The Luckhorn Lounge

By

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TEASER

INT. THE LUCKHORN LOUNGE-NIGHT.

There is a throng of 20 somethings drunkenly enjoying the sounds of a grimepunk band. The crowd is getting unruly and there are moshes at both sides of the lounge crashing into cocktails and various decorations. What’s more, it is 5 in the morning. Last call has already passed and the band has just finished their set. SAMSON, 26, an insecure, nervous white man awkwardly shuffles in between the crowd. He approaches CLIFF, 26, a selfish, vain and handsome black man who is in the middle of a heated conversation with an unnamed bar-goer with large sunglasses and a slimy grin.

CLIFF
Listen... I’m not gonna call the cops on you or anything. I understand that you have to make a living and I’d be a hypocrite if I kicked you out... but you can’t just deal drugs so blatantly alright. Clean whatever that shit is off the table and at least go to the bath-

SAMSON
Cliff! This is getting out of hand

CLIFF
Yea I can see that. These people fucking suck. Last time we have a goddamn punk show.

SAMSON
What should we do?

CLIFF
Same thing we always do. Just wait until they leave. If we call the cops, we lose our reputation. That’s worse than any damage they can do.

SAMSON
I don’t think we’re gonna have a bar if we don’t stop them. What if we pulled the fire alarm?

CLIFF
Do we have one of those? I feel like those only exist at elementary schools.

(CONTINUED)
Samson (Forcefully)
Of course we have one.

CLIFF
Well then where is it?

SAMSON
Not sure. I thought you would know.

CLIFF (AFTER A SIGH)
OK let’s see if Amy knows.

Cliff jumps on the table and surveys the bar.

CLIFF
She’s to the left of the bar, wearing that dumb red beanie again.

SAMSON
The perks of being a Where’s Waldo champion.

CLIFF (STARING BLANKLY)
That’s just terrible humour.

The camera follows as they push past the crowd. They finally reach AMY, 24, a stubborn and apathetic Asian woman who is laughing, drink in hand, surrounded by four or five people.

AMY
The visuals were mind-blowing as usual but I feel like the overall video was lacking in quality.

SAMSON
Amy what the fuck are you doing?

The people surrounding Amy dissolve into the crowd.

AMY (TO SAMSON, OFFENDED)
Well hello to you too asshole. Why do you look like you’re shitting yourself.

CLIFF
Look around.

AMY (CONFIDENTLY)
People will start filing out soon. Last call already happened.

(CONTINUED)
SAMSON
That was an hour ago. I wanna get out of here. these people scare me.

The camera cuts to two men attached by a chain dangling from each of their nipple rings. They stare directly at Samson with a disapproving dour and without breaking eye contact, one gives the other a wet willy. Samson shivers and turns away.

AMY
They seem pretty cool to me. Why don’t you just go get the bouncer.

CLIFF (DRY AND ANGRY)
Too much money. We dropped him so we could get that shitty band you have coming next week.

AMY
Fuck off Cliff. People never come when you book shit. Also, the bouncer’s right over there.

The camera pans over to a large man smashing a bar stool on the floor as the crowd around him cheers. The camera cuts back to SAMSON, CLIFF, and AMY.

SAMSON
It doesn’t look like he was too happy about being fired.

CLIFF
Well if you’re not going to help us at least tell us where the fire alarm is.

AMY
What do I look like? A hall monitor?

CLIFF (TO SAMSON)
I told you.

SAMSON (ANGRY AND EXCITED)
Goddammit we have a fire alarm!

AMY
Maybe Gene knows where it is.

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF
Where is Gene?

SAMSON
I think I saw him a few minutes ago going into the back room.

AMY
What the hell could he be doing in the-

Suddenly, screams are heard from the other end of the bar as a white powder resembling smoke clouds the air. Gene, 29, an aggressive, contentious, and short tempered white man emerges, wearing a gas mask and spraying a fire extinguisher on the crowd. Everyone coughs and shields their eyes as they head for the exit.

ACT 1

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT—DAY

Sun leaks through a large window onto a small bedroom. SAMSON is asleep, lying face down on his bed. Hot sauce packets, paper, a guitar, and clothing are strewn across his floor. He awakes to the sound of his alarm, smiles and jumps quickly out of bed. He puts on a shirt and pants and walks briskly out of his room, down a set of stairs, and into the kitchen. CLIFF fiddles with the coffee machine with a sullen look on his face. AMY is on her laptop. She has a similar expression.

SAMSON (EXCITED)
Good morning!

CLIFF and AMY stare at SAMSON then each other without speaking.

AMY
Why the fuck are you so chipper?

SAMSON
It’s a beautiful day outside. How could I not be.

CLIFF (BLANKLY)
It’s supposed to be 11 degrees today

(CONTINUED)
AMY
What’s more, our bar was just destroyed and we barely have enough money to pay rent.

CLIFF
It’s gotten so bad that Gene’s been stealing groceries.

SAMSON
Doesn’t he always do that

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE—DAY

Gene, whistling and wearing a track suit, tucks his pants into his shoes and ties his laces. He enters the grocery store and walks briskly to the meat section. He looks around to ensure that nobody is watching. He then starts shoveling packaged steaks, chicken thighs and sausages into his pants. He starts for the exit when he is stopped by an employee.

GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEE
Excuse me sir. What do you have in your pants?

GENE (EXTREMELY UPSET)
Why my legs of course!

GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEE
Come on now. Don’t be ridiculous.

GENE (EVEN ANGRIER)
Ridiculous? How dare you! I have elephantiasis! I didn’t come here to be made fun of! I came here to shop!

A crowd soon gathers to watch what is happening. Judging eyes descend on the GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEE as he turns red and is unsure of what to do.

GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEE
I am so sorry sir. I had no idea.

GENE
The nerve
He shuffles away awkwardly, trying not to give away his meatpants.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN—DAY

CLIFF
Regardless there’s no reason to be happy.

AMY
Wait. Is today the 15th?

SAMSON blushes.

CLIFF
Yea why?

AMY
AHA! Alice is coming back from Florida today!

SAMSON (DEFENSIVELY)
That’s not why!

CLIFF
Why would that make him happy? She broke his heart.

SAMSON
No she didn’t!

AMY
She did but he’s still in love with her.

SAMSON
No I’m not!

CLIFF
Didn’t she make it pretty clear that she didn’t want to touch your penis anymore.

SAMSON
Not exactly.
EXT. DINER—DAY

SAMSON and ALICE, 26, an intelligent, controlling white woman sit across from each other. SAMSON sits with arms folded and a depressed stare. On the table to his left there is a plate of half eaten eggs, hash browns and sausage, suggesting that at some point, he lost his appetite.

ALICE
I know we’ve been together for 5 years but I’ve reached a point where i need a change.

SAMSON (EXASPERATED)
A change? We live together. We own a bar together. We have a life together. How can you abandon that?

ALICE
I’m not abandoning the bar and I’ve already found another apartment so-

SAMSON
Oh I get it. You’re just abandoning me.

ALICE
I’ll still see you at work.

SAMSON (SARCASTICALLY)
Great. How exciting.

ALICE notices that SAMSON is not eating his food and gestures at it as if to ask whether or not he is going to finish it. He shakes his head. Alice grabs the plate and begins eating.

ALICE
Look Samson, I know it’s not what you want but it’s what I want. It might be tough for awhile but you have to respect my wishes. You’ll get used to it.

SAMSON
But why now? ...How long have you been thinking about doing this?

ALICE (WITH FOOD IN HER MOUTH)
I don’t know. Recently I’ve started to realize the

(MORE)
ALICE (WITH FOOD IN HER MOUTH) (cont’d)
incestuousness of our lifestyle.
We’ve known each other and the
people we work with since college.
We spend every waking minute with
each other. Sometimes I need my
space and I think that getting my
own apartment and seeing other
people might help with that.

SAMSON (WHIMPERING LOUDLY)
But I like the incest!

Many of the other customers sitting outside turn their heads
and glare menacingly at their table.

ALICE (STILL EATING)
Listen, I have to go.

SAMSON
What do you mean? We have to be at
work and prepare for the show
tonight.

ALICE
I have to catch a flight. I’m
going to Florida to stay with my
cousin.

SAMSON
For how long?

ALICE
Three weeks. I felt like we both
needed some time to ourselves so we
can ease the tension. I already
talked with the others to make sure
it was OK.

SAMSON
Great. So everybody knows.

ALICE
They were gonna find out anyway.
I’ll see you in three weeks. I
truly think that this is for the
best.

ALICE finishes the eggs and hash browns, leaving the
sausage. She pushes the plate back to SAMSON.
ALICE
By the way I don’t want your sausage.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN—DAY

CLIFF
I wasn’t that far off.

AMY
Still, it doesn’t seem like you guys are going to get back together.

SAMSON (DEFENSIVELY)
Who says I even want that!

GENE enters, looks around and sighs.

GENE
For fucks sake are you really still denying that? We’ve known you for so long we can tell when you need to pee.

CLIFF studies SAMSON’s face.

CLIFF
I give it 3 minutes.

SAMSON
I’m serious guys. I have no plans to get back together with her. I’ve moved on. Remember?

CLIFF
You’ve drunkenly hooked up with two random girls you met at the bar. Hardly moving on. Besides, I’m pretty sure you cried after sex both times.

GENE
Yea he did. I recorded it.

AMY
Oh cool do you think you could email me that?

(CONTINUED)
GENE
Yea of course.

CLIFF
Yea me too. I need something fresh to masturbate to.

SAMSON
I hate you guys. Thanks for ruining my good mood.

SAMSON starts for the exit.

AMY
Oh come on we were just messing around.

SAMSON ignores AMY and walks out of the room. CLIFF looks at his watch.

CLIFF
Samson where are you going?

SAMSON (STILL ANGRY FROM AFAR)
The Bathroom!

CLIFF
Fuck yea! I was right on the dot.

SAMSON
I have to poop. Not pee!

GENE
Ah but one cannot poop without also peeing.

SAMSON
I’ll do it just to spite Cliff!

CLIFF
Bullshit! I’m coming to listen!

CLIFF runs out of the room.

AMY
Thank God Alice is coming back. It’s starting to really suck to be the only girl around here.

GENE (SARCASTICALLY)
God get over it. What are you on your period?

They both smile.
ACT 2

INT. LUCKHORN LOUNGE—DAY

GENE stands behind the bar, taking note of what liquor is almost empty and counting the remaining glasses. CLIFF is sweeping the powder leftover from the fire extinguisher. AMY is trying to fix the broken poster frames and SAMSON is on stage mopping. ALICE enters. They all look up and go over to greet her. She hugs them individually as she begins talking.

ALICE
It’s so great to see you guys!

ALICE looks around the bar for the first time.

ALICE
What the hell happened here? It looks like a snowman suicide bombed this place.

AMY
To make a long story short, things got out of hand last night.

ALICE
Do we have a show tonight?

GENE
Sure do.

ALICE
Well then we can’t waste any time. Let’s get to work.

They all continue their tasks. ALICE examines what each of them are doing to ensure that they are doing it to her liking. She gives the nod of approval to AMY, CLIFF, and SAMSON. ALICE stops in front of GENE who is drinking a glass of scotch as he washes the glasses.

ALICE
Gene... What are you doing?

GENE
Cleaning the glasses.

ALICE
You’re drinking.
GENE
I have a toothache.

AMY, SAMSON, and CLIFF all look up and smile at each other. CLIFF runs up onto the stage and grabs the microphone. AMY and SAMSON both take seats right in front of the bar.

CLIFF (IN AN ANNOUNCER’S VOICE)
Ladies and Gentleman. We’ve been waiting for this rematch for a long time—

ALICE and GENE ignore CLIFF and continue their conversation.

ALICE
Then go to a dentist. We don’t pay for alcohol so that you can drink it.

GENE
It calms my nerves. Without it I get Vietnam flashbacks. You don’t want me go Rambo on the customers do you?

ALICE
That’s not funny.

GENE
Only because you have a stick up your ass.

CLIFF (STILL IN ANNOUNCER’S VOICE)
The classic battle we all love so much! In the blue corner: Gene "The Ball Buster" Rivera and in the red corner: Alice "Takes offense to everything" Mayweather. Grab a seat, grab some popcorn and enjoy the show.

SAMSON (TO CLIFF)
You couldn’t come up with better nicknames?

CLIFF shrugs, gets off the stage, grabs a jar of peanuts from behind the bar and joins AMY and SAMSON.

ALICE
Listen, we don’t have time for this. Put the glass down and get back to work.

(CONTINUED)
GENE
I’m doing my job perfectly well. in fact, the scotch in my belly is doing wonders for my cleaning technique.

GENE spits on one of the glasses and polishes it with a rag.

AMY
Kick him in his balls!

SAMSON
Punch her in the grundle!

Suddenly, CLIFF’s phone rings.

AMY
BOO!

SAMSON
Take it outside!

CLIFF
Alright! Alright!

CLIFF exits lounge and picks up his phone.

ALICE
You’re such a goddam pig. No wonder you don’t have a girlfriend.

GENE
I don’t have a girlfriend because I choose not to.

ALICE
Yea that’s what they all say.

GENE
Why would I have any desire to have a vice grip around my balls.

ALICE
Because then you wouldn’t have to jerk off to the internet.

GENE
First off, I don’t jerk off to the entire internet. I jerk off to internet porn. There is a huge difference.

(CONTINUED)
ALICE
Oh shut up. You just don’t have a comeback so you’re relying on semantics to make it seem like you’re winning the argument.

AMY
A classic Gene tactic.

GENE
You started the diversion by turning it into an argument about my sex life. And by the way, I would have you know that I am very content with internet porn. I can shut it off whenever I want unlike your annoying yap and it doesn’t break anyone’s heart.

There is an awkward silence as everyone turns to stare at SAMSON. SAMSON freezes, opens his mouth and starts to say something when CLIFF emerges from outside.

CLIFF
Guys bad news. We don’t have a show tonight. Turns out Young Clit Tickler was driving drunk with 3 pounds of weed in his car while receiving fellatio. There’s no way he’s gonna make it.

ALICE
Did you really not expect that when you booked a rapper named "Young Clit Tickler"?

ACT 3

INT. McDonald’s—Night

SAMSON, AMY, CLIFF, ALICE, and GENE sit at a booth. With gloomy faces, they chew silently. Suddenly SAMSON sits up and yells.

SAMSON
I can’t keep eating here!

AMY
Where else can we get a meal for five for ten dollars?

(Continued)
CLIFF
We just need more money. Then maybe we can eat at Wendy’s.

GENE
Ah Wendy’s, the high class fast food restaurant.

ALICE
What makes it high class?

AMY
The square beef patties.

SAMSON
Let’s ground ourselves. There’s no use in daydreaming about Wendy’s. After the total failure that will be tonight, it’s back to the work week.

CLIFF
There’s always movie tuesday. We have a substantial amount of film hipsters come by. They usually buy expensive beer.

ALICE
What’s playing this week?

GENE
I believe it was my pick... And I chose... transformers 2.

The rest of the group lets out a collective sigh.

CLIFF
Nothing kills a hipster boner like a Michael Bay movie.

SAMSON
There’s no use. We might as well just hang ourselves.

AMY
Well that’s grim.

GENE
We don’t have any better options and I’d rather do that-

GENE stands up on the table
GENE
Than eat at this SHIT HOLE one more time!

Children look up at GENE as their parents cover their ears. A young female McDonald’s employee runs over to their table and gives GENE a harsh glare.

MCDONALD’S EMPLOYEE
Sir I’m going to have to ask you to leave.

CLIFF
I’m so sorry. My friend is just in a really bad mood. We’ll leave as soon as we finish our meal. I promise there won’t be anymore trouble.

GENE
Yea, just let me finish my shit nuggets and I’ll be on my way.

The McDonalds employee squints her eyes. AMY, CLIFF, ALICE, and SAMSON try to calm GENE down and get him off the table but he stands firm.

MCDONALD’S EMPLOYEE
What did you just say?

GENE
I said...

GENE clears his throat with a loud rumble. Everyone in the restaurant turns to see what is going on.

GENE
LET ME STAY UNTIL I FINISH THE BALLS OF SHIT THAT YOU HAVE SOMEHOW FORMED INTO 100% WHITE MEAT CHICKEN!

CUT TO:

INT. LONGHORN LOUNGE-NIGHT

SAMSON, AMY, CLIFF, ALICE, and GENE all sit at the bar. They are each drinking some alcoholic beverage. Even Alice, who seems to have forgotten about her earlier altercation. GENE sits with his head in his hands. He has been pepper sprayed and has a towel over his eyes.
ALICE (BRAGGING)
So Gene, What did you learn?

GENE (MUFFLED)
I swear to God I’ll kill you.

ALICE
Not such a wise cracker now huh?

CLIFF (TIRED)
Just leave him alone. Making him feel miserable won’t change anything.

SAMSON
What time is it?

AMY
Eight. The show would have started in three hours.

ALICE
have any of you updated the facebook page yet?

AMY
No. I was about to do that. I almost wanna leave it so that everyone still comes. Maybe we can get them to stay and buy some drinks.

CLIFF
Out of the question. We’ll lose–

AMY/SAMSON/ALICE/GENE (IN CHORUS)
Our reputation.

AMY
We know. We know.

SAMSON
It’s not like we have much of one anyway.

CLIFF
What do you mean? We’ve had write ups in both newspapers and blogs.

GENE
Yes, your 17 year old brother wrote about us on his blog. La di fucking da. The review wasn’t even (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
GENE (cont’d)
that good. I believe the exact words were "a sausage fest that lacks the pizzazz of ketchup or mustard."

CLIFF
Well, the New York Times—

ALICE
Mentioned us when that serial killer said this was one of his favorite places to pick up victims.

GENE
That serial killer? We all know Bernie. Let’s not insult him just because he’s a little off.

ALICE
You didn’t keep in touch with him did you?

GENE
Of course I did. We send each other comics...His are a little weird.

CLIFF sighs and finally accept defeat.

CLIFF
Well, I guess the good thing about owning a bar is that you can always get hammered.

ALICE looks at her phone, suddenly her face perks up and she smiles.

AMY
What the hell is wrong with your face?

ALICE
Oh my God! You guys!

GENE
What? Are we dead?

ALICE
Greg Manson just texted me. He says he’s in New York.

They all sit straight up and their eyes open wide.

(CONTINUED)
AMY
How the hell did you get Greg Manson’s number?

ALICE
Well I went to one of his shows in Florida. We met after the show and talked for awhile-

SAMSON
So, you meet one of the best lyricists of our generation and you don’t tell us?

ALICE
We kinda had a umm... Oh never mind that. Let’s just say he owes me one. He said he wouldn’t be in New York until next week but now that he’s here maybe i can ask him to play a show.

CLIFF (EXCITED)
Do it already! We’ll be fucking rich!

ALICE texts furiously.

SAMSON
Kinda had a what?

SAMSON’s question goes unheard as the others crowd around ALICE’s phone. The camera focuses on the phone as the words "Yea I can do that give me two hours" flash across the screen. They all scream with joy except for SAMSON whose expression has not changed.

ACT 4

EXT. LONGHORN LOUNGE-NIGHT

CLIFF and SAMSON stand outside, smoking cigarettes. They pace back and forth, trying to keep warm.

SAMSON
I mean, it’s not like I would care if she was hooking up with Greg Manson.

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF
Yea yea right.

SAMSON
I’ve moved on so it really wouldn’t matter.

CLIFF (BARELY PAYING ATTENTION)
Oh yea totally.

GENE exits the lounge and joins them outside.

GENE
He just called Alice to say he’ll be here in about five minutes. I’m gonna need you guys to help me carry his shit in when he gets here.

CLIFF
OK sure.

GENE pulls out a cigarette and starts smoking with them.

SAMSON
So like i was saying. I’m not angry about the situation or anything. I can’t control who she hooks up with and I understand that and if she happens to be hooking up with my idol, i don’t give a shit.

CLIFF (ROLLING HIS EYES)
Uh huh. Uh huuuuuuuuh

GENE (TO SAMSON)
Stop living in denial. It obviously bothers you that your ex-girlfriend might be dating someone who fulfilled your life dream.

CLIFF (TO GENE)
Just listen and nod. It’s so much easier than trying to explore his demented little head.

GENE (TO GENE)
Don’t work yourself up over it. Just accept how you feel and try to live for yourself. Stop worrying about her.

(CONTINUED)
SAMSON
I’m not I-

GENE
Shut up. It’s gonna hurt for awhile but if you articulate your emotions we can help you.

SAMSON
But I-

GENE
Just go get wasted and forget. I’ll cover you for the night.

SAMSON
Thanks Gene.

SAMSON walks back into the lounge. CLIFF stares at GENE for a few moments.

GENE
What are you looking at?

CLIFF
Nothing. I just don’t think I’ve ever seen you be that nice to someone.

GENE
Sometimes whiny little bitches need some help.

CLIFF
There’s the emotionless douche I love.

A van pulls up in front of them as they put out their cigarettes.

GENE
That must be him.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGHORN LOUNGE—NIGHT TWO HOURS LATER

The crowd is larger but much less raucous than the night before. Most of the crowd sings along as GREG finishes a song. CLIFF is at the door, playing bouncer, GENE and AMY are behind the bar filling drink orders as fast as they can.
ALICE is backstage, operating the lights and sound. SAMSON, with a bottle in hand, drunkenly sways from side to side.

GREG
This next one is called "Chitlins on a Sunday".

The crowd cheers as they start to sing along. SAMSON clumsily bumps into several people as he moves to the music. GENE waves to SAMSON but he doesn’t notice.

GENE
Samson! Samson!

Samson turns around, looks at Gene and smiles widely.

SAMSON
I love you too Gene!

GENE
Look, I need to go to the bathroom. Amy has the bar covered but I need you to make sure that nobody goes into the back room. I don’t want to clean up used condoms again.

SAMSON
Used condoms got it.

GENE
OK i’ll be right back just stand right over-

GENE guides him to the back room door

GENE
Here.

SAMSON
Gotcha. This is a no condom zone.

GENE
Right. I’ll be right back.

GENE scampers off as the song ends.

GREG
Alright, I’d like to dedicate this next song to the person who brought me here tonight. She found me when I needed her most. To Alice.

(CONTINUED)
GREG blows ALICE a kiss and starts to play. Seeing this, SAMSON becomes enraged and storms towards the stage. SAMSON situates himself where he can be seen by ALICE and begins to hit on women.

SAMSON (TO WOMAN #1)
I hope you brought skates, because it’s time for some tonsil hockey.

WOMAN #1
Excuse me? Get away from me.

Unashamed SAMSON continues down a line of women until he finds one as drunk as he is. They passionately make out right in front of ALICE who is visibly upset. ALICE jumps on stage in the middle of the song and starts to passionately kiss GREG MANSON. He is caught off guard and falls from the stage as boos echo through the lounge. Their attention is immediately drawn elsewhere as the bar-goers notice clouds of smoke billowing throughout the room. There are various screams of "FIRE!" as the crowd stampedes out of the front door. The camera focuses on CLIFF and AMY who have somehow found each other.

AMY
We remembered to get a new fire extinguisher. Right?

CLIFF searches his head for a second.

CLIFF (SCREAMING)
Everybody run we’re all gonna die!

CLIFF and AMY follow the crowd out of the bar where they are reunited with GENE and ALICE.

GENE
Where’s Samson?

CLIFF
Oh God, the poor bastard is still in there.

SAMSON emerges from the smoky entrance followed by the same drug dealer who Cliff was arguing with the night before. By now, the fire department and police have arrived and almost all of the people have vacated the area.

SAMSON (SLURRING HIS WORDS)
That’s my bad guys. I wasn’t watching the back room and this guy snuck in to hotbox it.

(CONTINUED)
DRUG DEALER
Pleased to meet you all. Now I’m gonna get the fuck outta here.

He runs off.

SAMSON
McDonald’s anyone?

END OF PILOT