ON THE ROCKS

By

Nicolas Silva
INT. ON THE ROCKS—NIGHT.

There is a throng of 20 somethings drunkenly enjoying the sounds of a grimepunk band. The band finishes their final song yet the moshes at both sides of the lounge continue crashing into cocktails and various decorations. It is 5am.

SAMSON, 26, a spacy, white, goofball with a good heart is visibly scared. He sneaks his way through the crowds making sure not to touch anybody in the process. CLIFF, 26, an arrogant, selfish, black man pops his head from behind the bar and signals SAMSON to join him. SAMSON looks around to ensure nobody else has noticed and dashes to CLIFF where they both hide behind the bar. CLIFF is holding a bat. SAMSON, shaking, covers his head with his hands and looks as if he is about to cry.

SAMSON
(Whimpering)
I wanna go home

CLIFF
(Yelling)
GET YOURSELF TOGETHER! IT’S A GODDAM BATTLEFIELD OUT THERE!

CLIFF slaps SAMSON.

CUT TO

EXT. OMAHA BEACH—DAY

CLIFF and SAMSON are both behind a bunker. CLIFF’s bat has turned into a rifle and they both wear helmets. SAMSON picks up a rifle from the ground. The slap seems to have calmed him down. Artillery and mortars shake the ground beneath them as machine gun fire whizzes past them. TONE: Every WW2 buddy movie.

CLIFF
Alright! We need a plan of attack!

He pulls out a map of the bar. He points to the map every time he says "here".

CLIFF
There are two MG42s pinning us down two clicks north of our position.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

(Beat)
Right here. We can’t keep pushing forward.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS—NIGHT

SAMSON peeps his head over the bar. The camera focuses on two groups of people playfully pushing each other.

SAMSON
You mean those two groups over there?

CLIFF
(Confused)
Yea that’s what I said

CUT TO:

EXT. OMAHA BEACH—DAY

Samson

Right.

CLIFF
There’s a line of claymores cutting off the left flank from here to here.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS—NIGHT

SAMSON peeps his head over the bar. The camera focuses on a small crowd of people chatting and drinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. OMAHA BEACH—DAY

CLIFF
The Krauts are thinnest on the right flank right here. We’re gonna take some casualties but it’s our only choice
(Beat)

CUT TO:
INT. ON THE ROCKS—NIGHT

CLIFF
We gotta pass them so we can pull the fire alarm and get them outta here.

SAMSON
Can’t we just call the cops?

CUT TO:

EXT. OMAHA BEACH—DAY

CLIFF
By the time reinforcements get here they’ll be stickin potato mashers up our asses! We have to move soldier!

SAMSON
Alright.
(Beat)
But if I die
(Beat)
give this to my family.

The camera focuses on SAMSON who offers CLIFF a handful of coins

CLIFF
(Annoyed)
I don’t want your change. Put it in the tip jar or something

SAMSON puts the coins back in his pockets.
On my mark.

3
(Beat)
2
(Beat)
1
(Beat)
GO GO GO!!!

CLIFF and SAMSON scream as they pop up, ready to run. Suddenly, a friendly air strike carpet bombs the German trenches and pill boxes in front of the bunker that SAMSON and CLIFF hid behind.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SAMSON
(Relieved and Excited)
Alpha Company! I thought they were dead!

CLIFF
(Confidently)
Part of me knew those bastards would make it.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS-NIGHT

Screams fill the room as a white powder resembling smoke clouds the air. CLAIRE, 25, a contentious, young Asian woman who is unafraid to say and do what she wants, 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. The camera focuses on SAMSON who is saluting as a single tear runs down his cheek. End of teaser.

ACT 1

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT-DAY

Light 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
I feel good.

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF
(Suspiciously)
Why? our bar is ruined?

CLAIRE
And we don’t have rent money.
(Beat)
Again. It’s gotten so bad I’ve been stealing groceries

SAMSON
Oh please you’ve been doing that for years.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE—DAY
CLAIRE, whistling and wearing a track suit, tucks her pants into her shoes and ties her laces. She enters the grocery store and walks briskly to the meat section. She looks around to ensure that nobody is watching. She then starts shoveling packaged steaks, chicken thighs and sausages into her pants. She starts for the exit when she is stopped by an employee.

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

CLAIRE
(Extremely upset)
Why my legs of course!

She shuffles away awkwardly, trying not to give away her meatpants.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN—DAY
CLAIRE
Wait. Is today the 15th?

SAMSON blushes.

CLIFF
Yea why?

(CONTINUED)
CLAIRE
Of course! Alice comes back today.

SAMSON
(Defensively)
That’s not why!

CLIFF
He has has a point, she did break his heart.

SAMSON
No she didn’t!

CLAIRE
Doesn’t matter he’s still in love with her, and filled to the brim with false hope.

SAMSON
No I’m not!

CLAIRE
It might be time to move on. Didn’t she say she doesn’t want your penis anymore?

SAMSON
(Defeated)
Not exactly. I’ll read the text.

SAMSON takes out his phone.

SAMSON
"I don’t want to be in a relationship anymore. I’ll be in Florida for the summer. P.S. You can have the sausage in the fridge back. It was uninspiring."

CLAIRE
EXACTLY WHAT I SAID!

CLIFF
Did she ever explain why she left?

SAMSON
No, she never said anything.

CLAIRE
I can think of a few reasons

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

SAMSON
Like what?

CLAIRE
Like the underwear incident

CUT TO:

INT. SAMSON’S ROOM—DAY

CLIFF sits at SAMSON’s desk where he is removing an elastic strand from ALICE’s underwear. He attaches it to a y-shaped stick, creating a slingshot. SAMSON hands CLIFF a tomato which he then launches across the room. It smashes into a wall at 100 mph.

CLIFF
The sexier stuff just doesn’t have the same pop as these granny panties.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN—DAY

SAMSON
I told her I would buy more.

CLIFF
Did you even try to call her?

SAMSON
No, I wanted to give her space.

CLAIRE
You mean you wanted her to think you could live without her?

CLIFF
(Shaking his head)
Bad call if you’re trying to get back with her.

SAMSON
(Defensively)
I’m not gonna try and get back with her!

CLAIRE
Oh come on! We can read you like a book. We can even tell when you need to pee.

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF studies SAMSON’s face.

CLIFF
I give it 3 minutes.

SAMSON
(Proudly)
I don’t need her. I’ve moved on.

CLIFF
You’ve had two drunk hookups with randos from the bar. Hardly moving on. Besides, I’m pretty sure you cried after sex both times.

CLAIRED:
Yea he did. I recorded it.

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

CLAIRED:
Yea of course.

CLIFF
Great. I need something to jog to.

SAMSON
I hate you guys.

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.

SAMSON and CLAIRE roll their eyes at CLIFF.

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

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF
Bullshit! I’m coming to listen!

CLIFF and SAMSON exit the kitchen. CLAIRE rolls her eyes. End of ACT 1.

ACT 2

INT. ON THE ROCKS–DAY

CLIFF stands behind the bar, taking note of what liquor is almost empty and counting the remaining glasses. CLAIRE is sweeping the powder leftover from the fire extinguisher and SAMSON is on stage mopping. ALICE, a commanding but charismatic 26 year old white woman 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.

CLAIRE
Guys don’t stop, awkward situations get me so wet.

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

ALICE
(Angry)
What the hell happened?

SAMSON
It wasn’t our fault we uhh--

CLAIRE
There was a fire.

CLIFF
Luckily I was there to put it out
(Beat)
I also saved a child from the flames.

(CONTINUED)
CLAIRE
(Whispering to cliff)
Too far man. Too far.

ALICE
Why was there a child in the bar?
That’s illegal.

SAMSON
(Laughing nervously)
We wouldn’t let a child into the bar.

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,
(beat)
while there was a fire.

SAMSON/CLIFF/CLAIRE
Yuuuuuuupp

ALICE
(Triumphantely)
You guys are out of practice. Your bullshit stories are usually much more cohesive.

CLAIRE
It’ll come back.

ALICE
In the meantime, let’s get to work.

CUT TO:
INT. ON THE ROCKS—LATER THAT DAY

The bar is almost entirely clean. SAMSON, CLAIRE, CLIFF, and ALICE continue their busywork. ALICE notices that CLIFF is drinking and approaches him.

ALICE
Cliff... What are you doing?

CLIFF
Cleaning the glasses.

ALICE
You’re drinking.

CLIFF
I have a toothache.

CLAIRE and SAMSON look up and smile at each other. SAMSON runs onto the stage and grabs the microphone. CLAIRE takes a seat right in front of the action.

SAMSON
(In an Announcer’s voice)
Ladies and Gentleman. We’ve been waiting for this rematch for a long time. 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.

ALICE and CLIFF ignore SAMSON and continue their conversation. SAMSON grabs some peanuts and sits next to Claire.

ALICE
Then go to a dentist.

CLIFF
(Sarcastic)
Oh I’m sorry is this your bar?

ALICE
(Condescending)
No because if it were my bar, we wouldn’t be cleaning blood off the walls.

SAMSON
It’s not all blood

CUT TO:
INT. ON THE ROCKS A FEW WEEKS AGO-DAY

SAMSON stands in front of the wall with an apple on his head. The camera cuts to CLIFF who cocks back his underwear slingshot, which is now much larger and attached to pillars at each side of the bar. The slingshot holds another tomato.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS PRESENT-DAY

CLIFF
Are you saying this is my fault?

ALICE
I assume you took charge while I was gone. You think you’re God, Samson’s a mindless yesman, and Claire doesn’t give a shit about anything.

SAMSON and CLAIRE stare at each other. They shrug and nod in agreement. There is a loud thunder crash and the lights turn off for a few seconds. The lights turn on again revealing a desert scene. CLIFF’s upper torso and head appear in the clouds. He is dressed in several robes and has a flowing white beard which is obviously fake. CLAIRE and SAMSON are also dressed in robes and each have fake beards. Tone: A Monty Python sketch of "10 commandments"

CLIFF
(Livid)
YOU DARE PLACE ANOTHER GOD BEFORE ME?

CLAIRE
It just isn’t working out

CLIFF
(Hurt)
What do you mean?

SAMSON
We’re going back to our ex-God.

CLIFF
But why?

SAMSON
You’re a little needy.

(continued)
CLAIRE
You want us to praise you constantly.

SAMSON
You have major ego problems.

CLAIRE
And you never respond to our prayers.

CLIFF
(Angry)
But I created you!

SAMSON
(Frustrated)
so? What else have you done? You can’t keep coasting on that.

CLIFF
(Angry)
I give you manna!

CLAIRE
Bleh. Don’t remind me.

SAMSON
Sometimes it’s nice to have some goat. Ya know, live a little.

CLAIRE
We think it’s best for everyone. It’s not you, it’s us.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS—DAY

CLIFF
But why her?

He points to ALICE.

SAMSON
She’s just... more organized

CLAIRE
She doesn’t fuck up as much as you do.

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF
What do you mean? I don’t fuck up.

CLAIRE
The new security guard?

ALICE
What happened to the quiet one from... what was it? Kyrgyzstan? Tajikistan maybe? Ya know, the place where they kill people with their bare hands.

SAMSON
He went back to wherever the fuck that is.

CLAIRE
And Cliff picked the worst possible replacement.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE ROCKS—EARLY MORNING

Two police cars are parked in front of the lounge. Three officers emerge from the bar with a large man in cuffs. CLIFF, SAMSON, and CLAIRE approach the police officer.

CLIFF
Excuse me officer what’s going on?

OFFICER #1
Move along sir. Nothing to see here.

CLAIRE
You don’t understand, this is our bar.

OFFICER #2
Well then, you’re under arrest.

SAMSON
(Shocked)
FOR WHAT!?
OFFICER #2
(Cuffing them)
Operating a sweat shop and cock fighting ring in your basement.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS—DAY

CLIFF
At least he had the decency to admit we had nothing to do with it.

ALICE
How did you not notice?

CLAIRE
The workers were incredibly quiet. Looking back, I remember hearing some squawks but I convinced myself it was just a gas leak.

ALICE
How reassuring.

Suddenly, SAMSON’s phone rings and he answers it.

SAMSON
Hello?
(Beat)
Yes?
(Beat)
WHAT??? Well is there anywa—... Alright... Alright...Bye.

SAMSON ends the call and hangs his head. The others stare at him.

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 getting head. There’s no way he’s gonna make it.

ALICE
"Young Clit Tickler"?
CONTINUED:

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

ALICE
Who the hell would book that?

They all look at CLIFF.

CLIFF
Whateeeeeeer.

End of ACT 2.

ACT 3

INT. ON THE ROCKS-EVENING

SAMSON, CLAIRE, CLIFF and ALICE sit at the bar eating McDonald’s. With gloomy faces, they chew silently.

ALICE
Alright we have six hours to find another act. If we split up we can cover more ground. I’ll see if I can find a jam band playing in a park or cafe.

CLAIRE
I’ll head to "Toilet Water", and see if they have any acts I can steal.

SAMSON
I thought we said no more punk shows?

ALICE
We should take what we get.

SAMSON
I can’t do another tour man, I’ve seen some shit.

CLAIRE
What?

SAMSON
Never mind, I’ll take the indie crowd.

(CONTINUED)
CLIFF
What about me?

ALICE
Check out "The Jumpoff"

CLIFF
Oh i have to look for rappers because I'm black?

ALICE
Don’t you remember what happened last time?

CUT TO:

INT. THE JUMPOFF-NIGHT

SAMSON dances arhythmically as many onlookers stare and look confused. The song finishes, the performer leaves the stage, and SAMSON approaches him.

SAMSON
I really enjoyed that last song, and totally agree with the fuck the police mentality. I got a ticket just yesterday.

The performer gives SAMSON a menacing stare for a moment and walks away.

SAMSON
Oh, you’re gonna do me like that?

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS-EVENING

CLIFF
Fine.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GREEN PEA

ALICE, looking bored, shmoozes among young hippy looking types.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ALICE (UNENTHUSIASTIC)
A Walmart would really ruin the city... Listen I have to go but I was wondering if you knew of a band that might wanna play at my bar tonight?

YOUNG MAN WITH DREADS
I actually have a reggae band that’s been looking for gigs. What’s your bar called?

ALICE
On The Rocks. It’s on...

YOUNG MAN WITH DREADS
Oh never mind.

ALICE
What? Why?

YOUNG MAN WITH DREADS
Our band isn’t that pathetic

CUT TO:

INT. TOILET WATER-EVENING

YOUNG WOMAN WITH SHAVED HEAD
You mean the bar that kicked all my friends out last night? You’re posers, maggots, using our music to feed off the teet of mainstream America. I’d rather gouge my eyes than perform at your bar.

CLAIRE
A simple no would have sufficed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JUMPOFF-EVENING

YOUNG MAN IN A BEANIE
I could do a show. How much?

CLIFF
Oh we won’t charge you anything.

The YOUNG MAN IN A BEANIE gives CLIFF a curious look.

CUT TO:
INT. THE RACK- EVENING

   GENERIC HIPSTER
   I would describe my sound as classical grunge with elements of reggae.

   SAMSON
   (Feigning interest)
   Cool, do you want to play a show at my bar tonight?

   GENERIC HIPSTER
   I already have a show booked.

   SAMSON
   (Surprised)
   Really?
   (Beat)
   Well do you have any friends who would want to play a show?

   GENERIC HIPSTER
   I know an Icelandic tuba quartet that might be free. They need an organ but you have one right?

   SAMSON
   (Shaking his head)
   I can’t deal with this shit.

SAMSON walks away

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS-NIGHT

SAMSON, CLAIRE, CLIFF, and ALICE all sit at the bar. They are each drinking some alcoholic beverage. Even ALICE who seems to no longer care about her earlier altercation with CLIFF.

   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?

(CONTINUED)
CLAIRE
No. I was about to. We should leave it so people still come. 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
(In chorus)
Our reputation.

CLAIRE
We know, we know.

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

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE
Yes, your 17 year old brother wrote about us on his blog. La di fucking da.

SAMSON
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 he would come here 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.

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

CLAIRE
What the hell is wrong with your face?

ALICE
(Elated)
Oh my God! You guys! Greg Manson just texted me. He says he’s in New York.

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
What?? Why didn’t you 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!

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. ON THE ROCKS—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.

CLAIRE exits the lounge and joins them outside.

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE 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 huuuuuuuuuuh

CLAIRE
(To SAMSON)
Samson, please stop lying to yourself. It’s fucking annoying.

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

CLAIRE
(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.

SAMSON
I’m not t-

CLAIRE
TELL THE TRUTH!

There is a long silence.

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

CLAIRE
You will. I promise. For now, go get wasted and try to forget. I’ll cover you for the night.

SAMSON
Thanks Claire.

SAMSON walks back into the lounge. CLIFF and CLAIRE continue smoking for a few moments. A van pulls up in front of them and they put out their cigarettes.

CLAIRE
That must be him.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS—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, CLAIRE is behind the bar filling drink orders as fast as she can. ALICE is next to the stage, operating the lights and sound. SAMSON, with a bottle in hand, drunkenly sways from side to side and eventually falls.

CUT TO:
INT. 60S ERA MUSIC LOUNGE

SAMSON rises from the floor in an elegant suit and dusts himself off. He is no longer drunk. The camera surveys the room which has been transformed into a 60s era music lounge. TONE: Doris Day/ Rock Hudson romantic comedy. ALICE, now dressed in a bright red dress is seated with her legs crossed on stage, next to GREG. ALICE looks in GREG’s eyes dreamily as he sings.

GREG
This next one is called "My heart’s gone walking", and it’s dedicated to the reason I’m here.

GREG winks and blows a kiss at ALICE as the crowd cheers and snaps their fingers to the beat. SAMSON approaches the crowd, situates himself where ALICE can see his every move, and attempts to make ALICE jealous by flirting with another woman.

SAMSON
Excuse me, would you like to dance?

YOUNG WOMAN
I’d love too.

SAMSON and the YOUNG WOMAN lock eyes as they snap their fingers. Eventually they take up a traditional dance formation (SAMSON’s right arm on the YOUNG WOMAN’s hip/YOUNG WOMAN’s left arm on SAMSON’s shoulder), and they stare longingly into each other’s eyes. Their flamboyant dance moves attract a crowd that circles them and cheers them on. ALICE notices SAMSON dancing with the YOUNG WOMAN and is visibly upset. In order to draw the crowd’s attention, ALICE starts to passionately kiss GREG MANSON. He is caught off guard and falls from the stage. The camera cuts to CLIFF and CLAIRE who are serving drinks in their 1960s attire.

CLAIRE
What the hell are they doing?

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE ROCKS-NIGHT

The camera focuses on SAMSON who is shirtless and grinding with a YOUNG WOMAN as drunk as he is. They begin to make out in a disgusting fashion as many people in the crowd stare. Boos echo through the lounge as GREG writhes on the floor in pain. The crowd’s attention is immediately drawn

(CONTINUED)
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.

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.

EXT. ON THE ROCKS-NIGHT

CLIFF and CLAIRE meet up with ALICE.

CLAIRE
Where’s Samson?

CLIFF
Oh God, the poor bastard is still in there. I have to save him. LEAVE NO MAN BEHIND!

CLIFF lunges towards the bar as SAMSON emerges from the smoky entrance followed by a HIGH YOUNG MAN. By now, the fire department and police have arrived and almost all of the people have vacated the area.

SAMSON
(Slurring his words)
Don’t worry you guysss there’s no fire. This guyyyy was hotboxing the back roo- room.

The HIGH YOUNG MAN runs off.

SAMSON
(still slurring)
Well at least we made lotssss of mon-eeee right?

CLIFF
Yup. I made sure the "fire" didn’t take this.

CLIFF takes a large amount of money out of his pockets.

(CONTINUED)
ALICE
How much is it?

CLIFF
About two thousand dollars

CLAIRE
That settles the rent money.

A large fireman enters their conversation. He has a thick Italian-American accent.

FIREMAN
This your bar?

SAMSON
Yesss Officer.

FIREMAN
You guys were over capacity and you don’t have a fire extinguisher.

CLIFF
We used the fire extinguisher last night and we didn’t have time-

FIREMAN
Didn’t have time? Are there not 24 hours in a day?

ALICE
Yes we’re sorry but-

FIREMAN
Listen, I’m gonna have to fine you.

CLAIRE
But-

FIREMAN
Lady, I don’t make the rules OK?

ALICE
So how much are you gonna fine us?

FIREMAN
Well how much do you have there?

The FIREMAN points to the money

SAMSON
(Excited)
Two Thousand Dollars!!!

(CONTINUED)
FIREMAN
Perfect, that’s exactly how much the fine is.

CLIFF
(Livid)
Hey you can’t just take our money!

ALICE
(Also livid)
Who do you think you are?

The FIREMAN pauses for a moment and smiles.

FIREMAN
From the looks of it, this bar is an absolute shithole.

SAMSON
It’s at least a toilet!

FIREMAN
And now that you’ve committed a few violations, I could recommend an inspection. And I guarantee that this toilet-

SAMSON
Thank you

FIREMAN
Will fail. So it’s up to you. Either I take this measly two thousand or you lose your bar.

ALICE gestures to CLIFF who hands over the money. The FIREMAN starts walking away.

FIREMAN
Oh also, me and some of the boys have a metal band. We wanna play this Friday.

ALICE nods begrudgingly. The FIREMAN finally leaves. Suddenly, a drumset placed on top of a wheeled platform rolls into the scene. SAMSON sits at the set.

ALICE
I guess we’re ON THE ROCKS again

CLIFF, ALICE, CLAIRE, and SAMSON stare directly into the camera and hold very awkward smiles as SAMSON plays an uncomfortably long drum solo that ends with a Vaudevillian rim shot (tom, kick snare).
END OF PILOT