

# **go-LOVE-go**

(Outfest Screenwriting Lab Semi-Finalist)

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**COLD OPEN OVER OPENING CREDITS...**

INT: WHEEL OF FORTUNE SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

PAT SAJAK  
Two "A's"...

As the audience applauds, PAT SAJAK and THREE CONTESTANTS stand at The Wheel.

VANNA WHITE reveals the "A's" in the partially solved puzzle.

CONTESTANT #1 (JOHN)  
I'd like to buy another vowel?

PAT SAJAK  
All right.

CONTESTANT #1 (JOHN)  
"E"!

PAT SAJAK  
There's an "E".

Vanna reveals the "E" and JOHN spins the Wheel. He's a good looking guy, gay, mid 30's but appears younger in his light blue sweater. Hair parted on the side, his put on exuberance is perfect for the middle-American audience.

The Wheel lands on a gift certificate wedge.

JOHN  
"R"!

PAT SAJAK  
There's an "R". Pick up that gift tag. That's a \$1000 beachstore.com gift certificate. You have that, you have some cash. What do you want to do, John?

JOHN  
I would like to buy a vowel.

PAT SAJAK  
Yes.

JOHN  
"O"!

PAT SAJAK  
Three "O's".  
(over audience applause)  
That's gonna be a very important buy for you. And all the vowels are gone, John.

JOHN  
Okay. I'd like to solve, Pat.

PAT SAJAK  
Go ahead.

JOHN  
"A NEW PASSPORT PHOTO"!

PAT SAJAK  
There you go! Nice going.  
(he crosses to John)  
Well, you know our prize puzzle - it has something to do with that.

JOHN  
Oh...

PAT SAJAK  
That's very, very general. You could be going anywhere...

JOHN  
Yes.

PAT SAJAK  
Yeah. So I know and you don't.

Beat. John covers his annoyance with forced laughter.

JOHN  
Where is it?

Audience laughter.

PAT SAJAK  
(cheesy self deprecation)  
"Get on with it, you stupid host."  
(beat)  
Costa Rica!

John unleashes a huge smile, his teeth more blinding white than an Irish man's ass.

JOHN  
(clapping)  
Oh oh oh whoa!!!

FREEZE FRAME. Silence. Beat.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm not going to fucking Costa Rica.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT: JOHN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT

JOHN

(dour)

No - it's a trip for two and I have no one to take.

Standing in front of the mirror in a worn Stanford tee-shirt, John uses a WATER PIK to floss his annoyingly perfect teeth.

INT: JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KEILI

So, go alone. Use the week to write a script. You've had this writer's block b.s. for months now - get inspired.

KEILI (pronounced KEEL-"E") is an attractive, mid 30s, balls-out type of girl. She sits on John's couch pulling CAT HAIR off her shirt with a huge tape roller.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND KEILI

JOHN

That'd be great - me and my sexy laptop at this fucking gorgeous couple's resort. I'll feel even more like a loser than I already do. Beyond depressing, Keili.

KEILI

What are you doing in there?

JOHN (O.S.)

Water flossing. Dental hygiene. Very important.

KEILI

(sotto)

Sounds like you borrowed my vibrator again.

John crosses through the living room to the kitchen.

JOHN

Huh?

KEILI

What?

(beat)

Listen, so just hold off on booking this trip for a little bit. Don't cancel. You'll meet someone.

INT: JOHN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John leans over his small GEORGE FOREMAN GRILL watching the fat drip.

JOHN

In 7 days? Really? Because they said I got 7 days from yesterday's tape date to accept or forfeit the prize. After that, I'm taxed on it whether I go or not - and that's like, what, two thousand bucks?

INT: JOHN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters the living room with a sad looking, PLAIN CHICKEN BREAST on a paper plate.

JOHN

And then, to top it off, I have to take the trip within a year. And if I'm taking some guy to Costa Rica within a year, I'm gonna have to know him for at least a few months before I ask him -

KEILI

(trying to interrupt)

John -

JOHN

- and then, what if I ask this mystery man and he says "no"? Like "It's too much pressure. It's too early in the relationship." He breaks up with me. Kick ass - my first real relationship ruined over a chance to go - what - ziplining? No.

KEILI

John -

JOHN

Or worse - worse - the guy says "Yeah, let's go. Great." So I call in our names, the trip is booked, I spend a hundred and twenty eight dollars to get a passport, and then 6 weeks later, just before we leave, we have a huge fight. I... catch him - I don't know - jerking off in the gym shower across from some other dude and I refuse to take him to this tropical paradise, because, I mean, fuck him, right? Asshole. But now, I'm double fucked, because once the tickets

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

are issued, they're non refundable, non changeable - that's the rules, they said.

KEILI

Listen -

JOHN

And not only do I still owe my taxes - while barely getting by on unemployment mind you - but I'm left stranded. Because just to spite him, I say fuck it, I am gonna go alone. Fuck the depression. So, okay, I'm going, right? But now, here I am, alone in Costa Rica, I barely speak Spanish, the kidnappings...

KEILI

- that's Mexico.

JOHN

Same thing. I just - no. It's too much.

Beat.

KEILI

Asshole - you deserve this vacation! After waiting 34 years to suck cock? I didn't even make it to 14.

JOHN

Slut.

KEILI

And loving every minute of it.  
(beat)  
The trip'll be like a... coming out celebration. A week of debauchery in a five star resort.

JOHN

Keili - I have no one to take!

KEILI

Take that hot Enzo guy - your three week fling that works at The Abbey. The "I don't want the responsibility of expectancy" player dude.

JOHN

Actually my favorite line was "we're in a physically exclusive, non-relationship."

KEILI

What a douchebag.

JOHN

And he has that crossed front tooth thing. Annoying.

KEILI

But he *is* Latin. You like those Latins - the hips, the motion. And you guys had good chemistry, right?

JOHN

Unbelievable. Huge cock.

KEILI

For one week, he's perfect - your ankles do fill with helium whenever he's around.

JOHN

Graphic.

KEILI

But true.

(beat)

C'mon. If not him, you'll find someone. Honey, look, I know this is all new to you, but you have to start... being gay. Like, make your next script a gay script, something. For instance, there's this gorgeous assistant kid in my office that just came out, and when he was upped to junior publicist, he immediately requested to be on Ryan Seacrest's team. Now that's diving right in. And he couldn't be more thrilled.

JOHN

The kid or Seacrest?

KEILI

Both. Point is, you gotta get involved. Meet people. Fuck your brains out. In a rainforest.

JOHN

I'm meeting people.

KEILI

In the valley? Really? John, you live in Sherman Oaks.

JOHN

I frequent West Hollywood.

KEILI  
You frequent... When?

Beat.

JOHN  
What?! I go.  
(she stares him down)  
It scares me. Lots of loud thumping.  
And color. Rainbows.

KEILI  
Just promise me, twice this week, you'll  
go and socialize. You're never gonna  
meet anybody tucked away in your tiny one  
bedroom in - I'll say it again - Sherman  
Oaks, John. Only old people and cats  
live here.

John's cat TRAVIS saunters in.

TRAVIS  
Meow.

KEILI  
Thank you Travis, my point exactly.

EXT: ROBERTSON BLVD - NIGHT

It's a gorgeous Friday night, early summer, as we travel  
north on Robertson. People stream in and out of The Abbey.

EXT: SANTA MONICA BLVD - CONTINUOUS

Turning the corner onto a packed Santa Monica Blvd., we head  
east past several bars and restaurants.

EXT: FIESTA CANTINA - CONTINUOUS

Tanktops and sandals abound. Patio dwellers revel in the  
crowded drunkenness. TWO GUYS share a quesadilla in the  
corner. A young STRAIGHT COUPLE makes out next to them.

EXT: MICKEY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

A built GO-GO DANCER drives the patrons crazy as two 21 year  
old BLOND JOCKS in tiny Aussie Bum swimsuits volley an  
oversized BEACHBALL just outside the entrance, trying to lure  
lookers-on into the bar.

EXT: SANTA MONICA BLVD - CONTINUOUS

As the BEACHBALL lands on the ground, come out of its roll  
and ZOOM up the street past hundreds of smiling people.



A HOMELESS GUY yells at an imaginary dog in the background as we land on...

EXT: STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

...an OLDER MAN opening the front door and entering.

INT: STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

As the man walks toward the BARISTA, we notice John sitting alone in the corner at a table for four, listening to music on his iPhone and staring at his laptop. He's stumped as he sips from a venti drip coffee.

John looks good. In a black tanktop, jeans and beaten up "writer boots," we notice his gym body that was not evident before. OTHER GUYS check him out, but he's oblivious.

DAVID, a cute, masculine, British guy approaches with a laptop shoulder bag. 28 and wearing a V-neck white tee and hip gray slacks that hug his well toned ass perfectly, he's the epitome of casual hotness.

DAVID

Excuse me?

John can't hear him, his iPhone music drowning out the noise. David taps him on the shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hello.

JOHN

(taking out ear buds)

Sorry. Yeah?

DAVID

I was just wondering if I could split this table with you. I have to plug in - battery's crap - and you seem to be the only one near an outlet.

JOHN

Of course, sure.

DAVID

Great, cheers.

As David unpacks his computer, John notices his beautiful biceps and tanned arms. David catches him looking and smiles. John quickly puts his ear buds back in and returns to his script.

David sits across from John.

They work in silence, an obvious connection building as they steal surreptitious glances.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You know what?

JOHN  
(too loud because of ear buds)  
Sorry? What?!

Everyone looks at him. David laughs, motions for him to take out the ear buds. John does.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Was that loud?

DAVID  
I'd say no, but I'd be lying.

JOHN  
I'm a moron sometimes.

DAVID  
(charmed)  
Going to grab a scone or something.  
Famished. Do you want anything?

JOHN  
No, thanks, I'm fine.

DAVID  
Least I can do for barging in on you like this.

JOHN  
You're hardly barging.

DAVID  
Good to know.  
(beat)  
I'm David.

JOHN  
John. Hi.

Beat. David smiles.

DAVID  
So you're sure? Nothing? My pleasure...

JOHN  
Yes.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Wait - I don't mean, "yes" it would be your pleasure. You know, to get me something. That would be presumptuous, right? No, I meant, yes, I'm sure - you know, that I don't want anything - from you. ...That came out wrong. I mean, maybe I would want something from... I'm just trying to say it's very generous of you to ask, but I'm not hungry. Right now.

DAVID

(laughs)

Quite handsome when you stumble.

JOHN

No. I mean, thank you.

(deep breath)

Jesus Christ, I'm really bad at this. I'm sorry.

DAVID

Don't apologize. It's refreshing actually.

(killer smile)

Right. Mind my laptop for me then?

JOHN

No problem.

David rises and heads toward the barista as John's former Latin fling, ENZO, crosses outside. He's 27, great body.

Enzo notices John, KNOCKS on the window and enters.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit.

ENZO

Hey stranger. Long time.

He puts his hand on the back of John's neck.

JOHN

Enzo. Hi. No - you have to go away.

John scans for David, whose back is to him.

ENZO

Sorry?

JOHN

Don't want to be rude. I'm just in the middle of a good flow here.

ENZO  
 (laughing)  
 You are so cute. Weird, but cute.  
 (he squeezes John's arm)  
 Your body looks good man - we should get  
 together again at some point. You've  
 been working out...

JOHN  
 Yup. Gym. Good seeing you, Enzo.

ENZO  
 What's your body fat percentage? Mine's  
 six point nine. Come here.

Enzo plants a heavy kiss on John. As their lips part, David  
 is standing above them holding his scone, hurt.

DAVID  
 Sorry to interrupt. A plug opened up  
 over there - let me get out of your way.

He starts to pack up.

JOHN  
 No, really, it's fine. He was just  
 going.

ENZO  
 You're right, baby. I should go  
 actually.

JOHN  
 (quickly to David)  
 Not his baby.

ENZO  
 They're slammed at the Abbey, just called  
 me in. But tonight, yeah? I get off at  
 2. I'll text you and come over.

JOHN  
 What? No, I'm -

As Enzo leaves...

ENZO  
 (to David, smiling, casual)  
 Hands off, huh? He's all mine.

JOHN  
 No no - not his.

DAVID  
(to Enzo)  
Not a problem.

David crosses to another table as Enzo exits.

JOHN  
David...

DAVID  
Nice meeting you.

Patrons look at John like he's a cancer. He folds up his laptop and exits. His phone rings. He answers.

EXT: STARBUCKS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

JOHN  
Yeah?

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT

Phone to her ear, Keili flips through old porn DVD cases.

KEILI  
You better have a cock in your mouth.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KEILI AND JOHN.

JOHN  
I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I just met this guy in Starbucks -

KEILI  
Great!

JOHN  
- and 5 minutes later, he hates me.

KEILI  
Not great.

JOHN  
I should go back to women. They're so much easier.

KEILI  
No. It's a Saturday night, we're going out. Where are you?

JOHN  
Heading back to my car at La Cienega and Santa Monica.

KEILI

Meet me down in the library parking lot in twenty minutes. We'll hit up Revolver. Gonna find you a hottie for Costa Rica. It's packed on Saturdays. Cute, drunk guys, assholes flapping in the wind...

JOHN

Really not in the mood Keili.

KEILI

Don't care.

She hangs up. John does the same and walks up the street.

EXT: PARKING LOT

Keili knocks on the window of John's blue Prius. He gets out.

KEILI

(re: his black tanktop)  
Is that what you're wearing?

JOHN

Yeah. Why?

KEILI

What's that?

She references DRY CLEANING hanging in the back of his car.

JOHN

White button down, pleats down the front; those pressed, sort of tuxedo - but not - things.

She opens the back door, gets a closer look.

KEILI

European cut? Size small?

JOHN

Yeah. H and M.

She takes it out of the hanging plastic.

KEILI

Gay as it gets. Put it on.

JOHN

But I want them to see my arms. Isn't is good if they see the arms? I'm tan...

KEILI

Everyone will be wearing a tanktop, John. But with this hugging little number, it's obvious you still have the body, but now you become the guy that's so confident, he doesn't need to show it off. The classy guy with the pecs underneath.

John takes off his tank. His SIX PACK surprises Keili.

KEILI (CONT'D)

Holy shit. When did you get them?

As he puts on the white shirt...

JOHN

I'm at the gym every day. Got nothing else to do... except watch the first - and best - season of "Glee" on a loop.

KEILI

Tall lesbian makes me chuckle.

JOHN

That'd be Jane Lynch.

KEILI

Good for her.  
(beat - re: shirt)  
Undo the top three buttons.

JOHN

Are you serious? Three?

KEILI

Just do it, penis breath.

JOHN

If only...

He opens the top three buttons.

KEILI

Free up the bottom one too so we get like the tease of the top of your underwear. You got cute gear on?

JOHN

Black Calvins?

KEILI

Kind of 1997, but they'll do.  
(scanning him)  
Jeans are good. Boots good. Let's go.

JOHN  
What about you? Don't I get to critique  
your wardrobe?

KEILI  
Bitch, please. I always look good.

INT / EXT: REVOLVER

A BOUNCER checks John's and Keili's IDs, waves them through.

KEILI  
Just act like you're the best looking guy  
in here. Confidence, my friend.

Go-go dancers abound in this sex charged wonderland. The music is slamming loud, the lights dim. They make their way to the BARTENDER.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
(to shirtless bartender)  
Two vodka cranberries please.

Keili eyes SHALEV (26), a hot as balls Israeli dancer on one of the platforms. He's got a Star of David TATTOO and wears nothing but designer underwear and black military boots.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
(over the noise)  
Nothing wrong with him.

JOHN  
Which one?

KEILI  
Ripped hebrew hottie molesting the pole.  
Perfect for you.

JOHN  
Right. A go-go dancer. Just what I  
need.

BARTENDER  
(placing drinks on bar)  
Twenty two, please.

John hands him a credit card.

JOHN  
Leave it open.

BARTENDER  
Will do.



JOHN  
(re: Shalev)  
He's way out of my league anyway.

KEILI  
Apparently not.

Shalev is looking their way and SMILING at John.

JOHN  
That's his job. And he thinks I have money because of the nice shirt. Easy target.

KEILI  
Shirt's not *that* nice...

Shalev blows John a masculine kiss.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
Write your number on a bill and go shove it in his crotch.

She digs through her purse for a pen.

JOHN  
I'm not doing that.

KEILI  
When in Rome... Loosen up!

He hesitates, but opens his wallet, pulls out A DOLLAR and takes the pen from Keili.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
Not on a single. A five. It's classier.

JOHN  
You're asking me to place my name and number into some complete stranger's bushy pubes, and your worried about class?

KEILI  
Honey, bushy pubes went out with boot cut jeans.

JOHN  
Really? I thought they were making a comeback.

KEILI  
We'll talk manscaping later.

Shalev motions to John to write his number down. Keili hands John a five dollar bill.

KEILI (CONT'D)

Take it. Only two minutes in and we got cocks a-waggin'. Thrilling.

John writes his info on the bill as Shalev stares at him.

KEILI (CONT'D)

Go.

JOHN

Hating you so much right now.

John squeezes through the dancing crowd toward Shalev's platform. He holds up the five. Shalev bends down and yells something into John's ear. We can barely make it out.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What?!

Beat. A mischievous smile from Shalev. He speaks with a confident Israeli accent.

SHALEV

I should be tipping you!

Shalev takes money out of his underwear and puts it in John's shirt pocket, then kisses him on the cheek. John is floored.

Keili slaps the bartender on the back, excited.

John holds up his five and Shalev positions his crotch in John's face. John awkwardly tucks the money on Shalev's hip.

SHALEV (CONT'D)

Is your number on that?

JOHN

Yeah.

Shalev removes the bill from his hip and tucks it deep into his sock and pats his boot, as if to say "I'll call you."

JOHN (CONT'D)

Cool.

Shalev winks at him. John makes his way back to Keili.

KEILI

What'd he say?

JOHN

He said he should be tipping me.

KEILI

So hot! Put *that* shit in a script!

They take in the scene.

KEILI (CONT'D)

He seems nice, John.

Shalev stares at them over his shoulder as he RUBS HIS ASS.

JOHN

Hmm. A real sweetheart.

KEILI

I'm serious. Comparatively?

She references a few other DANCERS. YOUNG DANCER is grinding his erection into a patron's ear. JOCK DANCER is dry humping the wall, his underwear pulled down, ass facing the crowd and fully exposed. MILO (black guy), standing on the bar right next to them, is making his obscenely huge piece (wrapped in obscene banana pouch underwear) spin in a large circle.

JOHN

(re: Milo)

Wow.

MILO notices John and Keili looking.

MILO

(to Keili, seductive)

Hi.

KEILI

Hello yourself.

MILO

You gonna be here a while?

KEILI

Probably.

MILO

Nice...

A PATRON tips Milo, pulling his focus.

JOHN

(to Keili, sotto)

What are you doing?!

KEILI  
 He's straight - checked out my tits the  
 second I walked in. Black guys love me.

JOHN  
 But we're in a gay bar...

KEILI  
 ...and you gays always want the breeders  
 you can't have. He probably makes bank.  
 Smart guy.

They take a step out from the bar and start dancing.

To their right, an OLD MAN dances with his BOY TOY.

To their left, three MUSCLE DUDES grind in rhythm to the  
 music.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
 (as they dance)  
 He's still looking.

JOHN  
 Who?

KEILI  
 Your Jewish jock-boy.

Shalev smiles at them.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
 I'm telling you honey - this actually *is*  
 good stuff if you're still blocked on  
 what to write.

JOHN  
 Yeah, well...

KEILI  
 Ripe with material. Get into it, then  
 write what you know.

JOHN  
 But I *don't* know it - that's the whole  
 problem.

KEILI  
 Hop a ride on *his* train... and find out.

John takes in a gyrating Shalev. He's thinking about Keili's  
 script idea.

Milo leans down to Keili.

MILO  
You're working those titties girl...

KEILI  
...around your ridiculous cock later -  
yes I am.

Keili pulls a BUSINESS CARD out from her breasts and slips it into Milo's underwear.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
If that thing needs a publicist, gimme a  
call.

She cops a feel on Milo's package as she walks away and escorts John further into the dance floor.

JOHN  
How do you do that?

KEILI  
(adjusting her breasts)  
I'm gifted.

INT: JOHN'S KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

COFFEE MAKER automatically turns on.

INT: JOHN'S BEDROOM

ALARM CLOCK rings. 9:30am. John slaps it off and pulls on some shorts.

INT: JOHN'S KITCHEN

John stands over the coffee maker waiting as it drips. He stares at his LAPTOP resting on the kitchen table. Hesitant, he sits in front of the computer, opens it and clicks on the FINAL DRAFT program. After a beat, he cracks a small half smile, slowly begins to type:

**ON COMPUTER SCREEN:**

*INT: REVOLVER - NIGHT*

*Go-go dancers abound in this sex charged wonderland. The music is slamming...*

John's CELL PHONE RINGS. He doesn't recognize the number.

JOHN  
Hello?

SHALEV  
 (o.s.)  
 John?

JOHN  
 Yeah, who's this?

**INTERCUT WITH SHALEV.**

Shalev's at LA FITNESS, sweating on the elliptical, talking into his iPhone ear buds' speaker that hangs around his neck.

SHALEV  
 Shalev. From last night?

JOHN  
 I'm sorry?

SHALEV  
 Revolver? You gave me your number. The dancer?

JOHN  
 (shocked)  
 Right. Sorry.

SHALEV  
 Is it too early?

JOHN  
 No. I'm just sitting here, writing a little bit.

John closes his laptop. Begins pacing.

SHALEV  
 You're a writer?

JOHN  
 Trying to be, yeah.

SHALEV  
 Cool.

Awkward beat.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
 I... just wanted to say good morning.  
 I'll let you get back to work.

JOHN  
 No - I'm just a little caught off guard I guess. I didn't expect you to call.

SHALEV  
Why not? I asked for your number.

JOHN  
But I'm figuring you probably get slipped dozens of numbers every night.

SHALEV  
I do. And as a policy, I absolutely never call them.

JOHN  
But -

SHALEV  
I'm breaking my policy.

Beat.

JOHN  
Oh.

John smiles. Shalev smiles.

SHALEV  
You just seem like a nice guy.

Beat. John looks at his laptop.

JOHN  
(nervously)  
Listen, I'm thinking of starting a new project here and I was wondering... uh, if maybe I could... interview you?

SHALEV  
What's it about?

JOHN  
To be totally honest, I'm not exactly sure yet.

SHALEV  
Okay.

JOHN  
But it might have something to do with go-go dancing. Or that scene, anyway. Possibly.

SHALEV  
Sure. When?

JOHN  
 (biting his lip)  
 Are you free this afternoon? We could grab a late lunch - like 4 o'clock or something?

SHALEV  
 Sounds good. How's that cheap lobster place next to the big gay Starbucks at Westmount and Santa Monica?

JOHN  
 Perfect.

SHALEV  
 All right then.

JOHN  
 All right. I guess I'll see you at 4.

SHALEV  
 I'm really looking forward to it, man.

JOHN  
 O... kay.

SHALEV  
 (smiles)  
 Bye.

They hang up. John looks at Travis, his cat.

JOHN  
 Holy shit!

EXT: COUSINS MAINE LOBSTER RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

They are mid meal.

SHALEV  
 Yup - finishing up my second year at Santa Monica College cause it's a lot cheaper, but I'm waiting to hear about a possible transfer to UCLA for mechanical engineering. But even *if* I get in, I'd have to get a scholarship to swing the extra tuition.

John has a pad in front of him, taking notes.

JOHN  
 You don't mind that I've been writing some of this stuff down, for like, research purposes, do you?



SHALEV

No, it's cool.

JOHN

So... how long have you been in the states?

SHALEV

Little over 2 years. Student visa. My parents own a small Judaica in Tel Aviv, and I -

JOHN

I'm sorry, a what?

SHALEV

Judaica.

JOHN

Watch your language. Please, my virgin ears...

SHALEV

(smiling)

It's like a shop that sells menorahs, yarmulkes, stuff like that.

JOHN

Ah.

SHALEV

Yeah, and I just couldn't see that being my life, you know? High school was easy - made good grades, top of my class - but the opportunities there are just... we're a small country. It's not America.

JOHN

Right. So that's why you're dancing? For tuition money?

SHALEV

That's why I'm dancing. It keeps my days free for school and the tips and our base fee - it's all cash, so no taxes.

JOHN

How much is the base fee?

SHALEV

Depends on the club, but between \$50 and \$75.

JOHN

In a night, you clear, what?

SHALEV

Usually upwards of \$175, \$200.

JOHN

That's pretty good.

SHALEV

I could make more, but I'm a good boy.

(off John's questioning look)

There are good boys and there are bad boys. The bad boys are more... accessible.

JOHN

So to speak...

SHALEV

An extra ten'll buy a cock grab. For an extra \$40, they'll meet up in their car afterwards. It depends. I know some guys who've been brought to Vegas for entire weekends for "private parties." It is what you make it.

JOHN

Prostitution, then. Wow.

John seems turned off.

SHALEV

But like I said, I'm a good boy.

JOHN

Right.

Beat.

SHALEV

I know it's not the best environment, and it's not like I'm particularly proud dancing around in my skivvies every night, but I have to make money, and I'm not legally allowed to work on a student visa. This is all under the table.

JOHN

No, I understand.

SHALEV

Do you?

JOHN

Yeah.

Beat.

SHALEV

You're weirded out.

JOHN

No. I'm just... okay, I'm very - new - to this world. I don't really know what I'm doing yet. Conversations like this can tend to overwhelm me and you're like, so comfortable talking about it.

(beat)

I just came out last year...

SHALEV

Gotcha. Last year - how old are you?

JOHN

I'm old. 35. How 'bout you?

SHALEV

26. Shit, you waited a long time, huh? Have you ever had a boyfriend?

JOHN

I dated this one guy for like a month, but not really, no.

SHALEV

Oh.

Beat.

JOHN

This is when most guys run for the door.

SHALEV

I'm used to that too, man. Not the easiest thing meeting people in my "line of work."

JOHN

Please, every single guy in that club last night wanted you.

SHALEV

No, *some* of them wanted to *fuck around* with me. There's a difference. And I've met a few guys at school, but the minute they find out I dance, well...

JOHN  
Sorry, that sucks.

SHALEV  
It is what it is. If being the first person in my family to graduate from college means strangers think I'm a slut for a few years, I can deal with that.

JOHN  
I don't think you're a slut.

SHALEV  
And I'm not running out the door.

Shalev searches his phone, then writes on John's pad.

JOHN  
What's this?

SHALEV  
Numbers. Of other dancers. You should call them, set up some interviews. Tell them I referred you, they'll meet up.

JOHN  
That's really cool of you. Thanks.

Shalev looks at his watch.

SHALEV  
Shit. I gotta be at work at 5:30. Happy hour...

JOHN  
Oh, okay.

Shalev gets up.

SHALEV  
I'll see you soon though?

JOHN  
Yeah.

SHALEV  
We should, like... hit some tennis balls or something.

John stands up.

JOHN  
That's funny - that's like the one sport I'm actually good at.

SHALEV

Really?

JOHN

I haven't played in a while, but I used to be ranked on the East Coast in the juniors, yeah.

SHALEV

You're shitting me.

JOHN

No, I was ranked 16th in the 18 and unders.

SHALEV

I was ranked top 30 in the Israeli juniors. Grew up on the public courts.

JOHN

No way.

SHALEV

Seriously.

Something in common. A connection.

JOHN

Anyway, thank you, again. Very informative.

He shakes Shalev's hand.

SHALEV

Of course.

He pulls John into a goodbye, casual hug, then whispers in his ear.

SHALEV (CONT'D)

I'm calling you tomorrow. You should answer.

Shalev exits, killer over the shoulder smile.

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT

Keili is in bed, under a rumpled sheet with Milo - the dancer from the night before. They stare at the ceiling, post coital bliss, PANTING for breath. Her phone rings, she looks at the caller I.D.

KEILI

I have to take this. Recharge your big rig.

(answers phone)

You got ten seconds. Go.

**INTERCUT WITH JOHN sitting at the lobster restaurant.**

JOHN

I just had lunch with that dancer from last night. He's Israeli. Shalev - that's his hot, fucking sexy name - Shalev. He's an engineering student at junior college, wants to transfer to UCLA. He's sweet, he's smart, used to be a ranked tennis player too, the conversation was easy, and he's a good boy - as compared to the *other* dancers, who just sleep with *anyone*.

KEILI

(re: own situation)

Now hold on...

JOHN

And he likes me - I think. Bam! That was 10 seconds. I gotta go anyway - have some work to do. Love you.

He hangs up.

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She hangs up.

KEILI

Do you sleep around?

MILO

Totally. But I'm always safe.

KEILI

That's fantastic.

She jumps back on top of him.

INT: STARBUCKS - THE NEXT DAY

**INTERVIEW MONTAGE:** John sits with a digital voice recorder, pad, and pen, talking to VARIOUS DANCERS.

1) BUTCH BEAR DANCER

BUTCH BEAR DANCER

Why do I do it? I just love the art of it, man. I'm like the lord of the dance, but in a jockstrap yo.

2) LATE TWENTIES DAD DANCER

LATE TWENTIES DAD DANCER

Got three year old twins and I lost my job. This way I can take care of the kids during the day while my wife works. Then she watches them at night.

3) YOUNG DANCER

YOUNG DANCER

They say go-going is a gateway to porn.

JOHN

Oh.

YOUNG DANCER

Yeah, so I'm pretty psyched because I got a solid 10 inches - thick too. I'm hoping to get discovered.

JOHN

...great.

YOUNG DANCER

You wanna see it?

JOHN

No, thanks though - I'm good. Plus, you know, being in public and all.

YOUNG DANCER

Oh. Right.

4) LONG HAIRE DANCER

LONG HAIRE DANCER

I like the attention.

5) JOCK DANCER

JOCK DANCER

Good cardio workout.

6) STRAIGHT DANCER

STRAIGHT DANCER

I get a lot of pussy.

JOHN

Really?

STRAIGHT DANCER

Hell yeah. Place is swarming with fag hags. And like a quarter of 'em are hot, bro.

JOHN

Okay.

STRAIGHT DANCER

But I was so pissed the other night.

JOHN

Because?

STRAIGHT DANCER

This girl was all over me, dude. Mid twenties, blond, drunk off her ass. I mean, just begging for it. Big, fake breastages poking right out at me...

JOHN

Sounds good.

STRAIGHT DANCER

Right? So on my break, I'm thinkin' I'll nail her in the changing room - where our lockers are and shit?

JOHN

Makes sense.

STRAIGHT DANCER

But fucking security wouldn't let me take her in. It just sucked. Totally missed out.

JOHN

Why, did you actually like her?

STRAIGHT DANCER

Fuck yeah - she was cool bro. Like she told me straight up that she had herpes and I thought that was really classy, you know?

JOHN

...well, sure.

STRAIGHT DANCER

Tough to find quality like that.



**END MONTAGE.**

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

JOHN  
He hasn't called.

John and Keili sit on her couch with glasses of wine as they watch "The Bachelor" on the TV.

KEILI  
He'll call. He said he'd call. He'll call.

JOHN  
He's not gonna call.

KEILI  
He just doesn't want to look like he's trying too hard - making you sweat a little. You could take a lesson from that.

JOHN  
What is that supposed to mean?

John's cell phone rings.

KEILI  
(as she sips her wine)  
Told ya.

Caller I.D. - it's him. John answers.

JOHN  
(voice cracking terribly)  
Hey Shalev.

KEILI  
...Peter Brady speaking.

John kicks Keili, almost spilling her wine.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
This is IKEA - careful.

**INTERCUT WITH SHALEV, standing in a corner at Revolver.**

Shalev is in his go-go get up. He holds the phone to one ear, a finger in the other as he strains to listen.

SHALEV  
Hey. How are you?

JOHN

Ani beseder. Ma nishma?

*(Subtitles: I'm fine. How's things?)*

KEILI

We're Golda Meir all of a sudden?

John shrugs his shoulders.

SHALEV

You speak Hebrew?

JOHN

Eh, qitsat. *(A little.)* I grew up Catholic - but surrounded by the "chosen people" on Long Island with a 100% Italian mother, so... I'm basically Jewish. Thought about taking a Hebrew class in college, but used my electives to study Japanese instead, thinking that would be better in a rapidly globalizing economy, but...

Keili waves her hand in front of her neck, mouthing "Stop talking!"

KEILI

Jesus Christ...

JOHN

Anyway, how are you?

SHALEV

I can barely hear you.

JOHN

*(sotto to Keili)*  
He can barely hear me.

KEILI

Thank god.  
*(slight beat, whisper)*  
And put his ass on speaker.

John does.

An attractive 45 YEAR OLD pats Shalev's ass, slips him money.

45 YEAR OLD

Hot, man.

SHALEV

Thanks, baby.

JOHN  
What?

SHALEV  
Just a passerby.

JOHN  
(jealous)  
Oh...

SHALEV  
Listen, I want to smack some balls around tomorrow.

KEILI  
Excuse you?

Keili quickly covers her mouth - *whoops*.

SHALEV  
Who was that?

JOHN  
...TV. "Real Housewives of Atlanta."  
Cat fight.

KEILI  
(whispering)  
Quick.

SHALEV  
You up for it? I was thinking the courts at Plummer Park, around 2.

JOHN  
2's good.

HALED, the bitchy, mid 30s, Palestinian booking agent for the go-go dancers walks up to Shalev.

HALED  
Break's over, Chatty Cathy. Get back up there.

DRUNK BAR DUDE  
(laughing)  
Yeah, shake it, pretty boy - that bulge is so fucking hot!!!

HALED  
Your public awaits.

John and Keili take this in.

SHALEV  
I gotta go, man. But I'll see you  
tomorrow.

John tries to be cute...

JOHN  
Nedaber. (*Talk to you later.*)

Keili slaps her forehead re: John's Hebrew goodbye.

SHALEV  
Bring your "A" game. Ciao.

They both hang up.

JOHN  
(sighing)  
Quite apparent from that call that I do  
not *have* an "A" game - of *any* kind.

KEILI  
Eh, you did alright.

JOHN  
Really?

KEILI  
No.

EXT: PLUMMER PARK TENNIS COURTS - DAY

John removes his tennis bag from his Prius and heads toward  
the courts. He doesn't see Shalev, sits on a bench.

A tap on the shoulder.

SHALEV  
Boo.

John stands, turns, sees Shalev is shirtless.

JOHN  
Oh.

It escaped from his lips. John's immediately embarrassed.

SHALEV  
You like?

JOHN  
Stop...

SHALEV

Why? It's okay...

Shalev lifts John's shirt and pats his six pack.

SHALEV (CONT'D)

...'cause I like - I knew they were under there. Hell, you work hard for 'em, might as well show 'em off, right?

JOHN

(smiling)

We are very different.

SHALEV

Not so different. Take off your shirt.

(off John's look)

What? Gonna sweat through it anyway.

John takes it off.

SHALEV (CONT'D)

Very good, handsome. Let's play.

JOHN

I haven't hit in over a year. Be gentle.

SHALEV

(flirty)

Not in my nature...

EXT: TENNIS COURT

Pick up the action as John rips a forehand down the line. They've been at it for a while, hitting the shit out of the ball. A long rally.

C.U. on the SWEAT as it drips from their glistening torsos.

This is our "body appreciation" sequence, giving the audience exactly what it wants. Slo-mo at times. Fun and hot. Throw in music reminiscent of a Farrah "Charlie's Angels" hair flip. Just when the audience is sufficiently titillated...

...dive into a **FAST PACED MONTAGE:**

- overheads: Shalev smacks one, John smacks one.
- forehands.
- expressions of appreciation of the other's nice shots.
- passing shots.
- John reaching for a shot and missing.
- Shalev slicing a backhand and sprinting toward the net.
- John ripping a backhand winner and screaming...

JOHN  
 (as he pumps a raised fist)  
 C'mon!

Beat - a slamming stop in the action.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (embarrassed)  
 Sorry... I'm competitive.

SHALEV  
 (smiling)  
 Bring it on, bitch.

-whack, whack, whack, whack: Shalev nails 4 serves in a row.  
 -John smacks away a volley.  
 -Shalev wipes his hand on his shorts, slo-mo and sexy.  
 -3 shot fast paced rally, then Shalev sprints along the baseline and hits an amazing down the line passing shot.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
 Yesh! Yalla! (*Yes! C'mon!*)

-John wipes his brow, slo-mo and sexy.  
 -A serve whooshes by Shalev.  
 -A series of winners from Shalev: whack, whack, whack, John diving and missing, until...

JOHN  
 Okay - enough! I surrender! I give in!

**END OF MONTAGE.**

The two meet at the net to shake hands, drenched.

SHALEV  
 You're good.

JOHN  
 You're better.

They reach into their bags for WATERS. As they towel off...

SHALEV  
 I can tell - you got skills. A little more practice, it'll come right back.

JOHN  
 You're being generous. And there's a big difference between 26 and 35. My cardio's for shit.

SHALEV  
 Yeah, you are pretty ancient.

Shalev whips his towel at John's back. Smiles abound - they're getting along great.

SHALEV (CONT'D)

Sit.

He motions toward the bench.

SHALEV (CONT'D)

How's the writing coming?

JOHN

Meeting with those guys was so helpful - thank you so much, seriously. Got a lot of great stuff.

SHALEV

Glad it worked out.

(beat)

But...

JOHN

...what?

SHALEV

You're gonna think I'm being a dick, but I'm completely serious here.

JOHN

Go on...

SHALEV

If you really want to research it, you should do it.

JOHN

(scoffing)

Dance? I don't think so.

Beat. A serious moment.

SHALEV

Why not? You ashamed or something?

JOHN

(recovering)

No, not that. No. I just... I couldn't do that.

SHALEV

You got the body for it, so...

JOHN

I mean, it would be great - you're right - to be on the inside and all, but I'm too shy.

SHALEV

I'm shy.

JOHN

Okay, you are not shy.

SHALEV

I am shy. It's my job to flirt, so I do it, but really, I'm shy.

JOHN

Not with me.

And for the first time, we see a very vulnerable, shy Shalev.

SHALEV

Well...

(beat)

All I'm saying is it would be really great for you. For your script.

JOHN

I can not dance... sexually. At all.

SHALEV

I'll coach you.

Beat.

JOHN

You'd do that?

SHALEV

And I'll hook you up with Haled, the guy who books the dancers for all the clubs. Get you a good night to go up. He's Palestinian, so he pretends to hate me, but he'll help out.

JOHN

Seriously? How do you two work together?

SHALEV

(smiles)

That's a war between governments, John - not people. Yeah, I did my mandatory two years in the Israeli Defense Forces, and yeah, I love my country.

(MORE)



SHALEV (CONT'D)

But when it comes down to it, all the people in that region? We want the same things - peace, enough money to live a decent life, and just to be left the fuck alone. I mean, some of my best friends in Israel are Arab and Muslim.

JOHN

See... wow - we don't learn anything in America. I didn't even know Arabs lived in Israel proper, and I went to Stanford - like, I'm supposed to be smart. I should know this shit.

SHALEV

Yeah, well - doesn't really serve the powers that be to teach love and understanding.

(beat)

So... to the go-go box you go?

JOHN

I can't believe I'm even considering this. I'd make a huge ass of myself.

SHALEV

"A huge ass" is not a bad thing in the go-go world.

JOHN

(sarcastic)

Ha ha.

SHALEV

Think about it.

(gathers his thing)

I gotta bolt - 6pm seminar. My one night class. Home to shower, then fight rush hour to get out there.

JOHN

Yeah, go. Okay.

SHALEV

Hey - nice playing. You got a good... stroke.

Shalev squeezes John's shoulder, winks at him and jogs off. John stares at his GORGEOUS ASS as he goes.

JOHN

That should be illegal.

INT: SANTA MONICA COLLEGE CLASSROOM - THAT NIGHT

Shalev and 7 other STUDENTS take profuse notes as a PROFESSOR writes on a chalkboard.

INT: STARBUCKS - NIGHT

Laptop open, John goes back and forth between scribbling notes on his yellow pad and typing. He's doing well.

INT: SANTA MONICA COLLEGE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

PROFESSOR

C'mon folks, I haven't got all day. You should know this.

Shalev looks around, then raises his hand.

SHALEV

I think that would make forward inertia .06, so you'd need an equal and opposite force of .06 to retreat west to zero before beginning any northward ascension.

PROFESSOR

Finally. Thank you. Name again?

SHALEV

Shalev, sir.

PROFESSOR

Thank you, Shalev. The rest of you - try to keep up, huh?

Professor turns back to the board as Shalev conceals a small, proud smile.

A YOUNG WOMAN sitting across from him is impressed. She gives a small wave and mouths...

YOUNG WOMAN

You're hot.

Shalev smiles back, hoping it ends there.

She LICKS HER LIPS signalling she wants to blow him. He's shocked. She's relentless.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

(mouthing words)

I want you.

Rest of conversation is all mouthed words.

SHALEV  
No, you don't.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(twirling hair)  
Oh, yes I do.

SHALEV  
(without missing a beat)  
I'm gay.

Off young woman's shocked / embarrassed reaction...

CUT TO:

INT: STARBUCKS

John's face is buried in his laptop. BILL, a preppy suit and tie type in his mid 30s approaches with his wife, SHEILA, same age, very Stepford.

BILL  
Excuse me.

John looks up.

SHEILA  
John... it *is* you. I knew it!

John smiles, rises to hug Sheila.

JOHN  
Sheila Fitzgerald... Jesus Christ, wow.  
Bill - how the hell are you guys?

Bill and John shake hands.

BILL  
Good, man. Good.

SHEILA  
I don't think we've seen you since...  
what? Stanford, right?

JOHN  
I think so, yeah.

SHEILA  
We missed you at the 10th reunion.

JOHN  
You know - busy writing and well, I was  
going through a lot of changes at the  
time, so...

SHEILA

(a little too supportive)  
We heard. Oh - I hope that's okay.  
Samantha told us "the news."

JOHN

Sam? Okay... How'd she know?

BILL

I guess you'd come out to Chuck, right?  
And he and Samantha were hanging out in  
New York at the time.

SHEILA

Everyone was thrilled about it.  
Seriously, good for you. Good - for -  
you.

JOHN

What are you guys doing in LA?

SHEILA

Just here for a week - scouting wedding  
locations.

She shows off a huge ENGAGEMENT RING. Bill puts his arm  
around her.

JOHN

Congrats, guys. Congrats. That's great.

BILL

This is such a stellar coincidence. You  
remember Eric Lee, right? And Janet  
Napolitano? From our freshman dorm?

JOHN

Of course, yeah.

BILL

Well, they're both based here in LA.  
Eric's my best man...

SHEILA

...and Janet is my maid of honor. And  
you remember her husband, Seb? He was a  
Phi Delt with Bill, a year ahead of us?

JOHN

I do remember Seb, yes.

BILL

We're all having dinner Wednesday night.  
And Eric is bringing his wife, Belinda -

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

she's great - even though she did go to Berkeley. You should totally come, man.

JOHN

I don't know.

SHEILA

No, you have to - it'd be so fun. It'll be like a little mini-reunion.

BILL

Make up for your unexcused absence at the 10th.

SHEILA

We want to hear all about your big writing career. Hollywood - oh, it's so exciting, John! And, come to think of it, I'm pretty sure Belinda has a...

(whispering with a wink)

...gay cousin.

(to Bill)

Cousin, right?

BILL

I think so, yes. A male, gay cousin.

SHEILA

You never know...

(singing)

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match,  
find me a find,

(forgetting the lyrics)

na na na na.

BILL

Come, dude - seriously. Our treat.

JOHN

No, that's not necessary.

SHEILA

We insist.

JOHN

I guess I have no choice then.

SHEILA

Fabulous. Bill, we have to run.

(to John)

We're meeting with Wolfgang Puck in 20 minutes. He's a friend of daddy's and he offered to cater the wedding. How celeb is that?!

JOHN

Very.

BILL

Reservation is at 7:30 Wednesday night at The London. Write down your number for me in case something changes.

John writes his number down on a napkin.

SHEILA

You know the place?

JOHN

Yup - right on the strip.

John hands the napkin to Bill.

BILL

Great. Wednesday night, then.

Bill and John shake hands. Sheila leans in.

SHEILA

Kisses.

As Bill and Sheila leave...

BILL

And bring a date!

John gives a thumbs up as they exit.

JOHN

(sotto)

Shoot me now.

INT: JOHN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

John lies on the bed with his cat, Travis. They stare at John's cell phone, resting ominously in front of their faces.

JOHN

What do you think?

He looks at Travis, who looks back at him. Both heads then turn back to the phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Alright, here we go.

He picks up the phone, scrolls to Shalev's name and chooses the "MESSAGING" option. As he writes a text message...

**INTERCUT WITH SHALEV**, who is in the locker room at Revolver in his go-go get up applying baby oil to his chest and abs.

MALE DANCERS walk in and out in various states of undress, putting stuff in their lockers, etc.

Shalev notices his phone VIBRATING on the bench next to him. He reads the screen.

*From: John.*

*Message: Have a dinner Wed. - old college friends. 7:30. Interested?*

Shalev types a response.

John bites a fingernail as he waits. Finally, his phone BEEPS, signalling the return text. He reads it.

*SHALEV: Are you asking me out on a date? :)*

John nervously types... *I guess I am, yeah.*

Shalev's phone vibrates. He reads, smiles, and types.

John's phone beeps.

*SHALEV: Then yes, I'm interested :) But 1st - 2morow I coach u... dancin sexy man. 6pm. I'll text my address.*

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Travis)

He thinks I'm sexy.

Travis MEOWS and jumps off the bed in a huff.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, don't be jealous...

INT: SHALEV'S STUDIO APARTMENT - THE NEXT NIGHT

John takes in Shalev's Hollywood digs. Nicely sized and very neat. Minimalist, but cool.

TEXT BOOKS litter the coffee table, along with model size engineering things, like MINIATURE WIND TURBINES.

Shalev puts on Britney's "3" and moves the table to the side.

SHALEV

Just do what I do.

Shalev takes off his shirt. In his low cut jeans, with no underwear on, his "v" is deliciously defined. He starts moving his hips in small circles.

JOHN  
You already lost me.

SHALEV  
Shut up, c'mon. Stand next to me.

John does. Shalev starts to take off John's shirt. John puts up instinctual resistance.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
Relax...

John lets him take off his shirt.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
Why are you so embarrassed about your body?

JOHN  
I don't know.

Shalev runs his hands over John's abs.

SHALEV  
You got no worries.

Beat. John turns off the music.

JOHN  
You have vodka? This would definitely be easier with vodka.

C.U. of Shalev's hand removing VODKA from freezer.

C.U. of ICE being placed in glass, vodka poured over it, cranberry juice being added.

John and Shalev clink glasses.

SHALEV AND JOHN  
Cheers.

John starts to drink, but...

SHALEV  
Wait wait - hold on. You can't do that.

JOHN  
What?

SHALEV  
You gotta look right in my eyes when we cheers, or else seven years bad sex.



JOHN  
That would suck.

They look deep in each other's eyes.

SHALEV  
Cheers.

Shalev sips, John pounds the whole thing.

Shalev turns the stereo back on. Britney's "3" fills the room.

**DANCE TRAINING MONTAGE:**

- Shalev very slightly and seductively shimmies his shoulders.
- Standing to Shalev's side, John watches and does the same.
- John drinks another drink.
- Shalev stands behind John, moving John's hips in rhythm to the music.
- Shalev really busts a move, ending in a spin.
- John laughs.
- C.U. on more vodka being poured.
- Shalev leads John in a very masculine but sexy box step.
- John busts a move out of nowhere, which Shalev enjoys immensely. He claps for John.
- A BEAD OF SWEAT drips down Shalev's torso and disappears into his jeans as he shows John another move.
- Another "Cheers" as they clink glasses while looking in each other's eyes and doing a bit of a salsa. They're getting drunk.
- Both lean face forward into the wall and look "back at the audience" over their right shoulders as they show off their asses by gyrating them in small circles.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
Hold up. We gotta do this right.

He ducks into a nook / big closet near the bathroom.

JOHN  
Where are you going?

Shalev reappears with a handful of SEXY UNDERWEAR and black ARMY BOOTS.

SHALEV  
What size are you?

JOHN  
9.

SHALEV  
Perfect.

He throws the boots. John catches them awkwardly.

Shalev holds up various underwear options.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
(flirty grin)  
We gotta pick your outfit...

Shalev picks a pair of CIN2 blue briefs, chucks them at John and points toward the bathroom, signalling for him to change.

Bathroom door closes behind John.

QUICK CUT - it immediately reopens. John emerges in his get up. He looks great.

Shalev leans back on the couch, arms spread wide in a relaxed position, ready to judge.

John presents the first look.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
Eh, they're okay.

Shalev chucks a pair of designer tiny boxer briefs at John.

QUICK CUTS of John emerging from the bathroom in different pairs of underwear and Shalev signaling his like or dislike.

On the fifth pair, Shalev rises from the couch and really studies how John's package looks, examining it from every angle. He then quickly shoves a ROLLED UP SOCK in John's underwear, giving him a hard time.

JOHN  
(laughing)  
Fuck off!

The quick-cut fashion show continues. Each time John appears in a new pair, he's a little looser and dances more seductively without realizing it.

Holding a drink in one hand, John chucks a pair of underwear at Shalev, as if to say "not fair that you're still in jeans."

Shalev stands up, turns his back to John, drops his pants exposing his perfect ass, pulls up the underwear, then turns around.

SHALEV  
Better?

JOHN  
 "Eh, they're okay."

SHALEV  
 One of the best parts of being gay.

JOHN  
 What is?

SHALEV  
 Fun underwear.

Beat.

JOHN  
 (drunk)  
 You're cute.

**END MONTAGE.**

Shalev walks toward John. Music changes to a hip hop version of Madonna's "Fever."

Shalev takes the drink out of John's hand, then slowly falls to his knees, looking up at John.

SHALEV  
 Just remember, that night when you're dancing, you have to go with the flow. Guys are going to want to touch you, like this...

He touches John's legs very seductively.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
 And this...

He feels John's ass.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
 All kind of fair game. Just give in and go with it - take whatever comes.

JOHN  
 (seduced)  
 Yup...

Beat. Shalev stands and runs his hands over John's abs.

SHALEV  
 I don't know what you were stressing over. You can move...

Shalev places his right hand on John's left hip.

SHALEV (CONT'D)

Good hips.

Shalev presses his body up against John's. They move slowly in unison, contrasting the fast beat of the music.

JOHN

Guess you're a good teacher.

Their breathing quickens and they just... breathe ...for an uncomfortably long beat - count to 10. Should feel too long.

Shalev looks down at John's crotch.

SHALEV

What's going on down there...?

John is drunk enough that he can just half-smile back and not be embarrassed by his erection. He shrugs his shoulders and reaches down. We don't see John's hand do this, but it's evident he's cupping Shalev's crotch, which is also expanding.

JOHN

Well... oh, my - you tell me.

Passionate stare leading to... the first kiss.

It's hot, but sweet at the same time. Their lips touch like two soft clouds merging into one. Shalev's tongue enters John's mouth - great, sexual, loving.

Their lips eventually part. More staggered breathing.

SHALEV

Wow... You're full of surprises.

JOHN

I'm half-Italian, remember?

SHALEV

Ahh. Well, that explains it.

Shalev leads John to the bed and lies down on top of him.

As they make out, John's hand pulls Shalev's underwear halfway down his right ass cheek.

Shalev sucks on John's neck.

John's tongue finds Shalev's ear. They're getting hot, almost rabid.

Still lying on top of John, Shalev removes John's underwear, then his own.

Toned ass abounds. Their bodies meet in profile. Moans of passion amidst deep kissing.

John's body starts to shake.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
You're trembling.

JOHN  
I guess.

SHALEV  
Are you all right?

JOHN  
I think so.

SHALEV  
You sure?

JOHN  
I've just - I don't think I've ever  
felt... this.

Beat.

SHALEV  
We don't have to -

JOHN  
No, I want to.

A sweet kiss as Shalev's hand reaches for the bedstand drawer to grab A CONDOM.

CAMERA PANS past bedstand, out the window and closes in on the FULL MOON, its white glow eventually filling the screen.

FADE IN:

INT: SHALEV'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

The morning sun shining through the window finds Shalev propped up on one elbow watching John sleep.

John eventually stirs, opens his eyes.

JOHN  
Hi...

SHALEV  
Good morning.

John covers his mouth, testing his breath.

JOHN  
My breath could split the Red Sea.

SHALEV  
Stop. You're fine.

Shalev takes John's hand away from his mouth.

Beat.

JOHN  
You were watching me sleep.

SHALEV  
That I was.

JOHN  
Stalker.

They smile at each other.

SHALEV  
You're very handsome.

JOHN  
That's what my mom tells me.

John turns toward Shalev, so they are now face to face.

They stare at each other for a long, but comfortable beat.

John starts to laugh.

SHALEV  
What?

JOHN  
Train of thought was - I'm in bed,  
staring at this gorgeous guy...

SHALEV  
Please, don't stop.

JOHN  
...and thinking "wow is my life different  
from a year ago," which then led me to  
remember when I came out to my parents,  
which took me straight to my dad's  
response, which was hilarious.

SHALEV

He was supportive?

JOHN

Beyond. Entire family has been great.  
Makes me sad that I waited so long  
'cause, really? No one gave a shit.

SHALEV

You were ready when you were ready...  
(he kisses John)  
So c'mon - what did he say, your dad?

JOHN

Right. So for my whole life, to distract  
myself - and others - from what I was  
hiding, I was always just very career  
oriented. Was a good cover. Told people  
I "wasn't interested" in a relationship,  
just "in love with my work."

SHALEV

Okay...

JOHN

So when I came out to my parents, my dad  
paused, and after putting his hand on my  
shoulder and saying "It doesn't matter,  
we love you no matter what..."

SHALEV

Beautiful...

JOHN

...he immediately follows with "Well, I'm  
thrilled!" and he slaps his hands down on  
the kitchen table. And I'm like  
"really?" And he says "Yeah - I always  
thought you were asexual."

Sweet laugh from Shalev.

SHALEV

What did your mom say?

JOHN

"Stay off the internet."

SHALEV

Smart mom.

They're really enjoying each other.

JOHN  
How 'bout you?

SHALEV  
Let's just say that every time I go home,  
at dinner that first night, my parents  
say a prayer that God will save me from  
hell and find me a wife.

JOHN  
Are you serious?

SHALEV  
Unfortunately. But we actually have a  
good relationship - besides that. I know  
they love me. They're not bad people,  
John - just... uninformed and religious.

Beat.

JOHN  
You are like the sweetest guy I've ever  
met.

Shalev gently traces John's jaw with his finger.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
This is nice.

SHALEV  
Yeah.

JOHN  
(in a put on English accent)  
Might I tell you something?

SHALEV  
Uh huh.

Beat.

JOHN  
(English accent)  
I'm kind of falling in like with you.

Shalev's reaction is not decipherable. He stops caressing  
John's face and pulls his hand away.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't have said that.

SHALEV  
No, it's fine. I'm just... disappointed  
that came out of your mouth I guess...



JOHN  
You're right, it's too early and -

SHALEV  
...because I'm kind of falling in love  
with you.

Beat.

JOHN  
Oh.

Killer smile from Shalev. He totally played John.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You ass.

John attacks Shalev and they wrestle through their laughter.

INT: SHALEV'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT MORNING

Shalev scoops a last spoonful of cereal into his mouth as John grabs his keys and readies to go.

JOHN  
You're gonna be late.

SHALEV  
I know, I know.

JOHN  
C'mon, let's go.

Shalev grabs his books and backpack. They head out the door.

EXT: SHALEV'S APARTMENT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

SHALEV  
I got class 'til 6. Is that gonna be  
okay?

JOHN  
Yeah. I'll pick you up at 7.  
Reservation isn't until 7:30.

They arrive at their cars which are parked next to each other. John heads toward his Prius.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
All right, don't speed.

SHALEV  
Hey.

JOHN  
What?

SHALEV  
Come here.

John walks back to Shalev. Shalev kisses him gently.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
Have a good day.

Shalev smacks John on his ass and climbs into his car. John closes his door for him.

JOHN  
Go.

As John walks back to his Prius, Shalev pokes his head out his window.

SHALEV  
I'll call Haled to get you an interview.

JOHN  
Who?

SHALEV  
The go-go booker dude.

JOHN  
All right... I guess.

SHALEV  
You'll be fine. Remember - just go with the flow.

Shalev waves and drives off.

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Keili answers her front door wearing a black tee-shirt that says "Runs With Scissors."

She GASPS. Reveal John standing outside.

JOHN  
What?

KEILI  
You had sex last night.

JOHN  
Why do you think that?

KEILI  
A mother always knows.

John smiles.

JOHN  
You are correct, ma'am, I did.

KEILI  
(without missing a beat)  
What's this? What's happening? What are these?

John holds up various dress shirts and pants.

JOHN  
Dinner. Tonight. Shalev.

KEILI  
Uh huh.

JOHN  
I'm missing the gay fashion gene.

KEILI  
C'mon in.

INT: JOHN'S PRIUS - NIGHT

John waits outside Shalev's apartment building, wearing one of the shirts he held up for Keili. He primps in the rear view mirror as the passenger door opens and Shalev jumps in.

Shalev looks classy. Fitted black button down, black slacks, hair slicked back. Handsome.

JOHN  
You look... great.

SHALEV  
Back at ya'.

John drives off.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
So who are these people?

INT: RESTAURANT - LATER

Bill and Sheila are joined by two other yuppie couples - ERIC LEE and his wife BELINDA, along with JANET and her husband SEB, all mid 30s. They share a laugh.

ERIC  
 (to Shalev)  
 ...right, right, right. So there was  
 John, his head in a garbage can, on all  
 fours, barking like a dog on the steps of  
 our freshman dorm... and the campus rent-  
 a-cops pull up.

SHALEV  
 Uh oh...

JANET  
 Exactly, uh oh, because he's drunk as a  
 skunk. So one of the cops removes the  
 garbage can from John's skull and asks  
 him if he'd been drinking...

BILL  
 And John says...

The Stanford folks all start laughing.

BILL (CONT'D)  
 ...he says...

BILL, SHEILA, ERIC, JANET  
 (in unison)  
 "You can't arrest me! I got a perfect  
 score on my SATs!"

Everyone busts out laughing. John's slightly uncomfortable.

JOHN  
 Oh, the humor. Good times.

Under the table, Shalev places his hand on John's knee to let  
 him know everything's okay.

ERIC  
 John was a bit of a lightweight back  
 then.

BILL  
 Two beers and he was done.

JOHN  
 Not much better now.  
 (raises a wine glass)  
 Cheers.

They all raise their glasses.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 To a change of subject.

GROUP

Cheers.

JOHN

Janet, how is the State Department treating you?

JANET

Eh. Hillary was a bitch, and I just really miss Pompeo and Trump. It was so great to finally have some competent leadership, you know?

JOHN

Mmm...

JANET

But tell us about this writing you're doing. Anything I can see, or...?

They all look at him expectantly.

JOHN

I wrote a reality show a few years ago for TruTv about skiing. Six episodes.

SHEILA

Sorry - what channel?

JOHN

TruTv? Used to be Court TV back in the day?

SHEILA

Hm. Anyway, keep going.

JOHN

Ah yeah, so after that, I did another one for The History Channel.

JANET

Another reality show?

JOHN

Yeah.

SEB

We don't watch reality shows.

JANET

No...

SEB

Feel like they'll rot our kid's brain.

JANET  
Cheney - he's six and a half.

She pulls out a picture from her purse to show everyone.

JOHN  
As in... Dick Cheney?

JANET  
Yeah. So cute.

JOHN  
Uh huh.

Awkward beat.

SHALEV  
John's working on a great film script  
right now. Really good.

BELINDA  
What's it about?

JOHN  
No, it's nothing. Very early in the  
process, so...

BILL  
Oh, c'mon. Tell us.

Beat.

JOHN  
It's... a little different. It's kind of  
a movie about writing a movie. There's  
this young writer, newly out -

SEB  
(obnoxious laughing)  
Wonder who that is?

JOHN  
Right.  
(slight beat)  
And he's suffering from writer's block,  
so to get him out of his head, one night  
his best friend takes him to this gay  
bar. She suggests that he should write  
about that - you know, that scene. And  
so through the process of writing the  
script and doing that research, he kind  
of figures some stuff out - a journey of  
self discovery if you will.

SHEILA

Does he fall in love along the way?

She elbows Shalev jokingly. John feels weird.

JOHN

You know, can't give away everything...

SHALEV

I think it's gonna be really good.  
There's dancing in it and -

JANET

Dancing? I love dance movies. Like  
ballet? I flipped over that 80's  
Barishnakov thing.  
(aside to Belinda)  
Get it? Dancing? Flipped?

Belinda's REACTION is priceless - we like her. She's the  
only cool one out of these other couples.

JOHN

Ballet? Not so much. It's - well, like  
I said, writer's gotta keep some secrets.

Shalev senses John's hesitance to talk about go-go.

SHEILA

Oh, boo. Anyway, Shalev, what do you do?

JOHN

(quickly, smiling)  
He's an engineering student.

Shalev looks at John, smile covering his annoyance. He knows  
what's going on.

BELINDA

That's great. So how did you two meet?

Shalev motions to John as if to say, "well you're doing the  
talking for both of us - go right ahead."

JOHN

At a bar. We met at a bar. Looking  
back, that was actually my first night of  
research for the script, I guess, and...  
there he was.

SHALEV

In all my glory...

ERIC

So that makes you an official "research assistant," Shalev? Make sure you get that credit in the final film, my friend. These writers - they'll screw you at every turn. If you need a good lawyer...

Everyone shares a well meaning chuckle. John tries to change the subject.

JOHN

Eric, how has your firm -

SHALEV

You know Eric, I might take you up on that. I would like to think I'm helping out a little. I'm somewhat immersed in the world John's writing about.

BELINDA

The dance, you mean? Because I was surprised to hear you're an engineering student - you have a total dancer's body.

SHALEV

Why yes, Belinda, along with being a student, I *am* a dancer.

SHEILA

How fun. What kind?

SHALEV

Go-go.

SHEILA

Sorry?

SHALEV

I'm a go-go dancer. That's how we met at the bar actually. John tipped me. Very romantic.

Awkward BEAT, then everyone but John, Shalev and Belinda bust up laughing, thinking he's joking.

SEB

You're funny, dude.

Shalev just shrugs his shoulders, making it clear to the table that he wasn't joking. The laughter stops.

SEB (CONT'D)

So you're... a stripper?



SHALEV

No, not a stripper. A student and a dancer.

SEB

(scoffs)

Okay...

Beat.

BILL

The chicken tortellini looks delicious.

SEB

How do you balance it all? The studying, the "dancing"... Because I'm actually an engineering consultant for Exxon. Gotta have a strong base of knowledge to make it in the engineering world, the technology changing so quickly and all.

JANET

Seb -

SEB

No, I'm curious. What type of engineering do you want to concentrate in Smalet?

JOHN

It's Shalev.

SEB

Sorry. Hard to say.

BELINDA

(sotto)

Not really.

SHALEV

Renewable energy. Solar, wind, etcetera.

SEB

Wind - uh huh. So what do you think, Shalev, of Plex's study devaluing the use of windmills based on efficacy versus cost?

SHEILA

I know what I'm thinking - another bottle of wine, everyone?

BILL

A nice Pinot possibly?

SHALEV

Sheila, Bill - it's fine.

(beat)

Personally, I think Plex is outdated and biased, Seb. But being that Exxon *funded* that study after the LA Department of Water and Power considered building more windmills to take advantage of the seasonal Santa Ana winds - thus decreasing the city's dependency on fossil fuels provided by corporations like... your Exxon - I could see how you'd have to go along with it. You know, towing the company line and all. This, regardless of the fact that Plex's data field only utilized 500 *practically antique* windmills constructed in the early 80's as opposed to the more detailed work in Johansen's research released over the last decade that has a much larger sample pool of 2100 brand new turbines that are currently spinning 24/7 in the Swiss Alps and generating electricity at a fraction of the cost compared to what the City of Los Angeles is forking over per kilowatt hour.

(beat)

But I guess Plex could be entertaining if you're looking for a light read.

Belinda smiles and clears her throat.

BELINDA

Well, I learned something.

BILL

So, what is everyone else having?

SHALEV

Nothing here. I'm a little nauseous, so I'm going to head out.

BELINDA

No, Shalev -

SHALEV

- but it was truly a pleasure meeting you all. Excuse me.

Shalev rises from the table and starts to exit.

JOHN

Shalev, wait.

Shalev keeps walking. John rises from the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (to Seb)  
 You're such a pompous prick. Were then.  
 Are now.

John starts to walk away.

SEB  
 Enjoy your stripper.

John stops in his tracks, turns, walks back to the table.

JOHN  
 Janet?

JANET  
 Yes?

JOHN  
 Your husband sucked my dick sophomore  
 year - and he liked it. Night all.

John rushes after Shalev.

The table is stunned.

JANET  
 ...Seb?

Seb's caught expression speaks volumes.

SEB  
 I was drunk!

EXT: VALET STAND

Shalev hails a CAB as John runs up to him.

JOHN  
 Shalev, hold up!

SHALEV  
 For what?

He climbs into the cab and closes the door.

JOHN  
 I'm sorry.

Shalev gets out of the cab...

SHALEV  
 (to driver)  
 Wait a second, huh?

...and walks right up to John.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
 I've met a lot of real jerks in this city that think they can treat me a certain way because of what I do. But at least they lay their cards on the table and talk to me like the cheap trick they think I am. But you, you're the worst kind of jerk, because you acted like you didn't care about that and made me think we actually had a chance at something.

JOHN  
 We do...

SHALEV  
 No. No, we don't.

JOHN  
 I was overwhelmed. I just felt -

SHALEV  
 What? You felt *what?! I'll tell you - you felt humiliated* in there. And how do you think that made *me* feel? I mean, why did you bring me if you're so ashamed to be seen with me?

JOHN  
 Can you just -

SHALEV  
 (getting emotional)  
 And it's so stupid! So I dance around in my fucking underwear a little! It's no different than the bathing suits every guy wears on every beach in Tel Aviv or Europe, but God forbid, in *America*, with all this puritanical bullshit...

JOHN  
 Shalev - I'm not ashamed of you.

SHALEV  
 Really? Answering for me... afraid to even mention all this dedicated work you've been doing... trying to change the subject so the conversation would be about anything BUT me...

JOHN  
I just... I was a total shit, I'm sorry.

SHALEV  
Me too, John - I really am.  
(beat)  
Good luck with the script.

Shalev gets in the cab.

JOHN  
Shalev, please don't leave like this.

SHALEV  
(to driver)  
Fuller and Santa Monica. Go.

John watches the cab drive off.

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Keili is in front of the mirror putting finishing touches on her make-up. She looks fantastic.

Her phone rings. She looks at the incoming number.

KEILI  
Hello, Mr. Big Rig. Yeah, yeah baby -  
you all charged up?

Her DOORBELL RINGS.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
Hold on...

Keili walks with the phone to the front door and opens it, revealing John. He looks upset.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
Honey? What's wrong...

John starts to cry.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Baby, I'm sorry. I have to cancel for  
tonight.

JOHN  
(through tears)  
No - don't do that. I'll come back  
tomorrow.

KEILI  
 (into phone)  
 I'll make it up to you. ...Yeah, okay.  
 Thanks.

She hangs up, her face full of compassion for John.

INT: KEILI'S DEN - A LITTLE LATER

A serious Keili sits on her couch with a glass of wine watching John pace across the room.

JOHN  
 (really crying)  
 It's just like... I'm lonely, you know?  
 I've just been so lonely for so long and  
 all I want...  
 (beat - hard to talk)  
 I just want to wake up next to someone on  
 a Sunday morning and make him coffee. I  
 mean, is that too much to ask? And I'd  
 be good at that - I would. Then... go  
 out to a late brunch in, like, baseball  
 hats because we hadn't showered yet. You  
 know? That'd be nice. And then... sit  
 on the couch, in our underwear - I don't  
 know - eating ice cream and...  
 (really losing it)  
 ...watching Hulu.

Keili chuckles at this. She gets a tearful smile from John, but it quickly fades.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 I was about to have that, Keili. For the  
 first time. I was. And I fucked it up.

KEILI  
 You never know. Just give him time.

Beat.

JOHN  
 Ah... crap. I'm a hot mess.  
 (beat)  
 I'm so sorry - I screwed up your whole  
 night.

KEILI  
 Stop - it's fine.

As John wipes his face, gaining some control and taking in Keili's outfit for the first time.

JOHN  
You look good though.

KEILI  
No surprise there.

John actually lets a small laugh escape.

JOHN  
Who was that you were talking to on the phone?

KEILI  
Well...

She pats the couch next to her, signaling for him to sit down. He does.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
You remember that black dancer on the bar that first night we saw Shalev?

JOHN  
The one with the huge -

KEILI  
That's him. We've been doing the horizontal hula.

JOHN  
I'm so jealous.

KEILI  
Name's Milo. But I call him Big Rig.

JOHN  
(genuine)  
That's nice.

KEILI  
Ya know.

Beat.

JOHN  
Wow.

KEILI  
Right?

Beat.

JOHN  
But - doesn't that hurt?

KEILI  
 (without missing a beat)  
 In all the right ways.

FADE IN:

EXT: SANTA MONICA COLLEGE CAMPUS - TWO DAYS LATER

Establishing shots of college campus.

INT: SANTA MONICA COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

The professor speaks with his back to the class as he derives a mathematical formula on the chalkboard.

Shalev stares blankly ahead, lost in thought.

PROFESSOR  
 ...which would bring us close to the proper derivation, but not quite.  $128^2$  squared leaves us needing ...what?... to achieve maximum input. Shalev?  
 (turns around to face class)  
 Hello? Shalev?

Shalev snaps out of it.

SHALEV  
 I'm sorry, sir. Yes?

PROFESSOR  
 To achieve maximum input here, we need... what?

SHALEV  
 Ah... I don't know.

PROFESSOR  
 Wrong answer. Pay attention please. Anyone else?

INT: JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John and his cat Travis sit in front of a HALF GALLON of cookie dough ice cream. John takes a spoonful then lets Travis lick the spoon. This pattern repeats itself until...

...John's phone rings. He doesn't recognize the number.

JOHN  
 Hello?

MALE VOICE  
 Where the fuck are you?



JOHN

Excuse me?

INT: BOOKING AGENCY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Haled sits at a desk. HEADSHOTS and BODYSHOTS of hot young men adorn the wall behind him.

HALED

I go out of my way and agree to meet with you for your little research project and you don't even show up?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN HALED AND JOHN**

JOHN

Who is this?

HALED

(aside)

Why do I even try to be a good person?

(to John)

Haled. Haled!

JOHN

The booker...

HALED

Yes, nimrod - the booker. And we had an appointment at 2 o'clock.

JOHN

I'm really sorry. Shalev didn't -

HALED

"Didn't, schmidn't." Don't waste any more of my time. Shalev referred you, so I assume you're hot enough, but I need to see you in person. Get your ass down here - now. 8524 Santa Monica Blvd, #202.

Haled hangs up. John looks at his laptop, then at Travis, whose head is buried deep in the vat of ice cream.

JOHN

Fuck it.

John grabs his keys, slips on sandals and walks out the door.

EXT: SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY

John parks his Prius, gets out of the car and looks up at a two story building.

INT: BOOKING AGENCY OFFICE

Haled is filling out some paperwork. There's a knock on the door. Haled is very feminine, but he's NOT campy - he's all business.

HALED

For fuck's sake, just come in.

John enters. Haled looks up.

JOHN

Hey, Haled. John.

HALED

Take your shirt off.

JOHN

Excuse me?

HALED

Do you have a hearing problem?

John takes his shirt off. Haled sees what he needs to - hardly any reaction. He goes back to his paperwork.

HALED (CONT'D)

Sunday - Revolver. \$50 base fee. 9pm to closing. Randy's the promoter. Check in with him and bring a lock for the lockers.

JOHN

That's it?

HALED

(looking up)

Do you need me to hold your dick while you pee, too?

JOHN

No.

HALED

(waving him out)

Goodbye...

John grabs his shirt and exits, closing the door behind him.

ANOTHER KNOCK on the door.

HALED (CONT'D)

Really?

John pokes his head into the office.

JOHN  
I'm sorry. Does Shalev usually dance there on Sundays?

HALED  
No. He says that's his "study day."

JOHN  
Okay, great.

HALED  
Why? Lovers squabble?

Beat.

JOHN  
Thanks for the opportunity, Haled.

John exits. Haled's reaction reveals a softer underbelly than the coarse facade he puts on.

EXT: SANTA MONICA COLLEGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Keili walks through the lot while speaking on her phone.

KEILI  
Of course I'm coming! I think it's great. 9pm Sunday - I'm there.

Keili sees Shalev walking toward his car.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
I gotta run, but I'm proud of you, John. Good for you. ...Okay, hun.

She hangs up and jogs up to Shalev.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
Excuse me. Shalev?

SHALEV  
...can I help you?

KEILI  
Keili. Hi. John's friend?

SHALEV  
Oh.  
(beat)  
I've heard a lot about you.

KEILI

And you're *all* I've heard about for the last two days.

(beat)

Can we talk for a second?

SHALEV

I gotta get going actually.

KEILI

Gimme 10 minutes. Please?

(beat)

He doesn't know I'm here - in fact, he'd probably kill me if he did know. Can we just grab a cup of coffee? On me?

SHALEV

I don't need your charity.

KEILI

(being patient)

Okay... on *you* then.

(charming)

But I warn you, I'm a *fabulous* Jew, which, you know - our people - means an expensive coffee date.

Shalev backs down, smiles.

KEILI (CONT'D)

Please?

INT: SANTA MONICA STARBUCKS - DAY

KEILI

He showed up at my door Wednesday night *crying*, Shalev. He really feels terrible about the whole thing.

SHALEV

Actions speak louder than tears.

KEILI

A little melodramatic with the phrasing, but... you certainly are pissed, huh?

SHALEV

Pretty much.

KEILI

John is a lot of things - but he's not a dick. Insecure? Yes. Awkward? For sure. Total newbie? Completely. But he's not a dick. He's got a huge heart.

SHALEV

He's not ready.

KEILI

You don't know that.

SHALEV

Maybe for a 33 or 34 year old lawyer, but he's not ready to be in a relationship with a 26 year old go-go dancer.

KEILI

Shalev, you and I both know - and John knows - that you're a lot more than that.

SHALEV

Hey, I'm fine with who I am - you don't need to convince *me*. But the fact remains that I *am* a go-go dancer. Five nights a week, I parade around in my underwear for money. And John... John couldn't handle that.

KEILI

Okay, you're right. He couldn't handle it - that night. He was a jerk at dinner.

SHALEV

Understatement of the year.

KEILI

But haven't you ever fucked up? I mean, cut the guy some slack, man. He just came out less than a year ago and he's figuring shit out as he goes.

Shalev thinks on this.

KEILI (CONT'D)

He genuinely cares for you. And you wouldn't be so upset - and hurt - if you weren't more than crushing on him, too. That's rare in Los Angeles. You really want to let that go because of one bad night?

Beat.

SHALEV

What's to say there's not going to be *another* bad night? Or 3? Or 4?

KEILI  
Nothing. There will be. That's how relationships go.

SHALEV  
It's been two days and he hasn't called to apologize...

KEILI  
He's embarrassed.

SHALEV  
Not an excuse.

KEILI  
You're right.

SHALEV  
He should be here, not you.

KEILI  
You're right.

Beat.

SHALEV  
So, what do you want me to do?

KEILI  
Call him.

SHALEV  
(aside / sotto)  
Ata tsochek alay? (**Are you kidding me?**)

KEILI  
I am not kidding you.

Shalev seems surprised Keili understood him.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
(explaining)  
Hebrew school. Just enough to get through the Bat Mitzvah...

Shalev smiles, but frustration returns.

SHALEV  
You want me to call him...

KEILI  
He's not going to make the first move because he thinks you *hate* him.  
(MORE)

KEILI (CONT'D)

So yeah, for the sake of helping my best friend, I'm asking you - just be the bigger man here and pick up the phone.

Shalev rises.

SHALEV

I appreciate what you're trying to do and you're a sweet person, but - I'm sorry - that is not happening.

(beat)

Enjoy the coffee. Nice meeting you.

As Shalev walks away...

KEILI

He's dancing this weekend at Revolver...

Shalev exits.

Keili turns to an OLD JEWISH WOMAN, who sits nearby reading a newspaper at a LONGER TABLE.

The woman's OLD JEWISH HUSBAND sits at the other end of the table.

KEILI (CONT'D)

Oy, men are stubborn. Straight, gay - doesn't matter.

OLD JEWISH WOMAN

I've been trying to get this one to wear his hearing aid for 9 years. Deaf as a doornail. But will he do it? No.

The old man perks up.

OLD JEWISH HUSBAND

What?

OLD JEWISH WOMAN

Was I talking to you?!

Old man waves off his wife with disgust.

INT: JOHN'S PRIUS - DAY

John drives up Laurel Canyon. His phone rings and he clicks on his bluetooth Prius display connection.

JOHN

Yeah?

INT: CAA OFFICES

Belinda sits at her desk. She's an agent.

BELINDA  
John. It's Belinda, from dinner the other night. Eric's wife?

JOHN  
Oh. Hi.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN JOHN AND BELINDA**

BELINDA  
I got your number from Bill. I hope that's okay.

JOHN  
Sure. What's going on?

BELINDA  
A couple things, actually. But first, the way that dinner went down... How are you guys doing?

JOHN  
We're... not. Doing. Anything.

BELINDA  
I'm sorry.

JOHN  
You had nothing to do with it. You were great.

BELINDA  
Seb's an ass.

JOHN  
No disagreement here.

Beat.

BELINDA  
Listen, I didn't bring up at the restaurant what I'm about to tell you because I didn't want to make you feel more uncomfortable or pressured than you already were.

JOHN  
It was that obvious, huh?



BELINDA

A little.

(beat)

But I'm actually a packaging agent over here at CAA and Eric told me you were a writer, so... I just didn't want it to be weird at dinner, for either of us.

JOHN

No, that's fine. I understand.

BELINDA

Anyway - I have a director and a producer that we rep that want to work together, but we're having problems finding a project for them.

JOHN

Okay...

BELINDA

They're both gay, they want to do a gay film for Netflix, and the producer has two million for the budget.

JOHN

Sorry, but I'm kind of getting excited here. Should I be?

BELINDA

I talked to them about your idea - the gay writer writing a movie within a movie thing, combined with the self discovery and the sexuality of dance and... they really liked it.

JOHN

So, what does this mean?

BELINDA

I know you don't have the script yet...

JOHN

Right. I'm still doing my research - some this weekend actually. I have a basic outline, but that's about it.

BELINDA

Do this - is there any way you can get me like a 10 page treatment?

JOHN

By when?

BELINDA  
Tuesday?

JOHN  
It's Friday...

BELINDA  
I know. But the producer has to fly to Paris Tuesday night and he's taking a few scripts with him on the plane and I really want your treatment in the mix. Is that doable?

JOHN  
I'll make it doable.

BELINDA  
Great. I'll text you my email address now. Shoot me over the pages by 5 o'clock Tuesday, okay?

JOHN  
Belinda, seriously - thank you so much.

BELINDA  
Look, I think it's a good idea. I hope it works out.

JOHN  
Okay. Me too.

BELINDA  
Bye, John. Have a good weekend.

JOHN  
Same. Thanks.

INT: REVOLVER - NIGHT

Shalev dances in front of some older men, but it's obvious he's distracted.

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keili puts a cup of coffee in front of John as he rubs his eyes and types away on his laptop. She gives him a supportive pat on the back as she heads toward her couch.

INT: REVOLVER LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Shalev checks his phone, disappointed there are no messages.

Haled pokes his head in.

HALED  
Everything all right, invader?

SHALEV  
Yeah - yes, terrorist.

They both smile.

Shalev puts his phone back in the locker and locks it shut.

HALED  
You sure?

SHALEV  
(quickly)  
I'm good.

Shalev exits. Haled feels bad for him.

INT: KEILI'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Keili awakes from a deep sleep on the couch and crawls out from under her blanket.

KEILI  
You been up all night?

John is typing furiously. A night's worth of Diet Cokes surround his laptop.

JOHN  
Uh huh.

KEILI  
How's it going?

JOHN  
Good. I think. Good.

KEILI  
Go home and get some sleep.

JOHN  
I can't. Gotta finish this.

KEILI  
It's not gonna be worth the paper it's written on if you don't get some rest. You have 'til Tuesday and I know you - you need sleep, and then a run or hike later to get those endopkin things, or else you're gonna get depressed and then it'll really suck.

JOHN  
Endorphins, you mean?

KEILI  
That's what I said.

EXT: HOLLYWOOD BLVD - LATER THAT DAY

Shalev parks at a meter near the corner of Hollywood and LaBrea. He grabs his duffel bag and jogs across the street.

INT: HOLLYWOOD L.A. FITNESS

On the second floor of the gym, John sweats it out on a stationary bike as he makes notes on a yellow legal pad.

Shalev enters, scans his membership on his phone, and heads toward the locker room.

They don't see each other.

The bike's CLOCK hits 40 minutes. John towels off the bike's handles, grabs his legal pad and heads down the stairs.

As John enters the long hallway toward the locker room, Shalev exits the locker room and they make eye contact. Internal panic from both.

Stuck, they do that asshole move of pretending they didn't see each other as they continue on their respective paths.

They cross in the middle. Shalev turns his head to the side. John gets very busy fiddling with his iPhone.

C.U. on their reactions after they pass:  
-John with a slight shake of the head, sad.  
-Shalev taking a deep breath, sad.

As John turns into the locker room, he looks back hoping to see Shalev looking back at him. Shalev is nowhere to be found.

INT: JOHN'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT EVENING

John types on his laptop. His doorbell rings. He gets up and opens the door, revealing Keili and Milo.

MILO  
Hey. Milo.

JOHN  
John.

They shake hands.

KEILI

You ready?

John lifts a SMALL TRAY off a hallway table that holds a BOTTLE OF VODKA with some SHOT GLASSES and signals for Keili to hold it. She does.

John pours two shots, then pounds them in quick succession. Shakes off the burn.

JOHN

Ready as I'll ever be.

KEILI

That's a girl.

John puts the tray down and grabs his duffel bag.

MILO

Let's do it.

EXT: SANTA MONICA BLVD - NIGHT

Keili parks at a meter across from Revolver. John and Milo remove their duffels from the trunk. The three of them walk toward the crowded entrance and cut the line.

MILO

(to security guard)

She's with me, Billy. And he's dancing too.

BILLY THE SECURITY GUARD

C'mon through.

JOHN

Jesus Christ, it's packed...

INT: SHALEV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shalev reclines on his couch, studying. He checks his phone for any texts. Nothing still.

INT: REVOLVER LOCKER ROOM

John sits on a small bench in designer underwear, just to the side of the lockers, struggling to pull on black army boots.

He looks up at a SIGN posted on the wall. It reads...

**Dancers Rules:**

**#1 - We love having you boys here, but take your empty syringes with you when you leave. It's both unsanitary and unsafe to leave them behind.**

And that's it - there is no #2 or #3.

MILO  
I'll see you out there, man.

JOHN  
Yup.

Milo exits.

John sees a USED CONDOM in the corner next to the bench.  
He's slightly freaked out.

ANDREW, a tall shirtless dancer in his mid 20s enters in  
baggy shorts and high-top sneakers.

Andrew puts his backpack in one of the lockers and pulls off  
his shorts, revealing a jockstrap. His crotch is right at  
John's head level.

As John laces up his boots, he looks up and sees Andrew  
methodically jerking off, his dick about 8 inches from John's  
face.

(Our vantage point is from behind Andrew, so we won't see him  
actually jerking off, but it will be obvious.)

ANDREW  
(nonchalant)  
Hey, buddy. First night?

JOHN  
Uh... yeah.

ANDREW  
What's your name?

JOHN  
John.

As he continues to casually stroke...

ANDREW  
Andrew.

As Andrew reaches for a COCK RING in his locker...

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Hope they're tipping tonight. Usually  
just lots of voyeurs on Sundays.

JOHN  
Really?

As Andrew ties off his swollen member...

ANDREW

Just flirt with the old guys. Get one of them liking you and they're good for at least twenty over the course of a shift.

Andrew adjusts his cock in his jockstrap to make it look as hot as possible and throws on a baseball hat, completing the jock look.

JOHN

Thanks for the advice.

Andrew closes his locker and heads out of the locker room.

ANDREW

No problem.

John studies himself in the mirror, adjusting his cock as Andrew did. It doesn't look as good. Oh well. He exits.

INT: REVOLVER - FRONT BAR

Haled is on the phone, struggling to hear.

HALED

You're cutting out! Hold on!

He walks out to the patio.

EXT: REVOLVER - PATIO

HALED

Where the fuck are you, Rodrigo? ...No! That's last minute bullshit! And the third time this month! ...yes - you're TOTALLY fucking me. You were my Latin for the night! ...That's it, then - off my roster. ...Fine!

Haled hangs up.

INT: SHALEV'S APARTMENT

Shalev's phone rings. He looks at caller ID, picks up.

SHALEV

No, Haled.

**INTERCUT WITH HALED**

HALED

Rodrigo bailed, I got no Latins, and the owner's all up in my ass. Please.

SHALEV

I... can't. I'm studying.

HALED

Cut the shit. You saw the schedule, know your little boyfriend is here, and don't want to see him. I get it. But Carlos is out of town, Pedro's in rehab, and Pablo's got crabs, so you're all I got.

SHALEV

Since when does Sephardic equal Latin?

HALED

You think these drunk, horny, American queens are gonna notice? You're brown - close enough. And I'm desperate.

(beat)

I'll double your base fee, you little cunt. \$100. Now get in your car.

Beat. Shalev thinks on it.

HALED (CONT'D)

Are you coming or not?

EXT: SHALEV'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Shalev jumps into his car carrying a duffel bag.

INT: REVOLVER - BACK BAR - A LITTLE LATER

Milo dances in this back room for an adoring crowd.

Keili stands close watch holding a CLEAN STACK OF DOLLAR BILLS as a HOT BLONDE GIRL readies to tip him.

KEILI

(wagging her finger)

No no, honey.

The blonde backs off and Keili takes one of the dollar bills and mechanically shoves it in Milo's crotch to make up for the lost tip.

After a beat, a HOT BRUNETTE approaches. Same deal.

KEILI (CONT'D)

Sorry - no cocky.



HOT BRUNETTE  
Back off. You don't own him.

Keili POPS into a fighting stance.

HOT BRUNETTE (CONT'D)  
(sotto, walking away)  
Crazy bitch...

Keili removes another dollar bill from her stack and shoves it in Milo's crotch.

MILO  
You gonna do that all night?

Keili waves a NERVOUS GAY KID through, allowing him to tip.

KEILI  
(to Milo)  
Not to the boys. They're fine, baby.

MILO  
You kinda rock.

Keili sweetly waves a 70 YEAR OLD through.

KEILI  
Bless your heart, grandpa. Enjoy.

Keili hands grandpa a few of her own singles as she stiff arms an approaching LITTLE ASIAN WOMAN.

CAMERA PANS to the front room, across the dance floor to John, dancing on a go-go box as he drinks a vodka cranberry. He's relaxed and doing well in front of an appreciative group of guys.

A lot of dollar bills are hanging from his hip and sticking out of his socks.

Haled looks on impressed.

John kneels down to let some guys tip him.

CUTE GUY  
Where'd you come from?

John smiles at the guy seductively.

CUTE GUY (CONT'D)  
May I?

Cute guy wants to put his dollar down John's crotch, aka touch his dick.

John hears Shalev's voice in his head.

SHALEV

(o.s.)

Give in and go with it - take whatever comes.

John pulls his underwear band forward just enough for the guy to slip the dollar bill right down the center of his crotch.

John kisses the guy on the cheek and stands back up.

CUTE GUY

(to friend)

I want to lick those fuckin' abs!

SONG CHANGE and John likes it. He busts a move, feeling totally free and loving it until...

...he notices Shalev hugging the back wall as he makes his way to the locker room.

Keili sees John's distraction and follows his gaze to Shalev.

KEILI

Shit.

John tries to keep dancing, but eventually jumps off his box and picks his way through a touchy-feely crowd to Haled.

JOHN

(shouting over the noise)

I thought you said he didn't dance on Sundays!

HALED

He doesn't!

JOHN

Why are you fucking with me?!

HALED

I put my own ass on the line to get you in here tonight, so watch it! Someone dropped out and I needed a replacement, okay?! And your weho-gay-fairy-drama personal life is not my concern! Now, you were paid to be here, so get back up there and do - your - job!

John's pissed, but retreats back to the dance floor and hops up on his box.

Keili motions for him to calm down. He takes a deep breath and tries to get back "into character."

The cute guy's FRIEND reaches up and tips John.

JOHN  
(put on smile)  
Thanks, man.

FRIEND  
Thank you...

He slaps John's ass, freezing John in an angry stance, but he realizes he has to let it go and continues dancing.

Shalev exits the locker room, hops on a box 2 down from John.

They steal looks at each other. Andrew dances on the slightly lower platform between them.

ANDREW  
(reaching across to bump fists)  
What up, Lev.

SHALEV  
Hey, man.

The DJ - a famous drag queen, think CHI CHI LARUE - blares over the speakers.

DRAG DJ  
All right, bitches! Chi Chi LaRue  
spinnin' at ya for Revolver's Beer Bash  
Sunday where you get well drinks for 5  
dollars, pitchers for 3, and cock... for  
free!

The crowd goes wild with applause.

DRAG DJ (CONT'D)  
Remember to tip your fuckin' hot ass  
bartenders. Now get your crotches  
shakin' to a little...

Britney's "3" takes over the sound system.

BRITNEY  
"...1, 2, 3. Not only you and me. Got  
180 degrees and I'm caught in between..."

John looks at Shalev, hoping for a reaction. That's the song Shalev coached John with.

Shalev stays looking straight ahead.

John's fan cheer him on over the noise.

CUTE GUY

Oh my God, please tell us your single!

Haled signals for John to SMILE. He does.

JOHN

Yeah, man. I'm single.

Shalev hears this.

FRIEND

I'm single and my friend is single and I  
feel we should all be single together!

The group laughs.

CUTE GUY

Bust it, man. Bust it! Shake for us!

Cute guy holds up a wad of dollar bills.

John really starts dancing. Other people notice. As a joke,  
Andrew takes a dollar bill out of his jock and tips John.

DRAG DJ

Go, new boy! Go, new boy! Go, new boy!

Crowd joins in on THE CHANT.

DRAG DJ (CONT'D)

Who is this hot little fuck anyway?!

CUTE GUY AND FRIEND

Who cares?!

DRAG DJ

You gonna take that, Shalev?

Shalev signals to the DJ that he doesn't want to be involved.

Keili doesn't like where this is heading.

DRAG DJ (CONT'D)

Uh oh, someone's feeling sensitive. Come  
on, my lover...

SHALEV

(trying to cover with joking)  
You wish!

DRAG DJ

Show us what you got!

Haled eyes Shalev sternly and Shalev gives in, knowing he has to perform. The crowd is loving it.

Andrew looks to his right and left, sees John and Shalev dancing their asses off and makes a motion like "I'm getting out of the way" and jumps off his platform.

John and Shalev try not to take each other in, but they are obviously the center of attention.

After a few more bars of music, their tension turns to anger, which after a few more bars, turns to... competitiveness, their frustration with one another building.

They make eye contact.

Beat.

Shalev does a hot move and obnoxiously challenges John to mimic it. The crowd reacts with gleeful abandon.

John executes the move perfectly. The crowd goes wild.

John and Shalev are sweating and furious.

John does an incredibly sexy, slow hip rotation and ends with a quick spin. He challenges Shalev to do the same.

Shalev does. Crowd cheers. As Shalev preps his next move...

KEILI

(to some gays around her)

Hold on, folks - we got ourselves a dance off!

The battle persists for a few more moves until the crowd encroaches on them both, dollars waving, wanting to tip.

Just then, David - the British guy from Starbucks - saunters up to John, very drunk. He's with an equally drunk... Enzo.

ENZO

What - the - fuck - are - you - doing?!

David and Enzo start cracking up. John cannot believe this is happening, tries to ignore them.

DAVID

(to Enzo)

I thought you told me he was a writer!

JOHN  
 (to Enzo)  
 I'm doing research, Enzo! Try not to  
 ruin it, huh?

Enzo reaches up to tip John. John begrudgingly accepts.

DAVID  
 Hey, dancer lad?! Thanks for dissin' me  
 that night! I ended up running into your  
 friend here two days later and...  
 (puts arm around Enzo)  
 ...we've been together ever since!!

ENZO  
 This is priceless! David - how 'bout a  
 threesome with the go-go boy?!

Enzo laughs his ass off.

DAVID  
 (to John)  
 Whatcha think, bud?! We'd tip extra!

David runs his hand up the back of John's leg, getting really  
 fresh. John slaps it away.

Shalev notices what's going on.

ENZO  
 John! Frisky! Where's the customer  
 service?!

DAVID  
 Agreed! Customer's always right, don't  
 you know?!

David tries to shove a dollar deep down into John's crotch,  
 almost pulling his underwear off.

JOHN  
 Hey!

ENZO  
 What?! You got a problem?

Enzo slaps John's ass HARD, then cracks up as he hi-fives  
 David.

Keili tries to get over to John, but is blocked by a crowded  
 dance floor.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Give him a five-er! Poor guy, probably  
needs the money!!

David takes a 5 dollar bill and attempts the same deep crotch  
tip again, causing John to fight to hold on to his underwear.

BAM!

David is socked in the face by Shalev. Enzo is too drunk to  
respond quickly and Shalev decks him too.

CROWD REACTION and huge SECURITY GUARDS come rushing.

TWO GUARDS pick Enzo and David up off the floor and escort  
them out. Bystanders clap.

BILLY THE SECURITY GUARD

(to John and Shalev)

You guys all right?

SHALEV

I'm fine, Billy.

JOHN

I'm good. I'm okay.

DRAG DJ

Okay, ladies - drama's over. Let's give  
our dancers a hand, huh?

The crowd claps for John and Shalev.

DRAG DJ (CONT'D)

Take a bow, boys. Center stage, if you  
will... so we can all admire those  
glistening bodies!

Haled signals John and Shalev toward the center platform.

They bow together.

DRAG DJ (CONT'D)

Alright! Back to the music boysssssss!

Another hot song comes on as the drama subsides. John and  
Shalev are now dancing next to one another.

Beat.

JOHN

Thank you.

SHALEV  
You're welcome.

Beat. John stops dancing, turns toward Shalev.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
(still dancing)  
What are you doing?

JOHN  
(screaming over music)  
I miss you!

SHALEV  
Not now.

A patron reaches up to tip Shalev.

SHALEV (CONT'D)  
Thanks, baby.

JOHN  
Yes, now! I said, I miss you!

SHALEV  
You didn't call me!

JOHN  
You didn't call me either!

SHALEV  
I'm not the one that fucked up!

JOHN  
Okay, you're right! I messed up! But  
I'm sorry! I said I was sorry!

Cute Guy reaches up to tip John again. John lets him put a dollar in his crotch.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(kissing Cute Guy's cheek)  
There you go.

John rises and looks to Shalev.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Well?

SHALEV  
First of all, start dancing! You look  
like an ass.

(MORE)



SHALEV (CONT'D)

(John dances)  
And second of all... you're not ready for me, John!

JOHN

Don't tell me what I'm ready for and what I'm not ready for! Fuck you!

SHALEV

Fuck you, too! Some apology!

JOHN

All right, how's this for an apology?!  
(decision time, turns to Shalev)  
I... want to take you to Costa Rica!

Beat. Shalev eventually stops dancing.

SHALEV

What?!

JOHN

(still angry)  
I have a free week at this resort and... yeah - how's that?! I don't care what other people think, Shalev - I want to take you! Big enough "I'm sorry" for 'ya?!

Beat.

SHALEV

Why?

The song ENDS just as John SCREAMS...

JOHN

Because I love you, you asshole!

The entire bar falls silent and looks their way.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(normal voice)  
I can't stop thinking about you, and... I know it's fast, but... yeah, I love you.

Beat.

KEILI

Fuckin - a. Would you look at that?  
Fantastic.

Keili slaps a bartender on the back as the Hot Brunette tries to take this opportunity to get to Milo.

KEILI (CONT'D)  
 (without even looking at  
 brunette)  
 Don't even think about it.

Hot Brunette backs off. Keili blindly reaches another dollar up to Milo.

DRAG DJ  
 Well, kiss that boy, Shalev! Or I will!

SHALEV  
 I'm sorry, too.

JOHN  
 You have no reason to -

Shalev cuts John off with a KISS. The crowd cheers. As their lips part, Pink's "Raise Your Glass" starts to play.

SHALEV  
 I flew off the handle and judged you just as quickly as your friends judged me. So, I apologize.

JOHN  
 They're not my friends. You're my friend. She's my friend.

He points to Keili, who... is tonguing Milo's throat like she's drilling for oil.

As John and Shalev both laugh...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT: COSTA RICA RESORT - EARLY MORNING

From a 3rd story hotel balcony, John looks out at the gorgeous scenery.

INT: HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Shalev stirs awake, rolls over with a smile on his face, and notices John standing on the balcony in a robe.

SHALEV  
 How's that Costa Rican view treatin' 'ya?

John walks into the suite, smiles at Shalev.

JOHN  
Everything's perfect.

SHALEV  
Something smells good...

JOHN  
I made you coffee.

John serves it to him in bed, watching him sip it.

SHALEV  
(suspicious laughter)  
What?

JOHN  
Nothing. Nothing.

John kisses Shalev just as his phone rings.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Fuck - I forgot to turn that thing off.  
International rates.

He looks at the incoming number.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit. Wow. Holy shit...

SHALEV  
Is everything okay?

John picks up.

JOHN  
Hey, Belinda. ...No, it's a good time,  
yeah. ...Uh huh. ...Are you serious?

SHALEV  
What?

**INTERCUT WITH BELINDA in her CAA office.**

BELINDA  
Five thousand for a six month option and  
Writers Guild Low Budget scale payment  
for the first draft.

JOHN  
How much is that?

BELINDA  
\$51,000.

JOHN  
Holy shit! Belinda?!

BELINDA  
I know it's low, John, but you haven't sold anything else, so I did the best I could.

JOHN  
No, no! It's great. It's... unbelievable.

Shalev signals for John to put the phone on speaker. He does.

BELINDA  
They LOVED the treatment, John. They loved your style, they loved the story, the opening dialogue sample, everything. So much in fact, that it's pay or play.

JOHN  
I don't know what that means.

BELINDA  
It means a lot of things, but right now, what it means to you is that they're so confident you're gonna pump out a great first draft, the \$51,000 is guaranteed as long as you turn in 90 plus pages.

SHALEV  
Sugar daddy!

He slaps John's arm excitedly, but hard.

JOHN  
Ow.

BELINDA  
Who's that?

JOHN  
That's Shalev.

SHALEV  
Hi, Belinda.

BELINDA  
Glad to see you two worked it out. Hi, Shalev. Listen, I gotta get going, but congratulations. You'll have the paperwork next week. So get writing!

JOHN  
Belinda - I cannot thank you enough.

BELINDA  
You're welcome. And John - well done.  
Bye, guys.

She hangs up.

SHALEV  
John!

JOHN  
I know!

Shalev takes John's face in his hands - great kiss.

SHALEV  
Handsome *and* intelligent... who knew?

JOHN  
Guess you're getting that research  
assistant credit after all.

SHALEV  
Stop.

JOHN  
No, seriously - thank you.

Shalev's phone rings.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Busy morning.

SHALEV  
I'll get it later.

JOHN  
Answer. Probably important if they're  
calling you in Costa Rica.

Shalev picks up.

SHALEV  
Hello? ...Oh, hola, Mrs. DeSousa.  
(aside to John)  
It's my landlady.

JOHN  
Everything alright?

SHALEV  
Is everything alright, Mrs. DeSousa?

**INTERCUT WITH MRS. DESOUSA**, Hispanic, late 60s, sweet lady. She stands in front of the mail box slots in Shalev's apartment complex.

MRS. DESOUSA  
Shalev - the envelope, baby. It's here.

SHALEV  
Oh.

MRS. DESOUSA  
You want me to open it?

SHALEV  
What does it look like?

MRS. DESOUSA  
Stop torturing me, hijo! It's a big envelope from UCLA. That's what it looks like. Let me open it!

SHALEV  
(so nervous)  
Okay.

Mrs. DeSousa starts to open the envelope.

JOHN  
What is it?

SHALEV  
Envelope from UCLA.

John smiles.

MRS. DESOUSA  
Ay! Dios mio! Shalev!

SHALEV  
What? What does it say?

She crosses herself.

MRS. DESOUSA  
Gracias a Dios! Hijo - brillante! Ay, dios mio!

SHALEV  
Senora DeSousa, you're killing me here...

John puts Shalev's phone on speaker.

MRS. DESOUSA

Si, si, si, I'm sorry. Okay.

(reading letter)

We are pleased to offer you admission into UCLA's School of Engineering and welcome you to the Class of 2023.

SHALEV

Yes!

MRS. DESOUSA

Wait, hay mas - there's more. Mira.

(reading again)

In addition, it is our pleasure to inform you that the Genevive Baldaccio Memorial Scholarship Committee has chosen you as this year's recipient.

SHALEV

(getting emotional)

Oh my God...

MRS. DESOUSA

Having met the qualification of foreign student status, and exceeding the qualification of outstanding scholarship, the committee - after considering your exceptional personal essay - is thrilled to offer you full tuition, room and board for your entire stay at UCLA. We sincerely hope you will join us on campus in the Fall.

Tears drop from Shalev's eyes.

MRS. DESOUSA (CONT'D)

Shalev?

SHALEV

Yeah, I'm here. Gracias, Senora.

MRS. DESOUSA

Oh... sweetie. Don't cry - you make me cry. My pleasure, mi amor. My pleasure.

SHALEV

Okay, I'm gonna go.

(laughing through tears)

You made my day.

MRS. DESOUSA

Enjoy your trip. Felicitaciones and hola to Juan.

SHALEV

Okay.

They hang up. John hugs Shalev, who is still shaken up a bit.

JOHN

You're just... awesome.

Deep breath from Shalev.

SHALEV

(disbelief, laughing)

Those are some fucking phenomenal wake-up calls, huh?

JOHN

I'd say so.

They kiss.

SHALEV

You know...

JOHN

Yes...?

SHALEV

There's really only one way to celebrate a morning like this.

Beat. Devilish smile.

JOHN

You're dirty.

SHALEV

You love it.

JOHN

You're right.

As they fall into each other's arms, we...

FADE OUT.

**THE END.**

*NOTE: "Wheel of Fortune" footage is from actual episode featuring the author of this screenplay. Episode #4876.*