

Manhattan Crawl
by
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Episode 001
"New Kid on the Crawl"

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TEASER

A

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN'S UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

RICHARD A THIRTY-SOMETHING WRITER OF NO CONSEQUENCE WALKS DOWN THE AVENUE PURPOSEFULLY WITH NO PURPOSE. A LONE FIGURE SOMEHOW OUT-OF-PLACE IN A SEA OF PEOPLE LAUGHING AND MOVING TOGETHER BETWEEN THE RESTAURANTS AND BARS OF THE CRAWL.

HE STOPS IN FRONT OF A BAR, LOOKS IN THE WINDOW AND GOES IN.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(RICHARD, TRENT)

THE ROCK-A-BAR IS A LOCAL HANGOUT FOR EVERYONE FROM CONSTRUCTION CREWS TO WALL STREET WONDERS. THE DRAW OF THE BAR IS THE LIVE ROCK MUSIC AND TRASHY ATMOSPHERE. A STRING OF BRAS, COLLECTED FROM WOMEN WHO HAVE DANCED ON THE BAR, HANG FROM THE CEILING.

RICHARD ENTERS AND SITS AT THE BAR. HE GETS OUT A CIGARETTE. TRENT THE BARTENDER WALKS OVER. HE IS AS BIG AS THE BOUNCER WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR AND CHARM THAT GET HIM BIG TIPS FROM WOMAN AND MEN.

RICHARD

The sign says you can smoke in here.

TRENT PULLS OUT A LIGHTER AND OFFERS HIM A LIGHT.

TRENT

We are officially a cigar bar.

RICHARD

I don't see anyone smoking cigars.

TRENT

We have a humidor somewhere in the back. What can I get you?

RICHARD

Something imported.

TRENT SETS A BOTTLE ROLLING ROCK IF FRONT OF RICHARD.

TRENT

It's from New Jersey. Run a tab?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

No. I'm just going to have the one.

TRENT OPENS THE BEER AND RICHARD HANDS HIM A FIVE.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Not very busy here tonight.

TRENT

We've got a band playing later. Stick around. It's still early. You know the crawl, it don't really light up till after ten.

RICHARD

I'm kind of new to -- the crawl.

RICHARD SIPS HIS BEER, SULLENLY.

TRENT

Oh, I bet you just got divorced. Congratulations.

TRENT RINGS A BELL HANGING BEHIND THE BAR. HE GRABS TWO SHOT GLASSES AND A BOTTLE OF A STRANGE BLACK BREW FROM THE COOLER.

RICHARD

No. Well, sort of. I'm just out of a long term relationship.

TRENT

Close enough. This one's on the house. To freedom.

RICHARD

To freedom.

THEY TOAST AND DOWN THE SHOTS. RICHARD GRIMACES.

TRENT

House blend -- Rock Juice.

RICHARD

You should test this for safe levels of toxicity.

TRENT

It wouldn't pass.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT IBFADE IN:INT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - NIGHT - LATER

(RICHARD, TRENT, BAXTER, PAUL, GINA)

THE BAR IS SLIGHTLY BUSIER THAN BEFORE. RICHARD IS STILL AT THE END OF THE BAR NURSING A BOTTLE OF BEER. THE BAND IS SETTING UP ON THE STAGE IN THE BACKGROUND.

PAUL AND BAXTER ENTER. PAUL, NICKNAMED "THE MAYOR OF AMSTERDAM AVENUE" IS A STAPLE OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE CRAWL. BAXTER, A FORMER CHILD STAR OF A HIT TV SITCOM, NOW WORKS AS A DJ AT LOCAL CLUBS.

PAUL

Hey Trent! Jesus, this place is dead.

TRENT

Hey Mayor. It'll fill up. We got a great band tonight.

PAUL

Who's the queer at the end of the bar?

TRENT

I thought you knew everyone?

BAXTER WALKS TO THE END OF THE BAR AND SITS BY RICHARD. TRENT POURS HIM A COKE. BAXTER NOTICES RICHARD'S DISMAY.

BAXTER

Don't mind the Mayor. He calls everyone queers.

RICHARD

I'm sure he meant it in the best possible way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAXTER LAUGHS.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Say, your were Bobby Singer from that
old TV show -- Seven Singers.

BAXTER
Yeah, that was me. Now I'm just Baxter
Ames, the dance club DJ.

RICHARD
Oh, I meant -- sorry.

BAXTER
For what. I ain't ashamed of it. That
show made me a butt load of money
before I had hair on my balls.

PAUL WALKS OVER AND STANDS BETWEEN BAXTER AND RICHARD.

PAUL
Gimme a beer Trent.

TRENT
How about you fetch me up four cases
of Rolling Rock from the cellar?

PAUL
For that I get two beers and a shot.

TRENT
Don't I always take care of you?

TRENT THROWS PAUL KEYS. PAUL TAPS BAXTER ON THE SHOULDER.

PAUL
C'mon. Gimme a hand.

BAXTER
Lick me. I'm a DJ, not a fuckin' bar-
back.

PAUL LOOKS AT RICHARD WHO IS GETTING UP TO LEAVE.

PAUL
Who're you? Never mind, gimme a hand.

RICHARD
Actually, I was just about to leave.

PAUL
I can't carry four cases alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARD SHRUGS AND FOLLOWS PAUL THROUGH THE CELLAR DOOR. GINA ENTERS AND RUNS BEHIND THE BAR. SHE'S DROP-DEAD GORGEOUS WITH A BITING WIT AND AN ATTITUDE TO MATCH.

GINA

Sorry I'm late. I had an audition at the Stand-Up.

TRENT

No sweat, Gina. It's been slow. How did you do?

GINA

With tits like mine, guys don't laugh. I swear I'm gonna have them fuckin' removed.

TRENT

Fat chicks are funny.

GINA

Yeah? Maybe I'll have reverse liposuction. Lipo-put-tion. Toss me a T-shirt. I didn't have time to change. Hi Baxter!

GINA CASUALLY KISSES BAXTER ON THE LIPS.

BAXTER

Hey there, Sweetie.

TRENT GRABS A BABY-DOLL T-SHIRT FROM THE SHELF AND TOSSES IT TO GINA. SHE TAKES IT AND GOES TO THE CELLAR.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - CELLAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(GINA, RICHARD, PAUL)

GINA HANGS UP HER COAT, STASHES HER PURSE AND REMOVES HER BLOUSE.

PAUL AND RICHARD COME AROUND THE CORNER CARRYING CASES OF BEER. GINA IS TOPLESS. PAUL SMILES A DIRTY SMILE. RICHARD TURNS AWAY.

GINA

What the hell are you doin' down here you fuckin' perverts?

PAUL

Hey, we was here first. By the way, nice tits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Who's your friend, Mayor, he's kinda cute.

GINA PUTS ON HER ROCK-A-BAR T-SHIRT AND FIXES HER HAIR IN A DIRTY MIRROR.

PAUL

I dunno. What's your name, guy?

RICHARD

Richard.

GINA

Whatsamatter Richard, you don't like my tits?

PAUL

We don't know if he likes tits.

RICHARD

Yes, I love tits, and you have an exquisite pair of tits.

GINA TIES HER T-SHIRT AT THE WAIST. AS THEY HEAD UP THE STAIRS SHE PUNCHES PAUL IN THE ARM.

GINA

Hear that, asshole. He said I got an exquisite pair of tits.

PAUL

Ouch. I said they were nice.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(RICHARD, PAUL, TRENT, GINA, SAMANTHA, JD, MARSHA, STACEY, DARNELL)

THE BAR IS STARTING TO FILL UP AS THE BAND WARMS UP IN THE BACKGROUND. PAUL AND RICHARD EMERGE FROM THE CELLAR.

PAUL

First time at the Rock and you've already seen Gina's tits.

RICHARD

Guess I'm just lucky. How did you know it was my first time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

I live here. I've never seen you before. It was an easy call. So, you're not a cocksucker, huh?

RICHARD

No.

PAUL

Nothin' to be ashamed of. I got nothing against homos. We got 'em here in the bar. Damn good dancers. Hell, I even had an experience in high school, but it don't really count cause I was all fucked up on acid.

THEY BEGIN UNLOADING BOTTLES OF BEER INTO THE COOLER.

RICHARD

Definitely more information than I needed.

PAUL

You'll hear plenty about me around here. After all, I'm the Mayor.

RICHARD

I thought De Blasio was the Mayor.

PAUL

That wop runs the city, I'm the Mayor of Amsterdam Avenue.

GINA WALKS BACK BEHIND THE BAR AND PUSHES THEM OUT.

GINA

Come on, get the hell outta here. I got work to do.

RICHARD ONCE AGAIN GETS UP TO LEAVE.

RICHARD

Nice meeting you all.

PAUL

(TO GINA) How 'bout a couple of shots for a couple of hard working men, Sweetie?

GINA

Two shots coming up for Jay and silent Bob - my hard working men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL STOPS RICHARD. GINA GRABS THREE SHOT GLASSES AND A BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS.

PAUL
Hey, you got a free drink comin',
Dick.

RICHARD
Richard.

PAUL
Forgetaboutit.
(to Gina)
Say, where's Baxter?

GINA
He had to go to the club. Some people
have actual jobs you know?

PAUL
Ah, the unfortunate employed. You
don't work, Dickey, do you?

RICHARD
I try to keep it to a minimum.

PAUL
I like this guy.

RICHARD TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE AND OFFERS PAUL ONE FROM THE PACK.
PAUL TAKES OUT TWO AND PUTS ONE BEHIND HIS EAR. GINA POURS THE
SHOTS AND THEY RAISE THEIR GLASSES.

GINA
To my exquisite breasts.

PAUL
I'll drink to that.

THEY DOWN THE SHOTS AND GINA HANDS THEM EACH A BOTTLE OF BEER.

SAMANTHA RUNS IN TO THE BAR. SHE IS A YOUNG, TALENTED SINGER AND
DANCER, SMALL WITH BEAUTIFUL LATIN FEATURES. SHE GRABS TRENT
ACROSS THE BAR AND KISSES HIM ON THE LIPS.

SAMANTHA
I GOT IT!

SHE KISSES GINA, PAUL AND THEN PAUSES AND LOOKS AT RICHARD.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Who are you? Who's he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

Claims his name is, Dick.

SAMANTHA SIZES HIM UP, THEN PLANTS A BIG KISS ON RICHARD'S MOUTH.
PAUL SMACKS RICHARD ON THE BACK.

SAMANTHA

I got a call back for Chicago. I am so pumped!

SHE DOES A LITTLE FOSSE DANCE.

PAUL

She's a professional dancer.

SAMANTHA

I'm just a student, but I snuck in to the audition on a dare and got a call back for tomorrow!

SAMANTHA BEGINS SINGING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS.

PAUL

Shouldn't you be saving voice, Sam?

SAMANTHA

You're right.

SHE PULLS OUT A CIGARETTE. RICHARD LIGHTS IT FOR HER.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Ooo, a gentleman. Thanks. Really, I'm not normally like this, I'm just...

RICHARD

All that jazzed?

SAMANTHA

He's funny.

SAMANTHA SITS DOWN NEXT TO RICHARD. GINA POURS HER A SHOT.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Sam. So what's your story?

RICHARD

I don't have a story.

SAMANTHA

Everyone here's got a story.

RICHARD LOOKS AT PAUL. PAUL NODS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRENT

His girlfriend dumped him.

SAMANTHA

Oh. Why'd she do that?

TRENT

He don't like to talk about it.

SAMANTHA

A mystery man. Well now I'm really interested.

RICHARD

It's really not that interesting. Besides, I was just about to leave.

SAMANTHA

The night is young, Dick. Don't go away, I gotta pee. When I get back, I wanna hear all about it.

SAMANTHA GETS UP AND DARTS TO THE BATHROOM.

RICHARD

She's cute.

PAUL

You do not want to get involved with her, tricky Dick.

RICHARD

I'm not a cradle robber.

PAUL

She's kinda wacko. She'll hang on you like fuzzy dice on a '53 Chevy. And of course if you hurt her, I'd have to hurt you. No offense, it's just she's like a little sister to me.

MARSHA AND STACEY ENTER. MARSHA IS TALL AND LOOKS LIKE SHE EATS MEN DINNER. STACEY IS SHORT AND CUTE IN A MENACING WAY.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now you want to get lucky, try the tall one that just walked in. Marsha is always hungry for cock.

THEY WAVE TO PAUL. HE WAVES BACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PAUL (CONT'D)

But don't screw with the little one,
She's like a little sister to me.

RICHARD

You have a lot of sisters. What about
Gina, is she like a little sister too?

PAUL

No, but that doggy bites. And I don't
mean in the good way.

RICHARD

Well, I've already seen her tits.

PAUL

Everyone's seen Gina's tits. Stick
around. You'll see more tits dancin'
on the bar later.

MARSHA AND STACEY WALK OVER. STACEY KISSES PAUL ON THE CHEEK.

MARSHA

Hey Mayor, where's the action?

PAUL

Wherever I am.

MARSHA

Can you set me up for the night?

PAUL

Sorry Marsha, I don't got any.

MARSHA

Then you ain't getting any.

MARSHA BLOWS PAUL A KISS AND WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE BAR.

STACEY

So who's your cute friend, Mayor?

PAUL

He's Dick Armstrong.

RICHARD

Richard Solomon. Enchanté,
Mademoiselle.

STACEY

Oooo. He's yummy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JD ENTERS. JD IS A BLACK WALL STREET PROFESSIONAL. HE IS HUSKY BUT DRESSES SHARP. HIS INTERESTS RANGE FROM DR. DRE TO DR. ZHIVAGO AND EASILY INTERMINGLES WITH ALL THE BAR PATRONS. HE SITS AT THE BAR.

JD

Hey Mayor. Hi Stacey.

STACEY

Hi JD. How ya doin'?

JD

Overworked, underpaid and a damn site too sober. So, what did I miss?

PAUL

Stacey danced naked on the bar.

STACEY

You know I don't dance naked till after midnight.

SAMANTHA COMES BACK FROM THE BATHROOM AND SEES STACEY WITH HER HAND ON RICHARD'S SHOULDER. STACEY SEES SAMANTHA.

STACEY (CONT'D)

C'mon Mayor, let's go see who Marsha's up to.

SAMANTHA SITS DOWN NEXT TO RICHARD AND STARES AT HIM.

SAMANTHA

I get up to pee and you go hittin' on the nastiest skank in the bar.

RICHARD

I wasn't hitting on her. In fact, I was just about to leave.

SAMANTHA GETS OUT A CIGARETTE. RICHARD LIGHTS IT.

SAMANTHA

Jesus, I thought at least you'd buy me a drink, Dicky.

SAMANTHA STICKS THE CIGARETTE IN RICHARD'S MOUTH AND PULLS OUT ANOTHER FOR HERSELF. RICHARD LIGHTS IT.

RICHARD

Sure. Jack Daniels?

SAMANTHA

You remembered, how sweet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JD

You buying for everyone or just makin'
moves on my girl?

RICHARD

I'm sorry. I didn't know...

SAMANTHA

Knock it off, JD. He's new here.

JD EXTENDS A HAND TO RICHARD, THEY SHAKE.

JD

I'm just fucking with you. Jared
Davis, but everyone calls me JD.

RICHARD

Richard Solomon. Can I buy you a
drink?

JD

Anytime.

RICHARD WAVES TO GINA.

GINA

What can I get you, Sweetie? Or did
you just want another look at my tits?

RICHARD

Three shots of Jack, please.

PAUL WALKS OVER TO THE GROUP.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

And one for the Mayor.

PAUL

But I hardly know you?

RICHARD

I insist.

PAUL

You heard the man, he insisted.

RICHARD

You have one too, Gina, on me.

GINA POURS OUT FOUR SHOTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

PAUL

To your ex. What ever you did to her,
I'm sure she deserved it.

THEY DOWN THE SHOTS. DARNELL, A LEAN, INTIMIDATING BLACK MAN STEPS
UP TO THE BAR. HE STANDS BETWEEN SAMANTHA AND JD.

DARNELL

Can I get a pitcher here, my man.

TRENT NODS. DARNELL LOOKS AT SAMANTHA.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Mmmmm Mmmmm. You are one fine dish of
salsa.

SAMANTHA SMILES POLITELY AND DARNELL LEANS IN.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

I am Darnell and I am hungry for some
Mexican tonight.

JD

Watch your mouth buddy. You're
speaking to a lady.

DARNELL

Am I speaking to you're lady? Cause I
don't see no ring on it.

TRENT BRINGS PUTS DOWN A PITCHER OF BEER.

JD

I think you should leave now.

DARNELL LEANS OVER, GETTING RIGHT IN SAMANTHA'S FACE.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

You know momma, I got a big, black
dick too. Are you impressed by big,
black dicks?

SAMANTHA

I'm not impressed by the big, black
dick who's in my face right now.

DARNELL PICKS UP THE PITCHER AND THROWS DOWN A TEN.

DARNELL

Fuck you, puta.

DARNELL WALKS AWAY. PAUL HIGH-FIVE'S SAMANTHA. SHE GRABS JD AND
PUSHES HIS MOUTH INTO A SMILE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

TRENT PICKS UP A MIC BY THE BAND AND BLOWS INTO IT.

TRENT (OVER PA)
Listen up. Tonight we've got one of
the hottest bands in the city, Charly
Bliss.

(THIS IS JUST AN EXAMPLE OF A BAND. THE BAND SHOULD BE AN ACTUAL
HOT BAND WITH SONGS AVAILABLE FOR DOWNLOAD DURING THE SHOW.)

THE CROWD CHEERS. RICHARD GETS UP AND THROWS MONEY ON THE BAR.

SAMANTHA
You can't go now, Dickey, the band's
about to start.

TRENT (OVER PA)
And remember, while the band plays,
two dollar Jagermiester shots.

THE CROWD CHEERS AGAIN. EVA HENDRICKS SCREAMS INTO THE MIC.

EVA
Hey Rock-A-Bar, are you ready to Rock?

EVERYONE CHEERS. CHARLY BLISS PLAYS "LOVE ME" AND PEOPLE BEGIN TO
DANCE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

(THE SONG SHOULD BE PLAYED IN IT'S ENTIRETY. THE SEQUENCE SHOULD
BE SHOT LIKE A LIVE MUSIC VIDEO.)

AS THE SONG PLAYS. SAMANTHA GETS UP AND PULLS AT RICHARD.

SAMANTHA
(SCREAMING OVER THE MUSIC) Come on.
Dance with me.

RICHARD HAS NO CHOICE.

GINA GETS UP ON THE BAR AND WALKS ALONG THE FRONT, POURING ROCK
JUICE FROM A BOTTLE DOWN INTO PEOPLE'S MOUTHS. TWO GIRLS GET UP ON
THE BAR TO DANCE AND REMOVE THEIR BRAS.

SAMANTHA IS NOW DANCING ON TOP OF A TABLE IN FRONT OF THE STAGE,
AS RICHARD DANCES BELOW HER.

THE SONG ENDS AND THE CROWD CHEERS. SAMANTHA STEPS OFF OF THE
TABLE, FALLS TO THE FLOOR AND SCREAMS.

RICHARD
Are you OK?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

SAMANTHA

Oh shit, my ankle.

TRENT

Let me take a look.

TRENT KNEELS DOWN AND TAKES OFF SAMANTHA'S SHOE.

TRENT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

No swelling. I don't think it's
broken.

TRENT GETS UP AND HELPS SAMANTHA UP.

TRENT (CONT'D)

We'll put some ice on it. You'll be
fine in a couple of days.

SAMANTHA

A couple of days! Oh fuck, I have my
audition tomorrow.

THE BAND STARTS INTO ITS NEXT NUMBER. TRENT AND RICHARD HELP
SAMANTHA TO THE BAR.

FADE OUT:

END ACT I

ACT IIC

FADE IN:

EXT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - LATER

(RICHARD, PAUL, BAXTER)

RICHARD AND PAUL ARE SITTING ON THE WINDOW-BOX IN FRONT OF THE BAR EATING PIZZA.

PAUL
So your ex kicked you out?

RICHARD
No, she left me.

PAUL
I bet it was over money. She dumped you cause you lost your job. Typical bitch.

RICHARD
No. I don't have a job. I'm a writer.

PAUL
A writer? What do you write?

RICHARD
Nothing big. Nothing you'd know.

PAUL
And you make money from that?

RICHARD
Not really.

PAUL
You seemed to be throwing around the greenbacks tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD
Ever hear of Macroware?

PAUL
No shit? That's you?

RICHARD
No. A friend of mine. I was an early investor.

PAUL
So you're like a billionaire?

RICHARD
Not quite. I blew through a lot of it. I did buy into my co-op.

PAUL
Easy come, easy go. At least you got a place to live.

PAUL POINTS AT A HOMELESS MAN DOWN THE BLOCK. BAXTER WALKS BY THE HOMELESS MAN, GIVES HIM DOLLAR AND WALKS OVER TO PAUL AND RICHARD.

BAXTER
What are you asswipes doin' up so late?

PAUL
They haven't called final call.

BAXTER
I miss anything?

PAUL
The place was mobbed. Chicks showing titties on the bar. The usual.

BAXTER
So are you going back in?

PAUL
They're not gonna serve us out here.

RICHARD
I think I'm going to head on home.

PAUL
Come on. Have one more for the road.

RICHARD
Are you buying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BAXTER
Are you kidding?

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(RICHARD, PAUL, TRENT, SAMANTHA, JD, BAXTER)

THE ROCK-A-BAR IS STILL CROWDED. JD IS SITTING AT THE BAR WITH SAMANTHA WHOSE FOOT IS BANDAGED. RICHARD, PAUL AND BAXTER ENTER.

JD
Hey Baxter, how ya doin'?

BAXTER
JD, my man, how's life treating you?

JD
My jobs a bitch, I can't get laid, and my toaster's shorted out. All in all -- I'm drunk.

BAXTER
Still working for that brokerage firm?

JD
Yeah, but I'm not trading anymore. Too much nose candy. It was like being here all day.

TRENT
Hey, there are no drugs in this place.

JULIO, THE LOCAL DEALER, BOUNCES BY IN OVERALLS WITH NO SHIRT.

JULIO
Hey Mayor, I got your shit, man.

JULIO HOLDS UP TWO SMALL BAGS OF COCAINE. PAUL PULLS HIM ASIDE.

PAUL
Not at the bar, Julio!

JULIO
Here sell this one and you can shove the other one up your big nose.

PAUL
I'm proud of my Hebrew honker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO

(LAUGHS) You know what they say; big nose, small dick.

PAUL

You saying I got a little dick? I'll put my dick up against any man's dick in this place.

AN OBVIOUSLY GAY MAN AT THE BAR LOOKS OVER AT PAUL AND WINKS.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Perhaps I should rephrase that.

JULIO PUTS HIS ARM AROUND PAUL AND WHISPERS SOMETHING TO HIM.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. I gotta pee.

JD

I could pee too.

JD LOOKS OVER AT JULIO. JULIO NODS AND THEY HEAD TO THE BATHROOM.

RICHARD

(TO TRENT) Where's Gina?

TRENT

She went home.

SAMANTHA

What'd you want with her?

RICHARD

I didn't get to say good-bye.

BAXTER

Don't even think about it. You ain't got a chance with her.

RICHARD

I wasn't thinking about it with her.

SAMANTHA

She don't date customers, Dicky.

BAXTER

I've tried. She's a tease. Get's you all hot, but you end up going home alone with Mr. Spanky and shootin' your wad all over the bathroom mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMANTHA

Is that what you guys do when you go home alone?

BAXTER

Each and every one of them, and don't believe it if they tell you different.

SAMANTHA

I hope you clean your mirrors.

BAXTER

I'm sure you girls go home and paddle the pink canoe.

SAMANTHA

I got a roommate.

BAXTER

So you jerk each other off.

SAMANTHA

Technically women don't jerk off. But we can eat each other's pussies.

BAXTER SLAPS THE BAR MAKING A LOUD THUD.

BAXTER

That's the sound of my dick hitting the bar.

SAMANTHA PROVOCATIVELY SUCKS ON HER CIGARETTE AND BLOWS THE SMOKE AT RICHARD.

SAMANTHA

I still love men. So that don't make me a dyke, right Dickey?

RICHARD

(STANDING UP) I prefer Richard.

SAMANTHA

Oh. You're not mad, are ya, Richard?

RICHARD

No, of course not. I just have to go return some beer.

SAMANTHA

Don't be doin' nothing on the mirror in there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICHARD
I am not uncivilized. I can wait until
I get home.

RICHARD WALKS THE BATHROOM. HE NODS TO SEVERAL PEOPLE HE PASSES.
HE IS SUDDENLY A PART OF THE BAR CROWD.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

(RICHARD, PAUL, JD, JULIO, MARSHA)

RICHARD ENTERS AND GOES TO THE URINAL. PAUL AND JD ARE DOING LINES
AT THE SINK. MARSHA AND JULIO COME OUT OF A STALL. JULIO ZIPS UP,
HANDS MARSHA A SMALL BAG OF COCAINE AND EXITS WITH PAUL AND JD.

PAUL
Have fun Richie.

MARSHA QUICKLY LAYS A LINE OF COCAINE AT THE SINK.

MARSHA
Wanna do a line?

RICHARD
No thanks.

MARSHA BENDS OVER THE SINK AND DOES THE LINE AS RICHARD ZIPS UP.
SHE TURNS AND SITS AT THE EDGE OF THE SINK WITH HER LEGS SPREAD.

MARSHA
I know what you're thinking, but I
don't fuck for drugs. I pull down
sixty-five kay a year selling ad space
on my blog. I pay for my powder. I
only fuck for fun.

RICHARD
Actually, I was just waiting to wash
my hands.

MARSHA TURNS THE HANDLE ON THE SINK. NO WATER COMES OUT.

MARSHA
Anything else I can help you with?

RICHARD
I think I'm good.

RICHARD EXITS AS MARSHA SLIPS HER HAND UNDER HER SKIRT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK-A-BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(RICHARD, PAUL, TRENT, SAMANTHA, JD, DARNELL)

SAMANTHA IS SITTING ALONE AT THE BAR. RICHARD SITS NEXT TO HER.

RICHARD

Where is everyone?

SAMANTHA

Gone home, I guess.

RICHARD

Doesn't anyone say good-bye around here?

SAMANTHA

It ain't necessary.

RICHARD TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT. HE SEE A TEAR RUNNING DOWN SAMANTHA'S CHEEK. HE WIPES IT AWAY AND SHE LEANS HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER.

RICHARD

It will be all right, Sam.

SAMANTHA

I'm gonna miss my audition.

RICHARD

There will be plenty more.

SAMANTHA

How do you know?

RICHARD

There always are.

SAMANTHA

I go to school and teaching aerobics.

RICHARD

You're following your dream and you're doing more than most people.

SAMANTHA

It just feels like I been doing this forever and nothing's happening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD
I know. But it will.

SAMANTHA
But what if don't. I don't know how to
do anything else.

RICHARD
Then you'll just have to make sure it
does.

SAMANTHA LEANS HER HEAD BACK ON RICHARD'S SHOULDER.

SAMANTHA
In my mood, you could probably take me
home and fuck my brains out.

RICHARD
I wouldn't take advantage of you right
now.

SAMANTHA
I was afraid you'd say that.

SAMANTHA GETS UP, KISSES RICHARD ON THE CHEEK AND OPENS HER PURSE.

RICHARD
I got it. Good-bye...

SAMANTHA PUTS A FINGER OVER RICHARD'S LIPS.

SAMANTHA
Ain't you planning on coming back?

RICHARD
I guess.

SAMANTHA
Then I'll see you later, Richard.

SHE TURNS AND SASHAYS TOWARD THE DOOR.

RICHARD
I'll be thinking of you.

SAMANTHA
(WITHOUT LOOKING BACK) You do that,
and then wash the mirror.

PAUL AND JD ENTER PASSING SAMANTHA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL
Going home, Sweet-cheeks?

SAMANTHA
Yeah, I'm spent.

JD
Will you be all right?

SAMANTHA
Sure, I'm a tough little puta,
remember?

SAMANTHA EXITS. TRENT SHOUTS TO THE REMAINING CROWD.

TRENT
OK all you Rock 'n Rollers, it's last
call. Place your orders now.

PEOPLE BEGIN TO GATHER AT THE BAR. RICHARD GETS UP TO LEAVE.

PAUL
You can't leave now, it's last call.

JD
I'm buying. Three shots of Jack,
Trent.

TRENT POURS OUT THE SHOTS. DARNELL WALKS UP TO THE BAR.

DARNELL
(TO TRENT) Gimme a beer. (TO JD) Hey,
Uncle Tom, why don't you come back and
have the last drink with the niggas?

JD LOOKS AROUND. THE CROWD IN THE BAR IS ACTUALLY VERY MIXED.

JD
I'm having this drink with my friends.

DARNELL
A bunch of Heebs. You think they're
your hommies? Shit, they wouldn't let
you fuck their sisters?

PAUL
Well my sister's ugly as hell, but if
you want to fuck her JD --

DARNELL
I ain't talkin' to you. My problem is
with this nigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL JUMPS UP. EVERYONE IN THE BAR IS WATCHING. RICHARD STANDS UP.

RICHARD

(TO DARNELL) Excuse me, but I want to get this straight. You're picking a fight with this man because he's not nigger enough for you? Seems to me if you want to start a race riot -- shit -- we got a whole fucking bar full of kykes and dagos --

TRENT SIGNALS THE BOUNCER. THE BAR SILENTLY WATCHES RICHARD.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

-- micks and gooks, camel jockeys, faggots, polocks, dot heads, spics, dykes --

PEOPLE BEGIN TO LAUGH AT RICHARD'S RANT.

RICHARD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

-- chinks, limeys, frogs, beaners and big, old, fuckin' redskin in the corner.

DARNELL LOOKS AROUND FOR SUPPORT, BUT DOESN'T SEE ANY.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

But I don't think anyone gives a shit about that but you. There are seven million people living on top of each other on this rock that speak every language known to man. And we all get along pretty good.

RICHARD PICKS UP A SHOT GLASS AND HOLDS IT OUT TO DARNELL.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

So why don't you shut up and have a drink with a Jew boy?

DARNELL TAKES THE SHOT. RICHARD PICKS UP ANOTHER.

DARNELL

You one mother-fucking crazy Archie Bunker.

THEY DRINK AND SLAM DOWN THEIR SHOT GLASSES. DARNELL EYES THE THREE OF THEM AND THEN HEADS BACK TO HIS GROUP.

RICHARD TAKES A BREATH AND SITS. TRENT POURS THREE MORE SHOTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRENT

A gutsy move you pulled there, Mister.

RICHARD

Well --

TRENT

And stupid. That's why we have a
bouncer. Don't do that shit again.

RICHARD GETS UP AND THROWS SEVERAL TWENTIES ON THE BAR.

RICHARD

Sorry. Keep the change.

TRENT TAKES THE MONEY AND SLIDES THE SHOTS OVER AND TAKES ONE.

TRENT

On the house.

THEY DOWN THE SHOTS AND RICHARD TURNS TO LEAVE.

RICHARD

Later.

THEY ALL NOD. RICHARD WALKS PAST THE BOUNCER WHO DOESN'T
ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

TRENT

Hey Richard. Was it busy enough for
you tonight?

RICHARD

I could get used to it.

RICHARD EXITS.

FADE OUT:

TAG

D

EXT. THE AVENUE - NIGHT

(RICHARD, PAUL)

RICHARD WALKS DOWN THE QUIET STREET. PAUL WALKS UP BEHIND HIM.

PAUL

Hey, Richard.

RICHARD

You got my name right.

PAUL

Pretty nifty speech you made back there. Didn't think you had it in ya.

RICHARD

I was riffing off Lenny Bruce.

PAUL

The guy from Lavern and Shirley?

RICHARD

Yeah, that guy.

PAUL

You're OK.

RICHARD

Actually I'm pretty pitiful.

PAUL

Then you fit right in. Come to the Rock and spend your nights drowning your sorrows and wallowing in self-pity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

Sounds great, but what do I do with my days?

PAUL

I know a strip joint that opens at noon. Hey, you want some Hot 'n Crusty?

RICHARD

What?

PAUL

Hot 'n Crusty Bagels, down the block.

RICHARD

Sounds good. Do they have knishes?

PAUL

Do they have knishes? I can see I'm gonna have my work cut out for me, with you.

THEY WALK OFF TOWARDS THE BAGEL STORE AND INTO THE NIGHT.

FADE OUT:

THE END