

MICHELLE
He's kinda cute, though.

Michelle grabs her knapsack and rises to RING the WIRE BELL.

SPENS
Better study tonight, I'm covering
my paper tomorrow.

MICHELLE
Kiss my ass, Spens.

Michelle starts down the aisle. Fly stares longingly.

Michelle touches Perry's shoulder and waves hello. Perry
nods, then returns to his conversation. Michelle struts
toward the exit. Perry leans out to get a look at her ass.

INT. O'SHEA'S BAR - DJ CONSOLE (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jay approaches Spens in a furor, followed closely by Perry.

JAY
Spens, you mind telling me why your
asshole Long Island friends are
here the night before the game?

Spens rolls his eyes... a "here we go again" look.

PERRY
Night before the hunt, too.

SPENS
Because they know they can rattle
you. You know, I seem to recall
some hothead telling me the hunt
was easy money. And, that because I
went to high school with one of
them, it makes me a suburbanite.

PERRY
It does if you move in with them.

MARK
New Hyde Park is, like, Ohio.

Spens shuffles his feet while he thinks of a response.

SPENS
Yeah, well, that's not definite yet.

JAY
Yeah, whatever, join the enemy. You
just better not play like shit
against them tomorrow like you
always do. Eye of the tiger, baby.

Spens picks up his headphones. He cues up the SONG "Do You Know Where Your Woman Is Tonight?" by REO Speedwagon.

SPENS

(on microphone)

This is for all the guys in here
tonight cheating on their woman.

Jay turns in a circle. He spots the pockets of well-dressed men and women among the blue-collar regulars.

JAY

What the fuck with the preppies?

PERRY

Spens has been impressing the
college chicks lately.

MARK

There are college chicks in here?

SPENS

Jimmy told me the N.Y.U. kids heard
that we get hockey players in here
now and again.

JAY

Wait, wait, what did you say?

SPENS

We get hockey players in here?

JAY

No, I got that part. Did you say
"now and again"?

SPENS

Yeah?

JAY

You mean "now and THEN", right?

MARK

They mean the same thing, fucknuts.

JAY

And one sounds weird, cock knocker.

Michelle bounces up. She hands off the beers. She grabs Perry's arm and leans into him.

MICHELLE

Hey, I was waiting for you!

Perry steps behind Michelle. He wraps his arms around her waist and whispers in her ear. Michelle smiles and nods.

PERRY

Yo, we're gonna cut out early.

Spens watches Michelle and Perry leave arm in arm. His eyes then find Fly on the dance floor - who sees the same thing.

CORNER OF THE BAR

Marie catches Spens staring. She looks back and smiles. CELIA (22), pretty and dainty, looks on disapprovingly.

CELIA

Marie, please. I mean, he is a hottie, but really. In this place?

Marie's friend ANNIE (22), rebel-chic, covers her ears.

ANNIE

Seventy-two hours in a mountain cabin, tops.

MARIE

Listen to you two! Can you get over yourselves? I don't know, there's just something about him.

CELIA

Like?

MARIE

Like... he's looking for something.

ANNIE

Hmmm, yeah - you!

MARIE

Hmmm, I think I'll request a song.

POOL TABLE AREA

Beesh and Buhb are almost nose to nose. Jay stomps over. He slaps some change on the table, then slaps Buhb on the back.

JAY

I got winners.

BEESH

All I'm saying ya fat bastard is -

JAY

What the fuck are you guys -

BUHB

This morning, the toothpaste, when I squeezed it onto the brush? It looked like a cock and balls.

BEESH

How is it not gay if he sees a cock
and balls?

JAY

Jesus, I'm not in the mood for you
two tonight.

BUHB

Fine, I'm dropping it...
(to Beesh)
Fuck face!

BEESH

Ass monger!

JAY

You know, this is goddamn stupid -

BUHB

Douchebag!

The men fall silent. Buhb lines up a shot... then turns and
looks at Beesh.

BUHB (CONT'D)

You know you got faggot on the
brain, right?

BEESH

What? Go draw another picture.

BUHB

You heard me. Everyone's a faggot.
Gay, faggot, gay, faggot. Jesus
Christ, my cousin gets more pussy
than Bon Jovi and all you do is
call him a fag.

BEESH

Who, Perry? I don't care how much
he bangs, that kid's a fruit.

JAY

Fuckin' unbelievable.

BEESH

Fuck him, he does deep knee bends
in a cucumber patch.

DJ CONSOLE

MUSIC UP: "Fly High Michelle" by Enuff Z'nuff.

Marie stands by patiently... until Spens looks up from his
music. He smiles confidently.

SPENS

Hi there.

MARIE

Hi. My friends and I were wondering if you could play something else?

SPENS

Hmm, something else. What would you like to hear?

MARIE

Do you play any dance music?

Mark winces. He turns, shielding his head.

SPENS

By dance music, do you mean club music like "Mandolay"? Or something like "Don't Leave Me This Way" by Thelma Houston? Awesome bass line. I don't play it, but I like it.

MARIE

And how many times have you given that speech?

SPENS

Oooh, I like a sharp woman.

Spens' line elicits a smile from Marie.

MARIE

Gee, thanks. You seem like a guy who wants to do the right thing. Don't send me back a failure.

Beesh approaches. He hands two beers to Mark.

BEEESH

Jay's round. Spens, if you play that stupid goddamn Zebra song tonight I'm gonna punch you right in the fuckin' pancreas.

(to Marie)

Hi.

Beesh heads toward the bar. Marie is amused.

MARIE

Friend of yours?

SPENS

Don't mind him. Okay, I promise I'll do a dance set later. On one condition though.

MARIE
I'm listening.

SPENS
If you dance, you have to dance
with me.

Marie's defenses are gone. She flashes a coquettish smile.

MARIE
Well, we'll see how good the song
is. Buy me a drink first?

Spens raises his arm over his head to get the attention of the bar. He points to himself, and then to Marie.

Marie waves a quick goodbye and heads off. Mark looks at Spens in awe, then raises his hand for a high five.

PHILLY (40s), a menacing, slick-haired goombah in a silk shirt, approaches. He points to Mark.

PHILLY
You, go do something else.

Mark lowers his hand and does as he's told.

SPENS
You could be nicer about it, Philly.

PHILLY
Hey, cousin Joe! Always a pleasure.
From me to you, Merry Christmas.

As Philly produces a wad of cash, Spens looks toward the bar, where he witnesses Marie's cordial exchange with the bartender. The confidence drains from his face.

PHILLY (CONT'D)
Your hot streak is gonna break me.
You wanna let this ride? Or you
wanna take care of your little
friend's problem again?

SPENS
Jesus. How much does he owe?

Philly pinches the money with his thumb and forefinger.

PHILLY
About this much.

Spens waves his hand. Philly pockets the money.

PHILLY (CONT'D)
You know what's ironic?

SPENS

Yeah, I do. But you don't.

PHILLY

You know, even second cousins can get a smack. It's ironic that the cokehead thinks he gets special favors. You ever gonna tell him you're paying his juice?

Philly sees Spens' eyes drift in the direction of Marie.

PHILLY (CONT'D)

She's a pistol and a half my friend. Another reason you should come work for me. High class chick like that? You're gonna need cash.

Spens looks in the direction of Marie's friends. They appear to be without a care in the world.

PHILLY (O.S.)

You know how valuable a guy with your memory is to me? Not having to write anything down?

Spens watches Marie thank the bartender.

PHILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, what do you know about the Colombian open for business on seventy-second and Grand? Someone better educate her fast.

Marie returns with the drinks. She hands Spens his beer.

PHILLY

Hey honey, listen, we're busy here.

MARIE

Excuse me?

Spens puts his hand on Philly's chest.

SPENS

Later Philly. I'll talk to you tomorrow. Okay?

Philly points ominously at Spens... then exits.

MARIE

What was that about?

SPENS

That... is a long story. We're related. Sort of. It's complicated.

MARIE

You're not in any trouble, are you?

SPENS

No more than usual. Don't worry, you're fine. Nothing's going to happen in here. I'm Joe. Spensieri. Everyone calls me Spens.

MARIE

Nice to meet you, Joe, I'm Marie.

Marie extends her hand. Spens does the same.

SPENS

Marie. Nice to meet you.

Spens cues up the SONG "Scenes From an Italian Restaurant" by Billy Joel. A huge ROAR erupts from the dance floor.

MARIE

So you are a crowd pleaser.

SPENS

You have no idea.

MARIE

So, Joe, is this your regular Friday night?

SPENS

I sub for the house deejay. You were here last week, right?

MARIE

Mm hmm, my friend heard the food was really good here, so...

SPENS

Yeah, the food is legendary.

Spens stares at Marie with a tight-lipped smile, until she breaks down and laughs.

SPENS (CONT'D)

Yes, Leetch and Greschner were here a couple of weeks ago. They know one of the owners. You looking to land a hockey player husband?

MARIE

Hmm. Not sure. What are they like?

SPENS

Hmm. Rich. In tremendous shape. And the salt of the Earth.

MARIE

Well, how can I pass that up?

SPENS

No one should, really.

MARIE

My girlfriends might be in the market. Not sure I would be the best candidate for a hockey wife.

SPENS

Oh, then I am totally not playing the most important hockey game of the season tomorrow.

Spens smiles at Marie as he cups the headphones to his ear.

SPENS (CONT'D)

So, where's home?

MARIE

My girlfriends and I have an apartment in... Astoria?

SPENS

You don't sound too sure.

MARIE

We're originally from Boston. We just graduated from N.Y.U.

SPENS

That's great. So what's next?

MARIE

Graduate school. I've gotten into the Ph.D. track program at Harvard, but I'm not sure if I want to...

Marie looks at the floor, embarrassed.

MARIE (CONT'D)

That sounded SO pretentious.

SPENS

Not at all. You should be proud.

MARIE

I just feel like I want to make a difference in people's lives, you know? People have problems. It's not their fault. Sometimes it's just a chemical imbalance. And they're unfairly stigmatized. There's no such thing as crazy.

Spens thoughtfully ponders the sentiment.

SPENS
That's very noble.

MARIE
Thanks. So, what do you do, Joe?

SPENS
Ah, you mean besides delighting
underage drunks with outstanding
music, right? I'm what you would
call a... a risk analyst.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY (TWELVE HOURS EARLIER)

Spens, in a collared shirt and tie, sits in a cubicle
outside an office, thumbing through a file. SHARON, a
middle-aged co-worker, drops a newspaper on his desk.

SHARON
It was in his garbage pail again.

SPENS
Thanks. Mister Magoo knows that
these are just a quarter, right?

Spens' phone RINGS. He answers.

SPENS (CONT'D)
This is Joe... yeah, tell Gloria I
proofed it... I would change the
line that starts with "anything to
the contrary"... it contradicts the
next paragraph. And tell her the
last time we paid out on the Weaver
policy was nineteen-eighty-two. Bye.

Spens hangs up. A few feet behind him Sharon and JANINE
(37) - old-fashioned and sweet, with an inherent sadness
about her - move into view.

SHARON
Where's Philippe going on Saturday?

Spens mouths the word "Philippe" as if he just ate a lemon.

JANINE
Out of town. Again. Just me and the
laundry. And I really wish they'd
fix the one in my building so I
wouldn't have to go up to Roosevelt
Avenue all the time. There's a guy
in there that gives me the creeps.

Spens scribbles furiously on a piece of notepad paper.

SHARON

(softly)

Did you tell him about Florida yet?

Spens bites his lower lip. He looks down, as if he just lost his best friend. He picks up the piece of paper.

INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

'Janine Sat - laundry on Roosevelt. Scavenger hunt??'

INT. O'SHEA'S BAR - DANCE FLOOR (BACK TO PRESENT)

Mark, Midge, Fly, Syl and Peebs scream out the song lyrics.

MARK/MIDGE/FLY/SYL/PEEBES

"Brenda and Eddie were still going steady in the summer of '75, when they decided the marriage would be at the end of July..."

DJ CONSOLE

Marie now stands behind the console alongside Spens.

MARIE

What kind of stuff do you write?

SPENS

Just messing around with some lyrics. I play a little guitar too.

MARIE

Wow, a renaissance man. A sensitive hockey player? Too good to be true.

SPENS

Not too loud, they'll run me out of here. So in a shameless attempt to really try and impress you...

MARIE

Oh, I'm all ears now.

SPENS

I'm working on a short film. A comedy version of *The Phaedo*.

MARIE

The dialogue about Socrates' death? Can I hear some of it?

SPENS

Yeah? You really want to hear it?

Marie smiles shyly.

MARIE

Yeah.

POOL TABLE AREA

Beesh and Buhb are once again face to face.

BUHB

Are you shitting me? Douchebag is not an insult?

BEESH

No, ass monger is an insult. It means that you monger ass. Why the fuck should I care if I'm a douchebag? Who even calls people douchebags anyway?

JAY

I - I just can't take this -

BUHB

You should care because -

BEESH

Look, let's analyze this -

CORNER OF THE BAR

Celia and Annie watch Spens and Marie share a laugh, and Marie playfully push Spens away.

ANNIE

Looks like it may be too late Ceil.

CELIA

Nah. She'll come to her senses.

POOL TABLE AREA

Buhb racks. Jay chalks up, ready to break.

BEESH

So what you're saying is that I'm, like, the thing that holds the douche, right? I'm the bag that holds the liquid?

JAY

Would you give it up already?

BEESH

I'm just trying to figure out what's so bad about being a goddamn bag, Jay! Now if I was the douche itself, that would be -

BUHB

Okay, you win, you're the fuckin'
douche then, you happy now?

Jay STRIKES the cue ball. He SCATTERS the rack with
tremendous force, dropping the eight ball off the break.

BUHB (CONT'D)

Ohhhhw! Winner!

DJ CONSOLE

Spens cues up the SONG "Edge of a Broken Heart" by Vixen.
Marie, worn out from laughing, tries to catch her breath.

Marie looks in the direction of her friends. Celia points
to one of the males and waves for Marie to come over.

POOL TABLE AREA

Syl jumps into an embrace with Jay and forces a kiss on
him. Jay pushes Syl away.

SYL

Hiya, babe. You winning?

Buhb stares at Syl with sympathy... and desire.

As Beesh lifts the rack, a ROCKER CHICK approaches.

ROCKER CHICK

Hey, aren't you the lead singer for
that band? Last week at Chickie's?

BEESH

Yeah, Harlem Protocol.

ROCKER CHICK

Right, Harlem Protocol! You're
fuckin' gorgeous! How about I fuck
your brains out right now?

DJ CONSOLE

MARIE

So the research up to a decade ago
indicated that self-injury was a
precursor to suicide. We're now
thinking people might harm
themselves as an alternative to
suicide, because they're in...

Spens is transfixed on Marie. She shyly touches her hair.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Such great pain... What?

SPENS

Oh. Sorry. I was - I had no idea that people had these types of problems. We don't do much analyzing of our feelings around here. And you're going to help these people get better, huh?

MARIE

That's the plan. Do you mind if I make an observation?

SPENS

No, go right ahead.

MARIE

I'm not sure how to put this. I imagine you're the only person in here who's read Plato.

RESTROOM STALL

A bare-assed Beesh has the rocker chick by the hips. She grinds sexily into him. Beesh thrusts once... and again.

ROCKER CHICK

Are you in yet?

Beesh pumps again.... then stops. Nothing. The rocker chick turns her head to face him.

ROCKER CHICK (CONT'D)

Hello? Hey, what gives? Aw, later for you, man.

She pulls up her jeans and makes a hasty exit. Beesh stares down at his limp noodle as the restroom door SLAMS.

ROCKER CHICK (O.S.)

Don't do so much blow next time!

DJ CONSOLE

MARIE

Did you call your friend Beesh?

SPENS

Yeah. When he was a kid his grandmother would pinch his cheek and call him her little peeshadiel.

Marie tries not to laugh... but can't help herself.

MARIE

That's kind of mean of you, no?

SPENS

What, constantly reminding him that his grandmother called him a little pee pee? Nah.

MARIE

I know what you mean. I have one of those Italian grandmothers, too.

Spens points toward the pool tables.

SPENS

You see that girl over there? We call her Peebs.

MARIE

Peebs? Why Peebs?

SPENS

Because her father looks like Mister Peebles from Magilla Gorilla.

Marie puts her hand to her mouth to stifle a laugh.

SPENS (CONT'D)

And the girl next to her is Midge. Not just because of her height, because she acts like a Midge. You know, like that woman from the "Palmolive" commercial.

Spens cues up the SONG "Tell Me What You Want" by Zebra.

SPENS (CONT'D)

Oops, almost forgot. Excuse me.
(on microphone)
This song is for a really big idiot.

BEESH (O.S.)

I HATE YOU, SPENS!

DANCE FLOOR

Midge, Fly, Syl and Peebs look on as Mark lip synchs into a pretend microphone. He drops to his knees and gyrates.

MARIE (O.S.)

What's he going to do?

SPENS (O.S.)

Not sure. It's different each week.

Mark is a whirling dervish, alternately dropping to one knee and popping back up between spins.

MARK
 (screeching falsetto)
 "Tell me what you waaant, tell me
 what you waaAAAANNT!"

MARIE (O.S.)
 Oh my God, he's going to hurt
 himself!

SPENS (O.S.)
 I certainly hope so.

DJ CONSOLE

MARIE
 Don't forget, you promised you'd
 play some dance music.

SPENS
 Don't forget, you promised you'd
 dance with me if I did.

MARIE
 Hmmmm, I don't recall saying that.

DANCE FLOOR

Mark spins on his knees in a poor attempt to break dance.
 He shrugs, then lies on his stomach and does the "worm".

DJ CONSOLE

SPENS
 I think that's enough.
 (on microphone)
 Sorry, we interrupt the weekly
 lunatic for a special request.

Spens cues up the SONG "Hot 'n' Nasty" by Humble Pie. He
 leads Marie out by the hand. Her mouth opens in surprise.

MARIE
 This?! I can't dance to -

Spens begins to twist. Marie laughs, then joins in,
 throwing her arms above her head as she shakes her hips.

DJ CONSOLE - NINETY MINUTES LATER

The crowd has thinned considerably. Spens watches Marie in
 conversation with a male friend as he packs his CDs.

POOL TABLE AREA

Midge sits on Mark's lap while he feeds her french fries.
 Jay, cue in hand, paces behind them like a jungle cat.

JAY

Man, I can't wait 'til tomorrow.
I'm punching the biggest guy right
in the face. Soon as the puck drops.

Syl takes a drag off her cigarette.

SYL

Cool it, babe. I know how you get.

Midge gets up, grabs a cue, and leans over the pool table.
As she draws the cue back she strikes Buhb in the groin.

BUHB

Yo, watch it! You Sure you can see
all the balls, Midge?

Midge rises from her crouch. She smacks Buhb in the head.

BUHB (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Bitch.

SYL

Jay, when are we leaving?

JAY

When I say we're leaving.

SYL

Who the fuck you talking to?

JAY

Syl, I'm on a ten game run here!

Syl's face shows her disappointment. She and Buhb lock eyes.

Midge strikes the cue ball. She sinks the eight, causing an
eruption of cheers. She raises her cue in triumph.

MIDGE

Hah! Not anymore, sucker.

CORNER OF THE BAR

Marie catches Spens staring. She becomes distracted from
her conversation, which draws a reaction from her friend.

POOL TABLE AREA

BEESH

Hey Peebs, ask Buhb what happened
when he brushed his teeth today.

PEEBS

Hey Buhb, what happened when -

JAY
 (pointing at Beesh)
 I'm gonna fuckin' slap you.

FLY
 Hey, where'd your groupie go?

BEESH
 What? I sent her home happy.

JAY
 Yeah what'd you do, buy her a car?

Beesh flips Jay off.

SYL
 Knock it off Jay. Hey, everyone,
 grab your beers.

Syl gets up and waives everyone over. Mark, Midge, Beesh,
 Jay, Buhb, Fly and Peebs huddle around her, bottles raised.

SYL (CONT'D)
 To the eighth annual scavenger
 hunt. And to beating Long Island!

MIDGE
 Hey, we need Spens for this.

Jay lowers his bottle.

SYL
 Hey, pick it up, you big baby. Wish
 him well if he goes.

BUHB
 C'mon Syl, we'll never see him.

SYL
 Hey, Midge and I are the ones that
 should be mad. Now we'll have to
 babysit all you knuckleheads.

Spens approaches, carrying his CD cases.

BEESH
 Yo, where's Miss Brains and Beauty,
 nineteen-eighty-nine?

Spens looks toward Marie, still in friendly conversation.

MARIE (V.O.)
 What kind of stuff do you write?

JANINE (V.O.)
 Just me and the laundry.

PHILLY (V.O.)
You should come work for me.

MARIE (V.O.)
You're the only person in here
who's read Plato.

CORNER OF THE BAR

Marie looks past her male friend to see Spens leaving. She looks like a child who just let go of her helium balloon.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (PARKED)

Spens sits motionless at the wheel of his 1982 Volkswagen Rabbit, Fly to his right, Beesh and Buhb in the back.

FLY
Hey, it's the pedal on the right.

Beesh leans to one side and squints... and Buhb waves his hand in front of his nose.

BUHB
Ahhhh! Fuckin' Beesh, man!

BEESH
S.B.D.! Silent but deadly!

BUHB
Open the windows! Fuckin' cabbage
ass bastard!

Spens reaches for the car door handle.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE O'SHEA'S - NIGHT

Spens double-times it back toward the bar.

BEESH (O.S.)
If Perry was here he'd have to sit
on your lap. And he would enjoy it.

BUHB (O.S.)
Fuckin' stop with that shit, Beesh!

BEESH (O.S.)
You know he's sick, right? He
suffers from chronic fagitosis.

As Spens reaches for the door it flies open. He's knocked backwards. Marie, charging forward, sees Spens and stops.

A piece of paper falls... slowly... to the ground.

Spens gathers himself. They look at each other and smile.

EXT. ROLLER HOCKEY RINK - DAY

The game between the MASPETH RANGERS and the NEW HYDE PARK OILERS is at full, furious pitch.

An OILERS PLAYER stickhandles around Perry and rifles a shot at Fly in net. The PUCK STRIKES IRON, then bulges the twine. A WHISTLE BLAST signals a goal.

Spens, on the bench, winces. He jumps over the boards.

The REFEREE drops the puck. Spens and the opposing center WHACK STICKS. The puck caroms to the player who just scored.

Jay launches himself at the player, who pushes back. They drop their gloves. They skate in circles, looking to attack. Jay fakes a punch, then hesitates. The Oiler player lands a shot square to Jay's cheek, stunning him.

ONE HOUR LATER

The Ranger team rests at the bench, drenched and breathing heavily. Fly raises his mask and sprays water on his face.

Jay rubs at the shiner. Spens bends at the waist, spent. Beesh taps Spens and points toward the end of the bench.

HAWK (24), a clean-cut adonis in hockey gear, stands with his arms around a pigtailed Peebs. They kiss.

Beesh winces. Mark breaks into a wide grin.

HAWK

Hey boys. What's the damage?

Hawk slides down the bench. He bends to put on his skates.

SPENS

Hey Hawk. One nothing, them.

LONG ISLAND PLAYER (O.S.)

Hey, your ringer finally showed?

JAY

Nice, Hawk, thanks for gracing us -

Spens hits Jay in the arm, silencing him.

PEEBS

Have a good game sweetie!

The team players stare, their gazes ranging from vacant to uncomfortable. Peebs senses the attention.

PEEBS (CONT'D)

I'M NINETEEN!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The third period is underway. Spens, Hawk, Jay, Mark and HAP (20), bearded and monstrous, stand in a semi-circle.

HAWK

Spens, you block out the wing. Jay,
get it over to Hap for the shot.
Okay, LET'S GO, BOYS!

Hawk wins the faceoff, sending the puck to Jay at the point. Spens charges an Oiler. The player sees him coming and drives the butt end of his stick into Spens' ribs.

The stick blade wedges into the concrete. Spens' forward motion literally impales him on the butt end of the stick.

Spens collapses in agony...

Jay passes to Hap, who blisters a shot on net. The PUCK STRIKES the goaltender's PAD and falls into the slot.

Hawk collects the rebound, eludes a check, fakes backhand to forehand, and slides the puck between the goalie's pads.

The referee blow the WHISTLE, and the Ranger players cheer and skate toward each other in celebration...

... while Spens slowly makes it to his feet.

Spens and Mark get to the bench. Beesh and Perry hop on.

MARK

WHOO! YEAH! Nice pick, Spens!

Spens winces, barely able to catch enough breath to speak.

SPENS

I think... my ribs are...

Spens lifts his jersey. There is a large circle-shaped welt in between two of his ribs.

MARK

Damn! That must hurt.

SPENS

What the fu - yeah it hurts!

Mark bends over. He picks up a roll of tape from the floor.

MARK

Here. I got it. I'll tape you up.

SPENS

What?

MARK

Tape it so you can go next shift?

SPENS

It's not a... shit! A sprained ankle, Mark. How the fuck... will I breathe... if you tape my ribs?

MARK

What are you trying to say?

SPENS

Umm, that my... my lungs need to... expand and contract?

HAWK (O.S.)

Mark, go for Jay! Perry, drop back!

Mark hops on. An exhausted Jay takes his seat. An Oiler player immediately skates into Mark, knocking him over.

REFEREE (O.S.)

DELAYED PENALTY, INTERFERENCE!

Hawk skates the puck behind his own net. An Oilers player is right on his tail. Hawk escapes out the other side.

Fly streaks from the goal to the bench for an extra skater.

HAWK (O.S.)

Spens! Six on five! Go, go, go!

Spens hesitates... then a light goes on in his head.

SPENS

(softly)

Win the game tomorrow.

Spens jumps over the boards. He labors with each stride.

Hawk weaves and skates past three Oilers players, flashing up the left wing and into the Oilers zone.

Spens digs in. He catches up to Hawk. The two now skate against one Oilers defenseman and the goalie.

REFEREE (O.S.)

ONE MINUTE! ONE MINUTE TO GO IN THE GAME!

Hawk fires a chest-high shot toward the far corner of the net. The puck sails wide and heads straight for Spens.

Spens, skating backwards, bunts the puck out of mid-air with the shaft of his stick, re-directing it under the crossbar and into the net.

A WHISTLE BLAST stamps a 2-1 Rangers lead.

Spens raises his arms. Hawk tackles Spens in celebration. The two are then mobbed by Mark, Beesh, Perry and Hap.

INT. SPENS' APARTMENT - DAY

Spens limps across the barren, colorless studio apartment, past a couch, a boom box radio, a guitar, and a bicycle.

He peels off his jersey, then his shoulder pads and t-shirt, revealing a bloody, purplish welt.

SPENS

Ahhh, fuck.

SHOWER

Spens lets the water run over his face. He closes his eyes. His body slumps forward.

LIVING ROOM

Spens, hair wet and bare chested, holds a piece of paper.

INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

'Janine Sat - laundry on Roosevelt. Scavenger hunt??'

INT. MANHATTAN CAFE - DAY (THREE MONTHS EARLIER)

Spens and Janine sit across from each other near the window.

JANINE

Oh, I forgot to tell you. Next week, for bring your kids to work day? Justin wants to make the presentation more, interesting, you know? So he's having us do a theme.

SPENS

(while he chews)
What's the theme?

JANINE

You're not going to believe it. Ready? Dr. Seuss!

SPENS

Great. What's the title, Horton hears a who gives a shit?

Janine smacks Spens' hand. She laughs in spite of herself.

JANINE

Everything's a joke.

SPENS

Yeah, but it was funny.

JANINE

Have you thought any more about Gloria's offer? The company will pay for you to go back to school.

SPENS

Yeah... I'm not sure high-octane broker guy is what I had planned.

JANINE

Which would assume you've spent at least a minute contemplating this thing we call a future.

SPENS

Safe is death, Janine.

JANINE

Wow, great motto. That'll get you really far in life.

SPENS

Look, if I go back, I want to go back on my own terms, so I don't have to study business.

JANINE

And how will you pay for it?

SPENS

Hmmm... how much do gigolos make?

Janine readies her hand for another playful slap, but Spens turns away and fake cowers.

JANINE

But really, how are you doing?

SPENS

(while he chews)

Don't want to talk about it.

JANINE

Joe, you never want to - I'm worried about you, that's all.

Spens looks up. He sighs a sigh of gratitude.

SPENS

Hey. I appreciate your concern. Please don't make me regret telling you though. Please?

JANINE

Joe... Okay. But - I know that you're not talking to anyone about it, and maybe you should. It's still the reason you do everything you do, and it's not healthy. There, I said my piece.

SPENS

Soooo, any plans this weekend? He said, shamelessly changing the topic. You know, you and I could always get ripped and see where it goes from there.

JANINE

Mmm, sounds great. And Dr. Seuss is an immature idea.

Spens and Janine each take a bite of food.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I did meet someone Joe.

Spens struggles to hide his surprise... and his hurt.

SPENS

That's great. Did you tell him your parents want you to move to Florida?

JANINE

Thanks. Very supportive. And why the jealousy? You live with someone.

SPENS

I'm not jealous. And that's history.

Janine leans forward, intrigued.

JANINE

Really? How long?

SPENS

Months.

JANINE

Typical of you not to say anything.

Spens waves his hand and takes a forkful of food.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Want to tell me what happened?

SPENS

Hmm, how do I say this? I think the medical term is vaginal vagabond.

Janine tries to remain sympathetic, but smiles at the joke.

SPENS (CONT'D)
(effeminately)
So, what's your new fella like? Is
he cute? Does he have money?

Janine giggles at the impression. She looks down bashfully.

JANINE
He's from France.

SPENS
France? France! No, no, you can't.

Janine stares at Spens with a "why not?" expression.

SPENS (CONT'D)
No good. They walk around in berets
and black and white striped shirts,
and they carry a big loaf of bread,
and paint their faces white and
pretend they're trapped in a box...

Janine takes Spens' hand. Her face turns serious.

JANINE
Look, Joe, I enjoy spending time
with you at work, but you have to
realize that we're... that I'm...
Sorry, I'm really bad at this.

Janine removes her hand from Spens' hand. He looks down. He
forks his food aimlessly.

SPENS
No, I get it, I understand. It's
the age thing, right?

JANINE
That's part of it. I don't know,
maybe it's my fault. Maybe I
encourage it. I encourage you.
Maybe I shouldn't.

Spens composes himself. He looks up. The confidence returns.

SPENS
You know what I think the other
part of it is? I think you like me
much more than you care to admit.

Janine looks at Spens with a mix of sympathy and affection.

JANINE
Maybe.

INT. SPENS' APARTMENT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Spens reaches into the pile of papers. He drags out a journal. He opens it to page one - blank except for...

INSERT - JOURNAL PAGE

"Hey Joe, I just wanted you to know that..."

INT. O'SHEA'S BAR - DJ CONSOLE - FRIDAY NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Marie stands next to Spens, her hand on his shoulder.

MARIE

I'm sorry. I had no idea you had to drop out of school. What happened?

SPENS

I had to take care of someone... who was sick.

INT. SPENS' APARTMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Spens shuts the journal. He digs among the papers and produces a picture in a multi-colored frame.

INSERT - PHOTO

It is a younger Spens in a tuxedo, sitting next to a teenage girl in a red bridal party dress.

BACK TO SCENE

SPENS

Jesus, this is depressing.

Spens goes to the kitchenette. He pops a beer. He presses his answering machine button.

PERRY (V.O.)

Hey Spens, it's Perry. Listen, Jay got into a beef with one of the Long Island boys after the game.

SPENS

Of course he did. I wasn't there to stop him.

PERRY (V.O.)

Anyway, they agreed to raise the fee for the hunt. Fifty per man. Some of us don't have all of it. Hoping you could cover -

Spens stops the message. He downs half the beer as he walks to the table. He picks up a booklet.

INSERT - COLLEGE BROCHURE

A pamphlet with an ivy-covered building on the cover.

SPENS (O.S.)

Yeah... Of course I'll cover it.

BACK TO SCENE

Spens moves some papers on the table and uncovers a word processor. He clicks a few keys and pulls a file up on screen, marked PHAEDO 1987. He begins to read...

EXT. ANCIENT GREECE - DIRT ROAD - DAY (DAYDREAM)

Spens, dressed in modern clothes, walks alongside Plato, dressed in a tunic and sandals.

SPENS (V.O.)

I ask Plato if he misses Socrates. He says yes, like one misses a fungal infection. It's itchy and annoying, but it grows on you. He tells me he won't miss going to the theater with Socrates, was fond of yelling "Euripides, you pay for dese!", which got irritating after a hundred times... I ask Plato what Socrates meant when he said "we owe a cock to Asclepius". He tells me everyone owed a cock to everyone in his time. Cock was like currency... Though he admits to me that when a beggar approached Socrates for alms, his favorite response was "I gave at the orifice."

INT. SPENS' APARTMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

SPENS (V.O.)

That's Beesh and Jay in your head. Find your own voice, man.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot behind the food store on Grand Avenue.

SPENS (V.O.)

The hunt. Every Spring, four player teams trek across the city looking for items with assigned point values. All items due back in the lot by six a.m. Winner take all.

Mark, Midge, Beesh, Syl, Jay, Buhb, Fly, Peebs and Hap AD LIB conversation near a loading dock staircase.

SPENS (V.O.)

Each team adds two items to the list. Can't collect your own items. So no one can know the entire list ahead of time. Or bribe a judge.

Perry and Michelle approach the dock, arms around each other's waists. Fly walks away. He kicks at a rock.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The trick is to tempt the other teams into going for high point values on the tough items. Strategy is key. Don't make your items worth too much, or too little.

Spens sits in his car. He looks on from across the lot.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Twenty teams from across Queens compete. Usually the twelve of us work together and go for different items, and if we win we split the money. Because we're family. Two years ago my friend Anthony from Long Island asked to be in it. So I said yes. Regretted it ever since.

The group jumps from the ROAR of an engine. A 1985 PONTIAC FIREBIRD SCREECHES to a halt. The Long Island boys are here.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Why do we do it? Wish I could tell you. Habit? Boredom? Maybe feeling like the king of the world for one night is the great equalizer... Booze. Drugs. Gambling. Sex. The hunt. It's all the thrill of the chase. Adrenaline rush in different forms. Because safe is death...

INT. RESTAURANT LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Marie and Celia freshen their faces in the mirror.

CELIA

So Kevin says he really likes you.

Marie puts down her eye liner, slightly annoyed.

MARIE

How does he know he likes me, Ceil? He hasn't even met me.

CELIA

Um, you've been talking for an hour?

MARIE

No Ceil, I haven't been talking to him. I haven't met HIM. That's a slicked-up representative who's trying to impress me.

CELIA

Please tell me. Not the deejay.

MARIE

You know I'm just doing this to get you off my back, right? And it's really not fair for you to criticize. Since when have you had to fight for anything?

Celia turns to Marie. She takes her hand.

CELIA

Okay, so you've had to struggle a bit more than most of us. Honey, that doesn't mean you have anything in common with this guy!

MARIE

Look. You have your opinion. Fine. I respect that. And I have no idea what he's like. What he's really like. But what I do know? What I am sure about? Is that I met a person last night. A real person. Not a pretentious jerk, or a poser.

Marie takes her hand back and returns to her eye-liner.

CELIA

Honey, I get it. But you and I both know you're going to end up with a guy like Kevin someday. Better off just letting this go. Besides, what do you think he and his stupid friends are doing right now?

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Beesh and SERGIO (23), a muscular yet rail-thin Long Island boy, stand a few feet away from each other.

SERGIO

What the fuck are you staring at?

BEESH

A broom stick with a head, I think.

SERGIO

Oh yeah? Wanna arm wrestle, dick?

Sergio goes after Beesh, setting off a commotion. He is restrained by Spens, DICKIE (23), thick and balding, and ANTHONY (22), Spens' amiable high school friend.

BEESH

Yeah, just keep to yourself there, slappy. Worry about yourself -

SERGIO

Yeah? A hundred eighteen pounds of solid muscle you're fucking with! I'm going to jockey school, you ass.

BEESH

Arm wrestle? I'll give you the Sergeant Slaughter cobra clutch.

SPENS

Okay, that's it, enough.

While the players slowly move toward their respective rides, Anthony and Dickie intercept Spens.

ANTHONY

Hey Spens, we have to know by tomorrow. We got, like, four other people interested.

SPENS

How big is the bedroom again?

ANTHONY

It's small, but the house has a yard. Barbecues, a basement with a weight set. I'm just sayin' -

DICKIE

He's saying why should you pay all that rent now that Vickie's gone.

ANTHONY

Dickie, man...

DICKIE

It's okay, Ant. He's over it. He better be over it by now, it's almost a frickin' year.

SPENS

Right, Dickie. I'm over it.

Spens points to Dickie's scalp.

SPENS (CONT'D)

You know, it's way past time to re-sod up there.

DICKIE

Funny. Hey, did I tell you I ran into Vickie last Halloween? She was a nobgoblin.

SPENS

Touche.

DICKIE

Lucky goal you scored today. Time to win this thing. Later Spens.

Dickie pats Spens twice on his injured ribs. Spens waits for the men to leave... then he doubles over in pain.

SPENS

He'll make a fine attorney someday.

INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jay drives. Syl, to his right, holds the list. Perry and Michelle sit in back, an arm around each other.

JAY

Read me off the big points first.

SYL

Hah! A picture of a prostitute!

JAY

We have the Polaroid, right? Where to, Per?

Perry looks at his watch.

PERRY

Too early for the Long Island City girls. Might have some luck in Brooklyn down by Kent or Flushing. Hit or miss this time of night. Best bet is Eleventh in the city.

Michelle stares at Perry, her mouth open. She removes his arm from around her shoulder. Perry looks back in surprise.

PERRY (CONT'D)

What?

MICHELLE

Why don't you just make a tourist map for out-of-town perverts?

INT. FLY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Fly drives. Hap sits to his right. Beesh, next to Peebs in the back, scans the list.

BEESH
Hey, take a right here.

FLY
What's to the right?

BEESH
Three hundred points for a
forty-four D bra.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Spens drives. Buhb sits to his right. Midge, next to Mark in the back, holds the list.

MARK
Hey Spens, you remember what we did
last year to kick this off?

Midge smacks Mark in the head.

MIDGE
Leave him alone! You're annoying!

Spens stares ahead, into...

EXT. QUEENS STREET - NIGHT (ONE YEAR EARLIER)

Mark's car idles at a red light in front of another car.

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Spens lies in a fetal position. He holds the unlatched trunk hood down with his right hand.

MARK (O.S.)
Okay, we got one. Ready?

EXT. QUEENS STREET - NIGHT

Mark stares at Spens' arm, dangling motionless outside the trunk. He looks around with mock nervousness.

Mark raises the hood slightly. He makes eye contact with the driver and passenger in the car behind them, then flings Spens' arm into the trunk and SLAMS the hood.

INT. MARK'S CAR - NIGHT (IDLED)

Mark, in the driver's seat, Midge, to his right, and Fly, in the back, all glance over their shoulders.

The driver and passenger in the car behind are horrified.

SPENS (O.S.)
Anything?

Mark bursts into contorted sobs of joy. Midge and Fly join him in uncontrollable laughter.

MARK

They're freaking out, Spens!

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)(BACK TO PRESENT)

Spens smiles wistfully... While Midge scans the list.

MIDGE

A live squirrel. The cardboard cutout of the "it's donut time" guy?

MARK

That's the one we're doing first!

MIDGE

This can't be. "All the money in the world". That's a thousand points. Has to be a joke, right?

SPENS

Maybe not. I know a way.

INT. BEESH'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Beesh runs from the kitchen into the living room, a large bra in hand. He opens the front door and exits while an ELDERLY WOMAN with a towel across her chest pursues him.

BEESH (O.S.)

Thanks, grandma!

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

BUHB

Can I borrow a dime, anyone?

MARK

Here we go again.

BUHB

What? I have a dollar until Monday.

MARK

Night Train? Are you gonna call Aunt Esther ugly and hang out with Grady? Hear that, Spens? I said -

SPENS

Yes I did Mark. It's a Sanford and Son joke. Night train is for winos and Fred drank Ripple. I get it. Hey Buhbby, what about staying with just beer tonight?

MARK

Hey Buhb, maybe we should call you champipple.

BUHB

Yeah? And maybe we should call you a doctor.

INT. FLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Hap sings along to the SONG "Death on Two Legs" by Queen.

HAP

"Got it old fool, big added rules."

BEESH

Hap, can you stop fuckin' mumbling if you don't know the words?

HAP

I'm not sure why this bothers you so much, Beesh?

BEESH

Because you always get the lyrics wrong! Goddammit, Hap! Always!

HAP

So?

BEESH

So, it's "pig headed rules", not "big added rules", you hump!

HAP

So?

BEESH

So what the fuck's a big added rule?

HAP

It's a rule that's big. And added.

BEESH

You're a big added nincompoop.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (PARKED)

Spens' car sits parked near a liquor store. Spens scrawls on a piece of paper and hands it to Midge.

INSERT - PIECE OF PAPER

"all the money"

BACK TO SCENE

Spens folds the paper and hands it to Midge.

SPENS

Now all we need is your old globe piggy bank.

MIDGE

Too easy. They'll never buy it.

SPENS

We'll see. How's Mark's job going?

MIDGE

He loves the apprenticeship. Pretty cool that he's gonna design buildings someday. Why don't you ask him? What do you guys talk about all day, hockey and boobs?

SPENS

Pretty much. And music. And beer.

MIDGE

Fascinating.

SPENS

What, ask about someone's feelings with Beesh and Jay around?

MIDGE

Good point. So cut the crap, are you moving?

SPENS

You know, you guys talk about it like it's Europe. New Hyde Park is about twenty-five minutes away.

MIDGE

On the L.I.E.? More like two hours.

INT. FLY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Beesh's eyes scan the list.

BEESH

Hah, there's got a blow up doll on here. Decent points, too.

PEEBS

Eeewww!

BEESH

Fly?

FLY

Double eeww?

BEESH

No, numbskull, do you think we should go for it?

FLY

Costs money, no?

HAP

I think we should pass.

BEESH

Who asked you, Hap? And by the way, Def Leppard wants rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll. Not Monty Hall. No one wants Monty Hall to live long.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET (ELEVENTH AVENUE) - NIGHT

Two bad-ass men stand on the steps of a rundown building.

Two female prostitutes in next to nothing strut by.

Jay's car rolls past the women. One of the prostitutes, along with one of the men, start toward the car.

Perry leans out the window and snaps two pictures.

The women chase the car. The two men follow.

One of the men hurls a BOTTLE. It STRIKES the trunk.

INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Syl, Perry and Michelle are hysterical with laughter.

JAY

Ahhh, my fuckin' car!

SYL

Holy shit, that was great!

MICHELLE

Jay, you're insane!

PERRY

Yeah, hookers don't like to have their picture taken.

Michelle turns to Perry, her laughter abated.

PERRY (CONT'D)

What? You just saw it!

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET (ELEVENTH AVENUE) - NIGHT

Jay's car speeds to safety.

PERRY (O.S.)
Hey, what if they ask for proof
that they're hookers?

JAY (O.S.)
Beats me. Maybe we had to get a
picture of them in mid-blow.

PERRY (O.S.)
Heh, mid-blow.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Mark taps on his window several times.

MARK
Spens, there's Donut Time.

SPENS
Good, you can get me a coffee.

MARK
Are you serious?

SPENS
Yeah, why?

MARK
Because everyone carries hot coffee
and a big piece of cardboard at the
same time and they never get burned.

SPENS
Buhb, wanna buy the coffee, please?

INT. DONUT TIME - NIGHT

Buhb nods to the pudgy male CLERK behind the counter.

BUHB
Coffee please.

Mark stands behind Buhb. He eyes the the life-sized cutout
of a mustachioed donut maker off to his right.

CLERK
Milk and sugar?

BUHB
Huh? Oh... Not sure, really?

MARK
 (whispering)
 Milk. No sugar.

BUHB
 What? Is it a fuckin' secret how he
 takes his coffee?

MARK
 MILK NO SUGAR!

The clerk eyes Mark suspiciously while he pours.

BUHB
 Know what? Make it a dozen donuts,
 too. Six jelly, six Boston creme.

MARK
 (whispering)
 What the fuck are you doing?

BUHB
 What, he gave me a five. He didn't
 ask for change, did he?

MARK
 (whispering)
 We're not here for donuts! We're
 getting the thing and we're -

CLERK
 Four seventy nine.

Buhb hands the clerk the money and takes the bags. He walks
 past Mark. Mark stamps his foot. Buhb shrugs, then exits.

Mark turns to face the clerk.

CLERK (CONT'D)
 Yes?

MARK
 Um, hi. Uh, I don't want donuts...
 You see that display there?

CLERK
 Uh-huh?

MARK
 Can I buy it?

CLERK
 No, I'm sorry, that's not for sale.

MARK
 No, really, I'll give you...

Mark reaches into his pocket. He removes bills and change.

MARK (CONT'D)
... seven dollars and eighty cents.

CLERK
We can't sell store property, sir.

MARK
Ok, ok, sorry. Coffee then, please.

The clerk turns... slowly and warily... and pours.

Mark dashes for the sign. He grabs it and turns to run, but he's jerked backwards, and falls to the floor.

As Mark lay sprawled he notices the cutout is chained to a heating pipe.

CLERK
Hey, I told you no!

The clerk lumbers out from behind the counter. He grabs a push broom and brandishes it like a weapon.

Mark gets to his knees and tries to rip the thick cardboard.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Hey, I said you can't have it!

The clerk waddles toward Mark. He hits him repeatedly on the back with the business end of the broom.

MARK
AHHHH, OWWWW! Stop it, you jerk!

CLERK
You stop it, you freak!

Mark rips the display free. He scrambles to his feet.

The clerk winds up for a big swing. Mark punches the clerk in the shoulder, causing him to swing wide.

The clerk, unfazed, thrusts the broom into Mark's stomach. Mark makes a puking noise. He takes a step back. He scowls at the clerk. He punches him again in the shoulder.

MARK
See? How do you like it!

CLERK
Gimme that!

MARK
No, I'm taking it!

The clerk drops the broom. He struggles violently with Mark. After a few seconds the clerk is winded. He gives up. He picks up the broom and returns to the counter, dejected.

CLERK

I'm calling the cops!

MARK

Hey, just remember I offered to pay for it!

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (PARKED) `

Spens drinks his coffee. Midge and Buhb feast on donuts. The back door opens. Mark throws himself into the back seat. He pulls the cutout into the car and lays it across his lap, completely obscuring Midge from view.

MARK

That went well.

INT. FLY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Beesh scans the list.

BEEESH

There's a biker jacket on here!

FLY

Who would be dumb enough to go into a biker bar and steal a jacket?

INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Syl rips the list from Jay's hand.

SYL

No fuckin' way, Jay! Not happening.

PERRY

I know a place, Syl. I think Spens' cousin's husband or whatever hangs out there. It's totally safe.

MICHELLE

I thought bikers never take their jackets off?

PERRY

Shows what you know. You think they play pool with their jackets on?

MICHELLE

Yes, Michael, I do. I think they play pool with their jackets on.

JAY

Relax, you two. I'll pick you up in about an hour.

SYL

What the fuck are we supposed to do for an hour, Jay?

JAY

Why don't you go for the squirrel?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SEX SHOP - NIGHT

A neon sign blinks "X-RATED VIDEOS".

As Beesh is about to enter, Mark and Buhb approach.

BEESH

What the fuck? What's the point if everyone buys it?

MARK

We'll buy only one then. Pool our points. Like Spens said.

INT. SEX SHOP - NIGHT

The shop is empty except for the male SEX SHOP WORKER at the counter, who sits and reads, and a man leafing through magazines. Mark, Beesh and Buhb amble over to the counter.

SEX SHOP WORKER

You guys need change?

MARK

For what?

Buhb taps Mark on the shoulder. He points to the viewing booths in the dimly lit rear area of the shop.

MARK (CONT'D)

No, no, I'm good. We're looking for a... a doll?

The owner motions toward the display aisles.

Beesh playfully brandishes a large dildo. Buhb stares at him with disgust. Beesh feels Buhb's eyes on him, so he puts it down and wipes his hands on his shirt.

Mark moves through slowly, amused by the products. He finally locates a blow up doll. He inspects it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Twenty bucks! What the hell?

BUHB
Spens will pay for it.

Beesh notices a lower level entry in the rear of the shop.

BEESH
What's downstairs?

SEX SHOP WORKER
It's a gay movie theater.

BEESH
Get the fuck outta here!

The worker shakes his head and returns to reading. Beesh, Buhb and Mark stare at one another.

INT. SEX SHOP - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Mark, Beesh and Buhb, illuminated by the light from the projector and partially obscured by wafting cigarette smoke, stand at the foot of the stairs.

A movie actress begins to MOAN, rhythmically... and LOUDER with each passing second... building to CRESCENDO.

The three cautiously move away from the stairs... a few steps forward and around a bend... And the sounds of MEN ENJOYING EACH OTHER become audible.

Beesh shields his eyes with his arm. Buhb's jaw drops. Mark smiles broadly.

BEESH
Ahhh, shit! Fuckin' gross!

MARK
Aww, cool!

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (PARKED)

Spens stares out his window. Midge eyes him curiously.

MIDGE
Wish these dummies would hurry up.
By the way, thanks.

Spens turns toward the back seat to face Midge.

SPENS
For what?

MIDGE
I know you don't want to be here.

SPENS
Why, where do I want to be?

MIDGE
With that chippie from last night.
Too bad you struck out.

Spens is shocked to see Marie in the rear view mirror.

MARIE
I like her.

SPENS
Yeah, she's pretty cool.

Spens continues to stare at the image of Marie.

MIDGE
Cool? I guess. Beautiful and smart,
more like.

SPENS
There are things I have to finish.

MARIE
I understand.

Spens closes his eyes. When he opens them, Marie is gone.

MIDGE
And that body? Va va va vooom! Wait,
huh? What do you have to finish?

SPENS
You really should have grown up in
the fifties, huh?

Midge waves Spens away with her hand.

MIDGE
Ah, kiss my ass.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SEX SHOP - NIGHT

Beesh takes a drag off a joint, then passes it to Buhb.

BEESH
You know, liking something up your
ass and liking men are two
different things.

BUHB
What?

BEESH
Nothing.

EXT. SYL'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Syl and Michelle, illuminated by a light mounted to the house, sit at a patio table, sipping at their beers.

SYL
So, did you fuck him yet?

MICHELLE
What?

SYL
You did! After O'Shea's last night!
I can see it all over your face!

Michelle pretends to wipe something off her face.

MICHELLE
Still?

They break into uproarious laughter.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
So how long are you and Jay living
together?

SYL
It's been, what, five months now?

Syl takes a swig from her beer.

SYL (CONT'D)
It's just different than going out,
you know? I mean, like, he's always
there, I'm always there, we have
the same friends. It's like a
fuckin' chore sometimes.

Syl lights a cigarette.

SYL (CONT'D)
Plus Buhbby eats me outta house and
home. He says he's looking for Jay,
but he knows when Jay's not home.

MICHELLE
You think?

SYL
That he has a crush on me? One
hundred percent.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Janine sits on a bench opposite her spinning laundry, nose
in a book. A shadow passes in front of her... she looks up.

JANINE

Bill? Hi, it's so good to see you!

BILL, an elderly, distinguished gentleman, sits next to Janine. He pats her hand.

BILL

It's good to be seen.

Janine gestures to the spinning laundry.

JANINE

Another exciting Saturday night.

BILL

Our lovely building strikes again.

JANINE

I've been meaning to call. See how you're doing.

Bill's face is a mixture of sadness and resignation.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Bill. She was a wonderful person.

BILL

Yep. Tough on the grandkids.

Janine puts her hand on top of Bill's hand.

JANINE

Hey, why don't you come over for dinner tomorrow night?

BILL

That's very kind of you. But I'm not that interesting. And what's this, you don't have a young man you can invite to dinner instead?

Janine looks into Bill's eyes. He nods for her to continue.

JANINE

My boyfriend is out of town. Hah, it's really strange to say that. Boyfriend sounds like we're teenagers. See, it's been a few months, and it feels like... like we still don't really know each other like we should? I don't know, I think I need to be serious with someone at this point in my life. But maybe not with him? Maybe I expect too much too soon?

BILL

Impossible. With the right guy.

JANINE

See, my job is kind of, I don't know, high profile sometimes. We insure Def Leppard's private jet, did you know that?

BILL

Sorry, I don't know who he is.

JANINE

And Madonna's legs.

BILL

Now her I know.

Janine smiles.

JANINE

And I meet all these exciting, worldly guys. Rich, successful. They can jet to Rome on a moment's notice. But that's not me. I'd rather have a cup of tea and play Scrabble with a really nice guy.

BILL

So? What's the problem?

JANINE

Bill, how did you know that your wife was the one?

Bill laughs gently.

BILL

Janine, I'm seventy-six years old. Henrietta and I were together since we were sixteen. We didn't analyze these things like you young people. We just felt them. And now, at my age, I have to figure out who I am... who I am without her.

Janine nods.

JANINE

You're right. You're absolutely right. I don't know who I am yet. Who I truly am. It's always been wrapped up in a relationship, or my career, or my parents' expectations for me. Maybe I should just be alone for a while?

Bill chuckles.

BILL

This generation. Always thinking you have a choice over such matters. If you're with someone who doesn't treat you nice, then you should be alone. If someone nice comes along? Why should you let life interfere?

Janine looks down and smiles wistfully.

BILL (CONT'D)

I hit a nerve?

JANINE

No. I mean, not really.

BILL

What, you met the Scrabble guy?

Janine laughs.

JANINE

I don't know. Maybe. He's very sweet. Young, and a bit immature, but sweet. It's just - everything I just said about my parents, and my career... it shouldn't matter. But somehow it does anyway. Life would just get in the way.

BILL

Then there's one thing you always need to remember. It's YOUR life.

Bill rises. Janine follows suit. They hug warmly.

BILL (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger.

Janine smiles graciously.

JANINE

Thanks. Henrietta was a lucky woman.

Bill smiles, waves his hand, and turns to leave.

BILL

I was the lucky one.

Janine sits. She picks up the book... then puts it down. She puts her hand over her mouth... fighting tears... then she covers her face with both hands and sobs.

EXT. QUEENS STREET (ROOSEVELT AVENUE) - NIGHT

The laundromat is marked by a neon sign that says "SUDS BUCKET". Spens' car rolls up and double parks in front.

Janine, visible through the storefront, folds her clothes.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (PARKED)

Spens stares through the driver's side window at Janine.

SPENS

Pick me up here in two hours.

MARK

Huh?

BUHB

Spens, I got news for you. The laundry doesn't let you wash the clothes while you're wearing them.

MIDGE

Are you two dense? There's a girl in there!

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Janine looks up from her clothes and sees Spens next to her.

JANINE

What in the heck are you doing here?

SPENS

I noticed you through the window.

JANINE

Uh-huh. Very cute, Joseph. Have you taken to stalking me now?

SPENS

No, really, I was driving by with a friend and I saw you, so -

JANINE

Soooo, what, you thought we'd chat? Or did you want to help me fold?

SPENS

No problem, I'll help you fold.

Spens picks up a shirt and begins to fold it - badly.

JANINE

Yeah, you can leave that.

SPENS

What, no laundry in your building?

JANINE

Yeah, this is really a coincidence.

SPENS

What? I'm up and down Roosevelt Avenue all the time. Where's mister creepy tonight?

JANINE

I'll kill her!

SPENS

Hey, she's my friend too, you know.

Janine puts some folded clothes into her basket. Spens stands idly by.

SPENS (CONT'D)

If I can't fold, I have nothing to do.

Janine smiles. She takes the rest of the unfolded clothes and throws them into the basket.

JANINE

So I guess you want to carry this back to my apartment for me?

Spens smiles.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Mark drives, while Midge reads from the list.

MIDGE

A piece of a police barricade.

BUHB

What if we miss him? How are we going to know where to pick him up?

MIDGE

A police car license plate?

MARK

Yes!

MIDGE

No. Sea water, must contain seaweed.

BUHB

Water with seaweed? That's easy.

MARK

You know what someone should invent? A phone that fits in your pocket.

MIDGE

Idiot. A park swing.

BUHB

Just fill up a jar with water and throw in some sand and some spinach. What are they gonna do, test it for salt?

MARK

You mean salinity.

BUHB

Yeah, sure, if that's the part with the salt in it.

INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The living room and kitchen are dimly lit by a night light.

The door opens. Janine hits the lights while Spens carries the laundry basket inside.

JANINE

You can put that down anywhere.

Spens puts the basket against the wall near the door. As he rises, he grimaces in pain.

SPENS

Cute place. What do you pay?

Janine points to a dark red spot the size of a silver dollar on the side of Spens' shirt.

JANINE

Oh my God, Joe, are you bleeding?

EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

Fly's car heads west from Queens into Manhattan.

FLY (O.S.)

I still say the city's a bad idea.

BEESH (O.S.)

What, where else can we get a picture of a hooker this early in the night?

PEEBES (O.S.)

Are we gonna see a real hooker?

EXT. SYL'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Michelle and Syl have finished two beers each. Syl holds a rope in her left hand.

MICHELLE

Are you serious?

SYL

I can't believe you didn't know!

MICHELLE

Ronnie?

SYL

Fly's room is a goddamn shrine to you. Pictures from high school, college, that time in Atlantic City.

MICHELLE

How come Spens never told me?

SYL

Because he tries to protect everyone. He can't help himself.

The rope in Syl's hand wiggles. She pulls on it, triggering a dull SMACK of metal on metal.

SYL (CONT'D)

Holy shit, it worked!

Syl and Michelle run over to a six-sided metal crab trap. A live squirrel sits in the middle.

INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Janine kneels next to a shirtless Spens and tapes a piece of gauze to his injury - while trying not to stare.

SPENS

Hope my groin starts bleeding.

JANINE

Keep it up and the next piece goes over the mouth. How did this happen?

SPENS

Butt end of a hockey stick.

JANINE

Did you have it checked out?

SPENS

On a Saturday?

JANINE

Can you breathe okay?

SPENS

Yeah, fine, thanks. Really.

Janine goes to the kitchen. She returns with Spens' shirt.

JANINE

Sorry, I did the best I could with the stain. I don't have anything else for you to put on.

SPENS

Hmm, glad to know Philippe doesn't have a half a closet here.

JANINE

Don't start, Joe.

SPENS

Forget it. Forget I said it.

Spens sits on the living room couch. He puts on his shirt.

JANINE

So? Do you want a drink?

SPENS

Sure. No cognac though.

Janine goes to the kitchen. She rummages through the fridge.

JANINE

Cut it out. I think I have a beer.

Janine enters the living room with a beer, a bottle of wine and a glass. She sits on the couch next to Spens.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Here, I think it's imported.

Janine pours the wine. Spens starts on the beer. Janine takes a sip... then sighs from frustration.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Joe, it's not right that you knew where I was going to be and you followed me there. You need to respect my boundaries.

Spens feigns resentment.

SPENS

Hey, when I heard you were going to be there, I was concerned for your welfare. This is Jackson Heights, Janine. People get shot here if they're not careful.

JANINE

Please be serious.

Spens takes a swig from his beer.

SPENS

I don't see the problem. Look, what's the harm in two friends spending some time together?

JANINE

Joe, this is a Saturday night. It's not like a work lunch. And you've made your intentions clear. And I have a boyfriend. And you know that.

SPENS

Who's out of town. Again.

JANINE

And what do you think he'd say if he found you here?

SPENS

I think he'd say "ou ees theese vary attracteve lookinge strangiere ou ees dreenkinge my biere!"

Janine goes from serious to amused. Finally she bursts out into full-on laughter.

JANINE

What am I going to do with you?

Spens sees a guitar on a stand near the door to the bedroom.

SPENS

Who plays? Let me guess. Not you. Do you mind?

JANINE

No, go ahead.

Spens gets up slowly. He takes the guitar from its stand and brings it back to the couch.

Spens picks at the strings, checking the tune. He plays some chords, then he breaks into a melody.

SPENS

(singing)

A rose was born in search of truth
and beauty, and found the world
would only do her wrong...
Now you're done with all the pain,
and only memories remain, and I
must find a reason to be strong...
When you hold a withered rose, you
wonder where its beauty's gone, and
how will I ever make it on my own?
A barren plain where duty grows,
and now when all is said and done,
I do my best to try and carry on...

Janine drinks Spens in, desire in her eyes. She catches herself before Spens looks up.

JANINE

Wow... I've never heard that song.
It's beautiful. Who sings it?

Spens looks down at the guitar bashfully.

SPENS

I do.

Janine loses her breath. She puts her hand to her mouth.

JANINE

You're kidding!

SPENS

No, I'm not kidding.

Janine's expression goes from shock to awe.

JANINE

Joe! It's really wonderful. Is it
about... is it?

Spens continues to look down at the guitar, picking at the strings. He takes a deep breath and exhales. He nods yes.

SPENS

It's about a girl in a red dress.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Midge sits on a park bench next to Buhb. She watches Mark attempt to remove a swing seat from its chain.

MARK

It won't unhook. See, this part is
closed. I need tools.

MIDGE

Good babe, one day you can design a swing seat that comes off by itself.

Mark runs off toward the car. Buhb reaches into his pocket. He produces a piece of paper.

BUHB

Hey Midge, look, I did this before. I'm going to give this to Spens as a going-away present. He's the only one who likes my stuff. It's all of us, in the parking lot.

Midge smiles. She pats Buhb on the back.

MIDGE

It's really good, Buhbby. He'll love it.

Mark returns wearing a face shield, holding a blowtorch.

INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spens and Janine sit close together on the couch.

SPENS

Come out with me. Just take a walk.

JANINE

As friends, right? Just two friends hanging out together?

SPENS

It's a walk down the block, not down the aisle.

Janine puts her wine glass on the coffee table.

JANINE

I guess it would be okay. Since you're already here. So far the big event of my Saturday night has been taping gauze to your ribs. But what about your friends?

SPENS

I guess I'll meet back up with them eventually.

JANINE

What about me? Am I invited?

SPENS

Hmmm. Pretty sure that's a colossally bad idea.

JANINE

How so?

SPENS

Well... let's just say it's an especially intense night.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

The hangout of the KINGS AND QUEENS motorcycle club.

Men and women in member jackets mix with other tough looking patrons, drinking and rough-housing while the SONG "Do You Wanna Touch Me" by Joan Jett PLAYS on the jukebox.

Jay and Perry sit at the bar, two empty shot glasses in front of each of them.

PERRY

No one's taking their jacket off, Jay. Top shelf booze though.

Perry knocks on the bar. He picks up a ten dollar bill and chucks it forward. Two more shots appear.

JAY

Ah, fuck it, at least we get a break for a couple of hours.

PERRY

What break? I don't need a break.

JAY

You like her?

PERRY

Yeah, I like her!

Jay downs his shot. He wipes his mouth with his arm.

JAY

Fag.

Perry downs his shot.

PERRY

Dickweed.

JAY

May as well try to get a money game. Maybe we can get a jacket when someone's shooting.

Jay knocks on the bar. He takes a five and a one and flings them forward. Two more shots appear.

PERRY

Yeah, you're forgetting one thing though. One, I suck at pool, and B, we have no money. Two things you're forgetting.

INT. MANHATTAN DELI - NIGHT

Beesh and Fly walk up to the deli counter.

BEESH

Hiya buddy. Turkey and swiss with mayo on a roll.

FLY

Liverwurst and muenster with tomato and mustard on a hero.

BEESH

Nice. You're gonna stink up your brother's car.

FLY

I like liverwurst. Sometimes my body craves organ meat.

BEESH

I'm not touching that one!

Beesh and Fly step aside to allow a MALE POLICE OFFICER to order. Beesh's face lights up in an "aha" moment. He beckons Fly to follow him.

Hap and Peebs wait at the cash register with drinks and a pack of gum.

PEEBS

Hap, want a piece?

HAP

You have to pay for it first, Peebs.

Beesh and Fly approach. Everyone huddles together.

BEESH

Yo, that's a cop over there!

HAP

Very good, Beesh.

BEESH

No, no, concentrate! That means there's a cop car outside!

FLY

What if he's a beat cop?

BEESH

I'm gonna beat your cop in a minute.

FLY

What does that even mean?

PEEBS

There's a police car license plate
on the list, right?

BEESH

Amen! Fuckin' Pippi Longstocking is
the only one who gets it.

Peebs smacks Beesh on the arm.

PEEBS

That's mean!

EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT

Spens and Janine slowly amble alongside each other.

JANINE

So you write.

SPENS

Yep.

JANINE

And you sing. And play guitar.

SPENS

Uh-huh.

JANINE

And you never thought to mention
any of this.

Spens rubs his chin for effect.

SPENS

Seriously? I really didn't want
anyone to know.

JANINE

Why not? Why not be proud of it?

SPENS

Man... why not? Because I'm not a
songwriter, Janine. And I'm not
going to be in a band. My friend
Beesh has those fantasies. That
he's going to be in Motley Crue
someday. I don't want to want
something I can't have.

JANINE

You know, up until now, law school has been the illusion for me. It represented the possibility of a more fulfilling life. Almost like a crutch. I knew that one day I would have to decide if I wanted to make it real. Or just stay comfortable. It starts as a want, or a desire, and then it ends up a fear. So I guess I understand what you're saying. But what if you're good? What am I saying, you are good!

Spens nods and smiles.

SPENS

Safe is death.

Janine stops walking, turns to Spens, and smiles.

JANINE

Hey, that's not fair.

SPENS

Well, if I'm good, then maybe you're good too.

JANINE

So maybe we'll be good together?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET (EIGHTH AVENUE) - NIGHT

Hap and Peebs stand behind a double-parked police cruiser. Hap cranes his neck in all directions.

HAP

I don't see his partner, do you?

PEEBS

No one's in the car. And I don't see another policeman anywhere!

HAP

Go sit in the car. Watch the deli and the street. And blow the horn if you see anything. Like a signal.

Hap crouches near the license plate. He removes the first screw with ease and goes to work on the second. Then a hand appears and pounds Hap on the shoulder.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

What are you doing there, son?

A HORN BLOWS.

EXT. QUEENS STREET (ROOSEVELT AVENUE) - NIGHT

The laundromat is in view from down the street.

JANINE

So you never told me why you're really here.

SPENS

Not buying serendipity, huh?

JANINE

Yeah, we passed serendipity in back at the laundromat.

SPENS

I guess I needed answers.

JANINE

Do I want to know the questions?

Spens slows down. He begins to walk in a circle.

SPENS

You know, I think it may be a time of new beginnings. Sometimes doors open. And then doors need to close.

JANINE

Sounds like you met someone.

Spens looks at Janine with a look of wonder.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Don't be shocked. Women know these things. It's okay, Joe. Friends? Remember?

SPENS

Well it's not like I ever said I was in love with you or anything.

Janine laughs. Surprise mixes with her smile.

JANINE

Well, gee, thanks! I'm not in love with you either.

SPENS

Well, it's not just that. I mean, I guess I want to figure out how to have these deep conversations like we do at work, and why at the same time it's okay to hide in a trunk and scare the crap out of people.

Janine stops walking and turns to face Spens.

SPENS (CONT'D)

What, you've never hid in the trunk of a car before?

JANINE

Umm, no, should I have? A better question is why have you?

SPENS

Because it's funny. Haven't you ever done something simply because it's funny? Or silly?

The two begin walking again... Janine is deep in thought.

JANINE

I guess I can use some silly.

SPENS

Well, my friends have the market cornered on silly. But all I want to do tonight is get my car back and hang out with you.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

ARNIE and WOOGIE, two very intimidating bikers wearing club jackets, shoot pool while the SONG "South City Midnight Lady" by The Doobie Brothers PLAYS on the jukebox.

Jay and Perry cautiously approach. Arnie and Woogie ignore them... until Jay clears his throat.

WOOGIE

Who the fuck are these guys?

JAY

We want a game.

ARNIE

You got money?

JAY

Fuckin' A. What do we go?

ARNIE

Nine ball. Hundred a game.

WOOGIE

Hey Axl, you look like you should be doing smack somewhere.

JAY

Fine.

ARNIE

Let's see the money first.

Perry puts his fist to his mouth and coughs.

WOOGIE

And you, shouldn't you be singing
Don't Stop Believin' to a
sixteen-year-old girl?

Jay pulls out a hundred dollar bill and shows it to Arnie.

ARNIE

Closest to the rail breaks.

Perry pulls Jay to the side of the room.

PERRY

What the fuck are you doing? That's
our entry fee!

JAY

Don't worry. If we lose we'll
borrow it. Spens will front it.

PERRY

So you're betting Spens' money now?
How drunk are you exactly?

JAY

Don't think about it. We won't
lose. You play safety.

WOOGIE

What are you two whining about?

Jay walks over to the table. He grabs a cue and chalks up.

JAY

If we win, we don't want the money.
We want a jacket.

Woogie moves menacingly toward Jay. Arnie stops him.

ARNIE

Hold it, Woog. You out of your
mind, kid? You know what it takes
to get this jacket?

JAY

If we win, you could ride with us.
We just need to show it to someone.
Then we give it back to you. A half
hour, tops.

Arnie looks at Woogie. They ponder the offer.

ARNIE

So if we win, we get the money. And if you win, all we gotta do is lend you a jacket for a half hour?

Jay nods. Arnie and Woogie smile at each other.

WOOGIE

Got yourself a deal, Axl.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LAUNDROMAT (ROOSEVELT AVENUE) - NIGHT

Spens and Janine walk up to Midge, Mark and Buhb, who are leaning up against Spens' parked car.

BUHB

Finally!

Mark points at Spens' shirt.

MARK

What happened, you get your period?

Spens slaps Mark's cheek a few times.

SPENS

Don't worry Mark, puberty doesn't hurt. Everyone, this is Janine.

MARK

Hi. Did Spens pick you up in the laundromat?

Midge leaps up to smack Mark in the head, while Janine stares at Spens with a questioning smile.

SPENS

He's very subtle. We think he might have Tourette's. Janine's a friend of mine from work.

BUHB

Hi Janine, I'm Nicky.

MARK

cough Buhb! *cough*

BUHB

But everyone calls me Buhb.

MARK

Ask him how he spells it.

BUHB

What? B.O.O.B.

MARK

That's "boob", you boob! He signs
birthday cards "Love, Boob"!

Midge shakes her head in disgust. She extends her hand.

MIDGE

Hi Janine, I'm Karen. These idiots
call me Midge.

Janine laughs as she reaches for Midge's hand.

JANINE

Nice to meet you, Karen.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET (EIGHTH AVENUE) - NIGHT

Hap and Peebs sit handcuffed in the rear of the cruiser. A
FEMALE POLICE OFFICER puts her radio back in her holster
and approaches the male officer.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

Car's registered to a Yannik
Kwiatkowski. Priors for possession
and distribution. Outstanding
warrant for child support.

MALE POLICE OFFICER

Think Yannik is still in the area?

The female officer looks into the cruiser at Hap.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

Son, you want to tell me where the
owner of this vehicle is?

HAP

Um, we borrowed the car from a
friend, ma'am. Sorry, officer ma'am.

Beesh and Fly stand frozen at the deli entrance, horrified.

BEESH

Holy shit.

FLY

This is bad. This is really bad.

BEESH

Don't move. Hap will keep quiet.

FLY

Idiot! My brother's car, remember?

BEESH

Oh shit. This is really bad.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Spens drives. Janine sits to his right.

Buhb is crushed next to Mark in the back. Midge sits on Mark's lap, legs dangling over Buhb's knees.

MARK

Are we still playing?

JANINE

Oh, are we playing something?

MIDGE

We're on a scavenger hunt.

JANINE

What are we looking for? Nothing illegal, I hope.

SPENS

Remember what I told you?

Janine takes a deep breath to compose herself.

JANINE

Yes, Joe. Funny and silly, right?

SPENS

Hey, guys, what would you think about me dropping you off so you can get Mark's car?

A few seconds of uncomfortable silence pass...

BUHB

You quitting?

Janine looks at Spens... she smiles, and nods.

SPENS

Okay. How about another hour?

MIDGE

Umm, a police barricade is good points, and Buhbby wanted to go for the sea water.

SPENS

Good, I know where we can get both of those in the same place.

MIDGE

And they're trying to stump you again with music. There's a Dan Fogelberg cassette on here.

Spens reaches under his seat. He produces a cassette case holder. He takes out a cassette and holds it up to Midge.

MARK

Oh, that's just wrong.

JANINE

I like Dan Fogelberg?

MARK

Yeah, but you're a girl!

Spens goes to play the cassette. Mark lunges forward, shoving Midge onto Buhb, and grabs it from him.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET (SEVENTH AVENUE) - NIGHT

Beesh and Fly walk past Madison Square Garden.

BEEESH

This is as bad as it fuckin' gets.
No weekend E and F service after
eleven until June? Who knows that?

FLY

I don't know what you're worried
about. You know what my brother's
gonna do to me?

BEEESH

Hey, remember when you went out to
his car to get a tape, and the SWAT
team thought you were him, and they
surrounded you? That was cool.

FLY

Cool? I peed myself, Beesh!

Fly glares at Beesh as they walk in silence...

BEEESH

Only girls piss themselves, fruit
salad. How much money you got left?

Fly reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a small wad.

FLY

Eleven bucks. Let's just walk to
the seven train. Who cares if we
wait for an hour at this point?

Beesh points excitedly.

BEEESH

Hey, c'mon, hurry up, that cab just
let someone out!

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

The car is uncomfortably silent... Buhb starts as if to say something, but thinks better of it... then changes his mind.

BUHB

Spens, can we say whatever we want?

SPENS

What?

BUHB

I mean, can we curse?

JANINE

I think he means because of me.
It's okay, Nicky. I don't mind.

BUHB

Because I have a question for
Janine. If you're serious about no
holding back.

SPENS

You just heard her, didn't you?

BUHB

I'm serious now, don't get mad at
me. I need the opinion of someone
outside the group.

SPENS

So, go ahead.

BUHB

All right. Remember though, you
can't get mad.

JANINE

What is it, Nicky?

BUHB

Janine, would you feel insulted if
someone called you a douchebag?

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT (MOVING)

Beesh and Fly watch the driver RAMOUSH, a bespectacled
Russian man, pick something out of his thick beard.

RAMOUSH

Where to go, young boys?

FLY

Do you go to Queens? We're in a bit
of a hurry.

RAMOUSH

Ramoush goes to all places. You
young boys have fun in city
tonight, yes?

BEESH

Ummm, yes sir, lotta fun.

Beesh looks at Fly and shrugs his shoulders.

RAMOUSH

My name Ramoush. Is not Russian
name I know, but is easy name to
hide from authorities. You know
what this means, no?

BEESH

No, not really.

Beesh and Fly stare at each other with helpless expressions.

RAMOUSH

You enjoy the rock 'n' roll, you
young guys?

FLY

Oh yeah, sure, he sings in a -

Beesh interrupts Fly with an elbow.

RAMOUSH

I do some music that you enjoy, yes?

Ramoush PLAYS the SONG "Wouldn't You Like to Know Me" by
Paul Stanley on the tape deck.

BEESH

You're kidding. So he's the other
person that bought this album. Do
you know a guy named Joe Spensieri?

RAMOUSH

Why I am kidding you? You, girly
boy! You like mister Paul Stanley
from KISS, yes?

BEESH

Ummm... what if I say no?

RAMOUSH

He is very sexy man. Like you, no?
He shows hairy chest to girls.

BEESH

Yes, he's very sexy.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET (SEVENTH AVENUE) - NIGHT

The CAB CUTS dangerously across several lanes of traffic and makes a left on 38th Street.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

RAMOUSH

In song he ask woman to know him in sexy way. Is very good song, yes?

BEESH

Yes, it's a very good song.
(whispering to Fly)
Guy's high as a fuckin' kite.

RAMOUSH

I give advice, you two young sexy guys. Well, one of you not so sexy. You have in life to enjoy, yes?

BEESH

If you say so.

RAMOUSH

I say so! You listen to Ramoush and not to others, yes? You know what others say? Is not possible to drive taxi cab on cocaine!

Beesh and Fly look at each other with wide eyes.

BEESH

Hey, Raymoos? What if we got out -

Beesh and Fly are stapled to the back seat as Ramoush NAILS THE GAS to make the light.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET (41ST STREET) - NIGHT

A female PROSTITUTE emerges from Bryant Park. She heads toward a man in a parked car. The cab bears down on her.

RAMOUSH (O.S.)

You see what Ramoush sees? She gives bad name to city! Is filthy disgusting to sell body on street!

The woman leaps out of the cab's way at the last second. The CAB SCREECHES to a halt at a red light.

The woman rights herself. She stares daggers at the cab.

PROSTITUTE

What the hell, motherfucker?

Ramoush pops his head out the window.

RAMOUSH

You make curse at me? Fuck you!
Bitch whore slut!

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

The woman sticks her head through the open front passenger window. She brandishes a small blade.

PROSTITUTE

Fuck me? Fuck you, motherfucker!

RAMOUSH

You make threats to me! I fucking
kill you! Fucking bitch whore!

PROSTITUTE

C'mon, don't mess with me,
motherfucker!

Ramoush flings his door open. He runs toward the trunk. The woman backs out from the window. The trunk SLAMS.

Beesh and Fly sink lower in their seats. Through the front window they observe the woman in full retreat.

Beesh sits upright. He turns to the left. He spots Ramoush through the rear window.

BEESH

Ummm, Fly? He has a shotgun.

RAMOUSH (O.S.)

Hah! She think she can make curse
on me for nothing! Fucking whore!

The door flies open. Ramoush throws the shotgun into the backseat at a stunned Beesh and Fly.

INT. POLICE STATION - night

Hap and Peebs sit handcuffed to a wooden bench. Hap fidgets, nervously tapping his free hand.

HAP

Ummm... Peebs?

PEEBS

Yeah?

HAP

I thought you said the cop didn't
have a partner?

PEEBS
I thought so too.

HAP
You saw the woman was wearing a
uniform, right?

PEEBS
I didn't think she was a cop.

HAP
Why not?

PEEBS
I didn't know they had woman cops.

Hap struggles to maintain control of his anger.

HAP
So what did you think she was?

PEEBS
I thought she was the kind that
writes you a parking ticket.

Hap opens his mouth to answer. He stops as he hears the
FOOTSTEPS of the approaching DESK SERGEANT.

DESK SERGEANT
Name?

PEEBS
Who, my name? Peebs.

Hap turns to Peebs and squints. He shakes his head no.

DESK SERGEANT
Name please.

PEEBS
Stacey Valerio... His name is Hap.

DESK SERGEANT
I'm sorry?

PEEBS
It stands for huge ass Pete.

DESK SERGEANT
Excuse me?

PEEBS
H.A.P. Huge ass Pete. He was big
ass Pete for a while, but Bap
sounded too silly.

Hap turns, finger vertical to his nose, and mouths "shhhh".

HAP

My name is Pete Howell, sir.

DESK SERGEANT

Thank you, son. Hanrahan, why do you have a thirteen-year-old girl handcuffed to the bench?

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT (MOVING)

The 59th Street Bridge is visible through the windshield.

RAMOUSH

You boys have gum?

FLY

Huh?

RAMOUSH

You! Girly boy! You have gum, yes?

BEESH

No, I don't have gum. I know a girl who has gum though.

RAMOUSH

She is here?

BEESH

No, she's, umm, downtown.

RAMOUSH

Then what is good of gum?

BEESH

Yeah, I'm not sure.

RAMOUSH

I get gum. Then you, girly boy! You make sex with Ramoush, yes?

Ramoush CUTS THE CAB hard to the right, SCREECHING to a halt in a bus stop. He leaps out.

FLY

C'mon, now's our chance!

BEESH

What the fuck, are you crazy? Look, he's got a car and we're on foot. If we stiff him, he's - he's got a fuckin' shotgun on the passenger seat for chrissake!

FLY

He just said he wanted to fuck you.

Beesh and Fly dig into their pockets. The meter reads \$8.00. They leave a five and three ones on Ramoush's seat.

BEESH

No tip?

EXT. RIVERFRONT QUEENS STREET - NIGHT

Police barricades litter the cobblestone street lined with industrial buildings.

Mark dangles off a pier, filling a container with water.

Spens watches Buhb try to break a long barricade by sitting in the middle of it, as each end rests atop two trash cans.

BUHB

But he treats her like shit, Spens.

Buhb reaches for the bottle of Night Train. He takes a sip.

SPENS

I know.

BUHB

So why would anyone want to be treated like shit?

Spens appears awestruck by the question's simplicity.

SPENS

If I knew that... Look, Syl and Jay are adults. Sort of, anyway, and they have... Ah shit, who am I kidding? I can't even straighten out my own fuckin' life.

Spens sees Marie standing behind Buhb.

MARIE

He's going to be lost without you.

SPENS

So what do I do?

MARIE

Help him. Before you go.

BUHB

You're asking me what to do?

Spens grabs the bottle from Buhb and throws it in the trash can. When he looks up, Marie is gone.

SPENS

So what do you think about me moving to the island?

BUHB

It's moving in with the enemy.

SPENS

Hey, Jay has enemies. They're my friends.

BUHB

We're your friends, man.

SPENS

I know. I'm not explaining this right. Have you ever felt like you just needed a change?

BUHB

Yeah, every fuckin' day.

SPENS

So, did you ever wake up one day and wonder what's stopping you? Look, you like to draw, right?

Buhb nods yes.

SPENS (CONT'D)

So take the money you spend on booze and pot and get lessons, man! And tell Syl how you feel. If it's what you really want.

Janine and Midge lean against Spens' car. Janine's eyes are fixed on Spens.

JANINE

He's a pretty nice guy, isn't he?

MIDGE

Spens? He's a friggin' prince. Toughest guy I ever met.

JANINE

What do you mean?

MIDGE

All he's been through.

Janine's look of sympathy triggers a reaction in Midge.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

He told you, didn't he?

Janine nods. She stares off at the water.

JANINE

Has he played you his song? He's really talented.

MIDGE

You like him?

Janine stares at Spens. Concern covers her face.

JANINE

I don't think that matters.

Janine and Midge walk to the front of the car...

Spens and Buhb walk into the road...

Mark steps onto the pier...

All captivated by the sight of the midtown Manhattan skyline, rising across the river under the full moon.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Midge and Buhb sit on the loading dock stairs, picking beers from a nearby cooler.

Spens and Mark retrieve the items from Spens' trunk, while Janine watches in amazement.

MARK

Got the sea water, the donuts guy, the barricade, Fogelberg, the swing, and the blow up doll.

JANINE

The blow up doll?

Janine looks down at the ground, then looks disapprovingly at Spens and Mark.

SPENS

Why, you want it?

JANINE

Know what? I'm going to drink beer on the steps of a loading dock. Funny and silly enough for you?

Janine joins Buhb and Midge. She takes a beer.

MARK

(to Janine)

That doesn't make you a bad person!

SPENS

Don't forget we have all the money
in the world, too.

MARK

That was a joke.

SPENS

Shouldn't be on the list if they
don't want it found.

Spens approaches the loading dock. He takes Janine's hand.

SPENS (CONT'D)

So? Do you want to get a drink?

Janine smiles. All her defenses are finally melted away.

JANINE

Well, I thought we could finish
that bottle of wine at my place.

An ENGINE ROAR interrupts the conversation. Michelle pulls
her car next to the loading dock. Syl jumps out.

SYL

Thank freakin' God we found you,
Spens. You gotta go after them.

SPENS

Whoa, slow down. Who, Jay and Perry?

SYL

Jay said something about a biker
bar where your cousin hangs out.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

MUSIC UP: "Since You've Been Gone" by Rainbow.

Jay and Perry, both wasted, stare helplessly at the table.
Arnie has a close, unobstructed shot at the nine ball.

Arnie turns to face Jay and Perry. He blindly taps the cue
ball. He sinks the nine.

Woogie stamps his cue on the floor. He slaps Arnie's hand.
Jay turns in disgust. Perry stares at his shoes.

ARNIE

That's three out of four. You owe
us another hundred.

WOOGIE

Where's the money, ladies?

DANIELLE and JESSIE, both wearing club jackets, run up to Arnie and Woogie and jump into their arms.

DANIELLE

Hey, Arnie. You hustling tonight?

ARNIE

What's up, Dani. Actually this one kid was pretty fuckin' good. Beat us one game single-handed. What's goin' on, Jessie?

JESSIE

Not much. Who's this kid?

WOOGIE

Don't you recognize him? It's Steve fuckin' Perry! Stopped in for a drink and an ass-beating between gigs. Hah!

JESSIE

Danielle, he's cute, no?

DANIELLE

Mmm hmmm!

Perry's eyes are glazed over. He takes a seat on a stool.

WOOGIE

No way, Jess. He owes us money.

JESSIE

So? Let him work for it! What's your name, honey?

PERRY

Pe - umm, Michael.

DANIELLE

C'mon, Woogie, leave the kid alone. We kinda dig him. Losers gotta do what the winners say, right?

WOOGIE

Arnie? Any problems?

ARNIE

All of a sudden I give a shit who they blow in the back room?

Jay steps over to Perry and whispers in his ear.

JAY

Go along with it. Maybe they'll forget about the extra hundred.

PERRY

Hey Jay, I'm a little fucked up right now, so help me understand. Basically, you're pimping me out to cover our debt?

JAY

Seems that way. Got a better idea?

EXT. QUEENS STREET (NORTHERN BOULEVARD) - NIGHT

Beesh and Fly, heading north, walk past Queens Plaza.

BEESH

Did you know you could walk over the Fifty-Ninth Street Bridge?

FLY

Still don't know why we're taking Northern. There's a faster way.

BEESH

Because I wanna hit this place on Steinway Street. I need a beer, I gotta take a piss, and I wanna talk to a chick before this night is a total fuckin' waste, okay, douche nipples?

FLY

I thought douche wasn't an insult?

BEESH

Yeah, I'm kinda diggin' it now.

FLY

You think you got problems. Wait until my brother gets a hold of me.

BEESH

You know, when shit like this happens, it almost makes me think about giving up drugs.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Syl comes flying through the entrance, followed by Spens, Michelle, and Janine. She spots Jay by the pool table.

SYL

Son of a bitch!

INT. BIKER BAR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Perry is sandwiched between Danielle and Jessie on a couch. The girls paw at his chest.

PERRY

Ummm... hey, girls? Listen, I thought I could do this, but I can't, because -

DANIELLE

Aww! Because what, sweetie?

Danielle kisses Perry's neck while Jessie rubs his leg. Perry stares up at the ceiling, looking for strength.

PERRY

Shit! Because I'm kinda with someone that I really like and -

Perry twitches his leg spastically as Jessie makes hand contact with his genitals.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Ohhhhhh, boy.

JESSIE

Holy shit, Dani! Kid's got a friggin' rolling pin down here!

PERRY

No, I can't. Jesus Christ, I wish I knew about this place a month ago!

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Spens and Michelle stand behind Syl as she glares at Jay, arms crossed, foot tapping.

SYL

What the hell, Jay? It's been friggin' hours!

MICHELLE

Jay, where's Michael?

WOOGIE

You mean Steve Perry?

Woogie thumbs toward the door of the back room. Michelle dashes towards the door. She flings it open... and covers her mouth with her hand.

MICHELLE

Michael!

Michelle, near tears, turns and runs. Perry chases after her, pulling his shirt down as he goes.

PERRY

Michelle, please, it's really not -

Perry grabs Michelle by the shoulder. She twists away.

MICHELLE

You think you could have waited
until we actually had a first date
before you cheated on me?

PERRY

No, you don't understand! I didn't
have a choice! These guys said -

MICHELLE

Everyone has a choice, Michael!

Michelle storms toward the exit. Perry runs after her. Syl
grabs Jay's arm - but Arnie grabs the other one.

ARNIE

Whoa, not so fast, Axl. Where's the
two hundred?

SYL

Jay, you played for money? And you
lost? You fuckin' idiot!

Arnie twists Jay around. Woogie moves toward Jay. Spens
moves toward Woogie, arms raised, fists clenched.

TIMMY (O.S.)

Yo, cuz!

Everyone freezes. TIMMY, a sculptured behemoth wearing a
club jacket, strides over like an Old West sheriff walking
into a saloon.

SPENS

I was hoping you'd be here.

WOOGIE

Timmy, you know these scumbags?

TIMMY

Yo, Woog, watch the language in
front of the ladies! What, you
don't remember my cousin Spens here?

Timmy points to Jay, still in the grasp of Arnie.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

This guy a friend of yours?

Spens nods.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

See Woog? We're all friends here.

ARNIE

Screw that, Tim, they owe us money.

TIMMY

Nah, c'mon. Friendly game, right, guys?... RIGHT GUYS!

Arnie releases Jay. He stumbles forward. Syl catches him. She grabs his arm and drags him toward the door.

SPENS

Thanks, Tim.

WOOGIE

Yo, Tim, we didn't recognize him, honest. How's it goin', Spens?

SPENS

Good, Woog. Excuse us, okay?

Janine runs over and hugs Spens. Spens, not sure where to put his hands, lets them dangle until Janine releases him.

SPENS (CONT'D)

Timmy, this is Janine.

TIMMY

Hey, nice to meet you, Janine.

Janine grabs Timmy's arm. She's still in shock.

JANINE

Oh my God, how did you do that? I mean, are you, like, Superman?

SPENS

Close. Timmy's kind of a legend.

TIMMY

Nah, not really. You want to tell her or should I?

SPENS

Um, yeah. A few years ago Timmy got attacked by twelve guys from another club. He put eight of them in the hospital before he went down.

TIMMY

It was more like twenty guys.

SPENS

Yeah Tim, every year that goes by, more guys attack you.

Timmy grabs Spens in a headlock and messes up his hair.

TIMMY

Ahhh, such a wise ass, this guy!
You and your friends okay now?

Spens nods. He shakes Timmy's hand and leads Janine toward the door. Janine waves to Timmy like a lovesick teenager. Timmy leans against the bar, satisfied.

JANINE (O.S.)

Nice to meet you, Timmy! What kind of name is that for a biker?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Perry and Michelle stand by her car.

PERRY

You don't understand.

MICHELLE

No, I don't understand, Michael, so why don't you make me understand?

PERRY

See, a week ago, I... women throw themselves at me, Michelle, I can't help it! Let's just say a week ago I wouldn't have fought so hard.

MICHELLE

Is that supposed to make me feel better? Was I just one night to you?

PERRY

No, that's just it! For the first time in my life, I didn't want to just get laid!

MICHELLE

You know, this doesn't make any sense to me right now. You're drunk, and I'm too... I don't know what I am at the moment.

Spens and Janine cautiously approach Perry and Michelle.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, Spens? Take him home, please?

Syl practically throws Jay at Spens.

SYL

Here, take this one, too. I can't stand to look at him right now.

JAY

I'm telling you, Syl, I learned my lesson this time. I know -

SYL

You know what, Jay? What?

JAY

I know, I know, not to act like the damn tough guy all the time.

SYL

A-friggin'-men already!

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Spens and Janine steal glances of each other as Perry and Jay - drunk and dazed - struggle for leg room in the back.

JANINE

So let me get this straight. Those women took you into that room? With their boyfriends there?

PERRY

We're not sure they were all boyfriend and girlfriend.

JANINE

And you're how old?

PERRY

Twenty.

JANINE

And these women were how old?

PERRY

Mid-twenties, maybe.

JAY

You want me to tell her, Per?

PERRY

Fuck you, Jay.

JAY

Perry has something very large in his -

PERRY

Fuck you, Jay!

JAY

How did you put it Spens? The rough proportions of a coffee can?

SPENS

C'mon, guys. A little respect, huh?

JAY

Hey, why are you getting mad at me?
I'm not the one that's moving.

SPENS

Is that all you care about? How
about I'm tired of being fuckin'
First National bank and the goddamn
cavalry all the time? This is the
end! Last time. You hear me?

Jay tears up. He wipes at his face.

JAY

You don't get it, do you? I'm gonna
sell auto parts for the rest of my
life. And you're gonna be fine... I
freakin' love you, man...

Janine, near tears herself, looks at Spens. With a nod, she
urges Spens to speak.

SPENS

It's okay... I love you guys too.

INT. STEINWAY STREET PUB - NIGHT

Beesh and Fly sit at the bar, each nursing a beer. The SONG
"Rip This Joint" by The Rolling Stones PLAYS. The lyrics
captivate Beesh. He hits Fly three times in the shoulder.

BEESH

Holy shit! You hear that?

FLY

Oww! What, the Stones?

BEESH

It's a fuckin' sign!

FLY

A sign of what?

BEESH

Don't you remember what I said?

FLY

Yeah, I keep a notebook.

BEESH

That's actually funny. Fruitsteen.
No, after the cab ride. About
giving up drugs?

FLY

So?

BEESH

Sooo... listen to the song! Do you believe in God?

FLY

Yeah, I do. But you don't.

Beesh produces a bag with several rolled joints in it. He rips each of them in half.

BEESH

See? God played this song so I would rip these joints!

FLY

God played this song?

Fly points in the direction of the DJ station.

FLY (CONT'D)

God is a tattooed guy in a Britney Fox tee shirt?

EXT. QUEENS STREET (GRAND AVENUE) - NIGHT

A COLOMBIAN WOMAN stands on the corner of 72nd Street and Grand Avenue, her ten-year-old SON nearby.

INT./EXT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT

Spens and Janine are stopped at the red light at 72nd and Grand. Spens sees the woman... then, through his side view mirror, he spots Philly exiting the pizzeria.

PHILLY (V.O.)

What do you know about the Colombian open for business on seventy-second and Grand?

Spens sucks in his breath. Janine notices.

JANINE

Joe, what's wrong?

Spens sees Marie through the rear view mirror.

MARIE

Can you save her?

SPENS

I'm not sure.

JANINE

Something must be wrong. Your face
just turned white.

EXT. QUEENS STREET (GRAND AVENUE) - NIGHT

The light turns green. Spens makes a left and pulls the car
onto the corner of 72nd street.

SPENS (O.S.)

Wait here. Don't move.

JANINE (O.S.)

Joe, you're scaring me.

SPENS (O.S.)

Don't worry, it'll be okay.

Spens exits the car and runs up to the woman.

SPENS

Miss, listen to me.

The woman stares quizzically. Spens can see Philly over the
woman's shoulder. He searches for the words.

SPENS (CONT'D)

Senorita... su hijo. Vamos!

The woman takes her son's hand, confused. Spens points at
Philly, who's almost upon them. The woman turns around.

SPENS (CONT'D)

Muerte!

The woman drags her son toward the corner and disappears.

PHILLY

Morty? Who the fuck is Morty? And
whaddya got, one for each outfit?
I'm gonna start letting you plan my
social calendar.

Philly nods toward the corner with his chin. Spens turns
around. Janine stands a few feet behind him.

PHILLY (CONT'D)

Very stupid, cuz. Why are you
putting people in places they don't
need to be?

SPENS

Get in your car and go home, Phil.

Philly walks up and puts an arm around Spens. He smacks
Spens lightly on the cheek a few times.

PHILLY

You know, you're a pain in the ass lately. You think I'm not going to do that drug stealing puta because you're here? Because you're family?

Spens turns toward Janine... then back toward Philly.

SPENS

Yeah. And you're gonna do something else. My friends are off limits.

PHILLY

The fuck? Says who?

SPENS

I say. You don't sell as much as an aspirin to anyone I know. And you put the word out to your crew. If my friends wanna cop? They're going to have to drive to Jersey to do it.

PHILLY

The fuck are you, giving me orders?

SPENS

Do it Phil. I'm not kidding.

Philly gets uncomfortably close to Spens' face.

PHILLY

You challenging me? What if I decide to bury you?

SPENS

Go for it. I'll take my chances. I'll snitch first. Is that what you want? Me dead and you in jail? You want our moms to deal with that? I don't know why I didn't think of this earlier, instead of letting you bleed me dry. You want to flush your life down the toilet? Hey, it's your life. Be my guest. But you are NOT doing it to anyone I care about anymore. We clear?

Philly steps back... Janine rushes to Spens' side.

PHILLY

Fine. Your boys are cut off. You happy now, you little shit?

Philly walks away... and Spens lets out a huge exhale.

Janine turns to Spens and gives him a hug.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY BAR - NIGHT

Spens and Janine sit alone at the bar. Janine looks around.

JANINE

Who knew bowling alleys had bars? I
can hear Sharon and Gloria now.

Spens puts a ten on the bar, then goes to the jukebox.

SPENS

Hey, he buys back every other
round, there's a killer jukebox and
no Saturday night crowd. We can be
alone here. What more do you need?
Besides good company.

Spens sits. The SONG "Shooting Star" by Bad Company PLAYS.
The bartender pours Spens and Janine shots of tequila as
the sound of a BALL STRIKING PINS punctuates the air. They
each go salt, shot and wedge. Spens looks impressed.

SPENS (CONT'D)

Why the tequila?

JANINE

Truth serum. You?

SPENS

Same.

JANINE

Joe, are we ever going to talk
about what just happened?

SPENS

Nothing to talk about.

JANINE

Nothing to...! Joe, you just saved
someone's life! Maybe many lives.

SPENS

For tonight anyway.

Janine stares at Spens, incredulous at his apparent calm.

JANINE

Joe, is this what you've had to
deal with your whole life?

SPENS

Hey, enough about me. Really. Tell
me about your family.

Janine hesitates... She stares into Spens' eyes. He nods.

JANINE

What's to tell? You know my parents live in Florida. My younger brother, he's in Colorado. My dad's semi-retired now.

SPENS

What does he do?

JANINE

He's a college professor. Linguistics. He teaches part-time now so he's working on a book. "Semantics Throughout History" or something like that.

The bartender sets them up again. Janine goes salt, shot, and reaches for the wedge. BALL STRIKING PINS...

SPENS

That's great. If my dad wrote a book, he would call it "get out of my way, I can't see the T.V."

Janine nearly spits through the wedge while laughing.

JANINE

Joe! That's horrible!

Spens goes salt, shot and wedge.

SPENS

Hey, not half as bad as some of the guys had it. I look at them and I think, where's the guidance, you know? I mean, we kind of raised each other. For what that's worth.

JANINE

Sounds like you don't want to leave them yet. Maybe they still need you?

SPENS

It's... really tough. I mean, how do you leave family? I don't know how to deal with that.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (TWO YEARS EARLIER)

It is pitch dark except for the moonlight.

Spens and Hap crouch behind some brush, a few feet from a dirt road. Both wear fright masks. Hap has a fake machete.

HAP

What if he drives past the cans?

SPENS

Shhhh! I think I see his lights.

INT./EXT. MARK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mark drives, Jay to his right, with Midge, Syl and Peebs in back. He sees the glint off three crushed cans in the road.

MARK

Well, I gotta take a piss.

Mark stops the car and exits. Midge yells out after him.

MIDGE

Babe, I know what you're doing!

SYL

Me too. It's not funny, Jay.

JAY

Syl, we told you, we're not sure how to get to this new rink yet.

SYL

Bullshit, you guys went this way on purpose. He's not gonna scare us, by the way.

The car goes silent... Syl pulls her gum in and out of her mouth... Peebs twirls her hair... and then Mark returns.

MARK

Whoa, that feels good!

MIDGE

You really had to go? Mariusz, tell me the truth or I'll -

Spens and Hap pop up on either side of the back windows, each spewing guttural growls. Hap brandishes the machete.

Midge, Syl and Peebs let out ear-piercing SHRIEKS. Mark and Jay react in mock horror.

JAY

Hey, leave us alone!

Hap jumps on the trunk and shakes the car.

MARK

Get out of here!

The girls' SCREAMS get louder and and more frequent. Jay puts his face in his hands. He and Mark try desperately to contain their laughter.

JAY

Mark, what are we gonna do?

Jay rolls down his window. Spens sticks his head in and removes his mask. He joins Mark and Jay in choking laughter.

MIDGE

Oh my God! You sons of bitches!

SYL

Holy shit. Holy shit, Jay! I'm gonna friggin' kill you!

Hap takes his mask off and peers through the window.

PEEBES

You guys planned all this?!

JAY

Pretty brilliant, huh?

MIDGE

You two creeps! No, wait! I know who thought of this!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Midge rushes Spens. She kicks him in the shin, and throws an uppercut to his jaw. Spens drops to his knees.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY BAR (BACK TO PRESENT)

Spens smiles wistfully as he remembers the antics.

Janine props an elbow up on the bar and rests her head in her hand. She stares at Spens, her face a mix of happiness and concern.

Spens stares, past Janine... at Marie and ROSALIE (16), the girl in the red dress from the photo in Spens' apartment. The women shake hands.

MARIE

Hi, I'm Marie.

ROSALIE

I'm Rosalie.

JANINE

Joe... are you seeing her again?

Spens nods.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Joe... she's gone. And it's okay that you're here.

INT. STEINWAY STREET PUB - NIGHT

Beesh leans against the bar, peering out at the action. Fly stares at the attractive woman sitting to his left.

BEESH
Stop fuckin' staring and talk to her, or I'll do it.

FLY
I can't talk to her!

BEESH
Why, who the fuck is she? Christ, I shoulda done this a long time ago.

Beesh squeezes some gel from a small tube and begins to rub it violently into Fly's unruly hair. Fly lurches back.

FLY
Ahhh, what the hell, man?

BEESH
Relax. I guess it's time. Since Perry's giving your fantasy girl the baloney pony. Sit up straight.

Fly pushes his hair back from his forehead.

FLY
Better?

BEESH
Now ask her what's up.

Beesh steps away. Fly composes himself. He leans his head forward until he gets the woman's attention. She turns.

FLY
(confidently)
S'up?

The woman smiles. As she turns away, Beesh approaches. He slaps Fly on the back.

BEESH
Fly! My man! Holy shit, that was some game you played in goal today.

The woman turns back and looks at Beesh.

BEESH (CONT'D)
Fifty-five saves this guy made.
Won the game single-handed for us.

The woman is impressed. She checks Fly up and down.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY BAR - NIGHT

Spens and Janine down their fourth shot. The SONG "Til the Next Goodbye" by The Rolling Stones PLAYS on the jukebox.

SPENS

Better slow down there, slugger.
Good thing you're half Irish.

Janine, now way past tipsy, smiles seductively at Spens.

JANINE

So, Spens, what do you want to be
when you grow up?

SPENS

Hah! That's pretty funny. You're
assuming a lot, too. You really
wanna know?

BALL STRIKING PINS...

JANINE

Yeah, I really wanna know.

SPENS

With no pressure to make money?
A writer. Or a teacher, maybe.

JANINE

That's wonderful. Your song was
beautiful, by the way.

SPENS

Thanks.

JANINE

You have to finish school to teach.

SPENS

I know. Everyone around here, if
you even make it to college, it's
about a business degree, you know?
That bores me. But they hammer
these things into your head, like
otherwise you wouldn't be a success.

Spens takes a ten from his pocket and puts it on the bar.

SPENS (CONT'D)

But when I studied philosophy and
history? I was fascinated by, what
is right and wrong, you know?

The bartender sets Spens up with another shot. Janine waves
him off. She's had enough. BALL STRIKING PINS.

SPENS (CONT'D)

You know, everyone always says "do the right thing", like it has some external meaning. But no one ever really means it. How can you do the right thing when you haven't even developed a system of values?

JANINE

So... what's the right thing?

Spens touches the shot glass while he ponders the question.

SPENS

Respect. Personal responsibility. That would be my thesis. Justice as personal responsibility.

JANINE

There's nothing stopping you, Joe. Use the company! Get them to pay for your education and then do what you want in life! Nothing but yourself, or your loyalty, or...

Spens goes salt, shot and wedge.

SPENS

Look around you, Janine. You think anyone here cares that the best theory of justice may be to work backwards from Rawls and infuse him with Kant's categorical imperative? To create Plato's philosopher kings? You think a company paid-for business degree is going to get me any closer to that?

Janine places her hand on top of Spens' hand.

JANINE

Joe, you don't have to be HERE. If you can think like that... if you think differently than these people... then you have to pursue that! We both know why you're staying! You need to confront it!

SPENS

What about you? Are you pursuing your dreams? Writing policies to cover Def Leppard's private jet?

JANINE

No, I'm not. Hypocritical, I guess. But I'm about to.

SPENS

About to what?

JANINE

I know that you know about Florida.
And about law school. Well... I am,
Joe. I'm moving.

Spens inhales deeply, then exhales. BALL STRIKING PINS...

SPENS

I know. I mean, I figured. How soon?

JANINE

Soon. Couple of weeks, maybe.

Spens removes his hand from under Janine's.

SPENS

What about Philippe?

JANINE

I'll tell him when he gets back. He
won't be interested in a long
distance thing.

SPENS

Sad that you wasted all that time
with him.

JANINE

Why do you assume it was wasted?
What do you know about him? Or me?

SPENS

What do I know about him? I know he
doesn't treat you right. And you? I
know you deserve better.

JANINE

Joe, that's infatuation talking.

SPENS

I know that you'd rather play
Scrabble than go out.

Janine's jaw drops.

SPENS (CONT'D)

Yep. I remember the day you said it
too. Last November. And I think
it's pretty cool. I think it would
be a good way to spend an evening.
I never got a shot at it, but... I
know that once you said you liked
me more than you wanted to admit.

Spens and Janine sit in silence... until...

JANINE

I do. I do like you. Probably a lot. It just wouldn't have - Joe, it's complicated. I wouldn't want to hurt you. You're too important to me! Being in a relationship is... well, things change. The dynamic changes. I would expect things. Things that...

SPENS

Things that I can't give you. Right? Let me ask you something. I told you that I came to you tonight looking for answers. I needed to know if... if we could have isolated this... I mean, if we could have had a lot of nights like this... I needed to know if it would have worked. I need to know for the next time.

JANINE

The truth?

Spens takes two fingers and places them on Janine's chin, lifting it so he can see her eyes. They both smile. Janine shakes her head yes...

JANINE (CONT'D)

It would have been pretty great for a while. But can't we can still have one night? I mean, if you want... we can go back to my place?

Spens looks past Janine. Marie sits there, alone this time.

Janine composes herself. She snaps back into control mode.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. That wouldn't be fair to you.

Spens takes Janine's hand.

SPENS

Hey. As much as I'm so unbelievably tempted? You're right. It's not fair to either of us. And... you were right before, too. Woman's intuition. I did meet someone last night. Who I really like. I mean, we just met, so I don't know... but I think it could be different.

Janine smiles. Her eyes show that she's pleased for Spens.

JANINE

I'm not surprised. Some woman is going to be very lucky someday. Maybe it's her.

SPENS

Thanks. Right back at you. And we had our night. This was our one. And I'm really happy for you, too.

Janine begins to tear up.

JANINE

Why are you happy for me?

SPENS

Because soon you'll be rid of a guy who doesn't care about you. Because you're finally gonna go after what you want. And I'm happy for us... because we got to say goodbye.

Spens stares into Janine's eyes. She looks down, unsure. Spens leans in to Janine. She closes her eyes and moves toward him. They share a very tender kiss.

SPENS (CONT'D)

'Til the next time we say goodbye.

JANINE

Whoa.

Spens reaches for his car keys. Then he notices the five empty shot glasses on the bar.

SPENS

Can I walk you home?

Janine smiles. She extends her hand. Spens takes it.

JANINE

Absolutely.

Spens leads Janine toward the door.

EXT. JANINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

MUSIC UP: "You're So Good For Me" by Humble Pie.

Spens kisses Janine goodnight. He watches her enter the hallway. Janine turns and waves... then goes out of sight. Spens stares for a moment. He sighs deeply. And walks away.

INT. SPENS' CAR - DAY

Spens taps the wheel as the SONG "You're So Good For Me" now PLAYS on the tape deck.

INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Janine sips coffee at her kitchen table, grimacing from the hangover. She looks up and notices the laundry basket full of clothes, still by the door. She smiles warmly.

INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Marie, in pajama bottoms and a tank top, stretches while she stares out an oversized living room window.

She sees a copy of Plato's "Republic" on the coffee table. She picks it up, flips through the pages, and smiles.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Spens' car sits parked in front of a sea of headstones.

INT. SPENS' CAR - DAY

Spens rests his arm out the open driver's side window. "You're So Good For Me" CONTINUES TO PLAY. Spens stares at a headstone, struggling to choke back his emotions.

CLOSE SHOT OF HEADSTONE

"Rosalie Spensieri

1969-1987

beloved daughter and sister"

BACK TO SCENE

As Spens drifts into a thousand mile stare...

ROSALIE (V.O.)

Hey Joe?

SPENS

Yeah, Ro?

ROSALIE (V.O.)

You know you're bleeding internally, don't you?

SPENS

Yeah... I guess I do.

ROSALIE (V.O.)

Why didn't you take care of it, Joe?

SPENS
I'm not sure, Ro.

ROSALIE (V.O.)
Hey Joe?

SPENS
Yeah, Ro?

ROSALIE (V.O.)
You know you can't help me anymore,
right?

SPENS
Yeah... I know, Ro.

ROSALIE (V.O.)
Then it's time to listen to the
song... Hey Joe?

SPENS
Yeah, kid?

ROSALIE (V.O.)
You're not bleeding internally. But
you could have been.

SPENS
I know... Hey Ro?

ROSALIE (V.O.)
Yeah, Joe?

SPENS
What did you mean when you wrote "I
just wanted to tell you"?

ROSALIE (V.O.)
I meant take care, Joe... Love you,
bro...

Spens shakes his head, as if he's coming out of a fog.

INT. SPENS' APARTMENT - DAY

Spens sits on his couch, the phone receiver to his ear.

SIX HOURS LATER

The apartment is empty except for the table. Spens and
Anthony carry Spens' mattress out the door.

Spens re-enters. He looks around. He drops the keys on the
table. He closes the apartment door behind him.

Spens laughs out loud.

SPENS

I am really, truly, working on it.
Tell the truth, though. Were you
trying to make me jealous?

MARIE

You tell the truth. Were you trying
to make me chase you?

SPENS

It doesn't matter now, right?

Marie points to the paper in Spens' hand.

MARIE

Call me tomorrow night?

SPENS

Ooooh, tomorrow. I have something.

Marie takes a step back, hands on her hips. She smiles.

SPENS (CONT'D)

No, I swear, I'm not game playing.

MARIE

Uh-huh, sure.

SPENS

Marie, believe me, I would much
rather be with - this thing, it's
almost like a family obligation.

Marie smiles and nods along, not quite sure if she's buying.

MARIE

Mm hmm, okay.

Spens can't help but laugh out loud at how he sounds.

SPENS

No, I'm not seeing anyone!

Spens takes one step closer to Marie.

SPENS (CONT'D)

So I'll call you Sunday?

MARIE

Sure.

Marie leans in awkwardly. She pecks Spens on the cheek.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Have a good night, Joe. And win the game tomorrow, okay?

Marie heads back into the bar. Spens stares at the door for a moment, then at the piece of paper in his hand.

INT. SPENS' BEDROOM (BACK TO PRESENT)

Spens takes a deep breath. He picks up the phone and dials.

SPENS

Hi, Marie? It's Joe... from Friday night. How are you doing?... Good... Me? Nothing, really...

Spens' conversation gradually becomes inaudible.

SPENS (V.O.)

Well, that's it. That's our story. Guess I should tell you what happened to everyone, huh?

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (SATURDAY)

Hap and Peebs handcuffed to the bench in the police station.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You really don't give a shit what happened to these two, do you? Good, because I have no idea.

INT. O'SHEA'S BAR - NIGHT (FRIDAY)

Mark goes wild on the dance floor.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Midge and Mark got married. Midge is a nurse, and Mark is an architect. Yep, the next building you walk into could have been designed by this guy.

EXT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Perry stands on the front steps, holding flowers. Michelle comes to the door. Before Michelle can turn away, Perry extends the bouquet. Her tough exterior melts away. She smells the flowers... smiles... then invites Perry inside.

SPENS (V.O.)

Michelle and Perry also got married. Yep, Perry settled down, got a good job in construction, and became a loving husband and father. Yeah, I'm a little surprised, too.

EXT. RIVERFRONT QUEENS STREET - NIGHT (SATURDAY)

Spens and Buhb talk while attempting to break the barricade.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Apparently Buhb took my advice, because when Jay and Syl broke up for like the nineteenth time, Buhb asked Syl out. I hear the love triangle went on for years, until Buhb and Syl finally got married. Jay still sells auto parts, and on his bad days he's still bitter, but he and Syl and Buhbby really did get closer somehow. They all remain the best of friends. And they take care of each other. Like best of friends should.

INT. SPENS' CAR - NIGHT (SATURDAY)

Buhb asks Spens if he can ask Janine anything.

SPENS (V.O.)

Believe it or not, Buhb also became an underground artist, publishing a series of comic books about a chubby kid who makes a deal with the Devil in order to score with hot chicks, and in return he has to kill all the devil's rogue demons. I can't tell you by what method someone kills demons because I don't read comic books. I'm sure it's completely plausible though.

INT. STEINWAY STREET PUB - NIGHT (SATURDAY)

Fly, assisted by Beesh, hits on the young woman.

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fly eventually forgot about Michelle, and he actually developed a certain style with women. I hear he married a sex-crazed Hispanic chick, and while that never ends well, I'm sure it was a really wild and exciting ride. I'm sure he made it a point to thank Beesh for getting him out of his shell.

INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

A rock band plays. A forty-one-year-old Beesh struts onto the stage. He wears a long leather jacket and walks with a cane. He grabs the microphone stand and begins to sing.

SPENS (V.O.)

Beesh had hip replacement surgery at forty. He sings in an eighties tribute band, and I hear that "now and again" he even sneaks in some Zebra and Paul Stanley tunes. He says he's clean. I hope it's true.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT (SATURDAY)

Spens, Dickie and Anthony converse.

SPENS (V.O.)

And the Long Island boys won the scavenger hunt. Anthony's brother was a cop, so it was pretty easy for them to "borrow" just about everything on the list. And Dickie argued that the term "world" is indefinable, and thus no one could possess all its money. Actually Mark said he could have the money if he would just shut the hell up.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY BAR - NIGHT (SATURDAY)

Spens and Janine do a shot of tequila.

SUPER:

"Janine gave notice on Monday. Three weeks after that she moved to Florida. Spens never saw her again... BITCH!"

INT. O'SHEA'S BAR - NIGHT (FRIDAY)

Spens and Marie dance in front of the DJ console.

SUPER:

"Spens and Marie dated for the summer. Marie eventually accepted a seat in the Ph.D. program at Harvard, and in September she moved back to Boston... DOUBLE BITCH!"

SPENS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And what did I learn about life? Well, besides that its only meaning is the one you ascribe to it, I think it's about knowing when safe is death. And when safe is safe.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

A fifty-year-old Spens, in a white shirt and power tie, sits at his desk and conducts a conference call.

SUPER:

"Spens stayed on Long Island and enrolled in night school, graduating summa cum laude with a major in philosophy and a minor in business. He got married, and now pushes papers across a slightly larger desk... he has a music publisher interested in his song, and he's thinking of writing a movie about the inglorious results of his misspent youth."

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEESH'S BEDROOM - DAY (SUNDAY)

Beesh sits on his bed. He examines the bag full of ripped joints. He picks up the phone and dials.

BEESH

Buhb? It's Beesh... Yeah, some fuckin' night, huh?... Listen, if you ripped a joint in half and you can't re-roll it... Yeah, well... Yeah, I'm wondering... what happens if you smoke scotch tape?

FADE OUT.

FOR ABSENT FRIENDS...

Joseph "Joe Cool" Bauer, 1967-2001

Lawrence "Larry" Siciliano, 1968-2009

Greg "Cheese" Cisek, 1970-2011

and Rosanne Russo... 1969-1992

Dedicated to the girl in the red dress...

THE END