FADE IN:

1  INT.OFFICE BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

A long and narrow, sterile white hallway.

JACK HART, (30) an average looking American man enters the hallway. He’s wearing a white shirt and tie with rolled up sleeves. He walks to a time card area and pulls a time card out of an endless array of cards that fill the wall.

Almost mindlessly, methodically he punches the time clock and slips the time card back into the wall of cards.

SEVERAL OTHER WORKERS wearing similar garb, like worker bees, make their way toward the time cards. Each grab at their card and go through the same end of the day routine of punching and returning the card back to it's hole in the wall.

Jack begins to walk down the endless shiny white walled, white floored corridor past the group of people which are making their way toward the time clock and cards.

There are no exchange of greetings.

The only noticeable sound is the sound of the workers feet shuffling toward the time clock and the time clock itself, as the workers insert their card and the clock punches the card. CRUNCH. CRUNCH.

Jack does not look angry or bitter, perhaps he's slightly melancholy. He seems quite subdued and obviously not content.

2  INT.OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks past a gum chewing and yacking, almost automated RECEPTIONIST who's wearing a headset and is busy answering telephones and routing calls.

      RECEPTIONIST
      Dierdorf and Wackenheim. Hold please!

She punches a button.

      RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
      Dierdorf and Wackenheim. That's extension 357. I'll connect you now.

She hits another button.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Dierdorf and Wackenheim. Hold please!

The receptionist continues answering phones and hitting buttons.

Jack continues on, exiting the building.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

There's a BUM nearby on a street corner holding one of those homeless signs. Only he's more honest than most. His sign reads, "Not A Vietnam Vet." "Won't Work For Food." "Just Want A Bottle Of Booze."


The bus doors swing open revealing a middle aged, plump, black male, BUS DRIVER.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

POV of the bus driver. An aging WOMAN gets on the bus painstakingly slow, holding onto the bus rail for dear life.

Jack enters the bus with a few other PEOPLE who were waiting at the stop.

Everyone settles into a seat as the bus pulls away from the curb.

Across from Jack sits a BEATNIK, (25) looking like a new age Jack Kerouac. The guy looks more 1940's than 1990's. The beatnik turns on a boom box and begins to play some big band music, a song called, Holy Joe.

CREDITS ROLE:

ECU. The bus driver looks in the rear view mirror back at the noisy beatnik passenger.

The driver turns around to face the beatnik.

BUS DRIVER
(matter of fact)
Hey mister! You got to turn that thing off.

The beatnik doesn't hear him at first. He's too long gone into the music.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The bus driver manages to get his attention and then points to a sign with the symbol of a speaker with a red line crossed through it, a no smoking sign and a no drinking sign.

    BUS DRIVER (CONT’D)
    No music boxes.

The bus driver stops the bus in it's tracks.

    BUS DRIVER (CONT’D)
    I said you got to turn that thing off or you got to get off my bus.

The beatnik, not without angst turns the radio off.

A black WOMAN, (30’s) is sitting next to the beatnik. She's looks like she's from the hard streets and has several large, overflowing trash bags with who knows what in them.

She butts in and begins to start an argument with the driver.

    BLACK WOMAN
    (to whoever will listen)
    He's goin’ ‘round tellin’ everyone that it’s his bus.
    (to the bus driver)
    Why don’t you just do your job and get this bus movin’?

She gestures move it with her hand. This is insulting to the driver.

    BUS DRIVER
    (more snooty than angry)
    Lady, I don't tell you how to do your job. So please, keep your nose out of my affairs.

    BLACK WOMAN
    Your bus. Hmphf.

The bus driver just shakes his head and continues on his route.

INT.BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jack reaches up and pulls on the bell. DINK.

He stands as the bus pulls up to the next stop.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The bus door swings open and a barrage of impatient passengers try to scurry onto the bus, crowding the isle.

BUS DRIVER
(to the passengers entering the bus)
You got to let the man off of the bus before you get on. Please step back off of the bus and let the man through.

The driver gestures with his hands the motion that he wishes to communicate with the crowd.

The crowd backs off of the bus.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Jack exits the bus pushing past the crowd of people. The people rush back onto the bus.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters the building.

He checks his mailbox. Nothing but a bunch of junk mail. He drops it in the overflowing trash can which is overflowing with other unwanted junk mail. The can reads, Unwanted Junkmail.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack puts his key in his door and unlocks it.

A scruffy faced ELDERLY MAN, Jack's nosy neighbor, sticks his head out of his door and gives Jack the evil eye.

Jack pushes his door open.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's an average looking bachelors place. Everything's neat and orderly. Jack walks toward the kitchen area.

INT. JACK'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack opens the refrigerator, it's filled with peanuts.

He takes out a bottle of water and begins to drink from it. He walks from the kitchen toward the living area.

INT. LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jack turns to his answering machine and hits a button.
ANSWERING MACHINE
(that mechanical voice)
You have no messages.

He picks up the phone and dials a number. He hesitates and then hangs up.

He ponders a moment and then dials another number. There’s an answer from the other end. The camera slowly pulls into an ECU of Jack.

JACK
(nervous)
Hello! Umm, Elizabeth? Uh, hey. This is Jack.

(pause)
Jack! You know the guy you met at Ace’s. Remember? You must remember you gave me your number. It was last Tuesday I think. No, not Chad. Jack. Yeah, I was with my friend Joey he was... he kept buggin’ your girlfriend about her shoes.

(a beat)
Yeah, that’s me. I was wondering, if you aren’t busy this evening maybe we could get a bite to eat or somethin’? You know hang out a bit. Oh, that’s OK. I understand. I should’ve given you more notice.

(pause)
Well, maybe tomorrow night we could catch a movie? No?

(pause)
How about Sunday? You busy on Sunday?

(pause)

He hangs up dejected after just receiving the brush-off.

INT. JACK’S KITCHEN – LATER SAME EVENING

Jack’s preparing some dinner. He’s cooking pasta and tomato sauce.

He scoops some onto a plate and grabs his bottle of water.

INT. JACK’S LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Jack’s watching the news as he eats his dinner. Half of his plate of food had disappeared into his gullet.

(CONTINUED)
NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
And in the San Fernando Valley early this morning two armed men held up a Great Western bank and got away with an undisclosed amount of money.

The TV screen shows camera shots of two armed men robbing the bank.

NEWS REPORTER
They’re described as Hispanic males in their early to late twenties. Call the FBI tip hot-line if you have any information that can help in the apprehension of these two armed men. A reward of five thousand dollars is being offered...

Jack picks up the remote and flips to another channel.

A picture of a ten year old BOY, smiling from ear to ear fills the screen.

NEWS REPORTER II (V.O.)
Coming up next, the police need your help in locating this missing child.

Jack hits the remote again.

NEWS REPORTER III
...during the ensuing scuffle the two arresting officers where shot. They have been rushed to Mount Sinai where they are both listed in critical condition.

Jack turns the TV off trying not to absorb all of this wonderful news.

He doesn’t feel like eating his food.

The phone RINGS. He puts down his plate and goes to the phone.

JACK (anxious)
Yeah?
(a bit disappointed)
Oh, hey Ma. How’s things? You gotta speak up. I can’t hardly hear you.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Can you hear me now?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Yeah, I can hear you.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Can you believe it? It’s almost nine thirty and it’s still in the 90’s. It’s been terribly hot lately. Then it rains and the humidity only makes it worse.

JACK
I know what you mean Ma. That’s why I left the place. I can’t take the heat.

INT. JACK’S MOTHER’S HOME – CONTINUOUS

Miami Beach, Florida.

A typical condominium on the beach. Although it’s getting late, well lit palm trees blow in the breeze.

Jack’s gray haired MOTHER talks on the phone with him.

The camera pans through the pictures of her children and her departed husband which fill the desk.

MOTHER
And this daylight savings time thing, just as you get used to it getting dark at five o’clock, it’s time to change the clock back again. I’ll never get used to it. Never!

JACK (V.O.)
It’s for the farmers Ma. The crops need that extra hour of daylight.

The camera stops at the picture of SHERRI.

MOTHER
Your sister Sherri is getting married in three weeks. You will be here to give her away?

JACK (V.O.)
Of course I’ll be there.

MOTHER
Do you know what the girls say to me every Sunday over our Pinochle game? They say to me, so Evelyn, when is your son Jack going to settle down and get married? So do you know what I tell them?

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I tell them, I don't know when my son Jack is going to settle down and get married. I tell them his younger brother Michael who happens to be nine years younger than he, is already married with two children.
(pause)
So Jack, when are you going to find yourself a nice girl and settle down?

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JACK
It's not like it used to be Ma. You meet a girl. You get married. You buy a house and have some kids. Times have changed. Six billion people in this world and almost everyone's alone.

INT. JACK'S MOTHER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The conversation continues.

MOTHER
I'm not getting any younger. I'd like to see the oldest of my six children find a nice girl. What's wrong with me wanting my oldest child to find himself a nice girl and settle down? Your brother Michael, he's nine years younger than you and he already has two babies.

JACK (V.O.)
You're repeating yourself Ma.

MOTHER
Of course I repeat myself. I repeat myself because you don't listen to me. Your sister Teresa is six years younger than you and she already has three little ones.
(with the guilt)
Why don't you come home? Los Angeles is not a place for one such as yourself with the fires and the floods and the earthquakes and the crazy people rioting all the time. Even the movie stars, they don't live in Los Angeles anymore. Why don't you come home where you belong?
INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack's not paying any attention to his mother. He has the phone twisted in a position that's quite obvious he's not listening to a word she has to say.

JACK
Alright Ma. Yeah! OK! I heard everything that you said. OK! Yeah, I will. I'll talk to you soon Ma. Good... OK, Ma! Say hello to Mrs. Silverstein for me and thank her for the peanuts. I got peanuts forever tell her. Yeah, OK. Good-bye.

He hangs up the phone and looks at the clock on the wall. It's close to 7:30.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ah, geez!

He quickly grabs his coat and dashes for the door.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The camera is focused on a pair of hands that lean on a car horn. HONK. HONK. HONK.

JOEY, (30ish) is Jack's best friend for lack of a better word. Joey's OK for looks, but lacks in even the slightest amount of communication skills.

Jack races out of the apartment and toward the car.

The nosy neighbor opens a window from his apartment on the second floor.

ELDERLY MAN
(disturbed, veins popping and practically foaming at the mouth)
Shut the hell up with that! I'm tryin' to get some shut eye.

Joey lets up on the horn.

JOEY
(anxious)
Let's go. Let's get it goin'. We gotta be there by eight.

The car surges forward as Jack barely makes it in.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Joey's car races off as the pissed-off nosy neighbor shakes his head, gives Joey the Italian salute and slams his window shut.

INT. JOEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey turns onto Sunset Boulevard. There's the usual bright lights and too many billboards.

They pass where the Marlboro Man once lit up the boulevard.

JOEY
Can you believe it, they killed the Marlboro man.

JACK
How many times have I told you to lay off the horn?

JOEY
You gotta get that landlord of yours to fix that buzzer. Get the buzzard to fix the buzzer. I've been ringin' and ringin' and ringin'. Didn't you hear me?

JACK
No. How could I hear you ringin' the buzzer when you know, that I know, and I know that you know that it's broken.

JOEY
What time is it anyway?

JACK
We got plenty of time.

JOEY
We could miss the first bout. We could miss the whole first fight on account of that buzzer.

JACK
We got plenty of time.

JOEY
You know a lot of fights end real quick. Like in the first few rounds? KO. (snaps his fingers) Just like that.

JACK
We got plenty of time.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOEY
You know I hate to be late for anything. Especially the fights.

JACK
What's eatin' you? You're always complaining about having to watch the first bout anyway. So what's the big deal?

JOEY
It's just that I hate to be late that's all.

JACK
Joey, you were born late.

JOEY
What time is it?

JACK
We got plenty of time.

INT. BOXING ARENA - LATER SAME NIGHT

A no smoking sign is clouded over by the smoke filled hall. There's a pretty good crowd.

Two amateur welter weight BOXERS dance around in a ring slugging it out.

One of the fighters is wearing blue trunks. The other fighter is in red. Jack and Joey watch as the two amateurs slug it out.

Jack just watches the fight. Joey acts like he's the one in the ring.

LOW ANGLE SHOT/JACK AND JOEY'S POV

It's a pretty good match up. The two fighters really go at it toe to toe. There's a few good body shots. A few good shots to the chin and a real good connection with an upper cut to the guy in the blue trunks.

Tight shot of Joey and Jack. The camera pulls out to reveal the two fighters in the ring.

JOEY (V.O.)
Look at him go.

The fighters continue to slug it out.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
He's a shoo in. A cinch for the next golden gloves championship bout. But, he's gotta do somethin' about those red trunks.

Joey looks confident.

JOEY (CONT'D)
(makes with the fingers)
I'll pick up a little loose change tonight and...

The fighter in the red trunks take a blow to the chin. It's a good hit that distorts the fighters face. He's reeling now.

Joey's dumbfounded.

The fighter hits the ground hard.

JOEY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Get up you bum. Get up!

Joey can't believe his eyes. He tosses his arms in the air from disgust.

JOEY (CONT'D)
(shouting louder)
You lousy good for nothin' bum. Get up!

Bird's eye view, the camera spins in a circle over the boxing ring. The downed fighter lays sprawled across the mat as the fighter in the blue trunks dances around the ring.

Downed fighter's POV.

The REFEREE stands over the downed fighter. The referees fingers are shoved in the downed fighters face. He shows that he can count to ten real well. But the downed fighter can't tell what he's saying.

REFEREE
One... Two... Three... Four...

The other fighter now hovers over the referees shoulder.

The referee points for the fighter in the blue trunks to go to his corner.

(CONTINUED)
REFEE (CONT'D)
Five... Six... Seven... Eight...
Nine...

Bird’s eye view, the referee stands waving his arms. He calls off the fight.

The bruised face winner dances around the ring in a victory celebration. His corner raises him above the assembled mass.

The crowd goes ballistic. BOOS and CHEERS.

JOEY
I can't win for to lose.

Joey rips his ticket into pieces and tosses it into the air.

The ticket fragments ascend above the crowd and then descend falling to the floor.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Let's get outta hear.

JACK
There's still another fight?

Joey ignores Jack and continues to push his way past standing crowd.

JACK (CONT'D)
I want to see the last fight!

Jack roles his eyes, tosses up his hands and follows after Joey.

EXT. JOEY'S CAR - LATER SAME NIGHT

Joey’s car zooms almost dangerously down a city street.

The car comes close to an intersection. The light turns yellow. Then...

INT. JOEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey runs a red light.

JACK
(piqued)
That was a red light back there!

Joey lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)
JACK (CONT'D)
C'mon with that.

Joey sucks on the cigarette and blows out the smoke.

JACK (CONT'D)
(a bit edgy)
Would you c'mon with that?

JOEY
(pointing to the cigarette)
You mean this?

JACK
What else would I be talkin' about?
You want to kill yourself fine, just
don't take me along for the ride. I'll
get there soon enough.

Joey takes one last pull on his cigarette.

JACK (CONT'D)
And don't throw it out the window.

Too late. Joey tosses it out the window.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't know what's gotten into you
lately. You're really startin' to get
on my nerves.

JOEY
What? What?

JACK
Just forget it.

They pull up to a red light and stop. Jack's still shaking
his head at the frustration that Joey's causing him.

JOEY

A down on his luck, STREET PERSON approaches the car.

STREET PERSON
Hey, mister. Can I do your windows for
you?

JOEY
The only thing that you can do for me
is beat it.

(CONTINUED)
STREET PERSON
Thank you anyway sir. God bless you.

The street person walks off.

JACK
That wasn't very nice. That guys down on his luck and you go and kick him down a little harder. Nice goin'.

A shiny, brand new, black BMW convertible pulls up along side of them.

A young and attractive BLONDE woman and an ELDERLY MAN sit in the car.

Joey sneaks a peak over the couple's way. He taps Jack on the shoulder.

JOEY
Hey, get a load of this.

Jack looks over at the BMW passengers.

JACK
Yeah? So what?

JOEY
So you think that that's his daughter or his date?

JACK
What?

JOEY
I said, his daughter or his date?

JACK
I don't care?

JOEY
What kinda crap do you think he's been dishin' out to her? Probably tells her he's a big time producer or somethin'? Hey, honey. You want to be in the movies? I can get you where you want to go.

Joey reaches over putting his hand on Jack's leg. He begins to stroke it.

JOEY (CONT'D)
All you got to do is let me go where I want to go.

(CONTINUED)
Jack knocks his hand away.

JACK
He probably is.

JOEY
Probably is what? His daughter or his date?

JACK
He probably is a producer.

JOEY
Nah. He's just a big time faker who probably owns a couple of sweat shops.
(pause)
Just a sweat shop schlep. I'll bet he's one of those guys that got about thirty illegals locked away in some dirty, stinkin', filthy tenement and using their labor to line his wallet big and fat. It takes a heck of a lot of sewing machines churning around the clock to make payments on a set of wheels like that.

EXT. STREET LIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The light turns green.

INT. JOEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JACK
Hey Joey?

JOEY
Yeah?

JACK
The lights green. I think that means go.

Joey guns it.

JOEY
So what do you think? His daughter or his date?

Jack just shakes his head.

The car continues moving along as they go nowhere particular.
INT. JOEY’S CAR – A LITTLE LATER

JACK
So what do you want to do now?

Joey see’s a good looking chick walking on the sidewalk.

JOEY
I’d like to do her.

JACK
 Seriously, you got any ideas?

JOEY
What do you want to do?

JACK
I don’t know.

JOEY
It's Friday night ain’t it? There's got to be somethin’ to do?

JACK
Like what?

JOEY
Like, I don't know. Like anything.

JACK
Like what?

JOEY
Like, let’s go to Ace’s and get hammered. Two dollar beers, can’t go wrong with that. The fellas'll all be there by now.

JACK
I'm not into gettin’ hammered with your actor wannabee buddies.

JOEY
How 'bout a strip joint?

Joey starts to wiggle his chest emulating a stripper.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Hey, get a load of these knockers, they cost some sorry sap sucker his whole life's savings. And then of course I dumped him immediately thereafter.

Jack shakes his head, but does manage to crack a smile.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY (CONT'D)

C' mon.

JACK

Nah.

JOEY

Then how 'bout the movies? Let's call a couple of broads and go to a show.

JACK

What broads?

JOEY

I don't know.

JACK

What movie?

JOEY

You got me.

Silence as they drive along.

JACK

(a swing in conversation)

You know Joey, I'm gonna be thirty years old. Everybody that I know is either married or about to get hitched. And here we are still doin' the same old, same old.

JOEY

Hey, don't even go there. I'm not about to fall into that trap. I like things just the way they are.

JACK

Take my kid sister. She's getting married in a few weeks. You know what that means? Out of all my brothers and sisters I'm the only one not spoken for.

JOEY

So what's wrong with that? You're free. No one to answer to and no one stickin' their nose in your business.

JACK

And no place to go as usual.

JOEY

What's your point?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
The point is, that’s my point. I’m
tired of running around. I think it
would be really nice to go home to
someone at the end of each day. I
think that it would be great to be with
someone you felt comfortable with. It
wouldn’t matter what you were doing
just as long as you were together.

There’s a bit of silence between the two of them.

JOEY (V.O)
(quite a bit quieter than the
conversation had been)
So what do you want to do?

JACK (V.O)
I don’t know Joey. What do you want to
do?

The car continues to move along.

INTJOEY’S CAR – CONTINUOUS

The colorful lights of a strip joint flicker like a 40,000
watt bug lamp.

Joey’s already on the outside of the car.

JOEY
You comin’ or what?

Joey walks toward the front door of the strip joint.

INT STRIP JOINT – LATER SAME NIGHT

You can barely make out it’s Joey. He’s buried chin deep
in a pair of tits. He’s getting a lap dance by THUMBELINA,
a stripper bimbette. For what it’s worth, the little she
has on is black stiletto heels, a garter belt, stockings
and not much else.

There is another STRIPPER performing a dance on the stage.

Jack is sitting at a small table and feeling uncomfortable
as he sips on a cheap domestic beer.

The club is not crowded. There are some wealthy PERSIAN
MEN and some COWBOY/TRUCKER types.

Another STRIPPER approaches Jack.
STRIPPER
How about you? You want one of my special private dances?

She attempts to rub her hands through his hair. Jack moves away from her hand and does not allow her to touch him.

JACK
Nah. I'm OK.

STRIPPER
Your friend seems to be enjoying himself. Why don't you loosen up and let me dance for you?

She talks more at him than to him.

JACK
Nah. I'm alright.

STRIPPER
How'd you like my dancing?

JACK
It was OK?

STRIPPER
Just OK?

JACK
Well, it wasn't Ginger Rogers or Rosy Rodriguez either for that matter.

The stripper realizes she's getting no where with him.

She walks to the next table and starts her polished rap crap with some other drunken SLOB.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to himself about the stripper)
Yeah, I'll bet your daddies real proud of you.

The dancer bimbette finishes her lap dance for Joey. Joey slips her a twenty, stuffing it into her garter belt.

She takes it out and slips it into her bra that she has just put back on. She kisses Joey on the cheek and as she splits she gives Jack that well practiced smile.
JOEY
(excited)
She digs me. Oh boy, that chick really digs me.

JACK
The only thing she digs about you is your money that very easily finds it’s way from your wallet into her... purse.

JOEY
Nah, she digs me. I can tell when a chick digs me. She really digs me.
(as if concerned)
Hey, how come you didn't let that other broad dance for you?

JACK
I'd feel very uncomfortable doing something like that.

JOEY
Uncomfortable? Get out of here. It's great.
(he leans up real close, as if what he's about to say is some well kept secret)
Listen, they're pro's. If they do it just right you can blow your load.
(he snaps his finger)
Just like that.

Jack looks around at the seedy looking place. He doesn't like what he sees.

JACK
It's getting late. So whaddaya say we wrap it up?

JOEY
I want to get that broads phone number. Besides, we just got here.

JACK
We just got here over an hour and a half ago. Besides, Thumbelina ain't giving you or any of these loser’s her phone number. So stop wasting your money and my time. Let's get out of here.

Joey grabs his beer and chugs it down.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
Man, you're getting to be a real drag.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER SAME NIGHT

Jack exits Joey's car.

Joey pulls away.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Jack undresses looking in the mirror. He checks out his
waste line. He pulls back on his hair and then looks deep
into his own eyes.

He half smiles and then he sighs and closes his eyes.

INT. SHOWER - LATER SAME NIGHT

He enters the shower, turns on the water and it drenches
him wet.

JACK
(mocking Joey)
Nah, she digs me. I can tell when a
chick really digs me. That's a good
one Joey. Real good.

Sadly, he sinks to the floor. The shower continues to run.

INT. SERVICE STATION - NEXT MORNING

Jack's in a conversation with a MECHANIC that has repaired
his car.

A couple of greasy ATTENDANTS stand around eaves dropping
as if they had nothing better to do.

JACK
(disturbed)
Whaddaya mean four hundred and sixty
bucks? You told me two hundred... Two
hundred tops!

MECHANIC
Yeah, I know, but once I got the tires
off of the car the front discs needed
to be respun. I had to replace the
back drums and the pads were completely
worn out. Your brakes were in dire
need of servicing. Sorry Mack.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Yeah, you're just aching all over for me.

MECHANIC
I'll bet you do a lot of drivin' in the Canyons right? I can tell when a car does a lot of drivin' in the Canyons. Canyon drivin' will wear out your brakes like nothing else will.

Jack doesn't like dishing out four hundred and sixty bucks and he doesn't want to hear about it either.

As he hands the money over to the mechanic he gestures for his keys.

The mechanic takes the cash, counts it and then gives Jack his keys.

EXT. BEACH – LATER SAME DAY

Jack's car sits on the shoulder of a beach.

He sits alone on the shoreline and watches the waves throw themselves onto the shore.

A MAN and a WOMAN walk past. The couple is holding hands and enjoying each others company. Jack notices.

He watches as the couple continues strolling down the beach. The woman places her head on the man's shoulder.

Jack closes his eyes and soaks up a few rays. The sun shines brightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

JOEY (V.O.)
Hey, where ya been all day? I've been looking everywhere for ya.

EXT. J ACK'S APARTMENT – LATER SAME DAY

Jack pulls up in his car. Joey's on the steps and shouting at him already.

Jack jumps out of his car.

JACK
That mechanic buddy of yours charged me four hundred and sixty bucks for my brakes.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
What? It's my fault your brakes were
worn out?

Jack walks toward the entrance to the building. Joey
follows.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Guess what? I got a break. One year
of consistent rejection and complete
humiliation and finally here it is...
Are you ready? I get to do my routine
tonight at the Comedy Room. What do
you think of that? No, open mike. No
pay to play baloney. A real gig.

JACK
Hey that's great Joey. How'd it
happen?

JOEY
Well, actually this guy that was booked
cancelled at the last minute and they
couldn't find anybody else to replace
him. So they called me. Hey, I don't
care how I got the gig, just so long as
I got it. So, you comin' or what?

JACK
No way. Nothing's more depressing than
having to spend the night hangin'
around a comedy club. I can't bare
watching those half wit comedians
bombing and trying to act like its
funny. Besides we have a deal. You
want to entertain the notion of being a
comedian that's fine. But remember, I
got nothing to do with it.

JOEY
C'mon it's my first real gig. After
that we can go down to the Promenade
and eyeball some chicks.

JACK
Not into it.

JOEY
So what are we gonna do then?

JACK
(stress we)
We aren't going to do anything.
(MORE)
JACK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna stay home and watch the ball game.

JOEY
What are you talkin' about? You can't stay home on a Saturday night. It's as un-American as pineapple on a pizza. It's like puttin' a whole wheat bun and low fat cheese on a hamburger. It's worse than not getting to first base on your first date. I got it! Whaddaya say we go back to that strip joint? This time I'll get that broads number for sure.

JACK
You go along without me. I'm not up to it tonight.

JOEY
You know something? You're really getting to be a drag.

JACK
Yeah, well this drag'll dig ya later.

Jack starts to walk off.

JOEY
Hey Jack?

JACK
Yeah?

JOEY
I got something for ya!

JACK
Yeah.

Joey reaches into his pocket and pulls out a middle finger. Joey laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, Joey?

JOEY
What? What? What?

JACK
How come you're the only one that ever laughs at your jokes?
JOEY
Cause I'm the only person in this whole
damn town that's got a sense of humor
that's why.

JACK
Here's one you haven't heard.

Without another word Jack enters his building.

JOEY
(confused, then...)
Aww, I get it. That's pretty good.

INT.COMEDY ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A COMEDIAN performs his routine. He's bombing.

There are only about fifteen PEOPLE in the room. A COUPLE
get up to leave. Joey's one of the few remaining and he's
very enthusiastic for his comedic comrade.

COMEDIAN
So there I was tending bar on the lower-
East side of New York when in walks
this tough old gal she goes by the name
of Chicago Molly. I cautioned her. I
said none of your peccadillos in here.
There was a hot lunch on the bar at the
time and it consisted of succotash,
Philadelphia cream cheese and asparagus
with mayonnaise. She dips her mitt
down into this millage, I'm yawning at
the time she smacks me right in the mug
with it...

Joey lets out a roaring laugh. He knows the game.

A couple of other folks get up to leave.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)
(to the couple leaving)
Hey, I'm not through here.
(back to his schtick)
Did you ever kick a woman in the mid-
section when she was wearing a pair of
corsets. I almost broke my great toe.
I never had such a painful experience.

CUT TO:
INT. JIM’S ROOM – LATER THAT NIGHT

The heavily sweating comedian leaves the stage almost numb. Joey’s the only one left in the room. He’s clapping.

Dejected, the comedian goes to leave the room. Joey extends his hand in greeting.

JOEY
You we’re pretty good.

The dejected comedian leaves without so much as acknowledging Joey’s presence.

Joey stands alone.

He walks to the stage slowly, not to perform, only to reflect. He squints from the light. They begin to dim. JIM the bar manager enters the empty room.

JIM
Listen we’re closing early tonight.
It’s pretty dead. I’ll give you another shot some other time. How ‘bout tomorrow night? We got a special event, c’mon by.

JOEY
Yeah sure.

Jim walks off.

JOEY (CONT’D)
Tomorrow.

Joey exits.

INT. JACK’S APARTMENT – LATER SAME NIGHT

Jack’s watching a football game. There’s a knock at the door. He gets up to answer it.

He opens the door and Joey and some of the fellas crowd in.

JACK
What's this all about?

JOEY
What? You said you was gonna watch the game tonight.

JACK
I thought you were doin’ your bit tonight?

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
Yeah.

JACK
So, how'd it go?

JOEY
I went over so well I got invited back tomorrow night. Boy, I guess I'm on a role now, huh?

JACK
Hey, that's great Joey. I'm proud of you.

A guy named ANGIE, (26) an Italian, New Yorker transplant interrupts.

ANGIE
Hey, Jack this is a real nice pad you got here.

Angie cracks open a beer and hands it to Jack.

JACK
(he takes it)
Thanks.

Another fella MANNY, (28) stuffs some beers in the refrigerator and busts out some chips.

MANNY
Hey, you got more peanuts than I ever saw before in my life.

Jack just shakes his head as they crowd into the living room.

JACK
How'd you guys get into the building?

JOEY
Some old geezer was taking his dog for a walk and we slid in the door. I think it was that crazy fella what's always yellin'.

Joey grabs Jack's seat as Jack goes to sit down.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I got five to one on the Bears. I'm gonna clean up tonight baby.
JACK
Hey Joey, that's my seat.

JOEY
What?

JACK
That's my seat.

JOEY
I was just testin' ya.

Joey slides over to the sofa and grabs a handful of peanuts one of the fellas grabbed out of the kitchen.

INT.LIVING ROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

The ball game is about over.

Joey's sprawled out on the floor. He's in grievous mental anguish.

MANNY
How could you bet against the Packers when they're playin' on their own home turf? The Pack is 9-1. The Bears are 4-6.

ANGIE
(mocking as if defending Joey)
If that lousy so and so didn't make that call this game would have turned out completely different. Ain't that right Joey?

Joey only moans as he buries his head in his hands.

MANNY
(mocking)
I can't believe it. Stinkin' lousy ref. I think the guy needs glasses.

ANGIE
I can't believe they haven't brought back instant replay.

JOEY
I can't believe I dropped another C note.

JACK
I can't believe you haven't learned your lesson by now.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
I gotta start goin' with my gut instincts.

JACK
Face it Joey, you're a degenerate gambler. You need to find yourself a real gig.

Joey contemplates for only a brief moment.

JOEY
That ain't gonna happen.

MANNY
(to the fellas)
By the way, did I tell you guys about the chick I saw Angie pick up last night?
(to Angie, and pointing the finger)
And don't go denying it.

Angie looks like he wants to crawl under a rock.

ANGIE
Hey, don't be goin' there.

The guys ad-lib jeers at Angie.

JOEY
(comes to life)
Go there. Go there. I want to know what happened.

MANNY
This chick was a real dog. I mean it. My Grandpa’s Grandma had more goin’ for her than this one.

JOEY
No kidding?
(he gives Angie the thumbs up)
Pretty boy? He's always harpin' about how well he makes out with the chicks.

ANGIE
What do you want? I was drunk. I let my standards slip a little.

(CONTINUED)
MANNY
(to the guys)
It's a good thing the world is round, cause if his standards had slipped any further he would've fallen off of the face of the earth.

They go ballistic.

JOEY
She was that bad?

MANNY
Boy was she ever. When he introduced me to her I didn't know if I should pat her on the head, scratch her behind the ears or take her for a walk.

Everybody roars except Jack.

ANGIE
That's hitting low.

Everybody roars again.

JACK
That's not funny. You're talking about a real human being here.

MANNY
C'mon man, lighten up we're just having a laugh at Angie’s expense.

JOEY
(abrupt)
Hey, it's only a little after nine. What do you guys want to do now?

MANNY
(shrugging)
What do you guys want to do?

ANGIE
(shaking his head)
I don’t know. What do you got in mind?

JACK
Don't start that again.

MANNY
What? What did I say?

(CONTINUED)
ANGIE
There's this party I heard about. Supposed to be loaded with chicks.

JOEY
You're full of it.

ANGIE
Nah. Really. I heard a couple of chicks talking about a party and they gave me the address.

MANNY
Where's it at?

ANGIE
Somewhere in Silverlake.

JOEY
(disappointed)
Artsie type party. Those parties are strictly for fags.

ANGIE
I'm tellin' ya. These chicks were OK.

MANNY
Let's get some beers and crash the joint.

JOEY
You guys up for it?

ANGIE
Yeah, sure.

MANNY
What else we gonna do?

ANGIE
Joey, you drive. And since you lost your wad on the game. I'll buy the beers. So what do you fellas say?

JOEY
You're buyin'? We need to commemorate this day as a national holiday. Angie's buyin'. If you're buyin'? I'm up for drivin'. Let's go.

JACK
You guys go on without me. I'm stayin' in.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
Aww c'mon ya big stiff. We ain't leavin' ya behind.

MANNY
You're comin' with us if we have to tie you to the bumper and drag you along.

They all start to rough him up.

JACK
Alright. Alright. Just help me clean up around here would ya?

They pick up a few cans and move toward the kitchen.

JOEY
(to Manny)
So she was a real dog huh?

MANNY
A real dog. I'm tellin' ya if I had a dog whistle she would have heard it a mile a way.

INT. JOEY'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

They drive slowly by a house.

It's obviously the party. The song, Rock Your Boat blares from inside the house and spills out onto the lawn.

ANGIE
Do you think this is the place?

JOEY
(sarcastic)
No. It's the other house with the loud music and the people partying. The one over there.
(pointing, and as the car moves he whacks Angie on the side of the head)
What's wrong with you? Of course this is the house.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Music plays loudly as RETRO GOONS of all walks of life converge into this house. Some kind of 70’s overplayed R&B music is playing.
MANDY
I'm sick of this 70's R&B crap. It played out.

ANGIE
I know what you're saying. The 90's have only been about what everybody else was doin' way back when. This is definitely a generation of has-beens.

MANDY
No imagination.

Strobe lights flash. People mingle and dance.

JOEY
Get a load of that creep over there with the wool cap. If I see another guy runnin' around with a wool cap on his head, I'm gonna strangle him.

JACK
The only guy that ever looked cool in a wool cap was Mike Nesmith.

JOEY
Agreed.

MANDY
First they bring back the 60's, then the 70's.

JOEY
Don't forget the swing thing.

MANDY
That too.

ANGIE
And how 'bout the 80's. Why would they ever try and bring back the 80's?

JOEY
Only god knows. If they keep it up, they'll be bringing back the 90's before it's even over.

The boys immediately blend into the party atmosphere.
All except for Jack.
He heads for a corner and sits down, watching the happenings about him.

(CONTINUED)
A young waif woman looking too much like a Jerry Springer guest is dressed in black, we'll call her SUNSHINE.

She's barely twenty and sits next to Jack revealing alot of way too white skin. She tries to hand him a joint.

He refuses politely. Awkwardly he strikes up a conversation.

JACK
This is a nice place.

SUNSHINE
Yeah.

JACK
Do you know who owns this place?

SUNSHINE
No.

JACK
Neither do I. So what do you do?

SUNSHINE
I'm a model. And a singer. And an actress. And I dabble in poetry.

JACK
Sounds like you dabble in just about everything. A real dabbler.

SUNSHINE
Yeah.

Another uncomfortable moment.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)
(suddenly)
Did anyone ever tell you that you look like the guy in Mask?

JACK
Mask?

SUNSHINE
You know the movie Mask?

JACK
I don't know what you're talking about.

SUNSHINE
Yeah, you do. Remember that guy in the movie with the big, gross ugly head?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Let me get this straight, you’re saying I got a big, gross ugly head?

SUNSHINE
No not you. The guy you look like has a big, gross ugly head.

JACK
Wait a minute. You say I look like this guy with a big, gross ugly head and then you say I don't look like this guy with a big gross ugly head?

SUNSHINE
It was in the movie that he had a big, gross ugly head. Not in real life. Cher was in the movie too. She was a heroin addict. I don't think that she's a heroin addict in real life though? That old guy with the mustache was also in the movie. I can't seem to remember his name offhand.

She tries to hand him the joint again. He refuses.

SUNSHINE (CONT’D)
Well, what are you into? I'm into just about everything. I'm what you might call alternative.

She takes a drag of the weed. He notices her tattoo.

JACK
Is that thing real?

SUNSHINE
Oh, yeah. It's a Praying Mantis. I have four of them. But I’m not getting anymore. If I do it will be the henna kind. They don’t last forever.

JACK
Four Praying Mantis tattoos?

SUNSHINE
No just one Praying Mantis. I have four tattoos all together. I was going to get one of those tribal bands, but everybody has them these days. I wanted to do something different.
JACK
Why didn't you just not get a tattoo.
That would be pretty original.

She didn't get it. She tries to hand him the joint again.

He shakes his head no.

SUNSHINE
Want to see my belly button piercing?

She pulls up her shirt and reveals a ring through her really white belly button. She hits the weed again.

Joey takes notice from across the room and gives Jack a thumbs up sign.

JACK
That must've really hurt.

SUNSHINE
Only for the first couple of weeks.
What really sucked was when it got all infected and swollen. It's not nearly as painful as my tongue piercing was.

(she sticks out her tongue revealing the metal object)
I think I'm going to get a tattoo under my lip next time...

She tries to hand him the joint again. He's had enough.

JACK
Would you excuse me please?

Jack gets up and pours a little beer into an ashtray.

He walks over to where Joey is smoking a cigarette and jawing it up with some KNUCKLEHEAD.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, Joey. You need an ashtray?

JOEY
Thanks.

Joey puts the cigarette into the ashtray and it goes out. He doesn't even realize what Jack has done.

The knucklehead notices but isn't quite sure what to make of it.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY (CONT'D)
(to Jack)
You two seemed to hit it off pretty well?

JACK
Yeah, like the polar opposites of a magnet. Like a mouse in a cat cage.

JOEY
(to the knucklehead)
So anyway like I was sayin', he had the knife jammed all the way into the other guys guts. Then he twisted the knife like this.

Joey acts out the movement.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I mean he really let the other guy have it. The fella was screamin' and shoutin' in real agony and then...

The knucklehead is completely enthralled in Joey's story.

As Jack walks off, Joey takes a puff off of his doused cigarette and continues in his mindless banter.

Jack walks to the front door and exits onto the front porch.

41 EXT.PORCH - CONTINUOUS

He sees a young WOMAN who's about to enter the house. Being polite he says hello.

JACK
Hello.

The young woman snubs him.

Some too COOL CAT walks up the steps behind the girl and takes her by the arm while she gives Jack a look like shove off. They enter the house.

JACK (CONT’D)
It was very nice to meet you as well. Got any tattoo’s?

Jack sits in a lawn chair on the porch.

THREE GUYS walk out onto the porch and strike up a conversation.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jack overhears the conversation.

GUY ONE
I got a real problem.

GUY TWO
What's up? Some guy giving you a hard time? We'll take care of that.

GUY ONE
Nah, worse. My buddy split with his ex-girlfriend. And I got stuck with her friend.

GUY THREE
So what's wrong with that? Sounds like you made out OK.

GUY ONE
She's kinda a drag. Not hip at all.

GUY TWO
Just dump her.

GUY ONE
Yeah?

GUY THREE
Sure. Why should you have to hang with a chick you don't even know?

GUY ONE
I don't know.

GUY THREE
What's not to know? Just blow her off and let's get back to the real action.

Guy One turns his attention toward Jack.

GUY ONE
Hey?

JACK
You talking to me?

GUY ONE
Yeah. Listen, you want to do me a favor?

JACK
What?

(CONTINUED)
GUY ONE
You look like you ain't doin' so well tonight. If I introduce you to some chick would you mind seein' to it that she got a ride home? I'll make it worth your while.

JACK
You can't just dump some poor girl on a stranger. That's not the right thing to do.

GUY ONE
I'm not worrying about what's the right thing to do. I just want to get this chick off of my back. If you ain't interested, you ain't interested.

JACK
I ain't interested.

GUY ONE
That's all you had to say.

Suddenly the young woman appears in the doorway and into the shadows of the porch. Her name is AMBER (27), she's a bit on the plain side. She definitely doesn't fit into this ship of fools scene.

GUY THREE
(to Guy One)
I'll tell you what. I owe you forty bucks right?

GUY ONE
Yeah?

GUY THREE
If I give the bitch a ride home. How 'bout you let me slide for the forty?

GUY ONE
You got a deal.

They shake hands on it. One of those stupid, endless handshakes.

AMBER
Don't worry about me. I can find my own way home.

She turns and walks away toward the backyard of the house.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

GUY THREE
Ouch!

GUY TWO
(ribbing Guy One)
Busted. You're in for it now.

GUY ONE
Not really. Looks like I'm off the hook.

The creeps go back into the house.

Jack watches as Amber disappears into the darkness of the backyard.

After a long pause, he stands and follows after her.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The yard is quiet and empty compared to the scene inside.

He sees Amber standing by herself near a small clearing.

He hesitates, then approaches her.

JACK
(awkward)
Are you OK?

AMBER
Yes, please just go away.

She tries to regain her composure. Jack's not sure what to do.

JACK
Hey, it's alright. It ain't your fault. Those guys were just a bunch of jerks.

AMBER
Are all your friends as mean as those guys? Are all your friends just a bunch of jerks?

JACK
You got me wrong, I never saw those guys before in my life. Honest.

AMBER
I wish I stayed home. I didn't even want to go out tonight in the first place.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Me too. I just kept thinking about what a terrible time I would have and here I am having at it.

AMBER
Why should tonight be any different than any other night? Just because it’s my birthday.

JACK
It’s your birthday? Well, happy birthday to you. I won’t ask you how old you are because I know that a guy isn’t supposed to ask a lady how old she is.

AMBER
Some birthday this turned out to be. My so called friend takes off with some guy and leaves me stranded. Just when you really think you know someone. Oh, what am I saying. I must look ridiculous right now.

JACK
You don’t look ridiculous.

AMBER
You know something? I hate birthdays.

JACK
I hate birthdays too. Once my mother gave a birthday party for me when I was just a kid. She had me pass out invites to all my classmates in school. And you know what? Nobody came. Not one single solitary kid showed up for my birthday. I mean that’s a real tragedy when you’re only ten years old.

AMBER
That’s a terrible thing to have happen to a child.

JACK
No kidding. In fact. I get nervous every time my birthday comes around still to this day.

AMBER
It’s your birthday too?
JACK
No. I mean still to this day. I mean, every birthday I have still to this day.

She sniffs back her runny nose and wipes away the few tears that managed to fall from her eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
I wish I had a handkerchief for you. (he tries to cheer her up)
But, then again I'm glad I don't cause you'd probably blow a wad of snot in it and I'd have to put it back in my pocket after you goood it all up and I wouldn't like that very much.

AMBER
(she giggles a bit)
I'm so ashamed. Here I am talking to a complete stranger on my birthday and crying my eyes out.

JACK
You shouldn't feel ashamed. Everybody cries. Sometimes I cry over the dumbest things.

AMBER
Then you know how I feel?

JACK
Not really. You see, those guys back there... They're no good. So why should you care what they think? You'll probably never run into them ever again after tonight anyway so what does it matter?

Amber tries to dry her eyes.

AMBER
My mascara is running down my face. I must look awful.

JACK
Go on and cry all you want. (pause)
Look at that house back there.

They look into a plate glass window into the crowded house.

(CONTINUED)
JACK (CONT'D)
How many of those goons do you think are really having a good time?

She shrugs her shoulders.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll tell you. Exactly none. You know why? They're too busy trying to act like they're having a good time to really have one.

AMBER
What's your name anyway?

JACK
My name's Jack.

AMBER
Jack?

JACK
Just plain old Jack. Everybody wants to be something other than what they really are. Me, I'm satisfied with being just a regular guy. My friend Joey calls me Jack Of Hearts. Cause my last name is Hart. Spelled Hart.

Amber kinda laughs a little.

JACK (CONT'D)
So what's your name?

AMBER
It doesn't really matter.

JACK
It doesn't really matter?

AMBER
My names Amber.

JACK
Amber's a nice name. I just met a girl back there who calls herself Sunshine and she was the epitome of darkness. (change of direction)
So look, you want to go back inside?

AMBER
No. Can we just sit out here and talk for a while. That is unless you have something else to do?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
I got nothing else to do.

They walk over to where an old swing it tied by rope onto a big old oak tree.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get on I'll push you.

Amber jumps onto the swing and Jack begins to push her.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know what I miss?

AMBER
What's that?

JACK
Being a little kid. You could jump on a swing at a park and nobody ever paid it any mind. Now that I'm supposed to be all grown up and if I was to jump on a swing people would look at me all cross-eyed and everything.

AMBER
Yeah, that's sad isn't it?

JACK
Oh, I'll say.

They look up at the stars.

JACK (CONT'D)
I heard a girl crying once, she was one of these girls that was almost famous, but it just never quite jelled I guess. Anyway, she was bawlin' her eyes out, crying on this guys shoulders and saying, where do you go once you live in LA? Like this is it? The last stop? The end of the line?

AMBER
Some people think it is.

JACK
I read a book by Steven Hawkins. It's called, A Brief Moment In Time. He talks about everything dealing with the universe, but what he's really saying is that new BMW and the pool in the smog filled Hollywood Hills is not what it's all about.

(MORE)
JACK (CONT'D)
Did you know that if the sun ceased to function, like blow up or just fizzle out, it would take eight minutes for it to effect us. I mean, we don’t even see things as they are. For example, if you look up at the stars, what you see actually took place eight minutes ago. Can you imagine? That star you’re looking at right now is actually eight minutes ahead of where you are looking right this moment.

AMBER
How interesting.

JACK
And that’s not just eight minutes our time. It’s eight minutes at the speed of light. One hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second. Now times that by four hundred and eighty. That’s alot of distance between the actual event and what we see.

AMBER
That’s really amazing.

JACK
The stars out on the furthest edge of our galaxy, to reach one rotation around the sun, takes over a million years. And they’ve been doing it for a long, long time.

Amber sits contemplating, trying to take all this in as she looks up into the sky.

AMBER
Makes you feel small.
(a beat)
Where are you from?

JACK
I’m from Florida. I was born in Miami Beach. There aren’t many people that can say that they were actually born in Miami Beach, but I was.

AMBER
I never met anyone from Miami before. I went there on vacation once when I was very young. I just remember getting sunburned something terrible.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Yeah. I think the suns only about four miles from that place.

AMBER
And the jelly fish. I was stung terribly once. I remember that it was quite beautiful though. It had a pretty blue bubble attached to it. And long stringy tentacles.

JACK
That wasn't no jellyfish. That was a man o' war. Man, they really sting. You know what they call Miami Beach now? They call it South Beach. It's a real trendy place you know. Lot's of starving models waiting to be discovered. I guess it's become a lot like la la land, only no mountains, smog or earthquakes.

Silence as Jack pushes the swing.

AMBER
So what are you doing out here?

JACK
You won't find it very interesting.

AMBER
Now you have my curiosity.

JACK
I had to get away from my mother. She's always trying to run my life. Trying to hook me up with one of her friends daughters or nieces or whatever.

AMBER
Hooked up?

JACK
Yeah, you know. Married.

AMBER
You don't want to get married?

JACK
Yeah. I'd like to get married. I just never met the right girl that's all.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)
JACK (CONT'D)
How about you?

AMBER
What would you like to know?

JACK
You don't have any tattoos do you?

AMBER
What?

JACK
Nothin'. Look, you want to get out of here? Maybe go and get a bite to eat or something?

AMBER
(hesitates)
I guess it would be OK. As long as you're not the hillside strangler.

JACK
No I can't afford to live in the hills.

They walk toward the front of the house.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joey stumbles up to Jack like a lost kid. It's obvious he's inebriated.

JOEY
(to Amber)
Excuse me, I've got to talk to my buddy here a second.

JACK
(to Amber)
This is my friend Joey
(to Joey)
Joey, this is a girl I met. Her name is Amber.

JOEY
(rather unpleasant and abrupt to Amber)
Yeah. It's nice to meet you.
(to Jack)
Listen I got to talk to you. It's urgent.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
(to Amber)
I'll be right back.

Amber shies away.

JOEY
Hey, Jack where ya been? I've been looking all over for ya. We've scored some chicks and we want to take them back to your place to hang out for a while. Who knows we might even get lucky. Whaddaya say?

JACK
I say I ain't really interested.

JOEY
C'mon. This is practically in the bag.

JACK
What part of I ain't really interested did you not understand? I met this nice girl here and we made plans to go and get somethin' to eat.

Joey gives Amber the once over.

JOEY
No offense Jack, but she's pretty average. These chicks that we picked up are a couple of notches up from that.

JACK
She's not a that. Her name is Amber and she happens to be a very nice girl.

JOEY
Whatever floats your boat.

JACK
How come you always got to be so disrespectful?

JOEY
What'd I say?

JACK
Joey, I'm gonna catch a taxi so don't worry about me. And let one of the other fellas drive cause you're drunk.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
I'm tellin' ya you're making a big mistake. If the guys find out you split with her... they'll never stop hounding you about it.

JACK
(walking off)
I'll see you later.

JOEY
Not if I see you first.

Jack walks away with Amber down the sidewalk.

Joey just stands there shaking his head.

INT. 1950’S STYLE DINER - LATER SAME NIGHT

A 1950’s song plays on a miniature jukebox at a booth.

Amber and Jack sit on opposite sides of the booth.

Jack flips through the song selections.

AMBER
...so that's what happened. She called the cops on him, but she was the one who got arrested. You should have seen her face when they put the handcuffs on her and took her away. I almost died right there.

JACK
(laughing heartily)
That's real rich. That's the funniest thing I've heard in ages.

A waitress brings over some drinks and places them on the table.

JACK (CONT’D)
(to the waitress)
Thank you. Could you please bring us some change for the jukebox?

The waitress shakes her head yes and leaves.

AMBER
Tell me about your mother. You seem to be a bit upset with her.
JACK
No, I love my mother. It's just that ever since my father died, she's preoccupied with her kids lives and not her own.

AMBER
Mothers will always be preoccupied with their children's lives.

The waitress drops some coins on the table.

AMBER (CONT’D)
You have to admit, having a husband and six kids to take care of for all those years and then to suddenly find yourself alone. That's got to be very hard.

JACK
Yeah, it's been rough, but she toughs it out pretty well.

AMBER
Tell me about your father. How did he die? That is if you don't mind talking about it.

JACK
I don't mind talking about it. It's just that it's a very sensitive issue. I've really not come to terms with it.

AMBER
I'm listening.

JACK
Most brothers and sisters aren't usually very close. But, I'm pretty close to one of my sisters.

AMBER
Oh, I don't know. There are many brothers and sisters that are very close.

JACK
We're much closer than my other siblings. It's probably because we're the closest in age.

AMBER
Perhaps.
JACK
Yeah, maybe. Anyway, my sister had a kid. A really great kid too. He was only ten years old when he died.

AMBER
That's terrible. I'm so sorry.

JACK
Yeah, everybody is. Nothin' will ever be the same again. He killed himself accidentally while he was playing. It's a sad story, but if you think about it, it's better to pass on while you're just a kid playing. He'll never know about things like having a date broken at the last minute. He'll never have to know how cruel people can really be to each other, or what it's like to care about someone who doesn't care about you at all. He'll never have to be alone at night just wishing that there was someone to talk to and wondering if it's going to be like this for the rest of your life.

AMBER
Yes, people can be very cruel.

JACK
And he'll never know what it's like to grow old. Or to be alone, like my mother is now. He'll always be just a kid.

Silence.

AMBER
Life is so strange? I don’t really understand why we are given it.

JACK
He died on my father’s birthday. That really effected my father terribly. My father, a tough guy. He wasn’t afraid of anything. Except death. I guess you could say he was scared to death of dying. Then he found out that he had brain tumors and the doctor gave him only a few months to live.

(MORE)
JACK (CONT'D)
He kept telling my sister that her son
was coming to him every night in his
dreams and that pretty soon the kid was
going to help him get through this
death thing. The kid told him that
dying wasn't really as bad as it
seemed. There was plenty of cool stuff
to do where he was. And that it would
be OK.

AMBER
That's beautiful.

JACK
That ain't the half of it. My father
told my sister that he was going to
pass away on the kids birthday. And he
did. The whole family was there. I
was at my father's side standing over
him, telling him to let go. My father
also had bad legs. I guess it was
hereditary because his mother was an
invalid for most of her life and he
hadn't even seen her for more than
thirty years. The last thing I said to
my father before he left us was that
he'd soon be with his mother and they'd
both be dancing through the heavens
like Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

AMBER
That's real nice.

JACK
Then I said he's gone and I kissed him
good-bye. And my sister came to me at
that very same moment and said, I saw
my son. He was at my feet and suddenly
he jumped up and ran out of the room
toward pop. Then I went outside and I
saw a bright shooting star going across
the sky. And you know something?

AMBER
No.

JACK
There was a smaller shooting star that
followed closely right behind it. My
eyes were filled with tears, but I saw
those shooting stars just the same.
Everybody thought that the bigger star
was my father.

(MORE)
JACK (CONT'D)
I never said nothing, but I just knew
that the bigger star was my sister’s
kid and that my father was the one
following right behind.

Silence.

JACK (CONT'D)
(his eyes are filled with
tears)
I know that some people think that's
crazy. But, I don't care. I was
there. I know it happened.

AMBER
I believe you.

Jack looks at his watch.

JACK
Wow, look at the time! It's getting
late. I better get you home.

AMBER
Yeah.

JACK
I'll tell you what, I live just a
couple of blocks away. We'll go get my
car and I'll drive you home. It'll
save us the cab fare.

He pulls out his wallet and tosses a few bucks on the
counter.

INT. JACK'S CAR - LATER SAME NIGHT
Jack steers his car around a corner on Laurel Canyon Road.

The city lights shine brightly on this clear night.

JACK
I love the way the city looks up here
at night. With all the turmoil and
recklessness down there, all the biting
and devouring you'd never think that it
could be so peaceful up here.

AMBER
I love the way the lights shimmer and
dance. It looks like an ocean of
lights swaying to and fro.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
Let's pull over and watch it for a while?

AMBER
Let's.

Jack pulls the car over.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

They jump out of the car and sit on the hood.

AMBER
It's so clear tonight.

She jumps off of the car.

AMBER (CONT'D)
The hood is hot.

Amber rubs the heat that has transferred to her bottom.

Jack jumps up and rubs his bottom too.

JACK
Yeah, let's go over to the edge and get a better look at the lights.

They do.

Amber pulls her jacket up around her neck.

AMBER
It's getting cold.

JACK
You'd think that the cold weather out here would bother me, coming from a climate like Miami's. But the difference in the weather doesn't seem to bother me at all. Not in the least. Except for the ocean. It's a lot colder out here. The ocean in Florida is much bluer as well. You know something? I've been talking my head off all night. I haven't hardly let you get a word in edge wise. I just keep going on and on. I'll just shut up now and give you a chance to say a thing or two. You must think that I never shut up.

(CONTINUED)
AMBER
I don't know what to say.
(pause)
When you get put on the spot to say something you don't seem to have anything to say at all. I guess conversation should be spontaneous.

JACK
Yeah, we should do things spontaneous. Trying to force things to happen can make them come out all wrong.

AMBER
Right.

There's an awkward moment.

Jack, going against the words he just spoke reaches over and tries to kiss Amber. The timing is just awful. She turns away.

JACK
I'm sorry, I was just trying to show you that I think you're a wonderful girl. That I've had a real good time tonight.

AMBER
I'm sorry. Just please don't.

JACK
What's so wrong with me wanting a little affection?

AMBER
There's nothing wrong with that. Everybody needs to feel wanted. It's just that I've had such a wonderful time with you tonight and I don't want to ruin it.

JACK
You don't want to ruin? You mean if I kiss you it'll ruin your night?

AMBER
That's not what I meant and you know it.

Amber gets up and steps away.

(CONTINUED)
AMBER (CONT'D)
Please take me home now. I want to go home.

JACK
Sure, I'll take you home. I'll take you home.

He heads over to the car. She follows behind.

JACK (CONT'D)
I just want you to know something. I had a real good time with you tonight. One of the best times I've ever had in my entire life.

AMBER
Me too.
(pause)
And I'd like to see you again.

Silence.

JACK
I'd like that. I'd like that very much. How about tomorrow night? Unless you already got other plans of course.

AMBER
I don't have any plans.

JACK
How about a movie? Let's make plans to go see a movie together.

AMBER
We'll have to see one that won't make me cry. If I cry in front of you two nights in a row you'll think that's I'm just a big baby.

JACK
I promise. Scouts honor. No movie that'll make you cry.

He makes a scout sign by raising his right hand and looks at it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is that right?

Jack steps slowly up to Amber.
CONTINUED: (3)

She bows her head shyly. Jack takes her head into his hands and raises her head up.

He kisses her on the forehead. She smiles at him.

JACK (CONT’D)
There. Now you know what a great kisser I am.

AMBER
I’m swooning.

JACK
I better get you home.

She agrees.

EXT. AMBER’S HOME - LATER SAME NIGHT

Jack pulls the car up to the front of Amber’s home. It’s a towering two story mansion typical of those homes on Sunset Boulevard near Bel Air.

The electronic gate swings open. Jack drives his car up the driveway.

JACK
This is your home? It looks more like a hotel.

The porch light is still on. A woman’s silhouette is in the upstairs window. It’s Amber’s MOTHER.

AMBER
My mother. She never sleeps until I come home. She worries over me like...

Jack interrupts.

JACK
Like you’re her little girl.

AMBER
Like I’m her little girl.

JACK
No matter how big you get you’re always gonna be her little girl. Boy, I sure hope that my car doesn’t drip any oil on your driveway.

AMBER
Thank you for a wonderful evening and a very happy birthday.

(CONTINUED)
Amber opens the car door.

Jack takes her by the hand and stops her from exiting the car.

They kiss an innocent kiss.

    JACK
    Good-night.

    AMBER
    Good-night.

He watches as she steps onto the porch, unlocks the door and then blows him a kiss. She closes the door.

INT. AMBER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Amber peers through the window as she watches Jack's car exit the driveway and turn onto the street.

The gate begins to swing close.

She smiles like that of a happy child and walks up a seemingly endless white spiral staircase.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber has taken off her clothing and slipped into her bathrobe.

There's a KNOCK at her bedroom door.

    AMBER
    Come in Mother.

Amber's mother enters the room.

    MOTHER
    I heard you come home so naturally...

    AMBER
    (not unkind)
    So naturally you wanted to check up on me. I'm fine. Mother what on earth will you do when the day comes that I venture out on my own?

Amber throws herself onto the bed like a child might. She's beaming brightly.

    MOTHER
    You obviously have had a wonderful time tonight.

(CONTINUED)
AMBER

Yes, I had a wonderful time. I met a nice guy. A great guy. He's so sensitive and polite and understanding and...

MOTHER
(interrupting)
... and perhaps you should get some sleep. After all it's after three in the morning.

AMBER

I won't be able to sleep a wink. We made plans to see each other tomorrow night. I wish it was tomorrow already. I think I'll die before tomorrow comes.

Amber's mother kisses her cheek.

MOTHER

Tomorrow is already here. Get yourself some rest.

AMBER

Good-night mother.

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

Jack's sister, SHERRI is being fitted for a wedding gown.

The tiny, European, Jewish, TAILOR, (60’s) is already raising his eyebrows and obviously being nitpicked to death by Jack's tireless, nagging mother.

MOTHER

No! No! No! It's just not right. Look at the hem. It's uneven and the lace, it's yellowing already.

She holds her head with her hands as if to hide herself from this tragic turmoil.

The tailor tries in vain to work on the wedding gown as the mother continues to get in the way. SHERRI fidgets about.

SHERRI
(unmoved by it all)
It's fine mother. The dress is fine.
MOTHER
Your great grandmother carried this gown across the Atlantic for her daughter, your grandmother to wear for her wedding to your grandfather. God rest his soul. I wore this gown when I was married. Your two sisters wore this gown when they were married. Please show a little appreciation for this beautiful gown.

SHERRI
No wonder it's falling apart. It's been...
(struggling to find the right words)
weddinged to death. I want my own gown. I want a dress that represents my wedding. Not my grandmother's tragic trip across the Atlantic.

MOTHER
How can you say such things?
(to the tailor)
We've invited almost four hundred guests.

SHERRI
You invited almost four hundred guests? I don't want to have a big wedding. I want a quaint little wedding with only my family and closest friends.

The mother does not hear a word she says. She's preoccupied with examining the gown.

MOTHER
(to the tailor)
How about lowering the hem just a bit more the back?
(to Sherri)
Suck in your gut. You'll have to lose some weight. You're getting a bit thick around the waste.

The tailor looks at the daughter and shakes his head no and shrugs his shoulder.

SHERRI
Mother!

(CONTINUED)
50 CONTINUED: (2)

MOTHER
You don't want to gain too much weight
before your wedding. After the
wedding, it doesn't matter.

SHERRI
(louder)
Mother!

51 EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joey's BLARING his car horn once again.

Jack runs out of the building.

JACK
Hey, Joey I can't go.

JOEY
Whaddaya mean you ain't goin'? We've
been planning this for weeks. It ain't
everyday the Marlins get a chance to
play the Dodgers.

JACK
I know and I'm sorry. It's just that
I'm running low on cash and I made
plans to go out with a girl tonight.

JOEY
(change of heart)
Yeah? What chick?

JACK
Amber, I introduced you to her last
night.

JOEY
(not believing his ears)
You mean that broad you split with from
the party?

JACK
Yeah, that's the one and she ain't no
broad. I'm expecting a call from her
any minute now. I really got to go.

Jack turns to go.

JOEY
That chick was nothin'. If I was you
I'd forget about her.

(CONTINUED)
51 CONTINUED:

JACK
All I know is I had a real good time
and I'm seeing her tonight. What's
that to you?

JOEY
Listen, you're making a big mistake.
You know what loser means right? It
means lose her.

Again with the thumb.

JACK
She's a real nice girl and its the
first good time I had since I've been
here so lay off.

JOEY
I'll tell you what, I'll give you a
call later and after you've given it
some thought, I know you'll see things
my way. Wish me luck on my gig
tonight.

JACK
You’ll need it.

Joey patches out.

52 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs up to his answering machine. It's flashing with
two messages.

He hits the button. BEEP.

AMBER (V.O.)
(excited like a little girl)
Hi, it's me. I'm looking forward to
spending the evening with you. Call me
later OK? Bye for now.

He waits to here the other message. BEEP.

AMBER
(ditto)
I almost forget. I won't be back until
around 8:00. My mother and I have made
plans for dinner. See you. Bye!

Jack smiles. He hasn't felt this good in a long time.
INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Amber, her rich mother and her richer AUNT sit at a dinner table in a posh, fancy country club. The atmosphere is sterile or may better be described as terribly pompous.

A Mexican WAITER in a white tuxedo pours some water for the ladies.

The Aunt sets her fork down in a well practiced manner. She stabs at her lips with a linen napkin. She's oh, so careful not to mess up her painted lips.

AUNT
Maybe after you get better acquainted with this young man we could have him over for dinner?

AMBER
That would be lovely. He's very polite and so charming. I'm sure you would agree.

Some young LADIES are sitting at a table next to them and giving Amber the once over. These bitches are more snooty than Amber's aunt.

AUNT
I'd like to meet the man who has stolen my nieces heart. I'd also like to ask him a few questions like, what are his future plans?

Amber's ever protective mother chimes into the conversation teaming up with the Aunt in an obvious fashion.

AMBER'S MOTHER
Amber, let's see how things go. I don't want you to be hasty in making a decision about a young man you've only met last evening. After all, you don't know anything about him.

AMBER
Mother, he's the kind of man any woman would want to spend time with.

AUNT
Is he educated? What's his social status? Can he afford you?

AMBER
Can he afford me? What am I a trinket?

(CONTINUED)
AMBER'S MOTHER
What is his primary goal in life?
Could he care for you and all of your necessities?

AMBER
My necessity is to be happy.
Happiness, something that has alluded me my whole life.

AUNT
What do you know about his family?

AMBER
I know that his father died recently.
And his mother lives in Miami Beach where he grew up.
(as if remembering)
And, he has several brothers and sisters.

AUNT
We just want the best for you my dear.

AMBER
It seems like you’re giving me the third degree.

AMBER'S MOTHER
I don't want to see you rush into anything that will...

AMBER
(interrupting)
Mother, I'm not a child. I'm a full grown woman.

AMBER'S MOTHER
I just don't want to see you hurt.

AUNT
We know how men can say one thing and mean something entirely different.

AMBER
(to the Aunt)
That's not fair. And besides all men aren’t the same. And you didn't do so badly for yourself. An attractive woman from the hills of West Virginia finds a gold mine in the hills of West Hollywood.
AUNT
(raising her brow at that statement)
They're all different when you first meet them. But they all want the same thing once you've gotten to know them.

Amber doesn't want to hear anymore.

AMBER
He's not like other men. He's not like any man I've ever met before. He opens the car door for me, he listens to me when I have something to say. He has respect for women and he has consideration for my feelings. And his pants don't hang down past his butt.

AUNT
We're just looking out for your best interest.

AMBER
Well, I guess I should listen to the advice of the two women that are the nearest and dearest to me.

The aunt and mother smile. Finally they've gotten their message across to her.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Two single, middle aged women. Who are both divorced from terribly unsuccessful marriages. Now if you'll excuse me.

Amber stands and accidentally on purpose spills her red wine on the two snooty young ladies at the other table.

AMBER (CONT'D)
I'm so terribly sorry.

54 INT.COMEDY CLUB - SAME NIGHT

Joey's actually on stage and it's a pretty packed house.

JOEY
One of the greatest gifts of God is the payback men get to give to women. And all the men here tonight will agree with me. Remember, back in high school when you were about seventeen or eighteen years old?

(MORE)
JOEY (CONT’D)
How every chick you were droolin’ over was goin’ out with some guy, usually about a dozen or so years older than yourself? Remember those days? God’s greatest gift to men is time. Can you here it ticking away?

(he pauses to prove his point)
Women are over the hill by the time they’re thirty and if you’re a smoker you can start to pack it in around twenty five.

The women in the audience don’t want to hear this.

JOEY (CONT’D)
Time. It’s ticking away. Your beautiful, supple breasts start to turn reptilian and gravity joins in to lend it’s hand. Your soft and radiant flowing mane begins to frizz and grow dull. So you have it cut off in an attempt to deceive us, in an attempt to look youthful. It’s some kind of statement isn’t it? You think it makes you appear younger, but in fact it makes you look older.

There is an eerie silence in the room. Except for Manny and Angie who are laughing it up.

JOEY (CONT’D)
And then you top it all off by trying to wear the fashions that are made for younger women. I got to tell you since no one else will, you look foolish at best. I mean let me tell you, nothin’ is more rewarding than seeing those chicks you yearned for way back when, like seeing them ten years older, fifteen years older. And now, now it’s you who’s got some young thing hangin’ onto your arm. Ten years, twelve years younger. Those chicks you went to school with start to look like your mother and there is no way in hell you’re going to get me to go out on a date with somebodies mother. And you say to yourself, what did I ever see in her? God’s gift.

Obviously the women in the audience don’t like this guy.
JOEY (CONT’D)
And you women love to tell jokes about men and younger women. He’s going through a middle age crisis you say. No, we’re bangin’ young beaver. That’s what we’re doing. You see, the jokes on you isn’t it? So there we were, young men supposedly in our prime, not being able to get what we instinctively desired. Now here you are, thirty year old broads in your prime and you can’t get it either. Justice is served in heaping portions. How many older broads do you see with younger men? Cased closed. How many men here got a young thing on your coat sleeve tonight?

There is a roaring applaud from the men.

JOEY (CONT’D)
Majority rules. Obviously the men agree with me. And I can tell by the silence in the women, they agree as well. Adios. It’s been real and it’s been fun and I know it’s been educational.

Joey steps from the stage to a resounding applause.

MONTAGE:

Music appropriate for the scene, Growin’ Up Is Hard (But It Sure Is Fun).

Jack prepares for his date. He finishes shaving. He puts on cologne it stings his freshly shaven face.

He’s in a hurry as he changes shirts a few times. He combs his hair a few different ways.

Before he runs out the door he stops in front of a mirror to see how he looks. He’s satisfied.

He runs out the door and races back into the apartment and turns the radio off. The sound goes silent.

MONTAGE:
CONTINUED:

Appropriate music plays. Song, *All I Want*. Amber sits at her desk putting make-up on.

She tries on different outfits. Amber puts the final touches on her hair.

EXT. JACK'S BUILDING - SAME NIGHT

Jack's jumps in his car and turns the key. It won't start.

He jumps out opens the hood and quickly makes a few adjustments under the hood.

He doesn't know where to wipe his greasy hands. He opts to wipe his hands onto his socks.

He jumps into the car and races off.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber sees Jack's car pull into the driveway. She gives herself one last look. She's satisfied.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door bell rings.

Amber begins to run down the stairs. She sees her mother and begins to walk casually.

Her mother smiles as Amber smiles back at her.

    AMBER'S MOTHER
    You look wonderful.

    AMBER
    Now mother no matter what you think of him, I want you to be polite and charming.

    AMBER'S MOTHER
    You make me out to be some sort of monster. Of course I'll be polite, after I devour him.

Amber opens the door. Her curious mother stands looming over her shoulder.

Jack fidgets as they stand there.

    AMBER
    (nervous)
    Hello.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
(sheepishly)
Hello.

AMBER
Jack, I'd like you to meet my mother.

JACK
Hello.

AMBER
Mother, this is Jack.

AMBER'S MOTHER
Your car won't leak oil on the driveway will it?

Amber is seeing green from that statement and gives her mother the "how could you" look.

JACK
I'll move it if it's a problem?

AMBER
Actually mother, we're in a bit of a hurry.
(to Jack)
Aren't we?

JACK
(not sure how to respond)
Oh, yes we're in a hurry. We've got to be going if we want to be there on time.

MOTHER
Next time, please plan accordingly so you don't have to rush away.

Amber takes Jack by the arm and pulls him toward the car.

AMBER
And don't wait up for me mother.

INT.COMEDY CLUB - LATER SAME NIGHT

Several glasses full of beer CLANK together as if from a toast.

The fellas each swig down some beer.

Joey and the fellas are sitting around the bar. They're drinking beer and gawking at the female talent.

(CONTINUED)
Two good looking CHICKS walk past the fellas.

JOEY
Did you get a load of those gams? I only got two words to say about her. Mmm. Mmm.

ANGIE
Hey, where's Jack tonight? He sick or something?

JOEY (bitter)
He's sick alright. He's got the love bug. He's out on a date with some broad.

MANNY
Jack? Out on a date?

JOEY
Yeah. He picked up on some lecherous pig at that party we was at last night and he's hangin' on to her like she was the last woman on earth.

MANNY
I don't know. Maybe it's OK for him. I mean, he's been draggin' around for a while now. This could give him a bit of a confidence boost.

JOEY (not listening and as usual interrupts)
I don't know what's gotten into him lately. We had plans earlier today to go to the ball game. He left me high and dry just for some plain Jane. It don't make any sense.

ANGIE
When it comes to chicks, nothin' makes any sense.

JOEY
Boy, you can say that again.

Angie holds up his drink.

ANGIE
When it comes to chicks, nothin' makes sense.

(CONTINUED)
They have a toast to that comment.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER SAME NIGHT

Jack and Amber exit one of them artsie movie theaters.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jack opens the car door for Amber.

He jumps in and gives her a little kiss on the cheek. He puts his key in the ignition. Amber rests her head on his shoulder.

The car won't start.

JACK
I'd like to get my hands on that guy Murphy. I'd ring his neck right about now.

AMBER
What's wrong?

JACK
It won't start. I've had a lot of problems with this bomb lately. It seems like I'm sinking my life savings into this car and it still won't run.

Jack jumps out of the car and stoops under the hood.

He jumps back into the car, turns the ignition and it won't start.

JACK (CONT'D)
Looks like we're walkin'.

AMBER
That's OK, I like to go for walks.

JACK
I'm sorry.

Amber smiles at Jack in his moment of panic and embarrassment.

AMBER
It could be worse.

JACK
I gotta get you home. I gotta get to work in the morning. Thank God for Triple A is all I can say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JACK (CONT'D)
Can you imagine tryin' to get around this town without transportation? I can't stomach having to ride that bus again.

Jack exits, opens the car door for Amber and taking her by the hand, helps her out of the car.

He gets a bit of grease on her hand.

EXT. CROWDED STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Jack and Amber walk past several storefront businesses looking at various items in the shop windows. They stop in front of a frozen yogurt wagon.

JACK
How 'bout an ice cream?

AMBER
It's not ice cream. It's frozen yogurt.

JACK
What's the difference?

Amber points to the sign that says 100% fat free.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to the frozen yogurt guy)
Give us a couple of those.

Pointing to a chocolate and vanilla mix.

They take their cones and continue on their walk.

They walk past a comic book store. It brings back childhood memories for Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wow. Man, when I was a kid, I used to have a huge comic book collection. I wish I still had it. Do you have any idea what it would be worth today?

AMBER
I was big on reading romance novels.

JACK
Listen to this, one time my mother gave me fifty cents to go to the five and dime and get her the Sunday paper.

(MORE)
JACK (CONT'D)
So I took off on my bike and on the way I saw a newspaper that was tossed onto some old guys lawn. I realized that if I lifted his paper, I could get myself a whole slew of comics for the fifty cents. So I nabbed the guys paper and got me a stack of comics. I made it home thinking I had gotten away with it when suddenly the old guy came pullin' up to our home. I wanted to crawl under a rock. He told my mom what I did.

(he laughs heartily)
Boy did I get it. Not only did I have to return the comic books. But I had to mow the guys lawn all summer long.

AMBER
I'll bet that taught you a good lesson.

JACK
Yeah, it taught me not to nick anything from that fella again.

AMBER
That isn't exactly what I meant.

They stop in front of a pet store. Some kittens and puppies clamber against the window.

AMBER (CONT'D)
(squealing as girls like to do)
Oh, look at the little babies.

JACK
Boy, they sure are cute.

AMBER
Do you have any pets?

JACK
Nah. I'm kinda allergic to 'em.

AMBER
I love the smell of puppies.

JACK
Puppies?

AMBER
Oh, yes. Puppies have the most wonderful smell.
JACK
I never smelled a puppy, but I can sure tell you one thing. My sister has a dog that she rescued from the pound. They were going to put it to sleep and she couldn't bare the thought of it, so she kept the dog as a pet. I'll tell you one thing. That dog had the worst breath I ever had the misfortune to be around.

AMBER
Puppies and old dogs are different.

JACK
A dog's a dog. That's what my friend Joey always says.

They continue on and stop at a bench.

AMBER
Who's Joey?

JACK
He's the fella I moved out here with from back East. Sometimes I wonder why I even hang around the guy? We don't have anything in common. I guess it's cause I grew up with him. You wanna here something funny?

She nods yes.

JACK (CONT'D)
To meet him, you'd think he was a real tough character. Like one of those tough guy New Yorkers. But I happen to know that the only time he was ever in New York was in upstate New York when he was just a kid visiting his grandmother. Wherever he goes he always manages to hang onto a bunch of guys that are from New York. Except me that is.

AMBER
Why'd you come out here to California in the first place?

JACK
Joey was pestering me to come out here since we were teenagers. He thinks he's a comedian.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JACK (CONT'D)
One day he just got this bug and said he wants to be a comedian. Pie in the sky dreams.

AMBER
How about you? Do you want to be an actor?

JACK
Nah. I don't want to be an actor. I don't even particularly like hangin' around 'em. They're always pretending to be something they aren't. Just like Joey. Always acting. I don't think he knows who he is anymore.

AMBER
What about you?

JACK
I don't know. I just know that I definitely do not want to be no actor.

AMBER
Everybody wants something. I mean what do you really want?

JACK
I just want to go to a job I like and enjoy what it is that I'm doing.

AMBER
You don't like your job?

JACK
It's OK. I work for an agency as an assistant. It's just a job till I find something better. It wouldn't be so bad a place to work if people weren't always trying to crawl all over each other and stab each other in the back.

AMBER
What would you like to do? If you had the opportunity. If you really had the chance.

JACK
I know that it will sound pretty dull to you.

AMBER
No it won't. Not if it's what you really want.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
What do I want? What I really want is to have my own delicatessen. Just a simple place that I can serve some great sandwiches. That's all I really want. Joey thinks that I'm an under achiever. He thinks that I should have big dreams like he has. Only his dreams don't seem like they'll ever pan out. His dreams are always just barely out of reach.

AMBER
It sounds like you and him have had some kind of falling out?

JACK
Not really, it's just that he's always blowin' his money gamblin' and goin' to the track. I don't like to part with my money that easily. He always says things like easy come, easy go. But I got to work hard for every dime I get.

AMBER
A delicatessen.

JACK
Yeah, a deli.

Jack waves down a taxi.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER SAME NIGHT

Joey's drunk and sitting on the front steps of the building. He sports a big shiner over his right eye. It's terribly swollen.

Jack walks up the street to the front of the building.

JACK
What are you doing here?
(noticing the eye)
And what happened to you?

JOEY
You was right. I went back to that strip joint after me and the fellas had a few drinks. I hooked up with that chick, you know the one...

Joey uses his hands to make like big hooters.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Thumbelina?

JOEY
Yeah, that's the one. Boy does she got one real mean boyfriend. There I was mindin' my own business having a drink and...

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A CLOSE-UP of a fist heading for the camera. WHACK.

Joey's head snaps back.

Joey hits the pavement out like a light.

A tough looking bald headed BARTENDER stands over Joey.

BARTENDER
Get him out of here.

A couple of Bouncers grab Joey by the arms and drag him toward the back street exit. They use his head to open the door and toss him out on his ear.

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JOEY
Next thing I new there was this drunken bum taking a leak in the alley and his piss managed to make a trail right toward me. I've never been so humiliated in all my life.

Jack sits down next to Joey.

JACK
I'm sorry to hear that Joey. You OK?

JOEY
Yeah, I'm OK. I guess that's the end of me and Thumbelina huh?

JACK
I tried to tell you. Did I not try to tell you?

JOEY
What am I doing with my life? I feel like I'm in an eternal limbo, waiting and waiting for the agent send me out on a casting. Waiting for the manager to get me a gig.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JOEY (CONT'D)
Waiting for someone, somehow to recognize I got talent. To take me serious.

JACK
You gotta take yourself serious before anyone else will Joey. Did you hear me? I said you got to take yourself serious before anyone else will.

JOEY
Did you make out alright tonight?

JACK
Yeah, I had a real good time.

JOEY
With that chick you had a real good time?

JACK
I said I had a real good time. So what?

JOEY
I just don’t see it.

JACK
You're drunk.

JOEY
Yeah, so what’s it to you?

JACK
You should go home. Take a shower. You smell like piss. Besides it's late. I gotta work tomorrow.

Joey kinda sniffles back some alcohol tainted tears.

JOEY
Nothin' ever seems to go right and ever since we came out here you've been acting all kinda weird. What gives?

JACK
I'll tell ya what gives. You don't give. That's what gives. You're always taking. Take, take take. Joey the taker. You don't give nothing back. That's your problem Joey. I want to find something better than just hangin' around all the time at Ace's or some dumb strip joint.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JACK (CONT'D)
I met a nice girl. You don't like her. That's too bad. To tell you the truth I hope you find what you're looking for. And I'll let you in on a little secret in this purgatorial pursuit of yours to find happiness. You ain't gonna find it in the bottom of a bottle and you ain't gonna find it in a department store window. You ain't gonna find it in JC Powers car of the year and you ain't gonna find it down some movie stars blouse. Yeah, maybe this chick ain't the best lookin' girl in town. But you know what Joey? I ain't the best lookin' guy in town either. I'm just an average Joe with an average job. And that ain't sayin' very much about me. Not in this town anyway. What can I say? I just like being with her. She makes me feel alive.

Jack gets up from the steps and goes inside.

Joey slowly stands and walks toward his car.

He fumbles his way inside.

He BLARES his car horn and drives off.

The nosy neighbor comes to his window. Joey's long gone.

The man slams his window shut.

INT. AMBER'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Amber lies in bed with a smile on her face and the moon's light reflecting and glowing on the window.

She closes her eyes to sleep.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Hallway.

Jack races toward the time clock and punches out. He runs down the hallway and into the office areas.

He slows from running to a brisk walk past the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
Dierdorf and Wackenheim. Hold please.
INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jack looks at his watch. Jack sits bored to tears waiting for his car. Again he looks at his watch.

A mechanic appears wiping his hands clean onto a towel.

MECHANIC
It's done.

Jack scrambles to his feet.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)
Two-eighty.

Jack can't believe it.

He forks over the cash.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER SAME EVENING

Jack runs to the phone and calls Amber.

JACK
Hello, Amber? What's that? Of course we're still on for tonight? No need for you to drive. I got my car fixed. Tell your mother, I promise I'll be on time. Don't worry about a thing.

He hangs up. There's a knock at his door.

He opens it. It's the nosy neighbor.

NEIGHBOR
The next time your friend blows that darn car horn...

Jack closes the door in the guys face.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - EARLY EVENING

Joey performs another one of his routines on stage. His shiner is worse than the day before.

JOEY
The first day I arrived in LA I saw this dirty bum standing on a street corner. He was shouting his head off. Not only was nobody paying any attention to him, there wasn't anybody around. He was all alone. I laughed aloud and thought, this guy was beyond gone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JOEY (CONT'D)
What could have happened to this one man that he went so far over the edge that he'll never return? So now I've been here for a little over a year and just yesterday I found myself standing on the same street corner, screaming at the top of my lungs until it hurt so bad that I couldn't scream any more. And nobody was listening. I was standing all alone.

Joey continues his monologue that sounds more like a confession than a routine.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I don't know why I do this to myself. I mean, why do I get up here and spout off about my inadequacies? I guess it's cheaper than paying a shrink. Lie down, tell me your problems! I feel like I've gambled away my life and I've been dealt the dead man's hand.

Joey starts to go internal.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Really, first I get so nervous I throw up at least a couple of times before I come out here. I shake uncontrollably, like I'm waiting for the class bully to kick my ass out by the big tree after school at three o'clock. I don't like to drink and I find myself pounding down these bourbon's night after night. I don't even like the taste but, I drink it anyway. And worse, it doesn't help.

Joey starts to break up.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Then I come out here and stare at faces like yours, night after night. Like I'm in one of those scary as hell Twilight Zone episodes where the scene keeps playing itself out. Over and over, again and again.

Joey comes full circle.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY (CONT’D)
I mean look at yourselves, jaded, bitter, angry, to cool to be moved by anything or anyone. You wouldn’t recognize Jesus if he walked on water, bled on you and came to save your pathetic souls. You’re just like me, but you don’t want to admit it.

A suited MAN who looks like the big cheese himself takes notice of Joey. He calls the club owner over to him and they have a whispered conversation.

JOEY (CONT’D)
You hide behind the facade of this chic cool, bullshit, whatever that is. So self absorbed, so programmed to believe that you’re an individual that you don’t even see that you’re just cut out of the same cookie cutter mold as everyone else and that you don’t have a single ounce of self respect, dignity or self worth.

The silent audience stares blankly back at Joey.

JOEY (CONT’D)
You’re just like me. Though you’ll walk out of here tonight saying to whoever you think you’re sharing the moment with... That guy, what was his trip? Face it, you can sit their in judgement of me and say, man this guy sucks. He’s really terrible. He blows. But I mirror you. Don’t I? Because you suck. You’re terrible people and you don’t give a goddamn about anyone but yourself. You blow. You suck. Fuck each and every one of you!

He drops the microphone to the floor and walks off the stage.

72  EXT.COMEDY CLUB – CONTINUOUS

Joey exits the club. He tries to cross Sunset Blvd., but the cars just keep coming.

The suited man walks up behind him.

SUITED MAN
Hey, buddy! You got a light?

(CONTINUED)
Joey pulls out a lighter and lights the guys cigarette.

SUITED MAN (CONT’D)
Thanks.

Joey looks back at the Sunset Blvd. traffic that does not cease to flow.

SUITED MAN (CONT’D)
You were pretty good back there.

JOEY
That’s the problem. That wasn’t no routine. That was me speaking.

SUITED MAN
The best stand-up acts were fellas who weren’t afraid to tell the truth. They weren’t afraid to speak their minds. Take Lenny Bruce for example, he got himself in hot water all the time for speaking his mind.

JOEY
I ain’t got much in common with Lenny Bruce. He’s a legend and I’m a has been that’s never been.

SUITED MAN
That’s where you’re wrong. You got balls kid. It takes balls to do what you did tonight.

JOEY
It don’t take balls to do something when you got nothing left to lose. I was scared to death. I’m always scared to death when I get up there in front of the mic. I forget my routine and my mind goes blank and then I spout out whatever comes to mind.

SUITED MAN
The best of the best are always scared to death. I’ll tell ya, you got more balls than me. I could never get up there and ramble like that. You got guts kid.

The suited man pulls out his wallet and takes out a card.

SUITED MAN (CONT’D)
Here, when you feel up to it, give me a call.

(CONTINUED)
JOEY
No thank you. I think I’m gonna go into the delicatessen business.

SUITED MAN
That’s a pretty good side business to get into. I own about a dozen of ‘em.

JOEY
Who the hell are you anyway?

SUITED MAN
Just another man in a suit. But do us both a favor, give me a call.

The man extends his card again.

Joey hesitates then takes it and reads the words on the card. He recognizes the name on the card. He is the big cheese!

JOEY
Geez.

Joey slaps the card and looks up at the suited man. He slides the card into his wallet.

JOEY (CONT’D)
Just in case I need somethin’ to fall back on.

SUITED MAN
Just in case.

The traffic clears and Joey darts across the street.

The suited man takes a drag on his cigarette and watches Joey run.

EXT. JACK’S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER SAME NIGHT

Jack turns the key and attempts to start up his car.

JACK
Come on. Come on. Don’t do this to me.

He jumps out of the car and again opens the hood.

As he’s looking into the car Joey pulls up along side of him. His shiner looking terrible.

JOEY
What’s the problem?
JACK
My car won't start and I got to be someplace.

JOEY
Hop in I'll take you there myself.

JACK
It's not someplace that you can take me. I got to go Dutch.

JOEY
It's that broad again?

JACK
Yeah, it's that broad again. What about it? I told you I was going out with her tonight. You still got a problem with that?

JOEY
I think I finally learned my lesson about women. I don't want nothin' to do with them. Nothin'. Not today anyway.

JACK
What am I gonna do? I'm supposed to be on my way over there by now.

Joey jumps out of his car and looks under the hood. He taps the carburetor and yanks on a couple of plug wires.

JOEY
Go ahead, jump in and start it up.

Jack does and it still won't turnover.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Try it again.

A few more attempts. No good.

JOEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what. Let's go down to Ace's for a beer.

JACK
Don't you listen to a word I say? I can't! I got a date.
JOEY
Hear me out! You still worried about that broad? Listen to me. Does she dig you?

JACK
Yeah, I suppose she does. She hangs around with me doesn't she?

JOEY
How can you tell she digs you?

JACK
She calls me. We make plans to see each other. She doesn't burn me and we get together and so far it's been pretty good.

JOEY
Jump in the car. Let's go have a beer and we'll talk about it.

JACK
There's nothing to talk about. I got to go...

JOEY
(interrupting)
You ain't goin' anywhere right now right?

JACK
What am I going to do?

JOEY
Let's go to Ace's and have a beer. I'm supposed to meet the fellas there. I'll get a ride home from Ang and you can borrow my wheels.

JACK
Hey, Joey that's real good of you. You'll let me use your car?

JOEY
Yeah, why not?

They jump into Joey's car and split.

INT. ACE'S - LATER SAME NIGHT

The fellas are sitting around a barroom table and having a beer and shooting the breeze.
Joey and Jack enter.

The bartender looks like ANGELINE, blonde, exaggerated and cartoon like.

   JOEY
       (to the bartender)
       Hey get us a couple of beers.

   BARTENDER
       What’ll it be?

   JOEY
       A couple of the usual’s.

Joey and Jack join the boys at the table.

   ANGIE
       (to Joey)
       Hey, we was just talkin’ about you.

   JOEY
       Yeah, I know. My ears was ringin’.

   MANNY
       Boy get a load of that shiner.

   JOEY
       Yeah, you think my face looks bad, you should see the other fellas fist.

Jack looks at his watch.

   ANGIE
       So Jack, uh, Joey tells me you’re seeing some chick now?

   JACK
       Yeah.

   ANGIE
       That’s good. I guess.

   JOEY
       It ain’t so good. He could do much better for himself. I keep tellin’ him, but he don’t listen to me.

   MANNY
       (nodding his head as if to agree with the conversation) I don’t know. Joey tells us she’s not really all that good looking. So what’s the big attraction?

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Looks ain't everything. I happen to have a good time when I'm with her.

Jack looks at his watch again.

JACK (CONT'D)
Joey, the keys?

ANGIE
A good times important.

JOEY
But she's all wrong. There's lots of fish in the sea. Why do you have to go and grab hold of the first one. Sometimes you gotta throw a few back.

MANNY
Regulation.

JOEY
Play a few numbers and somethin's bound to fall in your lap that's good.

MANNY
(kinda whispering)
Joey, was she really that bad?

JOEY
(looking Jack right in the face and matter of fact like)
She ain't nothing special. Nothin' at all.

JACK
You really think that she's nothin'?

JOEY
No offense, but she's nothin'. Chicks like that are a dime a dozen in this town. They're always hitchin' onto the first guy that they can get their claws on. Mark my word. Show her who's in charge. Make plans with her a few times and don't show. That always keep 'em in line. Then she'll be glad whenever you decide to come around.

Jack keeps looking at his watch.
CONTINUED: (3)

JACK
Yeah, but right now I got to go. So how about giving me those keys? C'mon turn 'em over.

JOEY
It can wait.
(to the bartender)
Hey, how about another round.

Dissolve:

INT. AMBER'S HOME - LATER SAME NIGHT

The clock shows that it's around 10:00 at night. To make matters worse a huge clock chimes the hour as the camera pans to the telephone.

Amber sits on the living room sofa. She looks up at the clock and then over to the phone.

Her mother sits in a chair close by. She sadly watches the countenance on her daughter turn to sorrow.

A tear falls down Amber's cheek. She wipes it away before her mother can see it.

The camera pans to whatever happens to be on the TV and closes in.

INT. ACE'S - LATER SAME NIGHT

The bartender reaches up and turns off the TV.

The boys are still sitting around the barroom table.

There are more beer bottles around the table than before. Some half full and most completely empty.

Jack looks at his watch.

Joey shakes his head in amazement. He doesn't look too good.

ANGIE
Who'd a thought?

MANNY
Unbelievable.

JOEY
I'm gonna be sick.

(CONTINUED)
ANGIE
(to Joey)
How much this time?

JOEY
Two bills.

MANNY
Two-hundred clams down the drain.

EXT. FRONT LAWN OF AMBER’S HOME – SAME EVENING

Amber dressed with no place to go sits on the front porch steps. Her mother is inside of the home and looking at her daughter through one of the windows.

JOEY (V.O.)
(shouting to the bartender)
Get me another beer will ya?

BARTENDER (V.O.)
You got the dough to pay?

JOEY (V.O.)
Hey, Jack you got a couple of bucks I can borrow till the weekend?

JACK (V.O.)
Sure Joey, how much?

JOEY (V.O.)
I guess fifty will do.

INT. ACE’S - CONTINUOUS

Jack shells through his wallet and turns some money over to Joey.

Joey fingers through the money.

JOEY
I feel better already.
(pause)
So, what do you guys feel like doin’ now?

ANGIE
I don’t know. What do you feel like doin’?

JOEY
I don’t know.
(to MANNY)
How ‘bout you Manny?

(CONTINUED)
MANNY
We can go down to that new place on Formosa? I heard it's really swingin'.

ANGIE
Went there last night.

MANNY
Was there any action going on?

ANGIE
Not really. It was OK though.

Silence as they ponder what to do.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
We can hit that new place on Fairfax. I heard it’s ladies night all week long.

MANNY
Ladies night means the place will be crawlin’ with too many guys.

ANGIE
How ‘bout Marmont?

JOEY
Too trendy.

MANNY
The Dragon Fly?

ANGIE
Too hip hop.

JOEY
So what are we going to do? Anybody got any suggestions?

MANNY
They remodeled Max’s and gave it a new name.

ANGIE
Yeah, but it’s still Max’s.

JOEY
No reason to head over to that neighborhood unless you wanted some dope or mingle with the lows.

ANGIE
How about we hit a strip joint.

(CONTINUED)
Angie acts like he's about to sock Joey in the eye.

JOEY
Real funny wise guy. Seriously, what do you guys feel like doin'?

ANGIE
I don't know. What do you want to do Jack?

He turns his attention toward Jack. Jack stands he's filled with contempt.

JACK
What do you want to do? I don't know, what do you want to do? I must be nuts. What am I doing hanging around a bunch of bums like you. I got a good thing here. I got a chick that's taken a shining to me. I had a real good time with her last night and I could be having a great time with her right this minute instead of sitting around here doing nothin' with you guys. So, Joey don't like her. That's too bad. You guys don't like her and you haven't even met her. How can you form an opinion like that? What am I some kinda Casanova? I mean look at me? I'm a regular Joe. And I ain't getting any younger either you know?

Reaching into his pocket he throws a few dollars on the table.

JACK (CONT'D)
I've had it.

He turns to walk away.

ANGIE
What's eating him?

JOEY
He's always been a bit sensitive.

Joey follows after him.

JOEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Hey, Jack where are ya goin'?
JACK
I'm going to make a phone call. I'm gonna see if I can patch up what I've messed up.

JOEY
Listen we was just gettin' out of here. C'mon.

JACK
No Joey, you listen to me. I'm going to make that phone call. And I'm going to apologize for being a big stupid idiot. And you know something else? When I get back from making that phone call and you don't let me have those keys to your car...

He raises his fist.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm going to give you another black eye.

JOEY
Alright! Alright! Cool it! You can use my car.

JACK
Hey, Joey? How much you got left of that fifty I gave you?

Joey pulls out the money and starts to count.

JOEY
About thirty seven. Why?

As he speaks the words Jack coolly snatches the money out of Joey's hands.

JACK
Good. I'll probably be needing it.

Jack steps up into the phone booth.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Joey)
Hey, Joey. If you straighten out like, quit your degenerate gamblin' and being a big jerk and I know that'll be a real stretch for you, but maybe, just maybe I'll see to it that you get a date with one of her girlfriends.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JACK (CONT’D)
After all Joey, you ain't gettin' any younger yourself you know. I think it's about time you settled down and found yourself a nice girl. Eh?

He dials a number and waits for the phone to be answered.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hello, this is Jack... Is Amber in?

Jack shuts the phone booth door in Joey's face and continues his conversation.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hello Amber?

His voice trails off.

AS FINAL CREDITS ROLE:

INT.CHURCH - DAY

A wedding ceremony takes place.

Sherri walks down the aisle with her brother Jack.

She's not wearing the old worn out gown. It’s a new gown.

The whole family is present with only a few of Sherri’s closest friends. Jack and Joey are the best men.

There's a RABBI.

Joey’s squirming in his tuxedo. His black-eye is not as bad as it had been.

Jack nudges Joey giving him the elbow. Joey stops squirming. He gives Jack the thumbs up sign.

Amber sits in the front row with Jack's mother who is bawling her eyes out. Amber hands her a handkerchief and she takes it.

Jack's mother takes Amber's hand as the ceremony continues.

FADE OUT.