

The Chat Up Line

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. TIME NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

A queue of CLUBBERS wait, most wear winter attire. A long dark coat wraps around MICHAEL 29, a trimmed beard hides under his raised collar.

MICHAEL  
You're crazy Gordy.

GORDON 30, slick hair, wears just a long sleeved shirt. Hands tucked into his jean pockets.

GORDON  
Why don't they let us in already?

Gordon takes one hand from his pocket, checks his watch.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
It's bloody ten already.

He sidesteps from the queue, rubs his hands together. Scowls to the entrance.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Hey, come on man! We're freezing out here.

A hefty BOUNCER looks Gordon up and down, smiles.

BOUNCER  
Just you pal.

Gordon sighs, steps back beside Michael. A SOUND mumbles from his pocket, he searches inside and retrieves a phone. "FLASH" ring tone plays, he answers.

GORDON  
You got the Flash.  
(beat)  
Hey baby.

He looks to Michael, raises his eyebrows and shakes his head.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Where am I going?  
(beat)  
Quakers...I think.

Michael grins and nods in agreement.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Yeah definitely Quakers.  
(beat)  
No worries babe.  
(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

(beat)  
See ya later.

He hangs up, drops the phone back into his pocket.

MICHAEL

Miranda?

They move forward with the queue.

GORDON

She's coming out after all.

Gordon pulls a gold WEDDING BAND off his finger, studies it decisively. Lowers it into his shirt pocket.

GORDON (CONT'D)

It's not going to ruin my night  
though.

INT. TIME NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

DANCE MUSIC blares through the dim, murky room. Gordon and the now jacketless Michael stand at the bar. Scrutinize the scantily dressed women on the dance floor.

MICHAEL

There's some real mingers here  
tonight.

GORDON

It's early yet mate, give it time.

Gordon turns to the bar, clicks his fingers to the bartender CARLY, late teens, black apparel.

GORDON (CONT'D)

When you're ready sweetheart. We're  
dying of thirst over here.

CARLY

Same again?

GORDON

If it's not putting you out too  
much.

He turns to Michael, rolls his eyes.

MICHAEL

Do you ever feel guilty  
about...cheating?

GORDON

Hell no. There's more than enough  
Flash to go around. Miranda's one  
lucky woman to even have a piece  
of this.

Gordon struts forward, twirls around. Michael smirks.

MICHAEL

You're so full of crap Gordy.

Carly places two beer bottles on the counter.

CARLY

That's fifteen pounds please.

GORDON

How much?!

CARLY

Fifteen.

Gordon pulls a couple of crisp notes from his pocket.

GORDON

A bit excessive don't you think  
love?

He passes the notes over to Carly. They stare at each other, one hand each on either side of the notes.

CARLY

Thanks and by the way, I'm not  
your love or sweetheart, got it!

She snatches the money away.

GORDON

Anything you say darling.

She sighs and walks away. Gordon picks up the beers, hands one to Michael.

They turn back to the dance floor, Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

Gordy, look at this guy on the  
dance floor mate

Gordon tilts his head to glance towards the--

DANCE FLOOR

Two GIRLS, early 20's, skimpy clothes dance beside STEVE 30's. He's Pudgy with greasy long hair, wears a leather jacket.

Steve shimmies himself into the middle of the girls. Dances like Saturday Night Fever, head down. The girls frown, walk away.

He stops dancing and looks up, notices the girls are gone. DANCERS stare at him and laugh, he shakes his head humiliated and walks up towards the--

BAR

He stops at the bar beside Gordon and Michael defeated. They look at him and smirk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
How's it going fella?

Steve looks across to them, unsure.

STEVE  
Not bad thanks.

The sweat on his forehead shines from the bright lights behind the bar

GORDON  
Listen mate, I'm not one for prying, but we just watched that miserable performance on the dance floor.

Steve signals for a beer, looks back to Gordon.

STEVE  
I don't know what you are talking about?

MICHAEL  
You were trying to pull those two birds right?

STEVE  
I wasn't trying to pull anyone.

Carly hands Steve a bottle of beer, he goes into his pocket.

GORDON  
That's okay mate, it's on me.

Gordon hands Carly another crisp note across the counter.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
There you go sweetheart.

CARLY  
What did I tell--

GORDON  
And keep the change.

She looks into her hand, pleased with the contents.

CARLY  
Thanks.

Steve turns to them with his beer in hand, skeptical.

STEVE  
Cheers for the beer. What do you two want from me?

MICHAEL  
We wanna help you mate.

STEVE  
Help me with what?

Gordon smiles, walks closer and puts his arm around Steve.

GORDON  
With the ladies my man. We want  
to help you with the ladies. This  
is Mike and I'm the Flash.

Gordon shifts back and notices a wet stain on his shirt,  
winces.

STEVE  
The Flash?

MICHAEL  
His name's Gordon.

STEVE  
Cool! I'm Steve. How do you intend  
to help me?

Michael and Gordon look to each other, sneer.

GORDON  
Well Steve, we're gonna do you a  
favor. We're gonna give you a  
chat up line that can't fail.

STEVE  
Chat up line, I don't know.

GORDON  
It's pure gold, right Mike?

MICHAEL  
That's right mate, it never fails!  
You'll have your pick of the bunch.

STEVE  
Seriously?

GORDON  
Serious Steve, no lie.

STEVE  
If it's so great, then why don't  
you two use it?

MICHAEL  
We do Steve! All the time.

GORDON  
Imagine it Steve, look out there.

All three turn and observe the dance floor.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Look at all that talent.  
(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

From big breasted honey's to filthy looking bitches. You want some of that right Steve?

Steve nods his head, a big grin across his face.

STEVE

Yeah.

GORDON

You want to be the one taking home that stunning blonde tonight.

STEVE

Yeah.

GORDON

The one that all the guys are envious of because he's pulled the best looking girl on the dance floor.

Steve thrusts one of his arms in the air in celebration

STEVE

Yeah!

GORDON

That's the spirit Steve.

Gordon leans closer, stops. Looks at Steve's sweaty head, leans back

GORDON (CONT'D)

It's a classified chat up line though. You can't tell anybody else about it. Can you do that Steve? Keep it secret?

STEVE

Easy. I don't have many friends anyway.

GORDON

I thought as much.

Gordon turns to Michael, pats his shoulder.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Did I tell you this was our man or what?

MICHAEL

You were right Gordy, this is the one.

GORDON

Okay.

Gordon looks around suspicious and steps closer to Steve, whispers.

GORDON (CONT'D)

The line is...

INT. TIME NIGHTCLUB -- MOMENTS LATER

Gordon and Michael laugh at the bar, watch Steve on the dance floor.

MICHAEL

Tell me mate? What did you tell him to say?

GORDON

I told him a perfectly good chat up line.

MICHAEL

Please Gordy.

Gordon laughs louder, takes a swig of his beer

GORDON

Well I told him--

MICHAEL

Hang on a sec.

Michael walks forward, focuses harder on the dance floor. Looks back, mouth agape.

GORDON

What is it?

MICHAEL

He's only snogging some bird and she looks a right stunner from behind.

GORDON

No way!?

Gordon moves beside Michael, they gawk at the dance floor perplexed.

DANCE FLOOR

Steve and an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE embrace hard on the dance floor. They release each other, she begins to grind herself against Steve. He looks and gives them the thumbs up.

BAR

Gordon stumbles back and grabs his beer, drinks it in one. Michael walks up beside Gordon, shakes his head.

MICHAEL

I don't believe it? What did you tell him to say?

Gordon looks to Michael pale faced, turns to Carly.

GORDON  
Could I have a drink please?

CARLY  
Sorry?!

GORDON  
A drink, could I please have a  
drink?

CARLY  
Sure.

GORDON  
Thank you.

Steve walks up behind them and smiles.

STEVE  
Hey guys.

They turn around, look at Steve somber. Steve raises his  
hand, palm out.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
High five! I did it and look at  
her. I mean, Wow! And you know  
the best part.

Michael and Gordon shake their heads, stand frozen. Steve  
leans closer.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
She swallows! Thanks guys for all  
your help.

GORDON  
I'm gonna be sick!

Gordon turns and jogs away fast.

STEVE  
What's up with the Flash?

MICHAEL  
He just found out his wife swallows.

FADE OUT: