

ORDINARY PERFECTION

a screenplay

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"With every mistake that we make, the more perfect we become..."

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Clayton, a late twenties male hipster, walks along the night streets of San Francisco's Haight Ashbury carrying a notebook.

JOANNE (V.O.)

I have been haunted by you
throughout my life, intuitively
knowing you exist. You surround me.
This magic between us, what we've
shared in the past, at this present hour,
and what is to come, lies beyond the
boundaries of explanation. I felt so
out of place in this world. So alone in
my perceptions and as I cried, I called
out to you, reaching my wings out into
the universe to find you and feel your
comfort...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

It is dead quiet outside. Robin, an attractive twenty-five year old woman with tattoos, exits Club Deluxe onto the sidewalk out front. She takes out a lighter and tries to light her cigarette. The lighter doesn't work.

ROBIN

Shit.

Clayton casually crosses the street.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Got a match?

Clayton pulls out a matchbook and lights her cigarette.

CLAYTON

Not since Superman

ROBIN

What?

CLAYTON

Not since Superman. A match? Get it?
It's an old joke

ROBIN

Sorry, forgot to laugh. Cigarette?

CLAYTON

Quit. Maybe later.

ROBIN

What's in the notebook?

CLAYTON

Love poems to the world

ROBIN

Scary

Robin lingers. Clayton seems impatient.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

We can smoke inside, right?

ROBIN

I've been indoors all night. What's the rush? It's not a bad night.

CLAYTON

(Sullenly)

Nope, it ain't bad

ROBIN

Oh

CLAYTON

It's still early, isn't it?

ROBIN

Yeah, there's plenty of time

Clayton looks exhausted.

ROBIN

Still?

CLAYTON

It's crazy

ROBIN

It's understandable, given the
circumstances

CLAYTON

God, it's quiet out here.

ROBIN

Always is. This place is like a ghost
town after one a.m.

CLAYTON

I know. I don't get it. Things are just
beginning. Time. I mean, if it weren't
for sleep we probably wouldn't think
of things in terms of days, just time.
Like a continuous line instead of
segments. Lose enough sleep and you
begin to understand this.

Robin leans against the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICTURES OF NIGHTTIME URBAN LANDSCAPE

ROBIN (V.O.)

(dreamily)

Yes, but there is sleep- for most people
at least- except heartbroken types like
you, night watchmen, gas attendants...
Some people are asleep, they have
well adjusted emotional lives, they
wake up at a civilized hour, coffee,
toast, oil the machine. Some people
with T.V.'s. Others smoking pot, some
are making love...

CLAYTON (V.O.)

...Some dangling from a trapeze,
some scribbling with crayons.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

ROBIN

Crayons?

CLAYTON

Others writing poems. Some painting
masterpieces. Ugly Masterpieces

ROBIN

Ugly Masterpieces?

Clayton pulls out a folded piece of paper from his pocket. It is a Picasso painting of a harlequin.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Payaso. Exactly. Like us.
Masterpieces. Ugly masterpieces.

CLAYTON

You're not ugly

ROBIN

Nothing is. God has no qualms, no
opinions whatsoever. You're a
masterpiece...

CLAYTON

Me? Persona non Grata? To who...

ROBIN

Whom... In some ways... So is dear
Nickels, we've decided it. Look.

She points to the moon in the sky.

ROBIN (cont'd)

There's no such thing as a mistake in
an imperfect universe

CLAYTON

Like this?

Clayton holds up his sleeve. There is a thick grass stain on it.

ROBIN

No. That's dirty. How'd you do that?

CLAYTON

I fell off a tree.

ROBIN

A tree?

CLAYTON

and landed on the grass

ROBIN

Did you get hurt?

CLAYTON

An oak tree, I think. No, I'm fine. I
think it cracked my back though, you
know, in a good way.

ROBIN

Like a chiropractor

CLAYTON

Shhhhh....

ROBIN

What?

CLAYTON

Don't let him hear. You know his
doctor dropped him as a baby

ROBIN

Who, Nickels Oh God. You've got to
be careful with that, I heard it can give
you an aneurysm

CLAYTON

I think I already have one

Clayton gazes out blankly. (Pause)

ROBIN

You know. Let me see that again.

She tugs at his shirt

ROBIN (cont'd)

I changed my mind. It's not dirty, it's a
masterpiece. You know, like an
expression of reality.

CLAYTON

And what if I had landed in dog shit?

ROBIN

That'd be different. But still, you can
probably get that stain out, at least
some of it

CLAYTON

Great, I'm in a detergent commercial

ROBIN

You are. This is. This is TV. Real life is the same as TV. It's like that. I've learned this

CLAYTON

An expression of reality? Now what? I don't want to get the stain out. I like it. It has history, character, why wash that out?

ROBIN

Take off your shirt. I'm going to fix it

CLAYTON

Only if you pay me. And tell me I'm dirty again. It makes me feel like a prostitute

ROBIN

Do it bitch

She grinds out her cigarette on the sidewalk with her shoe. Clayton starts to unbutton his shirt as they go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Bar. Glasses of booze, empty booths, umbrella, bathroom, stairs, ashtray, play-doh. Besides Robin, the band, and Clayton, only Nickels, a twenty-six year-old man with clean haircut, inebriated, is there. He is very drunk in a booth. There are small play-doh sculptures on his table. The rest of the bar is empty. However, there are still fresh traces of a busy night- glasses, napkins, etc.

Music by Mimi, a transvestite with funky glasses and bob haircut, is on stage in front of a vintage mic. She provides the sound track, slow and moody. She is joined on stage by her accompanists, an eastern European gypsy man accordion player and an eastern European snare drummer and cymbal player.

Clayton takes off his shirt and hands it to Robin. He is wearing a white undershirt. He sits at the bar and starts writing in his notebook. Robin scrubs the shirt for a minute by the sink.

Phone rings. Robin walks over and picks it up.

ROBIN

Oral sex services. Your application has
been denied.

She hangs up. A moment later, the phone rings again. The song ends. Robin claps.
Mimi smiles at her. Phone rings several times. Robin lifts up the receiver and hangs it up
immediately.

ROBIN (cont'd)

That was beautiful Mimi! Beautiful!
Do you want a drink?

MIMI

Don't mind if I do

NICKELS

(pipes in)

Me too...! Scotch on the rocks!
Johnny Walker Blue!

Mimi motions to the accompanists. The accompanists, on cue, start to play a gypsy
instrumental song. Mimi comes down from the stage. Mimi makes her way into the
booth with Nickels.

ROBIN

(from across the bar)

How about a pink pussy?

MIMI

What?

ROBIN

A pink pussy- fresh squeezed
grapefruit and vodka, a sprig of mint

MIMI

I thought that was a greyhound

ROBIN

Mint in a greyhound?

NICK

Sure, I'll try it!

MIMI

Tempting. But no thanks. Captain
and coke, please.

Phone rings again. Robin picks it up.

ROBIN

Application Denied!

She hangs it up. She mixes Mimi her drink.

MIMI

Hehehe, maybe it's the boss man

ROBIN

Maybe I shouldn't have picked up.
Will you sing another song?

MIMI

Oh yes. What do you think? We need
to help my boy Nickels get some
sleep. But first, Mimi needs to wet her
whistle.

Robin brings the drink to Mimi. Phone rings again. Robin comes back behind the bar, runs her hand on the phone as though about to disconnect it, hesitates, then decisively disconnects it. Clayton notices. He puts down his notebook.

ROBIN

We're safe.

CLAYTON

From what?

ROBIN

Ourselves.

CLAYTON

Ourselves? Saboteurs? The Red Baron? Impossible, I'm already in his sights.

ROBIN

You're in your own sights. However, I always thought I detected a bit of a German accent from you.

CLAYTON

German?

ROBIN

Yeah

The accompanists finish up their song.

CLAYTON

Ich liebe die, die nach dem unmöglichen sich sehnen...

"I love those who yearn for the impossible." Goethe.

ROBIN

Die lüge ist eine lebensbedingung...

"The lie is a condition of life."
Nietzsche.

Robin turns on the radio. Clayton gets up from the bar, he places his notebook on a small table and walks toward the booth with Mimi and Nickels. The accompanists are packing

up their gear. Mimi is in the booth with Nickels hugging him. Nickels is awake but groggy.

MIMI

Nickels, you want to come home with Mimi?

NICKELS

Huh? What am I doing here?

CLAYTON

(walking up)

You're a figment of your own imagination

NICKELS

I'll give you a fig. A figurative phew on you!

CLAYTON

You're a very bad dream, Nickels- And now I'll crush your fig phooey dream world and prune your tinsel twiggy tree, too!!!

NICKELS

Puppet Mouth!!! I'll sever your strings!!!

They playfully leap for each other's throats.

MIMI

Now boys, be nice. Slide over near me and be good. Come give Mimi a hug.

CLAYTON

Mimi, where have you been?

MIMI

Why you no call Mimi? I've been waiting...

CLAYTON

Drugs. Lot's of them. I'm very busy. Been on drugs and other things

NICK

Oh God, it's the big Kahuna!

Nickels assaults Clayton with a play-doh dinosaur.

CLAYTON

What the hell is that? I'll kill you!

Mimi holds Nickels down.

MIMI

Am I going to have to teach you to behave?

CLAYTON

Yes! Teach him!

MIMI

This is the good dinosaur. This is the bad dinosaur.

CLAYTON

Gumby's revenge

Mimi crushes the bad dinosaur with her fist.

NICKELS

Mimi, I'll be good. Are you going to sing another song? I didn't get to hear a song.

ROBIN

Yeah! One more song!

MIMI

Nickels, you heard all the songs, sweetie. They must have appeared to you in a dream. Like a feather drifting in the breeze of your mind.

NICKELS

And I was naked and covered in jojoba oil?

MIMI

Well, I don't know. It may be so. Wait, it seems my entourage is leaving. Mimi can't leave her babies unattended

The accompanists are by the door.

ACCOMPANISTS

(in unison, heavy eastern european accent)

Go ahead. Play one more if you want.

ROBIN

Yea!

Robin turns off the radio.

Accompanists look at Clayton and Nickels with disdain. The accordion player takes a cigarette out and steps outside. The drummer follows obediently.

MIMI

What you do for Mimi? Give Mimi a kiss?

NICKELS

I need a scotch

Nickels gets up to move to the bar. Mimi looks disappointed. Clayton kisses her quickly. Mimi stands up and moves to the piano, sits down, and plucks out a few notes.

MIMI

I don't know what to play

ROBIN

Anything Mimi, whatever you feel

She lightly begins to sing. Nickels circles around and hums along.

It's a short song. Robin and Clayton do a slow, overdramatic, aristocratic dance. Mimi finishes the song but still tinkers on the piano. Clayton and Robin finish their dance. Clayton sits on the piano bench with Mimi and plucks out a couple of notes with her. The four of them are huddled around the piano. Nickels, standing behind Clayton, takes Clayton's neck and starts maneuvering it.

NICKELS

Oh my God, what's going on here?

CLAYTON

Don't!

MIMI

Oh my!

NICKELS

Oh man, you are in trouble here. It's bad. I think it's your atlas. Don't worry. I'll adjust this. This is serious...

CLAYTON

Let go you quack! You can give someone an aneurysm by doing that!

MIMI

Stop! Come home with Mimi,
Nickels. I take care of you.

CLAYTON

My neck is like a porcelain doll, a rare
orchid

ROBIN

(contemplatively)

What does better mean?

NICKELS

I don't know.

(sings)

Ooooooh! I need a scotch

Mimi laughs and plucks out some more notes. Nickels starts to hum with her. Clayton wiggles his pinky at Nickels.

NICKELS

Don't bother me man, I'm making
music. Mimi, you are beautiful.

Mimi starts into an instrumental song as Nickels vocally improvises. Clayton steps to the side of the piano with his scotch. He is daydreaming.

JOANNE (V.O.)

It's not really my style, or my nature to
shut the door completely with
someone I've bonded with. This is the
first time I've ever even considered it.
I'm just... I'm just trying to let you
know how unusual it would be for me
to fully cut someone off for good. I
know it drives you crazy that I am so
suspicious of you now, but from what
I've seen, I really can't help it.

Nickels and Mimi finish their song. Clayton snaps out of it and sips his scotch.

MIMI

Well boys, that's all she wrote for ol'
Mimi. How late you staying here,
anyway?

NICKELS

I don't know. All night? What do you
say?!

MIMI

The time is now. And that time is...

Robin looks at the bar clock.

ROBIN

2:45. Oh wait. That's bar time. It's
only about 2:30.

MIMI

Getting close to bedtime. Time for
some warm milk.

CLAYTON

I don't know. Not long. Maybe for one
more drink...

ROBIN

Don't lie! He wants to watch the
rebroadcast of the late night show...

NICKELS

Oh God, that's right. That's tonight?

CLAYTON

Ugh

NICKELS

I can't believe it. Who would've thought, man. Who could've ever thought this could happen.

MIMI

What happened?

ROBIN

His ex-girlfriend...

MIMI

Oh yes. The song. That's right. I did hear. Whoooo!

ROBIN

Oh!

MIMI

Do you mean you still have it for that woman?

CLAYTON

No, not really

NICKELS

Oh yes. He definitely does. And I'm worried. I ain't never seen anything like it. Mimi, You should see the poor man. A very dark night, he told me everything. And now this? As if it weren't already bad enough. I feel you man. It's big.

CLAYTON

Thanks

MIMI

Oh, oh, oh. Listen, you deserve a sweet woman. A woman that can love you big. Come home with Mimi...

CLAYTON

Really?

NICKELS

Yeah, you do. Get over it, man. She was odd. Joanne was an odd duck.

ROBIN

Hold on, who isn't odd? I'm happy for her. You should be too. Don't all be so bitter. It's incredible...

MIMI

Are you still friends?

CLAYTON

She won't speak a word to me

ROBIN

What?

NICKELS

Sometimes the dove needs to fly away

Nickels sculpts a play-doh dove and pretends to fly it.

CLAYTON

Surprised?

ROBIN

I mean, how bad was it? You're at least in touch, right?

CLAYTON

No.

Robin looks at Clayton critically.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

(Defensively)

It's not my idea, these are her rules.

NICKELS

Perhaps her agent can put in a good word for you. Or we could request an interview

MIMI

I wonder how good they do tonight

CLAYTON

Why?

MIMI

To see how far she can leave you in the dust, boy

CLAYTON

Great. This is such a happy place...

NICKELS

Well, I'm definitely curious. Still, I can't say that I'm happy. No, this is not a happy place. I don't like the song. It's an odd song. She was a little odd herself. I can't believe that they made it onto the late night show. What happened to the great art of song

writing? Dylan, Cohen, Moore,
McCartney-Lennon, Waits,
Nathaniel...

CLAYTON

Do you have any idea how much
money they must be making?

NICKELS

No, none whatsoever. One thousand
shekels a minute?

CLAYTON

Still buy your tighty-whities at the
thrift store?

NICKELS

They're comfortable. And clean. Waste
your money, I'll be wearing your
underwear soon enough...

MIMI

Thrift store?

ROBIN

Probably not that much. They've got to
pay so many people. The record
company, their manager, distributors,
agents, background ho's, designers, the
list goes on. And really, it's only her
first hit so far.

CLAYTON

Yeah, so far. Mimi, I wish it were you

MIMI

Testify!

NICKELS

The music they dredge up is about as deep as...

He turns over his empty glass.

MIMI

(to Clayton)

Are there any other songs about you on the album?

NICKELS

...A piss puddle

CLAYTON

I haven't listened to it

ROBIN

I don't think so. There's a few love songs in there, but they are definitely not about Clayton. They're about some guy she met after walking away from the scum of her former self. I actually love that record. I'm sorry. I didn't want to, but I do. You should listen to it. It's great. And she's huge. Jesus, how is it? A god damn hate song about you reaches the top of the charts.

NICKELS

Serendipity?

MIMI

How does it feel?

NICKELS

Fate?

CLAYTON

Aces. Like a true champ

NICKELS

Any luck with the sleep, ace?

CLAYTON

The sheep? That's your department

NICKELS

Baaaaah, I'm just a farm boy... Hey
what number are you on?

Clayton digs in his pocket and hands Nickels a little ticket of paper with a number on it, the kind that you get at a deli, etc.

NICKELS (cont'd)

41. A prime number.

ROBIN

What the hell is that?

NICKELS

A prime number? A number that can
only be divided by one or itself, in this
case 41.

Clayton pulls out a handful of the papers from his pocket and lays them on the bar.

CLAYTON

Don't ask

MIMI

Confetti? Mexican lottery?

NICKELS

The sad, misguided, fellow grabs one
from the deli every morning where he
gets his coffee. Says he's gonna collect

them until he gets a full night sleep. Is that right?

CLAYTON

More or less

ROBIN

Man, you are in great shape

Accompanists come back into the bar.

ACCOMPANISTS

(in unison)

These ain't the steamy nights of New Orleans

MIMI

Okay, boys. Be good. And remember what Mimi say, it's good to be bad. Mimi will take care of you, when you are ready, just say so

CLAYTON

Thanks Mimi

NICKELS

Bye Mimi

ROBIN

Thanks for playing us some songs

MIMI

My pleasure, Bon Nuit...

Mimi holds up her drink and leaves with it in her hand. Accompanists leave as well. Nickels turns on the radio.

ROBIN

Here

Robin pours a scotch for Clayton and hands him his shirt back. He puts it back on. Nickels notices the stain. She leaves the bottle on the bar.

NICKELS

Did a caribou shit on your arm?

CLAYTON

I was mounting it on a summer meadow, it bucked and tossed me off like a flea at the incredible moment of climax. I tumbled to the ground, though I managed to finish.

NICKELS

On its hooves?

CLAYTON

There's no pillow talk in the great outdoors...

ROBIN

...We all got shit on ourselves in one way or another

NICKELS

Ugh. An animal. A wild moose in the night. Awooooo!

CLAYTON

Like a butterfly caressing the stamen of a rose

ROBIN

The stamen of a skank ho. A big game fucker, now that's what I'd call a deal breaker...

CLAYTON

What? The caribou? Deal breaker.
Ugh, I hate that expression. Joanne
said that. She said after five months
what I did to her was a deal breaker

Nick rolls a cigarette

ROBIN

A caribou!?

NICKELS

Moose hunting?

CLAYTON

Oh yeah, all of Noah's arc.

NICKELS

If you'll please excuse me

ROBIN

(To Clayton)

Sure, you wish. What went down,
anyway?

NICKELS

(from back of room)

She dumped him

ROBIN

Well

CLAYTON

A lot of things. It's complicated...

Robin patiently waits.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

I lied to her, she lied to me, nothing
unusual

ROBIN

This is all very clear

CLAYTON

That's pretty much it

ROBIN

Yeah. Look, I don't really care. I just
thought I'd ask

CLAYTON

I minorly kind of cheated on her and
in a round about way I blamed it on
Nickels

ROBIN

Blamed it on Nickels?

CLAYTON

Yeah, kind of

ROBIN

I feel like there's more to this story

CLAYTON

Nickels wouldn't back up the lie.
(Yells so Nickels can hear)
He let a brother down!
(Normal Volume)
She found out and dumped me on the
spot

Nickels makes his way back from the piano to sit with them.

NICKELS

Tough love, baby. I did you a favor.

ROBIN

Did you come clean?

Nickels is checking out his new underwear.

NICKELS

Always

ROBIN

Not those

CLAYTON

Sort of, but not under ideal
circumstances. Well, not really...
Nickels how are those new undies,
velvet?

ROBIN

Wow, that is inspiring, I didn't realize
you were so insecure or such a liar

CLAYTON

A liar?! So what? I'm an ugly
masterpiece. What we're we just
talking about? Expressions of reality-
We've all got low self esteem, look at
Nickels.

NICKELS

Hey

CLAYTON

So why crucify one another? What right does she have to stop talking to me?

ROBIN

Plenty. Maybe it's self preservation. Maybe you're not as saintly as you'd like to believe. I can understand why she'd be upset

CLAYTON

Excuse me. I've got low self esteem. Sorry. And who said anything about saints?

NICKELS

I've got high self esteem

ROBIN

And I'm sure she does too. In fact, I'm sure her self esteem is at an all time high. Top selling record, TV appearances. Be proud, champ, you're a sleazy muse

CLAYTON

Glad I could confide in you

NICKELS

I thought it was T.V. I can't believe that I'm here. I shouldn't even be watching this program, the song is odd

CLAYTON

Who knows, you may enjoy it

ROBIN

Millions have. This place was packed earlier tonight

CLAYTON

Figures

NICKELS

Forget it man, the song sucks- let's call it a night

CLAYTON

Shit, I can't sleep. Might as well stay awake and act like it's voluntary. I want to watch it. Let me get drunk-

NICKELS

Ok. If that's what you feel like- I feel like it, too. But without the splash of self-loathing. Could be good for a laugh anyways- maybe she'll shit her pants up there

ROBIN

Don't get your hopes up. They rocked.

CLAYTON

This is happiness. Nothing makes me more happy than to see my ex girlfriend become a star. It's only decent. It gives me a little hope

ROBIN

For what?

CLAYTON

I don't know. That Nickels will become a star?

NICKELS

I'll never be your girlfriend

ROBIN

You wish.

NICKELS

Nor your punk...

CLAYTON

To want the best for someone...
Whether we mean it or not. It must be
better. It has to be better than
everything-

NICKELS

Get that from a fortune cookie?

ROBIN

Who? You and her?

CLAYTON

Yes, me and her. You and me. And
everyone else

NICKELS

Fu-Man-Chu

ROBIN

It's beautiful here. Really, how bad
can it be? You dated five lousy
months.

CLAYTON

They weren't lousy

ROBIN

Measly

CLAYTON

Shit

ROBIN

Piddly?

CLAYTON

The great oracle of synonyms

ROBIN

Is that the voice of wanting the best?

NICKELS

She may stink her pants up there

CLAYTON

What would it help?

NICKELS

Maybe it would

CLAYTON

It doesn't matter anymore

NICKELS

Your shit is all gone?

CLAYTON

All my precious shit?

ROBIN

Better than staying full of it

CLAYTON

Or drowning in it.

Clayton pours himself another scotch.

ROBIN

Come on, we love you.

CLAYTON

I know, everyone loves an asshole

ROBIN

I hope she shits her pants

NICKELS

I agree, he is an asshole

CLAYTON

God, I'm never going to get any sleep

NICKELS

The pills don't help?

CLAYTON

Depends

NICKELS

Hey, just don't get hooked

CLAYTON

Hooked? Too late. Four months of popping these things and you get kind of fond of them, you know, attached, familiar

ROBIN

Time waits for nobody

CLAYTON

In fact, I've got to get some more-

NICKELS

You all out?

CLAYTON

Almost. I have my last two right...

Clayton pats his shirt pockets. There is nothing in them.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Shit!

NICKELS

Man...

CLAYTON

No. No way. There's no way.

ROBIN

They've got to be around here
somewhere

Clayton frantically checks his pockets.

CLAYTON

Did someone take them? Christ, I'm
fucked. I can't get an ounce of sleep
without them

ROBIN

Jesus, you need to relax. Drink your
scotch. Drink yourself to sleep like an
ordinary person, forget the pills. Try to
relax a little

CLAYTON

(Mutters)

Shit, shit, shit...

NICKELS

Wait, I think I can get you some more

ROBIN

At three in the morning?

CLAYTON

The tree. I must have lost them by the tree

NICKELS

Tree?

CLAYTON

I was sitting in a tree. I wrote a letter. I don't know. I just saw it there. I climbed it. For once I was in a light mood. I fell down, remember?

Clayton holds up his elbow where the dirt stain is.

NICKELS

The caribou

ROBIN

Maybe it fell out when I washed your shirt

Robin looks near the sink.

CLAYTON

One was blue and the other was white. A valium and an ambien. They were wrapped up in a piece of paper. I should've kept them in my wallet

ROBIN

Don't worry, they're probably around here

NICKELS

Where's the tree?

CLAYTON

There's trees everywhere. In the park

NICKELS

They put the sprinklers on at night. I tried to sleep there once. That's a rude awakening. Your pills could be soaked a thousand miles into the soil by now. Seeping into the aquifer as we speak.

Clayton unloads his pockets: Deli numbers, notebook, velcro wallet, Picasso picture.

NICKELS (cont'd)

Nice wallet

CLAYTON

Thanks

Robin takes the Picasso picture of the harlequin and leans it against a candle.

NICKELS

Ugh! You know I'm coulrophobic!

Nickels turns over the picture

CLAYTON

Damn.

He sits down glumly

NICKELS

I lost my wallet last week; a terrible
feeling. I was alone

In the middle of the freezing night. Miche saved me. She asked me to make love to her
and I did. It took me days to forgive myself.

CLAYTON

Did you have money in there?

NICKELS

No, sperm.

CLAYTON

In the wallet!

NICKELS

Yes. Of course.

Robin gives up looking for the pills.

NICKELS (cont'd)

I should have checked the taxi seat
before I left

ROBIN

Everyone does it. You should never
get worked up about that sort of thing.
In the big picture, it's just a nuisance

NICKELS

Premature ejaculation?

ROBIN

Losing things!

CLAYTON

Still hurts.

ROBIN

God, you could get run down by a bus
at any moment. For God's sake, may
as well drink the 18 year old scotch.
Who knows if there is a tomorrow.

Robin switches bottles to 18 year old scotch.

CLAYTON

But if you don't sleep, you don't wake
up.

ROBIN

And if you don't wake up, you don't
sleep. Like TV

NICK

Ever wear a woman's nightgown
before?

CLAYTON

Oh yeah, every night before I
masturbate. Would you like to come
over and join me this evening?

NICKELS

I'll read you some dirty stories

ROBIN

I wear men's pajamas

CLAYTON

To bed?

ROBIN

Around the house

NICKELS

Women's pajamas are much softer

ROBIN

That's because you get all of your clothes at the Thrift Store, they're already broken in

NICKELS

Sometimes you find some very well known brand names there- Liz Claiborne, Pierre Carden

ROBIN

Even your underwear?

NICKELS

We can't all live in a happy home of old queens, Chileans, and Cambodians at highly discounted rates

CLAYTON

He's Vietnamese. He's a genius. You've seen him dance.

ROBIN

Who? Your roommate, a genius?

CLAYTON

We all are

ROBIN

Vietnamese?

CLAYTON

A genius

ROBIN

True, in our own way, ugly and beautiful.

CLAYTON

If you're authentic to yourself, then you're beautiful. Fuck the world if they can't recognize that

NICKELS

You could get a job writing fortune cookies, you know that? Can I get an amen? A hallelujah?

ROBIN

Ideas are like babies. Ideas are aliens. They come in where there are no windows or doors. Abduction.

CLAYTON

The body is an alien

NICKELS

The body is you

ROBIN

The alien body- erections, ejaculations, tears

NICKELS

It's ugly

ROBIN

Why make it ugly?

CLAYTON

Insomnia is ugly. Christ, where can I get some pills

ROBIN

The corner market, they have sleeping pills, it's 24 hours

CLAYTON

No, they don't. They have sleeping aids, not sleeping pills. Nickels bit into one, it's turquoise blue

NICKELS

Like the Caribbean

CLAYTON

Marilyn Monroe took sleeping pills, not sleeping aids. I need the real shit, something to knock me out cold

NICK

Seeing the dawn is good for you. Like a squirrel or a bird, the harbingers of the day

CLAYTON

How's the pharmacy lately?

NICKELS

Haven't been there since last time

ROBIN

Pharmacy?

CLAYTON

Maybe I could score, maybe some vicodin or some percocet

NICKELS

You may have to lay out something
more than cash- Your dirty doughnut

CLAYTON

A twinkie?

ROBIN

What are you talking about?

CLAYTON

18th Street. A lot of junkies and
queens get their pills there

NICKELS

We tried to get some a few days ago

ROBIN

Any luck?

CLAYTON

No pills. Just some weird conversation
with the trolls lurking about and a
serenade from a runaway

NICKELS

That was you not so long ago

CLAYTON

Still is in most ways

ROBIN

I don't get it, who do you ask?

CLAYTON

The characters that hover around,
shady bastards that look like they just
got off of a Greyhound. You know
who; it's like any doctor's

consultation- Explain your symptoms,
lay out the cash, and fill your
prescription- Xanax, Ritalin, Ativan
you name it

ROBIN

I wouldn't mind a xanax. Might go
well with my vodka

CLAYTON

Sure, if you could buy it

NICKELS

You'd have a hard time buying it

CLAYTON

It's boys town, you know that.

ROBIN

Shit, fuck you fags

NICKELS

It's bad- asking every sketchy queen
on the street for a pill

CLAYTON

And we used to fag for money there

NICKELS

Not me, you. Those were very dark
days

CLAYTON

So, and bright ones, in some ways

ROBIN

Did you ever come close?

CLAYTON

To what?

ROBIN

To crossing the line

CLAYTON

Christ!

NICKELS

I've seen him come close

CLAYTON

Never. No. Not exactly. I let some
guys give me a really long hug.

ROBIN

A hug can be any number of things

NICKELS

It ain't easy living

CLAYTON

Hey! What about Skylark?

NICKELS

Skylark- Now that's a possibility

ROBIN

Nice try. Almonds in Hawaii...

NICKELS

The farm? They were cashews. No,
he's back, my brother saw him

CLAYTON

Give him a call! What time is it?

ROBIN

About 3

CLAYTON

We still have time.

NICKELS

I don't have his number

CLAYTON

He still lives down the block?

NICKELS

Yeah.

CLAYTON

Go to Sky- Get whatever he's got. He gave me a pill once that was for junkies. It knocked me out for twenty straight hours. Fuck, I'd kill for one of those

NICKELS

Wouldn't mind one myself

CLAYTON

And I'm going to run to the park. Maybe there's a chance the pills are there...

ROBIN

You're nuts

CLAYTON

...and get back here without a hitch and, hopefully, each completing our

designated task, we'll reunite in
chemical harmony to witness the
debacle of this profane show

ROBIN

Yes- Man, you are in great shape.

She lights a cigarette.

CLAYTON

It's ugly. Like Picasso

ROBIN

No wonder Joanne dropped you

CLAYTON

Excuse me Mary Magdalene. Shall I
hand you a stone? How artfully you
snark and still manage to make such
fine drinks...

Clayton is buttoning his shirt, grabbing his things and putting them in his pocket. His
hand is shaking.

ROBIN

Fuck off. Jesus, why you shaking like
that? It's like an epileptic fit

CLAYTON

Nerves my dear. Thanks to thy world.
Thanks to thy women. Thanks to thy
memories. (to Nickels), if Skylark
needs any cake, I'll pay you back, but
try to hustle it

ROBIN

Hey

NICKELS

Cool

ROBIN

(louder)

Hey! Fuck You-

She throws her cigarette down.

CLAYTON

I'm going to swing by the pharmacy
on the way to the park and see if any
of those trolls are lurking around.

ROBIN

HEY!!!!

NICKELS

Get me some blues if you can

Robin smashes a glass on the floor

ROBIN

Stop it! You failures! Walk out that
door and I'm locking it. If you hustle
yourselves I'm locking that door for
good. Don't even think about coming
back

Pause. Awkward silence. After a few moments Nickels, somewhat maniacally, starts laughing hard. Clayton joins. Robin, embarrassed, reluctantly starts laughing too.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Jesus

They sit down at the bar.

NICKELS

Life is crazy.

CLAYTON

Why should we be any different? It's
18 year old scotch. Pour it down.

Nick throws back his scotch.

ROBIN

Picasso never did it like this. This ain't
what he meant. This ain't TV

CLAYTON

Picasso

Clayton slugs back his scotch.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

(to Nickels)

Come on

Nickels and Clayton get up to walk out the door. Robin moves to clean up the glass. She
turns back.

ROBIN

Get me a xanax, will you?

Clayton closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

The streets are quiet.

CLAYTON

Hurry up.

NICKELS

Oh wow, a coyote

Clayton pauses. He looks at the bar, at a liquor store, at his hand shaking. Nickels is running madly across the street, giggling. Clayton leans against the wall and pulls out the deli numbers.

JOANNE (V.O.)

I wanted to write you something nice,
something to make up for my outburst
last week. I wrote a little poem while
I was thinking about you. I hope you
don't laugh. Uh-hum, it goes like this,

Clayton starts to count the numbers and crumble them one by one, flicking them.

JOANNE (V.O.) (cont'd)

"There are more than four walls to my
heart...
You find a window and you climb in...
Sit in the center of the beat, you speak
to me...
Your words become my thoughts...
My thoughts become my dreams...
You color my future, gorgeous scenes
to be...
And I'm at peace..."

CLAYTON

One. Two. $57 + 22 = 79$.
 $18 + 33$ is 51. $71 - 49 = 22$

Robin steps out.

ROBIN

You got real far...

She has her cigarettes.

CLAYTON

A little better than nowhere; Can I
have one of those?

ROBIN

I thought you didn't smoke

CLAYTON

I didn't. You have a match?

ROBIN

Not since Wonder Woman

She lights it up. His hand is shaking.

CLAYTON

That old joke?

ROBIN

Almost forgot to laugh

A long pause.

CLAYTON

It ain't right to be such a damn slave.

ROBIN

Hipster slave? Chain-link slave?
Clayton slave? Guppy slave?

CLAYTON

Can we please relax for a second?

ROBIN

You're telling me to relax?

CLAYTON

This is so fucked up. I'm quitting the pills. Enough. Enough riddles, enough insane girlfriends, enough being insane

ROBIN

You're right, those pills will kill you. But now what? Join the illustrious ranks of normal?

CLAYTON

Doesn't seem too bad, in some ways

ROBIN

Maybe I'll come along. I've always wanted to be in a cult

CLAYTON

We could have a kid, find a career, get a car

ROBIN

Lovely mirage

CLAYTON

It can't be so bad. Millions are living it

ROBIN

On T.V.

CLAYTON

I thought everything was T.V.

ROBIN

It is. We're starring in our own screwed up lives, it's prime time

CLAYTON

So what will happen this season?
What will we become?

ROBIN

It's impossible to become anything,
Clayton. Anything besides yourself.
Joanne was born a rock star, you were
born to pop pills

CLAYTON

Maybe I was born to live a normal
life, get myself a wife and home.
Anything wrong with that?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Nickels walks down the block, happy go lucky. He kicks a can, hops on stairs and over a fire hydrant. He finds a rubber lizard on the sidewalk and puts it in his pocket. He comes to Skylark's apartment.

ROBIN (V.O.)

That's the best you can think of? Sad.
Go ahead, Change your clothes.
Change your face. Get a new car.
Become a cockroach or a supermodel.
Will you really be any different?

CUT TO:

EXT: OUTSIDE SKYLARK'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nickels presses buzzer.

NICKELS

Come on, be home...

He presses the buzzer again.

SKYLARK
(Intercom)

Who's there?

NICKELS

Skylark, it's Nickels. Let me in.

SKYLARK
(Intercom)

Nickels, how are you?

NICKELS

Good. Hey Sky, can you let me in?

SKYLARK
(Intercom)

I don't see why not, hmmm

Buzz of the door. Nickels pushes it open.

CUT TO:

EXT CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Robin and Clayton are still talking.

ROBIN

Do you think the Family Circle has it
and you don't?

CLAYTON

Maybe

ROBIN

Beaver?

CLAYTON

I don't know

ROBIN

Look at that

Robin refers to a parking meter out front of Deluxe.

CLAYTON

What? The parking meter?

ROBIN

Close your eyes.

CLAYTON

What?

ROBIN

Come on

Clayton closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL- NIGHT

Skylark, a man of 37, is waiting at the top with his apartment door open.

SKYLARK

Nickels, very good to see you, hmmm.
What brings you here this time of
night, hmmm

NICKELS

Never know what the cat will drag in,
thought I'd say Hi

SKYLARK

Meow. Glad you did, hmmm.

He moves aside for Nickels for to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLARK'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

There's a stereotypically gay looking guy, Allen, 30 years old, on the couch. Allen lustfully eyes Nickels.

SKYLARK

Well Nickels, I'd like to introduce you to Allen. Allen, this is Nickels, hmmm

ALLEN

Indeed

Allen licks his lips in a dirty way.

CUT TO:

EXT CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Robin and Clayton are still talking.

CLAYTON

And?

ROBIN

Imagine the parking meter

CLAYTON

So?

ROBIN

Will you dream about it tonight? Is it a parking meter or something else?

CLAYTON

Christ, I don't know. I'd have to sleep
to dream. It just makes me think of
parking tickets

ROBIN

Only God can save you now, Clayton.
And what you need to do is invent
some new gods.

CLAYTON

(Opens eyes)

No problem. My gods will fill the
world with guacamole and sleep

ROBIN

The universe has no qualms. It doesn't
care if you sleep. It doesn't care if you
eat. Most likely you will starve.
Everyone will, just in their own way

They rest on this thought.

JOANNE (V.O.)

We have everything we could ever
need, Clayton. No matter what
happens, I know we'll always be
together...

CLAYTON

Joanne!!!

Clayton yells in the night. It fades to nothing. Robin looks disgusted. Clayton sees his
reflection in the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLARK'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nickels is eating cashews.

NICKELS

Really, the cashews are good. I mean,
Hawaii sounds really good

Skylark is preparing Nickels a pina colada in the kitchen. He turns on the blender.

SKYLARK

Yes, Hawaii. Spectacular, hmmm.
Cashews. Say Nickels, have you ever
had a pina colada before, hmmm?

NICKELS

I think so

SKYLARK

Give it a try, I think you'll like it.

ALLEN

So Nickels, I don't see any bandanas in
your pocket. What's your preference?
Really. Top? Bottom? Water sports?

SKYLARK

Nickels isn't like that, hmmm. Are
you?

NICKELS

Well

SKYLARK

Other preferences, wouldn't you say?

NICKELS

I got kind of drunk the other night

ALLEN

Here

Allen passes a joint to Nickels

NICKELS

Thanks

Nickels takes a toke.

NICKELS (cont'd)

I was drunk

SKYLARK

I'm listening, hmmm. Take a taste of
this

Skylark joins them in the living space and hands Nickels a warm pina colada.

NICKELS

It's kind of warm

ALLEN

It is

Allen takes off his shirt.

SKYLARK

We're out of ice, hmmm

ALLEN

Why not take off your shirt, Nickels?

NICKELS

No thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Clayton and Robin continue their conversation.

ROBIN

You want to see her succeed from deep inside your innocent and broken heart?

CLAYTON

Is it so hard to believe?

ROBIN

You weren't in love, You were in possession. And now you have no possession. Your pockets are empty. Your love is made of two things: loss and contempt.

CLAYTON

What?

ROBIN

How much money did you make last year? None. How many lives did you save? None. You want to be happy for others. Yeah, right.

CLAYTON

I want to watch that show. I still love Joanne

ROBIN

You still want to possess her and you don't. This is all you have left of her- insomnia and a TV show.

CLAYTON

T.V.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLARK'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nickels, Skylark, and Allen continue their conversation.

SKYLARK

So Nickels, here we are at such a late hour...

NICKELS

Sky, you always stay up late

ALLEN

What happened?

SKYLARK

That's right. You were telling a story. I can't wait, I'm on the edge of my seat, hmmm.

NICKELS

It's nothing

SKYLARK

Don't be shy, that's not like you, hmmmm?

NICKELS

You asked... My friend asked me if I've ever had a cranberry colonic before

SKYLARK

Cranberry?

ALLEN

Oh my!

SKYLARK

Well, Nickels, I've heard of health conscious habits. But cranberry? Is that sanitary, hmmm?

ALLEN

So tart!

NICKELS

My friend says they are very popular in Germany.

SKYLARK

Cranberry? Hmmm.

NICKELS

Yes

ALLEN

Oh my God!

NICKELS

He hooked me into a bag filled with cranberry juice and squirted a quarter gallon up my ass

SKYLARK

Nickels, I'm very impressed

ALLEN

How'd it feel?

NICKELS

Not bad, kind of refreshing

ALLEN

Ocean spray?

SKYLARK

Well

NICKELS

Then he turned me over, pulled down
my underwear and fucked me up the
ass

SKYLARK

Is that so? So you've finally come
around, hmmm. How'd you like it,
Hmmmm?

Skylark scoots in closer to Nickels and puts his hand on top of his.

NICKELS

It hurt

Allen walks to the refrigerator. Nickels slyly disconnects his hand by reaching for his
drink.

ALLEN

Skylark, darling, is there any juice in
here?

SKYLARK

Look in the back, hmmmmm.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Clayton and Robin continue their conversation. Clayton is shaking.

CLAYTON

It's not a choice. Love is not a choice.

ROBIN

Excuses

CLAYTON

What the hell does that mean?

ROBIN

You say you love her. Prove it.

Clayton is immobilized.

ROBIN (cont'd)

It's a lie. It's weakness.

CLAYTON

Yeah, and a man can do anything

ROBIN

While you shiver in the corner

CLAYTON

So what

ROBIN

So what

CLAYTON

So then where's the exit?

ROBIN

It's in front of your face. Walk
towards the glow

CLAYTON

The glow of apathy

ROBIN

Exactly, an apathetic animal trapped in
the wild

CLAYTON

Caring is never a trap

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLARK'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

The conversation between Nickels, Allen, and Skylark continues.

NICKELS

Sky, listen. Do you have any more of
those junky pills?

SKYLARK

Long gone, Nickels, hmmm. May
be awhile before we see those again.

ALLEN

Junky pills?

Nickels, as if he's fiending, intentionally twitches and convulses.

NICKELS

Excuse me. Doctor says that's prone
to happen. I'm seeing a witch doctor
from Haiti. He gave me this.

Nickels pulls out the rubber lizard.

SKYLARK

Oh!

NICKELS

I'm in terrible shape. Must be kept in isolation, really. Skylark, what do you have?

SKYLARK

Wow, Nickels, hmmm. Seems serious. I may have something, let me take a look

Skylark exists room.

ALLEN

May I have a sip of your drink?

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Robin and Clayton continue their conversation.

ROBIN

Normal? You've already got it.
You're far more normal than you think.
You've let yourself be defined and molded. That's very normal.
Congratulations.

CLAYTON

Maybe I am guilty. So what, everyone is guilty. You were born. I was. So was Joanne. Hooray, we're already fucking guilty. Simply by existing we are guilty. Who shall we disappoint today? Whose expectations shall I fail tonight? Her's or mine? Yours?

ROBIN

Something. Anything. Do something.

CLAYTON

Anything. Free choice.

CUT TO:

INT SKYLARK'S BATHROOM- NIGHT

There are an incredible number of pill bottles in Skylark's cabinet. They all have different names. He mumbles them out loud.

SKYLARK

(Mutters)

Socrates, take one as needed for anxiety. Finnie, migraine. Jon-O, take for pain... Spanish fly. Old Nickels can't sleep, hmmm. I don't think that's really a problem.

Skylark holds up a bottle.

SKYLARK (cont'd)

How about some of these...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Robin and Clayton continue their conversation.

ROBIN

Listen, I've got some advice for you

CLAYTON

Pearls of wisdom...

ROBIN

Maybe you can't take it

CLAYTON

I'm all ears

ROBIN

We're friends, right?

CLAYTON

Are we?

ROBIN

Yes

CLAYTON

If you say so

ROBIN

It's quite simple. You want to quit being a slave? You want to get over Joanne?

CLAYTON

No, I'm here for my health

ROBIN

Ok. I'll shut up

CLAYTON

Well...

ROBIN

Do something

CLAYTON

Thanks. We've been over this. What, of you don't mind, could I do that would satisfy you?

ROBIN

This isn't for me. Do something,
anything, I don't care. Who cares? It
doesn't matter as long as it's something

CLAYTON

Like go home, forget the TV show, say
it doesn't matter, and live happily ever
after.

ROBIN

Are you going to be an asshole the rest
of your life?

CLAYTON

Look, I can castrate myself, I don't
need you for this.

ROBIN

You want a suggestion?

CLAYTON

Well, now I'm not so sure

ROBIN

Smash the TV.

CLAYTON

What?

ROBIN

Do it. Smash the TV. Prove it to
yourself. It's a piece of shit. Smash
the shit out of it

CLAYTON

Smash the TV? Great. This is the
advice I've been waiting for. Then
what?

ROBIN

I don't care. You shouldn't either.
Figure it out. Be creative. Quit being
so fucking meaningless. Here it is,
tonight, on a silver platter. If you don't
smash that TV you may as well be
dead.

CLAYTON

You're nuts

ROBIN

Well

CLAYTON

That's it? That's what you've got for
me? Smash the TV?

ROBIN

Stand up for yourself, Clayton. Are
you scared of it? The antenna? The
plastic? The flickering screen? Stand
for something. Be authentic. Or is
that too far away
from your comfortable misery?

CLAYTON

I don't believe this

ROBIN

(Yells)

Everything is permitted. Smash the
TV!

CLAYTON

(Yells)

With what?!

ROBIN

Doesn't matter

CLAYTON

Alright, coach, you want to see me
smash that TV?

ROBIN

I couldn't care less. It's up to you

CLAYTON

With what?

ROBIN

Who cares!

They pause and heave, cool down a second. Clayton regains his composure, smiles.

CLAYTON

How about a baseball bat?

ROBIN

(Smiles)

There may be one in the attic

CLAYTON

In the attic?

ROBIN

Yes

CLAYTON

Oh my God

ROBIN

Do it

CLAYTON

Are you serious?

ROBIN

Do it

CLAYTON

Ok. I'll smash it. I'll smash it. I'm going to smash that fucker. And not only that, but I'm going to smash it with style

ROBIN

Like Gallagher?

CLAYTON

Like Joe DiMaggio

CUT TO:

INT. SKYLARK'S LIVING SPACE- NIGHT

Allen is doing a gay dance on the couch while Nickels smokes a joint.

NICKELS

Really, you learned that in Gana?

ALLEN

Senegal

NICKELS

Oh yes

ALLEN

How about you show me a dance?

NICKELS

Oh no, I'm very comfortable

ALLEN

But I bet you can dance very well

Skylark enters the room.

NICKELS

What did you find?

SKYLARK

I think I found your prescription...
These should do the trick, hmmm

He drops a pill in Nickels' crotch.

NICKELS

Thanks Sky. I need a few.

Nickels casually takes them from Skylark.

SKYLARK

You know that I can never say no to
you, hmmmmm

NICKELS

This is great. I better go. I'm going to
sleep for a few days. I'll come back
when I wake up

SKYLARK

Gee, Nickels, Hmmm. Stick around
a little bit, no hurry.

Allen pulls out a bottle of cranberry
juice.

ALLEN

We're going to mix up some cape cods

Nickels looks startled.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Clayton and Robin walk into Deluxe. Clayton circles around the bar and grabs a beer. He cracks it open and takes a sip. He grabs one more, opens it, and hands it to Robin. They proceed upstairs to the attic.

JOANNE (V.O.)

(Voice mail)

(Beep) Clayton, Things have really settled in as I now picture the past 6 months. It's taken some time, but I am beginning to come to terms with what our relationship really was. It's a far cry from what I once thought. I think you have a very long road ahead of you to get to where you wish to someday be. That's not my own road to follow. I am very hurt and very upset, but I have at least been able to get a little bit of clarity in the last week. I am still willing to meet up with you tomorrow, but it won't be what you might be hoping for.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC- NIGHT

Clayton and Robin are rummaging through the piles of junk.

CLAYTON

What is all this crap?

ROBIN

Heirlooms, cast-aways, lost but never founds, random junk.

Clayton pulls out a mannequin.

CLAYTON

How'd this get here?

ROBIN

Is it greasy?

CLAYTON

A little. What's this?

He holds up a pom-pom.

ROBIN

Leave the room and it's empty. The room doesn't care- pom-poms, mannequins, people

CLAYTON

We're interchangeable.

ROBIN

And never missed. Who knows where they came from...

CLAYTON

Every night when I go to sleep, I instinctively reach out for Joanne. If we had never met, I wouldn't even miss her. Maybe I'd be missing someone else. How many loves have we lost by a matter of seconds? It's the same room, it's the same bed, but something is different.

ROBIN

We can use this...

Robin lifts up a heavy marble ashtray

CLAYTON

Could work.

She continues to rummage through the boxes

CLAYTON (cont'd)

I went to my elementary school a couple of days ago, just to take a look around. It was like watching a movie in my head. I walked down the hallway and all these memories came back to me in full blown Technicolor.

ROBIN

Did everything look the same?

CLAYTON

In a way. The pay phone was gone. They have added swings to the playground. Everything looked smaller.

ROBIN

How about this?

Robin pulls out a heavy bronze bowling trophy.

CLAYTON

It amazed me how everything had carried on perfectly without me. The school never disappeared like I did

ROBIN

If you had never been born, nobody would miss you. Who would care?

CLAYTON

What's that?

Clayton points in one of the boxes. There's a polaroid camera among packages of unused polaroid film. He pulls the camera out.

ROBIN

Cool

She presses a button and a picture comes out. They look at each other and smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

The bowling trophy is standing on the bar next to the cigarettes. Clayton is holding the polaroid camera.

ROBIN

Where's my bag?

She finds it and starts putting on her lipstick.

CLAYTON

Let's make them sleazy, like a trashy
apparel ad

ROBIN

Dirtier, the better.

CLAYTON

Can you skank me up?

ROBIN

Here

She puts lipstick on Clayton. She starts to undress.

CLAYTON

What are you doing?

ROBIN

We need to be in our underwear

CLAYTON

Where are the cigarettes?

She points to the top of the bar. Clayton undresses.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Do you have any eyeliner?

ROBIN

Let me see

She digs through her purse and hands eyeliner to Clayton. Clayton takes a cigarette from her cigarette pack on the bar and lights it.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Here, let me-

She applies eyeliner to Clayton.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Eyeliner looks good on you

CLAYTON

Where else?

ROBIN

Maybe, but let me get some pictures of you like this... over there

She points to a booth.

ROBIN (cont'd)

You're such a dirty slut. Touch yourself

Clayton starts putting his hand down his underwear.

CLAYTON

Like this?

ROBIN

No, not too much. It has to be as though it's not actually, like you haven't really done anything wrong

CLAYTON

That I actually don't know it's naughty

ROBIN

Exactly. You just happened to find yourself in a compromised position

CLAYTON

Dirty

ROBIN

You're a hooker, you know that?

Clayton poses sleazy.

CLAYTON

I'm just your bitch

Robin takes a few more pictures.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Let me take some of you

ROBIN

Ok, where?

CLAYTON

On the bar stool

ROBIN

Wait

She pours two more vodkas. Clayton takes her picture while she does it.

CLAYTON

Here, one of us together... get on top
of the bar

Robin lays on top of the bar in a trashy way. Nickels enters.

ROBIN

Nickels!

CLAYTON

Get into your underwear!

NICKELS

My God, Look at yourselves!

CLAYTON

I know, I'm beautiful

NICKELS

It's not so easy on the eyes. A little
ugly

CLAYTON

Perfect

He goes around to pour himself a drink

NICKELS

Anything to huff around here? Some
super glue? Turpentine? Any cough
syrup?

CLAYTON

Maybe a stiff cup of decaf-

NICKELS

After all we've been through?

ROBIN

What's it going to be?

CLAYTON

I'm on pins and needles. Why you so
up tight? Strip down

ROBIN

On your way to church?

NICKELS

Shall I slip into something more
comfortable? Don't mind if I do...
What the fuck is this?

Nickels grabs the trophy.

ROBIN

A trophy

CLAYTON

A battering ram. I'm smashing the
T.V.

NICKELS

A bowling match? How's your game?

CLAYTON

Could be better, but not bad- I feel a strike coming on

NICKELS

What the hell are you talking about?
Gutter balls in every direction

Nick pulls out the pills and lays them on the bar.

CLAYTON

Oh, What are they?

Clayton is keenly interested.

NICKELS

Not sure. Sky says they'll do the trick.

ROBIN

(to Clayton)

I thought you were done with those

CLAYTON

Look, something's... Listen, we've decided to smash the T.V.

Clayton takes the pills and puts them in a clean ashtray on the bar.

NICKELS

What the hell are you talking about?
Did you have any luck at the pharmacy? What happened at the Park?

CLAYTON

No luck

He hands Nickels the camera.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Here, take a picture of us

ROBIN

Underwear!

Nickels, residing to the photo session, sighs and strips down into his underwear. He is wearing Underoos.

CLAYTON

Good Lord!

ROBIN

My God!

NICKELS

Love them. They were on special.

ROBIN

Special?

CLAYTON

Pervert's discount?

ROBIN

How do those fit you? Are those boys size small?

NICKELS

It's true. They are special. I'm special. They barely accommodate me. Boys medium. Ages 8-12. Now shut up and make love to the camera.

Nickels takes some sleazy shots.

NICKELS (cont'd)

These are boring. Your underwear is too boring.

CLAYTON

Save some film for when I smash the TV.

ROBIN

Where's the trophy?

Clayton grabs the trophy and poses with it.

CLAYTON

Sparks will fly. Then...

ROBIN

Slumber party!

NICKELS

And counting sheep

NICKELS AND CLAYTON

Baaaaah!

Robin turns on the TV playfully, it stays on a second, crackles, then all power goes out.

ROBIN

What the hell?

NICKELS

What happened?

ROBIN

I don't know. The wires in this place
are fucked. All I did was turn on the
TV.

CLAYTON

Great

Clayton looks out the window.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

The streetlights are still on

ROBIN

Who's got the lighter?

Nickels lights it up.

NICKELS

Magic!

ROBIN

Freak!

CLAYTON

Where's the fuse box?

ROBIN

It's in the back

NICKELS

Is this place is haunted?

Robin picks up a candle that is on the bar.

CLAYTON

Our fearless leader.

ROBIN

Come on
(To Clayton)
You coming?

CLAYTON

I'm going to hold down the fort.

Clayton refers to the Scotch Bottle.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE KITCHEN- NIGHT

The kitchen is more of a storage room than a kitchen- boxes, etc.

NICKELS

What the hell goes on in here?

ROBIN

Where is that fuse box again...?

NICKELS

Why don't you guys use this kitchen
more?

ROBIN

For what?

NICKELS

I don't know, seances?

ROBIN

We used to serve pizzas awhile ago

Nickels does a freaky dance.

NICKELS

Oh spirits of the night, can you hear
us? Give us a sign if you do

ROBIN

(screams)

Oh!

NICKELS

Christ! What!?

ROBIN

The spirits!

NICKELS

Don't agitate them!

Robin opens a door. It is a supply closet full of paint and tools, brooms, etc.

ROBIN

Where is that thing...?

She finds the fuse box near the closet and opens it.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Here it is

NICKELS

Jesus! Is that a black widow?!

ROBIN

Ick!

Robin jumps back, scared. They look at the floor to see where it might scurry to. It isn't
apparent there actually was a spider.

NICKELS

(Reassuringly)

Don't worry, they only bite men, they eat their mates, you know.

Robin returns to the fuse box cautiously.

NICKELS (cont'd)

Careful...

ROBIN

It's the praying mantis. The praying mantis eats its mate. The female tears her lover's head off during sex, it induces ejaculation.

Robin flips the circuit breaker. Lights come back on.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Ta Da!

Nick fusses around with some kitchen utensils- big spoons, etc.

NICKELS

Black widows, Praying Mantis. There will be no peace in the world until all men fall at their women's feet

ROBIN

What?

NICKELS

There will be no peace in the world until all men fall at their women's feet and beg for forgiveness

ROBIN

Nick, I'm surprised to hear that coming from you...

Robin sits on the kitchen counter next to Nickels. They are both still in their underwear.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Hey, what happened with you and Miche?

NICKELS

Nobody told you?

ROBIN

Well...

NICKELS

She said, She said... I was a bad kisser...

ROBIN

What?

NICKELS

...She said I was a bad kisser. How could there be any respect after such a statement? Not too mention she nearly gave me gonorrhea

ROBIN

Jesus

NICKELS

I'm a good kisser, although I think I may have a gland problem

ROBIN

Clayton says she was walking around with bite marks and drool on her shirt

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Everyone is at the bar in their underwear.

CLAYTON

Gland problem? It looked like she had just won a very slimy wet t-shirt contest

NICKELS

Glands are an incredible part of the human anatomy.

Clayton gets up toward the TV.

ROBIN

I just saw a picture of this sixteen year old kid who is already eight feet tall. He had an operation and the doctors accidentally tweaked a gland in his brain

CLAYTON

Nickels, when was your drool gland tweaked?

NICKELS

My glands are beautiful

Clayton turns on the TV. It turns on, then off.

CLAYTON

Shit, is this thing still plugged in?

ROBIN

Should be

Clayton follows the chord. It is plugged in. He fiddles with the TV, but it doesn't come back on.

CLAYTON

Superb

Clayton hits it with his fist. Nickels lights up a joint.

ROBIN

Where'd you get that?

NICKELS

My new friend Allen...(to Clayton)
Yo, that's not good for your psyche
man. You got to get that thing to
work. If you don't smash that TV
tonight you may never recover

Robin tokes the joint.

ROBIN

Christ, he's right, you've got to smash
that bitch

CLAYTON

Damn it!

Clayton hits the TV. It is totally broken.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Where the hell can I get a TV at 3:20
in the morning? Skylark?

NICKELS

No way man. I go back there and my
anus will make the grand canyon look
like a pin hole. Be grateful I got what I
got. I'm not going back there for a TV.
Out of the question.

CLAYTON

Any ideas?

ROBIN

Was there a T.V. in the attic?

CLAYTON

I didn't see one. Just the fuck doll.

ROBIN

Mannequin

NICKELS

There's a fuck doll upstairs?

ROBIN

Don't get excited

NICKELS

Hell, why not just smash the son of a bitch right now? We'll light a sparkler, you'll be fixed, and we'll have our slumber party

CLAYTON

Really think it will do the trick?

Robin is pouring a vodka.

NICKELS

Maybe. Wait- Miche. That damn girl of mine. She practically gave me Gonorrhea. She owes me this.

CLAYTON

The Russian Girl!

NICKELS

I can get us a TV

ROBIN

Does it get channel Eleven?

NICKELS

I don't know. Should I get it?

ROBIN

Check and see if gets channel eleven.
If it doesn't get channel eleven then
there's no point in getting it

He starts putting his clothes on.

NICKELS

Ok, I'll check

CLAYTON

Yeah, go get it

Nickels takes the joint and a PBR and determinedly walks out of the bar.

ROBIN

(to Clayton)

This will be good for you

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO MICHE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nickels finds a two-dollar bill on the hallway floor. He looks surprised, hesitates, then hastily crumples it and places it in his pocket. He comes to a door nearby and knocks. No response. Knocks again.

MICHE (O.S.)

Who's there?

NICKELS

Miche, it's an emergency. It's Nick

MICHE (O.S.)

Nick, darling, what are you doing?

We hear the dead bolt and chain rattle as Miche unlocks the door.

NICK

Still keeping that cucumber by your bed?

MICHE (O.S.)

Are you cold?

Miche, a beautiful Russian girl in her early twenties, opens the door and lets Nickels in. She is in her nightgown. She closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

We see a series of grimy or surreal Polaroid still shots of Robin and Clayton. They are having a conversation at the bar. We hear ambient sounds including the radio and the ice clinking of their drinks.

CLAYTON (O.S.)

She was upset that I was having lunch

ROBIN (O.S.)

With who?

CLAYTON (O.S.)

Someone

ROBIN (O.S.)

And you never told her?

INTERCUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

New Polaroid.

CLAYTON (O.S.)

It's too easy to get the wrong idea

ROBIN (O.S.)

Would she?

CLAYTON (O.S.)

Yes

INTERCUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

New Polaroid.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Those are the rules.

CLAYTON (O.S.)

What do you mean?

ROBIN (O.S.)

A guy who comes in here wrote a poem. The poem was meant for a girl who dumped him

CLAYTON (O.S.)

And?

INTERCUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

New Polaroid.

ROBIN (O.S.)

It was meant to win her back. It was meant to be a declaration of his love and sacrifice. It was supposed to prove to her how much he loved her.

CLAYTON (O.S.)

Did it work?

ROBIN (O.S.)

All it did is show how pathetic he is.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

New Polaroid. This one is of Clayton and Robin at the bar.

ROBIN (O.S.)

You're just bitter that it finally happened to you. I know for a fact that you've turned your back on plenty of people

CLAYTON (O.S.)

Bullshit. You hardly even know me

ROBIN (O.S.)

You hardly know me. What's the whole story? Why isn't Joanne talking to you?

CLAYTON (O.S.)

Because She's nuts

INTERCUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Clayton and Robin perched at the bar, just like the last polaroid. Robin shakes her head in disapproval. She goes off to the side. She puts her clothes on. They are silent and disconnected. Clayton broods in his drink.

JOANNE (V.O.)

It's unbearable. The ecstasy of being reunited with my true love, a friend I was desperately missing but knew existed. And here you are, in my life again. I will treasure what we share as though it is the most rare and valuable miracle in the world, protecting it with my life. Now that your heart is in my hands, my relationship with you will always come first above all else...

CUT TO:

INT. MICHE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

A simple San Francisco studio apartment.

MICHE

Please Nicky, make love to me

NICKELS

How about a kiss?

MICHE

No Nicky, I can't do it. I just can't anymore. Please make love to me.

Nickels opens the refrigerator. He sees cold beers.

NICKELS

Not bad

MICHE

You want Vodka?

NICKELS

Listen baby, I got checked out. I'm all clean. I got to get going. Where's the TV? It gets channel eleven, right?

MICHE

Why you take the TV? You need money?

NICKELS

No baby, I'm fine. I'll bring the TV back tomorrow

MICHE

Why not watch video here?

NICKELS

It's the way it is

She throws herself on him to start making love.

NICKELS (cont'd)

Hey! Get off of me!

MICHE

Let's make love Nicky, I've been drinking vodka

NICKELS

Nein! Not until you kiss me! Cinque Minutos.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Clayton and Robin are yelling at each other.

ROBIN

What's the matter with you?!

CLAYTON

Bullshit. Everyone is entitled to
destroy themselves

ROBIN

You're out of your mind. Don't
assume that just because you did.

CLAYTON

Nothing even happened. You don't
even know what happened.

ROBIN

Nothing happened?

CLAYTON

Nothing.

ROBIN

You're a pig

CLAYTON

Nothing happened.

ROBIN

Yeah, right

Robin spits on him. Clayton, pushed too far, with a calm fury grabs the trophy.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nickels holds a television set in his arms with a cold beer balanced on top.

NICKELS

I've got to go

MICHE

(Begging)

Nicky! Please!

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE MICHE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Nickels walks into the stairwell with an old TV and a beer. He takes a sip and walks down the stairs. Miche watches from her doorway. Nickels exits. A tear drop slowly drips down Miche's face.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Robin and Clayton, his hand clenched on the trophy, are glaring at each other. Nickels enters with the TV.

NICKELS

The cold war has ended. The Berlin
wall has fallen

Clayton relaxes his grip. He's surprised by the TV.

CLAYTON

Is that Soviet?

ROBIN

Bring it on.

Robin grabs her cigarettes and storms into the kitchen, out of sight.

NICKELS

Where is she going?

CLAYTON

To hell

Nick starts taking off his clothes again

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Keep them on, man

NICKELS

You're still in your underwear

He strips down to his Underoos and sets up the TV.

NICKELS (cont'd)

Ok. Plugged in. Man, that ruskie is something else

Nickels adjusts the antenna.

NICKELS (cont'd)

Channel eleven, right

The TV comes into focus.

CLAYTON

Shit

NICKELS

Oh yeah. Look at that. Perfect focus.
Oh man, are you really going to smash
this thing in? This is fucking great.

CLAYTON

I don't know. This is crazy. Joanne
ain't so bad. I should be happy for her,

you know. I love her. Why fight it? I lost.

NICKELS

She wrote a god damn hate song about you! It's at the top of the charts. Man, how's your swing? You need a crowbar, not some flimsy trophy. This TV must die. Listen, this isn't just about you. This is about the redemption of the entire male species.

CLAYTON

Gender. We're not a species. And what the fuck are you talking about?

NICKELS

This is another perfect example of one of my bro's getting walked all over and obliterated by modern woman. It's getting worse everyday. They used to cook for us, fold our laundry, now we're their god damn grinder monkeys

CLAYTON

Do you think anything is really unforgivable?

NICKELS

I'm worried about you, man. You need to smash that fucking TV. You've got to pull it together

Nickels hands Clayton the trophy. Clayton puts it down. Nickels picks it up.

NICKELS

Limp dick. You pussy. I'm going to smash this TV myself. Can't leave a man's job to a boy

CLAYTON

Be my guest

Clayton glances at the sleeping pills that Nick got from Skylark. They are sitting safely on a table in the ashtray. Clayton picks up his clothes and walks into the bathroom.

NICKELS

What the hell is the matter with these people? Am I going to have to make my own pink pussy?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT

Clayton gazes in mirror

CLAYTON

(mutters)

Eyeliner is running

He surveys the bathroom. There is a glory hole in the stall.

SOUND OVER: ADULT MALE TRUCKER VOICE RECORDED IN BATHROOM.
SOUNDS OF TRUCKS, INTERSTATES, ETC.

TRUCKER (V.O.)

I've been in your shoes, it ain't easy on
the road...

Ambient bathroom sounds, Clayton surveys the bathroom stall.

TRUCKER (V.O.) (cont'd)

We all got to get by one way or
another. That's it. It ain't no thing...

Ambient bathroom sounds, Clayton looks in the mirror again.

TRUCKER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Boy like you can always get by...

Ambient bathroom sounds, Clayton examines the glory hole.

CLAYTON
(mutters)
Glory hole. 20 bucks.

Ambient bathroom sounds

TRUCKER (V.O.)
Yes, that's it. Oh... Right, right...

Clayton sits on the toilet and leans his head back.

CLAYTON
Those pills from Skylark better be
good.

Eyeliners run down his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB DELUXE- NIGHT

Robin and Nick are sharing a joint. Nick is in his underwear. They both are drinking greyhounds (pink pussies). A vodka bottle and grapefruit peels are on the bar.

NICKELS
They don't have zebra

ROBIN
Huh?

NICKELS

The best deal they had was 30 bucks
for a Hawaiian print. Black and
white- Hibiscus flowers

ROBIN

Hawaiian? Good tea.

NICKELS

White Hibiscus flowers on a black
backdrop. Comes with a visor and
sunglass case

ROBIN

But it's not zebra. Do they have
cheetah?

NICKELS

They have an all black one- feels soft,
durable, stretches around the seat.
Seems easy to clean. They do have
cheetah print, but it's furry, like a pink
pussy. That one sounds good.

ROBIN

You want a pink pussy?

She motions to make another drink.

NICKELS

Huh? No. Thanks. I've got one. I
thought we were talking about car seat
covers. Well, ok. On second thought,
I will have another

He slams his back.

ROBIN

With or without vaseline? She starts
making the drink.

NICKELS

Cheetah print in a red car?

ROBIN

Red is my favorite color

NICKELS

I don't know. I think it will look cheap

ROBIN

You are cheap

NICKELS

You're right. I'm a cheap fucker. Why hide it? Girls respect honesty. I once wore a shirt that said "broke and available." It did wonders for me

ROBIN

I think it will look good. You know, trashy.

NICKELS

But it will be hard to clean if anything spills on it

ROBIN

You know how you are

NICKELS

I keep myself clean

ROBIN

Still carry that jizz rag with you?

NICKELS

And it will get matted and greasy and
the furs will stick together

ROBIN

Do the cheetah

NICKELS

No, the zebra is much better, I'll find
the zebra, it'll look so good

ROBIN

Does your mom even let you drive
that car? It's like a clown car

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT

Clayton is still depressed on the toilet seat.

CLAYTON

Jesus, I've got to do something... pull
it together. Got to get some sleep

JOANNE (V.O.)

(Excited)

I know what we'll name her already.
It's a girl Clayton, I know it- I can't
explain why, but I do. I can feel her
already. We may have a boy, too.

(Giggles) He's going to have your
smile, my ears. But we will definitely
have a daughter together, of this much
I'm sure.

Clayton spits on the glory hole in disgust. He moves his clothes over. It's wet on the
counter.

CLAYTON

Shit

His wallet falls out. A piece of paper sticks out.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Oh my God

He opens it and it's the pills he thought he lost.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Thank God. Fuck. I put them in here.
They were in my wallet the whole
time. Thank Jesus.

Clayton looks at his weary self in the mirror. He looks at the glory hole. He puts the pills back in his wallet. Clayton starts washing the make up off of his face

CUT TO:

INT. DELUXE- DELUXE

Robin and Nick are talking.

ROBIN

What's the big deal?

NICKELS

I drool. I don't know why. It's a
natural response.

ROBIN

I've never heard of it. Maybe it's your
technique.

Clayton walks into the room. He is cleaned up.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Funny, just to look at him you'd never
guess what a dirt bag he is. Guess
that's his advantage in the world.

NICKELS

Huh?

CLAYTON

Takes one to know one

NICKELS

Getting kind of frigid in here

Nickels puts his clothes back on.

ROBIN

What time is it?!

CLAYTON

Who cares

ROBIN

3:50. Almost time!

CLAYTON

No, it's not. That's bar time

Robin, annoyed, grabs her bag and starts dolling herself up in one of the mirrors built into the wall behind the shelves of liquor. Clayton and Nickels ignore her.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

I'm going to write a letter

NICKELS

Which one? "X?" "Z?"... "Q" is such a curious letter

CLAYTON

Starts with a "J."

NICKELS

Another one?

ROBIN

(From the side)

Won't help!

Clayton grabs his notebook from the small table.

CLAYTON

I'm actually going to send this one.
I've got to reach her somehow. I'm
dying here. I can't live without her. I
won't get a night's sleep until this thing
is resolved

NICKELS

Don't send it until I have a chance to
wipe my ass with it

CLAYTON

What the fuck do you know? How
long were you and Miche together?

NICKELS

19 days

CLAYTON

She let you drool on her for a full 19
days?

NICKELS

Well, we only hung out every once in
awhile. What's your problem anyway?
If anyone needs a gland examination,
it's you. That screwed up gland in
your head

Nickels holds up a dirty polaroid of Clayton from the photo shoot.

CLAYTON

Ugh

NICKELS

You need modeling lessons. And you need to surgically remove that stick up your ass.

CLAYTON

I just need some sleep.

NICKELS

Smoke some of this, it'll help

Nickels takes a drag off of the marijuana roach.

CLAYTON

The pills should do the trick

Clayton looks to make sure the pills are still in the ashtray on the bar. He grabs the ashtray and jiggles the pills in it. Robin returns to the room. She has sloppily dolled herself to look like a cheap stripper. She lights a cigarette and stares at them with disdain. She has a drink (pink pussy) in her hand. She sits in a booth off to the side, brooding.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

I wonder how good these are

NICKELS

Don't forget to share. You may be sleep deprived, but I'm bored. We need recreational drugs to get through these dreary days.

Clayton sits at the bar with his notebook. He flips through. It is full of letters.

CLAYTON

You got to help me, man. What should I say in the letter?

NICKELS

Dear Joanne, I know you're famous now. And I know I'm an incredible pussy

CLAYTON

God damn it, Nick, It's not a war. We're all human.

NICKELS

This girl is not human. That book she read? The Superior Woman- She's off her fucking rocker. Not to mention she's off fucking whoever she wants while your lamenting in your scotch with a limp dick. Wasting your time whining like a baby while she was over you the day she left, if not sooner.

Robin giggles at Clayton's expense.

CLAYTON

Bravo. Thanks for reminding me

NICKELS

She lied to you, man. She said she loved you. That was clearly a lie. Suffice to say you fucked up, but you tried well beyond the call of duty to salvage whatever you two had. Within a week she had written a hate song about you and vowed never to talk to you again. How quick did all that trash spread like wildfire? She couldn't give a damn about you. She couldn't give a damn about truth or anything besides herself.

Robin laughs at them mockingly. She stands up and returns to the bar.

ROBIN

You guys are sad

NICKELS

Ladies and gentlemen, Diana Ross is
in the house

ROBIN

Fuck off Ken. Haven't you heard?
The prostitute look is in. Think about
it. That frat boy shit you got going is
nowhere. Where's the joint?

Nickels obliges. She takes a big toke. She turns on the TV and cranks it up as loud as it
will go.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Where's my pink?

Nickels hands her the drink. Robin is intent on the TV show.

CLAYTON

(To Robin)

Fuck you

Robin turns around. She and Clayton tensely stare at each other. Nickels senses disaster.
He pulls the crumpled two dollar from his pocket and holds it up.

NICKELS

Wait!

There is a moment of confused calm as Nickels smooths out the bill and shows it to
Clayton and Robin like a magician would before a great illusion.

CLAYTON

Is this a magic trick?

NICKELS

Yes

ROBIN

Nickels the mysterious, the monkey
boy, the human torso

CLAYTON

Pinhead

NICKELS

Mock as you may, but Colonel
Archibald Nickels the Great has not
one bill, but...

He rips it in three.

NICKELS (cont'd)

Three!

He hands one part to Robin.

ROBIN

What the shit is this?

NICKELS

Money

He hands one part to Clayton and keeps the third for himself.

CLAYTON

Thanks

NICKELS

The only thing more queer than a three
dollar bill... Is a three dollar two bill

ROBIN

Huh?

CLAYTON

Is that a riddle?

NICKELS

Enough of the sideshow! Now
Colonel Archibald Nickels the Great
and the moment you've all been
waiting for!!! The main attraction!!!

Nickels rashly grabs the trophy.

NICKELS (cont'd)

(Crazily)

And the Oscar goes to... moi!

Nickels hugs the trophy to his chest in faux triumph.

NICKELS (cont'd)

You like me, you really, really like
me...

CLAYTON

I wouldn't say really, really

ROBIN

Maybe partially, sometimes

NICKELS

Well, be little people. Now if you'll
please step to one side while I proceed
to smash this motherfucker to bits.

CLAYTON

Put it down, man. No trophy. No awards. We're all going to watch this show like a god damn happy family. Crank it up Cruella. The louder, the better.

ROBIN

Don't mind if I do

NICK

I'm smashing it.

Nickels takes the trophy in one hand, has his drink in the other, and makes his way to the TV as though to smash it.

ROBIN

Get away from that!

Nickels and Robin wrestle for the trophy.

NICKELS

Let go

ROBIN

You!

The trophy pulls free and knocks Nickel's drink all over him. A candle is knocked over and threatens to ignite. Robin grabs the trophy. She races up the stairs toward the attic.

NICKELS

What the fuck?! The Colonel is not happy...

CLAYTON

Christ

Clayton follows her up.

ROBIN
(screams)

Get away!

She throws the trophy at him. It misses, takes a chunk out of the wall, and breaks. Clayton catches up to her.

CLAYTON

What the fuck is the matter with you?!

ROBIN

You're a pig!

CLAYTON

What the hell? You're not my girlfriend! What the hell do you care about any of this?

ROBIN

You're a liar! You're a fucking monster!

CLAYTON

It was a fucking whim! Nothing happened! Big deal! Do you think she's a perfect angel? Do you think she only thought of me with her purple toy on those lonely nights? Can you guarantee it was me on her mind? Was it me, but a black me? A tool belt me? A cop me? Or her preacher me?

ROBIN

You're sick

CLAYTON

You're sick. I know I'm sick. Thanks for the news flash. Doesn't make you perfect

ROBIN

You stupid bastard. You don't know shit. You're not the only one with history. Do you really think the world revolves around you? Even this stupid fucking hate song. I bet there's a part of you that loves it. That's how narcissistic you are.

CLAYTON

Yeah, I love it. Months without sleep. Depression. It's as good as it gets.

Robin looks Clayton dead in the eye.

ROBIN

You are a sad man. You are a sad, sad lying man.

CLAYTON

Shut up.

ROBIN

You fool. Nickels told me. You lying fool.

CLAYTON

What the hell are you talking about?

ROBIN

Cut the shit

Clayton is shocked and silent.

CLAYTON

What the hell does he know? He doesn't know shit

ROBIN

He told me months ago. He was drunk. He told me. I thought we were friends. Why lie to me, too?

Clayton is quiet.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Do you want some truth? It would be refreshing to have some around here, wouldn't you say? Can you handle it? Can you handle some?

CLAYTON

Joanne never found out, not officially. I'm a good person, you know that. She just knew that I lied about Nickels being part of it. Technically, she doesn't know... She had no right to break up with me...

They are both quiet. Robin stares at him...

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Yeah, so

ROBIN

We all did something on the side. What have you done? We all got shit on ourselves. What have you done?

CLAYTON

I don't know. Nothing. I'm sorry. Nothing.

ROBIN

She trusted you...

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT- SAN FRANCISCO

Still shots of the same route Clayton took at the very beginning of the film, this time truly empty of human life. The montage ends on a shot of a tree in the park at night.

JOANNE (V.O.)

I get so intense and I don't like it. I think we shouldn't hang out again. I'm not comfortable with my behavior and I'm not sure what to do about it. I think the hardest part of this for me is the fact that I never say no. I never want to say no and I never do. So I guess I feel like the only way I can feel any control in the matter is to say I'll never talk to you again and really do it this time. Maybe it's stupid of me. I care about you, but I have no choice.

CUT TO:

INT. DELUXE- NIGHT

It's an abrupt cut to- Nick has a heavy umbrella. It's the same one we saw in the beginning of the film. He is swinging it around. Robin and Clayton enter the room.

ROBIN

Enough!

CLAYTON

(defiantly, to Nickels)

Are all your friends for sale?

ROBIN

He was piss drunk

Nickels violently swings the heavy umbrella.

NICKELS

Stay away from me. This is for your own good.

ROBIN

Careful!!!

NICKELS

My primary friend is a pussy! Out of my way. I'm smashing that TV!

ROBIN

Drop it!

It is an awkward moment. Nickels is swinging the umbrella like a lunatic but clearly hasn't committed to destroying the television, yet. Clayton picks up a bottle of scotch. He pours a glass, takes a sip, and then splashes the rest in Nickel's face.

NICKELS

Asshole!

Nickels lunges for Clayton but misses.

ROBIN

Stop!

She lunges at Nickels and hugs him. Her tenderness disarms him. He surrenders. Clayton pours three drinks.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Please...

NICKELS

(to Clayton)

Fucker!

CLAYTON

Here

Clayton hands Nickels and Robin a drink. Nickels splashes his in Clayton's face. Clayton wipes his face off calmly, lifts up his own drink as if to toast Nickels, and splashes it in his own face. Robin splashes hers in Nickels face. Clayton takes the bottle of eighteen year scotch and pours it on Robin's head. She doesn't resist.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

There, I feel much better.

NICKELS

It was kind of refreshing

ROBIN

Not bad

Robin licks drips of scotch from her fingers.

CLAYTON

Now please give me that

Clayton takes the umbrella from Nickels. Robin pours three glasses of straight scotch.

NICKELS

Oh God!

ROBIN

Time out

She hands Clayton and Nickels a glass. Everyone awkwardly takes a sip of scotch.

CLAYTON

Listen... Nobody is smashing that TV

ROBIN

Good-

NICKELS

God, we've failed

CLAYTON

Nobody is smashing that TV...

Robin looks relieved.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

...but me

ROBIN

You can't!

NICKELS

Yes!

CLAYTON

What are you talking about? You told me to do it in the first place-

ROBIN

That was then

CLAYTON

But nothing's changed. It's broke. Still. It's all broken. I can't un-ring the bell. I broke it. It's done.

ROBIN

You can't. You deserve that song!

CLAYTON

So what? I'm happy for her. I am. She's beautiful, she's famous. Hurray.

ROBIN

So why smash the TV?

CLAYTON

Why not? Nickels? We've been waiting here all night.

NICKELS

Cool. Do it.

ROBIN

It's over. It's done. What the hell's the matter with you? Move on. She has, now you should, too. Just be happy for her, like you said. Let it go.

CLAYTON

You're right. I know. It's done. But why not? I fucked up. Why not smash a TV? Why not smash the TV for all of us?

NICKELS

Fucked up?

CLAYTON

What good has it done? It doesn't change anything, but we can smash a TV. We can move on. Let's smash it and get some sleep.

NICKELS

I'll drink a toast to that! Why waste any time?!

Nickels swigs down his scotch, impulsively grabs the umbrella and lunges to smash the TV. Robin jumps in front of the television and blocks it with her body.

ROBIN

(yells)

Nobody is smashing the TV!

Nickels has fury in his eyes. The scotch has gone straight to his head.

NICKELS

Wow. Oh yes I am. That's it. I've had it with this shit.

Nickels pushes Robin out of the way and takes a swing at the TV but drunkenly misses.

CLAYTON

Stop!

Clayton tackles Nickels. They fall on the floor at Robin's feet and struggle. It is a stalemate. They are exhausted.

NICK

(exasperated)

Christ! Kill the TV.. Kill the TV and sleep

CLAYTON

(Panting)

Sleep is already dead. Shit... Are you okay?

NICKELS

I don't know

CLAYTON

Asshole

ROBIN

Nickels?

She steps on his face with her heels.

CLAYTON

(yells)

I'm sorry!

Robin switches and steps on Clayton's face.

ROBIN

Get some sleep?

Clayton looks up. He is pinned down by her foot.

ROBIN (cont'd)

And that's it?

CLAYTON

What else?

ROBIN

It'll help you sleep?

She eases off his face.

CLAYTON

(A little defiant)

I'm doing it for you, too.

ROBIN

Asshole

She kicks his head down.

CLAYTON

Come on-

Nickels and Clayton are clearly defeated. Robin lightens up. She giggles.

ROBIN

I love you. You know that. Smash the
TV. Smash the bitch

Clayton gets up. He helps Nickels up. Robin hands them their drinks. She hands Clayton the umbrella.

NICKELS

What are you waiting for?

He motions to the umbrella.

CLAYTON

Hold on

Clayton puts down his drink. He picks up the notebook full of letters to Joanne. He opens the front door and chucks it into the street. We see it flutter.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

And one more thing

CUT TO:

INT. DELUXE SUPPLY CLOSET- NIGHT

Clayton gets a can of spackle and a tool to spread it.

ROBIN

What's that for?

CLAYTON

A little necessary maintenance

CUT TO:

INT. DELUXE BATHROOM- NIGHT

The can of spackle is open. Clayton is spreading it on the stall.

NICKELS

That's a glory hole?

CLAYTON

Never noticed?

NICKELS

I noticed the hole. But I thought it was termites or a woodpecker

ROBIN

A woodpecker?

CLAYTON

(Still concentrating on the repair)

Damn, that Miche is good girl. She gave you her TV at three in the morning

Nickels stays quiet

ROBIN

She's beautiful

NICKELS

(irritated)

How can I be with a woman who won't let me kiss her? I'm a great kisser!

ROBIN

Are you sure?

NICKELS

Does a kodiak shit in the woods?

ROBIN

Really?

CLAYTON

What's your technique?

NICKELS

I will demonstrate

Nickels starts making out with his own arm and slobbers everywhere.

CLAYTON

God no!

ROBIN

Perv!

Nickels leans in between them with dripping arm and wide gaping mouth.

CLAYTON

Wow

ROBIN

That's not right at all

NICKELS

What was wrong with that?

Robin shakes her head, grossed out and astonished. Clayton is putting the finishing touches on the patch job.

CLAYTON

There, done.

NICKELS

You just made a lot of men very unhappy. That was a betrayal.

CLAYTON

They'll still have their fun

ROBIN

Poor Nickels. Poor, poor Nickels...

NICKELS

What? Why?

ROBIN

I've got an idea

Robin runs out of the bathroom

NICKELS

Seriously man, ever think about, I
don't know, you and her?

CLAYTON

God no. Are you crazy? She thinks
I'm a pig.

NICKELS

You are a pig. So. She still likes you.
Women like pets.

CLAYTON

She knew all along

NICKELS

Damn.. It was a bit of a surprise to
hear you say that. She knew all
along?

CLAYTON

I don't know. It doesn't matter. Seems
like she's getting over it. We're all just
friends, you know that.

NICKELS

I think she likes you man, I really do.
You two are fucked in the head. But I
think you would be great together.

CLAYTON

I don't know. I'll just be grateful with
glass of scotch and a few hours of
sleep

NICKELS

Yeah, man. You are fucked up, but
life goes on.

CLAYTON

It's going to be crazy to see Joanne on
the late night show. God, I'm tired.

NICKELS

Are you going to smash that TV?

CLAYTON

For the benefit of the male race?

NICKELS

Don't let us down

They are about to exit. Clayton pulls the pills from his wallet.

CLAYTON

Oh, I almost forgot

NICKELS

What?

CLAYTON

Plumbing test

Clayton tosses the paper of pills into the urinal and pisses on them.

CUT TO:

INT. DELUXE- NIGHT

Robin is sitting at the bar with the mannequin.

NICKELS

What the fuck is that?

CLAYTON

Fuck is right

ROBIN

Ok, Nick. Time for your kissing lesson.

NICKELS

Where'd you get that?

ROBIN

Don't worry

CLAYTON

Go ahead

NICKELS

Is this sanitary?

ROBIN

Here

She wipes the mouth with Vodka

CLAYTON

Maybe some on the nipple, too

ROBIN

Perv!

NICKELS

I'm not sure I can do this while he's watching

CLAYTON

Don't be shy

NICKELS

Oh man

ROBIN

Ok. Show me again how you do it

Nickels goes in for a very sloppy kiss.

CLAYTON

Ugh!

ROBIN

Oh! No! You have to go gentle. Here, put your arm around her head

NICKELS

Like this?

CLAYTON

Oh Wow

ROBIN

And your other arm around her back

NICKELS

Why hello. Come here often?

ROBIN

Here, wait.

Robin opens her purse and gets a breath mint

ROBIN (cont'd)

Chew this

NICKELS

Her breath smells like Vodka!

ROBIN

Take it!

Nickels chews the mint.

CLAYTON

It sparked in your mouth. Fire in the hole!

ROBIN

Good. Ok. Now you make the approach nice and slow. Smaller on the mouth. Wait! What are you doing?

Nickels is fiercely groping the doll

NICKELS

Yes

ROBIN

No! Be gentle! Be patient. Try again.

Nickels does it better. He goes in slow.

CLAYTON

Gross

ROBIN

And we have contact. Well done

Nickels gets carried away.

ROBIN (cont'd)

No! Stop! No!

Nickels howls.

CLAYTON

Pull the plug!

Robin pulls at the mannequin, its head falls off.

ROBIN

Oh my God

NICKELS

What did you do!?

CLAYTON

Give it up!

Clayton gives Nickels a high five.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Praying Mantis!

ROBIN

Oh, Nickels, you almost had it. Why'd you get so carried away?

NICKELS

I was in the moment

ROBIN

Look, If you do it like that without going crazy, you'll be fine

NICKELS

Really?

Clayton is looking at the sleeping pills. He grabs them and takes a closer look, a very close look, and smirks.

ROBIN

Yeah. But be patient, you need to take your time

NICKELS

How long? Thirty seconds? Forty?

ROBIN

For you? Two minute rule. At least two minutes

NICKELS

A lifetime

CLAYTON

So what are you going to do?

NICKELS

I'm going to Miche's

CLAYTON

What? Aren't you going to stay and watch me smash the TV?

NICKELS

Sorry Brother, It's the call of the wild

CLAYTON

What about the survival of the male species?

NICKELS

Gender. I hear you. I get it. There will be no peace until all men fall at their women's feet. (to Robin) Yes, yes, yes..., thank you for your guidance and hospitality... Another amazing night

ROBIN

Don't forget your pills

NICKELS

Those are for him

CLAYTON

You should take them. I think Skylark had something besides sleep in mind. A 48 hour erection.

NICKELS

Good Lord!

He gulps all three down and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHE'S HALLWAY- NIGHT

Nickels knocks on her door.

MICHE

Who is it?

NICKELS

It's your American cowboy and I'm
ready to giddy Up!

She opens the door and Nickels gives her a long, slow and well executed kiss. She looks pleased and amazed. They fall passionately into the apartment

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Caribou howls echo in the street.

CUT TO:

INT. DELUXE- NIGHT

Clayton is helping Robin clean up the bar.

ROBIN

Did you hear that?

CLAYTON

Hear what?

ROBIN

Hmmmmm

CLAYTON

Thanks for staying up

ROBIN

No problem. I like hanging out with
you

CLAYTON

Even though I'm nuts?

ROBIN

I'm nuts too. At least you feel.

CLAYTON

Yeah. It just cuts both ways, you know

ROBIN

Yeah, I know

They clean up dishes in silence.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Hey, you don't mind that I told you that stuff, do you?

CLAYTON

No, how could I? I feel stupid.

ROBIN

Yeah. I don't hold it against you. I know how you are. I don't know. I mean, it was pretty heavy. For both of us.

CLAYTON

You weren't freaked out?

ROBIN

Not so much. Well, I guess a little. But mostly because you kept lying to me.

Clayton is quiet, repentant.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Things aren't so bad. It ain't such a bad night

CLAYTON

Yeah, I never thought it would be, but it ain't

ROBIN

We all got our own shit

CLAYTON

Yeah, it would be nice to break free from it, at least every once in awhile. Joanne may have really loved me, for all I know. It's incredible what she's done.

ROBIN

Yeah, maybe it's really what you both needed. Shit. We could get hit by a bus at any given second.

She puts the remainder of the 18 year scotch away.

CLAYTON

Been on any dates, lately?

ROBIN

No. I'm pretty happy just being single, you know.

CLAYTON

Yeah, it has it's moments. You can't force anything, look what it got me

ROBIN

I wouldn't mind a number one hit

CLAYTON

Yeah, me neither

ROBIN

Hey! It's 4 am. The show is on!

She turns on the TV and fiddles with the antenna

ROBIN (cont'd)

There. I'm sorry Clayton, but I really like this song

CLAYTON

It ain't bad

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And special musical guest
Joanne-Lee...

CLAYTON

Say, you were pretty good with those kissing lessons. I'd say Nickels owes you one.

ROBIN

How's your kiss?

CLAYTON

Terrible

ROBIN

Should I get the doll?

CLAYTON

No. I'm too tired. How about another scotch?

Robin pours Clayton and herself a drink. Clayton concentrates on his drink and sips his scotch while Robin watches the TV.

FADE OUT:

THE END
