

TWO, PLEASE

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information

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FADE IN

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The doors open.

DAN (50), stately, clean cut in a 3-piece suit, enters the empty chamber. He holds the doors for someone.

CLOVER (22), a slender, attractive woman, rushes in. Her shoulder peeks out through the large neck-hole of her loose-fitting sweatshirt. Tight yoga pants showcase slim, firm legs.

Her arms are folded. She stares at her feet.

He presses "2" on the panel as the doors close.

DAN
Floor?

CLOVER
Two, please.

He points to the illuminated "2" on the panel.

She doesn't look up. Her arms remain folded as she shuffles to the back of the elevator. Presses her back to the wall.

The elevator HUMS as it moves. After a moment, the lights blink, the elevator shudders and goes silent.

The two share an expression of minor panic. Dan presses buttons on the panel to no avail. Not even the ALARM button responds.

They are stuck.

DAN
I don't freakin' believe this.

He takes the emergency phone from the panel.

DAN (cont'd)
(to phone)
Hello? Hello?

With a sneer, he returns it to the panel.

He removes a cell phone from his jacket pocket, scrolls, dials and waits.

DAN
(to phone)
Jami, Dan Gavin. Looks like I'm going to be late. I'm stuck in the freekin' elevator here. Let Nick know -- Yeah, and let the building know.

He hangs up, returns the phone to his pocket, turns to face Clover.

She stands motionless, ashen, stares at the floor. Mumbles to herself.

CLOVER
Why does my fucking life have to be so fucked up? I really don't need this now.

DAN
Hey, don't talk like that. We'll get out. Where do you need to go that's so important?

CLOVER
None of your fucking business.

DAN
Just trying to cheer you up. You know, I bet you're really attractive when you smile.

She lifts her head and makes eye contact with a scowl.

CLOVER
Are you for real?

DAN
Yeah, I'm for real. My name is Dan. What's your name?

CLOVER
Clover.

DAN
That's a nice name. How did you get a name like that?

CLOVER
Shit happens.

He places a finger under her chin.

She bristles with the contact.

DAN
If you're looking for a sugar daddy,
I'm interested.

She glares at him.

CLOVER
Would you want someone your age
talking to your daughter like this?

Her words hit like a gut punch. He slumps, looks nauseous,
pulls back his hand from her chin.

DAN
No, I suppose I wouldn't.

She slides down the wall, sits on the floor, stares blankly
straight ahead.

He takes a seat against the adjacent wall. The two sit
perpendicular to each other.

DAN
How do you know I have a daughter?

CLOVER
It's obvious to me.

Dan grimaces and releases a sigh.

DAN
Who needs Peter Faulk? You should be
Columbo.

CLOVER
Who?

DAN
Nevermind. A TV detective. It's
ironic that you mention my daughter.
It's because of her that I'm here.

CLOVER
Why's that?

DAN
I'm visiting my lawyer to cut her out
of my will.

CLOVER
That's nice. What did she do to
deserve that?

He stares ahead and scowls.

DAN
She's irresponsible, indignant,
ungrateful, careless, self --

CLOVER
You cheat on your wife, don't you.

DAN
What makes you say that?

CLOVER
Well, you hit on me, didn't you? I
know your type. You work in finance.
You live in a big house in Bergen
County. Two or three kids. Trophy
wife that you want to trade in.
You're just like all the others I see
at work.

DAN
Where do you work?

CLOVER
None of your fucking business.

DAN
So what does my marriage have to do
with my daughter.

CLOVER
You're wife might look away and
pretend it's all right but your kids
see right through you. When you cheat
on your wife, you cheat on your whole
family. Get it? She doesn't respect
you.

DAN
I didn't realize that.

CLOVER
Good for you. Now you can make up for
it by cutting her out all together.
Congratulations.

DAN
Any way I can fix it?

CLOVER
Start with honesty. Have a heart-to-
heart with your daughter. Explain it
all without excuses... and ask for
forgiveness. I can't guarantee
results but it's a start.

DAN

What about her undisciplined behavior? All she wants to do is party, play music and get high?

CLOVER

Listen. Support her. Help her make the right choices and be there for her when she doesn't. It's all you can do. If you cut her out and walk away, you can do even less.

DAN

I've changed my mind. When we get out, I'll talk to my lawyer about a supervised trust fund. Then I'll patch things up with her. I'm going to make the effort to make it all right. Thanks for the advice.

CLOVER

You owe me fifty bucks. Cash or Venmo?... I'm kidding.

DAN

So, can you tell me why you're here? I shared my story.

CLOVER

I'm going to Planned Parenthood if you must know.

DAN

You're pregnant?

She looks into his eyes with an "Are you an idiot?" expression.

DAN (cont'd)

Are you sure this is the answer?

CLOVER

Yes. I've thought this through. I can barely take care of myself as it is.

DAN

What do you do for a living?

CLOVER

I'm a dancer.

DAN

Where?

CLOVER
You writing a book?

DAN
Just feeling you out.

CLOVER
I work in a place called Sal's, okay?
I'm a peeler. A stage whore. A
stripper. I get naked on a stage and
when dogs like you get chubbies, the
tips get as big as the pup tents in
your pants. You happy? I can't work
if I'm pregnant. The baby bump kinda
gets in the way.

DAN
I'm sure you can find some other
employment and source of support.
What about the father?

CLOVER
There is no father.

DAN
There's always a father.

CLOVER
I turned a trick. Okay? Accidents
happen, mistakes get made. Get the
idea?

DAN
What about your parents.

CLOVER
They're just like you, just as phony.

DAN
What do you mean?

CLOVER
My father cheats and my mother hides
her humiliation behind one martini
after another. I don't have any
parents. I only have two bossy
phonies who shamelessly tell me how
to live my life. I want no part of
that and they hate me for it. They
threw me out of the house... their
big McMansion in Bergen County. They
can fucking have it.

DAN
I'm sure if you explained your
situation that they will help you.

CLOVER
There's more to it than that. I would
have to accept their terms.

DAN
Their terms can't be all that bad.
I'm sure they love you and only want
what's best for you.

CLOVER
Like they're perfect.

DAN
Accept that they aren't perfect.
After all, accidents happen, mistakes
get made. You need to give in a
little. There's a young life in the
balance. It deserves a chance.

CLOVER
I can't give it a chance. I'm not
capable. I won't be a good mother. It
deserves better.

DAN
You learn. You grow. Life becomes
different when you have a child. You
think beyond yourself. Someone
depends on you just like they're
depending on you even now. Give
yourself a chance. I know you'll be a
great mother.

CLOVER
What about child care. I need to
work.

DAN
I'm sure your parents will help if
you let them. You are their child,
after all, and you carry their
grandchild. It's a life that deserves
the best future you and they can
provide.

She closes her eyes. Tears stream down her cheeks.

After a long silence she wipes her eyes with her sleeve. Her
eyes open, stare straight ahead, expressionless. She breaks
the silence with a sniff.

CLOVER

Amber.

DAN

What?

CLOVER

Amber. That's what I would name my kid if it was a girl.

DAN

What if it's a boy?

CLOVER

I don't want a boy. Men suck.

He starts to address her statement, leaves it alone. Takes a deep breath instead.

DAN

Is that a sign that you may change your mind?

She pulls a Planned Parenthood brochure from her sweatshirt pocket, flips through it.

CLOVER

I see that they do more than just abortions. While I'm here, I'll get a checkup.

Dan smiles. He pulls a business card from his wallet and hands it to her.

DAN

Here. I'm not looking to be a sugar daddy. That's behind me. I'm just putting my money where my mouth is. If you need anything, anything at all, just call me. If things don't work out with your parents, I'll back up what I said. I don't want my words to be empty.

She takes the card and stares at it for a moment.

CLOVER

You are for real. Thanks.

DAN

You're welcome. It's the least I can do. After all, I owe you fifty bucks.

She smiles as her eyes stay focused on the card.

CLOVER

Dan. Nice name. If it's a boy, I'll name it Dan. It's the least I can do. I owe you his life.

DAN

I'm honored.

The elevator sparks to life. It shudders as the hum returns.

A moment later, a tone chimes and the doors open to a transverse hallway. A sign on the opposite wall indicates a LAW OFFICE to the left, PLANNED PARENTHOOD to the right.

CLOVER

Maybe there is a God.

DAN

Here's our stop.

The two rise to their feet.

They approach the doors. He holds them open with his arm as they face each other.

CLOVER

Good luck.

DAN

Good luck to you, too. Let me know how things go. I want to hear good news.

CLOVER

I do too. Nice meeting you.

DAN

Nice meeting you too, Clover.

She holds up a fist. He fist-bumps it.

She slides out into the hallway first and stands there.

He steps out, turns to the left and walks offscreen down the hall. The echo of his O.S. FOOTSTEPS on the tile floor continues as she watches.

She calls out to him.

CLOVER

Iris.

The O.S. footsteps stop with a shuffle.

DAN (O.S.)

What?

CLOVER

My real name is Iris. Iris Hart.
Clover's my stage name.

DAN (O.S.)

Nice meeting you, Iris.

With a smile, she wiggles her fingers as a wave.

After a shuffle, the sound of his O.S. footsteps resume.

She turns and strolls offscreen to the right.

The elevator doors close.

FADE OUT

THE END