

KJ's

Pilot

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INT. MONTAGE OF SEVERAL DIFFERENT KARAOKE BARS - NIGHT

A montage of several different groups of varying sizes at different karaoke bars all singing "Bohemian Rhapsody" poorly. It cuts between all the groups and the 5 KJ's operating the systems. None of the KJ's look happy. The music fades and J.R. narrates over the montage.

J.R.

(narration)

If you've ever been to bar in your life, chances are, you've been to karaoke... Unless you're a piece of shit hipster that likes martinis and grooming your mustache... in that case, fuck you. While you're at the bar enjoying the entertainment, or not enjoying it, just remember, there's always someone there who's enjoying it far less than you. That would be the KJ. You know, the KJ? The guy or girl you drunkenly come up to and yell random song titles at hoping to sing next, even though when you got there you said how much you hate even the idea of karaoke? Yeah, that's the KJ. It's also the guy or girl with the tip jar in front of them that you never contribute to, that's right, we assume their genders.

The montage focuses of a few different empty tip jars while the song is still playing quietly in the background. It then goes back to the various singers and KJ's.

J.R.

Do you want to know why they like it even less than you do? Because they are the ones who have to be there every night, open to close, no matter what, and have to deal with you. That's right, you think you absolutely killed it singing that one song that one time? guess what? You didn't. This is about the shit they have to put up with day to day, just to make your drunken lives feel "special".

EXT. THE PARAGON BAR - PARKING LOT - 2:15AM

J.R. is seen loading his karaoke equipment into the back of his SUV. He's a little buzzed and smoking a cigarette. RALPH, the bartender at The Paragon, comes out to give J.R. his money. He storms over to J.R and throws an envelope on a patio table close to J.R.

RALPH
(irritated)
Here's your money.

J.R.
Thanks Ralph, I appreciate it man.

J.R. looks in the envelope.

J.R.
(Confused)
Ralph. This is 100 bucks short!
What the fuck man?

RALPH
Yeah, well buying your friends
drinks all night really adds up.
And not just tonight J.R., every
time you work!

J.R.
Are you fucking kidding me!? I
bought three people one shot each!
And that rarely happens!

RALPH
The key word there J.R., is BOUGHT!
You didn't buy a goddamn thing. The
BAR bought those drinks, and
somebody has to foot the bill.

J.R.
I made an agreement with the owner
that I would take a lower rate in
exchange for free drinks! This has
nothing to do with you Ralph! Also,
I fucking tip you out when I have a
good night. Win, win!

RALPH
You haven't had a "Good night" in
two months!

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
(passive aggressive)
That's great Ralph. I'm really glad
that you're taking so much pleasure
in this. See you next week...

Ralph turns and starts walking away.

J.R.
(Under his breath)
Asshole...

RALPH
(Under his breath)
Asshole...

J.R. finishes loading in his equipment, gets into his car,
and heads to The Late Knight diner to meet up with the other
KJ's.

INT. THE LATE KNIGHT - 2:45AM

J.R. walks into The Late Knight and sees ADAM, DOUG and
TRISHA sitting at their regular booth. He nods his head to
them as he makes his way to the table.

DOUG
(laughing)
So this motherfucker... This
motherfucker made me stop and
restart the song. He said "You
didn't mix me right! I need more
effects! My mid is too low! and
where's my reverb?"

Everyone is laughing as J.R. sits down at the table. Doug is
pantomiming that he is adjusting a mixing board.

DOUG
(Laughing)
So while he's looking at me, I
touch the knobs on a channel that
nothing is plugged into, and make
it look like I'm "Fixing" his
levels, not actually doing
anything. I give him a thumbs up,
start the track again, he starts
singing and nods at me like I just
made him sound like an angel!

They all erupt in laughter.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Oh, I've had people like that.
Those people are the worst!

DOUG

And the best part, after the song,
the motherfucker comes up to me,
shook my hand and was like "Wow
man! You really know what you're
doing! I was worried at first that
you just didn't get me..."

Everyone laughs and nods their heads. Adam looks over at
J.R. who is smiling but not really all that happy looking.

ADAM

Hey J.R.

J.R.

What's up Adam.

ADAM

You alright buddy?

J.R.

(sighing)

Fucking Ralph shorted me 100\$
tonight. He said that I order too
many drinks, but I know it's just
cuz he's an asshole and I know that
he is pocketing that hundred...

ADAM

Dude! I know, Ralph is a fucking
asshole sometimes.

Lawrence walks up to the booth partially overhearing Adam
and J.R.'s conversation.

LAWRENCE

(making a joke)

Asshole? You talking about yourself
Adam?

Everyone laughs. Lawrence sits down at the table.

ADAM

(laughing)

Talking about you mother fucker!

Adam fist bumps Lawrence.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Oh there he is! Mr. "Bad Larry himself! We were wondering why you weren't here Lawrence.

DOUG

Trisha had money on you trying to hit on that skanky bartender again!

LAWRENCE

Screw you guys! First off, I've laid some real groundwork with Celeste and I think I'm getting somewhere!

ADAM

That's about the only thing getting laid in this situation...

Trisha high fives Adam then looks back to Lawrence.

TRISHA

(Laughing)

You know she's a lesbian right?

LAWRENCE

(Skeptical)

uh... What? No way!

DOUG

She's a lesbian man, trust me. I tried and she shot me down, and I'm far more attractive than you are.

LAWRENCE

Well maybe if you didn't call her skanky...

Lawrence smiles uncomfortably and shakes it off. Lawrence, Doug and Trisha have their own conversation at their side of the table. Adam and J.R. talk on their own.

ADAM

He's a dick man, don't sweat it.

J.R.

Yeah, but it's the principal of the thing. I do this so I can make money I can actually spend on something besides bills. Now I'm getting ripped off by the goddamn bartender.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

At Least you have a day job, if I
get ripped off I'm shit out of
luck.

J.R.

(laughing)

By the way, How the fuck can you
survive only doing karaoke?

ADAM

(smiling)

I'm not sure if what I do
constitutes as "Surviving", but I
get by. If I had a day job, I could
afford to eat here and not have to
rely on the kindness of you all.

Adam reaches over and eats a fry off of Doug's plate. J.R.
pats Adam on the back.

J.R.

(laughing)

Fair enough. But, we all assume
that since you came out here to be
a writer, that when you hit it big,
we'll all ride your coat tails to
the top. Think of it as Entourage
for assholes.

At that moment FIONA the waitress comes over.

FIONA

You guys okay over here? Hey there
J.R., I brought you some iced tea.

J.R. grabs the glass and nods.

J.R.

Thanks Fi!

The conversation between Lawrence, Doug and Trisha gets
louder. Lawrence looks over to Fiona to ask her opinion.

LAWRENCE

(sharply)

FIONA!

FIONA

(sigh of disappointment)

Yes Larry?

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE
You know Celeste right!?

FIONA
The Lesbian?

Everyone bursts out laughing.

LAWRENCE
No... Hey!

FIONA
(laughing)
I'm sorry Larry, I overheard what
you guys were arguing about and
just couldn't resist!

TRISHA
And that's why we love you Fiona!

DOUG
Damn right!

LAWRENCE
(dejected)
Yeah...

FIONA
(still laughing)
But really Larry, I don't know her
well enough to tell. Sorry hun...

Fiona fills all their drinks and heads back to the wait
station.

LAWRENCE
(hopeful)
See! There's still hope!

TRISHA
You, Lawrence, are hopeless. But, I
brought something to take the edge
off.

Trisha pulls out a flask and everyone holds up their
glasses. She pours a little whisky in everyone's drinks and
a double for J.R.

TRISHA
(smiling)
It's nothing fancy but it'll
definitely put some hair on your
balls Lawrence.

(CONTINUED)

Lawrence takes a sip and cringes. J.R. takes a drink and sighs with relief.

J.R.
Thanks T.

ADAM
Hey now Trisha, we've all been
ripped off! Don't be stingy!

LAWRENCE
Hey, I've never been ripped off.

DOUG
You've BEEN getting ripped off! You
work one night a week for 50\$.

The all laugh. Doug looks around and hold up his glass.

DOUG
To getting ripped off!

EVERYONE
To getting ripped off!

The night winds down to a close and one by one people start leaving to go home. Adam and J.R. are the last to leave, chatting among themselves as they exit.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - 1 WEEK LATER

J.R. is sitting at his desk talking on the phone, handling a collection call. He is very tired looking and disheveled.

J.R.
(sarcastically)
No Ma'am, please tell me again how
you have no way to pay us when I am
looking at your credit report and
see that you have plenty of
available credit, I'll wait...

an audible click is heard, J.R looks at the receiver and hangs up the phone.

J.R.
(to himself)
God dammit...

J.R. looks down at his desk and closes his eyes for a second. His phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
Thank you for calling...

GARY
(through the phone)
J.R., I need to see you in my
office, NOW!

J.R. is startled and hangs up the phone. He gets up and makes his way to GARY's office.

INT. GARY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

J.R. opens the door to Gary's office. It's full of motivational pictures and awards purposefully displayed to show off to anyone who comes in. Gary is visibly perturbed.

GARY
Close the door and sit down!

J.R. lazily closes the door and sits in the chair in front of Gary's desk.

J.R.
(irritated)
Is there something wrong Gary?

GARY
(condescendingly)
Yes J.R., there certainly is
something wrong.

J.R.
(confused)
Well, What did I do?

GARY
It's not something that you did,
it's something that you didn't do.

Gary pats a bible that's on the center of his desk.

GARY
Now I'm a good christian man. I run
this company on my values, and you
haven't been performing up to my
standards.

J.R.
What are you talking about? I hit
my goals within at least 10% every
month!

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Well, I don't think your goals are high enough.

J.R.

Corporate sets the goals Gary!

GARY

Well, corporate may set the goals, but I have much higher expectations.

J.R. leans back in his chair irritated.

J.R.

I'm pretty sure we work for corporate so...

GARY

(interrupting)

You need to work the night shift to make up for your poor performance. I need to see that you care about this job, that this job is your TOP priority.

J.R.

(under his breath)

I don't care about this fucking job...

GARY

What was that?

J.R.

(angrily)

I work my other job tonight Gary! You know that!

Gary has a smug look on his face.

GARY

See, this is what I mean. When I say top priority, I mean top priority! And your little singing job only seems to get in the way of your performance here.

J.R.

It's karaoke, first off, and I make more money in a night there than I do in a day here! Maybe if you paid me more...

(CONTINUED)

GARY
And you think you deserve more
money?

Gary points to his award for excellence on his desk.

GARY
Do you think I received this award
for having late night singing
parties? No, I got this for hard
work and long hours.

J.R.
(under his breath)
You got this job because your
father bought a controlling stake
in the company.

GARY
What was that!?

J.R.
Nothing...

GARY
Listen J.R., you either work the
night shift tonight, or hope that
you can support yourself without
this job.

J.R. stands up and walks to the door.

J.R.
(pissed off)
Okay Gary, I'm going on my break.

GARY
(condescendingly)
That's right J.R., take a break
from all that hard work you're
doing. You've earned it!

J.R. walks out of the office slamming the door behind him.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

J.R. lights up a cigarette and pulls out his phone. He
starts making calls trying to find someone to cover his
shift at The Paragon. Doug and Trisha's phones both go to
voicemail. He calls Adam.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
(groggy on the phone)
Hello?

J.R.
Hey man, is there any anyone you know that can cover my show at The Paragon tonight? My fucking boss is making me work the late shift and if I can't figure something out Ralph's gonna make sure I get fired...

ADAM
(sarcastically)
Oh, Hey J.R. how are you?

J.R.
Dude, I'm really in a bind...

ADAM
(sarcastically)
Oh, me? I'm fine. Just waking up from a nap.

J.R.
Fuck off Adam...

ADAM
(yawning)
Shit man... What did you do to have to work the late shift on a Friday?

J.R.
My fucking boss! He's such an asshat. He's making me work the late shift because of my "poor performance" or some bullshit like that.

ADAM
(laughing)
He must have heard you singing at The Hideaway on Thursday. I'd call that a "poor performance".

J.R.
(hurriedly)
Listen, I'm running out of time on my break here. Do you know someone or not?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

(yawning again)

Well, normally I work Ireland's Landing tonight, but I just so happen to be off because they're shooting something there tonight. But fuck man... I really didn't want to do anything tonight, I haven't had a Friday night off in months.

J.R.

(desperate)

Come on Adam, you gotta help me out. You won't even have to work the whole night. Just come get my equipment, set up and host for like 2 hours. I can be there by 11!

Adam takes a moment to decide.

J.R.

Adam!?

ADAM

I'm fucking thinking!

J.R.

Jesus fucking christ man, remember when you needed me to cover...

ADAM

(interrupting)

Fine... But you're paying my tab tonight and it ain't gonna be cheap!

J.R.

Thank you! You have no idea how much this means to me!

J.R. Hangs up the phone and puts out his cigarette. He goes back inside his office.

INT. ADAM AND DOUG'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Adam's lying down in bed with his phone up to his ear. He hangs up and sits up in bed.

ADAM

Well, fuck...

Adam tiredly gets up and walks out of his room into the living room. Doug is sitting on the couch watching a movie.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
(disappointed)
Well, no more bitchen Friday night
for me. I gotta fucking cover for
J.R.

DOUG
(focused on the movie)
That's great man...

ADAM
Great!? Fuck you! I was looking
forward to a chill evening and now
I have to work.

DOUG
Oh, sorry, I was just really into
this movie, I didn't hear a thing
you said.

Adam looks at the TV. What looks to be an incredibly low
budget horror movie is playing on the screen. He watches for
a moment.

ADAM
(confused)
What the fuck are you watching?

Doug pauses the movie.

DOUG
It's this really shitty movie about
a fat ghost. It's awful but I just
can't seem to stop watching it.
What were you saying?

ADAM
(Irritated)
I was saying I can't go to The
Maplewood Lounge tonight!

DOUG
(feigning interest)
Aww man, that sucks!

Adam goes over to the kitchen area and makes himself a cup
of coffee.

ADAM
(dejected)
Whatever...

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Hey, at least you're gonna be making some cash. It's better to make money than spend it...

ADAM

(irritated and sarcastic)

Wow! Thanks Doug. you're so fucking inspirational! You should write a book...

Doug turns back to the TV and un-pauses the movie.

DOUG

No problem brother!

Adam takes a big sip of his coffee, sighs, grabs his keys and walks out the door.

INT. ADAM'S CAR - DUSK

Adam is smoking and driving to meet J.R. to get his equipment. He pulls out his phone and calls Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

Whaddup!

ADAM

(shaking his head)

Jesus Lawrence, it's like you don't want me to hang out with you...

LAWRENCE

Haha! What's up man? You still coming by Maplewood's tonight? It's gonna be so killer bro!

ADAM

Yeah man, I can't make it. J.R. called me and needs a cover over at The Paragon. He says he's gonna be able to take over around 11 but I'm not sure if I'm gonna be up for going to your show after.

LAWRENCE

(disappointed)

Damn man. I was looking forward to giving you a major dose of "Bad Larry" tonight!

Adam puts the phone down for a second and takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

You seriously need to work on your phrasing. I am in no way looking for a "Major dose of Bad Larry".

LAWRENCE

Ahhh well, sorry you got pulled in tonight. You still coming out to The Late Knight after?

ADAM

Yeah man, of course, it's Friday!

Adam hangs up the phone and flicks his cigarette out the window. His GPS chimes in letting him know he will reach his destination soon.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

Adam's car is seen pulling into the parking lot of J.R.'s office. J.R. is seen standing next to his car. Adam parks a few spaces away from J.R.'s car and shuts off the engine.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DUSK

Adam gets out of his car and walks over to J.R.. J.R. opens the hatch on his SUV revealing his equipment.

ADAM

Ugh...

J.R.

You're a life saver brother, thank you so much!

ADAM

Yeah, no problem.

J.R. hands Adam a cigarette. They both light up and lean against J.R.'s car.

J.R.

It'll probably be low key tonight. It shouldn't get busy until I get there.

ADAM

(chuckling)

Yeah J, for you, not busy is pretty fucking busy.

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
At least you'll get to see what a
busy night at The Paragon looks
like.

Adam takes a long drag from his cigarette.

ADAM
(exhaling)
Yep. I see Ralph on Sunday, and
he's a jack ass. I'm gonna hate to
see "Busy Friday Night" Ralph.

J.R.
(laughing)
Oh, you're in for a treat my
friend!

Adam and J.R. both laugh.

J.R.
Listen, I gotta get back up there.
I'll text you when I'm heading over
to The Paragon.

ADAM
Alright, see you there.

Adam and J.R. load the equipment out of J.R.'s SUV into
Adam's car. He puts it in the trunk, flicks out his
cigarette and gets in. His car is seen leaving. J.R.'s phone
lights up with a text message from Trisha.

TRISHA
(text message)
Sorry, just got your missed call,
working. You gonna make it to The
Late Knight tonight?

J.R.
Yeah, I'll be there.

J.R. puts his phone back in his pocket. Finishes his
cigarette and goes back inside.

EXT. THE PARAGON BAR - PARKING LOT - 8:30PM

Adam is unloading equipment in front of the bar. He is
standing by the patio smoking a cigarette and taking a drink
from a flask. Ralph walks outside and is shocked to see Adam
instead of J.R. Adam quickly hides his flask.

(CONTINUED)

RALPH

What the fuck are you doing here?

ADAM

(sarcastically)

Oh, hey Ralph...

RALPH

Where the fuck is J.R.?

ADAM

His office made him work the late shift. He sent you a text saying I was covering.

RALPH

I am so sick of you guys. The crowd you bring in barely orders anything because they're afraid it hurts their precious voices. The people who do drink, don't even fucking tip! I don't understand why we have you around.

A patron walks by and greets Ralph, Ralph turns to say hello quickly. Before he turns around to yell at Adam again, Adam flips off Ralph with both fingers.

ADAM

(mocking)

You're just mad that you can't sing for shit. The ladies LOVE a good singer. I clean up after these shows. How's your dance card looking at the end of the fucking night?

RALPH

Fuck off. Get in there and get to work. Oh, and by the way, No free booze tonight, your friend ruined that for all of you.

ADAM

(condescendingly)

But Ralph, I'm a professional. I hold myself to a much higher standard than you think. I would never, in good conscience, run up a tab. I get my singers to buy my drinks for me.

(CONTINUED)

RALPH

Get to work! We aren't paying you
to smoke!

ADAM

(mocking)

Actually, you aren't paying me at
all so...

RALPH

Just hurry up and get inside man.
It's busy, we need to get going.

ADAM

No problem.

Adam raises his cigarette to Ralph who turns around and goes
inside. Adam takes a much longer drink from his flask and
finishes his cigarette.

ADAM

(sarcastically)

Oh, tonight is just gonna be
awesome...

Adam grabs the equipment and brings it inside to set it up.

INT. THE PARAGON BAR - 9:00PM

Adam finishes setting up the equipment and laying out the
song books. He adjusts the mixer levels and the mic stands.
He goes to do a mic check.

ADAM

(into the mic)

Mic check, mic check...

A random drunk PATRON walks up to Adam with a confused look
on his face.

PATRON

(drunkenly)

Uhhhhh.... Hey bro! I want to sing
a song from Frozen!

ADAM

(irritated)

Alright... You have to look it up
in the book and bring me the name
and song number...

(CONTINUED)

PATRON
Uhhh... I looked in the book and it
wasn't in there.

ADAM
Then I don't have it.

PATRON
Can you check if maybe it's in your
computer? Like maybe it's just not
listed in the book?

Adam sighs out of frustration and puts his hand on his
forehead.

ADAM
(frustrated)
So you think I took the time to
make a detailed book, listing the
thousands of songs I've purchased
over my years as a KJ, and then I
went to the trouble to buy NEW
songs and neglected to add them to
my database?

PATRON
(confused)
Yeah?

ADAM
(sighing)
Hold on...

Adam stands in front of his computer and stares blankly at
the screen, clearly not looking for anything at all.

ADAM
Sorry guy, don't got it.

PATRON
(yelling)
Well fuck you then!

The drunk patron stumbles away and out of the bar, bumping
into Ralph making him spill drinks all over himself. A few
glasses break and he aggrovatedly begins cleaning up. Adam
gets a big smile on his face and gets up on the mic.

ADAM
(announcer voice)
Alllllright Everybody! Who's ready
for a kick-ass Karaoke night!? I
know Ralph is!

(CONTINUED)

Adam points at Ralph who is cleaning up glass and beer off the floor. Ralph flips him off.

ADAM

You know how it works folks! Find a song in the book write it down and bring it up to get your name on the list!

Adam mixes back over to filler music and looks down. He sees the Karaoke tracks to Frozen on the list on J.R.'s computer. A smile comes to his face.

INT. THE PARAGON BAR - 11:30PM

J.R. walks into The Paragon just as a singer starts to sing American Pie. Adam gets off stage and greets J.R.

J.R.

Dude, sorry I'm late.

ADAM

(confident)

No worries brother, I got this!

J.R.

How's it been?

Adam starts laughing and he pulls J.R. Outside for a smoke.

EXT. THE PARAGON BAR - PARKING LOT - 11:30PM

Adam and J.R. walk on to the patio. They light up cigarettes and start talking.

ADAM

(laughing)

You fucking missed it man!

J.R.

What?

ADAM

Some asshole wanted a song we "Didn't have" and knocked over Ralph while he was storming out. It was fucking great!

J.R.

Fuck! Really?? That's great!

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Yep.

J.R. looks around and pulls out his wallet.

J.R.

What do I owe ya?

ADAM

(laughing)

Your life!

Adam starts laughing

ADAM

Na, You're good. Gimme 20 bucks and I'll see ya tonight. Don't forget that you're buying me food tonight! Though I suppose we will cross that bridge when we get there.

J.R. pulls a 20\$ bill out of his wallet and hands it to Adam.

J.R.

Seriously man, thanks. You run up a tab in there? You seem too happy to be sober.

ADAM

Na, I've been flasking it. I'm not looking to have Ralph come down on me. I BYOB.

J.R.

What are you gonna do for the rest of the night?

ADAM

Lawrence wanted me to swing by his show, but I'm not sure that I have a "Bad Larry" session in me so I might just try and salvage what's left of my "Friday night off".

J.R.

Yeah, I love Lawrence but god... All the strobe lights and fog machines... It's just so douchey...

ADAM

(laughing)

No, no man! It's "Bad"!

(CONTINUED)

They both start laughing. Ralph comes outside and looks at Adam and J.R.

RALPH

(sarcastically)

Oh hey there J.R.! Finally decided to show up? I'm glad we could accommodate you and your busy schedule. And Adam, hard at work as usual I see?

ADAM

(sarcastically)

Now Ralph, we agreed that while people were singing, that would be "My time". You're gonna have to wait for me to finish "my time", and yell at me on your time...

RALPH

So which one of you shit bags are planning on finishing out the night?

J.R.

That would be me.

Adam fists bumps J.R. and heads to his car.

J.R.

(to adam)

Thanks man!

Adam leaves. Ralph angrily looks at J.R.

RALPH

Well!? Get in there!

J.R.

(laughing)

Hey Ralph, I heard you took kind of a spill in there. You planning on taking that out of my pay too?

RALPH

Fuck off!

J.R.

Fuck you!

Ralph storms back inside the bar. J.R. finishes his cigarette and heads inside. After a moment he can be heard over the microphone.

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
(from inside the bar)
Alllllright Everybody we got Dave
coming up next, Dave everyone!

INT. ADAM'S CAR - 11:45PM

Adam is driving away from The Paragon. He calls Lawrence from his phone.

LAWRENCE
(on his cell phone)
Hey there buddy what's up?

ADAM
Hey man, I think I'm just gonna
call it a night until I meet up
with you all at the diner. Working
for J.R. really took it out of me.

LAWRENCE
No worries, The Paragon gets crazy
on Friday's. See you tonight! I'll
be there with bells on.

ADAM
(sighing)
Goodbye Lawrence...

Adam hangs up the phone slightly irritated.

ADAM
Why do I even...

Adam's Phone rings. It's Trisha.

ADAM
Hello?

TRISHA
(On phone)
Adam!

ADAM
Hey Trish, what's up?

TRISHA
Are you working right now?

ADAM
No actually. I just finished
covering for J.R., I was supposed
to have the night off tonight...

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Great! Listen, I need a favor...

ADAM

(sighing)

Jesus Christ... Is it so much to ask for a night off... What's going on?

TRISHA

So one of my mics broke mid show and I forgot to bring a backup. Is there any way you could grab one of yours and bring it to me? It'll really help me out. There are like a shit ton of duets tonight. Please! I'll be your best friend!

ADAM

How did you break a mic mid show?

TRISHA

Not so much "Broke"... More like "Guy sang a depressing song and dropped into his beer as he stumbled away".

ADAM

(laughing)

Fine... Gimme a bit ill get there as soon as I can.

Adam hangs up the phone and lights a cigarette.

INT. LAST CALL - 12:15

Adam walks into The Last Call with one of his spare mics. Trisha is on stage mixing the music. She waves to Adam. There are two shots on the table next to her equipment. As Adam walks over to her, Trisha picks up a shot and hands it to him.

ADAM

This is an acceptable form of payment.

He holds up his glass for a cheers.

TRISHA

(releived)

Thank god, you're a lifesaver. All of these couples are champing at the bit for a chance to butcher a song.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
How many people signed up for
Summer Lovin or Picture?

TRISHA
(laughing)
My list is pretty much only songs
like that.

Trisha cheers Adam and they both take their shots.

TRISHA
Good god! I needed that more than
Larry needs to get laid.

ADAM
(jokingly)
You might be an alcoholic...

TRISHA
(smiling)
Nope, Alcoholics go to meetings.

Trisha and Adam both laugh. A DRUNKEN PATRON walks up to the stage and interrupts them.

DRUNKEN PATRON
(angry)
When the fuck am I up? My
girlfriend and I have been waiting
for like, ever.

The Drunken Patron gestures over to a very homely looking girl, half passed out in a booth. Adam looks at her.

ADAM
Girlfriend huh...

TRISHA
(stern)
You're lucky I didn't have you
kicked out! You're the reason we
only had one mic the whole night.
Now go take your sad, drunken ass
back to the troll you brought in
here and try not to fuck anything
else up on your way.

The Drunken Patron looks shocked and begrudgingly stumbles away. He knocks over a chair on the way back to the booth and amusingly tries to pick it up. He gives up shortly after and goes back to his booth.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
(to the drunken patron)
Yeah mother fucker!

Adam turns back to Trisha.

ADAM
(to Trisha)
Troll? That's a little harsh, don't
ya think?

TRISHA
(laughing)
Maybe... But that guy cost me
money. And you know, Mama loves her
money!

ADAM
Oh, I know. Listen, I'm heading
out. I could still try and catch a
little downtime before The Late
Knight tonight.

TRISHA
You have like 2 hours. Why not just
hang out here and keep me company
until I'm done and we can head
there together?

ADAM
(laughing)
The last thing I need right now, is
a bunch of drunks singing love
songs. I'll see you in a bit.

TRISHA
(joking)
But Adam, who is gonna sing I Got
You Babe with me?

Adam starts walking away.

ADAM
Goodbye Trisha...

Adam walks out of the bar. Trisha smiles and goes back to
running karaoke.

INT. ADAM'S CAR - 12:50

Adam is driving home when his phone rings. It's Doug, he answers the phone. Music can be heard on Doug's end of the phone call.

ADAM
Hey Doug, what's up man?

DOUG
(on phone)
Hey brotha, you home?

ADAM
Heading there now, finally. Why?

DOUG
Yo man, I need you to do me a huge favor!

ADAM
(sighing)
Et Tu Douggie?

DOUG
I left my wallet on the table at home, can you get it and bring it to me at the diner tonight? You are coming out tonight right?

ADAM
Yeah man, I'll take care of it. See you tonight.

Adam hangs up the phone and lights up a cigarette.

ADAM
(to himself)
At least I don't have to go out of my way for this one...

INT. THE LATE KNIGHT - 2:30AM

Doug is sitting with Lawrence at their regular booth.

LAWRENCE
Dr. Pepper had to go to medical school for eight years! That's real work!

DOUG
Okay, but Sargent Pepper is military trained. Basic training,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOUG (cont'd)
special skills, He was in the
field, not reading a book.

LAWRENCE
But when Sargent Pepper gets shot,
who has to patch him up? That's
right Dr. Pepper.

DOUG
They never even tell you his
specialty, he could have just
gotten his PHD in history or
something.

LAWRENCE
And what's it take to be a Sargent?
Spend enough time in the military,
anyone can become Sargent...

Adam walks into The Late Knight and over to the table,
overhearing their conversation.

DOUG
(to Adam)
Adam! Sargent Pepper or Dr. Pepper?

ADAM
In terms of rank or relevancy?

DOUG
Both.

ADAM
Doctor.

DOUG
(confused)
How are we roommates!?

ADAM
Here's your wallet... By the way,
it was absolutely not on the table,
I tossed our whole place looking
for it.

DOUG
(laughing)
You know the funny thing man? I
totally forgot to text you, but I
ended up getting pretty good tips
tonight so I didn't even really
need it!

(CONTINUED)

Adam sits down and punches Doug in the shoulder.

LAWRENCE

Hey Adam! How was your night off?

ADAM

Fuck you Larry!

Trisha Walks into the bar and waves to everyone as she walks to the booth. Lawrence gets up to hug Trisha but she doesn't notice and sits down. Doug stands to give Lawrence a hug.

DOUG

I got you brother!

Doug hugs Lawrence who awkwardly receives it. They all sit.

LAWRENCE

(uncomfortable)

Th... Thanks Doug. Hi Trisha!

TRISHA

(sighing)

Hello Lawrence. Adam, did you enjoy the rest of your night?

ADAM

Hardly.

TRISHA

Aww, why not? I thought you were gonna veg out.

Adam points at Doug.

ADAM

This mother fucker calls me after I left your bar and has me search our entire apartment for a wallet that he had the whole time!

DOUG

(chuckling)

Sorry man... I was a little lit.

TRISHA

So you ended up working a full night anyway huh.

ADAM

It's all good. Just happy to be among friends.

Lawrence looks around.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

Where's J.R.?

ADAM

Probably just taking his time.
Having to work his shitty job all
day, just to have to work karaoke
right after. That sucks. I don't
think I could work at a call center
man. That sounds mind numbingly
awful.

DOUG

At least he has a day job!

ADAM

(laughing)

Fuck off Doug!

TRISHA

You should try working a day job
sometime Adam. It's how most of us
get by.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, get a job Adam!

ADAM

(laughing)

Hey dickbags, do my bills get paid?
Mostly... So back the fuck off...

TRISHA

(to Lawrence)

Sorry, all of us can't be
prestigious sub shop employees
Larry. Besides, Adam makes about
the same as you just KJing, and the
best part is he doesn't reek of
pickles and sandwich meat at the
end of the day.

LAWRENCE

How did this turn on me?

DOUG

Don't jump in the water if you
can't swim mother fucker.

Everyone talks among themselves when J.R. walks into the
diner. He looks irritated but happy to see everyone. He
walks over to the table.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE
(looking at J.R.)
Finally! Took you long enough!

J.R.
Not as long as you take putting on
that make-up you wear!

TRISHA
(Laughing)
Sometimes we call you "Bad Mary",
behind your back.

LAWRENCE
Come on guys! I told you that I get
a lot of pics taken when I'm
working and the make-up helps my
skin look pure and clean.

Everyone looks at each other and then laughs out loud.

LAWRENCE
When are you all gonna lighten up
on me?

ADAM
Maybe when your the one that brings
the liquor?

Adam pulls out a flask of whisky and begins spreading it
around the group. Fiona comes over to take the groups order.
She has a tray with a drink on it.

FIONA
Are we having a liquid late night
dinner tonight guys?

Adam quickly puts the flask away.

ADAM
Hi Fiona! How... How are you? By
the way you look great tonight.
Have you been working out?

FIONA
Not that it's any of your goddamn
business Adam, but yes. And you're
acting like I don't notice you guys
are always bringing in liquor after
hours. You know I can smell whiskey
from a mile away.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
(hand on his heart)
A woman after my own heart.

Fiona takes the drink from the tray and walks over to Adam.
She presents it looking for a top off.

ADAM
Oh! A woman truly after my own
heart.

Adam pours some whisky in. Fiona shakes the glass indicating
it wasn't enough. He pours more in and puts the flask away.

FIONA
Thank you! You think I could do
these overnight shifts without a
little help from my friends?

DOUG
Ha! And by your friends you mean
Jim, Jack and Johnny right?

FIONA
(smiling)
And of course my dear Old Grandad.

Everyone laughs out loud. Fiona pulls out a notepad.

FIONA
You all need anything?

Everyone shakes their heads no except for Adam.

ADAM
(excited)
A cheeseburger for me! On J.R.'s
tab, thank you very much!

Fiona looks at J.R. for confirmation and he nods. She walks
back to the kitchen. Everyone gives Adam a "What the fuck
look"

J.R.
Calm down everyone. I owe him. He
really helped out covering for me
tonight.

J.R. pats Adam on the back.

J.R.
Fucking Ralph had a field day
giving me shit for the rest of the
night after you left.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
Fucking Ralph.

TRISHA
Well done Adam! You're a good guy
you know that?

Trisha hits Adam with her elbow.

DOUG
Deep down...

TRISHA
(laughing)
Deep deep down!

LAWRENCE
(excited)
Downtown!

ADAM
(head in hand)
Larry... Just stop...

Adam takes a big drink from his glass.

DOUG
Well, not that anyone asked, but I
had a very smooth night tonight.

ADAM
You getting those digits?

DOUG
You know it!

LAWRENCE
(uncomfortable)
I got some numbers tonight too...

TRISHA
You know ordering a number 4 at
McDonalds isn't the same thing as
getting a girls phone number,
right?

Everyone laughs.

DOUG
Burn!

J.R.
Fuck Trisha, thats cold.

Doug and J.R. applaud Trisha. Trisha pats Lawrence on the back.

TRISHA
It's all in good fun Lawrence, you
know we all love you.

ADAM
(jokingly)
Do we though?

DOUG
Yeah I guess so...

Everyone laughs and talks among themselves about their various evenings until one by one they leave the diner.

EXT. J.R.'S APARTMENT - 4:05AM

J.R. is seen getting out of his car and walking up the stairs to his apartment. He is smoking a cigarette and rifling through his pockets looking for his keys. He finds them and puts them in the door. He shakes his head.

J.R.
(dejected)
Jesus fucking christ...

J.R. opens his door. Takes a last drag of his cigarette and flicks it away. He goes inside and the door closes behind him.