The Chat Up Line

By

Steve Cooper
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)
(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.
5.

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 BLONDIE 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?

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: