

(Talk To Me Baby)

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(Based on, If Any)

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE-DAY

There are couple people in the office walking around and sitting at desks. A **YOUNG MAN#1** in shirt, tie and slacks, has a box on his desk which is full of folders. The Young Man#1 puts some papers inside of an open folder on his desk. He shoves the folder inside the box with the rest of the folders and then **SIGHS**.

Young Man#1 looks at his watch.

YOUNG MAN#1  
Just in time for lunch.

The Young Man#1 gets up from his desk and picks up the box. A **MAN** walks over to the desk.

MAN  
Nice work Roger, I see you've finished with those files.

ROGER  
Yeah I just.....

The Man interrupts.

MAN  
Right right. I'm gonna need for you to do one more little thing for me.

ROGER  
But I was about to go....

The Man interrupts again, turns and gestures to someone.

MAN  
Good, hey bring it in guys.

Roger stands in shock as five guys bring five more boxes and stack them on his desk.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Now I'm gonna need you to go through and organize the files in these boxes. You think you can handle that?

Roger stands with a blank face.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Great, way to step up.

The Man looks at his watch then turns to the five guys.

MAN (CONT'D)

Well, it's about that time. What do you guys think about a nice juicy jumbo steak and a big blooming baked potato for lunch...on me?

Roger stomach growls as he licks his lips. The guys nod in agreement.

MAN (CONT'D)

Well alright, lets do it.

The guys and the Man walk away and Roger frowns. Suddenly the Man turns to Roger.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hey Roger.

Roger looks at the Man.

MAN (CONT'D)

I didn't forget about you big guy.

Roger looks at the Man excitedly.

MAN (CONT'D)

There's a little something on that table for you, just in case you get a little hungry.

Roger turns and looks at the table. There is old, crusty bread, rotting fruit, stale chips and a substance that looks like mush on the table. Roger frowns then turns towards the Man.

MAN (CONT'D)

Mmmmm good, enjoy!

The Man exits. Roger looks at the boxes on his desk then drops the box he's holding. Roger slowly begins to make a mean face. He brings his arm up in a praying/meditation type position.

Suddenly, Roger lets out a **YELP** and punches the boxes off of his desk. The other office people jump back nervously.

Roger looks around then begins walking towards the exit. The people continue to stare at Roger. Roger stops for a moment then stomps at a person. The person drops their papers as Roger exits the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD-DAY

It's a sunny day in a well kept yard area. A **YOUNG MAN#2**, who's clothes are soiled with dirt, works in the yard with a few other guys. The Young Man#2 has on goggles and uses an electric trimmer to trim the hedges.

A group of sexy girls walk by. As Young Man#2 turns trying to see the girls, he cuts the tops of some of the hedges. The girls begin to point and **LAUGH**.

He turns to see if the other guys have noticed. The other guys are staring at him. Young Man#2 stands with the trimmer in his hands and dirty goggles.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

An apartment of average size with little clean up. The walls are decorated with movie posters while the coffee and dining tables are covered in magazines and food wrappers. The room contains a TV and a few standing lamps.

Roger, dressed in his same shirt and tie sits on one end of the couch in his underwear while looking at the sports page and watching TV. Roger **HEARS KEYS RATTLING** in the front door, so he throws down the sports page and picks up the classifieds.

Young Man#2 enters the apartment dressed in a T-shirt and jeans which are soiled in dirt. He has mail in one hand. Roger looks at Young Man#2 and scrunches his face.

**ROGER**

Damn **CRAIG!** What the hell?

Craig **SIGHS**.

**CRAIG**

Landscaping.

**ROGER**

(laughing)

Landscaping whooped your ass.

Craig walks over to the dining table and tosses his keys down. Craig turns to Roger, takes a good look at him and takes a **DEEP BREATH**.

**CRAIG**

So, what was your mystery job today?

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'd guess something in an office building considering you have on **my** dress shirt and **my** favorite tie.

ROGER

Good guess. They said I needed to be a little dressy so, I borrowed a few things.

CRAIG

The shirt, that's fine but my favorite tie, come on man.

ROGER

(pointing at tie)  
This ugly thing?!

CRAIG

Out of all the ties I have you just happen to pick my favorite one.

Roger has a questioning look as he turns to Craig.

ROGER

You have two ties. In this apartment, **total**, there are only two ties!

CRAIG

That's right and they are both my ties!

Roger looks confused again

ROGER

Who cares what kind of ties they are!

CRAIG

What?!

ROGER

I had a fifty-fifty chance and I happened to pick your favorite tie...I'm sorry man, damn!

Craig looks totally confused.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Anyway, they had me in an office sorting files, that's full time work. And on top of that, they wanted me to work through lunch....shittin me.

Craig looks less confused but still focuses on Roger.

CRAIG  
I should still be mad at you, but  
you managed to confuse me.

ROGER  
Man shut up.

Craig begins sifting through the mail.

CRAIG  
Bill.

Craig tosses the letter. He looks at both sides of the next letter.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
A fancy looking bill.

Craig tosses the letter. Craig opens the next letter and studies it for a moment.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Uh oh.

ROGER  
What?

CRAIG  
The Ethiopian kid I sponsor needs  
more money but, I barely have  
enough for myself.

ROGER  
Guess little Shaka's gotta get a  
job.

CRAIG  
A job, he's just a kid. What kind  
of job can he get?

ROGER  
Hell I don't know. Maybe he could  
swat flies or some shit like that.

CRAIG  
Man that's crazy.

ROGER  
Whatever, sometimes the craziest  
shit reaps the biggest rewards.

CRAIG

Nah, I can't have Shaka swatting flies.

ROGER

Man he'll be fine. Look, it'll teach him responsibility.

CRAIG

Nah, I'll figure something out.

ROGER

Can't help everybody dude.

Craig tosses the mail on the dining table then goes and plops down on the couch. Roger looks at Craig with a frown on his face. Craig notices Roger looking at him.

CRAIG

What?

ROGER

Man, you're filthy.

CRAIG

And...

ROGER

And you're just gonna sit your dirty ass on the couch like it's not a problem?

Craig looks at his clothes and then looks at Roger.

CRAIG

How can you say that when you're sitting, basically, bare-assed on the couch?

Roger looks at his underwear on his bottom half.

ROGER

Man, I have on clean underwear, but you... you're just dirty.

CRAIG

(pointing at underwear)  
Come on, you really think that thin layered polyester-cotton blend is enough support?

Roger takes a **DEEP BREATH**.

ROGER

Fine, I'll go put on some bottoms.  
You go wash your filthy mcnasty  
ass, and that should solve the  
problem.

Craig gets off of the couch and begins to walk away. Suddenly  
he stops and turns towards Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What now?

CRAIG

Why I gotta be filthy mcnasty? I  
thought we were better than that  
man.

ROGER

Look, I'm telling you this as a  
friend. You're filthy, you're  
nasty, you're filthy mcnasty....now  
go wash your ass.

Roger shews Craig away. As Craig leaves, Roger tosses the  
classifieds and picks up the sports page again and begins  
reading.

CRAIG (O.S.)

Hey, you think you can get me a job  
at that office building you're at?

Roger continues to look at the paper as he responds.

ROGER

Ah, I don't think I'm the best  
person for that.

CRAIG (O.S.)

Why not, you work there don't you?

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER

I think **worked** there would be a  
better way to put it.

CRAIG (O.S.)

You got fired!

ROGER

Actually I quit, but I'm pretty  
sure by now I would have been fired  
anyway.



CRAIG (O.S.)  
Come on Roger! Well I guess that  
explains why you're looking at the  
classifieds.

Roger shakes the paper and smiles.

ROGER  
Yep.

CRAIG  
See anything worth checking out?

Roger glances over at the classifieds that he tossed earlier.

ROGER  
Nope, nothing in particular.

Craig peeks around the corner at Roger. Craig notices that Roger is reading the sports page and not the classifieds. Roger doesn't notice Craig.

CRAIG  
Are you sure? You mean there's  
nothing worth looking at?

ROGER  
(with a little attitude)  
No dude! I'm looking at them now  
and there is nothing worth looking  
at.

Craig fully enters from around the corner in shorts and a clean T-shirt.

CRAIG  
Since when does the classifieds  
cover sports?

Roger knows he's been caught reading the sports page by Craig but he tries to adjust.

ROGER  
(hesitant)  
Ahh, man I just picked up the  
sports page. I told you there was  
nothing in the classifieds.

Craig picks up the classifieds and throws them at Roger. Roger **LAUGHS** but Craig is not amused.

CRAIG  
Dude, this is serious. We can't  
just depend on day-labor forever.  
Shit man, we need real jobs.

Roger continues to **GIGGLE**.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Fuck it, I need a nap.

Craig walks away towards his bedroom.

ROGER  
Hey Craig, you're right man. I'm  
gonna take this thing more serious.

A **DOOR SLAMS** and Roger is startled a little when he hears it.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Yeah, you go ahead and take a nap  
and I'll just study these  
classified ads!

Roger picks up the classifieds and looks them over. He looks  
for a few seconds and gets frustrated.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Man, it aint shit in here. I might  
as well just....

Something in the classifieds catches Roger's attention. He  
rips out a section of the paper, grabs his keys and exits the  
apartment.

INSIDE VIEW OF THE APARTMENT DOOR AS ROGER EXITS THE  
APARTMENT.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
What the hell?!

A few seconds later Roger re-enters the apartment and picks  
up his pants.

ROGER  
I might need these.

Roger puts on his pants and shoes and exits the apartment  
again with the piece of paper.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

It's night when Craig exits his room from his nap. He **KNOCKS ON THE DOOR** of Roger's room but gets no answer. He walks into the living area and looks around. The living area is messy.

CRAIG

This is ridiculous. Two grown,  
supposedly, mature adults living  
like dirt rats.

Craig begins to clean up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Filthy mcnasty. He calls me filthy  
mcnasty but I'm the one who **always**  
ends up doing the cleaning.

As Craig continues to clean he notices the classifieds on the floor and that there is a piece missing. He picks it up, examines it, shakes his head and throws it away. Craig gets more frustrated while he continues to clean.

As he cleans, Craig begins **SINGING A SONG** to express his anger for Roger.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(tune of twinkle twinkle)  
Rogers a filthy SOB/ and he's the  
real filthy mcnasty/ he takes my  
tie, my shirt, my clothes/ and  
that's why he's a big asshole.

Craig begins to **GIGGLE** at his song writing skills. He continues to **HUM** the tune while cleaning.

Roger enters the apartment, and to his surprise, Craig is cleaning and **HUMMING**. Roger is confused.

ROGER

So...what's up man?

CRAIG

(friendly)  
Oh nothing, just doing a little  
straightening up roomie.

ROGER

(still confused)  
Yeah, but what's with the humming?  
It's kind of creepy.

Craig **LAUGHS**. Roger looks even more confused.

CRAIG  
Creepy? No, as a matter of fact,  
it's a little tune I composed **just**  
**for you.**

Roger smiles and stands tall.

ROGER  
Oh really, well let's hear it.

CRAIG  
With pleasure.

Craig **CLEARs HIS THROAT** to begin singing.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(tune of twinkle twinkle)  
Rogers a filthy SOB/ and he's the  
real filthy mc nasty/ he takes my  
tie my shirt my clothes/ and that's  
why he's a big asshole.

Craig has a huge smile on his face as he finishes his song.  
Roger looks at Craig with a blank stare.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(nodding his head)  
Now, how do you like that?

Roger takes in a deep breath and **RELEASES IT** while rubbing on  
his chin.

ROGER  
That's it? That's your diss song?

CRAIG  
(talking like a rapper)  
Yeah, that's it homie. What up  
though? I hope you like beef, cause  
you just got served.

ROGER  
You're an idiot.

Craig puts his hands up in defense.

CRAIG  
(talking like a rapper)  
Hold up, hold up 'G'. We can keep  
this civil, or we can go to the  
streets.

ROGER  
Oh, so you're a gangster now?

CRAIG  
(talking like a rapper)  
You already know cuz.

Roger looks at Craig and **LAUGHS**.

ROGER  
Man, you're wack.

Craig has a surprised look on his face after Roger's comment.

CRAIG  
Oh I'm wack? So whatcha saying  
'G'...

Craig steps towards Roger.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
You wanna battle?

Craig and Roger stand face to face for a few seconds with serious facial expressions.

ALTERNATE CLOSE UPS OF EACH GUYS FACE.

They continue to stare at each other when a phone starts **RINGING**. Craig reaches into his pocket and gets his phone.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(talking like a rapper)  
Hold up homie.

Craig answers the phone.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Hello.  
(beat)  
Yeah this is Craig.  
(beat)  
Oh really...  
(beat)  
Well I can do whatever....  
(beat)  
Ok, thanks anyway.

Craig hangs up the phone and looks disappointed.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
I just got fired!

Roger looks at Craig and **LAUGHS**.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the support asshole!

Craig shoves Roger and walks off. Roger continues to **LAUGH**.

ROGER  
Hey what's wrong? A gangster  
wouldn't act that way.

ROGER **HEARS A DOOR SLAM**.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Now see, that's how a gangster  
would act! A gangster would slam a  
door and and, and shit like that.

Roger walks over to Craig's bedroom door. Roger **KNOCKS**.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(while knocking)  
Hey Craig, I'm sorry dude. Can I  
come in.

Roger only hears silence.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a no. But  
seriously man, don't worry, I have  
everything under control.

Roger walks away from the door and back onto the couch. Few seconds later, Craig walks over towards Roger on the couch with his hands extended.

Roger smiles and gets up to hug Craig but Craig pushes him down.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(confused)  
Hey, what are you doing?! I thought  
you wanted a hug, you know, to  
apologize.

CRAIG  
First of all, that's gay. Second, I  
don't wanna hug you, I just want my  
stuff.

Roger gives Craig a grumpy look but takes off the shirt and tie and hands them to Craig.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Thanks. And third, I appreciate the  
vote of confidence...

Craig points at Roger.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(while pointing)  
But you're still an asshole.

Craig smiles at Roger, then turns and walks into his room and closes his door.

CRAIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey, I'm gonna try to think of some  
places we might be able to make  
some cash.

Roger looks towards Craig's room.

ROGER  
Yeah you do that.

Roger digs into his pocket and pulls out a slip of paper and looks at it. The paper reads: TALK TO ME BABY. You talk what they like, we pay what you like.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(still looking at paper)  
I got few ideas of my own.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR-DAY

The bar is fairly populated with patrons. Light **MUSIC** and **CHATTER** fills the bar. Craig and Roger sit at a table in the back corner of the bar.

A waitress brings a basket of fries and two beers to their table. Both Craig and Roger take a sip of their drinks.

ROGER  
Man what's all this? Beers and  
french fries, I thought you were  
broke.

Roger grabs some fries and shoves them into his mouth.

CRAIG  
I went by and picked up my last  
check this morning. Thought we  
could discuss our employment  
opportunities over a beer.

Craig takes a sip of beer.

ROGER  
So lets here it.

Craig **BURPS**.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Come on man.

Craig hits his chest. Roger gobbles more fries.

CRAIG  
Whoops, my bad.

ROGER  
Whatever. So what are these great  
employment opportunities?

CRAIG  
Ok, check it. I say we both check  
out the classifieds. Scan around  
town and fill out a few  
applications, to see if we can get  
some work. If not, then it's back  
to the drawing board with day  
labor.

Roger chokes on his fries and begins **COUGHING**. Craig jumps up  
from the table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Quick, hold your arms up like a  
baby.

Craig gets behind Roger and starts hitting his back. Some of  
the bar patrons begin to stare. After a couple hits, Roger  
spits out a wad of mushy fries.

BAR PATRONS  
Ewwwww!!!!

Roger downs some of his beer. Then leans back into his chair.  
Craig sits back down at the table.

CRAIG  
Hey man, you alright?

Roger takes **DEEP BREATH**.

ROGER  
Yeah, I'm alright. Thanks man, you  
saved my life.

Craig smiles.



CRAIG  
No problem dude, you know I got  
your back.

Roger leans forward towards Craig.

ROGER  
Then why the hell are you trying to  
kill me?

Craig looks shocked.

CRAIG  
What? Kill you.

Roger leans back in his seat.

ROGER  
Hell yeah kill me! How the hell you  
gonna talk about going back to day  
labor when I'm trying to eat.  
That's a recipe for dis-damn-  
saster.

Craig looks confused.

CRAIG  
Recipe for what?

ROGER  
Huh?

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Man don't try to confuse me. Read  
my lips, I am not going back to day  
labor, period!

Roger downs the rest of his beer and firmly places his glass  
back onto the table.

CRAIG  
Well, I see you totally missed my  
point.

ROGER  
No I got it.

CRAIG  
No you didn't. Cause if you did,  
you would have understood that day  
labor was a last resort.  
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Actually trying to find a good job  
was the main goal.

ROGER  
Well, since you put it that way...

Roger leans forward.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I already found a good job.

Craig leans forward and looks surprised.

CRAIG  
Really, you found a job?

ROGER  
Yep.

CRAIG  
Well where, what is it?

Roger smiles from ear to ear.

ROGER  
A phone sex operator.

Craig expression of surprise turns to disappointment.

CRAIG  
A phone sex operator? You can't be  
serious.

ROGER  
(still smiling)  
As a heart attack. Look...

Roger pulls a folded piece of paper out of his pocket and  
places it in front of Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
...read this.

Craig picks up the paper, unfolds and reads it.

CRAIG  
(reading paper)  
Talk To Me Baby. You talk what they  
like, we pay what you like. Join  
the finest in phone sex fantasy.

Craig looks up at Roger who is still smiling.

ROGER  
So what do you think?

CRAIG  
You really want to know what I  
think?

Roger nods his head. Craig balls up the flyer and throws it  
at Roger.

ROGER  
What was that for?

CRAIG  
You're crazy, there's no way.

ROGER  
What's the problem?

CRAIG  
Phone sex? Come on, that's cheesy,  
filthy and just plain nasty man.

Roger smiles.

ROGER  
My point exactly! That's why we  
gotta get into this now.

Craig's face frowns up.

CRAIG  
Wait a minute, did you say we? We  
need to get into this.

ROGER  
Yeah that's right, we.

CRAIG  
You're crazy if you think I'm  
getting involved in that filth.  
I'll just take my chances with a  
regular clean job.

ROGER  
Yeah, you looked really clean  
coming home from that landscaping  
job.

Craig waves Roger off.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Look, lets make a deal. If you  
can't find a decent job by, lets  
say Friday night, then you have to  
give Talk To Me Baby a shot.

Roger extends his hand to Craig. Craig looks at Roger.

CRAIG

There's no way I can't find  
something.

Craig takes Roger's hand.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

You got a deal. I'll even buy shots  
to seal the deal.

Roger and Craig shake hands.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Monday

Craig sits at the dining table which is covered with  
newspaper classifieds. He holds a pink high lighter in one  
hand and a yellow high lighter in the other.

Craig holds up the high lighters and stares at them.

CRAIG

(nodding head)  
Lets do it.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Tuesday

Craig sits on the couch with a phone in one hand and a note  
pad in his lap. There is a list of businesses and numbers on  
the note pad.

CRAIG

Alright, lets make some calls.

Craig looks at the note pad while dialing. The phone **RINGS**  
three times then someone answers.

AUTOMATED SPEAKER (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Hello and thanks for calling Freddy  
Johns Janitorial. If you're a new  
customer press 1. If you require  
service press 2. If have a comment  
press 3. If you're looking for  
employment...

Craig peps up.

AUTOMATED SPEAKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Forget about it, we're not hiring,  
goodbye.

Craig frowns and hangs up the phone. He looks at his list and  
crosses out Freddy Johns Janitorial.

CRAIG  
Who we got next?

Craig glances at the list while he dials another number. The  
phone **RINGS** twice then someone answers.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Hello, Sexy Sum Bitch Fitness how  
can I help you?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Yes I was wondering if you guys had  
any jobs available.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Lets see, I have to ask you a few  
questions first.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Fire away.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Ok, do you have any experience as a  
personal trainer?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Nope.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Do you have any experience in  
nutrition?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Nope.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Ok. And finally, do you look sexy  
in spandex?

Craig is thinking when Roger enters the room. Craig covers  
the phone.

CRAIG  
Hey Roger. You think I look good in  
spandex?

Roger turns and looks at Craig.

ROGER  
Not only no, but hell no!

Craig removes his hand from the phone.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
I'm going to have to say no.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Then I'm going to have to say we  
can't help you sir.

Craig hangs up the phone.

ROGER  
You sure you don't want to give up  
now?

Craig looks at Roger.

CRAIG  
No way, I have a few more options  
left.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-DAY

Wednesday

Craig is asleep on his bed. Various classified ads, applications and his note pad surround him. Roger enters the room with a piece of paper and views Craig on the bed asleep.

Roger **LAUGHS** to himself while sneaking over to Craig. Roger tapes the piece of paper to the head of Craig and walks off. As Roger exits the room he **SLAMS** the door.

Craig is frightened and jumps up immediately. The paper is dangling from his forehead. Craig pulls the paper off and realizes that it is a flyer for Talk To Me Baby. Craig balls the flyer up and throws it to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE LOBBY-DAY

Thursday

Craig sits in an office lobby filling out an application. There is another **GUY** in the lobby as well. Four chairs separate Craig and the Guy.

The Guy takes repeated glances at Craig but Craig doesn't see him.

GUY  
(whispering)  
Hey.

Craig continues with the application. The Guy moves down a seat. He glances at Craig again.

GUY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Hey you.

Craig slowly looks up from the application and turns towards the Guy. The Guy smiles, waves and moves down to the seat next to Craig.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Hey, you here for the office  
position as well.

Craig nods to the Guy.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, me too, but I'm so nervous.

There is a moment of silence as Craig continues with his application.

GUY (CONT'D)  
I'm nervous because they have you wait out here forever and then there's always someone who's so aggravating in the lobby with you. You know what I mean?

Craig slowly turns towards the Guy.

CRAIG  
Yep, I know what you mean.

The Guy smiles.

FEMALE (O.S.)  
Craig Philips.

GUY  
Oh boy, that must be you cause it's not me and we're the only ones in here.

The Guy **LAUGHS** as Craig heads into the main office.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Good luck.

Craig exits and the Guy is still smiling.

GUY (CONT'D)  
He's a nice guy. Not very talkative but a very good listener.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Craig walks into the office. There is an **ELDERLY MAN**, well dressed sitting behind a desk smoking a cigar.

ELDERLY MAN  
Come on in my boy....

The Elderly Man directs Craig to the chair opposite himself.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)  
Have a seat. Take a load off.



CRAIG  
Thank you sir.

Craig sits down in the chair. The Elderly Man picks up some papers that sit on his desk.

ELDERLY MAN  
Call me Bob. Now lets see what we  
got here.

As Bob looks at the papers, he makes random **NOISES** which cause Craig to get nervous. Craig begins biting his nails.

Finally, Bob begins straightening the papers on the desk.

BOB  
Ok...

Craig sits up in his chair.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I've seen enough.

Bob drops the papers onto the desk. He looks Craig square in the eyes, takes a big puff of his cigar and blows a huge cloud of smoke.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I gotta be honest with you Craig.  
I'm actually pretty impressed by  
your application.

Craig leans forward.

CRAIG  
Really sir?

BOB  
Oh absolutely.

Bob puts his cigar in the ash trey.

BOB (CONT'D)  
There's just one problem.

The Elderly Man **SIGHS**.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I don't have a damn place for you.

Craig drops his head.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm sorry my man, maybe in time  
I'll be able to find something for  
you. Just in case, I'll keep you in  
my personal files.

Craig looks up at Bob.

CRAIG

Thanks sir, I appreciate it.

Craig gets up and heads for the exit. Suddenly Bob stops him.

BOB

Hey, you'll find a job. You never  
know, might be something you never  
expected.

Craig turns and faces Bob.

CRAIG

That's what I'm afraid of.

Craig turns and exits the office.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Friday

Craig and Roger sit at the same corner table in the bar.  
There is a shot in front of them both. Roger picks his up  
while Craig continues to stare at his.

ROGER

Come on man, a deals a deal.

Craig reluctantly picks up the shot. Roger raises his glass  
and gestures to Craig to do the same.

ROGER (CONT'D)

To our future employer, Talk To Me  
Baby!

Roger and Craig down their shots.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So how do you feel?

CRAIG

Unsure, but I'm a man of my word.

ROGER  
That's my guy.

Roger smiles and they bump fists.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE AREA-DAY

The room is basically plain. Just chairs occupy the room and a desk. Five other people, four **GUYS** and one **GIRL**, sit randomly around the room. Craig and Roger sit in roughly in the middle of the room.

Roger looks around the room excitedly while Craig looks cautiously. Craig nudges Roger.

CRAIG  
I'm not to sure about this man.  
Some of these people look a little  
shady.

ROGER  
Ah man relax. They're not shady,  
just ready to make some cash.

Craig continues to scan the room.

CRAIG  
Forget this, I know I made a bet  
but this is too much.

Craig gets up and heads for the door.

ROGER  
Hey, where you going?

As Craig opens the door, an attractive **YOUNG LADY** in tight jeans and a tight T-shirt is standing there. Craig stands in the door way staring at the Young Lady with his mouth open.

YOUNG LADY  
Why don't you take a picture, it'll  
last longer.

Craig snaps out of his trance.

CRAIG  
Oh my fault. I was just, ah.....

YOUNG LADY  
Staring at my tits.

CRAIG

Yeah, I mean no.....ah fuck it.  
Yeah, I was staring at your tits.

The Young Lady **LAUGHS**.

YOUNG LADY

Honesty, I like that in a man.

Craig smiles.

CRAIG

You do?

YOUNG LADY

(smiling)  
Yep, but you know what I'd like  
even better?

CRAIG

(smiling)  
What's that?

YOUNG LADY

If I could get inside the room.

Craig looks embarrassed.

CRAIG

Oh...

Craig steps to the side.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Right this way.

The Young Lady enters the room with Craig close behind.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

How about you have a seat over here  
with me and my friend.

Craig shows the Young Lady to a seat between him and Roger.  
Then Craig sits down. Roger looks at the Young Lady and  
smiles.

ROGER

Well well well, what do we have  
here?

The Young Lady smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I would love it if you'd treat me  
like the company name.

The Young Lady looks confused.

YOUNG LADY  
Company name, what's that mean?

Roger takes her hand.

ROGER  
Talk to me baby.

Roger kisses the Young Lady's hand and she smiles. Craig cuts his eyes at Roger. A **LADY** enters the room with a brief case.

LADY  
Alright people, save it for the  
customers.

Craig separates the Young Lady and Roger. Everyone in the class is focused on the Lady.

LADY (CONT'D)  
Now, I assume you're all here to be  
apart of Talk To Me Baby. If you're  
not....

The Lady points towards the door.

LADY (CONT'D)  
...there's the door.

No one moves.

LADY (CONT'D)  
Well then, let's get started.

The Lady places her brief case onto the desk and opens it. She pulls out a picture and holds it against her chest.

LADY (CONT'D)  
Now, my name is Loretta Cocker, and  
this....

Loretta turns the picture over. It reveals the logo for Talk To Me Baby.

LORETTA  
Is my phone sex franchise.

Everyone is mesmerized by the logo. Roger especially.

ROGER

It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

Roger stands up.

LORETTA

Now see, that young man has the right idea.

Roger smiles and opens his arms.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

He's ready to embrace Talk To Me Baby in all it's glory. What about the rest of you? Who else is ready to embrace Talk To Me Baby?

Everyone in the room stands up. Craig looks around the room and notices he is the only one not standing. The Young Lady looks at him and holds her hand out to him.

Craig reluctantly takes her hand and stands up.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

That's more like it. Give me one hour, and I'll have you all talking what they like, so I can pay you, what you like. Let's do it!

Loretta performs a few test calls with all the participants.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE AREA-DAY-LATER

Everyone is sitting in there chairs and look really excited. Loretta stands in front of the room.

LORETTA

Well that's basically it in a nut shell people. Remember your pin number. Record a good voice ad and wait for the calls to start pouring in. Now get out there and make it happen. Any questions?

Everyone looks around at each other.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Then I guess that's it. Good luck everyone.

Everyone gathers there things and begin to exit.

ROGER

Lets go, I'm ready to get freaky.

CRAIG

You go ahead, I think I'm gonna try to have a drink with that girl.

Roger smiles at Craig.

ROGER

Oh, well do the damn thang then playa. I'll catch you later.

Roger leaves and Craig makes his way over to the Young Lady as she walks towards the door.

CRAIG

Hey hold up.

The Young Lady turns towards Craig.

YOUNG LADY

What's up?

CRAIG

I just wanted to know if you'd like to get a drink or something?

The Young Lady frowns her face up and cuts her eyes at Craig.

YOUNG LADY

With you?

Craig looks unsure of himself.

CRAIG

(hesitant)

Yeah.

The Young Lady **LAUGHS** and smiles.

YOUNG LADY

Sure, I guess it couldn't hurt.

Craig steps to the side.

CRAIG

After you ma'am.

The Young Lady exits followed by Craig.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Craig and the Young Lady sit at Craig's usual table. Two glasses of beer are on the table.

The Young Lady takes a drink of her beer.

CRAIG  
So can I ask you a question?

YOUNG LADY  
Amanda.

CRAIG  
Huh?

AMANDA  
Amanda, that's my name. That's what you were going to ask me right?

CRAIG  
Actually, yeah.

AMANDA  
I knew it. So what about you?

CRAIG  
What?

Amanda **SIGHS**.

AMANDA  
What's your name silly?

CRAIG  
Oh I'm Craig, and my friend from earlier is Roger.

AMANDA  
Roger and Craig? Wasn't he a running back? Oh well, you guys seem like an interesting combination.

CRAIG  
You don't know the half.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Roger is lying on the couch with the phone sitting on his chest. His head is beginning to nod from sleepiness.



His phone **RINGS** and Roger's head shoots up. Roger frantically grabs for the phone.

Roger **CLEARs HIS THROAT** then answers the phone.

ROGER  
(on phone sexy)  
Hello.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Roger, is that you?

Roger sucks his teeth.

ROGER  
(on phone)  
Ah shit man, I though you were a customer. What the hell you want?

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
I was just calling to let you know I was on my way home.

ROGER  
(on phone)  
What the hell you telling me that for? I Don't give a damn, we aint married. Man bye.

Roger hangs up, the phone and stares at it.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Calling me with that shit.

Roger gets comfortable on the couch again then his phone **RINGS** again.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Not this again.

Roger answers the phone.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
What now fuck boy?

FEMALE VOICE  
Um, excuse me?!

Roger hears the Female voice and covers the phone. Roger gathers himself.

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Hello.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Is this 1.9.7.8?

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
It sure is, now talk to me baby.

Roger smiles and pumps his fist.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(On phone, filtered)  
Oh yeah, so what are you wearing?  
Something sexy I hope.

Roger takes a look at his out fit which consists of sweats and a T-shirt.

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Well that depends, would you call  
boxers and a bow tie sexy?

Roger moves the phone away from his mouth and **LAUGHS** to himself.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(On phone, filtered)  
Oooh, that sounds hot baby. You  
want me to oil you up?

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Yeah baby, oil me up and rub me  
down.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(On phone, filtered)  
Ohhh baby, you're such a nasty boy.

Roger closes his eyes in relaxation as Craig quietly enters the apartment.

ROGER  
(on phone, smiling)  
I'm dirty. I'm dirty. I'm dirty!

Craig stares at Roger as he gyrates on the couch. As Roger finishes his chanting, he **HEARS KEYS** drop on the coffee table. Roger is startled and sits up on the couch.

He grabs quickly a magazine and places it over his crotch as Craig stares at him.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(on phone awkwardly)  
Ahh baby, I'm sorry but I gotta go.  
But, but you ahh, you call back  
later, ok baby.

Roger hangs up the phone and looks at Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hey man, I ahh, I ahh didn't hear  
you come in.

Craig continues to stare at Roger.

CRAIG  
No kidding.

Roger looks Craig up and down as Craig walks over to the table and takes a seat.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
So that was a customer I take it?

Roger begins to smile.

ROGER  
Man, this shit is great! I'm a  
believer, I'm hooked.

CRAIG  
More like a hooker.

Roger **GIGGLES**.

ROGER  
Oh speaking of hooker, how's your  
lady friend?

CRAIG  
Come on she's not a hooker.

Roger's eyes widen as he looks at Craig.

ROGER  
Oh, developing feelings are we?

CRAIG  
No no, it's not like that. Amanda  
and I just had a drink and talked a  
little.

Roger's smiles.

ROGER  
(female voice)  
Amanda and I just had a drink and  
talked a little.

Roger **LAUGHS**.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
You're sprung already? Damn you're  
a sucker.

Craig gets up from the table.

CRAIG  
I'm not sprung!

Craig walks towards his room.

ROGER  
Ok, you're not sprung....

Roger hears a **DOOR SLAM**.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
But you're definitely a sucker!

Roger **LAUGHS** to himself, then his phone **RINGS**. Roger smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Well, duty calls.

Roger **CLEARs HIS THROAT**.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(on phone, sexy)  
Talk to me baby.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(On phone grumpy,  
filtered)  
Roger!

Roger looks panicked.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(on phone grumpy,  
filtered)  
Who the hell you calling baby?!

Roger's panic face turns into a frowning one.

ROGER

Ah, momma.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)

(on phone grumpy,  
filtered)

Don't ah momma me. What I told you  
about answering the phone like  
that?

Roger frowns and tosses the phone down on the couch and leans  
back.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(on phone grumpy,  
filtered)

And don't you throw that phone  
down, you better listen to me!

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Craig is sitting on his bed when his phone **RINGS**. Craig digs  
the phone out of his pocket and answers it.

CRAIG

(on phone)  
Hello.

AUTOMATED SPEAKER (V.O.)

(On phone, filtered)

This is Talk To Me Baby, your  
account has been activated. Your  
pin number is 1.9.7.9. Again, your  
pin number is 1.9.7.9. Thank you  
and have fun.

The call is ended. Craig stares at the phone for a moment  
then tosses it to the side.

CRAIG

Whatever.

Craig lies down in the bed and cuts out the lights.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Two Weeks Later

Craig enters the apartment. There are groceries on the table and random shopping bags on the floor. Craig looks around with a curious expression on his face.

Craig **HEARS A TOILET FLUSH** and a moment later, Roger enters the living area fanning his hands behind his butt.

ROGER

Wooo, I know what you're thinking but it doesn't even stink.

CRAIG

What?

ROGER

The bathroom, it doesn't stink.

CRAIG

What are you talking about?

Roger looks off and **SIGHS**.

ROGER

I just took a crapper.

Craig cringes.

CRAIG

Ah man....

Roger interrupts Craig.

ROGER

(interrupting)

Wo, wo wo, it's not a problem though. You won't smell a thing.

CRAIG

Won't smell a thing....what?

ROGER

Nope, cause I got these.

Roger reaches inside one of the bags on the table and pulls out a couple incense. He waves them around like magic wands.

CRAIG

What are those?

ROGER

These my friend are the best incense money can buy.

Roger hands one to Craig and Craig examines and smells it.

CRAIG

Well, it smells pretty good, but  
how do you know it works?

Roger points towards the bathroom and smiles.

ROGER

Go take a whiff my friend.

Craig looks at Roger, who smiles, and then looks toward the bathroom.

CRAIG

I know better but, I just can't  
resist.

Craig walks to the bathroom door, opens the door and sticks his head in.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'll be damned....

A worried expression comes over Roger's face.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

....it smell good as fuck in here!

Craig pulls his head out of the bathroom and looks at Roger.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

You really just took a shit in  
here?

Roger gets a huge smile on his face and nods his head.

ROGER

(smiling)  
Yep!

Craig sticks his head back into the bathroom and takes one huge **SNIFF**.

CRAIG

Damn that incense booming man!

Craig walks back into the living area with Roger. Roger is still smiling.

ROGER

See, I told you dude.

CRAIG

Yeah, you were right.

Roger and Craig bump fists. Then Craig gestures towards the various bags on the table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But what's all the rest of this stuff?

ROGER

Oh, I just decided to do a little shopping...with my first pay check.

Roger reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash. Craig looks surprised.

CRAIG

Damn, how much is that?

Roger **GIGGLES**.

ROGER

Enough to buy all these groceries and....

Roger runs to his room. Craig looks puzzled as he watches Roger run off. Roger returns with a shirt and tie just like the ones he borrowed from Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)

A little something for you roomie.

Roger hands the clothes to Craig. Craig is completely surprised at Rogers gesture. He looks at the clothes.

CRAIG

Damn, this is name brand, my stuff was just knockoffs.

Craig lays the clothes on the table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Thanks man but this stuff had to cost a lot.

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER

Dude, it's not a problem. Talk To Me Baby has been good to me baby!

CRAIG

Damn, you really get paid that well?



ROGER  
Just for talking freaky shit to  
women. It's great right?

CRAIG  
I'll say.

ROGER  
Oh yeah!

Roger plunders through the bags and things on the table and hands and envelope to Craig. Craig grabs the envelope and looks it over.

CRAIG  
(curiously)  
What's this?

ROGER  
(excited)  
It's your check man. Hurry and open  
it up, let's see how well you did.

Craig hesitates.

CRAIG  
(hesitant)  
I don't think I ah, I don't think I  
did that well.

Roger **SIGHS**.

ROGER  
Man give it here.

Roger snatches the letter from Craig and begins opening it up. Roger has a huge smile on his face. He gets the letter open and pulls out a check.

Rogers smile melts away into a look of shock. Roger looks up ay Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this?

CRAIG  
Look I told you it wasn't going to  
be much.

ROGER  
No shit, \$7.53 fucking cent? What  
the hell have you been doing for  
the past two weeks?

CRAIG  
Well, nothing really.

ROGER  
Well it definitely fucking shows.

Roger throws the check down onto the table, turns his back to Craig and **SIGHS**. Then Roger and walks over to Craig and grabs Craig by the shoulders.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Craig, for once, could you please try something different? If not for me, do it for little Shaka.

Craig looks off for a moment.

CRAIG  
You just had to bring Shaka into this huh?

Roger shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Ok fine, I'll give it a **real** try.

Roger steps back with his arms open.

ROGER  
That's my guy.

Roger begins to gesture with his hands.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Come on, bring it in here.

Craig hesitantly walks into Roger's arms. They embrace for a moment then Roger shoves Craig away onto the table. Craig looks shocked.

CRAIG  
What the hell was that for?

Roger dusts his hands off.

ROGER  
Enough fairy stuff.

Points towards Craig's room.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Go get to work.

Craig gets off the table and walks towards his room. Suddenly Roger stops him.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, one more thing.

Craig turns to Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
The greeting is key. The raunchier  
the greeting, the more the women  
like it. Trust me, I know.

CRAIG  
Oh yeah, so what does your greeting  
say?

Roger **CLEARs HIS THROAT.**

ROGER  
(sexy voice)  
If you want your inner thighs so  
juicy that it slides to your booty,  
press 1.9.7.8 and talk to me baby.

Craig cringes.

CRAIG  
That's just disgusting.

ROGER  
Say what you will, but the ladies  
love it.

Craig shakes, walks off.

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-DAY

Craig enters his bedroom and plops down onto the bed and lies down.

CRAIG  
I still need to meditate on it for  
a bit.

Craig closes his eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Craig is still lying on the bed asleep. His phone **RINGS** Craig sits up disoriented. As the phone continues to **RING** Craig looks around for it. Finally he grabs the phone out of his pocket.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Hello.

AMANDA (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Hey Craig.

Craig smiles.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Amanda, how's it going?

AMANDA (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Everything's fine. I was just calling to see if you wanted to meet up sometime, maybe grab a drink or something.

Craig's smile gets even bigger.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Yeah ah, that that'll be great?

AMANDA (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Cool, talk to you later then?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
You bet.

Craig hangs up the phone and he's smiling hard. He jumps off the bed, phone in one hand while pumping his other fist.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(while pumping fist)  
Yes yes yes yes!

Suddenly his phone **RINGS** again. Craig calms himself, then answers the phone.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone)

AUTOMATED SPEAKER (V.O.)  
(On phone, filtered)  
Hello, this is Talk To Me Baby to  
remind you that you have not  
recorded an ad. To do so, press 1  
at this time. If not, press 2 at  
this time or just hang up.

Craig pulls the phone away from his ear and stares at it. He  
focuses on the number 1 And then on the number 2.

CRAIG  
What the hell, I'm on a roll, might  
as well keep it going.

Craig pushes the number 1 on the phone and puts the phone to  
his ear again.

AUTOMATED SPEAKER (V.O.)  
(On phone, filtered)  
Thank you. Please record a short  
ad, the more seductive, the more  
action you'll receive. In 10  
seconds, please record after the  
beep, press 2 when you're done.

Craig moves the phone away and begins **CLEARING HIS THROAT**.  
After a few seconds, Craig **HEARS A BEEP** and hurries to put  
the phone back to his head.

CRAIG  
(in a sexy voice)  
You know what you want, I know what  
you need. Come talk to me baby, if  
you want to be pleased. Press  
1.9.7.9 for a talking good time.

Craig smiles, and presses 2.

AUTOMATED SPEAKER (V.O.)  
(On phone, filtered)  
Thank you. You are now an official  
part of the Talk To Me Baby world.  
Enjoy, as we put our money, where  
your mouth is. Goodbye.

Craig hangs up the phone, walks over to the bed and plops  
down. He places the phone on the bedside table.

CRAIG  
Well, I did my part.

Craig lies down in the bed.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Now it's your move Talk To Me Baby.

Craig turns out the light. It's pitch black in the bedroom, a few moments pass and Craig's phone begins to **RING**.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
You gotta be kidding me.

Craig turns on the light and grabs the phone off of the table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Hello.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(On phone, filtered)  
Hello, is this 1.9.7.9?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
1.9.7.9? Ma'am I think you have  
the....

Craig quickly moves the phone from his face and covers his mouth with his opposite hand. He looks around in a panic as he realizes that the caller is from the Talk To Me Baby hotline.

Craig slowly brings the phone back up to his ear.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone, sexy)  
...oh yes baby, this is 1.9.7.9.

FEMALE VOICE  
(on phone, filtered)  
Oh my goodness, your ad sounded so  
sexy. I just had to talk to you.

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
Well you got me baby, lets make  
conversational magic.

Craig gets comfortable in his bed and turns off the lights. The room is dark.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone, sexy)  
Talk to me baby.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

It's a clear day as Craig sits on a park bench with two drinks in his hands. He looks around in each direction like he's waiting for someone. Eventually Amanda approaches Craig. Craig views her and begins to smile.

CRAIG  
Hey there cutie.

Amanda smiles.

AMANDA  
Well hello, you seem like you're in a good mood.

CRAIG  
I guess you could say that.

Craig hands Amanda one of the drinks.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Here, have a slurpie.

Amanda takes the drink and looks at it for a moment.

AMANDA  
Not exactly the drinks I had in mind, but that's cool.

Amanda takes a sip of her slurpie and Craig smiles, then takes a sip of his slurpie.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
You seem happy, I guess works going well then?

Roger nods while still drinking.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
It's ok for me. Oddly enough, I get a lot of lesbian calls but not so much from the guys, go figure.

Amanda shrugs her shoulders.

CRAIG  
Really, that is kind of odd. Things are going pretty well on my end though. Actually, things are going great.

AMANDA

Guess that explains why you're so happy and keep smiling.

CRAIG

Well yes, but that's only part of it.

Craig leans in and kisses Amanda on the cheek and smiles. Amanda stares at Craig then grabs his head and aggressively kisses him.

After they finish, Craig looks mesmerized. He takes a huge gulp of his slurpie and pauses. Immediately he grabs his head. Amanda looks worried.

AMANDA

What's wrong?

Craig **MOANS and GRUNTS** a few times.

CRAIG

Brain freeze.

Amanda **LAUGHS** at Craig while rubbing his head.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-DAY

Craig and Roger sit at their usual corner table at the bar. They both have plates of food in front of them and glasses of beer.

Roger stuffs his face with food and Craig can't stop smiling.

CRAIG

I gotta admit, I thought this whole thing was ridiculous. But now, I've gone from knots in my stomach....

Craig pulls out a rubberbanded wad of cash and drops it on the table. Roger looks up from his plate and pauses.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

...to knots in my pockets.

Craig and Roger both smile. They pick up their glasses and raise them high.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

To new beginnings, in work, and in love.



They **CLINK** glasses and sip their beers.

ROGER  
So things are going pretty good  
with Amanda huh?

Craig smiles and nod his head.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I'm working on a little something  
myself.

CRAIG  
Oh really? This should be  
interesting.

ROGER  
Oh you know it will be.

Craig **LAUGHS**.

CRAIG  
Yeah, I know it sounds cliché and,  
maybe a little gay but, I think she  
might be the one.

Roger nods his head in approval.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
So you know what I mean?

ROGER  
Nope....

Roger stuffs some fries into his mouth.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(food in mouth)  
But that shit was gay.

Craig throws a fry at Roger and they both **LAUGH**.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Roger and Craig sit on the couch watching television and eating snacks. A phone **RINGS** and Roger frantically digs into his pocket to retrieve the phone. Craig looks at Roger like he's crazy. Roger retrieves the phone and answers it.

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Hello  
(beat)  
Hold on one moment baby, let me get  
prepared, for verbal stimulation.

Roger covers the mouthpiece of the phone with his hand and looks at Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Well duty calls my friend.

Roger puts up a piece sign and begins walking towards his bedroom.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(on phone, sexy)  
Talk to me baby.

Craig **HEARS** Roger's **BEDROOM DOOR SHUT**. Craig shakes his head and looks at the TV.

CRAIG  
He acts like a teenage boy getting  
a call from his first girlfriend.

Roger has a **DEEP SIGH**.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
So unprofessional.

Craig picks up the remote and surfs a few channels. His phone begins **RINGING** on the coffee table. Craig tosses the remote and frantically reaches for the phone.

He knocks the phone on the floor and the phone continues to **RING**. Craig dives on the floor and scoops the phone while completing a roll over. He answers the phone.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone, sexy, out of  
breath)  
Hello.  
(Beat)  
Oh, no baby, I'm just a little out  
of breath. Just couldn't wait to  
talk to you.  
(Beat)  
Am I serious? As a four hour  
erection.  
(Beat)

Craig **LAUGHS** a little.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone, sexy)  
I'm gonna go get more comfortable,  
so I can make you more comfortable.

Craig gets up off the floor and heads to his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM-CRAIG-NIGHT

Craig gets into his bed and lies down comfortably.

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
This is 1.9.7.9, What can I do for  
you baby?

Throughout the course of the next few days, Craig and Roger converse on the phone with different women, while receiving checks.

INT. BEDROOM-ROGER-NIGHT

Roger is relaxed on the bed.

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Hot showers, oh yeah, I love hot  
showers. Especially with someone  
special. I love the way the soap  
trickles down the crack of that  
ass.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Roger looking at a check and smiles. Check reads: \$550.00.

INT. BEDROOM-CRAIG-NIGHT

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
Yeah, touching is romantic, but it  
depends on where the touching  
begins....and ends baby.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Craig looking at a check and smiles. Check reads: \$650.00.

INT. BEDROOM-ROGER-NIGHT

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Favorite position, I don't give a  
damn what the position is, as long  
as I'm inside baby.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Roger looking at a check and smiles. Check reads: \$750.00.

INT. BEDROOM-CRAIG-NIGHT

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
No, no baby, you're not fat. You're  
just fluffy like a cloud. Now take  
me to cloud 9.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Craig looking at a check and smiles. Check reads: \$850.00.

INT. BEDROOM-ROGER-NIGHT

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Downtown? I don't mind going  
downtown, as long as the streets  
are clean.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Roger looking at a check and smiles. Check reads: \$950.00.

INT. BEDROOM-CRAIG-NIGHT

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
Ohhh baby, touch me there there and  
there!

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Craig looking at a check and smiles. Check reads: \$1050.00.

INT. BEDROOM-ROGER-NIGHT

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Dirty talk, yeah I can do that.

INT. BEDROOM-CRAIG-NIGHT

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
Ohhh yesss! I'm arriving, I'm  
arriving! Cover your eyes baby and  
open wide....Ahhhhh!

INT. BEDROOM-ROGER-NIGHT

ROGER  
(on phone, aggressive)  
You skanky little bitch, come over  
here and gimme that fat, moist,  
juicy cubby hole!

INT. BEDROOM-CRAIG-NIGHT

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
Now make sure you swallow all your  
medicine.

INT. BEDROOM-ROGER-NIGHT

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Ahhh, this is 1.9.7.8, quick to  
make you masturbate.

INT. BEDROOM-CRAIG-NIGHT

CRAIG  
(on phone, sexy)  
Now whenever you get lonely, you  
know who to dial....1.9.7.9 and  
I'll make it worth your while.

Both guys hang up their phones, have a big **SIGH** and go to bed.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Roger sits at the dining table with a bag of chips and a drink while looking at magazines. Craig enters the apartment with a hand full of mail.

CRAIG  
Guess what I got?

Roger continues to look at the magazines.

ROGER  
Herpes?

CRAIG  
Nope, even better.

Roger looks up at Craig confused as Craig approaches the table with the mail.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
I got the mail.

Roger's eyes widen.

ROGER  
Really, did they come?

Craig smiles and nods his head. Craig shuffles through the mail, he tosses one letter to Roger, drops one in front of himself then tosses the rest of the mail onto the table but one letter falls to the floor.

Roger and Craig rips open the letter and pull out checks.

Roger's eyes widen and he slowly looks up at Craig who's eyes are wide as well.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
How much did you make?

Craig looks up at Roger.

CRAIG  
You first.

Roger holds up his check to Craig and it reads: \$2,500. Craig **GIGGLES**.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(giggling)  
Holy shit, I don't believe it.

ROGER  
What is it man?

Craig holds his check up to Roger and it reads: \$2,500.

Roger begins **LAUGHING** and Craig joins in. They get up, embrace each other and begin dancing.

Roger throws his hands up in excitement.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
This is gonna be great! We can make  
money hand over fist!

Craig looks at Roger excitedly.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Since we're making big money now,  
we gotta live like big timers. We  
gotta upgrade this place. We need a  
new stereo, a PS3, some lava lamps  
and oh, a bear skin rug would  
really set this place off.

CRAIG  
Hold up, hold up Lava lamps, a  
bearskin rug, man this aint a porno  
set!

ROGER  
We're in the sex business now. We  
gotta look the part. Oh yeah,  
florescent lights, we gotta have  
florescent lights.

Roger walks around the room anticipating the location of new furniture.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Ok, so we can put one lamp here, a  
few florescent lights here....

Roger turns around and faces the TV and points towards the floor.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
....and here, we can put that bear  
skin rug. Yes sir, this is gonna be  
tight!!!

Craig shakes his head.

CRAIG  
Alright, we can make a few upgrades  
but just promise me one thing.

Roger looks cautiously at Craig.

ROGER  
What's that?

CRAIG  
We shop for the furniture together.

Roger **SIGHS**.

ROGER  
I'll do my best.

CRAIG  
That's all I ask.

Craig looks at his watch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
I gotta go.

ROGER  
Where you going?

CRAIG  
There's something I need to pick  
up.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEWELRY SHOP DAY

Craig exits the jewelry shop with a box in his hand. Craig  
opens the box and a fancy necklace is inside.

CRAIG  
I hope she likes it.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Roger is dressed nicely and spraying cologne on as Craig  
enters the apartment. Craig pauses and looks at Roger.

CRAIG  
Well well well....



Roger looks over at Craig.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Looking pretty smooth there  
brother.

Roger smiles.

ROGER  
Yeah, remember when I told you I  
was working on something?

CRAIG  
Yeah.

ROGER  
Well we got a little meet and greet  
tonight.

Craig walks over and checks Roger out.

CRAIG  
Well, you're surely dressed to  
impress.

ROGER  
Yes sir, I'm clean tonight.

CRAIG  
Maybe I should come along just to  
make.....

Roger interrupts Craig.

ROGER  
No no no, we don't want or need  
that!

Craig steps back.

CRAIG  
Kind of aggressive there guy. Is  
there something you don't want me  
to see? She's busted huh?

ROGER  
Nah, it's just that she doesn't  
want anyone to know about us yet.  
You know, keep it on the down low.

CRAIG  
Oh I see. Well, enjoy your night  
with your mystery girl.

Craig and Roger bump fists. Roger heads for the door while Craig takes a seat on the couch. As Roger opens the door, he turns to Craig.

ROGER  
Don't wait up.

Craig holds up a peace sign as Roger exits. Craig grabs the remote and turns on the television. He flips through a few channels.

Craig stares at the television for a few moments, then tosses the remote. Craig looks at his watch, the door then the television for moment. Finally Craig looks at his watch, the door then the television again.

CRAIG  
This sucks, I need a drink.

Craig jumps off of the couch and exits out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Craig enters the bar and looks around for a moment. The bar is pretty crowded

CRAIG  
This is the hot spot tonight.

Craig begins making his way to his corner seat in the bar. While walking to his seat, Craig views a couple sitting at his seat. Craig pauses and stares at the couple.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Who's that with Amanda?

Craig moves around the room to get a better view. Craig looks at the couple again. Craig looks curiously at the couple.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Roger? What the hell's going on here?

Craig continues to look at Amanda and Roger curiously. Suddenly, Amanda grabs Roger's hands. Craig looks on mouth open in shock.

Amanda is holding on to Roger's hands. She is rubbing Roger's hands with her fingers. Craig continues to look on from a distance

AMANDA  
(rubbing hands)  
Well, there not that bad.

ROGER  
You don't think so?

AMANDA  
(rubbing hands)  
No, your hands are actually pretty  
soft for a guy. But these nails  
could definitely use a little a  
attention.

Roger slowly pulls his hands away.

ROGER  
Well hook a brotha up.

Amanda begins digging in her purse. Eventually she pulls out  
a card and hands it to Roger.

AMANDA  
Here's a card for the best  
manicurist in the city.

Roger takes the card.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Oh, and ask for Tracy, she'll give  
you the hook up.

Roger smiles and sticks the card in his pocket. Craig **GASPS**.

CRAIG  
I can't believe she gave him her  
number.....and he took it.

Craig looks over at Roger and Amanda again. They are both  
smiling. Craig looks disgusted.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
I don't need this shit. I don't  
need either of them.

Craig storms off and heads to the door. As Craig exits, he  
bumps into a **LADY** who's entering the bar. The Lady gives  
Craig a stern look then enters the bar.

ROGER  
This has been great but I wish my  
date would have shown up.

AMANDA

Well.....

Amanda notices a woman walking in their direction.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I think your date has just arrived.

As the Lady approaches, Amanda stares at Roger with a look of shock. Roger smiles.

ROGER

You can keep a secret right?

Amanda nods her head.

AMANDA

Your secrets safe with me.

The Lady reaches the table.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Well, I'll leave you two alone.

Amanda and Roger get up from the table. Amanda begins to walk away. Roger stops her.

ROGER

Hey Amanda...

Amanda turns to Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Good luck with Craig.

Amanda waves and walks off. Roger and the Lady have a seat at the table.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Craig explodes into the apartment and **SLAMS THE DOOR** behind him. He tosses his keys across the room. Craig starts shaking, swinging his arms and **GRUNTING** in frustration. Craig calms himself and begins pacing the apartment.

CRAIG

No wonder he didn't want me to come. And he had the nerve to sit her at our table. That sick twisted son of a bitch.

Craig continues to pace the apartment.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Amanda and Roger? My girl and my  
best friend? More like my slut of a  
girl and my back stabber of a best  
friend.

Craig punches the dining table in frustration and begins  
pacing the apartment again. Craig grabs his hand and winces  
and plops onto the couch.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Dammit that hurts!

Craig shakes the hand.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Fuck. They got me hurting myself.

Craig starts rubbing the hand.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
I aint mad at me.

While rubbing his hand Craig begins shaking his head.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Why me?

Craig puts his head down.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT-LATER

It is pitch dark in the apartment when Roger enters.

ROGER  
Damn, it's dark as hell in here.

Roger makes his way to the light switch and switches on the  
lights.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
That's better.

Roger turns around and comes face to face with Craig. Roger  
is totally frightened jumps back and **YELPS**.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck man!

Roger puts his hand over his heart.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
You scared the shit out of me.

Craig stands stationary looking at Roger with an evil smile as Roger gathers himself.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What the hell you doing in the dark?

Craig continues to stare with the evil smile. Roger looks curious.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hello. What the fuck is up with you man?

Craig continues to smile and stare.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Man you keep acting this way, and I won't tell you about my date.

Craig's loses the evil smile. Roger begins to smile.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Good, I thought that would change you're attitude.

Roger begins making his way to the couch. Craig gets an evil look on his face then charges Roger pushing him to the couch. Roger falls onto the couch head first.

Roger grabs his head as he turns over to face Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck man?!

Roger tries to get up but Craig pushes him back onto the couch. Roger gives Craig a curious look. Roger tries to get up again but Craig pushes him back down again.

Roger gives Craig a stern look.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Craig, your my best friend, and I have a lot of respect for you. But if you push me down one more time, I'm gonna have to go angry black man on you.

Craig's eyes widen a little. Roger gets up off the couch untouched by Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Thank you, now what's the damn problem?

Craig looks away for a moment, **SIGHS** then turn to Roger. They look at each other for a moment then Craig **BURSTS INTO TEARS**.

Roger leans away from Craig.

CRAIG  
(sobbing)  
Why, why did you do it?

Roger looks totally confused.

ROGER  
Do what?

CRAIG  
(sobbing)  
Don't play crazy with me? I saw you with her.

ROGER  
What, you followed me?

CRAIG  
(sobbing)  
I didn't follow you. I just went to the bar for a beer and I saw you.....with her!

Roger thinks for a moment.

ROGER  
So what. Our relationship has nothing to do with you.

Craig pauses for a moment and stares at Roger. Craig **BURSTS INTO TEARS** again.

CRAIG  
(sobbing)  
How could you say that?!

Craig turns and runs off. Roger stands dumb founded as he hears a **DOOR SLAM**. Roger looks towards Craig's room, then shrugs his shoulders.

ROGER  
Damn, what's the big deal?

Roger walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-DAY

Craig has a bottle of liquor in one hand and the phone in the other. Craig is drunk as he converses with Talk To Me Baby customers.

CRAIG  
(on phone, drunk)  
Baby, I can make you feel good. But  
why would I? You'll probably just  
break my heart.

Craig begins **SOBBING**. He pauses for a moment to take a drink, then he starts **SOBBING** again.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

Craig sits on a park bench. In each hand he has a slurpie drink. He look around the area as if expecting some one. A couple walks by with arms around each other drinking slurpies. Craig looks at his drinks and begins **SOBBING**.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Craig is sitting on the couch watching television with a bag of chips. Roger enters the room and plops down beside Craig on the couch. Roger tries to reach into the bag of chips but Craig pops him on the hand.

Roger smiles and tries to get into the bag but Craig pops his hand again, grabs the bag and rolls it up. Craig gets off of the couch with the chips and the remote.

Roger stares at Craig.

ROGER  
Can I at least get the remote?

Craig looks at the remote in his hand then reaches it out towards Roger. Roger reaches for the remote but Craig drops it onto the floor and walks off.

CUT TO:



INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-DAY

Craig lies on his bed with a bottle of liquor in one hand. Craig dials the phone then takes a sip from his bottle.

AMANDA (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Hey Craig this is Amanda again. I guess you're really busy because I haven't heard from you in a few days. Call me please.

Craig looks at the phone then tosses it to the side and licks his tongue at it and turns up the bottle of liquor.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

Craig sits on a bench. He has a flask in one hand and a slurpie on the bench beside him.

Craig takes sips from the flask while periodically looking around. An ELDERLY **LADY**, with a cane, approaches Craig while he looks in the opposite direction.

ELDERLY LADY  
Excuse me sir...

Craig turns and faces the Elderly Lady immediately.

ELDERLY LADY (CONT'D)  
(pointing at the bench)  
Do you mind if I...

Craig interrupts the Elderly Lady.

CRAIG  
(slightly drunken)  
No you can't sit here! I mean, I'm expecting someone.

The Elderly Lady gives Craig an angry look while Craig takes another sip from the flask. The Elderly Lady grabs Craig's slurpie and drops it on the ground.

Craig turns toward the Elderly Lady. She grabs the opposite end of the cane and takes a golf swing at the slurpie knocking it down the side walk. The Elderly Lady turns towards Craig.

ELDERLY LADY  
Asshole!

The Elderly Lady walks away as Craig sits on the bench speechless. Craig looks down the sidewalk at his slurpie all on the ground.

Then Craig glances at the Elderly Lady as she walks away.

CRAIG  
Arthritis is gonna kick your ass!

The Elderly Lady stops and Craig stumbles off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

It's raining as Craig sits on the park bench. Craig is wobbly as he is drunk. He holds a box in one hand and a flask in the other. Craig takes a drink from the flask then sets it down onto the bench.

ROGER (V.O.)  
Hey Amanda, have you talked to  
Craig lately?  
(beat)  
I don't know what's going on, but  
we all need to talk about this.

Craig opens the box up and reveals the necklace he got for Amanda. Craig looks at the necklace and begins **SOBBING**.

ROGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Yeah, he's on his way to rock  
bottom.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Craig enters the apartment soak and wet. He shakes himself off like a dog. Once he stops shaking, he looks up and views Roger and Amanda on the couch together. Roger stands up as Craig strolls over to him and Amanda.

CRAIG  
(drunk)  
Well well well, what do we have  
here?

ROGER  
Hey Craig we need to....

Craig interrupts.

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
Shut up! That's what you need to  
do. Just zip it.

Roger steps back as Craig mimics zipping his lips shut and throwing a key away. Craig tries to speak but can't move his lips and just makes **NOISES**. Amanda and Roger look at Craig funny.

Craig stops making the noises and pauses. He mimics unzipping his mouth.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
That's better. Look at you. Decide  
to make your relationship public.

Amanda and Roger look at each other.

AMANDA  
Relationship, what relationship?

Craig **LAUGHS** a little and then **HICCUPS**.

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
Don't play me for a fool! I saw you  
(pointing at Roger)  
Miss Vanilla and you  
(pointing a Amanda)  
Mr. Chocolate,  
(begins moving arm in  
circular motion)  
Swirling it up at the bar.

ROGER  
At the bar.

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
Yes at the bar. Holding hands,  
exchanging numbers and what not.  
Only thing I didn't see was the  
kiss. Which probably happened after  
I left.

Roger and Amanda look at each other with wide eyes and they begin to **GIGGLE**

ROGER  
Wait a minute Craig, you got it all  
wrong.

AMANDA

Yeah, it's not what you think.

CRAIG

(drunken)

Oh really? Well you want to know  
what I think?

Craig begins to dig into his right pocket and he pulls out the flask. He opens it up and turns it up. Nothing comes out so he tosses it to the side.

Then Craig digs into his left pocket and pulls out the necklace box and looks at it.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(drunken)

I think I wasted my money on this.

Craig tosses the box to Amanda.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(drunken)

And I think I lost my best friend.

Craig stumbles off to his room and **SLAMS THE DOOR.**

Amanda opens the box and views the necklace. She covers her mouth in excitement. She shows the necklace to Roger. Roger shakes his head.

AMANDA

Roger, what are we gonna do? I  
don't want to lose Craig.

ROGER

Hell, me neither.

Amanda's phone begins to **RING.** Amanda grabs her phone out of her purse.

AMANDA

What am I doing? I don't have time  
for this damn phone.

Amanda tosses the phone back into her purse.

ROGER

Hold up.

Amanda looks at Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I think I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Roger sits on the couch on the phone.

ROGER  
(on phone)  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Exactly, just be natural.  
(beat)  
Trust me, just be yourself and  
it'll all work out.  
(beat)  
Good luck.

As Roger hangs up the phone, Craig enters the room. Craig walks towards the front door.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What's up Craig?

Craig continues to the door and exits leaving the door open. A few seconds later, Craig re-enters the apartment with mail in his hands.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Anything for me?

Craig shuffles through the letters and tosses one to Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Roger looks at the letter.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Yes sir, payday!

Roger and Craig open their letter and pull out a check. Roger looks at the check and smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Beautiful as usual.

Roger looks at Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
So how much did you get?

Craig continues to look at the check motionless.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Come on man, how much did you make?

Craig looks at Roger and tosses the check towards him and walks towards his room. Roger picks up the check and looks at it.

Roger's eyes widen as he looks at the check.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Damn, how the mighty have fallen.

Craig re-enters the room and exits the apartment. Roger places the check on the coffee table and walks off. The check reads: \$39.57.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Craig sits in his usual corner seat at the bar. He's sipping on a beer when his phone **RINGS**. Craig puts down his glass and digs into his pocket for the phone.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Yeah.

Craig takes another sip of his beer.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Is this 1.9.7.9?

Craig puts his glass down and **BURPS**.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Yeah, but if you're looking for sexy conversation, you called the wrong guy.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Wrong guy, what do you mean?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Well, let's just say I'm not feeling too sexy these days.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Wow, a guy not getting excited  
about sex, sounds like girl  
problems.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
How'd you guess?

Craig chugs down the rest of his beer.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Lucky guess. You want to talk about  
it or something?

Craig places his glass down on the table.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
I don't think so, I'd rather just  
drown my sorrows in booze.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Are you sure you don't....

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Look ma'am I'm sorry but right now  
I can't. Maybe some other time.

Craig hangs up the phone then gestures to a waitress. The  
waitress walks over to the table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Another beer please and three, make  
that four shots.

The waitress walks off.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Hey!

The waitress turns to Craig.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Make those shots doubles.

Craig pauses for a second, then lowers his head.

FADE TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT-LATER

Craig sits at the corner table drunk. The bar is fairly empty. He has a shot in one hand trying to hold it steady. He slowly raises the shot to his mouth and drinks it. After swallowing the shot, his face cringes.

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
I gotta get out of here.

As Craig gets up from the table, his wallet falls onto the floor. Craig stumbles to the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey....

Craig pauses.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You make sure you go straight home.

Craig nonchalantly waves the suggestion off and exits the bar. As Craig exits the bar a **GUY#2** picks up a phone and dials a number.

GUY#2  
(on phone)  
Hello Roger, I think Craig might be in trouble.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Craig stumbles along the park sidewalk.

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
How could they do this to me?

Craig continues to stumble along the sidewalk.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
My Amanda. My sweet sweet Amanda.

Craig looks around and views a park bench. He begins **SOBBING**.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken and sobbing)  
We had slurpies here.



Craig continues to **SOB** as he sits down on the park bench. Craig gathers himself and slumps back onto the bench.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
Roger, how could you? My best  
friend. My Roommate.  
(sniffles)  
The only black person I know!

Craig begins **SOBBING** again and he curls up onto the park bench.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Roger enters the bar in a hurry. He looks around in an effort to find Craig. He looks at their corner table but doesn't see him. Guy#2 enters from a back room and notices Roger.

GUY#2  
Hey Roger.

Roger turns and hustles over to the guy.

ROGER  
So what's the deal, where's Craig?

GUY#2  
He left here about 15 to 20 minutes ago. I told him to go straight home but he pretty much blew me off. He had way more than his share of drinks.

Guy#2 hands a wallet to Roger.

GUY#2 (CONT'D)  
And he dropped his wallet.

Roger takes the wallet.

ROGER  
Well he definitely didn't go straight home or I would have seen him. Damn.

GUY#2  
Sorry, I called you as soon as he left.

ROGER  
I appreciate it.

Roger and GUY#2 bump fists.

GUY#2  
So what are you gonna do?

Roger shrugs his shoulders.

ROGER  
Guess I'll just have to go look for  
his drunk ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Craig gathers himself and stops sobbing. He wipes his face.

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
What am I doing? I'm a man. I'm not  
gonna let them get me down.

Craig sits up on the bench..

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
I don't need them.

Craig reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flask.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
All I need is a little nightcap.

Craig opens the flask and takes a sip. Craig finishes his  
drink then stares at the flask.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
You're the only friend I need.

Craig gets up off of the bench and begins stumbling down the  
sidewalk again. **2 THUGS** approach Craig as he drinks from his  
flask. Craig finishes his drink and looks up to see the group  
of Thugs approaching him.

Craig pauses once he views the Thugs. Craig extends the flask  
out to Thug#1. Thug#1 shakes his head. Craig puts the flask  
back into his pocket.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
I see you guys have a little  
sidewalk block here. I'll just go  
back the other way.

Craig turns around and **2 THUGS** block his path. Craig pauses.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
Wait, weren't you two  
(pointing over shoulder)  
just over there?

Craig turns around and looks at the first 2 Thugs. Craig stands motionless.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(drunken)  
Oh boy.

Thug#1 steps forward.

THUG#1  
Oh boy's right. Just make this easy  
on yourself and give up the wallet.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Ok ok, just give me a second here.

Craig feels on his pockets. He gets a look of confusion on his face.

THUG#1  
What's the deal man?

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
I don't have it. I must have left  
it in the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Roger walks down the park side walk looking in every direction. Finally Roger views a group of guys up the sidewalk.

ROGER  
Maybe they've seen Craig.

As Roger gets closer, he begins looks curiously at the guys.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Damn, that's him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Thug#1 frowns at Craig's statement.

THUG#1  
I guess you wanna make this tough.

Thug#1 pulls out a gun. Craig **GASPS** and puts his hands up immediately.

THUG#1 (CONT'D)  
I'm not playing man, gimme the wallet.

Craig stands nervously with his hands up.

CRAIG  
(drunken)  
I swear, I don't have it!

Thug#1 aims the gun at Craig.

THUG#1  
You leave me no choice.

Thug#1 pulls the trigger. There's a loud **BANG**. Craig grabs his chest, then plummets to the ground.

Roger hears the gunshot and views Craig's body fall to the ground.

ROGER  
CRAIG!!!!!!

Roger sprints towards Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I'm coming buddy!

The Thugs are frantic. Thug#1 stares at the gun in his hand.

THUG#1  
Holy shit dude!

Thug#2 holds his hands over his mouth and looks shocked.  
Thug#3 looks around frantically.

THUG#3

What the hell man? I thought you  
said those were blanks.

THUG#1

I thought they were!

THUG#4

Fuck it!

Thug#4 begins searching Craig's body for his wallet. Thug#3  
looks totally scared and looks like he's about to cry.

THUG#3

What the hell are you doing?

THUG#4

I ain't leaving empty handed man!

Thug#2 looks up the sidewalk and views Roger running towards  
them.

THUG#2

Aww man, someone's coming!

THUG#3

(sniffling)

We gotta get out of here.

Thug #2 drags Thug#4 off of the ground and they run off.

Roger arrives to Craig's body shortly after. Roger stands  
over Craig and looks down at his body. Roger looks totally  
distracted.

ROGER

Damn buddy...

Roger kneels down beside Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'm too late.

Roger begins rubbing Craig's head.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry man. I hated it had to  
end like this. I just wanted us to  
be best friends again. But those  
asshole's ruined that.

Roger stares at Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you've been....

Roger pauses then focuses on Craig's chest. Roger touches Craig on the chest.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(touching craig's chest)  
....shot.

Roger looks at Craig's chest and under his arms. He rolls Craig over to look at his back then he rolls Craig back over.

Roger looks confused. He leans closely to Craig's face. Craig begins **SNORING**. Roger shakes his head.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I don't believe it.

Roger stands to his feet.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Man wake up!

Roger kicks Craig in the side but Craig only **SNORES** louder. Roger looks away and throws his arms in disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Roger sits on the couch watching television. The coffee table has been moved over by the main table. In the coffee tables place lies Craig, asleep on the floor.

As Roger continues watching television, Craig begins to wake up. Craig, slowly and sleepy, looks around the room. Roger notices that Craig is awake and puts down the remote and focuses on Craig. Craig starts rubbing his head.

CRAIG  
(groggy)  
Ah man, my head is killing me.

ROGER (O.S.)  
Well hello sleeping beauty.

Craig pauses.

CRAIG  
God, is that you?

Roger gets off of the couch and straddles Craig. Roger is smiling. Craig looks up at Roger.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Nope, it's Satan.

ROGER  
Shut up dumb ass, your not dead.

Roger helps Craig up off of the floor.

CRAIG  
Clearly, but what the hell happened?

ROGER  
I don't know. I heard a shot and I saw you fall. When I ran over to you, I found no bullet hole, you were just snoring. My guess is your soft ass fainted after hearing the gunshot.

Craig searches his body for holes.

CRAIG  
I guess you're right. But bullet hole or not, that whole experience put a lot of things in perspective.

Craig looks at Roger.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Look man I can't lie, it hurt like hell to see you and Amanda together. Holding hands, laughing and joking.

Craig pauses for a moment and turns his head.

ROGER  
You alright man?

Craig **SIGHS** and turns to Roger. Roger smiles at Craig. Craig smiles at Roger and then lunges at him. Craig grabs Roger by the throat and they fall back onto the couch. Craig has a look of total anger on his face.

CRAIG  
(choking roger)  
I, hate, your, fucking, guts. How could you do that to me?!

Roger tries to fight Craig off.

ROGER  
(choking)  
Will, you, just, let, me, explain?

Roger is finally able to push Craig off of him. Craig stumbles back. Roger is holding his neck as he gets up off of the couch. Both Craig and Roger are breathing heavily.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(breathing heavy)  
Alright Craig, this shit has gone on long enough.

CRAIG  
(breathing heavy)  
Oh no, I'm not done yet. Time for round two.

Craig **YELLS** and charges Roger. Roger side steps Craig and pushes him to the couch. Craig hits the couch and turns over immediately.

Craig looks at Roger and prepares to charge again. Craig **YELLS** and looks at Roger. Roger gives Craig a very distinct look. Craig immediately stops yelling and stares at Roger.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(nervously)  
Ok, maybe I took it a little too far.

Roger continues the distinctive look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(nervously)  
I know you're serious cause you have the angry black man look.

ROGER  
Damn right I do.

Roger walks over to the couch. Roger gives Craig the distinctive look, Craig slides over and Roger sits down. Roger faces Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Now, all I ask, is that you just here me out, ok?

CRAIG  
Ok.



ROGER

Yes, me and Amanda were sitting together at the bar, but we weren't on a date.

CRAIG

Well you two looked together.

Roger gives Craig the distinctive look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Sorry, please continue.

ROGER

My date was late, Amanda came in to get a drink, she saw me and we shared a table.

CRAIG

Ok, but what about the holding hands and giggling?

Roger **SIGHS**.

ROGER

This isn't easy for me to admit but....

CRAIG

But what?

ROGER

She was giving me advice about manicures.

Craig looks curiously at Roger.

CRAIG

She was doing what?

Roger **SIGHS** again.

ROGER

My hands were getting rough. So I need some advice on getting manicures.

Craig shakes his head.

CRAIG

I don't know, this seems a little far fetched.

ROGER

Oh really?

Roger gets off of the couch and walks towards his bedroom. Craig looks on curiously. Roger returns momentarily and hands a card to Craig.

Craig looks at the card. The card reads. Michelle's Mani's & Pedi's...Fingers and Toes We Do Those. Craig lowers the card.

CRAIG

She gave you a manicure card? I thought she was giving you her phone number.

ROGER

Now do you believe me?

Craig gets up off of the couch and walks over to Roger. Craig extends his fist to Roger.

CRAIG

I'm an idiot bro. I'm sorry. Will you accept my apology?

ROGER

Well that depends. Are we friends again?

CRAIG

Nope?

Roger looks shocked.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

We're best friends again.

Roger smiles and the guys bump fists.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Now that I got my best friend back, all I need now is my girl.

Roger goes and sits down at the dining table.

ROGER

Just call her, I'm sure she'll understand.

Craig takes a seat at the dining table.

CRAIG

Don't think that's gonna work. I haven't talked to her for days.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I haven't returned any of her calls. I'm sure she pretty much hates my guts by now.

ROGER

You'll never know unless you try.

CRAIG

Nah, I think I'll just leave it alone. If it's meant to be, it'll work itself out.

ROGER

I guess so. But what about your other issue.

CRAIG

What other issue?

Roger digs into his pocket and pulls out his phone and holds it up while smiling.

ROGER

Talk To Me Baby. Since you've been mad at the world, your production has significantly dropped my friend.

Craig leans back in his chair.

CRAIG

Yeah I know but, I'm not sure if that's the best route for me.

Roger has a curious expression.

ROGER

Not sure if it's the best route for you. Are you serious? We were the dynamic duo, making money hand over fist.

CRAIG

Yeah but, I wasn't really happy.

Roger looks distraught.

ROGER

Wasn't happy? Your ass looked awfully happy talking to all those freaky ass chicks.

Craig begins to smile.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Your ass looked awfully happy when  
the checks started coming in.

Craig continues to smile.

CRAIG  
Yeah you're right, I was pretty  
happy.

ROGER  
That's my point. So what's the  
problem?

Craig stops smiling and leans forward towards Roger.

CRAIG  
I'll admit, I was happy on the  
outside. But on the inside...  
(pointing at chest)  
on the inside I wasn't happy.

Roger pauses for a moment and **SIGHS**. Then he leans forward  
towards Craig.

ROGER  
Look, you my main man. And I  
support you 100 percent.

Roger pauses and Craig smiles.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
But don't give me that lame ass  
after school special shit.  
(mimicking craig's voice)  
I wasn't happy inside.

Craig frowns.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What about my happiness? Dammit,  
you owe me a bear skin rug!

Roger gets up from the table and paces the floor. Eventually  
he stops and looks at Craig. Craig bashfully looks up at  
Roger. Roger shakes his head.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Alright fine.

Roger sits at the table again.

ROGER (CONT'D)

But I think you're making a mistake.

CRAIG

Thanks. Hey, I'll even refer my customers to you. I just need to regroup, but I don't know where to start.

Craig **SIGHS** and lowers his head onto the table. As Craig's head is on the table, he looks down onto the floor and views a letter.

Craig reaches down and picks up the letter. Roger Looks at Craig as Craig opens the letter. Craig studies the letter for a moment.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

(looking at letter and smiling)

Swatting flies.

Roger looks curiously at Craig.

ROGER

Huh?

Craig looks up at Roger.

CRAIG

Swatting flies. That's my motivation. I didn't want him to swat flies.

ROGER

What the hell are you talking about?

Craig is smiling as he jumps up from the table with the letter in his hands. Craig walks over to Roger and grabs him by the shoulders.

CRAIG

I didn't want him to have to swat flies.

Craig walks of towards his room. Roger watches Craig leave then shrugs his shoulders.

ROGER

Shit, me neither.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-DAY

Craig enters his room with the letter. He searches on his dresser and finds a thumb tack. Craig walks to the wall with the letter and tacks it to the wall.

Craig steps back while looking at the letter and smiles. Craig's phone begins to **RING**. Craig grabs his phone off of the dresser.

CRAIG  
(on phone, excited)  
Hello.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Wow you sound excited. I take it  
you're feeling better Mr. 1.9.7.9.

Craig smiles.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Yeah. I guess you could say I've  
found new inspiration.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone filtered)  
New inspiration huh, sounds deep.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Just a few changes. Which reminds  
me, I think you're gonna have to  
find another phone sex guy.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
What do you mean?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
I've decided to move in a different  
direction. Two weeks and it's  
goodbye to Talk To Me Baby.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Man, I hate to hear that. I was  
just getting used to talking to  
you.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Tell you what, for the next two  
weeks, I'm all yours.

The Female Voice#2 **GIGGLES.**

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
That sounds perfect.

Craig hangs up the phone then scans the room.

CRAIG  
Two weeks.

Craig nods his head.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Let's make it happen.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Craig sits at the dining table which is covered with newspaper classifieds. He holds a pink high lighter in one hand and a yellow high lighter in the other.

Craig holds up the high lighters and stares at them.

CRAIG  
(nodding head)  
Here we go again.

Craig begins looking at the newspapers and high lighting and circling job opportunities.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK-DAY

Craig sits on a park bench with a slurpie in one hand and a phone up to his ear in the other.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Yep, that's what happened, changed  
my life.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Wow, how could you go back to a  
place after such a negative  
experience?

Craig pauses, looks at his slurpie and smiles.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
In my case, I'd say the positives  
out weigh the negatives.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Oh yeah, sounds nice.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Oh it was. Man I miss her.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Her, what her?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Oh nothing, just thinking bout old  
times.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Roger sits on the couch relaxed in sweats and a T-shirt. He's  
on the phone.

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
So Mr. 1.9.7.9 suggested you call  
me huh?

FEMALE VOICE#3  
(on phone, filtered)  
Yeah, he said you were the best and  
that I wouldn't be sorry.

Roger smiles.

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Oh he did? Well he was half right.



FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Half right, how so?

Roger sits up on the couch.

ROGER  
(on phone, sexy)  
Well I definitely am the best, but  
you will be sorry.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
And why is that?

ROGER  
(on phone)  
Cause you didn't talk to me sooner  
baby.

Roger smiles and nods his head.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Craig lies on the bed on the phone.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
So what happened between you and  
your lady friend?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Basically I overreacted. Instead of  
asking questions I just assumed.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Well you know what they say about  
assuming.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Well I don't know about you, but I  
definitely made an ass out of me.

Craig and the Female Voice#3 **LAUGH.**

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
So if you just made a mistake, why  
don't you just call her and  
apologize?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Nah, it's too late for that now.  
(sighs)  
Look, I gotta go.

Craig hangs up the phone, tosses it to the side and gets up off of the bed. Craig walks to the bedroom door and exits.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Roger sits on the couch watching television. Craig enters the room and plops down on the couch beside Roger.

CRAIG  
What's going on.

ROGER  
Nothing much. How's weening  
yourself off of phone sex breast  
going for you?

CRAIG  
Not bad but, at the rate my job  
search is going, I might have to  
jump back on the tittie.

Roger **LAUGHS**.

ROGER  
See, you still got that dirty talk  
in you. Told you, you're making a  
mistake. But personally, I'd like  
to thank you.

CRAIG  
Thank me, for what?

ROGER  
For all of those freaks you sent my  
way! Oooooh weeee!

Roger's phone **RINGS** and Roger hops up off of the couch.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hot damn it's the freaks calling.

Roger answers the phone.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(on phone, sexy)  
Talk to me baby.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, grumpy)  
Talk to me baby? Oh I gotcha damn  
talk to me baby.

ROGER  
(on phone)  
Ahh shit.

FEMALE VOICE#2 (V.O.)  
(on phone, grumpy)  
What did you say? What the hell did  
you say to me? Boy don't you make  
me....

ROGER  
(on phone)  
Shoot mamma, I said shoot!

Roger walks off towards his room. Craig watches him leave and  
**LAUGHS.**

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Craig sits at the kitchen table looking at the classifieds.  
Roger enters the room and goes into the kitchen area. Roger  
grabs a drink and has a seat at the table with Craig.

ROGER  
Still searching huh.

CRAIG  
(looking at paper)  
Yep, but I'm just going in circles.

Roger takes a sip of his drink.

ROGER  
I told you.

Roger leans across the table and pulls Craig's paper down.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Look at me Craig.

Craig looks at Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Come back, come back to the dark  
side.

Craig snatches his paper back and shakes his head.

CRAIG  
Nope, it's not that bad.

Craig continues to look at the paper as Roger sits down and  
takes a drink.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
But it's getting there.

Craig drops the paper onto the table.

ROGER  
This is you're last day as an  
official Talk To Me Baby employee.  
You sure you want to do this? I  
know some people in high places, I  
could put in a good word for you.

CRAIG  
Nah I'm good.

Craig gives Roger a curious look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Who do you know in high places?

ROGER  
Never mind.

CRAIG  
That's what I thought.

Craig picks up the paper again.

ROGER  
But seriously, I gotta admit man.  
I'm proud of you.

Craig lowers the paper again.

CRAIG  
Oh my, are you going after school  
special on me?

Roger gives Craig a sarcastic look.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
The big black mans going soft.

ROGER  
Man I'm serious. Even though you  
didn't believe in it, you gave this  
whole phone sex thing a try. I  
gotta respect you for that.

Craig leans back in his chair.

CRAIG  
Man, that's deep. A little cheesy,  
but deep.

ROGER  
What can I say, You've started to  
wear off on me over the years. But  
any way, in honor of your last day,  
I'm going to take you out for  
dinner and drinks.

Craig gives Roger a sly smile.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Wo wo, no fairy shit! This is just  
a friendly gesture.

Craig stands up from the table and walks over to Roger. Craig  
has a sly smile on his face. Roger looks at Craig curiously.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hey man, don't look at me like  
that.

Craig continues to smile as he gestures for Roger to stand  
up.

CRAIG  
Come on man.

ROGER  
Come on what?

CRAIG  
Gimme a hug.

Roger **SUCKS HIS TEETH** and jumps up from the table.

ROGER  
Man get out of here, I aint hugging  
you!

Craig leans in to hug Roger. Roger side steps and runs off. Craig chases after Roger.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Roger and Craig sit in the bar at their usual corner table. Craig's back is facing the door. They each have a beer in front of them. They are both smiling.

CRAIG  
Hey man, thanks for taking me out.  
I really appreciate it.

Roger quickly leans forward.

ROGER  
Yo don't say that?

Craig quickly covers his mouth in shock.

CRAIG  
Oh sorry.

ROGER  
Damn, you gonna have these people  
out here thinking we're together.  
Damn, can't take you anywhere.

CRAIG  
Well in any case, I appreciate it.

ROGER  
No problem.

Craig's phone begins to **RING**. Craig ignores it. The phone **RINGS** again. Roger looks over at Craig.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Aren't you gonna answer that?

CRAIG  
Why?

The phone continues to **RING**.

ROGER  
Technically, you're still on the  
job.

CRAIG  
What the hell.

Craig answers the phone.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Hello.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Hey you answered.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Yeah, you caught me just in time.  
What's up?

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Since it's your last day, could you  
do me a favor?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Why not, anything for a valued  
customer. What is it?

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
In talking to you, it was obvious  
you still had feelings for your  
lady friend. I was just wondering,  
if you had the chance to talk,  
what would you tell her?

Craig **TAKES A DEEP BREATH.** Roger looks at Craig curiously.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Well, first I'd tell her that I was  
sorry.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Then what?

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
Second, I'd tell her that I miss  
spending time with her.

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Anything else?

Craig pauses and looks around for a moment. Roger looks at Craig.

CRAIG  
(on phone)  
I'd tell her...

Craig pauses.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
I'd tell her I love her. There I  
said it. Are you happy now?

FEMALE VOICE#3 (V.O.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
Oh that's so sweet.  
(sniffling)  
I love you too Craig.

Craig looks up from the phone at Roger. Roger is smiling. Craig slowly looks over his shoulder. Amanda is standing behind Craig. She is smiling, teary eyed and wearing the necklace Craig bought for her.

Craig stands up and embraces Amanda.

CRAIG  
This may have been my last day, but  
it was by far the best day.

Craig and Amanda embrace again and kiss. Roger gets up and separates them.

ROGER  
(pulling craig and amanda  
apart)  
Alright alright alright, that's  
enough of that shit. Have a seat  
people have a seat.

Roger sits down on one side of the table while Craig and Amanda sit beside each other.

Everyone is smiling. A waitress brings three drinks over. Everyone grabs a glass.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Now, I'd like to propose a toast.

Everyone raises their glass.



ROGER (CONT'D)  
First, to me and Amanda for putting  
one over on Craig.

They **CLINK** glasses.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Second...  
(looks at amanda)  
For making a new friend.  
(looks at craig)  
And for getting my best one back.

Roger, Amanda and Craig smile and **CLINK** glasses.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
And finally, I'd like to propose a  
toast to Talk To Me Baby, for  
giving us and experience that we'll  
all remember.

CRAIG, AMANDA, ROGER  
Here here!

They all **CLINK** glasses and begin smiling and **LAUGHING**.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

Roger sits at the dining table looking at magazines while  
Craig and Amanda sit on the couch watching television.

There is a **KNOCK AT THE DOOR**. Roger looks up at the door and  
smiles.

ROGER  
I'll get it.

Roger hops out of his chair and skips to the door. He opens  
the door and a Lady enters. Roger and the Lady embrace. Craig  
and Amanda look at them embracing.

AMANDA  
Aww, look at the cute couple.

Craig is smiling. Roger and the Lady separate. Craig's face  
goes from a smile to a look of shock.

CRAIG  
What the hell....Loretta!

Roger and Loretta smile.

ROGER

What's the problem? I told you I  
knew people in high places.

Roger and Loretta have a seat at the table. Craig still looks shocked. Amanda **GIGGLES** to herself.

CRAIG

You knew about this?

AMANDA

Of course I did, Loretta was  
Roger's real date on that fateful  
night.

Craig looks over at Roger and Loretta.

CRAIG

That's why he didn't want me to  
come along.

Craig shakes his head while Amanda rubs his back.

There is another **KNOCK AT THE DOOR**. Craig looks at Roger,  
Roger looks back at Craig.

ROGER

Don't look at me, I got the last  
one.

Craig gets off of the couch and walks to the door. Craig  
opens the door and a well dressed **YOUNG BLACK MAN** in a suit  
is standing there. Craig looks at him then turns to Roger.

CRAIG

Hey Roger.

Craig steps to the side.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

It's for you.

Roger looks at the Young Black Man.

ROGER

That's fucked up Craig. Cause he  
black I'm supposed to know him?

The Young Black Mans face light's up.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

(african accent)

Craig, did you say Craig?

Craig looks at everyone in the house then back at the Young Black Man curiously.

CRAIG  
Yeah, I'm Craig.

The Young Black Man opens his arms and has a huge smile.

YOUNG BLACK MAN  
(african accent)  
It is you.

Craig's eyes widen.

YOUNG BLACK MAN (CONT'D)  
(african accent)  
Foster father!

The Young Black Man embraces Craig. Everyone in the room looks totally confused. The Young Black Man releases Craig who continues to look confused.

The Young Black Man and Craig stare at each other for a moment. Craig looks confused and the Young Black man is smiling. Suddenly a fly buzzes around Craig's face for a couple seconds then the Young Black man slaps the fly away.

Craig's face lights up.

CRAIG  
Shaka?

The Young Black Man smiles and nods his head.

YOUNG BLACK MAN  
(african accent)  
Yes, it is me!

Craig smiles then gestures to Shaka to enter.

CRAIG  
Well come on in!

Shaka and Craig walk to the middle of the room.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Everyone, this is my Ethiopian foster child Shaka. Although I thought he would be smaller.

Shaka **LAUGHS**.

SHAKA

(african accent)

Oh no, that is what they tell the sponsors so they send more money.

Everyone greets Shaka and Shaka greets them back.

SHAKA (CONT'D)

(african accent)

Foster father, I am here to repay you.

CRAIG

Repay me, for what?

SHAKA

(african accent)

Your kindness in giving. It motivated me to work hard at my craft and to be successful so I can return the favor.

CRAIG

Kindness? I didn't do much, I just gave what I could.

Shaka smiles.

SHAKA

(african accent)

And it is that unselfishness that motivated me most. And now I'm here to repay you.

Shaka reaches into his jacket pocket and hands Craig an envelope.

SHAKA (CONT'D)

(african accent)

Thank you for everything.

Craig takes the envelope, looks at everyone then opens it. The envelope is full of cash. Craig's face lights up and his mouth is open in shock.

CRAIG

Is this for real?

ROGER

Let me see!

Roger grabs the envelope. He opens it up, sticks his head in and **SNIFFS** the cash. Roger pulls his head out with a huge smile on his face.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
(nodding head)  
Yep, it's real.

SHAKA  
(african accent)  
I hope this satisfies you.

CRAIG  
Shaka, thank you but, what the hell  
man! Where'd you get all this cash  
from?

ROGER  
You didn't rob some African bank  
did you?

Shaka **LAUGHS**.

SHAKA  
(african accent)  
Of course not. I earned it from my  
craft.

CRAIG  
Well what the hell is your craft?

SHAKA  
(african accent)  
I'm a professional fly swatter.

Roger and Craig look at each other shocked.

ROGER, CRAIG  
That's a real job?!

SHAKA  
(african accent)  
Oh yes, it is very lucrative job,  
but also very undesirable. So I  
quit and moved to America.

CRAIG  
You quit? Well what are you gonna  
do now, where are you gonna work?

A phone begins **RINGING** in a funny and distinct ring tone.  
Everyone looks around.

SHAKA  
(african accent)  
I got another job.

Everyone looks at Shaka confused.

Talk To Me Baby 101.

SHAKA (CONT'D)  
(african accent)  
Excuse me for a moment.

Shaka reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a phone and answers it.

SHAKA (CONT'D)  
(african accent, sexy)  
This is Shaka, your mandingo  
warrior.....Talk to me baby.

Shaka looks at everyone and winks.

FADE TO BLACK.

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