

KJ's

Track 2

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EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY - ESTABLISHING

J.R. is seen rushing out of a country club carrying his equipment. He runs down the stairs, opens his SUV, loads his equipment in, and jumps in the front seat.

INT. J.R.'S SUV - DAY

J.R.
(panicked)
Fuck Fuck Fuck! Fuck these stupid
fucking people!

J.R. is speeding in and out of traffic lanes. His cell phone rings, it's Adam. He swipes to answer the call on speaker.

J.R.
(irritated)
What's up man?

ADAM
Nothing much, how bout you?

J.R.
I just finished the soundcheck for
the wedding I'm doing this weekend.

ADAM
How'd that go?

J.R.
Like absolute SHIT! These people
have no idea what they want and
expect me to walk them through it.
They gave me the songs that they
wanted played a week ago and I
spent the whole week getting them,
and now they're changing their
minds.

ADAM
Shit...

J.R.
They want me to come up with a
whole new playlist by Saturday!
It's fucking stupid...

ADAM
Jesus man... That sucks. But I have
faith in you! I'm sure you'll get
it done in time.

(CONTINUED)

J.R.

I fucking hope so. My next couple days are packed. Maybe I can work on it a bit while I'm at my office. It's been pretty dead lately.

ADAM

Well, shit. I'm starving bro, wanna grab a quick bite before you have to go in?

J.R.

Can't. I'm already behind, I gotta swing by my place...

J.R. looks at his car clock and sees that it's 2:40PM.

J.R.

Shit! I don't even have time to go there, I gotta be at work by 3! I'll take a raincheck on lunch brother, I'll hit you up after work tonight.

ADAM

(laughing)

I'll hold you to it, it's your turn to pay!

J.R.

Is it ever not my turn to pay? It's all good Adam, see you later.

J.R. hangs up the phone and pumps the gas peddle harder. Suddenly he slams on the brakes because traffic is at a dead stop. An accident happened down the road and he is blocked in.

J.R.

Fuck my life...

J.R. puts his head down on the wheel.

INT. TRISHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

TRISHA is sitting on the couch in her apartment lounging. She sits up and looks around, bored. She pulls out her phone, checks her social media for a bit, puts up an excited post about Karaoke at Last Call tonight and puts her phone away. There's a knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA
(shouting)
Hang on, be right there!

Trisha runs over to the door of her apartment and looks through the peep hole. LAWRENCE is standing outside dressed like he is about to go clubbing.

TRISHA
(joking)
We don't want any! Go away!

LAWRENCE
Come on Trisha! Let me in.

TRISHA
(sighing)
Fine...

Trisha opens the door. Lawrence rushes in past her.

TRISHA
(sarcastically)
No, please, come in Larry...

LAWRENCE
(out of breath)
Thanks!

Lawrence walks over to the fridge, grabs a bottle of water and sits down on the couch.

TRISHA
(sarcastically)
Oh, help yourself... Can I make you anything, a sandwich perhaps?

LAWRENCE
No, I'm good thanks.

Lawrence downs half the bottle of water.

TRISHA
Now tell me, what is this emergency situation that you just had to talk about. And please tell me it has something to do with that outfit you're wearing...

Lawrence stands up.

LAWRENCE

No, Trisha, Celeste... Celeste...
called me and wants to go grab a
drink with her! Tonight!

TRISHA

(surprised)

Wow! Looks like you have more game
than we give you credit for... Or
she has a lot less...

LAWRENCE

This isn't funny Trish! I don't
know what to do! I've been trying
to get her to go out with me since
the day I started working at The
Maplewood Lounge! And now I'm
panicking!

TRISHA

(reassuring)

Ok, ok. Sit down.

Lawrence sits down on the couch. Trisha sits next to him
with a cushion between them.

TRISHA

First thing's first. Do you know
where you want to take her?

LAWRENCE

She told me to meet her at The
Hideaway.

TRISHA

Wow, she's planning the whole
"Date" then...

Trisha air quotes the word date.

LAWRENCE

(uncertain)

Why do you say it like that?
"Date". It is a date! Right?

TRISHA

Oh Larry, I just don't want you to
get your hopes up too high. It
could just be a friend thing. Did
she actually call it a date?

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

(defensive)

Well... No... But who does anymore right? This could be a really good thing! I KNOW it's a date!

Trisha puts her hand on Lawrences shoulder.

TRISHA

(reassuring)

Sure thing Larry... Ok! So, you know where you're gonna go. Now, what are you wearing?

Lawrence gestures to what he is currently wearing. Trisha visible disapproves.

TRISHA

You're kidding right?

LAWRENCE

What's wrong with this?

TRISHA

What's right with that? Also, did you drive through a perfume truck on the way here?

LAWRENCE

(defensive)

It's cologne!

TRISHA

It smells like the perfume that they force on you inside the mall.

LAWRENCE

That's where I got it!

TRISHA

They sold it to you on the spot huh?

LAWRENCE

They gave me a discount...

TRISHA

I bet they did... Okay, here's the plan. We got a few hours till you're supposed to meet her right?

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

Yeah.

TRISHA

Go home and shower first, that is
THE most important part of what's
about to happen.

LAWRENCE

Couldn't I just take a shower here?

TRISHA

Jesus Larry, No. Go! Go home, I'll
come pick you up in an hour.

LAWRENCE

O... Ok... Right! I'll see you in
an hour!

TRISHA

Get out!

Trisha rushes Lawrence out the door and closes it behind
him. She rests her back against the door and lets out a sigh
of relief.

TRISHA

(to herself)

That boy needs some help...

INT. J.R.'S SUV - DAY

J.R.'s car speeds into the parking lot, scraping over speed
bumps and bumping around. He looks at the clock and sees
that it is 3:31PM. He pounds the steering wheel and hastily
parks in a space.

J.R.

Fuck, Shit!

J.R. leans over the center console and grabs his laptop out
of the backseat. He spreads a black blanket over his karaoke
equipment. J.R. quickly gets out of his car. As he runs
through the parking lot he trips over a bump in the road and
keeps going.

J.R.

Jesus...

INT. J.R.'S OFFICE - DAY

J.R. runs down the hallway to a door that says collections. He pushes through it and makes his way to his desk, trying to avoid anyone seeing that he is late. He sits at his computer and starts logging in.

J.R.
(sigh of relief)
Whew. Made it...

At that moment J.R.'s boss, GARY, walks over to his cubicle.

GARY
(condescendingly)
I need to see you in my office.

J.R.
(panicking)
I'm so sorry I'm late Gary! Traffic was...

GARY
(interrupting)
I said, in my office. Now!

J.R. gets up and starts walking with Gary to his office. As he does the walk of shame, he gets various looks from his co workers. Some judging and some sympathetic.

INT. GARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary walks into his office followed closely by J.R. They both sit and share a moment of awkward silence. Gary sits with his hands folded, staring down J.R.

GARY
J.R., Do you remember our conversation last Friday?

J.R.
Look, Gary, I am really sorry. I Know...

GARY
(interrupting)
You must not. Because if you did, I would say that you are blatantly disregarding what talked about.

J.R.
(defensive)
I wasn't! I'm not! Listen...

(CONTINUED)

GARY

You lack discipline J.R. You are so preoccupied with your silly little singing job that you've completely lost sight of your responsibilities here. You aren't exactly what we call a "Team Player". You're all over the place with your calls, we've gotten complaints about your attitude and you've come in late... Several times.

J.R.

Listen Gary, I understand where you're coming from. And again, I'm really sorry. But, there was a huge accident and traffic was at a dead stop. It took forever to get past it.

GARY

(condescendingly)

You should always give yourself plenty of time to get to work. It's L.A.! Is this the first time you've encountered traffic?

J.R.

Right! And I do usually give myself plenty of time to get here with no problems. But, today I had to do a soundcheck for a wedding I'm DJing this weekend and it was...

GARY

(cutting him off)

This is exactly what I am talking about. If you can't balance your two jobs, if you can even call what you do at night a job, then you need to make a serious decision.

J.R.

(irritated)

Shit Gary...

GARY

Watch your language J.R.

J.R.

Sorry... I promise I'll be on time from now on AND make my goal numbers.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

(sighing)

I don't want you to just hit your goals J.R. I want you to EXCEED your goals! The bare minimum is for losers, are you telling me that you're a loser?

J.R.

No, Gary, I'm not! I promise, I'll make this right, I'll do my best!

GARY

This is your last warning J.R. We've been putting up with your crap for too long. One more time and we are gonna have to let you go.

J.R.

I understand sir. Thank you for giving me another chance.

GARY

Get back to work.

Gary and J.R. walk back to J.R.'s cubicle. Several model employees are giving J.R. a look of disappointment. They get to the desk and J.R. sits down.

INT. J.R.'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary notices J.R.'s laptop sitting on his desk and he points to it.

GARY

What is that?

J.R.

It's my laptop.

J.R. is hurriedly logging in to his computer.

GARY

(sighing)

You know the policy about bring in personal software or computers. You can't have that in here. Get it out now!

J.R.

I'm so sorry! I completely forgot I had it with me. I'll run it out to my car now.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Hurry up! Jesus, J.R. if it's not one thing it's another. No more screw ups!

J.R.

Got it!

J.R. gets up and rushes out the door. On his way out, a few of his co workers say hi or wave. A few ignore him completely. He leaves.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

J.R. is walking out of his office when his phone rings. He looks down, sees Doug is calling and answers the phone.

J.R.

Hey man, What's up?

DOUG

Sup bro, what are you up to?

J.R.

You know, just sucking a lot of dick to keep my shitty job.

DOUG

Wait... Seriously?

J.R.

No fuckface, I just got chewed out by my boss and almost got fired. Luckily, I have learned, in my many years eating shit here, how to kiss ass with style!

DOUG

Nice!

J.R.

I gotta get back up there man, what's up?

DOUG

Oh cool. I was wondering what you're up to tonight, seeing if you wanted to grab a drink.

J.R.

I would man, but I have to get this wedding playlist done ASAP. Thank god The Hideaway is closed tonight

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

J.R. (cont'd)
for a private party cuz I'm working
overtime to make myself look better
at work.

DOUG
Ok. Well hit me up later, or I'll
see you Friday. Try not to choke on
that dick brother!

J.R.
You taught me so well, Doug, I
wouldn't let you down.

They both laugh and J.R. hangs up the phone. He is next to the tailgate of his SUV and he opens it up. He puts the laptop under the blanket with the rest of the equipment, locks the car and heads back in to work. On his way in, he trips over the same spot he tripped over earlier.

J.R.
FUCKING CHRIST! REALLY!?

INT. CLOTHING STORE - 5:00PM

Trisha is sitting next to the changing area at a mid-price clothing store. She looks bored. Lawrence comes out from behind the curtain in a really tacky outfit.

TRISHA
No.

LAWRENCE
What!?

TRISHA
No way. That's worse than what you
had on before. Try again.

LAWRENCE
Really? I kinda like the...

TRISHA
(interrupting)
Yeah, that's the problem.

LAWRENCE
(disappointed)
Fine...

Lawrence goes back into the changing room.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

I seriously don't understand where you got your style. I always just thought that it was all part of your "Bad Larry" persona.

LAWRENCE

(struggling with clothes)
What do you mean?

TRISHA

We all just assumed that the "Bad" part of the name was in reference to your clothing. We thought it was a gimmick!

Lawrence pokes his head out from behind the curtain.

LAWRENCE

No way! I take a lot of time picking out my clothes. I look through all the magazines and see what people are wearing on T.V. I am "Bad Larry" and "Bad Larry" is me!

Lawrence goes back behind the curtain.

TRISHA

Huh. Well, if you want to impress Celeste, maybe don't be...
So...Bad? Maybe just be Lawrence.

Trisha goes over to one of the employees and whispers something in her ear. The employee goes off gathering clothes throughout the store.

TRISHA

Okay, I've enlisted some help. Put down everything you've picked out.

Lawrence comes out from behind the curtain wearing something even worse than before.

LAWRENCE

Really? I think this looks good.

TRISHA

(sighing)
Really.

Lawrence goes back behind the curtain.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA
(to herself)
This is going to be some work.

LAWRENCE
Huh!?

TRISHA
Nothing!

The employee comes over with a couple pairs of jeans, some good looking dress shirts and some t-shirts. Trisha thanks her and walks them up to the changing area and hands them to Lawrence.

TRISHA
These are much better.

Lawrence reaches out and grabs the clothes.

LAWRENCE
Really? They seem kinda... Plain?

TRISHA
Plain is good, Lawrence. Embrace the plain.

LAWRENCE
(confused)
Okay...

The sounds of Lawrence struggling to get dressed can be heard.

LAWRENCE
You know, I just want to make sure I dress to impress. Maybe we try one more store...

TRISHA
(harshly)
Larry! It's 5 o'clock, you have to meet her in an hour! We absolutely do not have time for another store.

LAWRENCE
Fine... Jeez...

Trisha sits down irritated. Lawrence comes out from behind the curtain dressed very nice.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA
(astonished)
Ooooo. Lawrence. You clean up nice!

LAWRENCE
You think? I don't know...

TRISHA
Yes! Now pay for it and let's go. I
want to take a nap before work
tonight!

LAWRENCE
O.. Ok...

Lawrence goes back behind the curtain and changes back to
his original outfit. He walks back out.

TRISHA
(disappointed)
And there's "Bad Larry" again...

LAWRENCE
The one and only!

TRISHA
(sighing)
Let's go.

The two go up to the cash register and Lawrence puts down
the clothes that the employee picked out for him. The
CASHIER looks at him for a moment.

CASHIER
(monotonically)
Do you want us to dispose of those
clothes you're wearing sir?

LAWRENCE
Haha. How much?

CASHIER
We would get rid of those for free.
We actually work with a few
homeless shelters...

LAWRENCE
(irritated)
I mean how much for the clothes...

CASHIER
\$97.50...

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE
What!? That's...

TRISHA
(interrupting)
Perfectly fine!

Trisha grabs Lawrences wallet and gets his credit card. She hands it to the cashier and she swipes it to pay for the transaction.

LAWRENCE
(scratching his head)
I really hope this helps me with Celeste tonight, I can't afford to buy a whole new wardrobe...

CASHIER
I can recommend a place for you to get your hair... fixed...

LAWRENCE
My hair is fine!

Trisha smiles and ruffles up Lawrences hair. The cashier hands Lawrence the receipt. As they are leaving the store Adam is seen walking by. He sees them and goes in the store.

ADAM
Oh Hey guys! Fancy meeting you here!

TRISHA
Adam! What are you doing here?

Trisha gives Adam a hug.

ADAM
I was just out buying smokes and I saw you all in here. You guys shop together now all of a sudden? T, I would be offended if I didn't know that Larry desperately needs fashion advice.

LAWRENCE
(dejected)
Hey!

TRISHA
Lawrence here, has a date later.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
(intrigued)
Oh really? With whom?

LAWRENCE
Funny you should ask Adam. I, have
a date with Celeste.

ADAM
The lesbian?

Trisha slaps Adam on the arm and laughs.

TRISHA
(laughing)
Cut it out Adam.

LAWRENCE
Well if she's a lesbian than I must
be a woman because she asked me
out!

Trisha and Adam hold in their laughter.

ADAM
You're definitely a woman alright
Larry, that wasn't ever up for
debate.

TRISHA
(laughing)
Adam! Stop!

ADAM
Fine... So what are you two crazy
kids doing on this magical evening?

LAWRENCE
(confident)
She wants to grab a drink at The
Hideaway tonight around 6. After
that, the sky is the limit.

Lawrence looks at his phone and realizes that he needs to
leave soon.

LAWRENCE
Oh man, I gotta get over there! I
don't want to be late! I'll let you
guys know how it goes!

Lawrence pushes by Adam and leaves the clothing store.
Trisha and Adam watch him leave then look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA
It's gonna be a disaster.

ADAM
You think so?

TRISHA
He is way too nervous. I tried to
chill him out. I just think he
wants this way too much.

ADAM
So she asked him out?

TRISHA
The more he told me about it, the
less it seemed like a date. I mean,
it's super early.

ADAM
Well, I'm sure we are gonna hear
all about it, I don't wanna spoil
the surprise for myself.

Adam looks at his phone and then looks toward the door.

ADAM
Well, I'm gonna get going...

TRISHA
I'll join you!

CASHIER
Could you both please just get out.
Neither of you bought anything and
you are really harshing my mellow
over here.

ADAM
Well aren't you just a little slice
of sunshine.

CASHIER
Look sir, I'm really high right
now. Please leave.

TRISHA
Okay then!

Trisha and Adam walk out of the store. The cashier leans
against the wall and closes her eyes. The phone rings and
slowly she picks up and hangs up.

INT. J.R.'S OFFICE BREAK ROOM - 5:45PM

A montage of J.R. making several different collection calls. He is clearly trying to work hard. He looks at his computer and sees it's been a while since he got up. He walks to the break room.

Inside the break room there are several vending machines and a few other employees enjoying their lunch. Everyone stops talking as he walks in. He goes to the frozen food vending machine and puts in some cash. The wrong item comes out. He rolls his eyes and grabs it. He tries the soda machine but it doesn't take his dollar so he looks around.

J.R.

Anybody have another dollar or four quarters? Apparently the machine doesn't like me...

MIKE

The machine isn't the only one huh?

The others at the table laugh at MIKE's joke.

J.R.

Come on man, don't be a dick. I've had a shit day, and all I want is a goddamn soda.

Mike pulls a dollar out of his wallet. J.R. hands him his worn out dollar.

MIKE

Calm down princess, maybe you want to use this one on the tampon machine instead?

J.R.

Jesus Mike, lay off would ya?

MIKE

You know, Nobody likes you here...

J.R.

(sarcastically)

Wow, thanks Mike. I really appreciate that sentiment.

Mike goes back to conversing with the other people at the table. J.R. puts the new dollar in the machine and presses the coke button. A Pepsi falls out. J.R. bangs his head on the machine and heads back to his desk dejected.

INT. THE HIDEAWAY - 6:15PM

Lawrence is sitting at a hightop bar table wearing the outfit he bought earlier and a fedora clearly from his own personal collection. He looks at his phone in anticipation and sees no texts or missed calls. CELESTE walks into the bar and waves at Lawrence.

CELESTE
(looking at her phone)
Hey Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Celeste! Glad you made it haha.
I've been waiting for you little
lady.

CELESTE
Oh?

Celeste looks at her phone.

CELESTE
I said 6ish didn't I? I hope I
didn't give you the wrong time.

LAWRENCE
Awww, it's no big deal. I was just
razzing ya!

CELESTE
I am so glad you were available
tonight. These things can get
really awkward you know?

LAWRENCE
I know! Ha! Dates can be really
awkward now. Social media really
ruins conversations and stuff. We
are all too obsessed with our
phones!

CELESTE
You're dressed down tonight. Where
is that "Bad Larry" get-up?

LAWRENCE
You know, I knew you liked how I
dressed. I shouldn't have listened
to Trisha haha.

Celeste is busy staring at her phone and doesn't respond to what Lawrence said. The WAITER comes over.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

What can I get for you guys?

LAWRENCE

I'll have a Kirkland's Signature martini.

WAITER

Did you say Kirkland's Signature brand vodka sir?

LAWRENCE

I did, is that going to be a problem?

CELESTE

(interrupting)

Two Light beers please thank you.

The waiter nods and goes over to the bar. Lawrence looks at Celeste in surprise.

LAWRENCE

Wow, double fisting! Way to go Celeste, maybe I'll order another martini.

CELESTE

(not paying attention)

You know I called a bunch of my friends and they all couldn't make it. I'm so glad you were around!

LAWRENCE

For you Celeste, I can always make time.

CELESTE

Thanks Lawrence.

They both sit awkwardly and wait for their drinks.

CASHIER

(frustrated)

God, where is he?

LAWRENCE

The waiter? I know, it's been like 15 minutes since we ordered right?

At that moment, Celeste's tinder date, BOB, enters the bar. He is a good looking guy dressed very well. He walks over to the table and puts a hand on Celeste's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
(uncertain)
Hey... Celeste?

LAWRENCE
Sorry buddy, the lady is...

Celeste turns around and her face lights up, she jumps up and gives Bob a hug.

CELESTE
Bob!? I'm so glad you made it! I'm also super happy that you look like your picture. did you find the place okay?

BOB
Yeah, sorry I'm late. I couldn't find a decent place to park my bike.

Lawrence frowns. He tries to wedge back into the conversation.

LAWRENCE
Not a whole lot of bike racks here I guess...

BOB
(quickly)
It's a motorcycle bro.

Bob puts his arm down on the table and push his shoulder in front of Celeste, essentially blocking Lawrence from the conversation.

CELESTE
Amazing! I've never been on a motorcycle before!

BOB
Well, how about we get out of here and cruise the PCH before the sun sets?

LAWRENCE
Uhh...

CELESTE
Yes, Yes! That sounds great!

Celeste quickly turns to Lawrence.

CELESTE

Lawrence, thank you so much for waiting here with me. These tinder dates can be pretty hit or miss. I'll buy you some drinks on your next shift at Maplewood's for helping me out today! See ya!

Celeste runs over to Lawrence and kisses him on the cheek. She runs back to Bob who puts his arms around her and they giddily walk out of the bar. The waiter walks over with Lawrence's martini and two beers.

WAITER

Hey man, you planning on drinking these all by yourself?

LAWRENCE

(frustrated)

What took you so long?

WAITER

(snarky)

I had to run out of the bar for a bit.

LAWRENCE

(irritated)

That's good, great customer service... I'll take the check now, thanks.

The waiter leaves the drinks. Lawrence begins drinking his martini. He sighs and slumps down in his seat. The waiter returns.

WAITER

here is the check sir.

Lawrence looks at the check. It's 100\$. He freaks out.

LAWRENCE

(panicking)

How is this 100\$? It was 3 drinks!?

WAITER

Kirkland's Signature Martinis sir.

LAWRENCE

(panicking)

I could buy several bottles for how much this tab is! That's insane!

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

You're right, but we don't stock Kirkland's Signature Vodka here. I had to run to the closest COSTCO and buy a bottle.

LAWRENCE

Again, that wouldn't cost THIS much!

WAITER

It doesn't sir you're right. But, we had to charge you a reimbursement fee for the gas I used there and back, the actual cost of the bottle and of course, an "Uncorking" fee of 25\$ for us to use your bottle.

LAWRENCE

You could have told me that you guys didn't have it! I literally would have gone with absolutely anything else.

WAITER

You seemed really set on the Kirkland brand. I wanted to make sure that you got exactly what you and your date wanted!

LAWRENCE

(sighing)

She wasn't my date... I thought she was... But... Whatever... I'll take the rest of the bottle since I paid for it please...

WAITER

The bottle is gone sir.

LAWRENCE

What do you mean it's gone?!

WAITER

You asked for your check. And since we don't stock Kirkland's Signature here, we can't sell it, so we disposed of it.

LAWRENCE

(dejected)

Do you take american express?

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

No sir.

LAWRENCE

(aggravated)

Damn it!

Lawrence rifles through his wallet and finds a different credit card. He hands it to the waiter who runs it and brings it back to him.

WAITER

A 10% gratuity was added, thank you
very much sir!

Lawrence puts his head down on the table and lets out a sigh of aggravation.

INT. J.R.'S OFFICE -12:28AM

Several shots of J.R. getting yelled at on the phone and Gary watching him from his office. J.R. is visibly holding in rage but knows if he loses it Gary will fire him. J.R. puts on a fake smile and gives Gary a thumbs up. The montage continues and one by one J.R.'s coworkers are seen leaving the office until it is just J.R. and Gary left.

J.R. looks at the clock. It says 12:28am. He rubs his eyes, logs out of his terminal and gets up to leave.

GARY

Leaving so soon J.R.?

J.R.

Look Gary, I've more than made up
for how late I was this afternoon,
I even stayed an hour later for
good measure!

GARY

What time is it?

J.R.

It's like 12:30...

GARY

(shocked)

Holy crap, my wife is going to kill
me! I completely lost track of
time.

Gary gathers up his things from his office and walks back to J.R.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

I was watching you today. You were really putting in the effort. We are going to make a team player out of you yet! Now just bring that same attitude in here every day from now on!

J.R.

Thanks Gary, I will. Have a good night, I'll see you tomorrow.

Gary leaves followed by J.R. shortly after. He heads to the parking lot.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - 12:40AM

J.R. walks to his car feeling completely defeated by his day. A montage of bad calls and confrontations with Gary throughout the day, the couple from the wedding soundcheck and the break room debauché. His phone rings as he gets to his car. He trips over the spot from earlier a third time and curses the sky. He answers his phone.

J.R.

(sighing)

Hey man what's up?

DOUG

Jesus J.R., you sound like your dog died.

J.R.

I have had literally the worst day ever, and on top of that I have tripped over the SAME nothing three times today. I'm just so glad it's over.

DOUG

You feeling up for a drink? No one's around. I'm at The Hideaway right now, I guess Larry was here but he's gone now...

J.R.

You know what man, that's exactly what I need right now.

DOUG

Cheer up brotha, we all have bad days! That's why you got a friend here to buy you a Jameson and support your bad decisions!

(CONTINUED)

J.R.

Very true man, very true... I'm gonna drive my car home and FINALLY unload my fucking equipment. I'll call an uber over to The Hideaway in a little bit. Thanks man!

DOUG

See you in a bit man.

J.R. hangs up the phone and gets to his car. He lights up his cigarette and clicks his keyless entry. He sits down in his driver seat and notices that his passenger side door is wide open and the window had been broken.

His expression is shocked, his mouth agape with his cigarette hanging from his lip. J.R. runs out of his car to the other door.

J.R.

(freaking out)

No, no, no, no, NOOOOOOOO!

He runs to his rear hatch and opens it. Once opened, it reveals that all of his equipment has been stolen.

J.R.

FUUUCCCCCKKK!

J.R. drops to his knees and begins welling up tears. He is screaming out obscenities.

J.R.

(to himself)

What am I gonna do!? WHAT THE FUCK
AM I GONNA DO!

He hangs his head down low and puts his hands on the ground.

INT. THE LAST KNIGHT - 2:48AM - FRIDAY

Adam, Trisha, Doug and Lawrence are sitting at their usual booth. They are laughing and talking about their weeks.

TRISHA

So I spend virtually all day with Larry, which is a chore unto itself, and he calls telling me that it wasn't even a date!

DOUG

Thats harsh man, she really boned you.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

He wishes she boned him!

Everyone but Lawrence laughs.

LAWRENCE

Guys, come on! I still feel like I'm in the game here! She called ME to be her tinder buffer. And if she's doing tinder dates then that means she's still single right!?

TRISHA

Oh honey, it means that you are fully locked into the friend zone.

DOUG

Strap in Larry, that is the kinda ride you aren't getting off anytime soon. You are the LAST person she called!

LAWRENCE

(defensive)

Hey now... I could have been like the third person she called, you don't know! I'm sure there would have been a bunch more after me! You always stop at the LAST place you look right!?

TRISHA

That's like being the pulled out at the TSA checkpoint for a mandatory random strip search! You don't want it, but yes there were other people after you.

LAWRENCE

I want it!

DOUG

Nobody wants that man... She's using you!

LAWRENCE

Whatever guys... I'm still in it in my book.

TRISHA

Is that book the suckers handbook?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Or maybe "How Not to Get Laid"?

Lawrence shakes it off and ignores the last few comments.

ADAM

Come on Lawrence, you have to know that you aren't on her radar if she used you as a tinder buffer.

LAWRENCE

I think that does mean I'm on her radar! I don't know anyone who uses a tinder buffer.

Doug, Adam and Trisha all raise their hands.

DOUG

I use my friend Alice as a buffer.

TRISHA

I use Adam!

ADAM

I use Trisha!

Adam and Trisha high five.

ADAM

Well, aside from that train wreck, how was everyone else week?

DOUG

Normal mostly, but I was supposed to have a drink with J.R. last night, he never showed.

TRISHA

Doesn't he usually work at The Hideaway?

DOUG

Yeah, but it was closed for a private party, for karaoke at least, the bar was open for everyone. He told me he was gonna meet me around 1 and never showed up.

ADAM

Maybe he went home and got lit. We've all been known to do that from time to time.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Yeah, but even still, he is usually here by now.

LAWRENCE

I called The Paragon and they said he cancelled his gig tonight.

ADAM

(reassuring)

I'm sure he's fine guys. Sometimes we need a night to ourselves.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, but who misses our Late Knight night?

TRISHA

I don't know Lawrence, didn't you miss a couple of weeks ago because you were on your period?

DOUG

Yeah buddy!

Lawrence lookup in confusion.

LAWRENCE

What the fuck guys? Didn't I put up with enough shit this week?

Trisha puts a hand on Lawrences shoulder.

TRISHA

Oh Larry... You just make it so easy!

DOUG

You do brother!

Everyone laughs.

DOUG

Now come on guys, Larry ate shit like a champ this week!

ADAM

Seriously though, Lawrence, how did one round of drinks cost 100\$? Don't you drink COSTCO brand vodka!?

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

I really don't want to talk about it, but let's just say that if you go to The Hideaway during the day, the waiter will go OUT of his way to make sure you are taken care of...

TRISHA

So he gave you a blowjob? That makes sense!

Everyone laughs. Lawrence is trying to deflect but he can't make anyone listen.

LAWRENCE

You know guys, you have no idea how Celeste and my relationship is going!

DOUG

Not sure "relationship" is the word you are looking for...

ADAM

It's fine guys, the man put in a solid effort! You gotta give him props for hanging in there and paying that tab...

LAWRENCE

She did tell me she will get me some drinks on my next shift to make up for it. She obviously had to rush off with Bob because they had some important things to do!

TRISHA

You're telling us that you don't get drinks on tap at The Maplewood? I've never worked at a place that didn't get me a few drinks just for working!

LAWRENCE

I get drinks for FREE when I work Maplewood's.

Everyone looks at each other for a moment.

DOUG

Sooooo.... What exactly is she buying you for drinks, if you get drinks gratis when you work?

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE
(sighing)
Listen, you guys look after
yourselves, I'll do me. Okay!?

ADAM
I hate to reuse a joke in the same
night but...

Trisha puts her hand on Adam and Lawrence's shoulders.

TRISHA
Give him this one Adam.

DOUG
(laughing)
You would be the only one giving
him anything tonight Adam so...

ADAM
T, how was your week?

TRISHA
Me? You know, the trials and
tribulations of being a KJ/Physical
Therapist are riveting.

LAWRENCE
Yeah Trisha, how many men
propositioned you for a hand job
this week?

TRISHA
Not as many as you Lawrence, I'm
sure of it!

LAWRENCE
Come on!

Everyone laughs and talks among themselves for a bit. J.R.
never shows up. One by one everyone goes home.

EXT. ADAM AND DOUGS APT. - 4:02AM

Adam and Doug are walking up to the door to their apartment.
They are commenting on what they both had to deal with on
their various evenings at karaoke. Doug puts his key in the
door, unlocks it, and goes inside. Adam gets a text message
from J.R. it is drunkenly misspelled but legible.

J.R.
My whole karaoke setup and laptop
got stolen tonight. I am fucked!

(CONTINUED)

Adam reads the text message and looks up with a serious face.

ADAM

Fuck...

He texts J.R. back.

ADAM

We will figure this out man, hit me
up tomorrow. I know it sucks, but
we can do this brother, have faith!

Adam waits for a response but never receives one. He flicks his cigarette away and walks inside. The door closes behind him.