

ALMOST BACK IN SEATTLE

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Young beautiful women push baby-strollers, walk dogs, and jog along the sidewalks of this apartment complex community situated in the middle of Hollywood California.

AT A FOUR WAY STOP

A yellow CHEVY CAMARO slows through the intersection, caked with road-dust and sporting state of 'WASHINGTON' license plates.

INT. CHEVY CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

DARRYL STEVENS (22, African/All American-type) navigates the vehicle as LYNN HOLLISTER (22, earthly-pretty, a few pounds overweight) rides shotgun, and JOSH COWELL (23, thin, metro-sexual aura) gawks out the back seat windows at the young, hot women going about their way.

JOSH

Check out this neighborhood. Can I pick'em or what?

LYNN

Relax hotshot. We haven't seen the apartment yet.

DARRYL

(re: surrounding females)
Yeah, but we've seen the local wildlife and the verdict is in...

Exchange looks with Josh.

JOSH/DARRYL

This is a great neighborhood!

Lynn rolls her eyes.

LYNN

A Confederacy of Dunces.

JOSH

And what, you're the lone genius?

LYNN

Well I am, the only one thinking.

DARRYL

Since when? It was Josh and I that decided to move to LA. We picked the day to leave, the driving routes, and the food stops along the way. All you've been doing is whining the whole time.

LYNN

That's 'cause you picked 'Ding dong the witch is dead' Stacy Matterrow before you picked me to go. Then you decided to leave on the rainiest day of the year. Plus you wanted to use road maps instead of the GPS. And, all the food stops were at highway gas stations!

DARRYL

Hey, truckers have been eating that food for years and you don't see them complaining.

JOSH

Yeah, so who's the Confederacy of Dunces now?

LYNN

But that doesn't make any sense.

JOSH

It does to me.

DARRYL

Does to me too J-dog.

JOSH

Then the vote is in.

(points)

You, are the Confederacy of Dunces.

LYNN

(shaking head)

What have I gotten myself into?

GPS SYSTEM (O.S.)

Your destination is thirty feet ahead, on the right hand side.

EXT./INT. CHEVY CAMARO

The three look out the windshield and takes in the five-story tenant building where an ALBINO MAN with corn rolls, gold chains, and a two-piece suit stands on the step.

DARRYL

There it is. The Stratford apartments.

JOSH

Nice.

LYNN

What's up with the Albino?

JOSH

That's gotta be my man, Meechy.

LYNN

You answered a Craig's list ad for an apartment from a guy named Meechy?

JOSH

Careful Lynn. You're judging a book by it's cover.

LYNN

No, I'm judging Craig's list by the number of people that got their throats slashed when answering a Craig's list ad posted by an Albino named Meechy!!!

EXT. STRATFORD ARMS - DAY

MEECHY flashes a gold tooth smile as Darryl, Lynn, and Josh step out of the car to greet him.

JOSH

Good morning, Meech?

MEECHY

That would be me. Top of the morning to ya.

JOSH

Josh Stevens. We spoke earlier on the phone bout the apartment.

MEECHY
 (with smile)
 That's why I'm here.
 (re: Darryl, Lynn)
 These yo roommates?

LYNN
 Friends. We haven't decided on the
 place yet. I'm Linda Hollister, the
 brains of this operation.

DARRYL
 (under breath)
 Yeah, right.

LYNN
 What was that?

DARRYL
 What was what, you saying you're
 the brains of the operation when it
 was Josh that found the Craig's
 List ad?

JOSH
 Yeah, if anyone has brains in this
 operation that would be me.

MEECHY
 Look, I got potential renters lined
 up all day so if you wanna see the
 unit.

JOSH
 (with a smile)
 That's why we're here.

INT. 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - STRATFORD ARMS - DAY

Meechy gives Josh, Darryl, and Lynn the tour.

MEECHY
 As you can see the building is
 fairly new. The newest on the block
 infact. Every unit comes with a
 balcony. View of the pool. And two
 parking spaces.

LYNN
 What about central air?

MEECHY
 Got it.

LYNN
Laundry facilities?

MEECHY
In the basement.

LYNN
Proximity to shopping centers and
bus lines? Because only one of us
drives.

MEECHY
This is Hollywood. You're gonna be
living in close proximity to
everything.

LYNN
(warning)
If, we decide to take the unit.

DARRYL
What I wanna know is what's the
ratio of single women to men in the
building?

Josh extends his hand for a fist bump.

JOSH
That's my dog.

DARRYL
(reciprocating)
My man.

LYNN
Stop screwing around. This is a
serious decision.

JOSH/DARRYL
Yeah yeah yeah. O'kay mom.

MEECHY
Don't worry guys. There'll be
plenty of opportunities to screw
around if you know what I mean.

LYNN
Can we just get on with the tour?

MEECHY
Sure...
(points out glass door)
And this here is my office.

EXT./INT. MANGER'S OFFICE - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Darryl, Lynn, Josh looks at the GLASS DOOR into the manager's office where DONALD MORELAND (early 60's, beard, trademark fedora hat) puffs on a cigar while talking on the phone.

MEECHY

... And that is my assistant
Donald. Wave hi to Donald.

The three wave.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN

Hi Donald. 'Sup. What's crackin.

THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR

Donald senses the people there, looks up and make eye-contact, focus narrowing in on Meechy, before giving him the finger.

MEECHY

(laughs)
Good ole Donald, always joking
around.
(moves on)
This way...
(indicates stairs)
The unit's on the second floor.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - STRATFORD ARMS - DAY

MEECHY

So let me guess, u guys come here
to be actors right?

DARRYL

Just me. These two idiots couldn't
act their way out of a wet paper
bag.

JOSH

And you can?

DARRYL

Google me.

JOSH

Don't have to. I've seen your last
two plays and they sucked.

DARRYL
I just act the lines I don't write
them.

MEECHY
You two are friends aren't you?

LYNN
More like clowns. I'm an
sculptress. Or will be after I make
my first sale.

JOSH
(sarcastic)
Good luck on that.

LYNN
Good luck on this...

Punches Josh in the shoulder.

JOSH
Oowww!
(rubs arm)
If you wanna use my business
connections to sell your crap you
better cut that out.

LYNN
You have no business connections.

JOSH
That's because I just got here.
Give me a few months. I'll be on
the cover of Forbes in no time.

DARRYL
Yeah, in handcuffs.

MEECHY
Guys... we're here. Unit 204.

He pulls out key, opens door...

INT. UNIT 204 - STRATFORD ARMS - CONTINUOUS

... to reveal a spacious modern apartment with a patio, mini-
bar, and cheap, worn furnishing.

MEECHY
So here it is, the only available
unit in the building..

DARRYL
It's do-able.

JOSH
Do-able?... This is nice.

LYNN
Nice? The furniture looks straight
off a thrift store show-room floor.

DARRYL
We're renting the apartment not the
furniture.

LYNN
But the ad said ready to move in.
This place looks like somebody
should be ready to move out.

MEECHY
Someone just did. After twenty-
three years. I make sure Donald
exchanges out this furniture with
updated ones we have in the
basement.

JOSH
Where's the pool?

MEECHY
In back of the apartment building
next door. You have to look out the
bathroom window to get a glimpse.

LYNN
That's perverted.

MEECHY
Only when you're in the shower.

Lynn's face twists in disgust.

LYNN
Ewww.

Josh and Darryl high-fives.

JOSH/DARRYL
Oh yeah. Boo-yah.

Then, considering the "masturbating" implication, wipes hand
clean on their pants.

DARRYL
Let's forget that jus happened.

JOSH
I already did.

Meechy moves to the center of the apartment unit where he points out the kitchen amenities, then the three doors that open off a short hallway on the opposite side of the room.

MEECHY
The kitchen comes with a
dishwasher, stove, and microwave.
(turns)
And over there are the two bedrooms
and bath.

LYNN
Which one is the master's suite?

JOSH
Oh no, if me and Will Smith here
have to share a room we're getting
the master's.

LYNN
But I need a private space to
create my work.

JOSH
There's plenty of space out on the
patio.

LYNN
Then my creations would be revealed
before it's time.

JOSH
Good, it'll scare away the
burglars.

Darryl, meanwhile, is distracted with a wall mirror, admiring his athletic physique in the glass.

DARRYL
(self)
Damn, I'm fine.

MEECHY
Go ahead take it in. If you want it
I'm gonna need first and last month
rent plus deposit.

DARRYL
(flexing biceps)
And I'm gonna need a bat to beat
off the honeys.

JOSH
Let's talk about that Meech.

MEECHY
What's there to talk about? I told
you on the phone rent is 1500 a
month plus 1000 deposit. That's
four thousand to move in

JOSH
That you did but the way I figure
it --

MEECHY
C'mon don't start this crap.

JOSH
It's no crap. It's just that time
is money and you look like a man
who values his time. Now you can
spend the next few days to a week
looking for someone to rent this
place, or you can take 3700 cash
right now.

Lynn and Darryl holds their breaths as Meechy considers the
proposal. Relents.

MEECHY
I gotta hand it to you kid, you got
me. You're gonna go far in this
town. You got spazz... I'll take
the 3700.

Josh fist pumps the air.

JOSH
Yeessss!

Lynn reaches over and slaps Josh hard on the shoulder.

LYNN
Way to go.

Darryl crosses over and tap fists with Josh.

DARRYL
My man. You came through.

JOSH
Like I said, it's the cover of
Forbes or bust.

Meechy looks at his watch.

MEECHY
Time is money guy. Let's get this
show on the road.

DARRYL, LYNN, and JOSH

Dig out their cash, counting off their equal share of the
3700 move in cost, placing the bills down on the dinning room
tabletop.

LYNN
We're going to need a receipt of
course.

As Meechy scoops the 3700 from off the table,

MEECHY
Sure... I'll bring it with the
lease agreement when I come back
from the office.
(heads for door)
Make yourself at home. This is your
places now.

Darryl, Lynn, and Josh waits until the door closes behind
Meechy... then jump in celebration.

DARRYL
Nailed it! Had to set a record for
moving to LA and finding an
apartment.

LYNN
It's happening. It's actually
happening. Now all we have to do is
get jobs.

JOSH
But first we gotta go out tonight
and celebrate. First round on me.

LYNN
No, we agreed that there will be no
partying until we all are employed.

DARRYL

We just saved \$300 bucks, Lynn.
This will be our first night in LA.
If we don't wake up in jail, we did
something wrong.

JOSH

I gotta agree Lynn. We ain't in
Kansas anymore.

LYNN

We're from Seattle!

JOSH

But you get the point.

LYNN

Yeah, I'm now roommates with you
two idiots.

DARRYL

Birds of a feather --

LYNN

Whatever.

Breaks off dropping the subject. Drifts over to the

SLIDING GLASS DOOR

That separates the patio. Takes in the dimensions of what
will be her work area.

LYNN (CONT'D)

I'm still not sold on this patio
thing. I mean there's barely enough
room out here to --

Off-handedly spots something over the balcony, down on the
ground. It's ...

EXT. TENANT PARKING - STRATFORD ARMS - INTERCUT

...Meechy hurrying for his car, his demeanor that of someone
who just swindled somebody out of money.

LYNN

What the --?... GUYS, quick!

Josh and Darryl rush over, sees what it is that has Lynn
rattled:

MEECHY jumping behind the steering wheel of a gleamy black BMW and PEELS off down the street.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
Hey! Heeyy!! Shit!!!

The three then turn and bolt for the door.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. BUILDING MANAGER'S OFFICE - STRATFORD ARMS - DAY

Stacks of files on desk of DONALD, who puffs on his forever present cigar, lazily inputting data into a lap-top, when...

Suddenly, the door bursts open and Darryl, Lynn, and Josh burst into the room.

DONALD
(startled)
Take what you want, but I don't
keep any cash here!

DARRYL
This isn't a jack fool. Where'n the
hell is Meechy going?

JOSH
Yeah what gives?

DONALD
What gives? He's your friend how'n
the hell should I know?

LYNN
He's not our friend we just met
him. He showed us an apartment
upstairs. Took our deposit with the
first and last month's rent. Then
jetted out in his car.

Donald pounds his desk.

DONALD
That sucker.

LYNN
That sucker what?

DONALD
Well evidently he just schemed you
out of your money. And he didn't
even have the decency to stop by
and pay the back rent that he owes.

DARRYL
So he's not your boss?

DONALD

Are you insane? I gave him till 5 o'clock to get his non paying ass out of my building.

JOSH

Wait a second. Are you saying we just got schemed?

DONALD

Lot stock and barrel.

JOSH

And our money is gone?

DONALD

That's how it usually works, honey.

Lynn punches Josh in the shoulder.

JOSH

Oowww.

LYNN

I warned you bout using Craig's list! I told you we should go through a rental agency but you said...

(imitates)

"No. I'm more than capable of finding a place myself and saving us the agent's fee."

(then)

Cover of Forbes my ass.

JOSH

(to Donald)

Look we found the guy on Craig's list --

LYNN

Not us -- you.

DONALD

Well that was your first mistake. You don't look for an apartment on Craig's list in this city. Do you know what kind of nuts are out there?

DARRYL

We just met one.

DONALD
I beg your pardon.

DARRYL
Not you, him. The Albino that ran
off with our money.

DONALD
Hey hey, he owes me too but lets
not get racist. I expected more
from you.

DARRYL
What?

LYNN
You said he was a tenant, right? So
you know is name? We can report him
to the police.

DONALD
The police? What do you expect them
to do?

LYNN
What, police, do. You know when a
crime happens, you call the police
and they--

DONALD
File a report? If that's what you
want young lady, hell I'll file you
a report if it'll make you feel
better.

LYNN
But he just can't get away Scott
free.

DONALD
Even if the cops put out a warrant
for his arrest. You're still gonna
be in the same predicament you're
in now. Your money is gone. So...
You guys still need an apartment?

JOSH
Yeah but there's no way we can
afford another deposit, first, and
last month's rent.

(re: Lynn, Darryl)
My bad on this one. I accept full
blame.

DARRYL

Our, bad. We went in on this together... We go back home, save money again, and then come back in a couple of months and start all over.

LYNN

No.

(to Donald)

Meechy lived here. You knew him. Where does he hang out?

DONALD

(chuckles)

Lil lady...

Donald rolls back from the desk to reveal him sitting on a hove-around electric chair.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN

Oh. Sorry. We didn't know.

DONALD

Know what?

JOSH

That you were, uh, crippled --

DARRYL

Handicapped --

LYNN

Physically challenged.

DONALD

Oh I'm not any of that. I'm retired.

As he maneuvers the hove-around to his liquor cabinet, uncorks bottle and pours,

DONALD (CONT'D)

After forty years of the PGA, electric carts are now second nature to me. But as I was saying...

You kids would have obviously been turned upside down. And now you're looking for answers and solutions to what has just befallen you. But take is from me...

(sips)

You got scammed, get over it.

LYNN

(to Josh)

I knew something was up with that guy.

JOSH

Then why didn't you say something?

LYNN

(imitating Josh)

If anyone has any brains in this crew that would be me.

JOSH

Well if it was too good to be true you should've known that it wasn't.

LYNN

That doesn't make any sense.

(whirls on Darryl)

And don't you dare say 'it makes sense to me'.

DARRYL

Okay, *mom*.

LYNN

Oh whatever.

DONALD

If it'll make you kids feel any better I know where he hangs out. Had to track him down plenty of times there for my rent money. But you kids, uh... Why don't you just do what every other person in your predicament does in LA when they're in desperate need of cash.

DARRYL

What's that?

DONALD

Call your parents.

JOSH

On our first day here. They'll think we're losers.

DONALD

Well technically, you did lose your cash, so --

LYNN

No we haven't lost yet. Where's that place? We're going over there.

DONALD

I respect that... He hangs out over on Fair Fax at Bianco's bar and grill.

LYNN

Good. How do we get to Fairfax?

JOSH

And don't give us that practice, practice, practice crap.

Off Donald's "are you kidding" look.

INT. DARRYL'S YELLOW CHEVY CAMARO - SUNSET BLVD - DAY

Darryl drives as Josh rides shotgun and Lynn sits in the back
- All are DISPIRITED.

DARRYL

Man, if I hav to go back home and move in with my peeps, I'll never hear the end of it.

(imitates dad)

"I told you moving to LA to become a movie star was a pipe dream. Get a real job. That's how you make it in America."

LYNN

Your dad what about my mom?

(imitates mom)

"California? La La land? This is the biggest mistake of your life. The only people that go to California are weirdos, drug addicts, and porn stars. Oh my god where did I go wrong?!"

JOSH

You think you guys have problems. My folks fronted me the money to leave.

(imitates parents)

"Go on get outta here. Go. You can do it." Imagine their disappointment if I walk back through the door. That is if they haven't changed the locks.

GPS SYSTEM

You have completed your travel.
Your destination is ahead thirty
feet on the right.

The gang looks, spots Meechy's BMW in the parking lot.

DARRYL

There it is! That's his ride.

JOSH

I see. I see.

LYNN

Then lets go in there and kick some
Albino butt.

DARRYL

Can I at least park first Xena?

JOSH

(laughs)

Warrior princess. That was good.
That was good.

DARRYL

I know. Now knock that smirk off ya
face and look tough. We don't need
that clown taking us for jokes.

JOSH

Even though you just made one?

LYNN

Even though you are one.

JOSH

Even though you --

DARRYL

C'mon guys chill. We're on deck.

Turns off Sunset and pulls into the drive of...

EXT. BIANCO'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

TWO VALETS works the drive. Darryl's Camaro - still caked
with road dust - pulls next to the valet podium as...

VALET #1 runs around to the driver's side and prevents the
car door from opening.

VALET #1
May I help you?

INSIDE THE CAMARO

Darryl, Lynn, and Josh give pause.

DARRYL
Yeah, we wanna go in.

VALET #1
In this dirty car, and those cheap
clothes... no way.

JOSH
Heeyyy...
(re: his shirt)
This is a Huxdale button-down
classic. These pants are Zoe
Brothers. And don't even get me
started on the shoes.

VALET #1
(snide)
All purchased from your local K-
mart right?

JOSH
Walmart. I wouldn't be caught dead
in a K-mart.

VALET #1
Neither will you be caught dead in
here. Now move it along. There's a
McDonald's down the street.

LYNN
But there's a guy in there that
owes us money.

VALET #1
Lady, there's guys in there that
owe a lot of people money.

LYNN
What's that suppose to mean?

DARRYL
And what's wrong with my ride? Sure
it's a little dirty but --

VALET
A little?
(re: door dust)
(MORE)

VALET (CONT'D)

This is pure neglect. If your
"ride" was a child, protective
services would've took it away long
ago.

(beat)

Now move it!

Darryl has no choice but to move it along.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - SECONDS LATER

Exiting the premise of Bianco's Bar & Grill, the Camaro pulls
out into traffic, crosses lanes to the opposite side of the
road and parks...

EXT. CURBSIDE OF STREET/INT. DARRYL'S YELLOW CAMARO - DAY

LYNN

This is bull. We should bum rush
that joint, twist that Meechy
inside out and take our money back.

DARRYL

What if he's armed? We can't jus
run up on a guy unless we know if
he is or isn't packing.

LYNN

So we gonna just sit here? It's a
bar he could be in there for hours.
I'm telling you we should just get
our bum rush on.

DARRYL

You see how fancy that place is,
what if they have security?

LYNN

Again with the what if's. What'd
you think Josh? You down for a good
ole fashion bum rush?

JOSH

And risk getting my face smashed in
by some steroid chugging lug head?
I'm calling 5 - oh. Better yet, you
do it.

LYNN

Why?

JOSH
Because they'll respond quicker if
it's a lady in distress.

LYNN
That's sexiest.

DARRYL
We ain't got time to discuss
feminism in the 21st century, Lynn.
That chump could be blowing through
our cash right now.

JOSH
Yeah, he could be buying out the
bar with two strippers on either
side of him sniffing coke through a
rolled up hundred dollar bill.

LYNN
It's a bar & grill not a hip hop
video.

DARRYL
Just make the call!

LYNN
Okay, okay.

Takes out her cellphone and dials. Two beats.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
911 what's your emergency?

LYNN
We need a police officer at
Bianco's bar & grill, immediately.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
And what is the nature of this
call?

LYNN
An Albino named Meechy ripped us
off for 3700 bucks and we just
tracked him down and need an
officer to come out and haul his
ass off to jail.

JOSH
After, we get our money back.

LYNN
Yeah, after, we get our money back.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Are there any witnesses to the
crime?

LYNN
Other than us, no.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
So it's your word against his.

LYNN
Well, yeah.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
We'll send an officer out to take a
report as soon as one becomes
available..

LYNN
As soon as one becomes available?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Well, is any person in need of
medical assistance?

LYNN
No.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Is any person's safety in imminent
threat of danger?

LYNN
No.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
And let me guess. You're new to LA
right?

LYNN
We just moved here from Seattle.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Figures. Look, at this very moment
someone in Los Angeles is either
getting stabbed, shot, or having
their house burned down to the
ground. An Albino swindling you out
of 3700 dollars does not constitute
an emergency.

LYNN
But what if he tries to leave
before the officer shows us?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Get a description of his vehicle
and license plate number to put in
the report.

LYNN
Okay, thank you, I guess.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Have a nice day.

Click.

JOSH
What did they say?

LYNN
Welcome to LA.

DARRYL
Damn. Maybe Josh should've made the
call.

JOSH
Yeah, I would've sounded much more
like a lady in distress than that.

LYNN
Screw you.

JOSH
That Albino already did. He's
probably in there making it rain on
them strippers with our cash right
now.

LYNN
I swear, you gotta lay off the rap
music.

DARRYL
Wait a sec...

Looks out window at business just off the sidewalk 'Omni
Cinema Props and Wardrobes.'

DARRYL (CONT'D)
We just might be in luck.

INT. OMNI CINEMA PROPS AND WARDROBES - DAY

MOVIE MEMORABILIA, PROPS, and COSTUMES on display everywhere. The PROPRIETOR tends the floor, looks over as the door chime RINGS and Josh, Lynn, and Darryl walk in.

PROPRIETOR

Good afternoon. May your life be filled with greater and lasting enjoyment.

DARRYL

Yeah yeah yeah. We need to rent some really nice clothes.

JOSH

Like, baller gear. Something that'll makes us look like we're rolling in dough.

PROPIETOR

If it's external happiness which you seek I can help you with that. But for internal happiness I can help you even more.

LYNN

Yeah yeah yeah. Do you have hourly rates?

PROPIETOR

Sure, but there's a four hour minimum.

JOSH

What if we pay in cash?

PROPIETOR

It's still, a four hour minimum.

JOSH

What if we pay for two hours and bring the clothes back in like, fifteen minutes? You can pocket the bread and your boss will never know.

PROPIETOR

But I and you will know. And I think we both agree that you can't put a price on damage to our souls.

LYNN

Actually we can. You see, we are working on very limited funds on account of -- Hold up. Are you trying to recruit us into some wacky Hollywood religion?

PROPIETOR

Not recruit. Enlighten. The Zohar teaches that all external problems can be eradicated with the four basic principles of --

DARRYL

(to Josh, Lynn. Re:
Propietor)

Oh great, a Scientologist. I was warned bout this.

PROPIETOR

We're not *that* wacky of a Hollywood religion.

(beat)

I bring to you the wisdom of Kabballah. The true religion set forth by --

JOSH

Yeah yeah yeah. Just show us the gear.

PROPIETOR

This way.

Starts off down AISLE

where Darryl's attention falls on CSI (Las Vegas, Miami, Los Angeles): memorabilia, autographed posters, and wardrobe previously worn by the cast.

DARRYL

Whoa, whoa, whooaaa... This is my show. Guys, check it out!

Stops to takes in the merchandise as Josh, Lynn, and the Propietor presses on...

WARDROBE DEPARTMENT

... to racks of high-end clothing.

JOSH

Now this is what I'm talkin bout.

Lynn rifles through rack of dresses as Proprietor stands by,

PROPIETOR

Let me ask you something.

LYNN

Shoot.

PROPIETOR

Have you ever asked yourself what
is the meaning of life?

LYNN

At least a thousand times.
Especially in high school when I
had this terrible acne problem. The
other kids would tease me "There
goes --

PROPIETOR

Well the Zohr teaches that --

LYNN

I wasn't finished.

PROPIETOR

I know. But reliving past external
incidences does nothing for the
inner self. You see, human
perception without Divine
immanently does nothing to reveal
our spiritual and physical
existence which are bound up in the
life of man.

LYNN

Good thing I'm a woman then.
(holds up dress)
What's something like this go for?

PROPIETOR

At the four hour minimum rate, I
can let you have it for \$75. But it
is my duty to warn you, the demonic
realm, though illusory in its holy
origin, becomes the real apparent
realm of impurity in lower
creation.

LYNN

Noted. Can I try this on?

PROPIETOR
(exasperated)
Dressing rooms are over th--

Josh, approaching with the clothes from the mannequin,
interjects,

JOSH
Yo my man, how much to take these
digs for a spin?

Proprietor rolls eyes in frustration.

PROPIETOR
75. They're all \$75 for four hours
plus a \$1000 deposit and \$200
insurance option excluding the
shoes, belt, and accessories.

Lynn and Josh's mouth drop open at the same time that
Darryl's eyesight falls on a rack of POLICE UNIFORMS hanging
nearby.

DARRYL
I got a better idea.

ACT THREEEXT. OMNI CINEMA PROPS AND WARDROBES - AFTERNOON

As Darryl struts out of the shop, still dressed as before but now with his shirt unbuttoned, exposing his chest, a "fake" detective badge clipped proudly to his belt.

Lynn and Josh follow looking less confident both with "fake" detective badges hanging off their necks.

LYNN

I don't know about this...

DARRYL

Own the character. Do not let it own you.

JOSH

What does that even mean?

DARRYL

Just follow my lead.

EXT. BIANCA'S BAR & GRILL - VALET PODIUM - SECONDS LATER

#2 Valet spots Darryl, Lynn, and Josh strutting up the drive, elbows #1 Valet to look.

VALET #2

Looks who's back.

(beat)

I'll handle it this time.

Start off to greet the three.

Darryl is first to speak as the Valet approaches.

DARRYL

Outta the way. We got official business.

ATTENDANT

Oh, sorry officer. Just doing my job, hope you understand.

DARRYL

I do, and I don't.

The attendant moves off to the side. The three press on.

INT. BIANCO'S BAR & GRILL - ENTRANCE FOYER - AFTERNOON

A swanky hang-out complete with autographed pictures of past celebrity diners adorning the walls and music from a live jazz band whom entertains as young, hot waitresses and waiters dish out food and drinks to the PATRONS.

Darryl, Lynn, and Josh enter and is immediately approached by a beautiful thirty-something hostess DOMINIQUE WATSON (42), African-American.

DOMINIQUE

Good afternoon, I'm Dominique, your hostess for this evening. Table for three?

DARRYL

(re: fake badge)

Outta the way. We got official busin--

(beat)

Oh snap! You're Dominique Watson, the R&B singer from the 90's. I was one of your biggest fans.

(then)

What're you doing working here?

DOMINIQUE

Well, did you buy my last album?

DARRYL

Uh, no.

DOMINIQUE

So didn't a million other fans.
(then) What can I do for you Officer?

LYNN

Actually, we here to apprehend one of your guests. We trailed him here so we know he's inside.

DOMINIQUE

Oh. In that case allow me to go get the owner.

As she starts off,

JOSH

Excuse me, Ms Dominique.

DOMINIQUE

Yes?

JOSH

How many kids do you have?

DOMINIQUE

Two.

JOSH

Wanna go half on another one?

Dominique rolls her eyes and heads on as Lynn punches Josh in the shoulder.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Oowww. What was that for?

LYNN

You're suppose to be a cop.

JOSH

I am. You ever hear of the good cop, bad cop routine?

DARRYL

He's right. If we want to effectively pull off these roles we much each display unique but separate personalities.

LYNN

So if he's the bad cop and you're the good cop what personality does that leave for me?

DARRYL

You're the eye-candy. Just nod, smile, and let me and Josh do the talking.

LYNN

Well if that ain't the most male chauvinistic crap I ever heard --

BIANCO (O.S.)

Afternoon Officers...

The three turn to discover NICKY BIANCO, 60's, tailored-suit, ear and pinky ring.

BIANCO (CONT'D)

I'm Bianco, and, I don't believe we've met before.

DARRYL
(re: self, Lynn, Josh)
Detective Stevens, Cowell, and
Hollister. Southeast division.

BIANCO
Southeast? But that's clear on the
other side of --

DARRYL
We're here to talk to Meechy.
Albino, gold tooth, chains, low-
life son-of-a --

BIANCO
Yes, Meech. He's here but, to not
unsettle the other patrons, could I
have him meet you in one of our
private dinning rooms?

LYNN
As if he would actually show up to
meet the police.

BIANCO
Oh don't worry, I won't mention
that it's to talk to the cops.

JOSH
It's detectives.

BIANCO
But the young lady just said
police.

LYNN
But I meant, cops. As in 5-oh, boys
in blue, pigs --

BIANCO
Pigs?

DARRYL
You get the picture. Now bring
Meechy to me before I go robo-cop
all over this place.

BIANCO
Sure. Sure... Dominique could you
please show the officers to the VIP
room.

DOMINIQUE
This way please.

MAIN FLOOR - BIANCO'S BAR & GRILL

As Dominique leads the three "alleged" officers discreetly through the dinning area... Josh scopes out the crowd, spots Meechy at a far table with a pretty lady on either side of him, drinking from bottle of champagne.

JOSH
(low to Lynn)
Told ya.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - BIANCO'S BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON

A small exclusive dinning area set up for VIPs, business meetings, etc...

The door is opened by the Dominique who steps aside allowing Lynn, Darryl, and Josh to enter.

DOMINIQUE
Make yourself comfortable. The owner will be with you shortly.

DARRYL
Ms Dominique, before you go...
(beat)
...can I please take a selfie with you? Just one pic. A few seconds. It for my dad. Okay, no it's not. It's for me. For my Facebook, please!

DOMINIQUE
If only you had that much enthusiasm to buy my last album.

With that, she exits the room. Darryl watches, at a loss for words, as the door shuts behind her. After which, Lynn slides a chair over to the doorway and hops on top.

LYNN
This is the plan. When he comes in I'll jump on his back surprising him, giving you two time to pounce and get our money back.

DARRYL
Pounce?

LYNN
To Strike. Lunge at.

DARRYL

I know the meaning I'm just not sure of the plan. Violence should be a last option.

JOSH

I agree. We could be charged with a hate crime if something goes wrong.

LYNN

Hate crime?

JOSH

Yeah, because he's Albino.

LYNN

He's a crook! The fact that he is a different color has nothing to do with it!

DARRYL

It's call circumstantial evidence. And the circumstances are that he is Albino, and we do hate him.

JOSH

If I was on a jury I'd convict.

DARRYL

Me too.

LYNN

You too? Oh, so what's the big plan, you flash your fake badge, put him in your fake police car, and take him to your fake jail?

DARRYL

Our fake jail. We're in this together.

LYNN

But that doesn't make any sense!!

DARRYL

You keep saying that. Why do you keep saying that? We're a team. If something doesn't make sense to one of us it shouldn't make sense to all of us.

LYNN

But that doesn't make any --

JOSH
There she goes again.

LYNN
Uuuuugghhhh!!!

EXT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE PRIVATE DINNING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bianco leads. Meechy struts behind, drink still in hand.

MEECHY
C'mon Nicky what gives? Am I about
to be whack?

BIANCO
You gotta be freaking kidding me.
If I wanted to whack you I would've
done it already.

MEECHY
So who would wanna see me? Is it a
broad?

BIANCO
She promised me not to tell.

MEECHY
So it is, a broad. Wanna piece of
the old Meech huh.

EXT./INT. PRIVATE ROOM - BIANCO'S BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

They arrived at destined door. Bianco grabs the doorknob and
pauses...

BIANCO
No matter what happens in here I
don't want it spilling out into the
main dinning room you hear me?

MEECHY
Don't worry. I tell her not to
scream to loud when I bang her.

BIANCO OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL...

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
ADLIB ATTACK STRATEGY ARGUEMENT.

JOSH, LYNN, and DARRYL arguing on the other side.

MEECHY

(menacing)

I thought you said someone wanted
to speak with me, these are
nobodys.

Lynn, Darryl, and Josh look over, sees Bianco and Meechy
entering the room. The three quickly composes themselves,
steps up to face Meechy.

DARRYL

That's right. It's us.

LYNN

Where's our money you lying crook?

JOSH

Hand it over or feel the wrath.

BIANCO

What's going on here?

Meechy reaches into his jacket...

MEECHY

Nothing I can't handle.

...and extracts a gun.

MEECHY (CONT'D)

And first, I'll handle you.

DARRYL

(what else you expected)

Yeah, right, the black guy always
get it first.

Josh steps over beside him.

JOSH

Don't worry bro. If he kills you
he's gonna have to kill me next.

DARRYL

But I still will get it first.

As Lynn slides up next to Josh,

LYNN

Then he'll have to kill me.

Meechy smiles.

MEECHY

No problem.

DARRYL

But I still get it first!

Meechy dead-aims the barrel in the center of Darryl's forehead.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

(sobs)

You was right daddy, I should've never come to LA to become an actor.

Squeezes eyes shut, braces for shot, when -

BIANCO (V.O.)

Meechy have you lost your freakin mind?

(steps up beside)

I got exclusive clientele here, I can't have the cops swarming around.

MEECHY

But Nicky I --

BIANCO

No... That's it.

(to three)

You kids, get outta here.

(then)

Meech, I'll deal with you later.

LYNN

We aren't going anywhere without our money.

JOSH/DARRYL

Yeah. That's right.

Bianco stares into their determined faces, turns to Meechy:

BIANCO

Hand it over Meech.

MEECHY

C'mon Nicky. We can't let a --

BIANCO

Do I have to repeat myself?

Meechy reluctantly digs out the money. Lynn snatches it out of his hand.

LYNN

Thought so.
 (quickly counts the roll)
 Wait a sec. It's a couple of
 hundred short.

MEECHY

(shrugs)
 I had to pay off a debt or two.

DARRYL

You can explain it to the cops when
 they get here. The real ones this
 time.

JOSH

A couple of LA's finest.

Bianco whips out his wallet.

BIANCO

I tell you what. Take this.

Fishes out three crisp one-hundred dollar bills.

MEECHY

(pleads)
 Nicky.

BIANCO

Not another word.
 (to Lynn)
 Here's a couple of hundred. Now are
 we cool?

LYNN

We cool.

JOSH

What bout pain and suffering. Is it
 enough in there to cover that?

Both Meechy and Bianco shoot him a look.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What?? I'm just making sure we're
 in the same position as we were
 when the crime occurred... It's the
 law.

Bianco takes out another hundred dollar bill.

BIANCO

Fine. Just get outta here. Go.
 (to Meechy)
 And I don't want them touched
 because it could lead back here to
 here.

DARRYL

That's the only reason?

Bianco explodes.

BIANCO

You're still here?!!

DARRYL

No. In fact I just didn't say that.

Darts for the door. Lynn following quickly. Josh behind

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - STRATFORD ARMS - LATER

A GOLF BALL rolls across the floor and drops into a portable
 putting hole. The putter is Donald, who fist pumps the air.

DONALD

Yesss... still got it.

Across the room, the office door opens to reveal Lynn,
 Darryl, and Josh.

LYNN

Does anybody have an apt unit to
 rent?

DONALD

You got your money back?

DARRYL

Every dollar and then some.

DONALD

I'll be damned. I just knew I'd
 never see you again.

JOSH

Why, because Bianco's is a mob hang
 out?

DONALD

Well, yeah.

LYNN

So why didn't you tell us?

DONALD

Would you have went if I did?

LYNN

Of course not.

DONALD

In that case, You're Welcome.

Gets on hove-around and maneuvers the electric chair behind his desk.

JOSH

So, let's get down to business. Are we still down for the available apartment?

DONALD

Deposit, first, and last month's rent.

LYNN

Cool, but this time we want to sign a lease agreement first.

DONALD

No deal.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN

Ad-lib Gasps.

DONALD

...Until at least two of you get jobs the most I can offer is a month to month tenancy.

LYNN

But we have credit. References. A stable work history.

DONALD

That may fly in Seattle but this is LA, where it can take you six months just to interview for a job or you could become heroine addicted ex-porn stars by sunrise. It's going to be a month to month lease or nothing. I can't pay my mortgage on your blind ambitions.

JOSH
(shrugs)
Makes sense to me.

DARRYL
That goes ditto for me.

Donald, Josh, and Darryl then turns to Lynn. Two beats.

LYNN
Freak it. I guess it makes sense to
me also.

Darryl and Josh give her "that a boy" slaps on her back.

DARRYL
Way to go. You finally get it.

JOSH
Welcome to the team.

DONALD
Welcome to the Stratford Arms.

Whips out a pen and commences with the paperwork as Darryl,
Lynn, and Josh breath a sigh of relief.

DARRYL
(reflecting)
Just think, we almost got killed
today.

LYNN
Just think, our first day in LA and
we were almost back in Seattle.

JOSH
Just think, if it wasn't for me
answering that Craig's list ad we
would've never found this apt.

Darryl and Lynn shoots him a look.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG:

INT. APARTMENT 204 - STRATFORD ARMS - DUSK

Josh lounges on couch, lap top in lap talking to his mom on skype.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
...of course we're going to miss you but the house is so peaceful now. Your father's blood-pressure is down. I'm sewing again. And your brother brought home his first A.

JOSH
I've only been gone a day!

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Yeah, isn't it great.

Lynn, who is out on the patio... shouts through the sliding glass door.

LYNN
Hello Mrs.... How's the weather in Seattle?

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Cold and rainy. You sell any art yet?

LYNN
No, but the key word is yet.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
I'll keep my fingers crossed. Make
the neighborhood proud.

LYNN
I'll do my best.

JOSH
It's gonna take a lot more than
that.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Play nice Joshua.

JOSH
I was.

LYNN
Don't worry Mrs. Cowell, I'm immune
to idiot-tidous.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
(chuckles)
You kids.

Just then, Darryl comes rushing out of a room.

DARRYL
Guys, quick, I need a pic to update
my Facebook status.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Is that Darryl?

DARRYL
(to computer)
Hi Mrs. Cowell.

MRS. COWELL (ON LAPTOP)
Hi Darryl. I spoke to your mother
today. We're both so proud of you.
And I have no doubt we're going to
be seeing you on that big screen in
no time.

DARRYL
Thanks. Could I borrow Jay a sec?
(beat)
Lynn, quick, get in here.

Scene will end with the three posing for PIC which Darryl takes for a FaceBook post.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Everybody say Cheese.

JOSH/DARRYL/LYNN
(unison)
CHEESE!!!!!!

FLASH/SNAP.

THE END

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