

LAST DANCE AT THE MINESHAFT

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A small black plastic sign on a desk reads CALVIN HICKS, LOAN OFFICER.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

We're having a Valentine's Day party tonight. Caroline's place. Would you like to come?

CAL, twenty eight, boyish, preppy neat and clean. Light blue shirt, contrasting tie. Looks up from his office computer.

A quizzical smile on MICHELLE'S face as she leans across the desk towards him. Breasts bulging beneath her blinding white blouse. Blonde, attractive, late twenties. She's been around the block a few times. More than a few, in fact.

MICHELLE

It's going to be a lot of fun. If you know what I mean...

She winks. He knows what she means. He shakes his head apologetically.

CAL

No. Thank you. I have plans.

He turns back to his computer. She studies him a moment.

MICHELLE

You never come to our office parties. Afraid of ending up being raped?

He glances at her and opens his mouth. Thinks better of it, closes it, and turns back to the computer.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You're not a virgin, are you?

CAL

Goodbye, Michelle.

MICHELLE

I mean if you are, there are plenty of girls who'd be more than willing...

CAL  
Michelle, I have to finish this  
file...

MICHELLE  
Okay, I'll stop harassing you.

CAL  
Thanks.

MICHELLE  
But you're such a nice guy. It's  
such a waste!

Cal looks after her as she drifts off. Red heart-shaped balloons rise over the tops of the multiple cubicles in the open office. A DELIVERY BOY passes by, carrying a huge arrangement of flowers.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Dusk is falling. Rows of taxis fills the streets, honking their horns at the MASS OF PEDESTRIANS fighting to cross in front of them.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - NIGHT

Inside the store Cal is observed, buying a small bouquet of flowers. He hands his credit card to the ASSISTANT, then reaches for a heart shaped box of chocolates, beautifully trimmed with lace and ribbons. The assistant smiles as she runs his card. Some girl is going to get lucky tonight.

EXT. UPTOWN - NIGHT

A row of brownstones. A much quieter street, up in the sixties someplace.

INT. CAL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Not too big but tastefully furnished. Klimt's THE KISS hangs in prominent place on the wall above the fireplace.

The flowers and box of chocolates lie on the dining room table. From somewhere the splash of water is heard.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Cal closes his eyes and luxuriates under the warmth of the water spraying his body. He exercises regularly. He runs. And it shows. He's lean and toned. He smooths bath gel over his chest and allows the foam to run down to his crotch. He reaches down and touches, caressing but not arousing.

Later, he's shaving in front of the sink, a towel around his waist. Finished, he wipes away the last traces of foam. He reaches for a bottle of after-shave and splashes it over his face and throat. Then stops, in realization.

CAL

Shit!

He whips the towel from around his waist, thrusts it under the running tap and scrubs the after shave off his face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He drags on his scruffy faded blue jeans, ripped at the knees, laces up his construction boots and pulls on a neat black T-shirt. He picks up a pair of scissors from the dresser, stands in front of the full length mirror and begins to slash at the shirt.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Standing in front of the brownstone, flowers and chocolates in hand, Cal hails a passing taxi and slips inside.

CAL

835 Washington Street.

The taxi lurches away.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

FAISAL, the taxi driver, a middle-aged Turkish man, unshaven, overweight, peers at Cal in his rear view mirror. He studies him for a moment, then speaks.

FAISAL

This address? Is the dirtiest place in town?

CAL

Not necessarily.

FAISAL  
Is worse than Plato's Retreat?

Cal stares out of the window.

CAL  
I've never been to Plato's Retreat.

A beat before Faisal speaks again.

FAISAL  
Lots of sucking and fucking goes  
on.

CAL  
At The Mineshaft or Plato's  
Retreat?

Faisal nods his head with a knowing smile.

FAISAL  
Ah! They not so different.

Cal squints his eyes, momentarily blinded by the headlights  
from passing vehicles.

CAL  
This is 1977. Jimmy Carter is in  
the White House, women are burning  
their bras like crazy. Everyone's  
smoking pot. You can get porn on  
video now. Sex-wise anything goes.

Faisal smiles ruefully.

FAISAL  
I guess I was born twenty years too  
soon.

The taxi speeds on its way.

EXT. THE MINESHAFT - NIGHT

A nondescript side street in the Meatpacking District in the  
West Village. Toned YOUNG MEN in their twenties and  
thirties, dressed down in scruffy jeans and Tees, head for an  
inconspicuous door in a shabby two storey building.

No signs, no number to identify it. If you didn't know the  
location you would never find it.

The taxi glides to a halt at the curb and Cal clambers out.  
He thrusts an Andrew Jackson at Faisal.

CAL  
Keep the change.

FAISAL  
Thanks, man!

He watches as Cal heads for the door, flowers and chocolates in hand. Disco music booms out as Cal disappears inside.

Faisal eyes the guys headed for this den of iniquity. He purses his lips and shakes his head. (Too rough for him!) Then speeds away.

INT. MINESHAFT - NIGHT

Cal joins the stream of men ascending the staircase. Peeling walls. They arrive at a tiny landing where JAKE, the doorman, muscular, bald, bearded fifties, in chains and black leather, approves or denies admittance.

A sign on the wall displays the rules:

NO COLOGNE/ NO SUITS AND TIES/ NO DRAG/ NO BITCHES/ COCKS ONLY.

Cal arrives in front of Jake who stares at the flowers and box of chocolates.

JAKE  
What's with this shit?

CAL  
It's Valentine's Day. I'm looking for romance.

Jake sniffs at him.

JAKE  
Do I smell cologne?

CAL  
I washed it off.

Jake hitchhikes his thumb in dismissal.

JAKE  
No cologne! Get your ugly ass out of here.

CAL  
I'm here to meet someone!

JAKE  
Not smelling like that. Get the  
fuck out of here!

Cal thrusts the chocolates at him.

CAL  
I'll give you the chocolates.

Jake stares at him dubiously.

JAKE  
What kind are they?

CAL  
Hard centers.

Jake snatches the box from his hand and motions him inside.

JAKE  
Next time no cologne!

INT. UPSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT

A tiny room packed with GUYS in S&M gear, assless chaps and jocks. To one side a busy pool table. Disco music pounds up from the floor below.

Cal buys a beer from the naked BARTENDER and heads for the room next door.

Much bigger. Multiple slings hang from the ceiling and naked MEN sprawl in them, being anally manipulated by real life Tom of Finland Adonises in jock straps.

Cal turns to the GUY standing next to him.

CAL  
What night is this?

GUY  
Fist Fuckers night.

CAL  
Oh. Not my scene.

He heads for a staircase in the center of the room, descending to the floor below.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT

A cavernous room, packed with half naked GUYS. A small crowded dance floor. Poppers snapping and being inhaled.

A heaving bar. Donna Summer belts HOT STUFF at the top of her voice. Pounding, pounding, pounding music.

Cal glances around, searching. He pushes his way through the mob.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He arrives at a large whitewashed room, four bath tubs bolted to the floor. MEN with their pants around their ankles group around the various tubs, leisurely masturbating, edging without ejaculating, on the naked MEN lying inside.

A moustached GUY in cop's uniform drifts towards Cal.

COP

Hey pal, I give you a rim job?

Cal smiles apologetically.

CAL

Not right now, thanks.

He approaches a group of men gathered at one tub. Peers between them. Nothing. He moves on to the next one. nothing.

Finally, at the third tub, success. As Cal peers between the men he comes face to face with SHAUN, a fresh faced guy, mid twenties, perfect candidate for a Calvin Klein underwear shoot, relaxing naked in the bath tub.

CAL (CONT'D)

Shaun! What are you doing here?

SHAUN

Just chilling out.

CAL

For God's sakes!

SHAUN

Are those flowers for me?

CAL

Yes, they are! Happy Valentine's Day!

He hurls the bouquet at Shaun in contempt.

SHAUN

Well, you don't have to be so snippy.



CAL  
I was hoping for more romantic  
surroundings.

Shaun presses the bouquet to his face.

SHAUN  
We're not married, you know.

CAL  
I'm aware of that.

SHAUN  
I've told you, you need to find  
someone else.

CAL  
I don't want someone else, I want  
you.

The group gathered around the tub glance from one to the  
other. (WTF?)

SHAUN  
Why?

CAL  
You're funny, you're cute, you're  
great in bed. You make wonderful  
Sunday brunches. You're talented  
as a painter. Someday you're going  
to be famous.

One of the gathering, a guy with a van Dyke beard, chips in.

BEARDED GUY  
Hey guys, this is all romantic and  
stuff, but you're putting us off  
our stroke here. Could you maybe  
make with the chit-chat later?

CAL  
No! I want you to come home with  
me, Shaun. I want to take you away  
from this.

Shaun inhales the perfume from the flowers.

SHAUN  
Once in a while I enjoy this, Cal.

CAL  
I can promise you something better.

SHAUN

Like what?

CAL

Loving you. Taking care of you.  
Comforting you when you're feeling  
down.

The ultimate sexual anathema. The group groans and they all turn away, pulling up their pants, erections dissipated.

VAN DYKE

Aw fuck!

As they all drift away, Cal kneels by the side of the tub.

CAL

Come home with me, Shaun. We can  
take a warm shower together. Open  
a bottle of fine champagne and fall  
asleep in each other's arms.

Shaun presses the bouquet to his face, hesitating uncertainly.

A guy in a leather vest and chaps, unzipping his fly, nudges Cal to one side.

LEATHER VEST

S'cuse me, buddy.

A golden shower of urine sprays the bouquet of flowers clutched in Shaun's hands.

The guy zips up and walks away.

Shaun, dripping urine, raises his eyes to look at Cal and speaks in a little boy's voice.

SHAUN

Are you sure you really want me..?  
Faults and all?

CAL

I do!

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT

They push their way through the heaving mob. Shaun, clad only in a towel, Cal with his arm about him. Once again Donna Summer starts to sing. LAST DANCE. Cal leads Shaun onto the dance floor.

EXT. MINESHAFT - NIGHT

The song echoes out onto the street, active with new arrivals.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cal sits at his desk, working on his computer. Michelle appears, a snarky smile on her face.

MICHELLE

You missed a terrific party last night.

CAL

Did I?

MICHELLE

You really need to get out more, you know that? Get with the action.

CAL

I'm happy the way I am, Michelle.

MICHELLE

You must really lead a boring life!

Cal folds his hands behind his head, leans back in his chair with a smile and watches as she strides away.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT

Donna, the QUEEN OF DISCO, raises her voice in thunderous clarity, belting out LAST DANCE.

DONNA

Last chance, last chance for love.  
Yes, it's my last chance  
For romance tonight...

As Cal and Shaun gyrate together on the dance floor, ceiling fans whip into action and thousands of paper hearts cascade down, enveloping them in a whirlwind of red.

The DJ'S VOICE booms out:

DJ (V.O.)

Happy Valentine's Day, cocksuckers!

FADE OUT