ALMOST BACK IN SEATTLE

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Young beautiful women push baby-strollers, walk dogs, and jog along the sidewalks of this apartment complex community situated in the middle of Hollywood California.

AT A FOUR WAY STOP

A yellow CHEVY CAMARO slows through the intersection, caked with road-dust and sporting state of ‘WASHINGTON’ license plates.

INT. CHEVY CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

DARRYL STEVENS (22, African/All American-type) navigates the vehicle as LYNN HOLLISTER (22, earthly-pretty, a few pounds overweight) rides shotgun, and JOSH COWELL (23, thin, metrosexual aura) gawks out the back seat windows at the young, hot women going about their way.

JOSH
Check out this neighborhood. Can I pick’em or what?

LYNN
Relax hotshot. We haven’t seen the apartment yet.

DARRYL
(re: surrounding females)
Yeah, but we’ve seen the local wildlife and the verdict is in...

Exchange looks with Josh.

JOSH/DARRYL
This is a great neighborhood!

Lynn rolls her eyes.

LYNN
A Confederacy of Dunces.

JOSH
And what, you’re the lone genius?

LYNN
Well I am, the only one thinking.
DARRYL
Since when? It was Josh and I that decided to move to LA. We picked the day to leave, the driving routes, and the food stops along the way. All you’ve been doing is whining the whole time.

LYNN
That’s ‘cause you picked ‘Ding dong the witch is dead’ Stacy Matterrow before you picked me to go. Then you decided to leave on the rainiest day of the year. Plus you wanted to use road maps instead of the GPS. And, all the food stops were at highway gas stations!

DARRYL
Hey, truckers have been eating that food for years and you don’t see them complaining.

JOSH
Yeah, so who’s the Confederacy of Dunces now?

LYNN
But that doesn’t make any sense.

JOSH
It does to me.

DARRYL
Does to me too J-dog.

JOSH
Then the vote is in.
(points)
You, are the Confederacy of Dunces.

LYNN
(shaking head)
What have I gotten myself into?

GPS SYSTEM (O.S.)
Your destination is thirty feet ahead, on the right hand side.
EXT./INT. CHEVY CAMARO

The three look out the windshield and takes in the five-story tenant building where an ALBINO MAN with corn rolls, gold chains, and a two-piece suit stands on the step.

DARRYL
There it is. The Stratford apartments.

JOSH
Nice.

LYNN
What’s up with the Albino?

JOSH
That’s gotta be my man, Meechy.

LYNN
You answered a Craig’s list ad for an apartment from a guy named Meechy?

JOSH
Careful Lynn. You’re judging a book by it’s cover.

LYNN
No, I’m judging Craig’s list by the number of people that got their throats slashed when answering a Craig’s list ad posted by an Albino named Meechy!!!

EXT. STRATFORD ARMS – DAY

MEECHY flashes a gold tooth smile as Darryl, Lynn, and Josh step out of the car to greet him.

JOSH
Good morning, Meech?

MEECHY
That would be me. Top of the morning to ya.

JOSH
Josh Stevens. We spoke earlier on the phone bout the apartment.
MEECHY
(with smile)
That’s why I’m here.
(re: Darryl, Lynn)
These yo roommates?

LYNN
Friends. We haven’t decided on the place yet. I’m Linda Hollister, the brains of this operation.

DARRYL
(under breath)
Yeah, right.

LYNN
What was that?

DARRYL
What was what, you saying you’re the brains of the operation when it was Josh that found the Craig’s List ad?

JOSH
Yeah, if anyone has brains in this operation that would be me.

MEECHY
Look, I got potential renters lined up all day so if you wanna see the unit.

JOSH
(with a smile)
That’s why we’re here.

INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - STRATFORD ARMS - DAY

Meechy gives Josh, Darryl, and Lynn the tour.

MEECHY
As you can see the building is fairly new. The newest on the block. Every unit comes with a balcony. View of the pool. And two parking spaces.

LYNN
What about central air?

MEECHY
Got it.
LYNN
Laundry facilities?

MEECHY
In the basement.

LYNN
Proximity to shopping centers and bus lines? Because only one of us drives.

MEECHY
This is Hollywood. You’re gonna be living in close proximity to everything.

LYNN
(warning)
If, we decide to take the unit.

DARRYL
What I wanna know is what’s the ratio of single women to men in the building?

Josh extends his hand for a fist bump.

JOSH
That’s my dog.

DARRYL
(reciprocating)
My man.

LYNN
Stop screwing around. This is a serious decision.

JOSH/DARRYL
Yeah yeah yeah. O’kay mom.

MEECHY
Don’t worry guys. There’ll be plenty of opportunities to screw around if you know what I mean.

LYNN
Can we just get on with the tour?

MEECHY
Sure...
 (points out glass door)
And this here is my office.
Darryl, Lynn, Josh looks at the GLASS DOOR into the manager’s office where DONALD MORELAND (early 60’s, beard, trademark fedora hat) puffs on a cigar while talking on the phone.

MEECHY
... And that is my assistant Donald. Wave hi to Donald.

The three wave.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
Hi Donald. ‘Sup. What’s crackin.

THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR

Donald senses the people there, looks up and make eye-contact, focus narrowing in on Meechy, before giving him the finger.

MEECHY
(laughs)
Good ole Donald, always joking around.
(moves on)
This way...
(indicates stairs)
The unit’s on the second floor.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - STRATFORD ARMS - DAY

MEECHY
So let me guess, u guys come here to be actors right?

DARRYL
Just me. These two idiots couldn’t act their way out of a wet paper bag.

JOSH
And you can?

DARRYL
Google me.

JOSH
Don’t have to. I’ve seen your last two plays and they sucked.
DARRYL
I just act the lines I don’t write them.

MEECHY
You two are friends aren’t you?

LYNN
More like clowns. I’m an sculptress. Or will be after I make my first sale.

JOSH
(sarcastic)
Good luck on that.

LYNN
Good luck on this...

Punches Josh in the shoulder.

JOSH
Oowww!
(rubs arm)
If you wanna use my business connections to sell your crap you better cut that out.

LYNN
You have no business connections.

JOSH
That’s because I just got here.
Give me a few months. I’ll be on the cover of Forbes in no time.

DARRYL
Yeah, in handcuffs.

MEECHY
Guys... we’re here. Unit 204.

He pulls out key, opens door...

INT. UNIT 204 - STRATFORD ARMS - CONTINUOUS

... to reveal a spacious modern apartment with a patio, mini-bar, and cheap, worn furnishing.

MEECHY
So here it is, the only available unit in the building..
DARRYL
It’s do-able.

JOSH
Do-able?... This is nice.

LYNN
Nice? The furniture looks straight off a thrift store show-room floor.

DARRYL
We’re renting the apartment not the furniture.

LYNN
But the ad said ready to move in. This place looks like somebody should be ready to move out.

MEECHY
Someone just did. After twenty-three years. I make sure Donald exchanges out this furniture with updated ones we have in the basement.

JOSH
Where’s the pool?

MEECHY
In back of the apartment building next door. You have to look out the bathroom window to get a glimpse.

LYNN
That’s perverted.

MEECHY
Only when you’re in the shower.

Lynn’s face twists in disgust.

LYNN
Ewww.

Josh and Darryl high-fives.

JOSH/DARRYL
Oh yeah. Boo-yah.

Then, considering the “masturbating” implication, wipes hand clean on their pants.
DARRYL
Let’s forget that jus happened.

JOSH
I already did.

Meechy moves to the center of the apartment unit where he points out the kitchen amenities, then the three doors that open off a short hallway on the opposite side of the room.

MEECHY
The kitchen comes with a dishwasher, stove, and microwave.
(turns)
And over there are the two bedrooms and bath.

LYNN
Which one is the master’s suite?

JOSH
Oh no, if me and Will Smith here have to share a room we’re getting the master’s.

LYNN
But I need a private space to create my work.

JOSH
There’s plenty of space out on the patio.

LYNN
Then my creations would be revealed before it’s time.

JOSH
Good, it’ll scare away the burglars.

Darryl, meanwhile, is distracted with a wall mirror, admiring his athletic physique in the glass.

DARRYL
(self)
Damn, I’m fine.

MEECHY
Go ahead take it in. If you want it I’m gonna need first and last month rent plus deposit.
DARRYL
(flexing biceps)
And I’m gonna need a bat to beat off the honeys.

JOSH
Let’s talk about that Meech.

MEECHY
What’s there to talk about? I told you on the phone rent is 1500 a month plus 1000 deposit. That’s four thousand to move in

JOSH
That you did but the way I figure it --

MEECHY
C’mon don’t start this crap.

JOSH
It’s no crap. It’s just that time is money and you look like a man who values his time. Now you can spend the next few days to a week looking for someone to rent this place, or you can take 3700 cash right now.

Lynn and Darryl holds their breaths as Meechy considers the proposal. Relents.

MEECHY
I gotta hand it to you kid, you got me. You’re gonna go far in this town. You got spazz... I’ll take the 3700.

Josh fist pumps the air.

JOSH
Yeessss!

Lynn reaches over and slaps Josh hard on the shoulder.

LYNN
Way to go.

Darryl crosses over and tap fists with Josh.

DARRYL
My man. You came through.
JOSH
Like I said, it’s the cover of Forbes or bust.

Meechy looks at his watch.

MEECHY
Time is money guy. Let’s get this show on the road.

DARRYL, LYNN, and JOSH

Dig out their cash, counting off their equal share of the 3700 move in cost, placing the bills down on the dinning room tabletop.

LYNN
We’re going to need a receipt of course.

As Meechy scoops the 3700 from off the table, MEECHY

Sure... I’ll bring it with the lease agreement when I come back from the office.

(heads for door)
Make yourself at home. This is your places now.

Darryl, Lynn, and Josh waits until the door closes behind Meechy... then jump in celebration.

DARRYL
Nailed it! Had to set a record for moving to LA and finding an apartment.

LYNN
It’s happening. It’s actually happening. Now all we have to do is get jobs.

JOSH
But first we gotta go out tonight and celebrate. First round on me.

LYNN
No, we agreed that there will be no partying until we all are employed.
DARRYL
We just saved $300 bucks, Lynn.
This will be our first night in LA.
If we don’t wake up in jail, we did something wrong.

JOSH
I gotta agree Lynn. We ain’t in Kansas anymore.

LYNN
We’re from Seattle!

JOSH
But you get the point.

LYNN
Yeah, I’m now roommates with you two idiots.

DARRYL
Birds of a feather --

LYNN
Whatever.

Breaks off dropping the subject. Drifts over to the

SLIDING GLASS DOOR

That separates the patio. Takes in the dimensions of what
will be her work area.

LYNN (CONT’D)
I’m still not sold on this patio thing. I mean there’s barely enough
room out here to --

Off-handedly spots something over the balcony, down on the
ground. It’s ...

EXT. TENANT PARKING - STRATFORD ARMS - INTERCUT

...Meechy hurrying for his car, his demeanor that of someone
who just swindled somebody out of money.

LYNN
What the --??... GUYS, quick!

Josh and Darryl rush over, sees what it is that has Lynn rattled:
MEECHY jumping behind the steering wheel of a gleamy black BMW and PEELS off down the street.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
Hey! Heeyy!! Shit!!!

The three then turn and bolt for the door.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. BUILDING MANAGER’S OFFICE - STRATFORD ARMS - DAY

Stacks of files on desk of DONALD, who puffs on his forever present cigar, lazily inputting data into a lap-top, when...

Suddenly, the door bursts open and Darryl, Lynn, and Josh burst into the room.

DONALD
(startled))
Take what you want, but I don’t keep any cash here!

DARRYL
This isn’t a jack fool. Where’n the hell is Meechy going?

JOSH
Yeah what gives?

DONALD
What gives? He’s your friend how’n the hell should I know?

LYNN
He’s not our friend we just met him. He showed us an apartment upstairs. Took our deposit with the first and last month’s rent. Then jetted out in his car.

Donald pounds his desk.

DONALD
That sucker.

LYNN
That sucker what?

DONALD
Well evidently he just schemed you out of your money. And he didn’t even have the decency to stop by and pay the back rent that he owes.

DARRYL
So he’s not your boss?
DONALD
Are you insane? I gave him till 5 o’clock to get his non paying ass out of my building.

JOSH
Wait a second. Are you saying we just got schemed?

DONALD
Lot stock and barrel.

JOSH
And our money is gone?

DONALD
That’s how it usually works, honey.

Lynn punches Josh in the shoulder.

JOSH
Oowww.

LYNN
I warned you bout using Craig’s list! I told you we should go through a rental agency but you said...

(imitates)
“No. I’m more than capable of finding a place myself and saving us the agent’s fee.”

(then)
Cover of Forbes my ass.

JOSH
(to Donald)
Look we found the guy on Craig’s list --

LYNN
Not us -- you.

DONALD
Well that was your first mistake. You don’t look for an apartment on Craig’s list in this city. Do you know what kind of nuts are out there?

DARRYL
We just met one.
DONALD
I beg your pardon.

DARRYL
Not you, him. The Albino that ran off with our money.

DONALD
Hey hey, he owes me too but lets not get racist. I expected more from you.

DARRYL
What?

LYNN
You said he was a tenant, right? So you know is name? We can report him to the police.

DONALD
The police? What do you expect them to do?

LYNN
What, police, do. You know when a crime happens, you call the police and they--

DONALD
File a report? If that’s what you want young lady, hell I’ll file you a report if it’ll make you feel better.

LYNN
But he just can’t get away Scott free.

DONALD
Even if the cops put out a warrant for his arrest. You’re still gonna be in the same predicament you’re in now. Your money is gone. So... You guys still need an apartment?

JOSH
Yeah but there’s no way we can afford another deposit, first, and last month’s rent.

(re: Lynn, Darryl)
My bad on this one. I accept full blame.
DARRYL
Our, bad. We went in on this together... We go back home, save money again, and then come back in a couple of months and start all over.

LYNN
No.
(to Donald)
Meechy lived here. You knew him. Where does he hang out?

DONALD
(chuckles)
Lil lady...

Donald rolls back from the desk to reveal him sitting on a hove-around electric chair.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
Oh. Sorry. We didn’t know.

DONALD
Know what?

JOSH
That you were, uh, crippled --

DARRYL
Handicapped --

LYNN
Physically challenged.

DONALD
Oh I’m not any of that. I’m retired.

As he maneuvers the hove-around to his liquor cabinet, uncorks bottle and pours,

DONALD (CONT’D)
After forty years of the PGA, electric carts are now second nature to me. But as I was saying...
You kids world have obviously been turned upside down. And now you’re looking for answers and solutions to what has just befallen you. But take is from me...
(sips)
You got scammed, get over it.
LYNN
(to Josh)
I knew something was up with that guy.

JOSH
Then why didn’t you say something?

LYNN
(imitating Josh)
If anyone has any brains in this crew that would be me.

JOSH
Well if it was to good to be true you should’ve knew that it wasn’t.

LYNN
That doesn’t make any sense.
(whirls on Darryl)
And don’t you dare say ‘it makes sense to me’.

DARRYL
Okay, mom.

LYNN
Oh whatever.

DONALD
If it’ll make you kids feel any better I know where hangs out. Had to track him down plenty of times there for my rent money. But you kids, uh... Why don’t you just do what every other person in your predicament does in LA when they’re in desperate need of cash.

DARRYL
What’s that?

DONALD
Call your parents.

JOSH
On our first day here. They’ll think we’re losers.

DONALD
Well technically, you did lose your cash, so --
LYNN
No we haven’t lost yet. Where’s that place? We’re going over there.

DONALD
I respect that... He hangs out over on Fair Fax at Bianco’s bar and grill.

LYNN
Good. How do we get to Fairfax?

JOSH
And don’t give us that practice, practice, practice crap.

Off Donald’s “are you kidding” look.

INT. DARRYL’S YELLOW CHEVY CAMARO – SUNSET BLVD – DAY

Darryl drives as Josh rides shotgun and Lynn sits in the back - All are DISPIRITED.

DARRYL
Man, if I hav to go back home and move in with my peeps, I’ll never hear the end of it.
(imitates dad)
“I told you moving to LA to become a movie star was a pipe dream. Get a real job. That’s how you make it in America.”

LYNN
Your dad what about my mom?
(imitates mom)
“California? La La land? This is the biggest mistake of your life. The only people that go to California are weirdos, drug addicts, and porn stars. Oh my god where did I go wrong?!”

JOSH
You think you guys have problems. My folks fronted me the money to leave.
(imitates parents)
“Go on get outta here. Go. You can do it.” Imagine their disappointment if I walk back through the door. That is if they haven’t changed the locks.
GPS SYSTEM
You have completed your travel.
Your destination is ahead thirty feet on the right.

The gang looks, spots Meechy’s BMW in the parking lot.

DARRYL
There it is! That’s his ride.

JOSH
I see. I see.

LYNN
Then lets go in there and kick some Albino butt.

DARRYL
Can I at least park first Xena?

JOSH
(laughs)
Warrior princess. That was good.
That was good.

DARRYL
I know. Now knock that smirk off ya face and look tough. We don’t need that clown taking us for jokes.

JOSH
Even though you just made one?

LYNN
Even though you are one.

JOSH
Even though you --

DARRYL
C’mon guys chill. We’re on deck.

Turns off Sunset and pulls into the drive of...

EXT. BIANCO’S BAR & GRILL – DAY

TWO VALETS works the drive. Darryl’s Camaro – still caked with road dust – pulls next to the valet podium as...

VALET #1 runs around to the driver’s side and prevents the car door from opening.
VALET #1
May I help you?

INSIDE THE CAMARO

Darryl, Lynn, and Josh give pause.

DARRYL
Yeah, we wanna go in.

VALET #1
In this dirty car, and those cheap clothes... no way.

JOSH
Heeyyy...
(re: his shirt)
This is a Huxdale button-down classic. These pants are Zoe Brothers. And don’t even get me started on the shoes.

VALET #1
(snide)
All purchased from your local K-mart right?

JOSH
Walmart. I wouldn’t be caught dead in a K-mart.

VALET #1
Neither will you be caught dead in here. Now move it along. There’s a McDonald’s down the street.

LYNN
But there’s a guy in there that owes us money.

VALET #1
Lady, there’s guys in there that owe a lot of people money.

LYNN
What’s that suppose to mean?

DARRYL
And what’s wrong with my ride? Sure it’s a little dirty but --

VALET
A little?
(re: door dust)
(MORE)
This is pure neglect. If your "ride" was a child, protective services would’ve took it away long ago.

(beat)
Now move it!

Darryl has no choice but to move it along.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD – SECONDS LATER

Exiting the premise of Bianco’s Bar & Grill, the Camaro pulls out into traffic, crosses lanes to the opposite side of the road and parks...

EXT. CURBSIDE OF STREET/INT. DARRYL’S YELLOW CAMARO – DAY

LYNN
This is bull. We should bum rush that joint, twist that Meechy inside out and take our money back.

DARRYL
What if he’s armed? We can’t jus run up on a guy unless we know if he is or isn’t packing.

LYNN
So we gonna just sit here? It’s a bar he could be in there for hours. I’m telling you we should just get our bum rush on.

DARRYL
You see how fancy that place is, what if they have security?

LYNN
Again with the what if’s. What’d you think Josh? You down for a good ole fashion bum rush?

JOSH
And risk getting my face smashed in by some steroid chugging lug head? I’m calling 5 – oh. Better yet, you do it.

LYNN
Why?
JOSH
Because they’ll respond quicker if it’s a lady in distress.

LYNN
That’s sexiest.

DARRYL
We ain’t got time to discuss feminism in the 21st century, Lynn. That chump could be blowing through our cash right now.

JOSH
Yeah, he could be buying out the bar with two strippers on either side of him sniffing coke through a rolled up hundred dollar bill.

LYNN
It’s a bar & grill not a hip hop video.

DARRYL
Just make the call!

LYNN
Okay, okay.

Takes out her cellphone and dials. Two beats.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
911 what’s your emergency?

LYNN
We need a police officer at Bianco’s bar & grill, immediately.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
And what is the nature of this call?

LYNN
An Albino named Meechy ripped us off for 3700 bucks and we just tracked him down and need an officer to come out and haul his ass off to jail.

JOSH
After, we get our money back.

LYNN
Yeah, after, we get our money back.
OPERATOR (V.O.)
Are there any witnesses to the crime?

LYNN
Other than us, no.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
So it’s your word against his.

LYNN
Well, yeah.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
We’ll send an officer out to take a report as soon as one becomes available..

LYNN
As soon as one becomes available?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Well, is any person in need of medical assistance?

LYNN
No.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Is any person’s safety in imminent threat of danger?

LYNN
No.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
And let me guess. You’re new to LA right?

LYNN
We just moved here from Seattle.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Figures. Look, at this very moment someone in Los Angeles is either getting stabbed, shot, or having their house burned down to the ground. An Albino swindling you out of 3700 dollars does not constitute an emergency.

LYNN
But what if he tries to leave before the officer shows us?
OPERATOR (V.O.)
Get a description of his vehicle
and license plate number to put in
the report.

LYNN
Okay, thank you, I guess.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Have a nice day.

Click.

JOSH
What did they say?

LYNN
Welcome to LA.

DARRYL
Damn. Maybe Josh should’ve made the
call.

JOSH
Yeah, I would’ve sounded much more
like a lady in distress than that.

LYNN
Screw you.

JOSH
That Albino already did. He’s
probably in there making it rain on
them strippers with our cash right
now.

LYNN
I swear, you gotta lay off the rap
music.

DARRYL
Wait a sec...

Looks out window at business just off the sidewalk ‘Omni
Cinema Props and Wardrobes.’

DARRYL (CONT’D)
We just might be in luck.
INT. OMNI CINEMA PROPS AND WARDROBES – DAY

MOVIE MEMORABILIA, PROPS, and COSTUMES on display everywhere. The PROPRIETOR tends the floor, looks over as the door chime RINGS and Josh, Lynn, and Darryl walk in.

PROPRIETOR
Good afternoon. May your life be filled with greater and lasting enjoyment.

DARRYL
Yeah yeah yeah. We need to rent some really nice clothes.

JOSH
Like, baller gear. Something that’ll makes us look like we’re rolling in dough.

PROPRIETOR
If it’s external happiness which you seek I can help you with that. But for internal happiness I can help you even more.

LYNN
Yeah yeah yeah. Do you have hourly rates?

PROPRIETOR
Sure, but there’s a four hour minimum.

JOSH
What if we pay in cash?

PROPRIETOR
It’s still, a four hour minimum.

JOSH
What if we pay for two hours and bring the clothes back in like, fifteen minutes? You can pocket the bread and your boss will never know.

PROPRIETOR
But I and you will know. And I think we both agree that you can’t put a price on damage to our souls.
LYNN
Actually we can. You see, we are working on very limited funds on account of -- Hold up. Are you trying to recruit us into some wacky Hollywood religion?

PROPIETOR
Not recruit. Enlighten. The Zohar teaches that all external problems can be eradicated with the four basic principles of --

DARRYL
(to Josh, Lynn. Re: Propietor)
Oh great, a Scientologist. I was warned bout this.

PROPIETOR
We’re not that wacky of a Hollywood religion.
(beat)
I bring to you the wisdom of Kabbalah. The true religion set forth by --

JOSH
Yeah yeah yeah. Just show us the gear.

PROPIETOR
This way.

Starts off down AISLE

where Darryl’s attention falls on CSI (Las Vegas, Miami, Los Angeles): memorabilia, autographed posters, and wardrobe previously worn by the cast.

DARRYL
Whoa, whoa, whooaaa... This is my show. Guys, check it out!

Stops to takes in the merchandise as Josh, Lynn, and the Propietor presses on...

WARDROBE DEPARTMENT

... to racks of high-end clothing.

JOSH
Now this is what I’m talkin bout.
Lynn rifles through rack of dresses as Proprietor stands by,

PROPIETOR
Let me ask you something.

LYNN
Shoot.

PROPIETOR
Have you ever asked yourself what is the meaning of life?

LYNN
At least a thousand times. Especially in high school when I had this terrible acne problem. The other kids would tease me “There goes --

PROPIETOR
Well the Zohr teaches that --

LYNN
I wasn’t finished.

PROPIETOR
I know. But reliving past external incidences does nothing for the inner self. You see, human perception without Divine immanently does nothing to reveal our spiritual and physical existence which are bound up in the life of man.

LYNN
Good thing I’m a woman then.
(holds up dress)
What’s something like this go for?

PROPIETOR
At the four hour minimum rate, I can let you have it for $75. But it is my duty to warn you, the demonic realm, though illusory in its holy origin, becomes the real apparent realm of impurity in lower creation.

LYNN
Noted. Can I try this on?
Josh, approaching with the clothes from the mannequin, interjects,

JOSH
Yo my man, how much to take these digs for a spin?

Proprietor rolls eyes in frustration.

PROPRIETOR
75. They’re all $75 for four hours plus a $1000 deposit and $200 insurance option excluding the shoes, belt, and accessories.

Lynn and Josh’s mouth drop open at the same time that Darryl’s eyesight falls on a rack of POLICE UNIFORMS hanging nearby.

DARRYL
I got a better idea.
ACT THREE

EXT. OMNI CINEMA PROPS AND WARDROBES – AFTERNOON

As Darryl struts out of the shop, still dressed as before but now with his shirt unbuttoned, exposing his chest, a “fake” detective badge clipped proudly to his belt.

Lynn and Josh follow looking less confident both with “fake” detective badges hanging off their necks.

LYNN
I don’t know about this...

DARRYL
Own the character. Do not let it own you.

JOSH
What does that even mean?

DARRYL
Just follow my lead.

EXT. BIANCA’S BAR & GRILL – VALET PODIUM – SECONDS LATER

#2 Valet spots Darryl, Lynn, and Josh strutting up the drive, elbows #1 Valet to look.

VALET #2
Looks who’s back.
(beat)
I’ll handle it this time.

Start off to greet the three.

Darryl is first to speak as the Valet approaches.

DARRYL
Outta the way. We got official business.

ATTENDANT
Oh, sorry officer. Just doing my job, hope you understand.

DARRYL
I do, and I don’t.

The attendant moves off to the side. The three press on.
INT. BIANCO’S BAR & GRILL – ENTRANCE FOYER – AFTERNOON

A swanky hang-out complete with autographed pictures of past celebrity diners adorning the walls and music from a live jazz band whom entertains as young, hot waitresses and waiters dish out food and drinks to the PATRONS.

Darryl, Lynn, and Josh enter and is immediately approached by a beautiful thirty-something hostess DOMINIQUE WATSON (42), African-American.

DOMINIQUE
Good afternoon, I’m Dominique, your hostess for this evening. Table for three?

DARRYL
(re: fake badge)
Outta the way. We got official busin--
(beat)
Oh snap! You’re Dominique Watson, the R&B singer from the 90’s. I was one of your biggest fans.
(then)
What’re you doing working here?

DOMINIQUE
Well, did you buy my last album?

DARRYL
Uh, no.

DOMINIQUE
So didn’t a million other fans. (then) What can I do for you Officer?

LYNN
Actually, we here to apprehend one of your guests. We trailed him here so we know he’s inside.

DOMINIQUE
Oh. In that case allow me to go get the owner.

As she starts off,

JOSH
Excuse me, Ms Dominique.
DOMINIQUE
Yes?

JOSH
How many kids do you have?

DOMINIQUE
Two.

JOSH
Wanna go half on another one?

Dominique rolls her eyes and heads on as Lynn punches Josh in the shoulder.

JOSH (CONT’D)
Oowww. What was that for?

LYNN
You’re suppose to be a cop.

JOSH
I am. You ever hear of the good cop, bad cop routine?

DARRYL
He’s right. If we want to effectively pull off these roles we much each display unique but separate personalities.

LYNN
So if he’s the bad cop and you’re the good cop what personality does that leave for me?

DARRYL
You’re the eye-candy. Just nod, smile, and let me and Josh do the talking.

LYNN
Well if that ain’t the most male chauvinistic crap I ever heard --

BIANCO (O.S.)
Afternoon Officers...

The three turn to discover NICKY BIANCO, 60’s, tailored-suit, ear and pinky ring.

BIANCO (CONT’D)
I’m Bianco, and, I don’t believe we’ve met before.
DARRYL
(re: self, Lynn, Josh)
Detective Stevens, Cowell, and Hollister. Southeast division.

BIANCO
Southeast? But that’s clear on the other side of --

DARRYL
We’re here to talk to Meechy. Albino, gold tooth, chains, low-life son-of-a --

BIANCO
Yes, Meech. He’s here but, to not unsettle the other patrons, could I have him meet you in one of our private dinning rooms?

LYNN
As if he would actually show up to meet the police.

BIANCO
Oh don’t worry, I won’t mention that it’s to talk to the cops.

JOSH
It’s detectives.

BIANCO
But the young lady just said police.

LYNN
But I meant, cops. As in 5-oh, boys in blue, pigs --

BIANCO
Pigs?

DARRYL
You get the picture. Now bring Meechy to me before I go robo-cop all over this place.

BIANCO
Sure. Sure... Dominique could you please show the officers to the VIP room.

DOMINIQUE
This way please.
MAIN FLOOR - BIANCO’S BAR & GRILL

As Dominique leads the three “alleged” officers discreetly through the dinning area... Josh scopes out the crowd, spots Meechy at a far table with a pretty lady on either side of him, drinking from bottle of champagne.

JOSH
(low to Lynn)
Told ya.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - BIANCO’S BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON

A small exclusive dinning area set up for VIPs, business meetings, etc...

The door is opened by the Dominique who steps aside allowing Lynn, Darryl, and Josh to enter.

DOMINIQUE
Make yourself comfortable. The owner will be with you shortly.

DARRYL
Ms Dominique, before you go...
(beat)
...can I please take a selfie with you? Just one pic. A few seconds. It for my dad. Okay, no it’s not. It’s for me. For my Facebook, please!

DOMINIQUE
If only you had that much enthusiasm to buy my last album.

With that, she exits the room. Darryl watches, at a loss for words, as the door shuts behind her. After which, Lynn slides a chair over to the doorway and hops on top.

LYNN
This is the plan. When he comes in I’ll jump on his back surprising him, giving you two time to pounce and get our money back.

DARRYL
Pounce?

LYNN
To Strike. Lunge at.
DARRYL
I know the meaning I’m just not sure of the plan. Violence should be a last option.

JOSH
I agree. We could be charged with a hate crime if something goes wrong.

LYNN
Hate crime?

JOSH
Yeah, because he’s Albino.

LYNN
He’s a crook! The fact that he is a different color has nothing to do with it!

DARRYL
It’s call circumstantial evidence. And the circumstances are that he is Albino, and we do hate him.

JOSH
If I was on a jury I’d convict.

DARRYL
Me too.

LYNN
You too? Oh, so what’s the big plan, you flash your fake badge, put him in your fake police car, and take him to your fake jail?

DARRYL
Our fake jail. We’re in this together.

LYNN
But that doesn’t make any sense!!

DARRYL
You keep saying that. Why do you keep saying that? We’re a team. If something doesn’t make sense to one of us it shouldn’t make sense to all of us.

LYNN
But that doesn’t make any --
JOSH
There she goes again.

LYNN
Uuuuuggghhh!!!

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE PRIVATE DINNING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Bianco leads. Meechy struts behind, drink still in hand.

MEECHY
C’mon Nicky what gives? Am I about to be whack?

BIANCO
You gotta be freaking kidding me. If I wanted to whack you I would’ve done it already.

MEECHY
So who would wanna see me? Is it a broad?

BIANCO
She promised me not to tell.

MEECHY
So it is, a broad. Wanna piece of the old Meech huh.

EXT./INT. PRIVATE ROOM – BIANCO’S BAR & GRILL – CONTINUOUS

They arrived at destined door. Bianco grabs the doorknob and pauses...

BIANCO
No matter what happens in here I don’t want it spilling out into the main dinning room you hear me?

MEECHY
Don’t worry. I tell her not to scream to loud when I bang her.

BIANCO OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL...

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
ADLIB ATTACK STRATEGY ARGUEMENT.

JOSH, LYNN, and DARRYL arguing on the other side.
MEECHY
(menacing)
I thought you said someone wanted
to speak with me, these are
nobodys.

Lynn, Darryl, and Josh look over, sees Bianco and Meechy
entering the room. The three quickly composes themselves,
steps up to face Meechy.

DARRYL
That’s right. It’s us.

LYNN
Where’s our money you lying crook?

JOSH
Hand it over or feel the wrath.

BIANCO
What’s going on here?

Meechy reaches into his jacket...

MEECHY
Nothing I can’t handle.

...and extracts a gun.

MEECHY (CONT’D)
And first, I’ll handle you.

DARRYL
(what else you expected)
Yeah, right, the black guy always
get it first.

Josh steps over beside him.

JOSH
Don’t worry bro. If he kills you
he’s gonna have to kill me next.

DARRYL
But I still will get it first.

As Lynn slides up next to Josh,

LYNN
Then he’ll have to kill me.

Meechy smiles.
MEECHY
No problem.

DARRYL
But I still get it first!

Meechy dead-aims the barrel in the center of Darryl’s forehead.

DARRYL (CONT’D)
(sobs)
You was right daddy, I should’ve never come to LA to become an actor.

Squeezes eyes shut, braces for shot, when –

BIANCO (V.O.)
Meechy have you lost your freakin mind?
(steps up beside)
I got exclusive clientele here, I can’t have the cops swarming around.

MEECHY
But Nicky I --

BIANCO
No... That’s it.
(to three)
You kids, get outta here.
(then)
Meech, I’ll deal with you later.

LYNN
We aren’t going anywhere without our money.

JOSH/DARRYL
Yeah. That’s right.

Bianco stares into their determined faces, turns to Meechy:

BIANCO
Hand it over Meech.

MEECHY
C’mon Nicky. We can’t let a --

BIANCO
Do I have to repeat myself?
Meechy reluctantly digs out the money. Lynn snatches it out of his hand.

    LYNN
    Thought so.
    (quickly counts the roll)
    Wait a sec. It’s a couple of hundred short.

    MEECHY
    (shrugs)
    I had to pay off a debt or two.

    DARRYL
    You can explain it to the cops when they get here. The real ones this time.

    JOSH
    A couple of LA’s finest.

Bianco whips out his wallet.

    BIANCO
    I tell you what. Take this.

Fishes out three crisp one-hundred dollar bills.

    MEECHY
    (pleads)
    Nicky.

    BIANCO
    Not another word.
    (to Lynn)
    Here’s a couple of hundred. Now are we cool?

    LYNN
    We cool.

    JOSH
    What bout pain and suffering. Is it enough in there to cover that?

Both Meech and Bianco shoot him a look.

    JOSH (CONT’D)
    What?? I’m just making sure we’re in the same position as we were when the crime occurred... It’s the law.

Bianco takes out another hundred dollar bill.
BIANCO
(to Meechy)
And I don’t want them touched because it could lead back here to here.

DARRYL
That’s the only reason?

Bianco explodes.

BIANCO
You’re still here?!!

DARRYL
No. In fact I just didn’t say that.

Darts for the door. Lynn following quickly. Josh behind

INT. MANAGER’S OFFICE - STRATFORD ARMS - LATER

A GOLF BALL rolls across the floor and drops into a portable putting hole. The putter is Donald, who fist pumps the air.

DONALD
Yesss... still got it.

Across the room, the office door opens to reveal Lynn, Darryl, and Josh.

LYNN
Does anybody have an apt unit to rent?

DONALD
You got your money back?

Darryl
Every dollar and then some.

DONALD
I’ll be damned. I just knew I’d never see you again.

JOSH
Why, because Bianco’s is a mob hang out?

DONALD
Well, yeah.
LYNN
So why didn’t you tell us?

DONALD
Would you have went if I did?

LYNN
Of course not.

DONALD
In that case, You’re Welcome.

Gets on hove-around and maneuvers the electric chair behind his desk.

JOSH
So, let’s get down to business. Are we still down for the available apartment?

DONALD
Deposit, first, and last month’s rent.

LYNN
Cool, but this time we want to sign a lease agreement first.

DONALD
No deal.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
Ad-lib Gasps.

DONALD
...Until at least two of you get jobs the most I can offer is a month to month tenancy.

LYNN
But we have credit. References. A stable work history.

DONALD
That may fly in Seattle but this is LA, where it can take you six months just to interview for a job or you could become heroine addicted ex-porn stars by sunrise. It’s going to be a month to month lease or nothing. I can’t pay my mortgage on your blind ambitions.
JOSH  
(shrugs)  
Makes sense to me.

DARRYL  
That goes ditto for me.

Donald, Josh, and Darryl then turns to Lynn. Two beats.

LYNN  
Freak it. I guess it makes sense to me also.

Darryl and Josh give her “that a boy” slaps on her back.

DARRYL  
Way to go. You finally get it.

JOSH  
Welcome to the team.

DONALD  
Welcome to the Stratford Arms.

Whips out a pen and commences with the paperwork as Darryl, Lynn, and Josh breath a sigh of relief.

DARRYL  
(reflecting)  
Just think, we almost got killed today.

LYNN  
Just think, our first day in LA and we were almost back in Seattle.

JOSH  
Just think, if it wasn’t for me answering that Craig’s list ad we would’ve never found this apt.

Darryl and Lynn shoots him a look.

END OF ACT THREE
TAG:

INT. APARTMENT 204 - STRATFORD ARMS - DUSK

Josh lounges on couch, lap top in lap talking to his mom on skype.

    MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
    ...of course we’re going to miss
    you but the house is so peaceful
    now. Your father’s blood-pressure
    is down. I’m sewing again. And your
    brother brought home his first A.

    JOSH
    I’ve only been gone a day!

    MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
    Yeah, isn’t it great.

Lynn, who is out on the patio... shouts through the sliding
glass door.

    LYNN
    Hello Mrs.... How’s the weather in
    Seattle?

    MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
    Cold and rainy. You sell any art
    yet?

    LYNN
    No, but the key word is yet.
MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
I’ll keep my fingers crossed. Make the neighborhood proud.

LYNN
I’ll do my best.

JOSH
It’s gonna take a lot more than that.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Play nice Joshua.

JOSH
I was.

LYNN
Don’t worry Mrs. Cowell, I’m immune to idiot-tidous.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
(chuckles)
You kids.

Just then, Darryl comes rushing out of a room.

DARRYL
Guys, quick, I need a pic to update my Facebook status.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Is that Darryl?

DARRYL
(to computer)
Hi Mrs. Cowell.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Hi Darryl. I spoke to your mother today. We’re both so proud of you. And I have no doubt we’re going to be seeing you on that big screen in no time.

DARRYL
Thanks. Could I borrow Jay a sec? (beat)
Lynn, quick, get in here.
Scene will end with the three posing for PIC which Darryl takes for a FaceBook post.

    DARRYL (CONT’D)
    Everybody say Cheese.

    JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
    (unison)
    CHEESE!!!!!!

FLASH/SNAP.

    THE END