

KJ's

Track 4

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INT. ADAM AND DOUGS APARTMENT - DAY

ADAM and DOUG are sitting on their couch playing video games. Adam receives a text on his phone, he looks at it and puts his phone down.

ADAM

Oh Shit son! Guess who doesn't have to work Ireland's Landing tonight!?

DOUG

Did your poor performances finally make them shut down for good?

ADAM

No Shithead. They're filming a commercial there tonight or something.

DOUG

(under his breath)

Probably have to rent it out because of your poor performance...

ADAM

Fuck off!

They both take sips from their drinks.

DOUG

Funny, someone rented out Last Call tonight and there isn't karaoke there either.

ADAM

(surprised)

Holy shit! We both have tonight off? The stars have aligned! When was the last time we both had Friday off?

DOUG

Shit, I couldn't tell you. What do you wanna do tonight?

ADAM

Maybe we go over to The Paragon and hand out at J.R.'s show? He always says how awesome the crowd is over there and I wanna see how he is bouncing back from getting ll his shit jacked. I'm sure he would appreciate the support.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

So you're telling me that we both have the night off from our karaoke jobs, and you want to go hang out at a karaoke bar?

ADAM

Come on man, it's for J.R. Besides, If we get bored we can shit talk him.

DOUG

I don't know man, I was planning on spending the rest of my night leveling up my character in this game but... Fuck it, I'll roll!

ADAM

Speaking of leveling up, you're about two beers away from leveling up your beer fetching skills, why don't you head on over to Hall Fridge and take care of that?

DOUG

You lazy piece of shit!

Doug pauses the game, gets up and walks over to the door. He opens it up and sees their neighbor LINDA rummaging through their fridge.

DOUG

(irritated)

Damn it Linda! How many times do I have to tell you that this isn't a community fridge? What the hell?

LINDA

Sorry Doug! I'm out of milk and needed to borrow a cup. I promise I'll replace it. You know this wouldn't happen if you all just put your fridge inside your place...

DOUG

(interrupting)

Listen Linda! Don't you ever take the name of Hall Fridge in vein! We are just making the best out of a bad situation here! Make sure that when you replace the milk, there is a six pack put in there also!

Doug grabs two beers and starts heading back inside.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Thank's Doug! I promise I'll...

Doug slams the door before she can finish. He walks to the couch, sits down and hands Adam a beer. They both open them, cheers and take a sip.

ADAM

You just leveled up from "Beer Bitch" to "Beer Bro"! Congrats man, I'm proud of you!

DOUG

We really need to get this Hall Fridge situation fixed. I'm starting to get to know the neighbors and I really don't like them.

ADAM

Hey man, I like Hall Fridge. Besides, that seems like a problem for another day. Until then:

Adam raises his beer and Doug does also.

ADAM

To Hall Fridge!

DOUG

Hear Hear!

They cheer and drink their beers. Doug unpauses the game and continues playing.

EXT. THE PARAGON - NIGHT

J.R. is smoking a cigarette and sipping on a glass of whiskey. He looks at his phone and sees that it's 8:45. He Sighs and takes a long sip of whiskey. The door to the bar opens up and RALPH walks out.

RALPH

Hey J.R., how are you doing tonight?

J.R.

I'm okay Ralph, what's up?

RALPH

So, we have a pretty decent sized birthday party coming in tonight. They've requested all top 40 stuff.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RALPH (cont'd)  
You really gotta put your best foot forward with this one. They are gonna spend a lot of money and you need to make sure that they have a good time.

J.R.  
Shit... Okay Ralph, fine. I'll take care of it.

RALPH  
(condescendingly)  
Oh, I'm glad to hear the great J.R. is going to grace us with actually doing his fucking job!

J.R.  
(defensive)  
Jesus Ralph, really?

RALPH  
Really! I know you like to just play your punk rock music, but that doesn't attract a good crowd.

J.R.  
What are you talking about? I always play a good mix for the crowd!

RALPH  
Look, I'm not gonna argue with you about it. Just get it done!

J.R.  
Okay Ralph, but you and I are gonna have a talk later.

RALPH  
(sarcastically)  
Okay J.R....

Ralph walks over to the door to the bar. He turns to J.R.

RALPH  
Shouldn't you be getting started?

J.R.  
Still got 12 more minutes Ralph, and I am going to take full advantage of those 12 minutes before the shit show that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

J.R. (cont'd)  
inevitably is going to happen  
tonight, happens.

Ralph rolls his eyes and walks into the bar. J.R. walks over to the table where his glass of whiskey is sitting and takes a sip. He lights up a cigarette and looks up at a car pulling up to the parking lot. The car stops and Adam and Doug get out. J.R. looks confused and gestures toward them.

J.R.  
(confused)  
What the fuck are you guy doing  
here?

They both light up cigarettes.

ADAM  
(mocking)  
Well isn't that a fine how do you  
do? What do you think Doug?

DOUG  
(mocking)  
A greeting like that really makes  
you rethink a friendship wouldn't  
you say Adam?

ADAM  
I would Doug... I really would...

J.R.  
I'm just surprised, thats all. Why  
aren't you guys at your shows?

ADAM  
Filming.

DOUG  
Private party.

J.R.  
Ahh.

DOUG  
So, instead of having fun tonight,  
we decided to come to your show.

J.R.  
Wow... Thanks Doug. But seriously,  
I do appreciate it. I just got  
handed the news that there's a  
birthday party coming in tonight  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

J.R. (cont'd)  
and I have to "Put my best foot  
forward with them". So that means  
nothing but Top 40's bullshit all  
night. I wouldn't blame you guys if  
you left.

ADAM  
Eh. In for a penny, in for a dime!

DOUG  
I may just take you up on that J.R.

They all laugh. Adam pulls out his flask and tops off J.R.'s  
drink and everyone takes a sip. Just then the door to the  
bar opens up and Ralph pokes out his head.

RALPH  
Come on J.R., It's time.

J.R.  
Okay Ralph.

J.R. takes one last drag from his cigarette and flicks it  
away. He walks into the bar.

DOUG  
Dead man walking!

J.R. reaches out the door and gives Doug the middle finger.  
The door closes behind him.

ADAM  
Man, I really feel for him  
sometimes.

DOUG  
Yeah man, me too. I mean, we all do  
the same job, but I don't know any  
other bars that treat their KJ's  
like Ralph treats J.R.

ADAM  
I know, right?

A big SUV pulls into the parking lot with loud club music  
playing. It parks and a group of drunk people start pouring  
out. One girl is wearing a hat that says "Birthday Girl".  
All of them are loud, cheering and clearly overly  
intoxicated. They all stumble up to the bar door and go  
inside.

(CONTINUED)

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(from inside)  
It's my birthday bitches!

The crowd can be heard cheering as the group walks inside.

ADAM  
Well shit, it looks like this night  
just got turned up to eleven.

DOUG  
This is gonna be a dumpster fire...

ADAM  
What's bad for J.R., makes for a  
good night for us.

Adam and Doug flick their cigarette and walk inside.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LAWRENCE is on the phone with CELESTE from The Maplewood Lounge. He is pacing around his apartment and cleaning from time to time.

LAWRENCE  
Hey Celeste, it's Lawrence.

CELESTE  
Ummm who?

LAWRENCE  
Lawrence? The Karaoke guy for  
Friday's?

CELESTE  
Ahhhh, I'm not sure...

LAWRENCE  
(clearing his throat)  
Bad Larry?

CELESTE  
Oh! Larry? Hi! How are you?

LAWRENCE  
(fake coughing)  
Uhh. Not so good, I think I may  
have caught a cold or something.

CELESTE  
Oh, really?

(CONTINUED)



LAWRENCE

(trying to sound hoarse)

Yeah... I don't think I can make it  
in tonight.

CELESTE

Ok! No big deal!

LAWRENCE

Um, I think it's kind of a big  
deal. You know, karaoke is a big  
draw for Friday nights.

CELESTE

Yeah, this guy I've been dating  
wants to try doing something like  
karaoke so I'll just have him try  
it out for tonight!

LAWRENCE

(defensive)

You can't just "Try it out"  
Celeste, it takes a lot of work to  
be a KJ! You need to learn how to  
mix the music, adjust the  
microphones, fade between songs,  
deal with people and know what  
people want to do!

CELESTE

(barely listening)

Yeah, sure. I have some old  
equipment here at the bar and we  
can just do the songs and stuff  
from the internet. Oh! and we can  
get the in between music off of  
spotify! This is going to be great!

LAWRENCE

You can't just do that! You need to  
pay for the rights to the songs and  
there are all kind of licensing  
issues and things to do before  
you...

CELESTE

(interrupting)

Thanks for calling Larry! I'll let  
you know how it goes! This is going  
to be a great opportunity for him!  
Every hundred bucks helps right?

(CONTINUED)

Celeste hangs up the phone and Lawrence just looks at it and sighs. He scrolls through his contacts and finds Trisha's number and calls.

TRISHA

Hello?

LAWRENCE

Hey Trish, I heard you weren't feeling well. Want some company?

TRISHA

Don't you have Maplewood's tonight?

LAWRENCE

Yeah, weirdest thing, turns out they are doing renovations tonight. No karaoke.

TRISHA

Ok. Sure, come over whenever, I'm not going anywhere.

LAWRENCE

Alright! be over in a jif!

TRISHA

(sighing)

Jif?

LAWRENCE

Yeah! I'll see you in a jiffy!

TRISHA

Goodbye Lawrence...

Trisha hangs up the phone and Lawrence stands there for a moment. He goes into the bathroom, puts on some cologne, remembers how Trisha hates it, then hops in the shower to clean it off.

INT. THE PARAGON - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adam walks into the bathroom at The Paragon. DRUNK GUY 1 is standing in front of the only urinal just leaning against it. The Stall is free so he shuffles by the Drunk. The drunk turns around and bumps into Adam as he is getting into the stall. The urinal has a few drops of blood in it.

ADAM

Uhhhh, you okay man?

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK GUY 1  
(incoherent)  
Mmhmm... Naaa.. Yep...

Adam finishes going to the bathroom and heads to the sink. The Drunk is leaning with his hands down on the counter not doing anything. His eyes are glazed over and he looks like he is drifting off.

ADAM  
Guy? You need help or something?

DRUNK GUY 1  
(Sniffing)  
No... Nope...

Adam moves to wash his hands.

ADAM  
'Scuse me brother... Just, washing  
my hands here...

The drunk moves over slightly but not that much. Adam puts his hands under the faucet and as he is washing his hands the Drunk spits into the sink, almost hitting Adam's hands. Adam recoils quickly.

ADAM  
(to himself)  
Ooooookay then... This night is  
going to be... Really fun...  
Yeah...

DRUNK GUY 1  
(mumbling)  
yep... ya...mmhmm...

ADAM  
(sarcastically)  
You have fun in here, being all...  
fucked up... and shit...

Adam rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. TRISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TRISHA is sitting on her couch watching TV. Noise is heard from the kitchen area.

TRISHA  
(shouting to the other room)  
Are you almost done in there?

(CONTINUED)

The noise stops abruptly and LAWRENCE is seen coming from the kitchen area holding a couple beers and some popcorn.

LAWRENCE

Sorry! Popcorn and beer are served  
m'lady.

TRISHA

(sighing)

Thanks Larry...

Lawrence sits on the couch close to Trisha. And tries to hand her a beer.

TRISHA

No... Thanks... My stomach has been  
acting up the last couple of days.  
Can you just get me a sparkling  
water?

LAWRENCE

(confused)

Uhh... Yeah no problem.

Lawrence gets up, goes to the kitchen and gets a sparkling water. He brings it over to Trisha and sits back down on the couch.

TRISHA

Thanks...

LAWRENCE

So, we've got the night to  
ourselves, Trish. Everyone else is  
working so the sky is the limit.  
Maybe we can go grab a bite  
somewhere.

TRISHA

I don't know Larry. Im feeling  
kinda crappy so it may just be a  
low key chill night.

LAWRENCE

(dejected)

Come on T. We never go out  
anywhere. We just sit here and  
watch TV most of the time. I don't  
even feel like we're dating...

Trisha looks at him surprised.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA  
Well, you shouldn't.

LAWRENCE  
What!?

TRISHA  
(surprised)  
First off, I definitely have food poisoning or some kind of stomach flu or something, so I'm not exactly feeling up to go anywhere! Second off, We aren't dating Larry, we're just friends!

Lawrence looks down in sadness. He looks back up at Trisha.

LAWRENCE  
Friends? Trisha, I thought... I mean... We've been hanging out so often... And we...

TRISHA  
(cutting him off)  
I know Larry. I don't need a recap. Listen, you were there for me when I really needed someone to talk to. And I appreciate that... But it was a one time...

LAWRENCE  
(cutting her off)  
A few times...

TRISHA  
It was a thing, okay... It was a thing that can not keep happening. Why do you think I told you that we can't tell anyone?

LAWRENCE  
I thought that you just didn't want to jinx our new relationship.

TRISHA  
We don't have that kind of relationship! We are friends! I didn't want the guys to find out because it's embarrassing!

LAWRENCE  
(defensive)  
It's embarrassing to be with me?

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

It would be embarrassing if I were with any one of our friends! Things like that can absolutely change the way we all hang out and I really don't want to change our group dynamic. I don't have family out here Lawrence. You all are my family and I can't lose that...

LAWRENCE

(sighing)

I guess I never thought about it that way.

TRISHA

I like you Larry. I'm sorry if you read what we were doing the wrong way. I am in a really weird place right now and I am so happy that you are helping me get through it.

LAWRENCE

Yeah... I get it...

TRISHA

Wait, did you call in sick because you knew I wasn't feeling well?

LAWRENCE

What? No! The bar said that they were closing early... Because of weather...

TRISHA

Larry... It's LA... There is no weather.

LAWRENCE

Right...

TRISHA

So?

LAWRENCE

Yeah... Yeah I did...

TRISHA

Lawrence, you're so sweet. You're going to make a girl really happy some day.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

Jesus, you literally hit all the  
cliche tropes that girls use to  
keep guys in the friend zone.

Trisha puts her hand on Lawrence's shoulder.

TRISHA

(consoling)

You're right Larry, but that is  
exactly where I need you to be. In  
my friend zone. So I say these  
things to gently lower you into the  
exact place that you're supposed to  
be in my life!

LAWRENCE

I'm not sure that that makes me  
feel any better.

TRISHA

It shouldn't Larry, it really  
shouldn't.

Trisha and Lawrence stare at each other for a moment. Trisha  
starts to chuckle. Lawrence starts laughing also. Trisha's  
phone goes off and she picks it up.

TRISHA

(excited)

Holy shit!

Lawrence gets startled and throws the bowl of popcorn into  
the air, spilling all over the place. Trisha doesn't seem to  
notice.

LAWRENCE

(taken aback)

What!?

TRISHA

Adam and Doug just checked into The  
Paragon!

LAWRENCE

(confused)

So?

TRISHA

We have NEVER all hung out on a  
friday night!

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

We go to The Last Knight literally every Friday!

TRISHA

That's after we are all done working Lawrence. Since we've all started hanging out, We have all worked Friday nights, more or less. This could be the first and only time we all get to be at the same bar during work hours!

LAWRENCE

I thought you weren't feeling well?

TRISHA

I can sack up for this! Honestly, seeing everyone all at once might be just what I need to get me out of this funk.

LAWRENCE

Uh... Alright. Let's do this! I'll call Saddle Up to give us a ride.

TRISHA

What the fuck is Saddle Up?

Lawrence pulls out his phone and shows Trisha the app.

LAWRENCE

Saddle Up, is a ride share app that makes you feel like you are in a Texas saloon every time you need a ride!

TRISHA

Where do you find shit like this?

LAWRENCE

Well, my friend came up with it! I'm actually one of the primary investors. It's a start-up!

Trisha folds her arms across her chest.

TRISHA

Really... How many users do they have?

( CONTINUED )



LAWRENCE

I don't have the data on that  
currently...

Trisha stares down Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

Eight... We have eight users and  
one car...

TRISHA

Well gee Larry, I hope this  
investment really pays off for  
you...

LAWRENCE

(uncertain)

Thanks...

Lawrence calls for a car on his phone.

LAWRENCE

Okay! It'll be about 20 minutes!

TRISHA

(shocked)

20 minutes! What the hell?

LAWRENCE

I told you, there's only one car!  
He's all the way on the other side  
of town!

TRISHA

Why wouldn't you just call an uber?

LAWRENCE

(defeated)

As an investor, I get 10% off my  
first 5 rides...

Trisha starts a slow clap.

TRISHA

Well played Lawrence, well  
played...

INT. THE PARAGON - BAR - NIGHT

Adam is sitting at a booth inside the bar. Doug is up at the bar ordering drinks and J.R. is surrounded by a group of drunks who all want to sing karaoke.

RALPH  
(to Doug)  
Hey man, what do you need?

DOUG  
2 shots fo Jame-O and 2 PBR's.

RALPH  
Coming up!

Ralph turns around to make the drinks. While he is waiting, Doug gets bumped into by the Birthday Girl.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
Sorry about that.

DOUG  
No problem.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
It's my birthday today you know?

DOUG  
I can see that.

Doug points to the "Birthday Girl" hat she is wearing.

DOUG  
And I'm sure that the whole bar  
knows by the way you all walked in  
here.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(not paying attention)  
I know right?

Doug gets a confused look on his face.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(flirty)  
So... Are you going to buy the  
birthday girl a drink?

DOUG  
Wow, that's pretty forward... Ah...  
I'm gonna have to pass on that one.

(CONTINUED)

BIRTHDAY GIRL

(offended)

You're seriously not going to buy me a drink? That's really shitty!

DOUG

Well, I'm a pretty shitty person so...

BIRTHDAY GIRL

Fucking dick!

DOUG

Yeah see, now you get it!

Ralph walks up with the drinks and hands them to Doug. Doug hands Ralph a debit card.

DOUG

(leaning in)

Here you go Ralph, keep it open. Oh, and no matter what that bitch says, none of her drinks go on my tab! Thanks.

RALPH

Something happen?

DOUG

You know, just me being the shitty, fucking dick that I am, as always.

Doug grabs the drinks and heads over to the table that Adam is at. Ralph has a confused look on his face. The birthday girl is shooting dirty looks at Doug. Doug gets to the table, puts down the drinks with a smile on his face and sits down.

ADAM

Hey there sexy, saw you talking to the birthday girl. Nice man, she's cute!

DOUG

Not gonna happen. Two seconds in, she called me a fucking dick.

ADAM

Well, you are a fucking dick so...

DOUG

She wanted me to buy her a drink because it's her fucking birthday.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Dude, do we have to go over this again? Just buy the damn drink next time! You get the in, and it doesn't cause drama. It's not like Ralph charges us for half the shit we order anyway.

DOUG

Eh, fuck that shit. Why should I buy her a drink because its her birthday? You know what I got for my birthday last year? A bottle of scotch that I bought for myself. Guess what? No drama there either.

ADAM

Well Doug, that's probably because you didn't tell anyone that it was your birthday.

DOUG

That's because I'm not a fucking child that needs to be the center of attention on his birthday.

ADAM

Jesus birthday Nazi, okay! I get it.

Adam looks toward the entrance and gets a confused look on her face.

ADAM

Holy shit!

DOUG

What!?

Adam points toward the door. Doug turns around to see Trisha and Lawrence standing by the door and looking around. Trisha makes eye contact with Adam, gets visibly excited and waves. She grabs Lawrence and pulls him over to the table and they both sit down.

FOCUS SHIFTS TO J.R. AT THE BAR ORDERING A DRINK FROM RALPH.

J.R.

(sighing)

Hey Ralph, can I get a beer and a shot of Jame-o?

(CONTINUED)

RALPH

Hey man, I can't have you getting fucked up tonight, I need you on your game! I told you...

J.R.

Ralph. I am stone cold sober. I have had one drink tonight. I will stick to beer for the rest of tonight, but right now I am having a shot. You've seen how much I can drink, I'm trying to work with you here man.

RALPH

(hesitant)

Ok. Just one! Hey, shouldn't you have started by now?

J.R.

Well, the faster you make my drinks, the faster this show gets on the road.

RALPH

(irritated)

You are such an asshole man...

Ralph turns to make J.R.'s order. J.R. looks around the room scoping out the crowd. He sees a few regulars, sees Doug, Adam, Trisha and Lawrence. He waves to them.

RALPH

Here are your drinks, now get the fuck to work!

J.R.

Thank you sir!

J.R. takes the shot at the bar and makes his way over to the KJ booth with his beer. He checks his equipment, tests the mics, and begins playing top 40 music. After a moment he makes an announcement.

J.R.

(announcer voice)

Alright everybody, it's Friday night and that means Karaoke all night! I'm your host...

The Birthday Girl stands up and shouts.

(CONTINUED)

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(interrupting)  
It's my birthday bitches!

The crowd cheers. Adam, Doug, and Trisha all sigh. Lawrence cheers with the crowd.

J.R.  
(into the mic)  
Well happy birthday to you! Like I was saying, I'm your host J.R. and if you guys want to to a song I have all you need up here at the booth. Just grab a pen and write your Name, Song and Artist all on these slips of paper here!

J.R. holds up a slip of paper and a pen.

J.R.  
(into the mic)  
If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to ask. Also, make sure you take care of the ever-hansom Ralph behind the bar here, because you know that he is taking care of us! Right big guy?

Ralph flips off J.R. from behind the bar.

J.R.  
That's right folks, when I get some singers signed up, we will get this party started!

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
It's my birthday bitches!

Less people cheer than before. Lawrence still cheers. J.R. puts his hand on his face and sighs. He turns up the dance music, sees three people waiting by his booth and talks to them.

J.R.  
Hey guys, how you all doing tonight?

DRUNK GUY 1  
Hey, How do I sign up?

J.R.  
Well, I have pens and slips right here. Fill it out with your name, song and artist and give it to me.

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK GUY 2

Do you have any song books?

J.R.

I did, but they were stolen recently, along with all of my equipment. Unfortunately I haven't able to replace them yet.

DRUNK GUY 2

If your equipment was stolen... How are you using the equipment that you're... Using?

J.R.

(irritated)

This is equipment that I borrowed from a friend...

DRUNK GUY 2

So How do I pick a song?

J.R.

Just write it down. If I have it, I have it, If I don't, I'll let you know.

DRUNK GUY 2

Oh, Okay.

DRUNK GUY 3

So how do you sign up?

J.R.

(confused)

Seriously? I literally just explained it. Write down your name, song name and artist on a slip and hand it in to me.

DRUNK GUY 3

Oh, Okay. So where are the books?

J.R. stared at DRUNK GUY 3 in confused astonishment. DRUNK GUY 1 writes down something on a slip and hands it to J.R. He looks at the slip and can't make out what it says at all.

J.R.

Hey man, what does that say?

DRUNK GUY 1

(irritated)

Dude, it's crystal clear.  
Everclear, Father of Mine. Also,  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK GUY 1 (cont'd)  
you need to get me up soon, because  
I am gonna rock the roof off this  
place!

J.R.  
(giggling)  
So would you say it's "Crystal  
clear" or "Everclear"

DRUNK GUY 1  
(confused)  
What?

J.R.  
(sighing)  
Okay well, you're the first one to  
sign up so I'll get you up soon,  
but you need to right your name on  
there buddy.

DRUNK GUY 1  
Oh yeah, I forgot.

Drunk Guy 1 takes back the slip and begins to write his name  
down as illegibly as his song choice. Drunk Guy 2 hands J.R.  
a slip. He takes it and looks confused.

J.R.  
Hey man! All this says is  
Morrissey...

DRUNK GUY 2  
Yeah, I want to sing some  
Morrissey!

J.R.  
Okay, well is there any specific  
song that you want to sing?

DRUNK GUY 2  
Nah man, dealers choice, you  
choose.

J.R.  
Alright, well can you please write  
down your name for me?

DRUNK GUY 2  
Oh yeah, I forgot.

J.R. hands Drunk Guy 2 his slip and he starts writing his  
name down. Drunk Guy 1 hands back his slip and it is  
completely unreadable.

(CONTINUED)



J.R.

(irritated)

Just stay up here man, you're about to go up.

DRUNK GUY 1

Alright man, don't worry, we'll take care of you tonight!

J.R.

Cool, thanks man!

DRUNK GUY 1

No worries brother, we got ya!

DRUNK GUY 3

(confused)

So what's the story on those books?

FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO THE BOOTH ADAM, DOUG LAWRENCE AND TRISHA ARE SITTING IN

The group of KJ's are sitting at the table looking around the crowd. It's clearly a strange crowd for The Paragon on a Friday. They look back at each other.

TRISHA

Is it just me, or does this place have a real "Piece of shit" vibe to it tonight?

LAWRENCE

(awkwardly)

You're right Trisha, like always. This crowd definitely does have a weird feel.

Doug and Adam look at each other and then give Lawrence a weird look. Trisha just rolls her eyes.

ADAM

Well, clearly it's some young girls birthday, so that always means a shitty crowd. We've all been there. I'm sure J.R. is in for a "Fun" night.

DOUG

Nothing is more entertaining then a bunch of people who just became legal drinking age, that show up to a bar, already drunk.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Look at J.R. You can tell that he's already stressing out. If he keeps at this level, he's gonna lose what little hair he has left! How about we take turns "In flight refueling" him?

DOUG

Ooooo. nothing like "In flight refueling".

LAWRENCE

(confused)

What's "In flight refueling"?

ADAM

Jesus Larry, it's when we all take turns buying him shots and drinks to keep him in the air till the end of the night.

Trisha just shakes her head at Lawrence.

ADAM

I, for one, fully support this idea and also recommend an "In flight movie" every hour or so.

LAWRENCE

(confused)

In flight...

TRISHA

(interrupting)

Singing a long song so he can take smoke breaks....

LAWRENCE

Ahh. Okay, got it!

DOUG

Everyone know the plan now? Larry?

LAWRENCE

Yeah I got it...

Doug holds up his glass, everyone cheers.

FOCUS SHIFTS BACK TO J.R. AT THE BOOTH

J.R. is rubbing his temples due to stress. Drunk Guy 1 is singing his song horribly. J.R. tries to adjust the volume, but every time he does the guy sings louder and worse. Ralph runs over to the stage.

RALPH

(to J.R.)

What the fuck man, you trying to blow the speakers?

J.R.

(irritated)

Are you serious? You think this is my fault? This asshole sings louder when I turn him up and softer when I turn him down. I'm trying my best up here.

RALPH

Just fucking fix it! I told you man, we need this night to go well.

Ralph walks back behind the bar. Adam is standing there waiting to order. Ralph takes his order as Drunk Guy 1 finishes singing.

DRUNK GUY 1

(confident)

See!? I told you I would rock this place!

J.R.

(sarcastically)

Yeah... It was great...

J.R. takes back the mic. Before he can announce the next singer, Adam walks up with 2 beers and 2 shots.

ADAM

Please accept these humble offerings as a token of our respect.

Adam bows to J.R.

J.R.

Jesus christ man, I am one singer in and it's already a shit show.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Look, we're here for you brother.  
We are your "In Flight"  
entertainment for tonight! Put me  
in for Billy Joel and go have a  
cigarette.

J.R.

God, I love you guys.

ADAM

Love you too man, now get to it!

Adam slaps J.R. on the back.

J.R.

(into the mic)

Alright! Next up we have Adam!  
Adam, come on up!

The crowd cheers. The intro to Piano Man starts, J.R. and Adam both clink their shots and drink them.

INT. THE PARAGON - 11:45PM

The booth that the KJ's are sitting at is littered with shot glasses and beer bottles.

LAWRENCE

Okay, now whose round is it now?

DOUG

If you have to ask, it's most  
likely yours brother.

LAWRENCE

(confused)

Wait! I just bought the...

TRISHA

(interrupting)

Jesus Larry! I'll get the next one.  
You think he needs another shot?

In the background J.R. is seen being yelled at and yelling at a drunk person.

EVERYONE

Yes!

TRISHA

Okay! Done deal! Be right back!

Trisha goes up to the bar to order the drinks.

FOCUS SHIFTS TO J.R. ON THE STAGE.

J.R. is surrounded by the Birthday girl and a bunch of other drunks all pestering him about when they are going to sing next.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
Sooooooooo.... When am I going up?

J.R.  
(stressed)  
Well you just went up two songs ago  
so you're going to have to wait a  
few songs before I can get you up  
again.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(taken aback)  
But it's my birthday!

J.R.  
(irritated)  
We are all well aware of that fact  
lady, but I need to be fair. You  
just went up. I need to let a few  
other people sing who haven't been  
up yet.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(screaming)  
Jesus, this is Bull! Shit!

DRUNK GUY 2  
(very drunk)  
Yeah! This is bullshit!

DRUNK GUY 3  
(confused)  
Where are the books?

J.R.  
(to birthday girl)  
Well, your up in three singers  
then, okay?

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(scoffing)  
I guess...

J.R.  
Great!

Trish walks up with a shot and a beer for J.R. and one shot for her.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

How are you holding up?

J.R.

I would rather be having bamboo shoots jammed into my urethra in a P.O.W camp.

TRISHA

So.... Good then?

J.R. gives her a "C'mon" look.

TRISHA

Okay, put me and Doug up for Paradise by the Dashboard Lights by Meatloaf. You go have a smoke and chill out.

J.R.

I fucking love you so much right now!

TRISHA

Only for you would I do this J.R. I'm breaking KJ code doing this song and you know it! No go get your fix!

J.R.

(into the mic)

Okay, we need Trisha and Doug up here! Come on up guys! Give them a hand!

Trisha and J.R. clink glasses and do their shots. Doug comes up and tries to cheers but missed the opportunity so he just taps the bar. The music starts to play and J.R. heads out the door for a cigarette.

INT. THE PARAGON - 12:54PM

Everyone in the bar is sloppy drunk by now. There's a few people passed out. Birthday Girl is dancing in the middle of the bar with her friends. All of the KJ's are at their table with several more shot and beer glasses littered about.

LAWRENCE

Okay, now whose round is it...

Everyone shoots Lawrence a dirty look.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE  
Fuck it! It's mine!

DOUG  
Now you get it Larry!

LAWRENCE  
Fuck off Doug...

Lawrence goes up to the bar and orders the drinks.

FOCUS SHIFTS TO J.R. AT THE STAGE

J.R. calls the Birthday Girl over to the stage.

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
(into the mic)  
Wow, I didn't know you had to wait  
so long to sing a song around here!

J.R.  
Well, since you sang more than  
anyone else tonight, I thought I  
would get a few other people to  
sing in between your  
"Performances".

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
Well it's my...

J.R.  
(interrupting into the mic)  
Yes We all know it's your birthday.  
You've made that abundantly clear  
every time you got up here.

J.R. walks off stage to get away from the Birthday Girl.  
Lawrence walks over to him and hands him a shot and a beer.

J.R.  
Jesus... I'm fucked up already, but  
I really can't deal with these  
mother fuckers anymore.

LAWRENCE  
It's almost over buddy! You can do  
it! Cheers!

They do their shots and J.R. notices that the song is about  
to end. He thanks Lawrence and walks back onto the stage.  
Just before the music stops, J.R. grabs the mic from the  
Birthday Girl before she has a chance to say anything.

(CONTINUED)

J.R.  
(into the mic)  
Give it up guys!

No one claps, a bunch of the drunken birthday party gets up and heads toward the door.

J.R.  
You guys leaving?

DRUNK GUY 1  
Yeah man, we gotta go. Thanks for everything tonight.

Drunk Guy 1 turns to his friends and makes an announcement.

DRUNK GUY 1  
Hey assholes! Make sure to tip the KJ! I promised we would take care of him.

As the group walks out, they each put some money in J.R.'s tip jar.

J.R.  
Thank you guys, I really appreciate it!

DRUNK GUY 2  
Hey man, no problem, thank you!

After the group walks out, J.R. checks his tip jar. There isn't more than seven dollars in it. He gets visibly upset and starts pacing. At this point it's just Ralph, and the KJ's in the bar. Adam walks up to the bar to order a drink. Everyone sees that J.R. is about to lose it.

ADAM  
(to Ralph)  
Oh shit! I think J.R. is really about to snap!

RALPH  
J.R., you okay man?

J.R.  
No Ralph! I'm pretty fucking far from it actually! How much did they spend in drinks?

RALPH  
Probably around 7 or 800\$. You did good tonight man!

(CONTINUED)



J.R.

So it's safe to assume that you got  
a nice 200\$ tip then right?

RALPH

I mean, maybe. I haven't done any  
of the paperwork yet so...

J.R.

(shouting)

Fuck this shit!

J.R. runs out the door.

ADAM

Shit guys, he's lost it, lets go!

The KJ's follow quickly after him.

EXT. THE PARAGON - 1:50PM

The drunken birthday party are all standing outside smoking  
cigarettes and talking.

J.R.

Hey guys!

DRUNK GUY 2

Hey, the KJ man! What's up?

J.R. throws the 7\$ in tips he got at the group. They are all  
shocked and offended. The KJ's all come through the door at  
that moment.

DRUNK GUY 1

(offended)

What the fuck man!?

J.R.

What the fuck is right! I've been  
putting up with you drunken  
assholes all fucking night! You got  
here wasted and behaved like a  
bunch of teenagers with fake ID's.  
I don't know which one of you fuck  
bags puked in the hallway on your  
way out but, god damn man! I busted  
my ass bending over backwards for  
you dicks all night all because you  
promised that you would "Take care  
of me".

(CONTINUED)

ADAM  
(under his breath to Doug)  
I think I puked in the hallway...

DRUNK GUY 1  
We did take care of you bro!

J.R.  
Seven dollars! Seven fucking  
dollars! Seriously!? Fuck you guys!

BIRTHDAY GIRL  
Hey!

J.R.  
(to birthday girl)  
Oh and you! You barely legal bitch!  
I have to clean my mics because I  
am goddamn sure that you gave mouth  
herpes to everyone tonight you  
skank!

The KJ's all look at each other and gesture toward their  
mouths.

J.R.  
If I ever see any of you here on a  
fucking Friday night again, I swear  
to god I'll lose it!

DOUG  
(under his breath to Adam)  
I think he already lost it. He just  
committed KJ suicide...

ADAM  
Yep...

DRUNK GUY 3  
You know what man? Fuck you too!  
You didn't even have books!

DRUNK GUY 1  
Fuck this!

The group runs toward J.R. to fight, J.R. lands a punch  
first. Doug and Adam look at each other and jump in to join  
the brawl.

TRISHA  
Aren't you gonna help them  
Lawrence!?

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

Are you kidding? I've never been in a fight in my life! Let alone a drunk one! I'm fucking useless in this situation!

TRISHA

Not completely useless, hold my purse!

Trisha runs up to the Birthday Girl and punches her in the face. Everyone is fighting now except for Lawrence.

INT. THE LATE KNIGHT - 3:00AM

J.R., Adam, Lawrence, Trisha and Doug are sitting in their regular booth silent. Everyone has cuts and bruises on them except for Lawrence. FIONA walks over to take their order.

FIONA

Jesus... What the fuck happened to you guys?

J.R.

It was, to say the least... A shitty, shitty night...