

GORDON (CONT'D)

Everyone knows you, no one ignores you, get that break and you're rich, free, getting more ass than a toilet seat?

(Henry shakes his head)

I thought all you waiter guys were actors. So what do you do?

HENRY

I need to figure that out. What do you do? Maybe I can do that?

GORDON

Sure, sure. You know anything about mortgage refinance?

HENRY

(shakes head sadly)

But I do know something about pouring.

He pours out two drinks. As Henry tops off Gordon's healthy double, there's a tap on his shoulder.

A very uptight Ron -- in Henry's too-tight shirt and chaffed trousers -- motions him to the end of the bar. Henry stares, amused. Ron tries to stage-whisper...

RON

No doubles. One jigger only.

But the music is too loud and Henry can't hear.

HENRY

What?

RON

(shouting)

I DON'T--

...the song ends, and the whole room goes absurdly quiet...

RON (CONT'D)

--WANT YOU SERVING THEM TWO JIGGERS!

Ron turns to find the Ayaams in line at the bar. He freezes, believing incorrectly that they have misunderstood him.

RON (CONT'D)

I am-- Ayaam!-- you am-- you are -- it's bar lingo. Henry, right?

HENRY

What is?

Ron, thoroughly tongue-tied, finally just puts his hands together Hindu-style, and bows deeply to the Ayaams. Remains bowed. For an uncomfortably long time. Everyone stares.

Henry wordlessly hands the Ayaams two drinks and they leave.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ron the preferred term is jig-roes.

Ron fumes, slithers off.

MONICA (O.S.)

The line!

Monica rushes up with Kyle in tow.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Say the line!

KYLE

Dude, you're that guy! I knew you were someone! That's awesome! I can't believe I'm working with you. C'mon, do it. Say it, man...

Henry's expression registers utter misery. Suddenly, he spots someone. A 35-ish guy, determined and unhappy, scanning the crowd. It's Casey's husband, MIKE.

HENRY

`scuse me...

He approaches Mike. Looking to be a White Knight...

HENRY (CONT'D)

Can I help...?

MIKE

I'm looking for Casey...

Mike looks out through sliding glass doors -- spots Casey shooting video of party guests. He heads for the patio. Henry hesitates, then goes after him.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Henry, drunk, trying to be elegant, moves in beside Mike.

HENRY

You her husband?

Mike is in no mood. He keeps moving toward Casey.

HENRY (CONTTD)

You know, Ron's been riding her all night. Maybe if wait out front, I'll send her out--

MIKE

Who the hell are you?

HENRY

Nobody. Just...having a bad day, trying to do one little good deed here, so if you could...

That's when drunken Henry walks right into a patio chair, gets entangled in another, and pratfalls into the pool.

UNDERWATER - tight on Henry's face. It registers almost nothing -- the odd calm of a self-immolating Buddhist monk.

He settles to the bottom. A beat. Then he surfaces. Strokes toward the ladder. He glances up...

HENRY's POV - Mike and Casey are mid-fight in a corner of the lawn. We can hear just bits and pieces.

MIKE

...it's time for us to grow up!

CASEY

We said five years...

He watches with mixed emotions. We can't tell if he's rooting for her to leave with her husband or break up and stay.

GORDON (O.C.)

CANNONBALL!

Henry turns to see the naked form of Gordon flying overhead. Splash! He surfaces, smiling, assuming others will follow.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Hey, who's getting crazy? C'mon, the water's fine!

(nods at Henry)

Bartender's with me! He's cool! What're y'all waiting for? The kids are gone, let's cut loose, show 'em how it's done.

Roman stares, shaking his head with disdain. The song ends and the silence is uncomfortable. Gordon looks around at his dully-staring neighbors. Gordon segues from jovial to surly.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Oh? What? Am I the a**hole here?
 (looking around)
 I am! I'm the a**hole here!

Henry exits the pool as Liddy reacts, appalled.

LIDDY
 Put your clothes on, Gordon. No one here wants to see your p**is.

GORDON
 Why? Maybe I'll win an awardy for best ****! I'd rather have a trophy for that on my mantle than tidiest lawn, or faggiest mailbox, or goddamn Christmas lights -- they better not blink! No blinking lights, Neighbors! Ordinary fucking people! What's wrong with you? You're already dead! All of you!

RON
 Roman! What am I not hearing?

Ron makes a hand gesture for Roman to play a new song. Roman nods. "Got it boss." He slides a new CD in a deck.

MUSIC CUE: Nelly's "Hot In Herre." Ron frowns at him, but Roman grooves faux-obliviously.

ANGLE ON GORDON who attempts to beach himself. He drunkenly flops, reaching for his clothes, just out of reach.

HENRY. Drunk, wet, miserable, watches Casey and Mike argue.

ROMAN (O.S.)
 It's over, dude.

ROMAN is also watching the fight.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Don't get any ideas, though. I got first dibs on her for the rebound.

Roman leaves. Henry just shakes his head. Ron appears. Joins him in shaking his head.

RON

Well, what're you gonna do..?

HENRY

(drunk, misunderstanding)

I don't know. I thought I knew, and now...I have no idea. I just feel like my life is just...shit...

RON

Yeah, know what you mean. But keep in mind. The Client drew the guest list, it's her responsibility.

(slapping him on the back)

So chin up. This isn't our fault.

INT. KITCHEN

Constance watches as Kyle stands focused on a message on his cell phone. Roman wanders in.

ROMAN

Hey, that's an R.D.D.

CONSTANCE

Leave him alone. It's network! Uh, I'm so jealous...

She crosses her fingers, looks up hopefully as he hangs up.

KYLE

They want to take me to network on "The Palisades."

Constance shrieks with joy.

CONSTANCE

That's great! Now when you go in, remember - seduce them. Make them--

KYLE (CONT'D)

But they hated the hair. They want tougher. Like the hair of someone who's seen some real shit.

Kyle fidgets with his hair. Constance sees something.

CONSTANCE

Oooh. Don't touch. Back like that, you look like Jan Michel Vincent.

KYLE

Is he tough?

CONSTANCE

To work with, yes. And he's seen
some real shit. Real alcoholism.

ROMAN

(not liking it)

Is your character Barry the GayBot?

KYLE

No. "Jack." Just got out of juvie.

ROMAN

(aha, I've got it)

Dude, know what they do in juvie?

(mimes a buzz-cut)

I saw a clippers in the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Henry, hair wet, drunk in Ron's grenadine-splashed shirt,
packs up as the final mingling unfolds. Casey plops the
dormant video on the bar. Pours herself a drink.

CASEY

Well. Thanks for the gesture...I'm
really sorry, I forgot...

HENRY

Henry.

CASEY

Henry. Henry.

CASEY (CONT'D)

He got the job in Burlington.

(looking up)

What do you think?

She steps up to the portrait behind the bar. Sticks her head
in front of Liddy's. Smiles insanely.

CASEY (CONT'D)

"Who wants smores?"

HENRY

(a beat. He likes her)

Shame. Here we're just getting to
know each other.

(off her hesitation)

You are going, right?

CASEY

What, and leave show business?

She grabs a crate of empty glasses and heads to the van.

Henry grabs the video camera. Hits record and starts filming himself -- a variety of manic phony smiles and expressions. Self-loathing washing over him. He lowers the camera...

...revealing Heidi-Jane. She gives him a "gotcha" look.

HEIDI-JANE

I knew I knew you.

A beat...then Henry flashes a drunken, what-the-hell grin...

INT. BATHROOM

Casey passes down the hall. Hears a "buzzing" sound, glances into the bathroom. She shakes her head, calls into the room.

CASEY

Jesus, Kyle, he left that message.
No one called from network.

INT. KITCHEN

Ron goes over paperwork with a dispirited Liddy.

RON

Just sign here...and this, here...

LIDDY

(pausing, confused)
I thought I was supposed to fill
out the feedback card...?

Kyle enters - there's a stripe through his hair, and he's got a clump of hair in his hand. Roman follows, wheedling.

ROMAN

C'mon, we're just fooling around.

KYLE

(voice breaking)
Dude, you totally fucked me in the
ass! It's pilot season, man!
(turning on him)
Jesus, this is all because I said
your script sucks? You ruin my
whole career?
(losing it again)
I mean, Jesus! It's pilot season!

Roman just stands there. Awkward. Constance puts an arm around Kyle reassuringly.

CONSTANCE

You know, I remember when I was up for one of the jumpsuit girls in "Cannonball Run, Two." Right after my audition, I got hit by a car. I was disappointed, but in the hospital? I finally read "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance." Which totally changed my life.

(the lesson?)

So God never closes a door without opening a window.

KYLE

A window? This is my hair!

INT. LIVING ROOM

The party empties out. Ron, smiling, "job well done," shakes bills from the various tip jars onto a table. His smile fades as he counts. It's way short of what he promised.

He pulls out his wallet and throws in all the cash he has.

EXT. SIDEWALK

CASEY sits out on the sidewalk beneath a streetlight. Eyes bleary. Deep in thought. Smoking. Wiping tears.

ACROSS THE STREET - a NEIGHBOR appears. Classic suburban guy Tshirt and pajama bottoms - leaving out the trashcans for next morning. Casey stares at him.

INT. FRONT DOOR

A SLEEPY CHILD stands beside her parents.

WIFE

I thought last year's was better.

CONSTANCE comes hurrying up, all smiles, with a tiny coat.

CONSTANCE

Here we are! It fell under the bed.

She kneels, starts attentively fussing the kid into the coat.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

There you go. Let's get you all zipped up. That's nice. Good.

She pats and smooths the coat, smiles at the boy...

PARENT

Come on, Danny. Bed-time.

....until the parents finally have to pull him away.
Constance watches him go. Face blank.

INT. BATHROOM

KYLE faces himself in a mirror - crumbling. A big, dumb stripe through his beautiful hair. His mojo lost...

KYLE

(attempted confidence)

"You're in the Palisades now,
homes." "You're in the..."

(gives up)

Goddamn it...goddamn it...

INT. MASTER BATHROOM

ROMAN - blank, bitter - sits on the toilet. Finishing a dump. Sees a photo of Monica in a cheerleader outfit.

He takes it out of the frame, puts it in his pocket. Then heads out, pointedly leaving the toilet un-flushed.

INT. PARTY DOWN VAN

Henry is in the back of the van making out with Heidi-Jane.

HEIDI-JANE

C'mon. Please. You can do it. Just
once. Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease.

Hold on Henry's face as he finds his reflection in the rear-view mirror. He gives himself a drunk, curdled smile...

HENRY

"Are we having fun yet?"

ROLL CREDITS

INT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Ron moves down the line of resentful waiters. Restless Casey. Grateful Constance. Distant Kyle. Smirking Roman. And Henry.

RON

Fourteen dollars... Fourteen
dollars... Fourteen dollars...

FADE TO BLACK.