

LOSERVILLE
BY
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Registered WGAe
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LOSERVILLE"LIFE OF RILEY"TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL RILEY`S HOUSE - DAY

MICHAEL RILEY (MICKEY), 20`S, AVERAGE LOOKING GUY,
WITH ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF EYORE THE DONKEY,
MAKES HIS WAY DOWNSTAIRS TO THE KITCHEN TO FIX
HIMSELF SOME BREAKFAST.

HE TAKES A SLICE OF PIZZA FROM THE FRIDGE AND POPS
IT IN THE MICROWAVE, STRETCHES, TAKES A DEEP BREATH
ANDNEARLY GAGS.

MICKEY

MOM! I think the sewer has backed
up.

AN ARM RAISES UP FROM THE SOFA.

MAN (O.S.)

Shhhhhhhhh.

MICKEY CREEPS TOWARDS THE SOFA AND SLOWLY PEEKS
OVER FROM THE TOP.

THE CUSHIONS START TO MOVE.

MICKEY

MOM! Our cushions are moving and
they smell like New Jersey.

AN OLD MAN, 60`S, LEAPS UP FROM UNDER THE CUSHIONS.
HIS CLOTHES ARE TORN AND TATTERED, KINDA LOOKS LIKE
OLD FAGIN FROM OLIVER TWIST.

MICKEY JUMPS BACK AND YELPS.

PEGGY (MICKEY`S MOM), 60`S, STORMS IN FROM THE
BEDROOM, WEARING BETTY BOOP PJ`S AND A FULL FACE
MASK.

PEGGY

It`s only your Uncle Jimmy,
sunshine.

MICKEY

Could you please explain why he
is lying on our sofa smelling
like roadkill, and not being the
eternal nail to Bubba`s hammer
at the residence for incarcerated
criminals.

PEGGY

Well, he got released early on
good behavior.

MICKEY

No... Good behavior and him should
not be in the same sentence.

JIMMY

I feel the love.

THE MICROWAVE DINGS.

MICKEY

Aha your lucky day... A spot in
hell has just opened up.

JIMMY RAISES HIS FISTS.

JIMMY

If your dad was alive, he'd be
turning in his grave.

MICKEY ROLLS HIS EYES AND DROPS HIS HEAD TOWARDS
HIS MOM.

PEGGY

Now, now calm down boys... it`s
only for a short while, until he
finds his own place.

JIMMY KICKS BACK ON THE COUCH AND PUTS HIS HANDS
BEHIND HIS HEAD.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Besides, it would be nice to
have a man around the house.

MICKEY EYES HIMSELF UP AND DOWN.

JIMMY

No, no... she said a man.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONESCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. MICKEY`S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY IS STILL IN DISBELIEF.

JIMMY

Mickey... We both know Harry
would love it if you could find
it in that frozen tundra climate
heart of yours to let me stay
just for a wee while.

MICKEY

I would rather stand in front of
an elephant stampede, wearing
nothing but a bag of peanuts
around my gonads.

JIMMY

Ahh old Harry... always loved
peanuts.

MICKEY RIPS HIS COAT OFF A HANGER AND STORMS OUT
THE DOOR.

MICKEY

(SHOUTING AT PEGGY)

We will talk about this at the
Pet Shop.

JIMMY

Ok.

MICKEY SLAMS THE DOOR.

A FEW SECONDS LATER HE SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR.

MICKEY

Why did YOU say ok?

PEGGY

Yeah, that's another thing...

You see... I'm not getting any
younger and ---

JIMMY

--- What your mom is trying to
say is, she's not getting any
younger...or thinner...or prettier ---

PEGGY

(TO MICKEY)

Listen dear, the Pet Shop was
Harry's love and I can see that
same love from you, but it was
never for me...

MICKEY FEELS LIKE HIS HEART WAS RIPPED OUT OF HIS
BODY, AND SQUASHED BY THE SAME STAMPEDE OF ELEPHANTS.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

You're my youngest, my baby, my
little one, my precious angel,
my ---

MICKEY

Ok mom.

PEGGY

And you need help... and Jimmy
needs a job... he is very
creative.

MICKEY

Hmm... Yeah I imagine holding up
a liquor store with a staple
gun, in a Notre Dame jersey and
a pair of communion shoes can be
considered creative... but then...
doing it twice; not so much.

JIMMY

For your info, the staple gun
wasn't loaded.

MICKEY

You're lucky the clerk didn't
fight back with some A4 paper...
or the time you held up a bank.

JIMMY

I was so close.

MICKEY

It was the drive-thru!....drive
thru!

JIMMY

Yeah and I would've got away
with it if it hadn't been for
those pesky kids.

MICKEY

Mom! Now he's just quoting Scooby-Doo.

JIMMY

Listen... Old Harry wants me to work at the Pet Shop.

MICKEY

What do you mean "wants"... he is dead... Dead people don't talk... only in movies to creepy little children.

PEGGY HOLDS ALOFT A PIECE OF PAPER.

PEGGY

Actually he wrote it in his will...

PEGGY PUTS ON HER GLASSES AND STARTS READING.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

My dearest Peggy, as I don't have long left, I would like you to do something for me... take care of my brother Jimmy ---

MICKEY

That's it!... Just put him in a homeless shelter.

(TO JIMMY)

Ok, you can leave now.

PEGGY

(STILL READING)

I will not rest in peace if he
does not stay in my home.

JIMMY

Told you.

MICKEY

Talk about coming back to haunt
someone.

PEGGY

(STILL READING)

P.S. Also give him a job at my
Pet Shop working with Michael,
after all, he is very creative,
in fact put him in charge of the
Pet Shop, Michael will learn a
lot from him.

MICKEY`S JAW DROPS TO THE GROUND, WHILE JIMMY`S
SMILE REACHES HIS EYES AND BEYOND.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

P.p.s I hope and pray each day...

(PEGGY TURNS OVER THE PAGE)

They have dry roasted peanuts in
heaven.

JIMMY

Ahh dry roasted, his favorite.

MICKEY THROWS HIMSELF ON THE FLOOR, THEN CURLS UP
INTO CHILD'S POSE YOGA POSITION, AFTER A FEW DEEP
BREATHS HE STANDS UP.

MICKEY GRABS THE LETTER FROM PEGGY.

MICKEY

Let me see that... It's notarized!

PEGGY

Harry always did it by the book.

MICKEY

Just...Just... Out of curiosity,
what exactly do you know about
animals?

JIMMY STROLLS OVER TO THE FRIDGE.

JIMMY

I'm glad you asked... I've been
studying while you were
unsuccessfully trying to get
beauty sleep.

THERE ARE ANIMAL FRIDGE MAGNETS ON THE DOOR.

JIMMY SMILES AS HE PRESSES THE CAT MAGNET. THE
MAGNET RESPONDS "THE CAT SAYS MEOW"

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Meow... They have everything
here.

MICKEY SLAMS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

ACT ONEB

EXT. MAIN STREET ROME UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

A SIGN ON AN IVY-COVERED BUILDING READS: "HARRY'S PET SHOP", IT IS OLD AND RUSTED. THE "H" OF HARRY'S LEANS TO ONE SIDE, HANGING BY A STRIP OF SHEET METAL.

INT. HARRY'S PET SHOP - DAY

MICKEY WALKS UP AND DOWN THE AISLES STOPPING TO LOOK, WAVE AND SMILE AT EVERY ANIMAL JUST AS HE DOES EVERY MORNING, A RITUAL OF SORTS.

MICKEY

How're my little bunny wunnies?

You all look so cutsie wutsie as
always.

(TO HIS FISH)

How're my fishy wishies? All
swimming around in their tankie
wankies.

JIMMY KICKS BACK ON AN OLD TORN LEATHER OFFICE CHAIR, HIS CARELESS MANNER MAKES IT CLEAR THAT HE HAS NO DESIRE TO BE THERE. HE TAPS THE COUNTER FURIOUSLY AS IF HE NEEDS SOMETHING.

JIMMY

So when does things get lively
round here?

MICKEY

Lively? It's a Pet Shop, not the
Playboy Mansion.

JIMMY

Why haven't you got a girl?... I mean seriously are you gay or straight?

MICKEY

I'm just "great"... if you must know, ever since Dad died, Mom became very protective of me. Any girl I bring home gets a full interrogation... You would know about that.

JIMMY REVERTS BACK TO TAPPING ON THE COUNTER.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Is there some sort of problem?...
Despite the fact you're sober.

MICKEY WALKS OVER TO A KENNEL FULL OF PUPPIES AND PICKS UP THE RUNT.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You see this... eight little puppies came out of that one little bitch?...

(TO THE DOG)

Poor blossom; I'm sure it was painful, although my mom always said I was an easy birth.

JIMMY

You are the youngest of six
kids...at that point your mom
could have given birth to a baby
rhino and not felt it...

(WHISPERS TO HIMSELF)

And she's a bitch too.

MICKEY

You know, you don't have to be
here...I don't believe Dad wrote
that letter. You probably had it
forged by one of your... "friends"

JIMMY

Ahhh old Harry, there's a man I
could respect...He was smart,
good looking, had the charisma
of Ali, heck he could sell a pig
to a Rabbi... although he was
known for the...

(BENDING HIS PINKIE)

Irish curse... like father like
son.. eh Mickey?

MICKEY

I don't have a small penis, thank
you very much... and I am
charismatic.

JIMMY

Yeah... You sting like a butterfly
and float like a bee.

MICKEY TAKES A PARROT OUT OF IT`S CAGE.

MICKEY

Good morning Harry.

JIMMY

What a scary looking animal.

MICKEY

Excuse me, this was my dad's
pride and joy.

JIMMY

Thanks for interrupting, I was
talking to the bird.

SUDDENLY THE BELL RINGS FROM THE PET SHOP DOOR,
MICKEY AND JIMMY LOOK UP TO SEE THEIR FIRST CUSTOMER
OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE BOY ENTERS, HE LOOKS LIKE HE WOULDN'T BE
OUT OF PLACE IN THE LITTLE RASCALS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ok Mickey, show me your magic,
lets see you sell something.

MICKEY ROLLS HIS EYES.

MICKEY

Hi there, can I help you?

LITTLE BOY

I'm looking for a bunny.

MICKEY CAREFULLY PICKS UP A RABBIT GIVING HIM ESKIMO
KISSES, THE RABBIT`S BACK LEGS KICK FURIOUSLY.

MICKEY

Which color would you like, we have this little black one, or this white one, or my favorite this cutesy wutesy brown one I call "Fluffster".

JIMMY SHOVES ONE FINGER DOWN HIS THROAT IN A MOCK GAG, THE BOY LAUGHS AT JIMMY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Just ignore him, he hasn't had his meds yet... You know, each color gives the bunnies their own distinct character, it enables them to feel different, but yet secure in their own sense.

LITTLE BOY

What the heck are you talking about Mister?... I don't think my python will give a crap, they all taste the same to him... although Fluffster does look the fattest.

JIMMY TRIES TO KEEP HIS COOL, BUT CAN BARELY RESTRAIN HIS LAUGHTER.

JIMMY

Take the parrot too, he tastes just like chicken.

MICKEY GRABS THE BOY BY THE ARM AND DRAGS HIM TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MICKEY

(PUSHING THE BOY OUT)

These rabbits are not for sale!

LITTLE BOY

What's your problem?

JIMMY

He has a small penis.

LITTLE BOY

That'll do it.

EXT. PET SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY STANDS AT THE DOOR AS JIMMY SLITHERS OUT
BEHIND HIM.

JIMMY

Looks like you have this all
under control.

MICKEY

Please tell me your're quitting.

JIMMY

Nooooo, that would be too easy,
I'm doing job research... I'm
going to check out the town, do
some surveys, try to bring in
more clients, get a feel for the
place, see what the people want.

MICKEY

In other words, you're going to
Murphy's.

JIMMY

Wow... You are good... just don't
tell your dad.

SUDDENLY THEY HEAR A CREAKING SOUND, THEY LOOK UP
TO SEE THE "H" OF HARRY'S PET SHOP SIGN FALL TO THE
GROUND.

JIMMY LEAPS BACK THEATRICALY.

MICKEY

I think he heard you.

JIMMY CLUTCHES HIS STOMACH, ON THE VERGE OF
VOMITTING.

JIMMY

You know, I think there's too
much blood in my alcohol...

(STARTS WALKING AWAY)

Think I'll leave you alone...
with your animals... don't do
anything I wouldn't do.

MICKEY

Well that leaves my options
waaaaay open.

JIMMY

(SHOUTING BACK)

Are you ever happy?

MICKEY

Only when I'm alone.

HE SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS, PICKS UP THE `H` AND WALKS
BACK INTO THE PET SHOP.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONESCENE C

FADE IN:

EXT. HARRY`S PET SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

MICKEY IS DEEP IN THOUGHT AS HE SWEEPS THE STORE FRONT. SUDDENLY A DARK SHADOW CASTS OVER HIM AS HE LIFTS HIS HEAD; THERE IS A HEAVYSET GIRL STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM.

SALLY WESTON, 20'S, SHE IS EASY ON THE EYE, CURVACEOUS, BUT A VERY CLOSE TALKER.

SALLY

A shoe shop, a Taco Bell and a candy store; yeah, this town is just one big PMS circus.

MICKEY

Wow! where did you come from?

SALLY

Originally... my parents got wasted one night, then wam bam, oops I thought you were on birth control, oops I thought you put a condom on...ah well...

MICKEY

Okayyyyy, a little overkill on the info.

SALLY TAKES ONE STEP FORWARD SO THAT SHE IS NOW NOSE TO NOSE WITH MICKEY, MAKING INTENSE EYE CONTACT.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Are you trying to sniff my brain?

SALLY STEPS BACK TWO PACES AS HER EYES WELL UP WITH TEARS.

SALLY

Have I done something wrong?

MICKEY

I'm sorry; that was very
inconsiderate... It's not you...

Would you like to come in?

MICKEY OPENS THE DOOR AS WIDE AS HE CAN.

SALLY SUCKS IN HER STOMACH AND HOLDS HER
BREATH, WALKING THROUGH THE DOOR SIDEWAYS.

INT. PET SHOP - CONTINUOUS

SALLY

I'm sure you don't have the type
of pet I'm looking for.

MICKEY

I have a vast array of animals,
fish, dogs, cats, birds,
bunnies... Please feel free to
look around the store.

SALLY BEGINS TO STROLL UP AND DOWN THE AISLES, AS
MICKEY GLANCES OVER INVENTORY LOGS.

STANDING BY THE SNAKE TANK, SHE STOPS AND GLANCES
UP AT MICKEY.

HE RESPONDS WITH AN AWKWARD SMILE.

SALLY

Do you have a dart frog?

MICKEY

I don't believe so.

SALLY

How about a Brazilian wandering
spider?

MICKEY

Try Brazil.

SALLY SLOWLY REACHES INTO THE SNAKE TANK, WHILE
KEEPING THE CONVERSATION GOING.

SALLY

I see you have a Western
Diamondback Rattler.

MICKEY LIFTS HIS HEAD SLOWLY FROM HIS PAPERWORK.

MICKEY

Wait!... What are you doing?

SALLY ENCOURAGES THE SNAKE TO BITE HER.

SHE SCREAMS OUT IN PAIN AS THE SNAKE SINKS ITS TEETH
INTO HER ARM.

IN A PANIC, MICKEY THROWS THE PAPERWORK TO THE GROUND
AS HE SCRAMBLES TO HER AID.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What the hell!

MICKEY PRIES THE SNAKE FROM SALLY'S ARM AND PUTS IT
BACK IN THE TANK.

SALLY LAYS ON THE FLOOR IN AGONY.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Well I wasn't expecting that!

SALLY

Tell me, am I going to die?

MICKEY REACTS WITH A WRY SMILE.

MICKEY

Yes, yes you are.

A SMILE SLOWLY APPEARS IN SALLYS FACE.

SALLY

Finally.

IT NEARLY REACHES HER EYES.

MICKEY

In about sixty years!... The average life span of a woman is mid-eighties... give or take.

SALLY

Excuse me, I've been bitten by a rattlesnake here!

MICKEY

(LAUGHING)

A rattlesnake!... Nooooooo, that's a harmless bullsnake. They look similar, but that's their defense strategy, they are actually nonvenomous. You see ---

SALLY STANDS UP LOOKING DEFEATED.

SALLY

I get it!

SHE STORMS OUT OF THE PET SHOP.

MICKEY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MICKEY

One born every minute... and they all live here.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE DINT. MURPHY'S BAR - LATER

BRAD AND BOB, 20'S ,BROTHERS, LIKEABLE, BUT WITH THE BRAINS OF A MOSQUITO COMBINED; ARE ROOTED TO TWO BAR STOOLS AT THE COUNTER.

THE BARTENDER AND OWNER IS CHAD SMITH, 30'S, JAPANESE-AMERICAN, A VERY WELL EDUCATED MAN, KNOWS EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING AND HAS A PASSION FOR KARAOKE.

A DRUNK MAN STAGGERS IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND CONFRONTS THE BARTENDER.

DRUNK

(SLURRING HIS SPEECH)

I wanna Jack, straight up.

CHAD

Geh ooww! We donna serve dronks.

BOB

(LOOKING AT BRAD)

The irony being that they serve sober people until they get drunk.

BRAD

Aha touche.

BOB

What?

BRAD

You know, touche.

BOB

What's a touche?

BRAD

You know, when I say something smart, then you have an even smarter reply.

BOB

Aha... Only one problem though.

BRAD

What's that?

BOB

You didn't say anything first for me to respond with a smarter answer.

BRAD

Aha touche.

CHAD GRABS HOLD OF THE DRUNK MAN BY THE SCRUFF OF HIS NECK AND THROWS HIM OUT THE DOOR.

CHAD WALKS TO THE END OF THE COUNTER, AS ONE OF HIS CUSTOMERS IS GETTING LOW ON THEIR DRINK.

CHAD

Wou youa like anotha?

THE CUSTOMER SHAKES HIS HEAD, LEAVES A TIP AND WALKS OUT.

CHAD WALKS OVER TO BRAD AND BOB.

BRAD

So... tell me again... why do you speak in that funny voice?

CHAD

It keeps the locals happy, the happier they are, the richer I am.

BOB

It's a small town, I think we all know you speak better English than most locals.

BRAD

Ohhh... Do you know Kung Fu?

CHAD

Why would I know Kung Fu?..

BRAD

Well because... Bruce Lee and stuff.

CHAD

Bruce was a master, he was an iconic figure throughout the world, everybody wanted to be him, especially in China. Also he was known for portraying Nationalism in his movies.

BRAD

You must be proud.

CHAD

Why?.. I'm Japanese... Are you like all American movies and tv shows, where you have a habit of combining all Asian cultures together.

BRAD

So your not Chinese?

BOB

I thought you were German.

JUST THEN JIMMY ENTERS AND FINDS A SEAT NEXT TO
BRAD AND BOB.

CHAD

Well, well, well... I hear rumors,
you were wereased... Wou you
rike a dlink?

JIMMY

Drop the accent.

CHAD

Wha do youa mean?

JIMMY

Everyone knows you were born in
Manhattan, and you have a masters
Degree in English literature.

CHAD

And your point is?

JIMMY

You speak better English than
the Queen, and of course, I would
rike a dlink... It's not like I
came here for the delightful
company and the pungent aroma of
cat piss.

CHAD

The ladies love an accent.

BRAD

(TO CHAD)

So do you have a samurai sword?

CHAD

What is it with Americans and
stereotypes?

BRAD

Ok calm down it was just a
question.

CHAD PULLS OUT A SWORD FROM BEHIND THE BAR SCREAMS
AND STRIKES IT ON THE BAR CUTTING SUSHI IN HALF.

CHAD

Sushi anyone?... Why don't you
ask Jimmy why his people stamp
and skip furiously in one spot
with their pants jammed half-way
up the crack of their ass.

JIMMY

We are trying to move the country
further away from England.

CHAD SMILES.

CHAD

Gotta love the Irish.

BOB

Irish! I thought you were German.

BRAD AND BOB BOTH TURN AND FACE JIMMY, HE TRIES TO
IGNORE THEM.

BRAD

Mickey texted us you were around.

BOB

Yeah, said you moved into his house and have taken over his Pet Shop.

JIMMY ROLLS HIS EYES.

JIMMY

Three things... Why are you talking to me? Why aren't you working? And why are you talking to me?

BRAD

(WITH A BEER IN HIS HAND)

I will answer your questions in no specific order, cuz I can't remember which came first.

BRAD GOES BACK TO DRINKING HIS BEER.

JIMMY WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR AN ANSWER.

THE DRUNK ENTERS THE BAR AGAIN, THIS TIME THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR.

DRUNK

(SLURRING HIS SPEECH)

I wanna Jack Daniels... straight up.

CHAD

I told you already, get out!

CHAD GRABS THE DRUNK AND THROWS HIM OUT THE SIDE DOOR.

JIMMY

Ok the suspense is killing me, why are you not at work?

BRAD

Well we received a phone call from our wonderful boss this morning, telling us we did such great job yesterday that they have no need for us for the rest of the week.

BRAD PUTS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD AND LEANS BACK CONTENT WITH HIMSELF.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sometimes you have it and sometimes you don't.

JIMMY

Wow! There truly is no beginning to your talents.

BOB

Yep. When you've got it, you've got it.

JIMMY

Yep... You boys really do have it and from the looks of this town, it's contagious.

THE DRUNK RETURNS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, HE STUMBLES OVER TO THE BAR COUNTER.

DRUNK

Hey you, I wanna Jack Daniels straight up.

CHAD

(SHOUTING)

I'm tired of you, get out!

DRUNK

(STUMBLING AROUND AND WAGGING HIS
FINGER)

Holy crap, how many freaking
bars do you work in?

JIMMY GETS OFF HIS SEAT AND HELPS CHAD THROW THE
DRUNK OUT.

HE THEN SITS BACK DOWN WHILE DUSTING HIMSELF OFF.

JIMMY

You know the worst thing about
being unemployed?

BOB

What?

JIMMY

The humiliation, the "loser"
stamp, another bum on the street ---

BOB

So far... it's this conversation.

JIMMY

I haven't finished yet.

BOTH BRAD AND BOB'S BOTTOM LIPS START TO QUIVER AT
THE SAME TIME.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Awww how sad... You know what...
I might have the perfect job for
you two.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY'S BAR CONTINUED - DAY

MICKEY ENTERS THE BAR WITH A HUGE SMILE ON HIS FACE.

HE WALKS OVER TO JIMMY.

BRAD AND BOB

Hi Mickey.

MICKEY

Hi guys... Why aren't you at
work?... Nevermind...

(TO JIMMY)

So you finally realized it's not
for you, it took you a whole...
four hours.

JIMMY

What are you talking about?

MICKEY

You said you had big news that
would make my life easier...so...

JIMMY SMIRKS

JIMMY

I hired these two.

BRAD

Hi boss.

MICKEY

No.no.no. You can't do this.

JIMMY

I have a will that says I can...
Besides these two guys together
make nearly one complete human
being.

BRAD AND BOB HIGH FIVE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what... I'll let
you interview them and then you
can tell us all your fabulous
stories about dog shit and dead
fish.

JIMMY PULLS UP A TABLE AND FOUR CHAIRS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll get in the drinks.

(TO MICKEY)

Okay "top shelf", what are you
having? Let me just take my check
book out now.

MICKEY

You know sarcasm is the lowest
form of humor.

JIMMY

Really? Well, you obviously
haven't been to a circus.

MICKEY

Ok then, so Brad why do you think
your qualified for this job?

BRAD

Well I ---

JIMMY

Wow that is such a broad question,
how predictable.

MICKEY

Excuse me.

JIMMY

Why don't you just ask him what
his favorite flower is while
you're at it.

MICKEY GLANCES AN EVIL LOOK AT JIMMY.

MICKEY

Ok, so Bob what happened in the
last company you worked for?

BOB

Well, you know times being hard
and the company's profits taking
a huge dump, they had to make
minor changes to turn things
around and so they let us go.

BRAD AND BOB SMILE AND CLINK PINT GLASSES.

MICKEY

Because usually companies who
are struggling let their best
employees go first.

BRAD AND BOB

Exactly.

JIMMY

You're reading too much into it,
the simple truth is that they
both love animals and they need
a job.

BRAD

Yeah Mickey, I want a job where
I don't have to deal with people.

MICKEY

You have to deal with people
every day, they are called
customers.

BRAD

Really? I never see anyone in
there.

MICKEY

And what about you Bob?

BOB

Have you got good benefits?

MICKEY

Yes we do.

BOB

Good, cuz I'm taking a lot of
leave this year, very busy
schedule.

MICKEY

You guys are my oldest friends
and I love you dearly ---

JIMMY

Awwwww... so it's all settled.

BOB FALLS OFF HIS CHAIR, BRAD FALLS TRYING TO CATCH HIM. THEY BOTH LAY ON THE GROUND, AS MICKEY PUTS HIS HANDS ON HIS HEAD.

MICKEY

But you can hardly take care of yourselves, let alone my animals.

JIMMY

Our animals.

MICKEY CLOSES HIS EYES TIGHT AND THEN OPENS THEM.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm still here.

MICKEY

Damn it.

BOB AND BRAD STAND UP.

BOB

(DRUNK)

Mickey, you're like the brother I never had.

BRAD

(DRUNK)

I thought I was the brother you never had.

BOB

No. You're unlike the brother I do have... I think.

BRAD

Anyway... we are here... for
you. For you Mickey... here...
for you... we are...

(TO BOB)

What are we?

BOB

I don't know?... here I think.

JIMMY

You see... they're here for you,
now how could you turn them down?
You don't want to leave them
destitute.

BRAD

Wow... Wait just a minute, I am
not selling my body on the
streets.

JIMMY

That's "prostitute" Brad, but
that's ok.

BRAD AND BOB GLANCE AT MICKEY WITH PUPPY DOG EYES

MICKEY

Please don't make me regret it.

BRAD AND BOB DO A HAPPY DANCE.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(TO JIMMY)

You're up to something, I don't
trust you and I've never trusted
you.

JIMMY GRINS.

JIMMY

Who me? No. I'm a new man, prison
set me straight... Oh, that
reminds me, four finger Frankie
says hello.

BOB

How is old Frankie? He was a
good guy.

BRAD NUDGES BOB AND SHAKES HIS HEAD WHILE LOOKING
DOWN AT MICKEY.

BOB (CONT'D)

Sorry Mickey, I forgot.

MICKEY

Good guy! A good guy! I watched
him hold a man to the ground and
staple his eyelids together.

JIMMY

So?

MICKEY

Cuz the guy looked at him weird.

JIMMY

Sooooo?

MICKEY

He had strabismus!!!

BRAD, BOB AND JIMMY ARE COMPLETELY DUMBFOUNDED.

CHAD WALKS OVER TO THEIR TABLE.

CHAD

It's a medical term for cross eyed... Both eyes are not able to focus in the same direction.

MICKEY

Thank you Chad.

BRAD

You mean like this.

BRAD LOOKS CROSS EYED AND THEN BOB FOLLOWS SUIT,
BOTH LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

JIMMY

Did you really have to pick him out of a line up?

MICKEY

It was in my Pet Shop!!! and then he threatened to kill all the animals, have them stuffed and make some grotesque sculpture out of them.

JIMMY

And what's your point exactly?

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE B

THE SMALL STAGE IN MURPHY`S BAR.

CHAD STANDS BY THE KARAOKE MACHINE WITH A MIC IN HIS HAND.

CHAD

Are you ready for some karaoke?

THE BAR IS QUIET.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I like your enthusiasm... I'm gonna surprise you with my first song.

BRAD AND BOB

Turning Japanese.

CHAD TURNS ON THE MACHINE, THE VAPORS "TURNING JAPANESE" BEGINS TO PLAY.

CHAD

I've got your picture... of me and you...you wrote "I love you"... I wrote "me too"...

CHAD CONTINUES SINGING AS THE FRONT DOOR OPENS, SALLY WALKS IN AND GOES STRAIGHT TO THE BAR COUNTER, WHERE A BARTENDER WAITS.

MICKEY TURNS HIS HEAD AND DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE.

BARTENDER

(TO SALLY)

What can I get you?

SALLY

Just a ginger ale, please.

MICKEY

(RAISING HIS HAND TO THE BARTENDER)

I'll get that.

SALLY

You don't have to.

JIMMY

If it's under a dollar he does,
which means when you're ready to
buy one back, prepare to take
out a second mortgage.

MICKEY SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

If you want me to shut up, just
ask.

MICKEY

The easy part is asking you to
shut up, it's getting you to
shut up, that's where the problem
lies.

MICKEY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BAR COUNTER, AS BRAD
AND BOB FOLLOW ALONG LIKE TWO PUPPIES.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Feeling better?

SALLY

Sadly no.

SALLY GETS UP CLOSE TO MICKEY'S FACE AGAIN.

BRAD PICKS UP A BEER COASTER AND HOLDS IT BETWEEN
THEIR NOSES.

BRAD

Wow dude, It barely fits.

SALLY TAKES A STEP BACK.

SALLY

I'm sorry again, I'm a really close talker.

MICKEY

It's alright, nothing a few tic-tacs wouldn't cure.

SALLY

Excuse me!

SALLY WALKS OFF AND FINDS A TABLE TO HERSELF.

BOB PUTS HIS ARM AROUND MICKEY.

BOB

And you are single why?

MICKEY LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS DISGUSTED AT HIMSELF.

MICKEY

Excuse me guys.

MICKEY WALKS OVER TO SALLY'S TABLE AND PULLS OUT A CHAIR NEXT TO HER.

SHE GIVES HIM AN EVIL LOOK.

HE MOVES THE CHAIR TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TABLE.

SALLY

Please, you don't want to get too close to me, you might run out of insults.

MICKEY

Cute... I came here to apologize about my shameful behavior. I think my uncle is rubbing off on me.

SALLY

What do you want?

MICKEY

No, truly, I want to apologize
and maybe start over.

(REACHING OUT HIS HAND)

I'm Michael Riley... Everyone
calls me Mickey. Well not
everyone...

(LOOKING AT JIMMY)

I work at Harry's Pet Shop as
you know...

MICKEY TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SIGHS.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I live with my over protective
mom and thanks to my Dad's last
will and testament, we have just
been joined by my unbearably
corrupt Uncle Jimmy.

MICKEY POINTS TO BRAD AND BOB, THEY ARE DANCING THE
IRISH JIG, WHILE JIMMY TURNS AROUND TO MICKEY AND
GIVES HIM A SARCASTIC THUMBS UP.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

To make matters worse, Jimmy has
been given full control of the
Pet Shop and for reasons I have
yet to find out, he has hired my
two friends.

SALLY

And what's wrong with that?

MICKEY

Think Beavis and Butthead, then add in a Homer Simpson here, a Patrick Star there and multiply it by twenty... and you're still not close.

SALLY

Ooh... My turn now... My name is Sally Weston, I live in a one bedroom apartment in the crap end of town. My landlord is a pimp, a crack dealer and the local mechanic all rolled into one.

MICKEY

That's handy.

SALLY

I was a bastard child, a prom baby, left on the steps of the local church, who apparently picked me up, took one look at me and moved me onto the steps of the Westons.

MICKEY

Your beauty was probably too much to handle for the church. I'm sure the Westons recognized that.

SALLY

Well, hardly, the Westons are both blind. They only found me when Mr. Weston tripped over me going out for a walk.

MICKEY

Interesting.

SALLY

I have a younger adopted brother, who is color blind, so that's not too bad.

MICKEY

No, it's not.

SALLY

I'm a suicidaholic.

MICKEY

A what?

SALLY

I've attempted suicide at least twelve times... Not the right attitude for a health and safety inspector is it?

MICKEY

I would have to say no.

SALLY

Although I am afraid if I do succeed, with my luck I'll come back as myself.

MICKEY SMIRKS.

MICKEY

What about a boyfriend?

SALLY

My last boyfriend was five years ago, guess what happened to him... That's right, killed himself, the first time too, lucky bastard!... Happy you're getting to know me?

MICKEY LOOKING VERY INTRIGUED, SITS BACK IN THE CHAIR, RUBBING HIS CHIN WITH ONE HAND AND TAPPING THE TABLE WITH THE OTHER.

MICKEY

Aha, that explains the whole snake thing... Sorry, the only poisonous thing in my store is my uncle's mouth.

MICKEY AND SALLY ARE SILENT, THEY EXCHANGE LOOKS OF WHO HAD THE WORST STORY. SALLY WON.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Why don't you get some professional help, someone who will listen?

SALLY

Oh please... I see Dr. Edwards. The one doctor who needs more help than his patients.

MICKEY

So why do you go?

SALLY

There's nobody else that will
listen to me.

MICKEY

What about your parents?

SALLY

My parents... they did everything
for me, raised me as if I were
their own, I love them too much,
they have enough to worry about.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE C

BAR COUNTER.

CHAD IS BACK BEHIND THE BAR WORKING.

BRAD

(SIGNALING TO CHAD)

We are out of here Chad.. I just want to thank you for your wonderful service and delightful company... please, take *this* for your troubles.

BRAD OPENS UP HIS WALLET AND PROUDLY THROWS A DOLLAR BILL ONTO THE COUNTER.

CHAD

A dollar? Thank you; now I can get that paper clip I've always wanted.

BRAD AND BOB STUMBLE OUT THE BAR.

MICKEY SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SALLY SMILES.

MICKEY

Oh, you do smile, and it's soft and pleasant.

SALLY

This could be the start of a horrible relationship.

FADE OUT:

ACT TWOSCENE D

FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY`S BAR - LATER

MICKEY AND SALLY ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT IN THE BAR.

CHAD IS BACK ON THE KARAOKE, SWEAT DRIPPING FROM HIS FOREHEAD.

MICKEY AND SALLY CONTINUE TALKING AND LAUGHING, UNEXPECTEDLY MICKEY STANDS UP AND REACHES HIS HAND OUT TO SALLY.

MICKEY

(TO CHAD)

How about one last song? A nice slow one, just for me and this beautiful lady.

SALLY

Wow, well thank you.

CHAD

I have just the song.

CHAD SETS UP THE KARAOKE.

MICKEY PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND SALLY AS HE MOVES IN CLOSER TO HER.

SALLY

Wow a little close there don't you think?

MICKEY

Oh I'm sorry.

SALLY

I'm just joking.

SALLY PUTS HER HEAD ON MICKEY`S SHOULDER AS MICKEY SIGNAL'S TO CHAD.

CHAD SMILES BACK AS HE PUTS ON THE "THEME TUNE TO MASH".

CHAD

Suicide is painless... it brings
on many...

AS CHAD CONTINUES TO SING IN THE BACKGROUND, MICKEY AND SALLY MAKE WAY FOR THE DOOR.

MICKEY AND SALLY

Let's get outta here.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

TAGFADE IN :INT. MICHAEL RILEY`S HOUSE - NIGHT

JIMMY IS HOME ALONE SITTING ON THE COUCH WATCHING TV, HIS CELL PHONE RINGS.

JIMMY

Hello.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Hey Irish, how's life on the
outside?

JIMMY

Who is this?

FRANKIE (V.O.)

It's your old friend Frankie...

JIMMY

Frankie..Frankie..Frankieeeee...

ohh.

JIMMY LEAPS UP OFF THE COUCH TERRIFIED AND SLOWLY
PULLS BACK THE BLINDS WHILE PEERING OUT THE WINDOW.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How did you find me?

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Every move you make, every breath
you take, I'll be watching you.

JIMMY

Sounds like the Police.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

You tell them anything and you're
dead man.

JIMMY

What?...No... I mean the
band...What do you want from
me?...

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Jimmy...Jimmy...Jimmy... Didn't
I make your life on the inside a
little sweeter... I got you a
bigger cell, tv, a bi-weekly
supply of Martha Stewart's home
cooking magazines.

JIMMY

Well yes.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

So you owe me.

JIMMY

Maybe.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

A little birdy told me you got a
new job at the pet shop. You
know that place doesn't go well
with my zoophobia.

JIMMY

Ok... Could you hold for just
one minute?

JIMMY PRESSES THE CONFERENCE BUTTON AND THEN DIALS
CHAD'S NUMBER.

CHAD (V.O.)

What's the word Jimmy?

JIMMY

Zoophobia.

CHAD (V.O.)

The fear of animals.

JIMMY

Thank you.

JIMMY SWITCHES THE CALL BACK TO FRANKIE.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You need help with that.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

I know. That's why your gonna
destroy it and make your nephew
suffer.

JIMMY

Listen Frankie, I know he's as
likeable as a fart in a spacesuit,
but he's family and I'm a changed
man. I have a job to do.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Remember... I can put you inside,
as quick as I got you out.

JIMMY

But...but...

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Goodnight Jimmy.

FRANKIE HANGS UP. JIMMY SIGHS, HE DOESN'T REALIZE
THAT CHAD IS STILL ON THE OTHER LINE.

CHAD (V.O.)

Goodnight Jimmy.

JIMMY RAISES HIS EYEBROWS.

JIMMY

Ohhhh...

FADE OUT.