The Luckhorn Lounge

By

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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, an optimistic, proud 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 (WHIMPERING)
Cliff! I--

CLIFF (ANGRY)
These people fucking suck. Last time we have a goddamn punk show.

SAMSON (WORRIED)
We need to get them out of here.

CLIFF (CASUALLY)
They’ll leave eventually.

Two men with shaved heads fly in front of the camera. Their arms are locked and they viciously punch at each other. Three tables and a number of cocktails are knocked over as blood spurts onto a cheering crowd. SAMSON and CLIFF stare at each other, wide eyed.

CLIFF
I’ll handle it.

CLIFF confidently jumps on top of a nearby table and waves his arms to get the crowd’s attention.

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF (YELLING)
Alright! The band has finished and we’re no longer serving drinks so please--

CLIFF’s voice is muffled under a collective chant of “asshole” directed at him. Frustrated, he steps down from the table. The chant slowly starts to fade as the crowd returns its focus to pushing, fighting, and shouting but some stragglers continue chanting.

SAMSON
Should we call the cops?

CLIFF (LIVID)
FUCK THAT. THIS IS MY BAR AND I'M GONNA HANDLE THIS!

Samson
Oh I know let’s pull the fire alarm.

CLIFF (CALMER BUT STILL ANGRY)
We don’t have one. Do you see a hall monitor? Lockers? This is a bar, not a middle school.

SAMSON (FORCEFULLY)
Of course we have one.

CLIFF(AFTER A SIGH)
Well then where is it?

SAMSON (YELLING DEFENSIVELY)
I don’t know but we have one! Let’s ask Claire.

The camera focuses on CLAIRE, 24, a clever, self-involved and charismatic woman who is laughing, drink in hand, surrounded by four or five people. She is still chanting “asshole”. The camera cuts back to CLIFF and SAMSON.

CLIFF
I don’t see her. Where’s Gene?

SAMSON
He should be at the bar, but I haven’t seen him in--

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. CLAIRE is on her laptop. She has a similar expression.

SAMSON (EXCITED)
Good morning!

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

CLAIRE
Why are you so chipper?

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

CLIFF (SUSPICIOUSLY)
It’s been raining all morning. (Beat) And have you forgotten that our bar is in shambles?

CLAIRE
And we don’t have rent money. (beat) Again.

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

SAMSON
Oh please he’s been doing that for years.
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!

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

CUT BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN—DAY

CLAIRE
Wait. Is today the 15th?

SAMSON blushes.

CLIFF
Yea why?

CLAIRE
AHA! Alice comes back today

SAMSON (DEFENSIVELY)
That’s not why!

CLIFF
He has has a point, she broke his heart.

SAMSON
No she didn’t!

CLAIRE
True but he’s still in love with her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SAMSON

No I’m not!

CLIFF

Didn’t she make it pretty clear that she doesn’t want to touch your penis anymore?

SAMSON

Not exactly.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER-DAY

SAMSON and ALICE, 26, an intelligent, tightly wound 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

Because you make no effort to fix the obvious flaws with our relationship

SAMSON (EXASPERATED)

What flaws?

ALICE

Samson, we’ve talked about this.

SAMSON

Listen, I’m not gonna shave my chest hair. I don’t care what GQ said about manscaping, I--

ALICE (FRUSTRATED)

No. (Beat) It’s the fact that you’re a shell of your former self. You’re too afraid to fail so you settle with mediocrity and bring down everyone else around you. You’ve lost your drive. You’re depressed. You’re angry.

There is a long silence as they stare at each other. ALICE notices that SAMSON is not eating his food so she grabs his plate and starts eating.

(Continued)
SAMSON (HURT AND FRUSTRATED)
Great are you done? Because I am.

SAMSON stands, ready to leave.

ALICE
And even worse is the fact that you can’t talk about it. You keep the hatred balled up inside of you. I can see the jealousy welling inside you every time a new act comes to the bar. You don’t even play your guitar anymore. I’ve tried to help you but it’s impossible when you refuse to open up to me.

SAMSON sits.

SAMSON (ANGRY)
Am I supposed to be happy?

ALICE (ANGRY)
Yes! Who cares that you’re not the hot shot musician you thought you’d be? You have friends that love you. (BEAT) I love-- (Beat) loved you. But it wasn’t enough and like you I’m done trying.

There is another long silence.

SAMSON
So that’s it? Working at the lounge is gonna be fucking awkward.

ALICE
Don’t worry, I’m living with my cousin in Florida for the summer. We need the time apart.

SAMSON
What about the bar?

ALICE
I already talked to the others. Everyone’s cool with it. After all, you’ll be making more money.

SAMSON
Zero divided by four is still zero.

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.

CLaire
So are you gonna try the whole “I’m a changed man” schtick when you see her today?

Samson (Defensively)
Who says I want to get back with her?

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 (Proudly)
I’m serious, I’ve moved on. Remember?

Claire
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. It’s surprisingly nice to jog to.

Claire
Oh cool do you think you could email me that?
GENE
Yea of course.

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

SAMSON
I hate you guys. You’ve ruined the first good mood I’ve had in months. Congratulations

SAMSON starts for the exit.

CLIFF
Samson where are you going?

SAMSON
The bathroom.

CLIFF (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH)
Fuck yea! I was right on the dot. (Beat) As usual.

They all sigh and roll their eyes at CLIFF.

SAMSON
I have to poop. I’m gonna hold in the pee to spite you

CLIFF
Bullshit! I’m coming to listen!

CLIFF and SAMSON exit the kitchen.

CLAIRE
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. CLAIRE 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. There is an uncomfortable pause before she finally hugs SAMSON.

SAMSON
You look...Tan

They stare at each other for a moment. ALICE smiles nervously.

ALICE
Thanks.

Silence.

GENE
Guys don’t stop. Awkward situations make me so hard.

CLAIRE nudges GENE. SAMSON and ALICE break eye contact and ALICE finally notices the disorderly state of the bar.

ALICE (ANGRY)
What the hell happened? I knew you couldn’t handle the bar without me.

SAMSON
It wasn’t our fault we uhh--

CLAIRE
There was a fire.

CLIFF
Luckily I was there to put it out.

GENE
Yes, and I saved a child from the flames.

CLAIRE (WHISPERING TO GENE)
Too far man. Too far.

ALICE
Why was there a child in the bar? I’m pretty sure that’s illegal.

(CONTINUED)
SAMSON
Of course we didn’t let a child into the bar are you crazy?

ALICE
So...

CLAIRE
You see, a pregnant woman happened to give birth in our bar.

CLIFF
I in fact delivered the child. She named him Cliff in my honor.

ALICE
So let me get this straight. A pregnant woman had Cliff deliver her baby in the bar while there was a fire.

GENE/SAMSON/CLIFF/CLAIRE
Yuuuuuuupp

ALICE
I missed you guys and your shitty made up excuses.

CLAIRE
Dammit! I thought we had you

ALICE
Never. Get back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKHORN LOUNGE—LATER THAT DAY

The bar is almost entirely clean. SAMSON, CLAIRE, CLIFF, and GENE finish up their respective 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 CLAIRE, 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.

CLAIRE, SAMSON, and CLIFF all look up and smile at each other. CLIFF runs up onto the stage and grabs the microphone. CLAIRE 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
So you think you can just come back after 3 months and continue to boss me around.

ALICE (CONDESCENDING)
Yes. That’s how shit gets done around here. Look at the bar now. Do you remember what it was like earlier?

GENE
I remember what it was like yesterday. I was happier. There was no nagging bitch bossing me around like I’m her employee.

CLIFF (STILL IN ANNOUNCER’S VOICE)
The classic battle we all love so much! In the blue corner: Gene "Twinkle Toes" Rivera and in the red corner: Alice "The Hammer" Mayweather. Grab a seat, grab a snack and enjoy the show.

CLIFF gets off the stage, grabs a jar of peanuts from behind the bar and joins CLAIRE and SAMSON.
ALICE
Listen, we don’t have time for this. We have a show tonight. Put the glass down and get back to work.

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.

CLaire
Kick him in his balls!

SAMSON
Punch her in the grundle!

Suddenly, CLIFF’s phone rings.

CLaire
BOO!

SAMSON
Take it outside!

CLIFF
Alright! Alright!

CLIFF exits lounge and picks up his phone.

ALICE
You’re disgusting. Still curious as to why you haven’t had a girlfriend in years?

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 vise grip around my balls?

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

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

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.

CLAIRE
A classic Gene tactic.

GENE
Oh Jesus, this is unbearable. I should start dating Samson so I can break up with him and get far the fuck away from you.

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
"Young Clit Tickler"?

CLAIRE
Don’t worry he doesn’t tickle young clits. He’s a young man who’s also a clit tickler.

ALICE
Sounds like a real stand up guy.

ACT 3

INT. McDonald’S-NIGHT

SAMSON, CLAIRE, 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!

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

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?

CLAIRE
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.
CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
Well that’s grim.

GENE
No, Samson’s right. 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. CLAIRE, 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, CLAIRE, CLIFF, ALICE, and GENE all sit at the bar. They are each drinking some alcoholic beverage. Even Alice, who seems to no longer care 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)
Leave him alone. Making him feel miserable won’t help you feel any better.

ALICE hangs her head.

SAMSON
What time is it?

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

ALICE
have any of you updated the facebook page yet?

CLAIRE
No. I was about to. 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 can’t lie to our customers. We’ll lose-

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

CLAIRE
We know. We know.

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

GENE (VOICE STILL MUFFLED)
Yea you’re fucking delusional.

CLIFF
What do you mean? We’ve had write ups in newspapers and blogs. We’re a hip, up and coming bar.

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

CLIFF sighs and finally accepts 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.

CLAIRE
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.

(CONTINUED)
They all sit straight up and their eyes open wide.

CLAIRE
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 met my idol and you didn’t tell me?

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! Today is the beginning of the rest of our lives!

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.
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)
Samson, please stop lying to yourself. It’s fucking annoying.

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

GENE (TO SAMSON)
There’s a time to whine and there’s a time to nut the fuck up. Be mature about it and maybe she’ll remember why she loved you.
CONTINUED:

SAMSON
I’m not t-

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

There is a long silence.

SAMSON
I... I don’t think I can get over it.

GENE
You will. I promise. For now, go get wasted and try to 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 help.

CLIFF
There’s the 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 CLAIRE 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. Claire 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. Only unused condoms can enter.

He laughs at his own joke

(CONTINUED)
GENE (UNAMUSED)
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.

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 CLAIRE who have somehow found each other.

CLAIRE
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 CLAIRE 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.

(CONTINUED)
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.

DRUG DEALER
You guys have a really nice back room. I sometimes have sex in there.

He runs off.

SAMSON (STILL SLURRING)
McDonald’s anyone?

END OF PILOT