

"Room For Rent"

by
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INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - TWO DAYS AGO - NIGHT

Inside the living room we find several empty beer bottles and other signs of a "great party". An inebriated NICK and SCOTT are wrapping their friend KYLE from head to toe in duct-tape in a "mummy" style fashion.

SCOTT

Man, Kyle is going to be so pissed when he wakes up.

NICK

Yeah, well he should have thought about that before passing out with his shoes on.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - PRESENT - DAY

Scanning the same room, we find it bereft of empty beer bottles and instead, there are several pictures of KYLE. Mingling about are several people dressed in various forms of black. Cue in on JAMIE and ALEX

JAMIE

I can't believe this happened...

ALEX

It is rather tragic.

JAMIE

I meant that Kyle could die, and rather than checking for vital signs or calling 911, those idiots wrap him in duct-tape.

ALEX

I heard the coroners couldn't even get it all off.

NICK enters into frame.

NICK

(OVERHEARING)

It's true, his mother had to opt for cremation.

JAMIE

I bet she's REALLY pleased with you two.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALEX

So, how do you plan to fill his room?

NICK

I'm shocked at you Alex. Kyle's body is barely cold, and all you can think of is his vacant room.

JAMIE

You already have an ad in the paper, don't you.

NICK

Printed this morning.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. STAGGER INN - NIGHT

The Stagger Inn is a typical bar in Anytown, U.S.A. Top 40s music is playing in the background. Scene opens to three vaguely attractive girls from the P.O.V. of a beer as it's being consumed. As the glass is lowered, we find that the girls were more attractive looking through the beer. Cut to ALEX, NICK, and SCOTT drinking.

ALEX

Are you sure about these girls?

NICK

Absolutely, look, I chatted up one of the girls for 10 minutes or so. They really want to meet us.

SCOTT

But they're wildebeests.

NICK

That's the beer doing the looking for you. It impairs the judgment, so it's best we act on the opposite of our first instincts.

Shot widens to introduce 4th drinking member, GARRETT

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GARRETT

Easy for you to say man. The girl you were talking to is actually pretty hot.

Cut back over to girls drinking. They are joined by their fourth member, BRITTANY, who is considerably more attractive than the other three. Cut back to guys drinking.

NICK

Weren't you paying attention to what I just said? OPPOSITE of our first instincts. In the morning, you'll see than it's ME taking one for the team.

General half-nods and hesitated agreement.

NICK

It's settled then
(SLAMS HAND ON BAR IN
EXCITEMENT)
Shots!

POV of shots being consumed. Cut "montage" like scene showing the guys mingling with the girls. As the crowd dwindles around them, each guy begins to pair off and take a respective girl home until only NICK and BRITTANY remain.

NICK

...so his mom ended up opting for cremation.
(FINISHES BEER, ORDERS
ANOTHER)

BRITTANY

I'm still shocked that your room mate drank so much that he passed out. Then, rather than being concerned about him succumbing to alcohol poisoning, you and Scott wrap him from head to toe in...duct-tape?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

We call it "duct-tape mummy" - besides, last time I passed out with my shoes on, Kyle drew giant black cocks on my body with a permanent marker. It took a week to get it all off.

BRITTANY

Two wrongs don't make a right you know.

NICK

Yeah, but three lefts do.

BRITTANY

Don't your actions that night fall somewhere around 'criminal negligence'?

NICK

...so, I've seen you around the restaurant.

BRITTANY

Yeah, well we DO work together.

NICK

What I meant was, we never talk. I doubt we've said five words to one another, and yet I've had your undivided attention for the better part of tonight.

BRITTANY

Beer helps. Besides, I've been sizing you up since you started working there.

NICK

Oh yeah? And how am I doing?

BRITTANY

I'll let you know tomorrow morning.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK
Shit, I thought I had tomorrow
morning off.

BRITTANY
No, I meant-- just pay your tab
and let's get out of here.

NICK
(FINISHES BEER, PAYS
TAB)
Just let me take a piss first.

BRITTANY
Charming.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The men's room is empty, save for one other man standing
at the end urinal of six total urinals. The man is
noticeably larger than NICK. Regardless, NICK enters and
decides to stand right next to him at the urinal.

MAN
(DOUBLE-TAKES ON NICK'S
ENDOWMENT)
Jesus Christ!

NICK
(FINISHES, SHAKES, ZIPS)
Yeah, I know.
(TUGS ON MAN'S EAR LOBE)
Just ask your wife about it.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

NICK is sitting on the couch nursing a black eye with an
ice pack. SCOTT is sitting in an adjacent chair.

NICK
So that was the last thing I
remember happening.

SCOTT
Yeah, well, serves you right.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

I know, I know

(MOCKING QUOTE)

"You're gonna smart off to the wrong guy one day, and he's going to kick your ass."

SCOTT

Actually, I was talking about that deuce and a half I fucked last night.

NICK

Oooh shit! I can't believe you actually went through with that.

(LOOKS AROUND)

Is she still here?

SCOTT

No, she had to be back at the zoo at 9 this morning.

NICK

Oh c'mon now, was she really that big?

SCOTT

Yes, yes she was. That's not what I meant though. She works there.

NICK

Whoa, double meaning. What's she do there?

SCOTT

Animal feeder.

NICK

Those poor starving animals.

(FLUFFS PILLOW, LAYS
DOWN ON COUCH)

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick awakens on the couch several hours later. On his face is a note. He picks up the note and begins to read.

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CONTINUED

SCOTT (V.O.)

Covered your shift this evening.
Tried to wake you, but you're a
big pussy. Speaking of pussy,
Brittany called to see how you
were doing. Be home later,
better put on your drinking cap.

NICK

(BALLING UP NOTE)

Christ, this is longer than some
love notes I've written.

(SITS UP)

Ow my fucking head.

(PICKS UP MEDICINE
BOTTLE)

This aspirin is bullshit false-
advertising.

(THROWS BOTTLE)

Need something stronger.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Same scene, but a half-hour later. Pan down from ceiling
to couch where NICK is exhaling a thick cloud of smoke
and passing a bong to GATHERER who is sitting on the
adjacent chair.

NICK

Tell me again...why does
everyone call you Gatherer?

GATHERER

(EXHALING)

Because man, I GATHER the weed
together.

NICK

(EXHALING)

You have the worst nick-name,
but the best headache remedies.

GATHERER

(EXHALING)

I know. I should be a doctor.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK
(EXHALING)
So, I almost hooked up with
Brittany last night.

GATHERER
(EXHALING)
Brittany? As in Brittany, the
hot-assed secretary in the front
office at work?

NICK
(EXHALING)
That's the one.

GATHERER
(CLEARING BONG, SETTING
IT ON TABLE)
What do you mean, ALMOST?

NICK
Some guy in the bar's men's room
knocked me out.

GATHERER
Outstanding.

NICK
Think I'll get another shot with
her?

GATHERER
Doubt it dude. The hotties are
like unicorns. You only bag one
when the planets align...or you
slip something into their drink.

NICK
Graphically revealing.
(LAMENTING)
So that's it then. Damn, I bet
the sex would have been
incredible too.

GATHERER
You're probably right. But if
(MORE)

CONTINUED

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GATHERER (cont'd)
it's any consolation, she's not
fucking me either.

NICK
Very little. Thanks.

GATHERER
I tried. Well, gotta go, more
deals this evening. This is yours
(HANDING NICK A BAG OF
WEED)
And that'll be \$100. When do you
work again?

NICK
(COUNTING OUT CASH)
Tomorrow morning.

GATHERER
You mean that wake?

NICK
(SIGHS)
That's the one.

GATHERER
(TAKING CASH)
Whoa...good luck dude.
(LEAVES)

NICK lays back down on couch.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Night has fallen, NICK has fallen back asleep. SCOTT
enters apartment and turns on the lights. NICK awakes
with a "what the hell?" start.

SCOTT
Christ, you're STILL sleeping?

NICK
I've been up and down all day.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

At least you're rested. C'mon,
it's 2-4-1 down at the Stagger
tonight.

NICK

I dunno man, my head is still
throbbing. Maybe I'll take a
rain check.

SCOTT

Fuck that. I'm buying anyway.

NICK

Still, I don't think --

SCOTT

Brittany said she'd be there.
She's hoping you'll show.

NICK

Hot damn if the skies didn't
just clear up. Gimme a few
minutes to clean up.

SCOTT

(PACKING BONG)

Take your time.

INT. STAGGER INN - NIGHT

Typical bar scene with same genre music playing as
before. At the bar are BRITTANY, JAMIE, GARRETT, ALEX
and CRAIG. NICK and SCOTT enter through the front door,
immediately spot their friends and join them.

GARRETT

Well, if it ain't Mr. Tyson
himself!

CRAIG

I'm surprised you made it Nick,
we must have caught you in
between title bouts.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK
(SIGNALING BARTENDER
FOR TWO BEERS)
Very funny assholes.
(TO GARRETT)
Way to stay up to date on your
boxers too. Sure you didn't want
to go with Joe Frazier or
Muhammad Ali?

SCOTT
...or Fruit of the Loom?

JEFF
You two are a fuckin' riot.
(TO NICK)
How's the eye?

NICK
Probably not as sore as that
water buffalo you took home last
night.

BRITTANY over hears NICK'S comment, decides to enter
conversation.

BRITTANY
(LOVE-TAPPING NICK'S
SHOULDER)
That 'water buffalo' is my friend

NICK
(FEIGNING SERIOUSNESS)
Yes she is, and it's a shame she
couldn't graze us with her
presence tonight.
(TAKES BEER FROM BAR)

GARRETT
She would have, but she couldn't
get out of the zoo tonight.

NICK
(NEARLY CHOKING ON BEER)
No way
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
(POINTING AT SCOTT AND
GARRETT)
You two fucked the same girl??

SCOTT
It IS entirely possible. We were
pretty hammered last night and
she was big enough for the both
of us.

BRITTANY
You assholes. They BOTH work for
the zoo.

NICK
I could never work so close to
family.

BRITTANY
You're a real prick, you know
that?

(RESIGNING)
Though, I suppose between that
shiner on your eye and having to
work the wake tomorrow, you've
earned a few 'prick' remarks as
of late.

ALEX interrupts the conversation.

ALEX
(SLIGHTLY SLURRED)
Did we come here to live in the
past, dwell on the future, or
get fucked up in the here and
now?

SCOTT
I do believe this gentleman has
a point. Bartender, round of
shots!

Cut to 'outside looking in' view of the gang drinking
and mingling among one another. Gradually, the crowd
begins to wind down. Eventually, only NICK and BRITTANY
remain.

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BARTENDER

Anything else for last call?

NICK

Yeah, two more

(TURNS TO BRITTANY)

So, I heard you were asking
about me today.

BRITTANY

Yeah, I wanted to see if that
black-eye improved on your looks
any.

NICK

Oh yeah?

(STRAIGHTENING UP)

And did it?

BRITTANY

Surprisingly, yeah.

(SIMULTANEOUS SNICKERING)

BRITTANY

Actually, I may know someone
looking to fill your vacant
room. He's a little crazy though.

NICK

Crazy... 'ha ha' crazy or
restraining order crazy?

BRITTANY

A little bit of both.

NICK

(PAYING TAB)

I like him already. You could
have just talked to Scott about
all of this though.

BRITTANY

I already did, but I thought we
could discuss it further over
breakfast tomorrow.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

We...as in, you and me?

BRITTANY

Provided you don't go to the men's room first.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Bird's eye view of Brittany's bed, with sheets and blankets ruffled. NICK is fast asleep when BRITTANY'S alarm clock begins to sound loudly. NICK awakes with a start and begins fumbling with the alarm clock, finally shutting it off.

NICK

(SITTING UP, GRABBING FOREHEAD)

My fucking head...

BRITTANY enters, fresh from shower.

BRITTANY

(DRYING HAIR)

Good morning to you too. That hit STILL bothering you, champ?

NICK

A little. This is mostly hangover though.

BRITTANY

Yeah well, tequila has that effect on most people.

NICK

I know. I should really quit letting Scott talk me into drinking that stuff.

BRITTANY

Because he was REALLY twisting your arm over it last night.

NICK

I'll have you know that before I
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
met him, it have been years
since I even touched the stuff.

BRITTANY
Years? You're only 23.

NICK
And I was 18 when I swore it off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA (FLASHBACK)

Scene flashes back to a typical high school cafeteria. A young NICK is sitting with a few friends. Soon JONNY enters frame and joins them, sitting at the empty chair to NICK'S left.

NICK (V.O.)
It was December-ish of my senior
year in high school.

JONNY
So my uncle's gonna get us that
bottle for tonight. Said it'll
run us 17 and change.

NICK
(FISHING IN POCKET,
HANDING JONNY 20 DOLLAR
BILL)
Make sure he gets limes too

JONNY
I doubt this is really his first
rodeo. Swing by my house around
6:00 and you can follow me to my
dad's boat.

INT. BRITTANY'S KITCHEN - MORNING (PRESENT)

Scene cuts back to the present. BRITTANY is sitting at her breakfast nook watching NICK concocting two orange-pink drinks. There is an empty beer bottle and a half-empty bottle of vodka nearby. NICK is cracking an egg into each drink.

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BRITTANY

So you two were going to get
hammered and take a BOAT out?

NICK

No, nothing like that. The boat
stayed anchored, we just didn't
want to be around Jonny's
siblings. Got any aspirin?

BRITTANY

Yeah, cabinet above your head.
Still, it didn't set off any
alarms, this whole getting-drunk-
on-a-rocking-boat sort of thing?

NICK

(FUMBLING TO GET BOTTLE
OPEN, POPPING 2 ASPIRIN
INTO EACH DRINK)

Not really, though I suppose if
it has been as loud as that
foghorn on your nightstand, I
might have paid better
attention. Here

(HANDS BRITTANY A DRINK)

BRITTANY

Cute. What's this?

NICK

It's called a Red-Eye

BRITTANY

Bartender's hangover cure?

NICK

Sort of. I saw it in that movie
'Cocktail'.

BRITTANY

Never saw it.

NICK

What?? That's a timeless movie.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITTANY

For alcoholics maybe.

NICK

That OR anyone who's a fan of a younger, saner Tom Cruise. I still can't believe you haven't seen it.

BRITTANY

Enough with the movie already! You were saying? About you and your friend on his dad's boat?

NICK

Right. Cheers.

Glasses click. NICK chugs his drink down while BRITTANY takes a hesitant sip. She immediately pulls back in disgust.

BRITTANY

That's just awful.

NICK

It's an acquired taste.

EXT. MARINA - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

NICK and JONNY get out of their respective vehicles. JONNY is carrying a brown bag with two bottles inside and a grocery bag of limes. He begins walking up a narrow plank connecting from the dock to the boat. NICK follows suit.

NICK (V.O.)

Anyway, the stage was set. We got to the boat just as the sun was going down. We didn't waste anytime there either. Must have killed half that bottle inside a half-hour.

JONNY

Here, gimme your phone.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Fuck you, give me YOUR phone.

JONNY

Look, I'm not having you drunk-dialing your ex at all hours of the night. So, no more booze if you don't check your phone.

(NICK HANDS OVER PHONE)

NICK (V.O.)

I had been going through a bad break up with a long-term girlfriend. Jonny was right to take it from me.

NICK

Mas tequila, por favor.

JONNY

Coming right up. Wanna try that margarita mixer that came with it?

NICK

What the hell...we only live once, right?

JONNY gets up to mix the 'margaritas' which are nothing more than a half-half mix of tequila and margarita mix, iceless and in plastic cups. While JONNY is away, NICK notices JONNY'S phone nearby. He snatches it up and begins dialing.

JONNY

(NOTICING)

What do you think you're doing, fuck-stick?

BRITTANY (V.O.)

Yeah, what did you think you were doing "fuck-stick".

NICK (V.O.)

Relax, it get's better.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK
(PUTTING PHONE UP TO
EAR)
Relax man, I'm not going to call
her.

JONNY
You're goddamn right you're not.

NICK
I'm calling the guy she's
fucking.

BRITTANY (V.O.)
Oh, that's REAL mature.

NICK (V.O.)
Aside from being her new
squeeze, he and I were friends
since Kindergarten. Drunk or
not, I wanted a goddamn
explanation.

JAKE
(THROUGH PHONE)
Hello?

NICK
Jake?

JAKE
Yeah, who's this?

NICK
It's me, Nick.

JAKE
(UNEASY)
oh....hey Nick

NICK
Relax man, I know you're dating
Tara. I'm not mad or anything, I
just wanted to ask a couple of
questions.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAKE

Questions?

NICK

Yeah...Jake, you fucking her?

JAKE

I...I don't think that's really appropriate...

NICK

Jake, it's me you're talking to. Your BEST friend...c'mon now, you fucking her?

JAKE

Well, since it's you
(SIGHS)

Yeah, we've had sex a few times.

NICK

I knew it! Jonny! I told you they were fucking!

JONNY

(HANDING NICK A DRINK)
That's some REAL top-notch detective work there, Nick.

NICK

Blow me.

JAKE

I'm...I'm sorry, you said you had another question for me?

NICK

Yeah, I got another question for you. How's my dick taste?
(HANGS UP)

(JONNY SPITS BACK UP A SIP OF HIS DRINK IN LAUGHTER)

INT. BRITTANY'S KITCHEN - MORNING (PRESENT)

BRITTANY

I just love how mature you are.

NICK

That guy was a 13 year veteran of my friendship. It was the LEAST I could do.

BRITTANY

Fine, continue.

NICK

So, about three-quarters of the bottle into the night, we decide to meet JONNY'S older brother and dad at a nearby pool-hall.

BRITTANY

You two drove??

NICK

Not both of us, just Jonny.

BRITTANY

REAL nice, Nick.

NICK

I vaguely remember you driving last night.

BRITTANY

We took a cab.

NICK

Oh, well, I did say 'vaguely remember'...anyway, we didn't stay long. After a couple of hours of drinking and pool, we went back to the boat.

BRITTANY

You mean, you DROVE back.

NICK

(SARCASTICALLY)

No, we pushed that heavy bastard back.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

JONNY and NICK pull up to the marina and exit the vehicle. JONNY carefully negotiates the wooden plank back onto the boat.

JONNY
Careful with this plank.

NICK
(MOCKINGLY SKIPS UP THE
PLANK)
Relax man, I'm not that dr--

NICK loses his balance and falls off the plank and into the water. JONNY begins helping him out of the water and back onto the boat. The two of them go inside the cabin.

NICK (V.O.)
I never remember water being as cold as it was that night.

BRITTANY (V.O.)
I'm surprised your balls ever recovered from it.

NICK (V.O.)
The worst part was that I wore my work pants over to save some time the next day.

BRITTANY (V.O.)
You could have just brought them with you.

NICK (V.O.)
I never really plan that far ahead.

BRITTANY (V.O.)
I know, Scott's coming over with your work clothes - he says 'that's two' you owe him??

NICK (V.O.)
Nevermind that...anyway we - well, I killed the rest of the bottle and we hit the sack.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

(INTERIOR LIGHTS GO OUT)

BRITTANY (V.O.)
Nice story.

NICK (V.O.)
It's not over.

(VOMITING SOUNDS COME FROM INSIDE OF THE BOAT, INTERIOR LIGHTS COME BACK ON)

INT. BRITTANY'S KITCHEN - MORNING (PRESENT)

BRITTANY
You didn't...

NICK
All inside the cabin. Jonny was really great about it at first. He helped me clean up, changed the sheets and everything.

BRITTANY
Well, that was nice of h-- Wait, at FIRST??

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The interior lights are off inside the boat, indicating that JONNY has cleaned up the mess and the two have gone back to bed.

(VOMITING SOUNDS AGAIN COME FROM INSIDE THE BOAT, INTERIOR LIGHTS COME BACK ON)

JONNY
Goddammit Nick!!

Flashes back to BRITTANY'S kitchen

BRITTANY
Twice?!

NICK
Actually, three times. Finally, Jonny got tired of changing the
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
sheets and locked me in the
bathroom for the rest of the
night.

BRITTANY
Smart guy

NICK
So I swore off tequila for a
while.

BRITTANY
Maybe you should just avoid
boats.

NICK
You're HILARIOUS, and with that
note, I'm going to jump in the
shower.

BRITTANY
Smells like a good idea. Scott
should be here soon.

EXT. GAS STOP - MORNING

SCOTT is walking out of a convenient store with a drink
and snack in hand. He enters his car, fires the engine
and starts to back out.

CUT TO: Inside of vehicle from SCOTT'S P.O.V. A radio
announcer's voice comes over the radio.

ANNOUNCER
That's right it's ten after the
hour and our traffic-copter is
showing no signs of slow traffic
or accidents in the area

Suddenly, the car in front of SCOTT is T-BONED by a
vehicle from the opposing traffic lanes. SCOTT slams on
his brakes.

SCOTT
Jesus Christ! Well, at least I
(MORE)

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SCOTT (cont'd)
didn't spill my drink.
(DIALS CELL PHONE)

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The phone is ringing in the kitchen. BRITTANY picks up the phone. Cut back and forth during dialog.

BRITTANY
Hello.

SCOTT
Yeah, it's me. Got trapped behind an accident.

BRITTANY
Is it bad?

SCOTT
Looks it. Might have to life-flight the guy.

BRITTANY
Don't worry, Nick just jumped into the shower.

SCOTT
He was pretty sauced last night. Any property damage?

BRITTANY
Minimal. He pissed in my neighbor's ficus. Though I suppose you're to blame for that.

SCOTT
I'm not his bladder.

BRITTANY
I'm talking about those shots last night.

SCOTT
I don't exactly remember holding a gun to the kid's head. Then
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)
again, I was pretty hammered
myself, anything's possible.

BRITTANY
He told me you got him drinking
tequila again.

SCOTT
Well, I DO have that effect on
people. Besides, he should have
never gone overboard with it
years ago.

BRITTANY
Yeah, he told me the story.

SCOTT
Didn't waste any time did he?

BRITTANY
About as much time as we wasted
SLEEPING TOGETHER

SCOTT
Touche.
(NOTICES ONE COP
POINTING OUT SCOTT'S
CAR TO ANOTHER COP)
Hey, I'll see you two in a bit.
This cop's coming over and he
looks pretty pissed.
(HANGS UP)

COP
You mind rolling your window
down, sir?

SCOTT
(ROLLS WINDOW DOWN)
What seems to be the problem
officer?

COP
You think this is all some kind
of joke son?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT
I beg your pardon?

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Brittany is hanging up the phone as NICK appears into frame wrapped in a towel.

NICK
Was that Scott?

BRITTANY
Yeah, he's on his way.

NICK
How long until he gets here?

BRITTANY
(SENSING UNDERLYING
MEANING)
Just about enough time for round
two.

BRITTANY AND NICK disappear from frame into her bedroom.

EXT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

SCOTT pulls his car into the driveway and begins to retrieve NICK'S clothes from his car.

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Knocking sounds come from the door. BRITTANY hurries toward the door while throwing on a shirt. Once decent, she opens the door.

BRITTANY
Hey Scott.

SCOTT
Sorry, I'm late.

BRITTANY
It's ok, here, lemme take that
(TAKES NICK'S CLOTHES
FROM SCOTT)
Come on in.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT enters. BRITTANY disappears with NICK'S clothes and returns shortly.

BRITTANY

That was nice of you to bring over Nick's things.

SCOTT

It's no big deal. Besides, if I have to work this thing, so does he.

BRITTANY

Not looking forward to it?

SCOTT

Not even a little. The girl was only 25 years old.

BRITTANY

Wasn't Kyle only 22?

SCOTT

Yeah, but he knew the risks of drinking. Besides, Nick and I aren't going to his wake.

BRITTANY

Too painful to let go?

SCOTT

Not exactly. Kyle's mom didn't find our duct-tape prank as funny as we did. She officially blew her lid when our 'room for rent' ad printed the same day as her sons obituary. We're banned from going.

BRITTANY

Nice. Speaking of the room, when is a good time for you two to meet RJ?

SCOTT

Tell him to swing by this
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)
afternoon. Nick and I should be
home by 3.

BRITTANY
Sounds good.

SCOTT
Well, we gotta go.
(YELLING TO NICK)
C'mon Nick, move your ass!

NICK enters, adjusting his belt and smoothing his hair

NICK
I'm coming goddammit. How do I
look?

SCOTT
Like hell. Good thing we're not
going to a photo shoot.

NICK
Good point.
(KISSES BRITTANY)
See you later babe.

BRITTANY
(WALKING THEM TOWARD
DOOR)
Ok, I'll call you tonight.

EXT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bird's eye view shot of NICK and SCOTT getting into the
car and driving away. Cut to "dash cam" view of NICK and
SCOTT

NICK
So what the hell took so long?

SCOTT
Car accident. I actually got
here sooner than I should have.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Oh yeah? How so?

EXT. ACCIDENT SCENE - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Two police cars are the first to respond to the accident scene, taping it off and halting traffic. An EMS vehicle has just arrived.

SCOTT (V.O.)

I had just grabbed breakfast from the Gas Stop. I was on my way when a car from the opposing lanes jumped the median and just blind-sided the car in front of me.

DEPUTY

This is Officer Jones car 3256. I need med-evac to 8364 Sycamore Lane. Two drivers critically injured.

NICK (V.O.)

You mean the car RIGHT in front of you?

SCOTT (V.O.)

I had to slam on my brakes to avoid becoming apart of it.

NICK (V.O.)

That's fucking crazy.

SCOTT (V.O.)

It gets crazier. I hop on the phone with Brittany to warn you that I'm running late.

SERGEANT

(EYING SCOTT'S CAR)

Son of a bitch. Jones? Could you come here a sec?

DEPUTY

Yes sarge?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SERGEANT
(POINTS TO SCOTT)
Is that sick bastard chowing
down like he's at a drive-thru
movie?

CUT TO: SCOTT seen from outside the car. He is talking
on his cell phone and idly watching the events unfold
before him while obliviously eating his breakfast.

DEPUTY
I'm on it sir.
(WALKS UP TO SCOTT'S
CAR)
You mind rolling your window
down sir?

SCOTT (V.O.)
So, I notice this cop comes up
to my car and he looks pissed.
Pissed like I just burned down a
donut shop, or killed Rin-Tin-
Tin.

SCOTT
I beg your pardon?

DEPUTY
You think that just because you
have front row seats to a wreck
that you can treat this like
your own private movie theatre?

SCOTT
If I thought I was at a movie,
would I really have just been on
my cell phone?

DEPUTY
(STAMMERS FOR LOSS OF
WORDS)
You know what? Just get the hell
out here before I arrest you for
being an asshole.

CUT TO: Bird's eye view of accident, the cop is leading
SCOTT'S car around the accident.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - MORNING (PRESENT)

SCOTT

So it took a lot less time than
it should have to get through it
all. Look, traffic is still
backed up.

CUT TO: Accident scene, life-flight is lifting off

CUT TO: Inside of SCOTT'S CAR

NICK

I can't believe it.

SCOTT

I know, had I not stopped at the
store, it could have been me.

NICK

Oh bullshit, as long as you take
inside a gas station, you'd have
been in front of the entire
thing. What I can't believe is
that cop trying to arrest you.

SCOTT

(JOKINGLY)

Think the charges would have
stuck?

NICK

I dunno, think you could get
anyone to commit perjury and
testify that you're NOT an
asshole?

SCOTT

Oh God, my sides are aching from
so much laughter.

(REMEMBERS)

Oh yeah

(SNAPS)

I told Brittany to send our room
mate-candidate over around 3
today.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Yeah, he came up a couple of times last night.

SCOTT

Not during sex, I hope.

NICK

Of course not, that'd be weird...right?

SCOTT

Yes, yes it would be.

NICK

...anyway, apparently he's a little on the crazy side.

SCOTT

Crazy as in Crazy 8s or 'all work and no play' crazy?

NICK

A little bit of both, but apparently he doesn't exactly live above the influence.

SCOTT

Well, that's a plus
(PULLING INTO PARKING SPACE, SIGHS)
Here we are. Ready for this?

NICK

Not really. Ten bucks says we're greeted with an 'oh thank God you guys are here.'

SCOTT

You're on.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - MORNING

The Club Monumental is a members only dining club where NICK and SCOTT work. Aside from regular dinner service, the Club also holds weddings and other large-party functions. View from thresh hold of the restaurant. Near

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

the front door sits an enlarged photo of the deceased with a thick white bordering for people to write on. Occasionally, staff and close family walk into frame setting up for the event. NICK and SCOTT walk toward the door. SCOTT opens door for NICK to enter first.

NICK
(SOUTHERN DEBUTANTE
VOICE)
Such a gentleman, I DO believe
you're givin' me the vapors.

SCOTT
Shut up fag, it's common
courtesy.

NICK
Yeah, unless were in public,
then it's just gay.

Dining room manager, CATHERINE walks up to NICK and SCOTT

CATHERINE
Nick, Scott...thank God you two
are here, we're WAY behind.
SOMEONE in the office overbooked
for this event, so we need to
arrange for 30 more people and
I've gotta try and call more
people into work.

SCOTT and NICK exchange knowing looks

SCOTT
(LOOKING AROUND)
I think we'll be ok. Nick and I
will whip these guys into shape
out here. Instead of calling
more people in, Nick and I will
just float from the bar to the
floor. Just make sure the
kitchen can handle the
additional load.

CATHERINE
(SMILES, REASSUREDLY)
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CATHERINE (cont'd)

That's why you two are my all-stars.

NICK

We kinda have to be. The left hand never knows what the right hand is doing around here.

CATHERINE

Tell me about it. Ok, I'm going back into the kitchen.

(CHECKS WATCH)

This thing kicks off in about an hour.

CATHERINE leaves toward the kitchen. SCOTT and NICK make their way toward the bar to begin setting it up.

SCOTT

Wow...we're her 'all stars'
(SLIGHT EGO BOOST)

NICK

Not really, she just wants to get us in the sack...probably at the same time.

SCOTT

That's sick.

NICK

Not if our balls don't touch.

SCOTT

I meant because she's our manager and...

(RESIGNS)

Forget it. Let's just get this show on the road.

NICK

Right. First thing's first though. I believe you owe me ten bucks.

SCOTT angrily fishes into his pockets and slaps ten

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

dollars into NICK'S hand

SCOTT
Can we get to work now?

A co-worker, CARLA walks by the bar and notices SCOTT

CARLA
(DREAMY VOICE)
Hi Scott
(SMILES)

SCOTT gives a quick nod and a wave to CARLA as she is walking away to finish setting up.

NICK
Absolutely, unless you wanna take Carla around back and give her what for.

SCOTT
(SARCASTICALLY)
I could see that happening.

NICK
C'mon...you know those Christian girls are always the freaks in bed.

SCOTT
I think, after the other night, that I'll NOT be taking advice from you on women.

NICK
That hurts.

SCOTT
Not as much as the vivid nightmares I've been having about the last girl you set me up with.

NICK
Did you even get her name?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

Like I'd really want that glass slipper.

NICK

Yet, you know what she does for a living?

(REVERTS TO ORIGINAL SUBJECT)

Anyway, this is different. You're reasonably sober and Carla has a pretty decent figure.

SCOTT

(SIZING CARLA UP)

Yeah, we can agree on that. Still, I don't think I can handle the vice-grip consequences of bedding her.

NICK

No one likes a girl who plays hard to get...rid of.

SCOTT

No kidding.

NICK

I could always get you some dryer sheets though.

SCOTT

I'm sorry, I don't quite follow.

NICK

You know, in case she gets too clingy.

SCOTT

You're such a corny bastard.

NICK

I know.

SCOTT

(CHANGING SUBJECT)
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)

I can't believe there's already
ice in our coolers.

NICK

It IS pretty remarkable. Come to
think of it, the rest of this
place is pretty much ready to go
also.

SCOTT

I knew it could be. Catherine's
always blowing things way out of
proportion.

NICK

Must be part of her job
description.

SCOTT

Think there's even any point in
setting up the bar?

NICK

Doubt it. We never do much
business during the day.

SCOTT

I mean that this wake is for a
girl killed by a drunk driver.

NICK

Maybe she was Irish?

SCOTT glares hard at NICK

NICK

I'm just saying we drink at our
wakes.

EXT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - DAY

The parking lot is now packed with cars as the remaining
few head inside to mourn for the loss of their
friend/family.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - BAR - DAY

MOURNER

It's so sad when a life is taken
so young.

NICK

(SYMPATHETICALLY)

I know, just earlier this week
Scott and I lost our friend and
room mate.

JAMIE

(OVERHEARING)

Don't listen to him. Those two
duct-taped their room mate's
body like a mummy.

MOURNER

Oh my God...you sick bastards
(WALKS AWAY IN DISGUST)

NICK

(CALLING OUT)

Hey, that's not what killed him!

Several mourners hear this outburst and are puzzled by
NICK

NICK

I wish you wouldn't do that.

JAMIE

Oh please, you were just milking
his sympathy for a bigger tip.
Or even worse, trying to find
someone HERE to fill your vacant
room because God forbid you and
Scott be forced to pay any extra
rent.

NICK

Don't be ridiculous. Kyle's rent
check for this month already
cleared.

SCOTT

(OVERHEARING, ANNOYED)
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)
AND we're meeting a potential
candidate after this.

The mother of the deceased girl walks up to the bar with
a wine glass.

MOTHER
Excuse me, sir?

NICK
(LEAVING CONVERSATION)
Yes ma'am, how can I help you?

MOTHER
Uh yes, there seems to be some
lipstick still on this glass.

NICK
(EXAMINING GLASS)
Oh, no ma'am. That's your
daughter trying to communicate
with you from beyond the grave.

MOTHER
Oh my God, you're one sick son
of a bitch, you know that?

NICK
Don't look at me lady, maybe
it's something spiritual
(A BEAT)
Maybe it's Mabeline.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - UPSTAIRS

Nick is sitting in a chair outside of restaurant owner,
JACK'S office awaiting his "sentencing." Reminiscent of
a kid outside the principal's office. SCOTT comes up the
stairs to see how things are going.

NICK
Is everyone gone?

SCOTT
Pretty much, the dining room is
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)
almost reset for service
tonight. They're really taking
their sweet time with you up
here.

NICK
I know, my ass has had time to
fall asleep, wake up, get bored
and fall asleep again.

SCOTT
Think they'll fire you?

NICK
Dunno, I wish they'd hurry up
though, the suspense is killing
me.

CATHERINE opens JACK'S office door from the inside.

CATHERINE
Jack will see you now.

SCOTT
Good luck man. I'll be
downstairs when you're done.
(HEADS DOWNSTAIRS)

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

NICK enters JACK'S office and stands by an empty chair.
CATHERINE is standing beside JACK with a disappointed
look on her face.

JACK
Sit down Nick.
(NICK SITS)
Just what the hell was going
through your mind out there?

NICK
Sir I --

JACK
I don't even want to hear it. We
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JACK (cont'd)
have to refund half that
mother's money. I'm lucky she
hasn't threatened to sue.

NICK
Jack, I'll make this up to you
in any way I can.

JACK
I think we're a little past
that. I have to take this up
with the board to determine our
disciplinary action. Until then,
you're suspended. Now get the
hell out of my sight.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - DOWNSTAIRS

SCOTT is talking to a kitchen worker AMY when NICK
descends the stairs.

AMY
Speak of the devil.

SCOTT
Yeah, Lucifer himself.
(TO NICK)
How'd it go?

NICK
Not good. I waited outside his
office for an hour so that he
could have a minute and a half
conversation with me.

SCOTT
I mean, what did he say?

NICK
Oh, I'm suspended until he
(MOCKING AIR QUOTES)
"convenes" with the board about
me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AMY

You seem to be taking this pretty well.

NICK

Why not? My resume's updated, mostly I'm stoked that I'm going to be the topic of discussion for an ENTIRE board meeting.

SCOTT

Only you could get and inflated ego over this.

NICK

What can I say, I'm bullet-proog. Let's go, I need a drink. And I'm starving.

SCOTT

Alright.
(TO AMY)
So I'll see you later.

AMY

Ok. Good luck Nick.

NICK

Thanks Amy.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

NICK and SCOTT are sitting at the bar of a nearby restaurant. The empty plates and wadded napkins in front of them indicate that both have eaten lunch. A female bartender arrives to take their plates.

SCOTT

Thanks doll.

BARTENDER

Not a problem guys.
(TO NICK)
You alright hon?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Yeah, just a rough day at the office. Nothing another round and a couple of shots can't fix though.

BARTENDER

Comin' right up.
(DISAPPEARS WITH PLATES)

SCOTT

So what the hell got into you today?

NICK

I don't know man. Still stewing over Kyle I guess. Do you think there was anything we could have done?

SCOTT

Doubt it. You heard the M.E. Kyle had a degenerative liver and the drinking accelerated his already shortened life.

NICK

I know. I just feel so damn helpless about it all.

SCOTT

Ok, MAYBE wrapping him in duct tape wasn't the best idea but--

BARTENDER

(RETURNING WITH DRINKS)
Wait, that was YOU two?

NICK

Guilty.

BARTENDER

Priceless. Maybe next time stop and check a pulse before committing to such an act?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT
Do you mind?

NICK
Yeah, we haven't exactly TIPPED
you yet either.

BARTENDER shrugs indifferently, walks away.

SCOTT
(EYING BARTENDER)
Let's get out of here. RJ's
stopping by in a half hour.

NICK and SCOTT take the shots and chug down the beers.
As they get up to leave, they throw some cash on the
bar. The bartender returns to count it all.

BARTENDER
Hey! You forgot to tip!

NICK
(TURNING BACK)
Oh, did we? Here, hold on.

NICK fishes into his pocket and withdraws his hand in
the form on a middle-finger.

NICK
Here's a tip: Next time, mind
your own fucking business
(WALKS OUT)

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

NICK and SCOTT pull up to their apartment. RJ is waiting
by their door.

SCOTT
Are you RJ?

RJ
Yeah

NICK
Really? How many other people we
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
don't know just wait outside our
door?

SCOTT
Will you shut the hell up? Sorry
to keep you waiting man, I
thought I told Brittany 3
o'clock.

RJ
You did. I left early to make
sure I found the place alright.
(SMELLS ALCOHOL)
Have you guys been drinking?

NICK holds up his hand and makes the sign for "a little"
with his hand.

SCOTT
It's been a really weird day so
far. C'mon, we'll show you the
place.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

After the sounds of the door unlocking, SCOTT opens the
front door. The three of them walk inside. SCOTT begins
giving the walk through.

SCOTT
(MOTIONING WITH HAND)
This is the living room and
dining room and kitchen. We have
a washer and dryer here for your
disposal. Only rules with it are
to chip in for detergent, and
anything left in for more than
24 hours ends up on the dryer,
folded or otherwise.

RJ
Fair enough.

SCOTT
Here's your room. It's
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)
completely furnished compliments
of the last guy who lived here.

RJ
Nice, it definitely saves a trip
to IKEA. He didn't want to take
it with him though?

NICK
Oh, he didn't need it where he
was going.

SCOTT
(GLARING AT NICK)
Our last room mate died recently

RJ
Sorry to hear. You're sure it's
ok to rent his room so soon?

NICK
Absolutely. He'll always be with
us

RJ
Ah, in spirit?

NICK
Close, in our freezer.

RJ
Good one.
(TO SCOTT)
He's kidding, right?

SCOTT
(NODS)
Nick, why don't you go watch
some cartoons and mellow out?

NICK
You had me at 'cartoons'.
(DISAPPEARS)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

Anyway, it comes with a ceiling fan and a walk in closet. You and I share a bathroom, but it has two sinks and plenty of room for your stuff.

RJ

Sounds great.

SCOTT

(WALKING BACK TOWARD
LIVING ROOM)

So rent's \$500 all-inclusive. We smoke weed in the house, but if you smoke cigarettes, we need you to go outside for that.

RJ

Not a problem.

SCOTT

We're not the sort to require references, but you went through the trouble, we'll check them out.

RJ

I don't have references in the traditional sort, but I DO have this.

(PULLS OUT BLUNT)

NICK

My man! Can you move in today?
(HANDS RJ DOOR KEY)

RJ

Yeah, let's take care of this first though.

SCOTT

I second that.

CUT TO: Television set in living room. The channel is being changed over and over again.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CUT TO: Living room sitting area. Smoke is wafting in the air and the three guys are obviously stoned. Scott is holding the remote.

RJ

That's fuckin' hilarious man, I can't believe they suspended you for that.

NICK

I know, too bad you're not my boss.

RJ

So what are you going to do in the mean time?

NICK

You're pretty much looking at it. Anyway, Jack called an emergency meeting for tomorrow morning. I'll know whether or not to go job hunting soon enough.

SCOTT

(UNSATISFIED WITH TV,
PUTS REMOTE DOWN)

People at work are already taking bets.

NICK

Really? Here.

(PULLS OUT CASH)

Put me down for \$50 that they fire me.

RJ

Wait, you're betting AGAINST yourself?

NICK

Not really. See, if they don't fire me, I'm only out \$50, but I've still got my job. If they do fire me, then I'm out of a

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
job, but it's like collecting
another paycheck.

RJ
Clever fox.

SCOTT'S cell phone rings.

SCOTT
Hello? Yeah
(GESTURES "ONE MINUTE",
WALKS AWAY TO TAKE CALL)

RJ
So, do you guys gamble often
there?

NICK
A little here and there. We
mostly keep a daily pool to see
when Jack's wife, Bambi is going
to have one too many chardonnays
of the night and make an ass of
herself.

RJ
Her name's Bambi?

NICK
I think her real name is
Allyson, we call her Bambi
though.

RJ
I see.

NICK
She's a real blond-bombshell of
a trophy wife for Jack. Thanks
to breast implants and peroxide
bleach.

SCOTT
(RE-ENTERS)
Don't forget the blue contact
lenses she wears.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RJ

Is any part of her real?

SCOTT

Her alcoholism. That was work,
they need me to cover for one of
the servers tonight.

NICK

Really? They could have just
called me.

SCOTT

Very funny. Good thing I'm still
in uniform. I'll be home later.
Feel like tying one on at the
Stagger afterward?

NICK

Sounds like a plan.

(TO RJ)

You down?

RJ

Like four flats.

EXT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - DAY

SCOTT pulls into a parking space, exits his car and
walks in.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - DAY

BAMBI is standing at the host stand when SCOTT enters.

BAMBI

Thanks for coming in on such
short notice.

SCOTT

No biggie, I was still in
uniform anyway. Catherine's not
working tonight?

BAMBI

Jack gave her the night off
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BAMBI (cont'd)
since she came in this morning.
I'm running things tonight.

SCOTT
Oh, ok

BAMBI
I actually could have used one
other person for an eight-top
coming in at 7, but no one else
could make it in. Then of course
your oh-so-smart room mate had
to pull that stunt earlier today.

SCOTT
I know. That reminds me. Craig?

CRAIG
(WALKING UP TO SCOTT
AND BAMBI)
What's up?

SCOTT
Here's \$50. Put it on Nick to
get axed.

CRAIG
(COUNTING CASH)
You got it.
(WALKS AWAY)

BAMBI
Wait, you're betting AGAINST
your own room mate?

SCOTT
Any day of the week. Nick
actually placed that bet though.

BAMBI
Usually, the only people who bet
against themselves are those who
plan on throwing the fight. I
shudder to think about what
possible encore he plans to
ensure his termination.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

Short of digging up Jack's mom and having sex with her corpse on his desk, I can't imagine him out-doing himself this time. He's actually looking for a win-win out of this situation

BAMBI

(CATCHING ON)

Either keep his job, or win the bet.

SCOTT

When life hands you lemons...

BAMBI

...make lemon drop shot!

SCOTT

Something like that. Anyway, I'd better get to work.

BAMBI

Yeah, I've got to make up the tickets for our reservations tonight.

SCOTT and BAMBI part ways.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

A view to the front door shows NICK and RJ carrying cardboard boxes.

NICK

You kinda got that whole minimalist thing going on, don't you?

RJ

Well, I was living at the dorms on campus last semester. All I needed there were clothes and toiletries.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

School's been out for a couple of weeks now. You haven't been sleeping in your car have you?

RJ

Nah, nothing like that. My girlfriend let me crash at her place for a while.

NICK

You didn't just want to stay there? Don't get me wrong, we're stoked that you've living here, but when couples move in together, moving out signifies the end of that relationship.

RJ

No, no. I've already been down that road with another girlfriend. She and I had been together since high school and through all sorts of hardships, but we didn't last two months after living together.

NICK

That sucks man.

RJ

I barely saw it coming. She cleared out one Thursday evening while I was at work.

NICK

No shit...

RJ

The real kicker of it was her parents. They wouldn't lift one finger to help carry her heavy shit to our third-floor apartment, but as soon as she wants to come home? Not only did they come to help move her out,

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RJ (cont'd)
but they roped their neighbors
into helping too. Probably even
rented a moving van.

NICK
That's fucking twisted. Did you
ever see her again.

RJ
Yeah, she fell for my downstairs
neighbor's sister.

NICK
You mean brother.

RJ
Nope. She started dating women.

NICK
Nice. Come to think of it
though, I've emotionally stunted
two exes into lesbianism myself.

RJ
At least I'm not alone. Well,
that's the last of it.

NICK
Yep, you're officially moved in.
(CHECKS WATCH)
What do you want to do until
Scott gets off work?

RJ
(PONDERERS)
Wanna go screw with people over
at the Qual Mart?

NICK
I'm there.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - DAY

Full shot of the kitchen (BOH) showing a main kitchen
and an adjoining area for prep work, salads and deserts.
SCOTT enters the kitchen and heads to the adjoining area

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

to place an order. Cut to closer shot of adjoining area.

SCOTT

Amy, I need two Casear salads
with dressing on the side.

AMY

Coming right up.
(BEGINS MAKING SALADS)
How's it going out there?

SCOTT

So-so. You should see these two.
Completely mismatched pair.

AMY

Yeah?

SCOTT

He's a skinny Asian and she's a
huge black woman.

AMY

That IS an odd combination.
Maybe they make each other happy
though.

SCOTT

Or maybe his eyes are so
slanted, it's like looking at
her through a fun-house mirror.

AMY

(CONTAINING LAUGHTER)
That's fucked up.

SCOTT

I know. I'm going to hell, don't
pass go, don't collect \$200.
Straight to hell.

CARLA enters into frame.

CARLA

(NOSING INTO
CONVERSATION)
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CARLA (cont'd)
You know it doesn't HAVE to be
that way.

AMY and SCOTT simultaneously roll their eyes at one
another.

SCOTT
(SARCASTICALLY)
No?

CARLA
All you have to do is ask Jesus
into your heart and he'll
forgive all your sins.

SCOTT
That sounds great and all, but
I'm actually ok with the notion
of going to hell.

CARLA
(TAKEN BACK)
You are??

SCOTT
Yeah, I mean, heaven sounds
great and all, but I doubt God
would let me keep doing all the
fucked up stuff I enjoy here on
earth. Besides, sitting on a
cloud playing the harp for
eternity? I couldn't even figure
out the guitar.

CARLA
(SHRUGS)
Suit yourself
(DISAPPOINTED, WALKS
AWAY)

AMY
You're the worst.

SCOTT
She had it coming, preaching
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)
like I've never heard of
Christianity. At least I didn't
start faith-bashing her like
most non-believers.

AMY
Good point.

SCOTT
Besides, could you imagine
spending an eternity with her?
I'd be in hell either way.

AMY
Oh come now, she's kinda cute.

SCOTT
No thank you. I already have my
eye on someone else anyway.

AMY
Oh yeah? And what makes you
think she likes you back?

SCOTT
(STROKING CHIN)
Because of my roguishly good
looks.

AMY
Well it certainly wasn't your
modesty and humility.

SCOTT
So, you wanna come out with us
tonight?

AMY
I don't know. I'm not sure I'd
fit in with you front-of-the-
house types.

SCOTT
It could be totally decent,
besides, I happen to think you'd
fit in great.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AMY

I'll think about it. In the mean time, you'd better get these salads out to the love-birds.

SCOTT

(WALKING OUT OF THE KITCHEN WITH SALADS)

Yeah, I'd hate for them to get cold.

INT. QUAL MART - EVENING

NICK and RJ are walking around the store scouting random shoppers as they pass by. So far, nobody looks worthy of being messed with.

NICK

So, who do we mess with?

RJ

Give it time, we'll find the perfect target.

A portly woman comes out of an aisle wearing an all white out-fit (t-shirt, shorts) made of polyester. On the ass of the shorts is "Tweety Bird" with his arms crossed and a scowl on his face. "I got attitude" is printed above his head.

NICK

Check it out, she's got attitude.

RJ

She's got a fat ass is what she's got.

WOMAN

(OVERHEARING, INSULTED)

Well, I never!

NICK

Been on a diet? Amen to that!

WOMAN shuffles away angrily

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RJ

C'mon, don't be such a poor sport! Cute Tweety Bird toots!

NICK

More like Big Bird!

Simultaneous laughter ensues. From another aisle a man wearing earphones walks by with a shopping cart filled with cat-friendly items (food, litter, toys, etc.). RJ notices the man walking toward the checkout line and immediately recognizes, there is a God.

RJ

Perfect. Go get in line behind that guy.

NICK

Where are you going?

RJ

I'll be right back, I just had a great idea.

RJ and NICK part ways. Cut back and forth between an ever diminishing checkout line and RJ searching the store. NICK is constantly craning his neck around to see any signs of RJ. Finally, RJ finds what he needs and meets NICK back in line.

NICK

It's about time, he's next up and it's kind of weird standing in line with nothing to buy.

RJ

My bad dude, this place is too fucking large.

NICK

So what's the plan?

RJ shows NICK the jug of anti-freeze he picked up from the auto-motive aisle. NICK knows exactly the events to befall them

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

I like where this is headed.

CAT-LOVER has all of his stuff on the conveyor belt. After noticing how attractive his cashier is, he removes his headphones in hopes of striking up a conversation. He is oblivious to the fact that NICK and RJ have smuggled the coolant in among his things.

CASHIER

(RINGING ITEMS)

Just get a new kitten?

CAT-LOVER

Actually, I just moved into the neighborhood and I noticed a couple of strays that I wanted to take care of.

CASHIER

That is SO sweet!

CAT-LOVER

You're too kind. So uh, a guy new to this area could use someone to show him around...

CASHIER

Yeah? Well, my shift ends in an hour, you wanna go get a drink over at the--

(PICKS UP COOLANT)

What the hell?

(SHOVES COOLANT IN CAT-LOVER'S FACE)

THIS is your idea of 'taking care' of those strays?

CAT-LOVER

It's not mine, I swear!

CASHIER

You make me sick

(PICKS UP ANNOUNCEMENT PHONE)

Security to checkout lane 6 please!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Security officers promptly arrive to question the man. He protests saying phrases like "it's not mine!" "this is a mistake" "you've got to believe me" etc. NICK and RJ leave the scene as calmly as possible.

EXT. QUAL MART PARKING LOT - EVENING

NICK and RJ, once out of the store, let their laughter out.

RJ
(WIPING A TEAR FROM HIS
EYE)
Oh man, that was classic!

NICK
(CATCHING BREATH)
I can't believe I haven't
thought of this before. C'mon,
Scott should be getting off soon.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - NIGHT

The restaurant has just let out it's remaining guests. The front of the house (FOH) staff is cleaning and resetting for the next day (restaurant closed tomorrow). Scott is bringing freshly washed bar glasses to the bar.

CRAIG
Thanks for helping me man.

SCOTT
Yeah well, it's not like there's
much to do out there
(MOTIONS TO DINING ROOM)
How'd you do tonight?

CRAIG
Not bad at first. Things went to
hell after those 8 showed up.

SCOTT
Big drinkers?

CRAIG
They had their share. Turns out,
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CRAIG (cont'd)

Bambi knew most of them. She retired herself from the host stand without telling me to keep and eye on the front.

SCOTT

Ouch.

CRAIG

You're telling me. We had four more reservations walking in so I was seating them with drink orders piling up.

SCOTT

Yeah, I kinda noticed that you looked hurried.

CRAIG

At least you had sense enough to make your own drinks and not stand up here like a damn moron.

SCOTT

Yeah, I tried to make some drinks for the other server...

CRAIG

It wasn't even really them. The majority of my drink orders came from the 8, no 9 teetotalers sitting in our formal dining room.

SCOTT

Not surprising though if they were friends of Bambi. Alcoholics of a feather drink together.

CRAIG

Of course, if Nick had kept his shit together this morning, we wouldn't have even needed that drunk bitch tonight.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

True. I can't believe his
absence has sent the shockwaves
it has in only a few short hours.

CRAIG

Speaking of
shockwaves...incoming.

SCOTT quickly looks back to see BAMBI approaching. Cut
to shot of BAMBI staggering up, obviously intoxicated,
carrying an empty wine glass.

BAMBI

Top me up barkeep?

(CRAIG TAKES GLASS,

BEGRUDGINGLY)

Oh, and make sure you pour from
the silver label.

(TO SCOTT)

Thank you SO much for coming in
tonight. You really saved our
asses.

SCOTT

I'm always glad to help out and
make a buck at the same time.

BAMBI

You know...

(PUTS HAND ON SCOTT'S

ARM)

Jack's staying in tonight to
prepare for tomorrow's board
meeting. We were supposed to go
next door for dancing

(WHINING)

You don't want me dancing alone
over there, do you?

SCOTT

I appreciate the offer, but I'm
going to have to take a rain
check. I've got some errands to
run after work.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BAMBI

(DISAPPOINTED)

Oh, ok then.

(HOPEFULLY)

Maybe some other time then?

(TAKES WINE, TO CRAIG)

Thanks cutie

(WINKS, WALKS AWAY)

CRAIG

What ever happened to subtlety?

SCOTT

I know. Earlier, Carla was trying to secure me as a boyfriend in the afterlife, and Nick is cock-certain that Cathrine has a thing for him and me.

CRAIG

Not surprising, Cathy's in her sex prime. I can't begin to imagine how many times she's come onto me in the liquor closet. And Carla? Forget about it, she's fresh out of boarding school and probably never had a boyfriend in her life.

SCOTT

Kind of a sensory overload sort of thing?

CRAIG

Absolutely. And Bambi? Between drowning her liver, powdering her nose and her always working husband, she's just dying for attention anymore.

SCOTT

Nice. So tell me, Sigmund, what do you make of Amy?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CRAIG

Who's Amy?

SCOTT

She's our new salad girl. I think she preps in the morning also.

CRAIG

She cute?

SCOTT

Oh yeah.

CRAIG

So you're attracted to a girl who tosses salads for a living?

SCOTT

Fuck you.

CRAIG

Hey, maybe you're into that sort of thing. I don't judge.

AMY enters from kitchen.

AMY

Into what sort of thing?

SCOTT

Nothing, have you met Craig? He's our bar manager.

CRAIG

(EXTENDING HAND)

A pleasure

AMY

(RETURNING GESTURE)

Charmed

(TO SCOTT)

So...you talked me into coming out tonight and sitting next to you while I have A drink OR two. I have an 8AM yoga session

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AMY (cont'd)
before work tomorrow, so I'm not
going to be out late.

SCOTT
That's fine by me. I have an
errand that's about an hour out
of my way to the bar, though.

AMY
It's cool...I'm going to go home
and clean the smell of anchovies
off me.

SCOTT
Those Caesar salads practically
sold themselves, I didn't mean
to--

AMY
No, no. It's ok. Here
(HANDS NICK HER NUMBER)
Call me when you're done and if
I beat you there, I'll just hang
out.

SCOTT
I shouldn't be long.

AMY
Well, I'm leaving now, so I'll
see you.

SCOTT
Yeah, see you.

AMY walks out of the restaurant.

CRAIG
(ASSUREDLY)
She does yoga.

SCOTT
(AGREEINGLY)
She does yoga.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CRAIG
She's cute.

SCOTT
Told you.

CRAIG
So you really got stuff to do? I
thought you were just blowing
off Bambi gently.

SCOTT
Nope, it was rather convenient
though. Lemme use the phone back
there
(MOTIONING TO HIS CELL
PHONE)
This piece of shit won't hold
more than a 10 hour charge.

CRAIG
Sure thing, just dial '9' to get
out.

SCOTT picks up the phone and begins dialing.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The phone begins to ring. NICK enters from his bedroom
fresh from a shower, with a towel wrapped around him in
a 'woman-style' fashion. He answers the phone. Cut back
and forth between the LIVING ROOM and RESTAURANT during
dialog.

NICK
If you're calling about the
room, it's been filled.

SCOTT
No, it's Scott. Glad you guys
haven't left yet?

NICK
(INSPECTING NAILS)
Not yet. What's up?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

Can you bring my car charger with you tonight? My phone's dead.

NICK

Shouldn't your car charger be IN your car?

SCOTT

Not that I can get any favors done without answering subsequent questions, but I took it out of my car when I had it detailed. Remember? When you spilled the strawberry shake on the floor 45 minutes later?

NICK

So, that charger's in your bedroom?

SCOTT

Yeah. I'm getting out of here in another 10 minutes, but I've got stuff to do before I come home and clean up. So just go ahead without me and look out for Amy. It's by the skin of my teeth that I got her to come out tonight and I don't want her leaving before I get there.

NICK

You can count on me.

SCOTT

Barely, but you'll have to do.
(HANGS UP)

CRAIG

So, is it so much of a stretch to ask what this 'errand' is?

SCOTT

Can't tell you. Might jinx the
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT (cont'd)
whole goddamn thing. By the way,
do you have any more to-go
baggies back there?

CRAIG
Sure...sandwich size?

SCOTT
Better go with the gallon.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK is still on the phone, unaware that SCOTT has hung
up on him.

NICK
...and there was the that one
time when--

OPERATOR
*I'm sorry, if you'd like to
make a call--*
(NICK HANGS UP)

RJ enters from his bedroom.

RJ
Nice towel.

NICK
Yeah, I'm kinda shy until I get
to know you.

RJ
(SIZING NICK UP)
That's great and all, but I can
still see your balls.

NICK
Lemme just get dressed then
(WALKS INTO BEDROOM)
That was Scott. He said he's got
something he just HAS to do
tonight.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RJ

Is he going to make it out?

NICK

Yeah, he'll just be a bit late.

RJ

Oh, that's cool. I just got off the phone with my girlfriend, and she has to stay and close tonight. So she won't be there until later anyway.

NICK

Fair enough, I gotta make a quick phone call

RJ

Gotcha.

RJ sits down on the couch to begin rolling a joint.

INT. JACK'S MANSION - NIGHT

BRITTANY is strolling down an elegant hallway when her cell phone rings. Cut back and forth during dialog.

BRITTANY

Hello?

NICK

Hey doll face.

BRITTANY

Oh, hey Nick. Sorry I didn't call, something came up and it slipped my mind.

NICK

No biggie. I was just calling to see if you wanted to come out with me tonight.

BRITTANY

Gee, I'd love to, but I've just got some 'girl-stuff' to do tonight.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Ok, that's cool. I'll tell you about the wake later then.

BRITTANY

Oh, how'd it go?

NICK

Interesting, but I'll tell you all about it later. Over the phone just doesn't do it justice.

BRITTANY

Ok, well have fun tonight, but not too much fun. and stay away from ficus plants.

NICK

You got it.
(HANGS UP)

Cut back to JACK'S MANSION. BRITTANY has come down the stairs to meet JACK just as she is getting off her phone. JACK is sitting on a love seat in front of a roaring fire with an open bottle of wine and two glasses on a nearby table.

JACK

Who was that?

BRITTANY

Oh, no one.

BRITTANY sits down next to JACK. JACK pours a glass of wine and hands it to BRITTANY.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK walks back into the LIVING ROOM from his BEDROOM, this time, completely dressed.

NICK

I just got off the phone with Britt, she can't make it out tonight. Says she's got 'girl-stuff' to do.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RJ

Ever notice how 'girl-stuff' is this all-encompassing, half-assed explanation for the behind the scenes of women?

NICK

Kind of like 'witch-craft'

RJ

Or 'God'.

(HOLDS UP JOINT)

One for the road?

NICK

We're at a rare point to be fashionably late, so let's smoke it here and uh

(HOLDS UP ANOTHER JOINT)

One for the road?

RJ

Nice. Turns out, great minds really do think alike.

NICK

(LIGHTING JOINT)

They certainly do.

INT. JACK'S MANSION SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK and BRITTANY are sitting by the fire, enjoying the wine and the soft music playing the background.

JACK

I'm pleasantly surprised you could come over tonight. I feel like it's been ages.

BRITTANY

Yeah well, you're always with your wife. You know she and I don't mix.

JACK

I wish you'd give her a chance.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JACK (cont'd)

We could all get together one Sunday for a wine and dine. I bet you'd discover that you two have a lot in common. We could see where the night takes us.

BRITTANY

That, or you just leave your wife.

JACK

You know that I can't afford that. And can't you try calling her 'mom'?

BRITTANY

Not on your life, Dad.

JACK

Oh well, it's good to see you anyway, Peanut.

BRITTANY

So how was work today?

JACK

It went smoothly for the first few hours. Then this bartender, Nick puts a very expensive foot in his mouth.

BRITTANY

(SEARCHING TO PAIR NAME AND FACE)

Nick...Nick...that's the dark haired boy with the facial hair, right?

JACK

Yeah, that's him. I had to call the board together tomorrow and miss out on a tee time with the mayor because I can't fire him without consent, thanks to a little clause your grandfather wrote into his will.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BRITTANY
(EMPATHIZING)
Oh Daddy
(HUGS)
I'm sorry. Maybe you could just
make him clean pools for a month
of Sundays. You wouldn't need a
board approval for that, would
you?

JACK
No, I suppose not. But why
should I do that punk any favors?

BRITTANY
Because Daddy...
(BASHFULLY)
He's kind of cute.

JACK
(CONCERNED)
Oh no, I don't want you mixing
in with him. You're too sweet to
be corrupted by his kind.

BRITTANY
Don't worry Daddy. I'm sure I
can tame him. That way, you can
keep your golf game.

JACK
I don't know...

BRITTANY
Tell you what. How about I bring
him by next Sunday for dinner.
All FOUR of us. I'll give Bam--I
mean, Allyson a chance if you
give Nick a chance.

JACK
(CONSIDERS)
Ok, you got a deal. I'll call
off the meeting and call the
mayor.
(HANDSHAKE)
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JACK (cont'd)

But only for you Peanut, I'm not doing him any favors.

BRITTANY

And I'm not doing Allyson any favors. I'm doing this for you.

EXT. STAGGER INN - NIGHT

NICK and RJ pull up to the bar and begin to walk inside.

INT. STAGGER INN - NIGHT

GARRETT and ALEX are sitting at the bar, drinking and watching muted sports on the television when NICK approaches with RJ.

GARRETT

Well well, if it ain't Nick, the silver-tongued prick.

NICK

That's a good one. You two spend the day thinking that one up and flip a coin to see who got to say it?

ALEX

You know it.

NICK

Kind of like how you meat-gazers flip to see who plays 'pitcher' and 'catcher' each night?

(ACKNOWLEDGES BARTENDER)

Let me get a beer

(TO RJ)

What are you having?

RJ

Same.

BARTENDER disappears.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GARRETT

Very funny asshole, who's your friend?

NICK

This is our new room mate, RJ. Brittany introduced us.

RJ exchanges handshakes and pleasantries with GARRETT and ALEX. BARTENDER returns with beers.

ALEX

So you know Brittany?

RJ

(TAKING BEER)

Yeah, I think we're second cousins through marriage. She hangs out a lot with my younger sister.

GARRETT

That's how some Penthouse letters start out.

(CLICKS BEERS WITH ALEX IN AGREEMENT)

RJ

I'd drink to that, but you've obviously never met my sister.

NICK

Not so much with the looks, is she?

RJ

I mean, she's cute in the face, but she's a healthy girl.

NICK, GARRETT and ALEX exchange looks.

GARRETT

How healthy?

RJ

Alright, she's a big girl. Deuce, deuce-n-a-half maybe.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ALEX

She doesn't work at the zoo by chance, does she?

RJ

Yeah, she and her friend Karen are animal feeders there. How'd you know?

GARRETT

I think Scott and I--
(JEFF GETS ELBOWED BY NICK)

NICK

We saw her up here the other night with Brittany.

RJ

Oh, well that makes sense, they're often out and about together.

GARRETT

You don't say.

RJ gives GARRETT a puzzled look. ALEX decides to change the subject.

ALEX

So Nick, tell us about YOUR morning. Did you get fired yet?

NICK

Boy, word travels fast. No, I didn't get fired...yet. Jack's holding a board meeting tomorrow to decide my fate.

ALEX

Well then, I say we drink to that!

GARRETT

Bartender!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARTENDER

Here you go
(POURS 4 SHOTS)

GARRETT

Wow, how'd you know?

BARTENDER

Are you kidding me? You and your friends are putting my kids through college. It pays to anticipate your intoxicational needs.

NICK

(PASSING AROUND SHOTS)
'Intoxicational needs' I like that. I might steal that from you.

BARTENDER

Just give credit where credit is due.

NICK

You got it.
(TOASTING)
To our intoxicational needs!

ALEX

And Nick's stay of execution!

Glasses click, shots are taken, glasses are stacked.

GARRETT

So, where's Scott?

NICK

Dunno.
(CHECKS WATCH)
He got off work about a half-hour ago, but he said he had some errand to take care of.

GARRETT

Did he say what?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK
I didn't ask.

CRAIG and JAMIE enter.

CRAIG
Well, I did ask, and he wouldn't
tell me anything.

NICK
It's about damn time. You two
just missed out on a round of
shots.

CRAIG
Jamie had a late class. I'm sure
it's not the last of the night
though.

NICK
That it surely is not. Meet RJ,
our new room mate.

JAMIE
So YOU filled Kyle's room?

RJ
Uh, yeah. No one told me his
name though.

JAMIE
What DID Nick and Scott tell you
about him?

RJ
Well, I know that he died
recently.

JAMIE
Did they go into the details?

RJ
No, not really.

NICK
It's all a bit too soon for us.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
Jamie, can I talk to you for a
minute over there?

JAMIE
Sure thing Nick.
(TO CRAIG)
Honey?

CRAIG
Baybreeze. Got it.

JAMIE
You're the greatest.

NICK and JAMIE walk to the other side of the bar to talk
more privately. Cut to other side of bar with view of
"THE GANG" in the background.

JAMIE
What's on your mind?

NICK
I wish you'd quit trying to toss
me under the bus like that?

JAMIE
Why Nick, what ever do you mean?

NICK
Don't give me that. You've been
busting my balls ever since Kyle
died.

JAMIE
Well excuse the hell out of me
if I'm the ONLY person who isn't
acting like nothing has
happened. It's only been 4 days,
Christ, Kyle's ashes are
probably still warm.

NICK
Look, we didn't kill him. His
death was the line that
separated our prank from either
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
being a masterpiece payback, or
a tragic mistake.

JAMIE
So now you're just the unlucky
victim of circumstance?

NICK
I'm not saying that, but can you
just cool it a bit?

JAMIE
And why should I?

NICK
Because Craig doesn't know
Madelynne isn't his.

JAMIE
You wouldn't!

NICK
Yeah? Well, I didn't think you'd
do what you've been doing lately.

JAMIE
(EYING NICK)
Ok, I'll bite my tongue, but you
keep your damn mouth shut about
Maddie. Craig loves her.

NICK
Ok, you got it. My lips are
sealed.

NICK and JAMIE begin walking back toward THE GANG.

JAMIE
You know, for the life of me I
don't know why I'm so nice to
you sometimes.

NICK
My boyish charm and devil-may-
care attitude about life?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JAMIE
More likely it's because you're
my little brother and I still
feel a bit responsible for you.

NICK
(SARCASTICALLY)
Aw, thanks big sissy!

JAMIE glares at NICK

CRAIG
(HANDS JAMIE DRINK)
So what was that about?

JAMIE
Just sibling talk.

CRAIG
Oh.
(TO NICK)
Scott isn't in any rush to get
here is he?

NICK
Apparently not. He'd better get
his ass up here soon though, or
he's gonna have quite a lot of
catching up to do.

EXT. MS. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bird's eye view of SCOTT pulling up to a house in a
suburban neighborhood. Several houses have their lights
off, indicating that most people have gone to bed,
despite the early hour. SCOTT exits his vehicle and
knocks on the door. Cut to tighter shot of the door as a
woman answers.

SCOTT
Ms. Mitchell?

The woman slams the door in his face. He knocks again,
she answers again.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

Ms. Mitchell, if you'd just
listen for a--

MS. MITCHELL

No, you listen! You think you
can just do that to my boy and
have me turn my cheek about it??

SCOTT

Ma'am it's not our fault that he
died.

MS. MITCHELL

No, but thanks to your little, I
had to have my baby cremated.

SCOTT

Well, you didn't have to, it
could have been very nice as a
closed-casket funeral.

(GRIMACES AT PUTTING
HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH)

MS. MITCHELL

Like that's how I want my son
remembered.

SCOTT

Wouldn't it have been better
than a jar of ashes and a bunch
of blown-up pictures?

MS. MITCHELL

Why you smug little son of
a...get off my property before I
call the police!

(SLAMS DOOR)

SCOTT

Ms. Mitchell? Ms. Mitchell!
Goddammit.

SCOTT starts walking back to his car, defeated.
Suddenly, noises begin coming from the bushes of the
Mitchell's house.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PAIGE
Psst! Psst!

SCOTT looks around for the source of the sound.

PAIGE
(WHISPEREDLY)
Scott!

SCOTT spies a dark figure at the side of the Mitchell's home.

SCOTT
(SQUINTING)
Paige?

PAIGE
Shh!
(MOTIONING)
Come here.

SCOTT looks around, and sneaks over toward PAIGE. Cut to side of the house. Dialog comes in whispered tones.

PAIGE
What the hell are you doing here?

SCOTT
I was just looking for some closure. I feel like I never got a real chance to say 'goodbye' to Kyle. I guess I've been in denial about the reality of it all.

PAIGE
But why so late at night?

SCOTT
I've been working all day.

PAIGE
Yeah well, you're cutting it a little close, don't you think?

SCOTT gives PAIGE a puzzled look.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PAIGE
(ROLLS EYES)
We're having the memorial
service tomorrow.

SCOTT
And?

PAIGE
And it's a seaside memorial.
Grandpa's ashes were spread at
sea and since Kyle can't be
buried next to Dad, he might as
well be scattered in the ocean.

SCOTT
That certainly explains why your
mom got so upset with me.

PAIGE
Yeah, I heard. You know you
could be a bit more sensitive
after killing her only son.

SCOTT
(RAISES VOICE)
We didn't kill him!

PAIGE
Will you keep your voice down?!
(MOTIONS)
Now come on before you wake the
whole damn neighborhood.

PAIGE leads SCOTT around the back of the house.

INT. MEMORIAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with pictures of Kyle at various
stages of his life, as well as several bouquets of
flowers. At the center of the room is a table with a
decorative urn.

PAIGE
(POINTING)
There he is.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

I can't believe it. Kyle, flesh
and blood, reduced to mere ashes
and stuck inside a jar.

PAIGE

You want me to give you some
time alone?

SCOTT

Would you? Nobody should see
this.

PAIGE

Of course, I'll be right outside
if you need me.

SCOTT

Thanks.

PAIGE walks out of the room and quietly closes the door.

SCOTT

Hey man, it's Scott. Nick
doesn't know I'm here. I'm not
ready to tell him.

(SIGHS)

Boy this is weird. Who knows,
what happens when we die. I
mean, you do, but you're not
talking.

(WEAK SNICKER)

That was a terrible joke, I'm
sorry. I guess whether you're in
heaven, you've been
reincarnated, or your energy has
been otherwise disbursed
throughout the galaxy, I just
wanted you to be in a better
place.

SCOTT pulls the gallon to-go baggie from his pocket.
Rather than being empty, it appears to be filled with
ashes. SCOTT swaps Kyle's ashes with the ashes in the
urn, and begins walking toward the door.

CUT TO: Hallway where PAIGE has been waiting. SCOTT

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

quietly exits the room, rubbing his eyes, feigning that he's been crying.

PAIGE

How did it go?

SCOTT

Better than I thought it would.
I said my peace and I feel oddly
closer to Kyle than I've ever
been.

PAIGE

Well that's good sweetie.

SCOTT

Thank you for being so kind, I
know this must be a difficult
time. How can I make it up to
you?

PAIGE

How about taking me out sometime?

SCOTT

You're cute as a damn button and
I'd love to, but let's wait a
couple of years or so. I've put
your mother through enough
lately. Dating her daughter
before she's legal might make
you the last of the Mitchell
clan.

PAIGE

(POUTY)

Oh, alright. But I'm gonna hold
you to it.

SCOTT

It's a deal.

PAIGE

No, it's a date.

INT. STAGGER INN - NIGHT

Back at the bar, SCOTT is still M.I.A. The GANG continues to have a good time, regardless. AMY enters the bar "dressed up." And scans for SCOTT

ALEX

...so then I said, "just put him out and keep driving."

GARRETT

(NOTICING AMY)

Holy shit. Get a load out of that long-legged drink of water that just walked in.

CRAIG

Whoa.

(WHISTLES)

JAMIE

Do you mind not ogling women while I'm sitting right here?

CRAIG

Sorry baby.

JEFF

(NUDGING)

Go talk to her Alex.

ALEX

I'd love to, but between arm-wrestling God and finding the g-spot, I'm full up on futile efforts. YOU go talk to her.

NICK

Settle down boys, I'll take care of this one.

GARRETT

I got ten that says you're blown off in 5 minutes.

JAMIE

I got twenty.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Normally, I'd take your money,
but I've got an unfair advantage
on this one so save your cash.

NICK gets up and strolls over to AMY who is sitting on
the other side of the bar playing a bar-top video game.

NICK

(CHANGING VOICE)

So, come here often?

AMY

(WITHOUT TAKING EYES
OFF GAME)

Not interested, I'm meeting
someone here.

NICK

Well, I don't see him around.
C'mon lemme by you a drink.

AMY

Not interested.

NICK

C'mon baby, just gimme a chance.
You'll want to lose that zero
and get with this hero.

AMY

(AGGRAVATED, SPINNING
AROUND)

Look pal, what part of 'not
interested' don't you--

NICK

Hey gorgeous, mind if I sit?
(SITS DOWN)

AMY

You're a real bastard, you know
that?

NICK

I thought you'd get a kick out
of it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AMY

You almost got a kick out of it.

NICK

Glad I dodged that bullet then.
How come you didn't come sit
with us?

AMY

I didn't see you over there.
When I didn't see Scott around,
I figured I'd just kill time
with this thing.

NICK

Well, you can always come sit
with us now.

AMY

I dunno...I was telling Scott
earlier that I don't really get
along with you front of the
house types.

NICK

What? I'm not enough of a buffer
zone?

AMY

Not even close.

NICK

Fair enough, I can hang out here.

AMY

No really, go hang out with your
friends.

NICK

Well, as it turns out, I haven't
been such a good person. So I'm
trying to earn my wings.

AMY

Elaborate.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Well...

Cut back to the GANG.

GARRETT

I don't fucking believe it,
she's WAY out of his league.

ALEX

She didn't look interested at
first, I wonder what he could
have said to gain HER time of
day.

RJ

'I have 9 inches and a
bottomless bank account'?

JAMIE

Right? It'd be true if he meant
'pennyless' and he were
measuring from his asshole.

Laughter ensues.

CRAIG

Another round of shots?

ALEX

Do you really need to ask?

RJ

Think we should grab Nick?

JAMIE

Nah, screw him. He's a big boy.
Let him get his own damn shot if
he's going to hang over there
all night.

Cut back to NICK and AMY

AMY

That all sounds pretty awful.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

It does. I'm still not THAT bad
of a guy, right?

AMY

You tell me. Afterall, you ONLY
mummy-wrapped your dead friend
and then set your other friend
up with a porker who may or may
not be your new room mate's
younger sister.

NICK

Well, when you put it that way...

(NICK CRANES HIS HEAD
TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR)

Where the hell is Scott?

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bird's eye view of Scott hurrying out of the apartment
and into his car. He speeds away. Cut to interior of car
as SCOTT begins dialing into his cell phone.

INT. STAGGER INN - NIGHT

NICK'S phone begins to ring. He takes his phone from his
pocket and inspects it. During phone conversation, but
back and fourth during dialog.

NICK

Talk about timing.

AMY

Must have heard us talking about
him.

NICK

(ANSWERS)

Hello?

SCOTT

Nick, did Amy get there yet?

NICK

Yeah, I saw her walking in just
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
a bit ago. Better hurry though,
some alpha has been chatting her
up the whole time.

SCOTT
Yeah well, you don't register as
a threat to me.

NICK
What makes you think it's me?

SCOTT
You mean aside from the fact
that I sent you there with that
specific mission?

NICK
...I thought your phone was dead.

SCOTT
It was. It's still dying, but I
came home and charged it a bit
while I cleaned up.

NICK
Oh, so that's what taking you.

SCOTT
Well, I've only been wearing my
uniform all day AND worked a
double. Besides, I'd like to
show Amy I do have clothes of my
own.

NICK
Good point. I brought your
charger so you can get it out of
RJ's car when you get here.

SCOTT
Great. I'm almost there.
(HANGS UP)

NICK
So we're even right? Hello?
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK (cont'd)
(CLOSES PHONE)
That's the second time today
he's hung up unannounced.

AMY
Lover's quarrel?

NICK
Not exactly. I just don't know
he's off the phone so I keep
talking like a damn idiot.

AMY
You poor thing.

NICK
You don't know the half of it.
Anyway, he'll be here in a few
minutes. Wanna go over and have
a shot with us? We may seem like
a rag-tag bunch of miscreants,
but we aren't so back once you
get to know us.

AMY
(CONSIDERING)
What the hell, you talked me
into it.

NICK and AMY walk over to unite with the GANG.

GARRETT
Nice of you to grace us with
your presence Nick. Afraid we'd
scare off your prospective
nookie?

NICK
Guys, meet Amy. She's new to our
little family over at the Club.
This is Jeff, Jamie, Alex and
Craig.

As he introduces each one, they give nods and waves.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CRAIG

I thought I recognized you...you look...different.

AMY

Thanks, I'll take that as a compliment.

ALEX

How come I haven't seen you around?

GARRETT

Yeah, me neither.

NICK

Probably because you two only have eyes for each other.

AMY

That's not nice. Actually, I keep my hair tucked into that ball cap and my chef's coat isn't exactly flattering.

ALEX

(HAS EPIPHANY)

Oh yeah....I've seen you

(TO GARRETT)

Remember that prep person you thought was an effeminate guy?

(MOTIONS TO AMY)

GARRETT

You?

(AMY NODS)

Oh thank God, I thought I was going gay finding you attractive.

AMY

Glad I could make it out tonight and straighten you out.

GARRETT

I'll say.

CUT TO: shot of front door. SCOTT is entering, but stops

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

as a woman approaches to enter and holds the door for her.

WOMAN

Thank you, it's so rare to see chivalry in this--

(RECOGNIZES SCOTT)

You!

SCOTT

(RETORTING)

You.

WOMAN

What are you doing here? Haven't filled your quota for stiffed bartenders today?

SCOTT

What about you? Haven't eavesdropped on enough conversations at your own bar, you have to come here?

Cut back to the GANG as they're finishing their shot.

GARRETT

Hey...Scott's here...and it looks like he can't make it in the door without arguing with someone.

NICK

(RECOGNIZING GIRL)

Oh shit. Guys, I'll be back. Entertain Amy.

NICK approaches SCOTT and the BARTENDER from earlier in the day as they are arguing. The woman instantly recognizes NICK.

WOMAN

Fuck, you?

NICK

(RETORTING)

Fuck you too.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WOMAN

What? Is there an asshole
convention going on here?

Cut back to the GANG as they are now more interested in
what is going on between NICK, SCOTT and the WOMAN.

ALEX

Now Nick's getting into it.

CRAIG

Anyone have a clue who they're
arguing with?

RJ

(RECOGNIZES WOMAN)

Oh shit.

(GETS UP TO APPROACH)

Cut back to argument with ad-libbed and/or indiscernable
remarks.

RJ

Evylin?

EVYLIN

(TURNING FROM ARGUMENT)

RJ?

NICK and SCOTT exchange puzzled looks.

NICK

You two know each other?

RJ

Guys, this is Evylin. My
girlfriend.

EVYLIN

(TO RJ)

You know these two?

RJ

Yeah, they're my new room mates.
How do you know them?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

EVYLIN
These are the two non-tipping
assholes I told you about.

Several seconds of silence pass.

NICK
Oh, what are the fucking odds?!

EVYLIN
(GLARING AT NICK, TO RJ)
Let's go honey. I'm suddenly in
the mood for some really angry
sex.

RJ
Sorry guys, angry sex doesn't
come around often.
(HANDS CASH TO COVER
HIS TAB)
Give everyone my best.
(WALKS OUT)

SCOTT
Wait! Don't go yet!

NICK
Yeah, I gotta get Scott's
charger out of his car.

EVYLIN
I was wondering who's that was
in his car. Hang on.

EVYLIN fishes into her purse, as if to retrieve the car
charger. Instead, she pulls out her middle finger.

EVYLIN
Karma's a bitch, ain't it?
(WALKS OUT)

Stunned, NICK and SCOTT start walking back toward the
GANG.

NICK
Yeah, if her middle name is
'Karma'.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

Good one.

ALEX

What was that all about?

NICK

Long story.

JAMIE

The punchline being that you two are assholes. C'mon Craig. Scott, sorry we're leaving as you're getting here, but we gotta go relieve our sitter.

CRAIG and JAMIE pay their tab and leave.

ALEX

Actually, Garrett and I are out too. We're getting up early and going surfing.

GARRETT

Yeah, the best waves are a three hour drive away.

GARRETT and ALEX settle up their tab and leave.

NICK

Nice of everyone to leave as you're getting here.

SCOTT

I know, do I smell or something?

AMY

I happen to think you smell fine.

SCOTT

Amy, you look great. I meant to say that sooner, but that scene back there threw me off balance.

AMY

It's ok. What WAS that all about?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT

It's a long story.

NICK

Yes it is. And you'll have plenty of privacy to talk about it.

SCOTT

You're not staying?

NICK

Nah, between what just happened and my impending termination I'm not much in a drinking mood. Here.

(HANDS SCOTT HIS PHONE)

Mine's got a full charge. I'll take yours and plug it up when I get home.

SCOTT

Don't you need a ride?

NICK

Nah, it's nice out. I think I'll hoof it. You kids behave now. Amy, always a pleasure.

AMY

You too, Nick.

NICK pays his tab and then leaves.

SCOTT

So...now what?

AMY

Let's just play it by ear.

Camera pulls back to a full shot of the bar as SCOTT and AMY are talking. Soon, they become just another two elements in the ever bustling bar.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Scene opens to nothing but blackness. The sound of a

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

phone ringing several times can be heard. Finally, Nick answers the phone.

NICK
(DROWSY)
H...Hello?

JACK
(THROUGH PHONE)
Nick, it's Jack. If you value any chance of keeping your job, you'll be knocking on my office door in fifteen minutes.

Blackness opens up to NICK'S bedroom. NICK flies out of bed, throws on the first clothes he sees and runs into the kitchen and starts writing on a mini-board on the fridges. He reads the message out loud as he writes.

NICK
Scott, had to borrow your car. Emergency. Be home soon. Will explain then. -Nick.

NICK grabs his keys and bolts out the door.

EXT. CLUB MONUMENTAL PARKING LOT - MORNING

NICK exits SCOTT'S car and runs inside.

INT. CLUB MONUMENTAL UPSTAIRS - MORNING

NICK sprints upstairs to the door, takes a minute to collect himself and knocks on the door. JACK answers.

JACK
Nick...
(CHECKS WATCH)
Just made it. Let's take a walk.

EXT. CLUB MONUMENTAL - MORNING

Outside of the restaurant, NICK and JACK are walking in silence.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JACK

Nick, do you know how close your balls were to the chopping block?

NICK

Jack I--

JACK

That was a rhetorical question, save your breath. This establishment has been in my family for over 100 years. Passed down from generation to generation, this place has survived storms, infestations, embezzlements and even a bankruptcy. With that said, I'd anything to keep this place running and let nothing threaten my business.

(LOOKS SOLEMNLY)

Nothing.

JACK stops at three large swimming pools. NICK notices JACK has stopped and stops as well.

JACK

Beautiful aren't they?

(MOTIONING TO POOLS)

An Olympic sized pool with a 2 foot shallow end for the kiddies, extending all the way to 8 feet deep. A diving pool with a 12 foot end for shallow and medium dives and a 20 foot end for high divers and SCUBA certification. Finally, our freshwater pool. Devoid of any chlorine for sensitive swimmers. You know how these pools stay this beautiful?

SILENCE

JACK

Nick? That wasn't a rhetorical question.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

A um

(CLEARS THROAT)

A pool cleaner?

JACK

Very good. For the next month, every Sunday, you're going to be my pool cleaner. Oh, and that freshwater pool is a real bitch to keep clean, so you'll have to come in real early every Wednesday too so you can keep that one sparkling.

NICK

Jack, I don't know what to say. I mean, thank you for not firing me.

JACK

I didn't do this for you.

NICK gives JACK a puzzled look. NICK and JACK begin walking back to the restaurant.

JACK

No, if I had my way, you wouldn't even cross my mind anymore. But as it turns out, my daughter is quite

(SIGHS)

Enamored with you. I don't know why, one of life's little ironies I guess, but if you're what my little girl wants, then you're what my little girl gets. Now, next Sunday, you know after you've cleaned my pools, you're due at my house for dinner at 6:30. Lord knows I don't need you knowing where I live, but it's the only shot I have of my daughter having dinner in the same house as my wife.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Sunday, 6:30. Got it. Anything else?

JACK

Yeah. My little girl thinks she can tame you, but I know better. If you hurt her, at all, well, let's just say that I have plenty of properties to hide a body. Somehow you don't strike me as the 'picture on a milk carton' type.

BRITTANY runs up to JACK

BRITTANY

Daddy!

JACK

Peanut!

JACK and BRITTANY hug with JACK'S back to NICK. BRITTANY gives NICK a wink.

JACK

What great timing.
(INTRODUCING)
Nick, this is my daughter,
Brittany.

NICK

N...Nice to m...meet you.

BRITTANY

The pleasure's all mine.
(TO JACK)
Come on daddy, you promised
breakfast before your golf game.

JACK

(CHECKS WATCH)

Let's go honey.

JACK and BRITTANY start to walk away, JACK stops and turns back toward NICK.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JACK

Oh, you're back to your normal
schedule effective tomorrow. Now
get out of here

(LOOKS HIM UP AND DOWN)

You look like hell.

EXT. APARTMENT - MORNING

NICK pulls into the apartment complex with fast-food
breakfast and coffee. He walks into the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

NICK

(SPEAKING AS IF TO

ENTIRE APARTMENT)

Sorry I took your car without
asking. Jack called me over to
the Club and I didn't want to...

NICK stops short when RJ and EVYLIN walk out of his room
with re-packed boxes.

NICK

What the...is this because we
didn't tip your girlfriend?

RJ

Partly, but she told me about
your old room mate. How he lay
dying while you two wrapped him
in...duct tape?

NICK

He was already dead I'll have
you know.

EVYLIN

It really doesn't matter
anymore. He's already signed a
lease this morning.

RJ

Sorry guys. It's been real.
(TAKES LASTING LOOK AT
APARTMENT, LEAVES)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK closes the door, SCOTT enters.

NICK
RJ just moved out.

SCOTT
I know, he woke me up to me his
house key. Here's your phone,
thanks for letting me use it
last night.

NICK
How'd it go?

SCOTT
Not bad. We're going out again
Friday night.

NICK
Nice.

SCOTT
How'd your thing go with Jack?

NICK
Gotta clean the pools for a
month and date his daughter.

SCOTT
Ouch. Guess you lost the bet
then.

NICK
Still have my job, plus, get
this: Brittany's his daughter.

SCOTT
Crazy.

NICK
Indeed. Here's your keys. I got
breakfast.

NICK and SCOTT sit down to eat breakfast.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

You know, we're on a roll. We've lost two room mates in less than a week.

SCOTT

Oh, that reminds me.

SCOTT gets up from the table and walks into his bedroom.

SCOTT

(CALLING OUT)

Now, I was going to wait until your birthday, but in light of this morning's events...

(WALKS BACK INTO

KITCHEN)

Here.

SCOTT hands NICK a long roll of wrapped duct tape.

NICK

A bunch of duct tape? Wait, this didn't come off Kyle did it?

(DROPPING GIFT)

SCOTT

No

NICK

Oh, then what is it?

SCOTT

Well, wrapped inside that tape is a bag. And inside that bag are Kyle's ashes.

NICK

No fucking way, how'd you pull that off?

SCOTT

It took a carton of Luckies and now I can't walk 10 feet without getting winded, but Ms. Mitchell is giving 200 cigarettes a seaside memorial.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NICK

Really?

SCOTT

No, I emptied that big ash tray
at the front entrance of our
Club last night.

NICK

Your big errand?

SCOTT

Yep.

NICK

Clever bastard. Wrapping it in
duct tape wasn't a bad touch
either.

SCOTT

I thought you'd like that.

NICK

We still need another room mate.

SCOTT

We'll find one, even if we have
to interview a million people.

NICK

Right on man, right on.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Pull camera back on apartment, voices can still be heard
from the inside.

NICK

Hey Scott?

SCOTT

Yeah Nick?

NICK

You think if someone made a show
of our lives, that anyone would
want to watch it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SCOTT
I hope so Nick. I hope so.

NICK
Oh hey, you know Amy tosses
salads for a--

SCOTT
Craig beat you to it.

NICK
Damn.

FADE OUT

END PILOT