

KJ's

Track 3

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INT. J.R.'S APARTMENT - DAY

J.R. is sitting on his couch smoking a cigarette in the dark. There is an ashtray full of cigarette butts right next to him and a half bottle of whisky. The TV is on but J.R. is barely watching. There's a knock at the door, J.R. mumbles something and the door opens, it's ADAM.

ADAM

Hey... J.R.... How you doing pal.

J.R.

You know, just questioning my life decisions... Oh you know, and hating life in general.

ADAM

Yeah, I can see that... I don't remember you smoking in your apartment before...

J.R.

What do I care? It's not like I'm gonna get my security deposit back anyway.

J.R. gestures over to a hole in the wall that he clearly punched in anger.

ADAM

Right...

Adam light's up a cigarette.

J.R.

You know man, I work at that shit hole office, with all of those shit hole people, so I can pretend to enjoy working at all of these shit hole bars filled with MORE shit hole people, all for Karaoke...

ADAM

Jeez J.R., tell me how you really feel.

J.R.

Most of the singers are just drunken ass hole douche bags who don't even tip!

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

I hear ya brother but...

J.R.

(interrupting)

You know, I've worked at The Paragon for 4 years and I've never cleared more than 100\$ in tips? I bust my ass for these people and they don't even give a shit!

ADAM

(consoling)

Come on J.R., everyone loves you. You know that they have a shit ton of options for Karaoke but they go to you! They know how hard you work, they're just fucking cheap...

J.R.

Yeah well, loving me doesn't pay my fucking rent dude, it doesn't put food in my fridge, and it certainly won't buy me new equipment! How the fuck am I gonna rebuild my setup?

J.R. ashes out his cigarette and lights up another one. He takes a drink from the whiskey bottle and offers it to Adam. He grabs it, takes a swig and hands it back.

ADAM

Well as much as I love dark, brooding, no fucks to give J.R., I just popped in to give you my back-up equipment so you can get back to work. It's not quite professional; grade, but it'll keep you going until can replace it with better stuff.

J.R.

(depressed)

What's the point man, I don't even have any tracks! My laptop had everything on it.

ADAM

This is all I have for you buddy... Make some calls or something. Doug spent the morning making the track list for the wedding you're doing tomorrow. Now go out and bust your ass until you figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

Adam tosses over a thumb drive to J.R.

J.R.
You're right man. I just needed a bit to let it all sink in. I gotta get my shit together. I'll figure it out.

ADAM
Maybe we can do a go-fund-me? Or a fund raiser at The Paragon?

J.R.
Yeah I was thinking about that.

J.R. reaches his hand out for Adam to help him up. Adam grabs his hand, pulls him up and gives him a hug.

ADAM
You got this brother!

J.R.
Thanks man!

Adam heads out of J.R.'s apartment. J.R. looks around. He walks over to the window and pulls the curtains open. The light from outside reveals the smoke that is filling his apartment.

J.R.
Jesus! I really let myself go for a minute there... Time to get back in the game!

J.R. looks around and pulls out a small bag of cocaine. He puts a little on his hand and does a bump. He stands up straight and begins cleaning the house.

INT. ADAM AND DOUG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Adam walks into the apartment. DOUG is sitting on the couch watching TV. Adam goes to get a drink from the kitchen. He pulls a water out of the mini fridge and sighs.

ADAM
Thank god today is the day!

DOUG
Yeah man, that fridge can't come fast enough! How's J.R.?

Adam walks over to the couch and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Damn man, you smell like a goddamn ash tray.

ADAM

Yeah... J.R. is having a day. I think he's gonna be fine.

DOUG

It sucks man, but if anyone can figure it out, J.R. can.

ADAM

Yeah.

Adam turns on the playstation and starts playing a game.

ADAM

Did they call?

DOUG

Not yet.

ADAM

That's weird, they sent me a delivery confirmation in my email...

DOUG

Really? I didn't get a call or anything.

Adam pauses his game, gets up and walks to the door.

ADAM

Maybe they knocked and you didn't hear it?

DOUG

I doubt it, check for one of those notes they leave if you're not around.

ADAM

Yeah... I didn't see one when I walked in... But couldn't hurt to investigate right?

Adam opens the door and sees a large brown box sitting out a little bit down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
Anything out there?

ADAM
Ummm... Doug?

DOUG
Sup dude?

ADAM
Did you notice a refrigerator
shaped box in the hallway?

DOUG
I did see a big box down the hall,
now that you mention it.

Adam walks down the hallway and sees the box has their info
on it but the wrong apartment number.

ADAM
Sweet! this is it! Doug gimme a
hand!

Doug gets up and walks over to the box.

DOUG
I don't think that it's gonna fit
in through the door man.

ADAM
Worst case we take the doors off
and put them back on inside. Let's
do this!

DOUG
Yeah buddy!

Adam and Doug begin unboxing the refrigerator.

EXT. THE PARAGON PARKING LOT - 5PM

J.R. is smoking a cigarette outside on his phone. RALPH
comes outside.

RALPH
J.R. you fucking idiot!

J.R.
Really Ralph? Are we are just gonna
start at this level from now on?

(CONTINUED)

RALPH

(sighing)

No... Sorry man, I heard your shit got stolen and that sucks, I know I give you a lot of shit here but I would never wish something like that on someone.

J.R.

(shocked)

Jesus Ralph, that's like, REALLY nice...

RALPH

Yeah well don't get used to it. I still think the whole karaoke thing is a waste of time. Anyway... Here's that 100\$ I held back from you a couple weeks ago. I hope you can get back on your feet soon.

Ralph hands J.R. a 100\$ bill and J.R. graciously takes it.

J.R.

You have no idea how much this means man. Thank you!

RALPH

Whatever... What are you doing here anyway? Don't you bother someone else on Saturdays?

J.R.

I'm meeting an old friend who used to be a KJ here. I need to borrow a laptop before I can actually start working again.

RALPH

(scoffing)

Working... right... Don't expect free drinks for this little meeting of the minds alright?

J.R.

Don't worry about it Ralph... I've got 100\$ now you know!

RALPH

(irritated)

If you use that... Fuck it! See you next week!

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
Thanks Ralph...

Ralph scoffs and walks back into The Paragon. Just then, a sedan pulls up and parks next to the patio. KEVIN gets out of the car and walks over to J.R. he shakes his hand and J.R. pulls in for a hug.

KEVIN
J.R.! Long time no see man!

J.R.
Kevin, you are a fucking life saver.

KEVIN
You're damn right I am! Drink?

J.R.
There is nothing I would like more my friend.

KEVIN
Sweet, first round's on me!

J.R.
(under his breath)
They are all probably have to be on you...

J.R. and Kevin walk into The Paragon and the door closes behind them.

INT. ADAM AND DOUG'S APARTMENT - 7:00PM

Adam and Doug are seen still trying to get the refrigerator in their apartment. The doors are off but it is still not fitting. Doug sits down against the wall and takes a break.

DOUG
(out of breath)
Shit Adam... That thing ain't coming in. We gotta return it and get a smaller one.

ADAM
(also out of breath)
Come on man. We just need to think outside the box! We gotta figure this thing out.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Na man. I gotta get ready for Ireland's Landing karaoke tonight and I'm not gonna pick up any ladies sweating like a pig.

ADAM

Alright, you go get ready. I'll figure something out... I'll call the store. They fucked up big time just leaving it here in the first place so maybe they have a solution.

DOUG

Cool, I'm gonna take a shower.

ADAM

Nice.

Doug gets up and walks out of the room into the bathroom and shuts the door. Adam squeezes by the fridge and goes to sit on the couch. He pulls out his phone and dials the store's customer service line. He is immediately put on hold.

INT. THE PARAGON - 7:30PM

Kevin and J.R. are sitting at a hightop bar table drinking whiskey. A few empty beer and shot glasses are still on the table. They are laughing.

J.R.

So this douche bag is cupping the mic, like fully covering it, over modulated as fuck, screaming some metal song, impossible to understand because of how he is holding the mic. All of a sudden his mic cuts out. He starts screaming at me! He thinks that because I told him not to cup the mic that I turned him off.

KEVIN

(laughing)

Well? Did you!?

J.R.

Fuck no, I wanted to, but fate had other plans.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Oh yeah?

J.R.

He starts screaming at me, really laying into me, making fun of me and just not stopping. So I wait for him to finish, I am super calm.

KEVIN

Yeah?

J.R.

I point to his mic. The cord is disconnected. While he was having a seizure head banging to whatever garbage song it was, the asshole stepped on the cord and pulled the cable out.

KEVIN

(laughing)

Shut the fuck up!

J.R.

Seriously.

KEVIN

What did he do once you showed him?

J.R.

He actually got even more angry, believe it or not. Started screaming more shit at me and then stormed off. He didn't even pay his tab.

KEVIN

That's great man...

They both take a shot.

KEVIN

You know J.R., sometimes I miss the old days. I was a good KJ.

J.R.

You were man. You really were.

KEVIN

Yeah, but it just doesn't mix with family life man. The wife and kids don't really mesh well with an active night life.

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
Yeah man. I get it. But really,
thank you again for lending me your
laptop.

Kevin pulls out a laptop bag and hands it over to J.R. He
puts it over his shoulder.

KEVIN
Well I wasn't using it anymore and
remember, if anyone asks, I sold
you the tracks. You and I don't
need the auditors breathing down
our necks.

J.R.
Don't worry man I get it. I only
need it till I can make enough cash
to start over.

KEVIN
(laughing)
Then I don't expect it to come back
to me anytime soon.

J.R.
Fuck you Kevin.

J.R. reaches out to Kevin, shakes his hand and pulls it into
a hug.

J.R.
I gotta get going man, I need to
test run this with my equipment so
I can make sure I am good to go for
the wedding I am doing tomorrow.
That is gonna help out a shit ton.

Kevin looks J.R. in the eye.

KEVIN
Good luck man... Seriously, keep
your head up. You were made for
this business brother.

J.R.
(laughing)
I'm not sure wether that is a
compliment or an insult.

KEVIN
Any way you want it. That's the way
you need it...

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
Fucking christ Kev...

KEVIN
The KJ humor never goes away.

J.R.
That's why we were all so glad when
you finally did!

KEVIN
Haha... Again, keep your head up.

Kevin and J.R. both get up. Kevin drops 100\$ on the table and gestures that he is paying. J.R. pats him on the shoulder and heads out.

INT. ADAM AND DOUG'S APARTMENT - 2:30AM

Doug walks by the refrigerator that is still in the hallway as he is coming home from work. The doors are back on and it clearly isn't going anywhere. Adam is sitting on the couch watching TV.

DOUG
(confused)
I take it, you didn't get very far
with customer service.

Adam turns around on the couch. He seems oddly satisfied.

ADAM
(smiling)
You are right about that sir,
customer service was very little
help. Why don't you grab us a beer
out of Hall Fridge and sit with me.
I'll tell you a tale.

Doug turns around and through their open apartment door he looks at the fridge. He notices a sign on it that says:

"Property of Apartment 42. If you take anything, please replenish. Please don't take our beer."

Doug cracks a smile, opens up the door and sees it is stocked full of beer and condiments. No real food to be seen.

DOUG
Hall Fridge... I like it.

Doug grabs two beers, closes the door and joins Adam on the couch. He hands Adam a beer.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
so, what happened man?

ADAM
Well Doug... A few things. First off, I was on hold with their customer service for about two hours.

DOUG
Wow... Continue.

ADAM
When someone finally answered, I asked them why they would just leave a refrigerator in a hallway without contacting anyone.

DOUG
What did they say?

ADAM
They didn't really have a response to that... She just asked me if the question I asked was in fact the question that i was calling about.

DOUG
Fucking customer service...

Doug sips his beer.

ADAM
So, I pushed by that, as it was a non-issue due to the fact that the fridge is in our hallway and there's no sense in arguing that with anyone.

DOUG
As you do.

ADAM
Then, I asked if they had any tips into getting this particular model into what I believe to be a standard sized doorway.

DOUG
Right.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

They responded with what seemed to be a well rehearsed response of, "Sir, that is actually a manufacturer defect with this particular brand".

DOUG

(shocked)

Being too big is a manufacturer defect?

ADAM

Doug, it would appear so. But, that's not the end of it.

DOUG

Continue!

ADAM

I then asked about their return policy.

DOUG

Right, because clearly we need a fridge that will actually fit in the door.

ADAM

Correct!

DOUG

And?

ADAM

Well, by opening it, we violated their return policy. But, they said if we go through the manufacturers warranty, which I bought, The Manufacturer will provide us with a standard sized model.

DOUG

How nice of them!

ADAM

But... In removing the doors to try and get it into the apartment... We violated the manufacturer warranty.

DOUG

Well of course...

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

The manufacturer said that there were a surprising amount of people who violate the manufacturer warrantee in this same way, which is strange because the warranty is really worth the money to get.

DOUG

So, it would seem that you exhausted all options on this little project.

ADAM

Correct. Then I had a few drinks.

DOUG

And?

ADAM

Hall Fridge.

DOUG

Hall Fridge!

They both cheer their beers, drink and laugh.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APT - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

Lawrence's apartment is littered with beer and liquor containers. LAWRENCE is passed out in bed, next to him is a woman whose head is covered but her butt and legs are exposed.

LAWRENCE

(groggy)

Ugh... What happened last night?

Lawrence sleepily stumbles over to his bathroom and takes some Advil. He looks at himself in the mirror and in the reflection he sees the woman's legs poking out of the sheets.

LAWRENCE

(whispering)

Awww yeah... Bad Larry, you so bad!

Lawrence quickly opens the medicine cabinet. He grabs a little cologne and splashes it on. He then sneaks back into bed trying not to disturb her. He looks at the clock and sees it's 11:28AM. He puts his arm around her and snuggles close.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE
(trying to be smooth)
Good morning darlin. You ready for
another dose of Bad Larry?

He pulls the woman closer to him and pulls down the sheet.
He sees now that the woman is TRISHA. He jumps out of bed,
takes a quick peek under the covers one more time, and then
starts freaking out.

LAWRENCE
(freaking out)
Holy shit, holy shit! What the FUCK
happened last night! Trisha, wake
up!

Trisha starts stirring and moans. She sits up and notices
she is at Lawrence's apartment. She looks under the sheet
and realizes she is naked. She jumps up holding the sheet to
cover her.

TRISHA
(freaking out)
Fuck! Larry! what the fuck! What
the fuck am I doing here!?

Trisha is freaking out and notices that Lawrence is standing
there naked. She looks up at the ceiling and gestures to
Lawrence's nakedness. Lawrence looks down, sees he is naked
and jumps into the bathroom grabbing a towel to wrap around
himself.

LAWRENCE
Shit! Fuck! I don't know Trisha!
Last thing I remember is being at
The Late Knight! Look, let's just
calm down and figure this out.

TRISHA
It's kinda hard to calm down in
this situation Lawrence! Jesus,
what the fuck did we do?

LAWRENCE
I... I have no idea...

TRISHA
(shuddering)
This can't be happening. I can't
believe I fucked Bad Larry...

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

(defensive)

Hey there Trisha. Why don't you get of your high fucking horse there for a second. I've seen some of the guys you've been with in the past and I am pretty sure I am a step above at least some of them!

TRISHA

(embarrassed)

Fuck you Lawrence!

LAWRENCE

(self sure)

Uh... You already did...

TRISHA

(shuddering)

Ugh... Don't remind me.

Trisha holds the sheet with one hand and grabs her clothes off the floor with the other. She goes into the bathroom and shuts the door behind her. Lawrence goes up to the door to talk to her.

LAWRENCE

(reassuring)

Look. It was a drunken mistake. We BOTH clearly had way too much to drink and stuff happened.

TRISHA

(through the door)

Yeah... No shit!

Trisha can be heard through the door crying.

LAWRENCE

Trish... You okay?

TRISHA

No I am not O-fucking-kay!

LAWRENCE

Jesus Trish... I feel like you are holding me personally responsible for this. We both made a mistake here you know!

TRISHA

(sobbing)

Listen, I just started dating this really great guy and I really like
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA (cont'd)
him! Now I threw it all away for a
drunken hook up with a colleague?
What the fuck was I thinking!?

LAWRENCE
(offended)
First off, colleague? Ouch! I would
like to think that we are friends!

TRISHA
(sobbing but lets out a laugh)
I'm sorry Larry, you know what I
meant.

The bathroom door opens slowly and Trisha peeks out. She
sees that Lawrence is still naked.

TRISHA
Fuck Lawrence, can you put on some
clothes!?

Lawrence notices his nakedness again and rushes to his
dresser and puts on some pants and a shirt quickly.

LAWRENCE
Sorry. And second off, we clearly
didn't intend for this to happen.
It just sort of... did... I guess.
I had no idea you were with
someone. I just figured that since
you were the only one around to
help me celebrate my new Saturday
night gig at Last Call, that after
late night grub we would keep the
party going. Clearly we just kept
the party going a little to hard. I
can keep it a secret if you can.

TRISHA
(pensive)
I don't think I can. I can't just
pretend that this didn't happen
even though I know how much it's
going to hurt Jake. It's going to
eat away at me. I have to tell him.

LAWRENCE
Alright. I get that. You gotta do
what you gotta do, and if it gets
my ass kicked, then I'll take it.
Because that's what friends are
for!

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Thanks Lawrence, You really are my friend, I hope you know that. I'm just emotionally fucked up right now.

A sound goes off from Trisha's phone in her purse. She rushes over to get it and sees it's Jake.

TRISHA

Well, no time like the present right. I have to get this over with.

She looks around and heads back into the bathroom.

TRISHA

I need to use your shower.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, sure. Go ahead. If you want some company...

Trisha shoots Lawrence a dirty Look.

LAWRENCE

Kidding, I was just kidding.

TRISHA

(smiling)

Asshole! Hey, by the way, did you put on more cologne this morning before you got back into bed?

LAWRENCE

Maybe...

TRISHA

Yeah... Don't do that... It's a real turn off...

LAWRENCE

Noted...

Trisha closes the bathroom door and turns on the shower. Lawrence sits on the edge of his bed and falls backward on it.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NOON

J.R. is standing behind his equipment dressed very nice. He is mixing the music, and looking through his computer for the order of the songs. He looks slightly stressed. The music crackles from time to time and every time it does J.R. winces.

J.R.
(to himself)
Shit... This new equipment is
really... Temperamental...

J.R. is struggling to make sure the sound quality is perfect. He grabs the mic as the song that is on ends and makes an announcement.

J.R.
Alllllright! Now that the bride and
groom's first dance is over, its
time for the Father Daughter dance!
Get on up there you two!

J.R. changes the song and puts down the mic. It's playing a little grainy but it seems to be working well enough. The GROOM walks over to J.R.'s station very irritated.

J.R.
(apologetic)
Hey, before you say anything, I get
it. I am working on the quality and
I am really sorry. My equipment got
stolen...

GROOM
(interrupting)
Listen asshole! We are paying you
good money to make our reception
fucking amazing and so far you've
been shit!

J.R.
I know, I'm working on it...

GROOM
While you were emceeing the
ceremony, the mic cut out TWICE
during our vows, the processional
music cut in and out and when we
were walking back down the aisle to
the reception, there was some kind
of feedback on the speakers that
made EVERYONE have to plug their
ears!

(CONTINUED)

J.R. puts his head down and then looks back at the Groom.

J.R.

Look! I am doing my best here!

GROOM

And what's with this music? It definitely not what we asked for. If you had this shit performance at the rehearsal, we would have gone with someone else.

J.R.

(snapping)

Hey! Listen! You guys made me make like 6 different playlists up to and until this morning. Second, I called and TOLD you that my equipment was stolen and I was scrounging together a back up setup!

GROOM

Yeah but...

J.R.

(interrupting)

You AND your then fiancée, both said that it would be fine even after I explained that the sound quality was going to be different!

GROOM

Hey! I...

J.R.

I have bent over fucking backwards to make the best out of the SHIT situation I have been in since my shit got stolen. And you coming over here being a straight up dick to me about shit I flat out told you about is tap dancing on my last fucking nerve. Do you want me to turn off the music, pack up and get the fuck out of here!

GROOM

You can't talk to me...

J.R.

(interrupting)

Do you want me to pack my shit and leave you here without music?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

J.R. (cont'd)
Because you keep talking to me like
I'm not a fucking human being and
I'll make the god dammed decision
for you.

GROOM
(under his breath)
No...

J.R.
I'm sorry what?

GROOM
No!

J.R.
Good.

GROOM
Look man, I'm a little lit so I'm
sorry if I came over here so
aggressively. You are doing a good
job. My wife hasn't even
complained. I just have had so much
stress working out this fucking
wedding, that I lose myself
sometimes.

The Groom puts his hands down on the board and hits the mic
volume. The Father Daughter song is winding down.

GROOM
(over the PA)
It's just that her father has been
an absolute nightmare this entire
time!

J.R.
Hey man, you're on the...

the music stops.

GROOM
(over the PA still)
He has been trying to wedge his fat
ass into our relationship the
entire time we've been together and
he just needs to leave us the fuck
alone!

(CONTINUED)

A loud feedback noise is heard and everyone at the reception stops and looks at the Groom. He turns around in shock, now realizing that he just said that over the PA. He looks back at J.R.

GROOM
(shocked)
What the fuck man!?

J.R.
I tried to tell you...

The father of the bride begins to storm over to the groom. The groom books it out of the reception hall followed shortly by the father of the bride. J.R. takes a moment to watch and looks back at the crowd. He picks up the mic.

J.R.
Alllllright! Wasn't that beautiful folks! Father-Daughter dance... Nothing is more special than that! Now lets get ready for the bouquet toss! It's gonna start in just a moment folks! Until then, keep the party going huh!

J.R. puts on some lively music. Everyone just stands there for a few moments in awkward confusion. J.R. reaches for his pack of cigarettes, puts one in his mouth and walks outside. The people at the reception eventually start dancing.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - AFTERNOON

Trish arrives at the restaurant and is greeted by a WAITRESS. She looks around and sees that JAKE is on the patio section drinking an iced tea. She gestures to the table he is seated at and the Waitress brings Trisha over to the table. She gives Trisha a menu.

WAITRESS
Can I get you something to drink?

TRISHA
(groggy)
A bloody mary, make it extra spicy please.

WAITRESS
Alright then. Are you all set sir?

JAKE
I'll have a refill please.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Great! I'll get right on that for you.

The waitress leaves. Jake looks over at Trisha.

JAKE

(disappointed)

A bloody mary babe? Really?

TRISHA

(defensive)

Look, I'm really hungover. I need something to help me level out.

JAKE

(condescending)

Uh-Oh! Did someone get a little too wasted at their show last night? Again...

TRISHA

(embarrassed)

It wasn't the show much so much, as after the show...

JAKE

You just gotta keep that party going huh?

TRISHA

I didn't plan on it. Lawrence just got a new Saturday night gig so we went to celebrate. The night got away from us.

JAKE

Gotcha...

Trisha looks down in embarrassment.

TRISHA

Look I need to talk to you about something.

JAKE

What a coincidence! I need to talk to you also.

TRISHA

Okay, like I said, I got really wasted last night. Like black-out fucking drunk wasted.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

That's what happens when you're out
super late drinking babe.

Trish shoots a dirty look to Jake.

TRISHA

Anyway... Last night...

The waitress comes over to the table and sets down the
drinks.

WAITRESS

Here are your drinks. Y'all know
what you want or you need a few
minutes.

TRISHA

We will need a few minutes, please.

WAITRESS

Alright, I'll be back in a few
minutes then. If you need anything
else, wave me down!

TRISHA

We will thank you.

The waitress walks away.

TRISHA

So... Again... About last night...
I was super fucking drunk...

JAKE

(interrupting)

Oh Trish. I can't hear this
anymore. I have something you need
to hear.

TRISHA

(frustrated)

Okay, what!?

JAKE

I've met someone...

TRISHA

Excuse me?

JAKE

I've met someone. Look, I like you,
a lot. But I can't do this anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAKE (cont'd)
We're like two ships passing in the night! We have conflicting schedules, making plans is impossible, and I only get to see you sober maybe once a week!

Trisha is astounded.

TRISHA
(shocked)
What the fuck!?

JAKE
I met someone Trish!

At that moment, the waitress walks back to the table. She immediately realizes the situation and slowly moves away from the table.

TRISHA
This is un-fucking-believable!
You've gotta be fucking kidding me!

JAKE
I'm not, Trish. A couple of weeks ago I tried to make plans with you and you shot me down because you were tired. I met up with some friends at a bar, met a girl, and we hit it off. We've actually been seeing each other since then. I think it might go somewhere so I want to give it a fighting chance.

Trisha chugs her bloody mary.

TRISHA
Ok Jake. Well, good luck with your new girl... And the rest of your life!

Trisha gets up.

JAKE
Babe, please don't...

TRISHA
(interrupting)
Don't you DARE call me that anymore!

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Ok Trisha. Look, you need to see this from my perspective. We've been "dating" three months and we have gone on maybe ten dates!

TRISHA

Oh no, I get it. I am too fucking distant and don't make any time for you. I am SO sorry my job requires me to work nights! Not everyone keeps fucking banking hours. But you know what? I'm over it. I'm just fucking numb to it all at this point.

JAKE

I didn't say you were distant!

TRISHA

You know what? I don't give a fuck what you're saying. It all ends at the same place. Enjoy the rest of your fucking life!

JAKE

Trisha. Please, let me talk to you.

Trisha pulls out a bunch of crumpled bills from her pocket and slams them down on the table. She turns to leave and Jake grabs her arm to continue to talk to her. Everyone in the restaurant begins to take notice of the situation.

TRISHA

Take your fucking hands off me!

Jake recoils.

TRISHA

Let me tell you something Jake! I fucked up last night, like, royally! I got blackout drunk and ended up in bed naked with a friend of mine. I had so much guilt and regret this morning that I rushed out to see you as soon as I could to explain. And now, you're telling me that you've been dating someone for the last few weeks!?

JAKE

Wait... What!? You fucked someone last night!?

(CONTINUED)

Trisha looks around and sees everyone at the restaurant is staring at her.

TRISHA

You know what Jake? It's not your fucking problem anymore okay? And if you must know, I don't even regret it anymore. Fuck literally everything about you!

Trisha storms out of the restaurant crying. On the sidewalk outside she pulls out her phone and sends a text to Lawrence.

TRISHA

(texting)

Hey, can you talk?

LAWRENCE

Yeah, what's up?

TRISHA

I'm coming over, I'm bringing whiskey...

LAWRENCE

Sounds good!

Trisha puts her phone away and heads to her car.

INT. THE LATE KNIGHT - 2:35AM - THE NEXT WEEK

The regular table is full of empty drinks. Lawrence and Trisha are sitting with Doug in between them. Adam and J.R. are talking on the other side. Trisha speaks up.

TRISHA

Okay, I got one!

DOUG

(Surprised)

Oh! The lady speaks!

TRISHA

Calm down Doug...

LAWRENCE

(awkwardly)

Oh T... Trisha... Do tell!

Trisha gets slightly embarrassed but shakes it off and begins her story.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

So the other night, at Ireland's Landing. This guy brought in his own music for me to load up and play for him.

ADAM

Jesus...

J.R.

Yeah, I fucking love it when that happens.

TRISHA

Yeah. I told him that's not how karaoke works and he goes "But I need to practice songs for my band!".

DOUG

(laughing)

Even his band doesn't want to practice with him!

Adam High fives Doug. Lawrence puts up his hand and no-one notices. He slowly pushes back his hair instead.

TRISHA

I said I can't load random things on my laptop because if something screws up my system, I'm screwed.

J.R.

(rising his glass)

I know it!

TRISHA

Yeah, he basically told me I didn't know how to do my job and he stormed off.

Everyone laughs.

DOUG

Nice. Gotta love Primodonnas.

Doug looks over to J.R.

DOUG

How did the wedding go with the new equipment J.R.?

(CONTINUED)

J.R.
(sighing)
It went about as well as you'd expect. The groom tried flipping out at me and I wasn't having it.

LAWRENCE
What did you do?

J.R.
I literally told him that if he kept laying into me, I'll fucking leave.

ADAM
That's balls man.

DOUG
Show them your power!

Adam cheers J.R. and Doug.

J.R.
He caught me on an off day.

TRISHA
He caught you on an off life!

Everyone laughs really loud. Fiona comes over to the table.

FIONA
(laughing)
Can you all keep it down? Some of our alcoholic customers are trying to sober up.

J.R.
Alright, I'll try and stop having such a laughable life. No promises though.

FIONA
Please. Thank you.

Fiona laughs and walks back to the wait station.

ADAM
Lawrence! We haven't heard anything from the infallible "Bad Larry" this week, how was your week? You just got a new gig over at Last Call right?

Trisha and Lawrence shoot each other an awkward look.

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE

(studdering)

Uhh... Yeah, that's great. Other than that... My week was... It was good... Great! Fine mostly... Nothing to write home about... nothing weird or anything... Certainly no new news to report you know? Just a bland... Empty... Non sexual... week.

Trisha's face goes bright red. Everyone else at the table is silent and looking around at each other. Finally Adam breaks the silence.

ADAM

Right... Well... We all just assume that every week for you is a "non-sexual" week so that seems like a moot point to bring up.

TRISHA

(laughing awkwardly)

Yeah... Right...

DOUG

Lawrence, that seems like a really strange way to describe your week. You aren't trying to hide something from us are you?

LAWRENCE

(defensive)

What!? No... Not at all. In fact, it was probably the most uneventful week anyone has ever had.

DOUG

Yeah but...

TRISHA

(interrupting)

Doug! Adam! I hear you guys have a refrigerator problem.

DOUG

Well, we wouldn't exactly call it a problem.

ADAM

(to Trisha)

If, by "Refrigerator Problem" You are referring to Hall Fridge, I see no problem!

(CONTINUED)

J.R.

(To Trisha)

The fridge Adam bought didn't fit through the door to their apartment.

DOUG

And we voided the warrantee trying to fit it in.

ADAM

Warrantees are for chumps! Besides, now we have Hall Fridge and the whole floor has been getting use out of it.

DOUG

They've been eating our food.

ADAM

(defensive)

I put a note!

TRISHA

Your neighbors are eating the food out of your fridge?

ADAM

Well, they leave the beer alone at least...

DOUG

For now!

Everyone laughs out loud and Lawrence pulls out a flask.

LAWRENCE

In honor of my great week... Er... New gig, I am providing the booze this week!

TRISHA

(under her breath)

You mean I left it at your place...

J.R.

What was that Trish?

TRISHA

(startled)

Jesus Lawrence, that's a first! You hit the lottery or something?

(CONTINUED)

LAWRENCE
(under his breath)
Something like that...

Trisha and Lawrence both blush. Adam grabs the flask and pours it in everyone's cups. He raises his glass and everyone follows.

ADAM
Well? Lawrence? This is your toast buddy.

LAWRENCE
(nervous)
Uhhh. Right! To the nights we will never remember...

Lawrence looks over at Trisha.

LAWRENCE
And the people we will never forget.

Trisha is the only one who notices. She turns away and takes a drink.

J.R.
Wow Larry, that wasn't bad.

DOUG
I wouldn't be surprised if he got that from a book of quotes or something.

ADAM
Either way, I'm sure it'll be months before he brings the hooch again so he has plenty of time to come up with another good one.

J.R.
Hey Adam, don't be so high and mighty brother, you bring the booze about as often as he does you know...

Everyone laughs and J.R. slaps Adam on the back.

J.R.
But, judging from the quality of your back up equipment, you really need the money huh?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Ha Ha... At least I had a back up
set!

TRISHA

Fair...

DOUG

(laughing)

That's a point for Adam there J.R.,
I gotta jump on that one.

Everyone talks among themselves for a while and everyone starts leaving until it's just Trisha and Lawrence. They sit in silence for a bit, look around and wait until everyone leaves. They exchange a glance, then they both get up and walk out.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APT -4:00AM

Lawrence is sitting in his apartment listening to music. There is a knock at the door. He answers it. It's Trisha holding a bottle of whiskey and sporting an awkward smile. She walks in, kisses Lawrence on the cheek and closes the door behind her.