FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL RILEY`S HOUSE - DAY

MICHAEL RILEY (MICKEY), 20`S, AVERAGE LOOKING GUY, WITH ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF EEYORE THE DONKEY, MAKES HIS WAY DOWNSTAIRS TO THE KITCHEN TO FIX HIMSELF SOME BREAKFAST.

HE TAKES A SLICE OF PIZZA FROM THE FRIDGE AND POPS IT IN THE MICROWAVE, STRETCHES, TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND ....NEARLY GAGS.

MICKEY

MOM! I think the sewer has backed up.

AN ARM RAISES UP FROM THE SOFA.

MAN (O.S.)

Shhhhhhhhh.

MICKEY CREEPS TOWARDS THE SOFA AND SLOWLY PEEKS OVER FROM THE TOP.

THE CUSHIONS START TO MOVE.

MICKEY

MOM! Our cushions are moving and they smell like New Jersey.

AN OLD MAN, 60`S, LEAPS UP FROM UNDER THE CUSHIONS. HIS CLOTHES ARE TORN AND TATTERED, KINDA LOOKS LIKE OLD FAGIN FROM OLIVER TWIST.

MICKEY JUMPS BACK AND YELPS.

PEGGY (MICKEY`S MOM), 60`S, STORMS IN FROM THE BEDROOM, WEARING BETTY BOOP PJ`S AND A FULL FACE MASK.
PEGGY
It`s only your Uncle Jimmy, sunshine.

MICKEY
Could you please explain why he is lying on our sofa smelling like roadkill, and not being the eternal nail to Bubba`s hammer at the residence for incarcerated criminals.

PEGGY
Well, he got released early on good behavior.

MICKEY
No... Good behavior and him should not be in the same sentence.

JIMMY
I feel the love.

THE MICROWAVE DINGS.

MICKEY
Aha your lucky day... A spot in hell has just opened up.

JIMMY RAISES HIS FISTS.

JIMMY
If your dad was alive, he'd be turning in his grave.

MICKEY ROLLS HIS EYES AND DROPS HIS HEAD TOWARDS HIS MOM.
PEGGY

Now, now calm down boys... it's
only for a short while, until he
finds his own place.

JIMMY KICKS BACK ON THE COUCH AND PUTS HIS HANDS
BEHIND HIS HEAD.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Besides, it would be nice to
have a man around the house.

MICKEY EYES HIMSELF UP AND DOWN.

JIMMY

No, no... she said a man.

FADE OUT:
ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY IS STILL IN DISBELIEF.

JIMMY
Mickey... We both know Harry would love it if you could find it in that frozen tundra climate heart of yours to let me stay just for a wee while.

MICKEY
I would rather stand in front of an elephant stampede, wearing nothing but a bag of peanuts around my gonads.

JIMMY
Ahh old Harry... always loved peanuts.

MICKEY RIPS HIS COAT OFF A HANGER AND STORMS OUT THE DOOR.

MICKEY
(SHOUTING AT PEGGY)
We will talk about this at the Pet Shop.

JIMMY
Ok.
MICKEY SLAMS THE DOOR.

A FEW SECONDS LATER HE SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR.

MICKEY

Why did YOU say ok?

PEGGY

Yeah, that's another thing...

You see... I'm not getting any

younger and ---

JIMMY

--- What your mom is trying to

say is, she's not getting any

younger...or thinner...or prettier ---

PEGGY (CONT'D)

(TO MICKEY)

Listen dear, the Pet Shop was

Harry's love and I can see that

same love from you, but it was

never for me...

MICKEY FEELS LIKE HIS HEART WAS RIPPED OUT OF HIS

BODY, AND SQUASHED BY THE SAME STAMPEDE OF ELEPHANTS.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

You're my youngest, my baby, my

little one, my precious angel,

my ---

MICKEY

Ok mom.
PEGGY
And you need help... and Jimmy
needs a job... he is very
creative.

MICKEY
Hmm... Yeah I imagine holding up
a liquor store with a staple
gun, in a Notre Dame jersey and
a pair of communion shoes can be
considered creative... but then...
doing it twice; not so much.

JIMMY
For your info, the staple gun
wasn't loaded.

MICKEY
You're lucky the clerk didn't
fight back with some A4 paper...
or the time you held up a bank.

JIMMY
I was so close.

MICKEY
It was the drive-thru!....drive
thru!

JIMMY
Yeah and I would've got away
with it if it hadn't been for
those pesky kids.
MICKEY
Mom! Now he's just quoting Scooby-Doo.

JIMMY
Listen... Old Harry wants me to work at the Pet Shop.

MICKEY
What do you mean "wants"... he is dead... Dead people don't talk... only in movies to creepy little children.

PEGGY HOLDS ALOFT A PIECE OF PAPER.

PEGGY
Actually he wrote it in his will...

PEGGY PUTS ON HER GLASSES AND STARTS READING.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
My dearest Peggy, as I don't have long left, I would like you to do something for me... take care of my brother Jimmy ---

MICKEY
That's it!... Just put him in a homeless shelter.

(TO JIMMY)
Ok, you can leave now.
PEGGY
(STILL READING)
I will not rest in peace if he
does not stay in my home.

JIMMY
Told you.

MICKEY
Talk about coming back to haunt
someone.

PEGGY
(STILL READING)
P.S. Also give him a job at my
Pet Shop working with Michael,
after all, he is very creative,
in fact put him in charge of the
Pet Shop, Michael will learn a
lot from him.

MICKEY`S JAW DROPS TO THE GROUND, WHILE JIMMY`S
SMILE REACHES HIS EYES AND BEYOND.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
P.p.s I hope and pray each day...
(PEGGY TURNS OVER THE PAGE)
They have dry roasted peanuts in
heaven.

JIMMY
Ahh dry roasted, his favorite.

MICKEY THROWS HIMSELF ON THE FLOOR, THEN CURLS UP
INTO CHILD'S POSE YOGA POSITION, AFTER A FEW DEEP
BREATHS HE STANDS UP.

MICKEY GRABS THE LETTER FROM PEGGY.
MICKEY
Let me see that... It's notarized!

PEGGY
Harry always did it by the book.

MICKEY
Just...Just... Out of curiosity, what exactly do you know about animals?

JIMMY STROLLS OVER TO THE FRIDGE.

JIMMY
I'm glad you asked... I've been studying while you were unsuccessfully trying to get beauty sleep.

THERE ARE ANIMAL FRIDGE MAGNETS ON THE DOOR.

JIMMY SMILES AS HE PRESSES THE CAT MAGNET. THE MAGNET RESPONDS "THE CAT SAYS MEOW"

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Meow... They have everything here.

MICKEY SLAMS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:
ACT ONE

EXT. MAIN STREET ROME UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

A SIGN ON AN IVY-COVERED BUILDING READS: "HARRY'S PET SHOP", IT IS OLD AND RUSTED. THE "H" OF HARRY'S LEANS TO ONE SIDE, HANGING BY A STRIP OF SHEET METAL.

INT. HARRY'S PET SHOP - DAY

MICKEY WALKS UP AND DOWN THE AISLES STOPPING TO LOOK, WAVE AND SMILE AT EVERY ANIMAL JUST AS HE DOES EVERY MORNING, A RITUAL OF Sorts.

MICKEY

How're my little bunny wunnies?
You all look so cutsie wutsie as always.

(TO HIS FISH)

How're my fishy wishies? All swimming around in their tankie wankies.

JIMMY KICKS BACK ON AN OLD TORN LEATHER OFFICE CHAIR, HIS CARELESS MANNER MAKES IT CLEAR THAT HE HAS NO DESIRE TO BE THERE. HE TAPS THE COUNTER FURIOUSLY AS IF HE NEEDS SOMETHING.

JIMMY

So when does things get lively round here?

MICKEY

Lively? It's a Pet Shop, not the Playboy Mansion.
JIMMY

Why haven't you got a girl?... I mean seriously are you gay or straight?

MICKEY

I'm just "great"... if you must know, ever since Dad died, Mom became very protective of me. Any girl I bring home gets a full interrogation... You would know about that.

JIMMY REVERTS BACK TO TAPPING ON THE COUNTER.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Is there some sort of problem?... Despite the fact you're sober.

MICKEY WALKS OVER TO A KENNEL FULL OF PUPPIES AND PICKS UP THE RUNT.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You see this... eight little puppies came out of that one little bitch?...

(TO THE DOG)

Poor blossom; I'm sure it was painful, although my mom always said I was an easy birth.
JIMMY
You are the youngest of six
kids... at that point your mom
could have given birth to a baby
rhino and not felt it...
(WHISPERS TO HIMSELF)
And she's a bitch too.

MICKEY
You know, you don't have to be
here... I don't believe Dad wrote
that letter. You probably had it
forged by one of your... "friends"

JIMMY
Ahhh old Harry, there's a man I
could respect... He was smart,
good looking, had the charisma
of Ali, heck he could sell a pig
to a Rabbi... although he was
known for the...
(BENDING HIS PINKIE)
Irish curse... like father like
son. . eh Mickey?

MICKEY
I don't have a small penis, thank
you very much... and I am
charismatic.

JIMMY
Yeah... You sting like a butterfly
and float like a bee.
MICKEY TAKES A PARROT OUT OF IT`S CAGE.

MICKEY

Good morning Harry.

JIMMY

What a scary looking animal.

MICKEY

Excuse me, this was my dad's pride and joy.

JIMMY

Thanks for interrupting, I was talking to the bird.

SUDDENLY THE BELL RINGS FROM THE PET SHOP DOOR, MICKEY AND JIMMY LOOK UP TO SEE THEIR FIRST CUSTOMER OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE BOY ENTERS, HE LOOKS LIKE HE WOULDN'T BE OUT OF PLACE IN THE LITTLE RASCALS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ok Mickey, show me your magic, let's see you sell something.

MICKEY ROLLS HIS EYES.

MICKEY

Hi there, can I help you?

LITTLE BOY

I'm looking for a bunny.

MICKEY CAREFULLY PICKS UP A RABBIT GIVING HIM ESKIMO KISSES, THE RABBIT`S BACK LEGS KICK FURIOUSLY.
MICKEY
Which color would you like, we have this little black one, or this white one, or my favorite this cutesy wutesy brown one I call "Fluffster".

JIMMY SHOVES ONE FINGER DOWN HIS THROAT IN A MOCK GAG, THE BOY LAUGHS AT JIMMY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Just ignore him, he hasn't had his meds yet... You know, each color gives the bunnies their own distinct character, it enables them to feel different, but yet secure in their own sense.

LITTLE BOY
What the heck are you talking about Mister?... I don't think my python will give a crap, they all taste the same to him... although Fluffster does look the fattest.

JIMMY TRIES TO KEEP HIS COOL, BUT CAN BARELY RESTRAIN HIS LAUGHTER.

JIMMY
Take the parrot too, he tastes just like chicken.

MICKEY GRABS THE BOY BY THE ARM AND DRAGS HIM TOWARDS THE DOOR.
MICKEY

(PUSHING THE BOY OUT)

These rabbits are not for sale!

LITTLE BOY

What's your problem?

JIMMY

He has a small penis.

LITTLE BOY

That'll do it.

EXT. PET SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY STANDS AT THE DOOR AS JIMMY SLITHERS OUT BEHIND HIM.

JIMMY

Looks like you have this all under control.

MICKEY

Please tell me you're quitting.

JIMMY

Nooooo, that would be too easy, I'm doing job research... I'm going to check out the town, do some surveys, try to bring in more clients, get a feel for the place, see what the people want.

MICKEY

In other words, you're going to Murphy's.
JIMMY
Wow... You are good... just don't tell your dad.

SUDDENLY THEY HEAR A CREAKING SOUND, THEY LOOK UP TO SEE THE "H" OF HARRY'S PET SHOP SIGN FALL TO THE GROUND.

JIMMY LEAPS BACK THEATRICALLY.

MICKEY
I think he heard you.

JIMMY CLUTCHES HIS STOMACH, ON THE VERGE OF VOMITTING.

JIMMY
You know, I think there's too much blood in my alcohol...
(STARTS WALKING AWAY)
Think I'll leave you alone... with your animals... don't do anything I wouldn't do.

MICKEY
Well that leaves my options waaaaay open.

JIMMY
(SHOUTING BACK)
Are you ever happy?

MICKEY
Only when I'm alone.

HE SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS, PICKS UP THE `H` AND WALKS BACK INTO THE PET SHOP.

FADE OUT:
FADE IN:

EXT. HARRY’S PET SHOP – A LITTLE LATER

MICKEY IS DEEP IN THOUGHT AS HE SWEEPS THE STORE FRONT. SUDDENLY A DARK SHADOW CASTS OVER HIM AS HE LIFTS HIS HEAD; THERE IS A HEAVYSET GIRL STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM.

SALLY WESTON, 20'S, SHE IS EASY ON THE EYE, CURVACEOUS, BUT A VERY CLOSE TALKER.

SALLY

A shoe shop, a Taco Bell and a candy store; yeah, this town is just one big PMS circus.

MICKEY

Wow! where did you come from?

SALLY

Originally... my parents got wasted one night, then wam bam, oops I thought you were on birth control, oops I thought you put a condom on...ah well...

MICKEY

Okayyyyy, a little overkill on the info.

SALLY TAKES ONE STEP FORWARD SO THAT SHE IS NOW NOSE TO NOSE WITH MICKEY, MAKING INTENSE EYE CONTACT.
MICKEY (CONT'D)

Are you trying to sniff my brain?

SALLY STEPS BACK TWO PACES AS HER EYES WELL UP WITH TEARS.

SALLY

Have I done something wrong?

MICKEY

I'm sorry; that was very
inconsiderate... It's not you...

Would you like to come in?

MICKEY OPENS THE DOOR AS WIDE AS HE CAN.

SALLY SUCKS IN HER STOMACH AND HOLDS HER BREATH, WALKING THROUGH THE DOOR SIDEWAYS.

INT. PET SHOP - CONTINUOUS

SALLY

I'm sure you don't have the type of pet I'm looking for.

MICKEY

I have a vast array of animals, fish, dogs, cats, birds, bunnies... Please feel free to look around the store.

SALLY BEGINS TO STROLL UP AND DOWN THE AISLES, AS MICKEY GLANCES OVER INVENTORY LOGS.

STANDING BY THE SNAKE TANK, SHE STOPS AND GLANCES UP AT MICKEY.

HE RESPONDS WITH AN AWKWARD SMILE.

SALLY

Do you have a dart frog?

MICKEY

I don't believe so.
SALLY

How about a Brazilian wandering spider?

MICKEY

Try Brazil.

SALLY SLOWLY REACHES INTO THE SNAKE TANK, WHILE KEEPING THE CONVERSATION GOING.

SALLY

I see you have a Western Diamondback Rattler.

MICKEY LIFTS HIS HEAD SLOWLY FROM HIS PAPERWORK.

MICKEY

Wait!... What are you doing?

SALLY ENCOURAGES THE SNAKE TO BITE HER.

SHE SCREAMS OUT IN PAIN AS THE SNAKE SINKS ITS TEETH INTO HER ARM.

IN A PANIC, MICKEY THROWS THE PAPERWORK TO THE GROUND AS HE SCRAMBLES TO HER AID.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What the hell!

MICKEY PRIES THE SNAKE FROM SALLY'S ARM AND PUTS IT BACK IN THE TANK.

SALLY LAYS ON THE FLOOR IN AGONY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Well I wasn't expecting that!

SALLY

Tell me, am I going to die?

MICKEY REACTS WITH A WRY SMILE.

MICKEY

Yes, yes you are.

A SMILE SLOWLY APPEARS IN SALLY'S FACE.
SALLY

Finally.

IT NEARLY REACHES HER EYES.

MICKEY

In about sixty years!... The
average life span of a woman is
mid-eighties... give or take.

SALLY

Excuse me, I've been bitten by a
rattlesnake here!

MICKEY

(LAUGHING)
A rattlesnake!... Nooooono, that's
a harmless bullsnake. They look
similar, but that's their defense
strategy, they are actually
nonvenomous. You see ---

SALLY STANDS UP LOOKING DEFEATED.

SALLY

I get it!

SHE STORMS OUT OF THE PET SHOP.

MICKEY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MICKEY

One born every minute... and
they all live here.

CUT TO:
INT. MURPHY'S BAR - LATER

BRAD AND BOB, 20'S, BROTHERS, LIKEABLE, BUT WITH THE BRAINS OF A MOSQUITO COMBINED; ARE ROOTED TO TWO BAR STOOLS AT THE COUNTER.

THE BARTENDER AND OWNER IS CHAD SMITH, 30'S, JAPANESE-AMERICAN, A VERY WELL EDUCATED MAN, KNOWS EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING AND HAS A PASSION FOR KARAOKE.

A DRUNK MAN STAGGERS IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND CONFRONTS THE BARTENDER.

DRUNK

(SLURRING HIS SPEECH)

I wanna Jack, straight up.

CHAD

Geh ooww! We donna serve dronks.

BOB

(LOOKING AT BRAD)

The irony being that they serve sober people until they get drunk.

BRAD

Aha touche.

BOB

What?

BRAD

You know, touche.

BOB

What's a touche?
BRAD
You know, when I say something
smart, then you have an even
smarter reply.

BOB
Aha... Only one problem though.

BRAD
What's that?

BOB
You didn't say anything first
for me to respond with a smarter
answer.

BRAD
Aha touche.

CHAD GRABS HOLD OF THE DRUNK MAN BY THE SCRUFF OF
HIS NECK AND FORKS HIM OUT THE DOOR.

CHAD WALKS TO THE END OF THE COUNTER, AS ONE OF HIS
CUSTOMERS IS GETTING LOW ON THEIR DRINK.

CHAD
Wou youa like another?

THE CUSTOMER SHAKES HIS HEAD, LEAVES A TIP AND WALKS
OUT.

CHAD WALKS OVER TO BRAD AND BOB.

BRAD
So... tell me again... why do
you speak in that funny voice?

CHAD
It keeps the locals happy, the
happier they are, the richer I
am.
BOB
It's a small town, I think we all know you speak better English than most locals.

BRAD
Ohhh... Do you know Kung Fu?

CHAD
Why would I know Kung Fu?..

BRAD
Well because... Bruce Lee and stuff.

CHAD
Bruce was a master, he was an iconic figure throughout the world, everybody wanted to be him, especially in China. Also he was known for portraying Nationalism in his movies.

BRAD
You must be proud.

CHAD
Why?.. I'm Japanese... Are you like all American movies and tv shows, where you have a habit of combining all Asian cultures together.

BRAD
So your not Chinese?
BOB

I thought you were German.

JUST THEN JIMMY ENTERS AND FINDS A SEAT NEXT TO BRAD AND BOB.

CHAD

Well, well, well... I hear lumors, you wera wereased... Wou you rike a dlink?

JIMMY

Drop the accent.

CHAD

Wha do youa mean?

JIMMY

Everyone knows you were born in Manhattan, and you have a masters Degree in English literature.

CHAD

And your point is?

JIMMY

You speak better English than the Queen, and of course, I would rike a dlink... It's not like I came here for the delightful company and the pungent aroma of cat piss.

CHAD

The ladies love an accent.
BRAD

(TO CHAD)
So do you have a samurai sword?

CHAD
What is it with Americans and stereotypes?

BRAD
Ok calm down it was just a question.

CHAD PULLS OUT A SWORD FROM BEHIND THE BAR SCREAMS AND STRIKES IT ON THE BAR CUTTING SUSHI IN HALF.

CHAD
Sushi anyone?... Why don't you ask Jimmy why his people stamp and skip furiously in one spot with their pants jammed half-way up the crack of their ass.

JIMMY
We are trying to move the country further away from England.

CHAD SMILES.

CHAD
Gotta love the Irish.

BOB
Irish! I thought you were German.

BRAD AND BOB BOTH TURN AND FACE JIMMY, HE TRIES TO IGNORE THEM.

BRAD
Mickey texted us you were around.
BOB
Yeah, said you moved into his house and have taken over his Pet Shop.

JIMMY ROLLS HIS EYES.

JIMMY
Three things... Why are you talking to me? Why aren't you working? And why are you talking to me?

BRAD
(WITH A BEER IN HIS HAND)
I will answer your questions in no specific order, cuz I can't remember which came first.

BRAD GOES BACK TO DRINKING HIS BEER.

JIMMY WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR AN ANSWER.

THE DRUNK ENTERS THE BAR AGAIN, THIS TIME THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR.

DRUNK
(SLURRING HIS SPEECH)
I wanna Jack Daniels... straight up.

CHAD
I told you already, get out!

CHAD GRABS THE DRUNK AND THROWS HIM OUT THE SIDE DOOR.

JIMMY
Ok the suspense is killing me, why are you not at work?
BRAD
Well we received a phone call from our wonderful boss this morning, telling us we did such great job yesterday that they have no need for us for the rest of the week.

BRAD PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD AND LEANS BACK CONTENT WITH HIMSELF.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Sometimes you have it and sometimes you don't.

JIMMY
Wow! There truly is no beginning to your talents.

BOB
Yep. When you've got it, you've got it.

JIMMY
Yep... You boys really do have it and from the looks of this town, it's contagious.

THE DRUNK RETURNS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, HE STUMBLES OVER TO THE BAR COUNTER.

DRUNK
Hey you, I wanna Jack Daniels straight up.

CHAD
(SHOUTING)
I'm tired of you, get out!
DRUNK

(STUMBLING AROUND AND WAGGING HIS FINGER)

Holy crap, how many freaking bars do you work in?

JIMMY GETS OFF HIS SEAT AND HELPS CHAD THROW THE DRUNK OUT.

HE THEN SITS BACK DOWN WHILE DUSTING HIMSELF OFF.

JIMMY

You know the worst thing about being unemployed?

BOB

What?

JIMMY

The humiliation, the "loser" stamp, another bum on the street ---

BOB

So far... it's this conversation.

JIMMY

I haven't finished yet.

BOTH BRAD AND BOB'S BOTTOM LIPS START TO QUIVER AT THE SAME TIME.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Awww how sad... You know what...

I might have the perfect job for you two.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY'S BAR CONTINUED - DAY

MICKEY ENTERS THE BAR WITH A HUGE SMILE ON HIS FACE.

HE WALKS OVER TO JIMMY.

BRAD AND BOB

Hi Mickey.

MICKEY

Hi guys... Why aren't you at work?... Nevermind...

(TO JIMMY)

So you finally realized it's not for you, it took you a whole... four hours.

JIMMY

What are you talking about?

MICKEY

You said you had big news that would make my life easier...so...

JIMMY SMIRKS

JIMMY

I hired these two.

BRAD

Hi boss.

MICKEY

No. no. no. You can't do this.
JIMMY
I have a will that says I can...
Besides these two guys together
make nearly one complete human
being.

BRAD AND BOB HIGH FIVE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what... I'll let
you interview them and then you
can tell us all your fabulous
stories about dog shit and dead
fish.

JIMMY PULLS UP A TABLE AND FOUR CHAIRS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll get in the drinks.

(TO MICKEY)
Okay "top shelf", what are you
having? Let me just take my check
book out now.

MICKEY
You know sarcasm is the lowest
form of humor.

JIMMY
Really? Well, you obviously
haven't been to a circus.

MICKEY
Ok then, so Brad why do you think
your qualified for this job?
BRAD
Well I ---

JIMMY
Wow that is such a broad question, how predictable.

MICKEY
Excuse me.

JIMMY
Why don't you just ask him what his favorite flower is while you're at it.

MICKEY GLANCES AN EVIL LOOK AT JIMMY.

MICKEY
Ok, so Bob what happened in the last company you worked for?

BOB
Well, you know times being hard and the company's profits taking a huge dump, they had to make minor changes to turn things around and so they let us go.

BRAD AND BOB SMILE AND CLINK PINT GLASSES.

MICKEY
Because usually companies who are struggling let their best employees go first.

BRAD AND BOB
Exactly.
JIMMY
You're reading too much into it, the simple truth is that they both love animals and they need a job.

BRAD
Yeah Mickey, I want a job where I don't have to deal with people.

MICKEY
You have to deal with people every day, they are called customers.

BRAD
Really? I never see anyone in there.

MICKEY
And what about you Bob?

BOB
Have you got good benefits?

MICKEY
Yes we do.

BOB
Good, cuz I'm taking a lot of leave this year, very busy schedule.

MICKEY
You guys are my oldest friends and I love you dearly ---
JIMMY

Awwwww... so it's all settled.

BOB FALLS OFF HIS CHAIR, BRAD FALLS TRYING TO CATCH HIM. THEY BOTH LAY ON THE GROUND, AS MICKEY PUTS HIS HANDS ON HIS HEAD.

MICKEY

But you can hardly take care of yourselves, let alone my animals.

JIMMY

Our animals.

MICKEY CLOSES HIS EYES TIGHT AND THEN OPENS THEM.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm still here.

MICKEY

Damn it.

BOB AND BRAD STAND UP.

BOB

(DRUNK)

Mickey, you're like the brother I never had.

BRAD

(DRUNK)

I thought I was the brother you never had.

BOB

No. You're unlike the brother I do have... I think.
BRAD
Anyway... we are here... for you. For you Mickey... here... for you... we are...
(TO BOB)
What are we?

BOB
I don't know?... here I think.

JIMMY
You see... they're here for you, now how could you turn them down? You don't want to leave them destitute.

BRAD
Wow... Wait just a minute, I am not selling my body on the streets.

JIMMY
That's "prostitute" Brad, but that's ok.

BRAD AND BOB GLANCE AT MICKEY WITH PUPPY DOG EYES

MICKEY
Please don't make me regret it.

BRAD AND BOB DO A HAPPY DANCE.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(TO JIMMY)
You're up to something, I don't trust you and I've never trusted you.
JIMMY GRINS.

JIMMY

Who me? No. I'm a new man, prison
set me straight... Oh, that
reminds me, four finger Frankie
says hello.

BOB

How is old Frankie? He was a
good guy.

BRAD NUDGES BOB AND SHAKES HIS HEAD WHILE LOOKING
DOWN AT MICKEY.

BOB (CONT'D)

Sorry Mickey, I forgot.

MICKEY

Good guy! A good guy! I watched
him hold a man to the ground and
staple his eyelids together.

JIMMY

So?

MICKEY

Cuz the guy looked at him weird.

JIMMY

Soooo?

MICKEY

He had strabismus!!

BRAD, BOB AND JIMMY ARE COMPLETELY DUMBFOUNDED.

CHAD WALKS OVER TO THEIR TABLE.
CHAD

It's a medical term for cross eyed... Both eyes are not able to focus in the same direction.

MICKEY

Thank you Chad.

BRAD

You mean like this.

BRAD LOOKS CROSS EYED AND THEN BOB FOLLOWS SUIT, BOTH LAUGHING Hysterically.

JIMMY

Did you really have to pick him out of a line up?

MICKEY

It was in my Pet Shop!!! and then he threatened to kill all the animals, have them stuffed and make some grotesque sculpture out of them.

JIMMY

And what's your point exactly?

CUT TO:
ACT TWO

SCENE B

THE SMALL STAGE IN MURPHY’S BAR.

CHAD STANDS BY THE KARAOKE MACHINE WITH A MIC IN HIS HAND.

CHAD

Are you ready for some karaoke?

THE BAR IS QUIET.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I like your enthusiasm... I'm gonna surprise you with my first song.

BRAD AND BOB

Turning Japanese.

CHAD TURNS ON THE MACHINE, THE VAPORS "TURNING JAPANESE" BEGINS TO PLAY.

CHAD

I've got your picture... of me and you...you wrote "I love you"... I wrote "me too"...

CHAD CONTINUES SINGING AS THE FRONT DOOR OPENS, SALLY WALKS IN AND GOES STRAIGHT TO THE BAR COUNTER, WHERE A BARTENDER WAITS.

MICKEY TURNS HIS HEAD AND DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE.

BARTENDER

(TO SALLY)

What can I get you?

SALLY

Just a ginger ale, please.
MICKEY

(RAISING HIS HAND TO THE BARTENDER)
I'll get that.

SALLY
You don't have to.

JIMMY
If it's under a dollar he does,
which means when you're ready to
buy one back, prepare to take
out a second mortgage.

MICKEY SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
If you want me to shut up, just
ask.

MICKEY
The easy part is asking you to
shut up, it's getting you to
shut up, that's where the problem
lies.

MICKEY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BAR COUNTER, AS BRAD
AND BOB FOLLOW ALONG LIKE TWO PUPPIES.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Feeling better?

SALLY
Sadly no.

SALLY GETS UP CLOSE TO MICKEY'S FACE AGAIN.

BRAD PICKS UP A BEER COASTER AND HOLDS IT BETWEEN
THEIR NOSES.

BRAD
Wow dude, It barely fits.
SALLY TAKES A STEP BACK.

SALLY

I'm sorry again, I'm a really close talker.

MICKEY

It's alright, nothing a few tic-tacs wouldn't cure.

SALLY

Excuse me!

SALLY WALKS OFF AND FINDS A TABLE TO HERSELF.

BOB PUTS HIS ARM AROUND MICKEY.

BOB

And you are single why?

MICKEY LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS DISGUSTED AT HIMSELF.

MICKEY

Excuse me guys.

MICKEY WALKS OVER TO SALLY'S TABLE AND PULLS OUT A CHAIR NEXT TO HER.

SHE GIVES HIM AN EVIL LOOK.

HE MOVES THE CHAIR TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TABLE.

SALLY

Please, you don't want to get too close to me, you might run out of insults.

MICKEY

Cute... I came here to apologize about my shameful behavior. I think my uncle is rubbing off on me.
SALLY
What do you want?

MICKEY
No, truly, I want to apologize
and maybe start over.
(REACHING OUT HIS HAND)
I'm Michael Riley... Everyone
calls me Mickey. Well not
everyone...
(LOOKING AT JIMMY)
I work at Harry's Pet Shop as
you know...

MICKEY TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND Sighs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I live with my over protective
mom and thanks to my Dad's last
will and testament, we have just
been joined by my unbearably
corrupt Uncle Jimmy.

MICKEY POINTS TO BRAD AND BOB, THEY ARE DANCING THE
IRISH JIG, WHILE JIMMY TURNS AROUND TO MICKEY AND
GIVES HIM A SARCASTIC THumbs UP.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
To make matters worse, Jimmy has
been given full control of the
Pet Shop and for reasons I have
yet to find out, he has hired my
two friends.

SALLY
And what's wrong with that?
MICKEY
Think Beavis and Butthead, then add in a Homer Simpson here, a Patrick Star there and multiply it by twenty... and you're still not close.

SALLY
Ooh... My turn now... My name is Sally Weston, I live in a one bedroom apartment in the crap end of town. My landlord is a pimp, a crack dealer and the local mechanic all rolled into one.

MICKEY
That's handy.

SALLY
I was a bastard child, a prom baby, left on the steps of the local church, who apparently picked me up, took one look at me and moved me onto the steps of the Westons.

MICKEY
Your beauty was probably too much to handle for the church. I'm sure the Westons recognized that.
SALLY
Well, hardly, the Westons are both blind. They only found me when Mr. Weston tripped over me going out for a walk.

MICKEY
Interesting.

SALLY
I have a younger adopted brother, who is color blind, so that's not too bad.

MICKEY
No, it's not.

SALLY
I'm a suicidaholic.

MICKEY
A what?

SALLY
I've attempted suicide at least twelve times... Not the right attitude for a health and safety inspector is it?

MICKEY
I would have to say no.

SALLY
Although I am afraid if I do succeed, with my luck I'll come back as myself.

MICKEY SMIRKS.
MICKEY
What about a boyfriend?

SALLY
My last boyfriend was five years ago, guess what happened to him...
That's right, killed himself, the first time too, lucky bastard!... Happy you're getting to know me?

MICKEY LOOKING VERY INTRIGUED, SITS BACK IN THE CHAIR, RUBBING HIS CHIN WITH ONE HAND AND TAPPING THE TABLE WITH THE OTHER.

MICKEY
Aha, that explains the whole snake thing... Sorry, the only poisonous thing in my store is my uncle's mouth.

MICKEY AND SALLY ARE SILENT, THEY EXCHANGE LOOKS OF WHO HAD THE WORST STORY. SALLY WON.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Why don't you get some professional help, someone who will listen?

SALLY
Oh please... I see Dr. Edwards. The one doctor who needs more help than his patients.

MICKEY
So why do you go?
SALLY
There's nobody else that will listen to me.

MICKEY
What about your parents?

SALLY
My parents... they did everything for me, raised me as if I were their own, I love them too much, they have enough to worry about.

CUT TO:
ACT TWO
SCENE C

BAR COUNTER.

CHAD IS BACK BEHIND THE BAR WORKING.

BRAD
(SIGNALING TO CHAD)
We are out of here Chad.. I just want to thank you for your wonderful service and delightful company... please, take this for your troubles.

BRAD OPENS UP HIS WALLET AND PROUDLY THROWS A DOLLAR BILL ONTO THE COUNTER.

CHAD
A dollar? Thank you; now I can get that paper clip I've always wanted.

BRAD AND BOB STUMBLE OUT THE BAR.

MICKEY SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SALLY SMILES.

MICKEY
Oh, you do smile, and it's soft and pleasant.

SALLY
This could be the start of a horrible relationship.

FADE OUT:
FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - LATER

MICKEY AND SALLY ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT IN THE BAR.

CHAD IS BACK ON THE KARAOKE, SWEAT DRIPPING FROM HIS FOREHEAD.

MICKEY AND SALLY CONTINUE TALKING AND LAUGHING, UNEXPECTEDLY MICKEY STANDS UP AND REACHES HIS HAND OUT TO SALLY.

MICKEY

(TO CHAD)

How about one last song? A nice slow one, just for me and this beautiful lady.

SALLY

Wow, well thank you.

CHAD

I have just the song.

CHAD SETS UP THE KARAOKE.

MICKEY PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND SALLY AS HE MOVES IN CLOSER TO HER.

SALLY

Wow a little close there don't you think?

MICKEY

Oh I'm sorry.

SALLY

I'm just joking.

SALLY PUTS HER HEAD ON MICKEY'S SHOULDER AS MICKEY SIGNAL'S TO CHAD.
CHAD SMILES BACK AS HE PUTS ON THE "THEME TUNE TO MASH".

CHAD

Suicide is painless... it brings

on many...

AS CHAD CONTINUES TO SING IN THE BACKGROUND, MICKEY AND SALLY MAKE WAY FOR THE DOOR.

MICKEY AND SALLY

Let's get outta here.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JIMMY IS HOME ALONE SITTING ON THE COUCH WATCHING TV, HIS CELL PHONE RINGS.

JIMMY

Hello.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Hey Irish, how's life on the outside?

JIMMY

Who is this?

FRANKIE (V.O.)

It's your old friend Frankie...

JIMMY

Frankie..Frankie..Frankieeeee...

ohh.

JIMMY LEAPS UP OFF THE COUCH TERRIFIED AND SLOWLY PULLS BACK THE BLINDS WHILE PEERING OUT THE WINDOW.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How did you find me?

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Every move you make, every breath you take, I'll be watching you.

JIMMY

Sounds like the Police.
FRANKIE (V.O.)
You tell them anything and you're dead man.

JIMMY
What?...No... I mean the band...What do you want from me?...

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Jimmy...Jimmy...Jimmy... Didn't I make your life on the inside a little sweeter... I got you a bigger cell, tv, a bi-weekly supply of Martha Stewart's home cooking magazines.

JIMMY
Well yes.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
So you owe me.

JIMMY
Maybe.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
A little birdy told me you got a new job at the pet shop. You know that place doesn't go well with my zoophobia.

JIMMY
Ok... Could you hold for just one minute?
JIMMY PRESSES THE CONFERENCE BUTTON AND THEN DIALS CHAD'S NUMBER.

CHAD (V.O.)
What's the word Jimmy?

JIMMY
Zoophobia.

CHAD (V.O.)
The fear of animals.

JIMMY
Thank you.

JIMMY SWITCHES THE CALL BACK TO FRANKIE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You need help with that.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
I know. That's why you're gonna destroy it and make your nephew suffer.

JIMMY
Listen Frankie, I know he's as likeable as a fart in a spacesuit, but he's family and I'm a changed man. I have a job to do.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Remember... I can put you inside, as quick as I got you out.

JIMMY
But... but...

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Goodnight Jimmy.
FRANKIE HANGS UP. JIMMY SIGHS, HE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT CHAD IS STILL ON THE OTHER LINE.

CHAD (V.O.)

Goodnight Jimmy.

JIMMY RAISES HIS EYEBROWS.

JIMMY

Ohhhh...

FADE OUT.