

WEHO

"Finding a Home"

by
Anne Toole

Anne Toole
West Hollywood, CA 90069
tisamely@yahoo.com

TEASER

EXT. TREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Out on the balcony, boxes upon boxes are stacked in a row. Several bags lie at the end of the line. Holding one of these bags is TREY, late 20's. Sleek, confident, harried, he is throwing items from each box carelessly into the bag.

TREY

Okay, just grab one of each and toss them into a bag. Great. Only one hundred more to go. How did I get saddled with organizing this party?

JEREMY

The high price of competence.

Trey turns around to see lagging behind JEREMY, also late 20's. Reserved, intelligent, and completely ignorant of his good looks, Jeremy pulls out an item and carefully places it into the bag. Trey shakes his head, starts hurriedly working backwards.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What's this for?

Jeremy opens up a small package and pulls out a golden money clip or bottle opener -- hard to tell which.

TREY

That is... that is... I'm not real sure. But -- oo -- it has a Jaguar logo, so it must be good.

Trey throws his collection of items into Jeremy's bag and puts it in the finished section. Jeremy looks vaguely lost without a bag.

TREY (CONT'D)

There. Done.

(handing Jeremy a bag as they go back to stuffing)

Don't worry, Jeremy, there will be many more.

JEREMY

What does moisturizer have to do with a human rights benefit?

TREY

Didn't you hear? There's an epidemic of dry skin and slavery in the Sudan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

It doesn't make any sense.

TREY

It doesn't have to. The gifts are so people can feel good about paying a lot of money to go to a party where they can look good. That's what they want anyway. It's all a game.

JEREMY

What's the prize?

TREY

A magic wand that will answer all your silly questions. Come on, more bags.

JEREMY

Don't you have someone who can help you with this?

TREY

Yeah, I do. This guy I know who's smart, articulate, need I add cute, and, on top of that, an amazingly selfless human being stuck, sadly, in a selfish world. But he wasn't available, so I called you.

JEREMY

I'm going home.

TREY

No you're not, and I love you for it.

JEREMY

How much?

TREY

We'll go to Vegas.

JEREMY

I don't want to go to Vegas.

TREY

You can't hide out in West Hollywood forever. Believe me. It's impossible.

JEREMY

Who's hiding? I do whatever I want.

TREY

But you don't want to do anything. This is probably the most exciting night you've had in weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEREMY

And you're so happy?

TREY

I... will be after I throw this party -- which will be stupendous if I have to kill someone to do it. And due to my super-successful stint, they will promote me, Ryan and I will live in the same city, and life will be perfect.

Jeremy loses his smile when Trey mentions Ryan.

JEREMY

Yeah, you, Ryan, perfect. Too bad you hate your job.

TREY

I don't hate my job. I love my job. I get to talk to the stars of Hollywood. Then mock them. Who wouldn't want that?

JEREMY

I don't know. Someone who once upon a time wanted to do something relevant with his life.

TREY

I haven't the slightest idea who you're talking about, but it sounds like he doesn't drive a BMW.

JEREMY

Oh, you put on a good show, but you can't fool me. Of all the things you actually care about, I can tell you this...

(holds up moisturizer)

...is not it.

TREY

On the contrary, this is exactly what I want. Allow me to demonstrate.

Trey takes some and squirts it at Jeremy.

JEREMY

Hey!

Jeremy grabs some moisturizer and squirts back. A moisturizer fight ensues.

TREY

I'm hearing this from the person who won't even go out for coffee with someone-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEREMY

He was from out of town.

TREY

--because if you did, you might actually meet a guy you like. The horror.

JEREMY

At least I'm not hung up on car logos. You're going to end up like Kyle. You know that.

TREY

If you don't watch out, you're going to end up with Kyle.

JEREMY

Oh, right. I'm much more likely to end up with you.

TREY

Wouldn't want that to happen.

JEREMY

Of course not.

They both pause, look around, notice that there is lotion on quite a few of the bags.

TREY

How am I going to explain this to the sponsors?

JEREMY

This is what you wanted.

TREY

I still have moisturizer. Do we have to do this again?

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONE

DARKNESS

TWO MEN are laughing, accompanied by the SWISH of sheets and the SPROING of a mattress. Suddenly, the sheet is swept off.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

KYLE sits up in bed, a smile on his face. He is every man and woman's dream date -- buff and gorgeous. He's hoping to capitalize on just that.

Beside him, a HUNK reaches out and tries to pull him back.

HUNK
Going so soon?

KYLE
I've got to meet some friends for
breakfast.

HUNK
Stay with me. I'm your friend.

KYLE
Of course you are, Jay, but...

HUNK
It's Joe.

KYLE
Right. Too early for an endearing
nickname?

The Hunk nods, displeased.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Okay. You caught me. I forgot your
name. But I'm sure you've forgotten
everything about me by now.

HUNK
Your name's Kyle. You're an actor and a
screenwriter. You've lived in West
Hollywood for 3 years and still haven't
mastered the fine art of tipping a valet.

KYLE
You know, I really don't have to be there
right away...

Kyle allows himself to be pulled off camera one more time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARKNESS

The ringing of the phone pierces the silence.

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

ANGLE ON

The phone as a hand reaches out from under the covers and picks it up.

TREY

Ryan?

(disappointed)

Oh. What?... No, I'm not working right now... Because it's eight in the morning! On a Saturday!

Trey, alone in bed, hangs up the phone and closes his eyes. The phone rings again. Without looking, he picks it up and throws it far away.

DARKNESS

fades up into a view of

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeremy sleeps peacefully on his side. On his bedstand, a prominent law book acts as a pedestal for a romance novel. Beside these lies a neat stack of photographs, showing Jeremy in happier times, smiling, his arm around a good-looking MAN. Jeremy smiles in his sleep, reaches his hand out to someone next to him.

REVEAL

No one lies beside him. In fact, no one has for at least a year. He jerks back his covers and gets out of bed.

DARKNESS

A MAN is singing a catchy folk song off-key. As he winds his way loudly toward the chorus --

INT. AMELY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The light intrudes onto a white stucco ceiling. Clear as a bell, the song continues outside in what is immediately identifiable as not English.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMELY

sits up on her bare Treyress. She adjusts the too-large tank she slept in and tries to get the mass of disheveled hair out of her face. A quick look behind the blinds tells her the sun is out and it's way too bright. She sees...

EXT. GARDNER APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

PAVEL, mid-20s, sings to himself as he sweeps the walkway outside the apartment building. He does a bit of a dance as he pivots around the broom, confident that he is all alone.

NATASHA (O.C.)

Please tell me you have something better to sing than that.

Pavel instantly straightens up, embarrassed, then turns around and breaks into a smile. NATASHA, mid to late 20s, gives him a crooked look, cigarette in hand. She drops it on the ground as Pavel comes up and hugs her. Like her brother, she speaks with a Russian accent, worn down by years of living in America.

PAVEL

Natasha! Why are you here?

NATASHA

I need an excuse to visit my brother?

PAVEL

Yes, usually.

Pavel picks up the butt on the ground. Natasha takes this opportunity to pickpocket her younger brother.

NATASHA

Why, what have you got in here?
(opening it to reveal money)
Very nice. Business has been good for you. Something I should get into?

PAVEL

You can't handle it.

Pavel chases her across the lawn, trying to tackle her. Natasha is too quick for him, however and in a bizarre move is soon sitting right on top of him.

LARA (O.C.)

(to Pavel)

Did you lose again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Natasha turns to find LARA, smiling at her. The youngest of the three, Lara, from the Ukraine, is neatly dressed to draw the least amount of attention to herself. Natasha instantly tries to make herself more presentable as Pavel rolls out from under her.

PAVEL

I let her win.

NATASHA

Riiight. Lara, how are you?

LARA

Busy. Studying and studying, and after that, studying. But you are coming for dinner, right? My mother is making Pelmeni. She will be very angry with me if you don't come.

Natasha starts to gather her things, suddenly in a huge hurry to leave.

NATASHA

Sorry, John is waiting for me...

LARA

You used to come over twice a week for dinner with my family.

NATASHA

I used to live next door, too. Things change.

LARA

Oh, but you'll be moving back in soon, right? Then we'll all be together again.

Lara appears to not see Pavel trying to get her to shut up.

NATASHA

Who ever gave you that idea?

Natasha looks sternly at Pavel. He pulls her aside and they sit down on the apartment steps. Natasha puts her cell phone down on the railing.

PAVEL

I was thinking... there's an apartment open upstairs. And every time you come here, you and John have had a fight.

NATASHA

That's not true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAVEL
Did you and John have a fight?

NATASHA
(yes)
I'm not moving back in.

PAVEL
Then at least come to dinner. Make her
happy. Let her feed you.

NATASHA
I moved to the other side of the planet
to escape my mother. I certainly don't
want to deal with hers.

PAVEL
Dinner. Or I make you look at the
apartment.

NATASHA
(to Lara)
So, Pelmeni for dinner, yes?

LARA
Yay.

NATASHA
(unthrilled)
Yay.

AMELY (O.C.)
When you're finished, can I get by?

The three turn to see Amely, equipped with sunglasses and a
don't-fuck-with-me attitude. Her bag sits next to Natasha's
cell phone on the railing.

NATASHA
Sorry.

PAVEL
Good morning.

While Natasha and Pavel get up, Amely picks up her bag and
mistakenly pockets Natasha's cell phone.

AMELY
That's debatable.

She walks past them as if they weren't there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARA

They must have already rented the new apartment.

NATASHA

A shame.

Natasha smiles. Pavel, however, continues to watch Amely as she disappears down the street.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

From Amely's POV, camera moves down Santa Monica, taking in the sights of Russian deli after Russian deli and old people waiting at the bus stops. We walk past the 24-hour donut shop and the last Russian butcher with the ever-present smelly BUM in front.

BUM

Spare any change?

Amely drops some change into his cup.

Small, trendy stores give way to even more trendy stores as the denizens of the street become increasingly younger, more fit, and more male. Two men walk hand in hand up the street and past Amely. She flops onto a bench and settles down to watch.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD LOUNGE - DAY

Trey walks down the street past Amely. Trey walks among the crowd seated outside as everyone waves, shakes his hand. Obviously Trey knows everyone and everyone knows Trey.

SAMMY, dressed in the tell-tale outfit of waiter, is clearly in the middle of ten things as he hustles over to him, leads him to a table.

SAMMY

Hey, Trey. I saved you a table.

TREY

No one's here yet?

SAMMY

Everyone's here. I am swamped. I have to cover for two people, can you believe it? But look who I'm talking to. You must be slammed.

TREY

It's just a little party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMMY

I have ears, do I not? Congratulations.

TREY

For what?

Sammy covers his mouth, having let out a secret.

SAMMY

Oh my God, Oh my God! You haven't heard.
Maybe I should let him tell you.

Trey turns, sees RICHARD, an executive in a suit sans jacket, who has appeared from the back. Think a Hollywood agent who has decided to "dress down" for breakfast. He sits opposite Trey with a smile.

TREY

Richard. How did you find me?

RICHARD

I'm here to speak to the caterer, but I'm damn glad to see the new Senior Vice President.

TREY

(stunned)

Are you serious?

RICHARD

Couldn't be more so. And as such, I'll be wanting to go over some minor changes with you for the benefit this afternoon.

Trey nods, knowing changes means disaster.

TREY

Minor changes.

RICHARD

You'll love 'em. I'll catch you in a minute.

Richard moves off toward the kitchen as Sammy moves back in. As Sammy babbles on, Trey comes closer and closer to realizing what the promotion means.

SAMMY

I'm so happy for you. You've just been promoted, what are your plans?

TREY

I'm getting the hell out of town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMMY

Yes. It'll be glamour and fast cars from now on. Please remember me when I'm a lowly social worker...

MANAGER (O.C.)

Sammy, get a move on.

SAMMY

I'll be back if I don't shoot myself in the kitchen first.

TREY

How can you take that every day? You don't need this.

SAMMY

Well, there's... I don't know. I can't just...

TREY

Yes, you can.

MANAGER (O.C.)

Sammy!

TREY

(to O.C. manager)
He quits.

SAMMY

Yeah. I quit.

(to Trey)

What about your party? Don't you need me?

TREY

Don't worry about it. I'll find somebody else. That's what I do.

Sammy, smiling, heads toward the door, where Amely is now standing. He dumps his apron right in front of her and heads out the door as Trey watches, wishing he could follow.

EXT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeremy, dressed in a suit, knocks on the door, looks at his watch.

JEREMY

(knocking again)
Kyle, wake up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeremy grabs a key from behind a light and lets himself into--

INT. KYLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kind of a mess, clothes seem to lead a trail to a room toward the back.

JEREMY
Kyle? We're late.

Jeremy sees the clothes, bends down to pick them up.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
You need a maid.

Kyle walks in, half-dressed. Jeremy stands up in a hurry, ends up only with someone's underwear.

KYLE
Oh, hi. Didn't hear you come in.

JEREMY
I was only yelling. I tried calling.
You forget to pay your bill again?

KYLE
I didn't forget exactly...

JEREMY
Of course. Trey said he wanted to tell us something hugely important, so hurry.

KYLE
(re: the clothes in Jeremy's hand)
I'm going to need that.

Jeremy passes Kyle his underwear.

JEREMY
Please tell me this is clean, and you really don't have to change in front of me.

KYLE
We're all boys here. Nothing you haven't seen before.

JEREMY
I haven't seen it before, and I'm hoping to keep it that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

Spoil sport. And I can see you're already dressed for the office... again.

JEREMY

I need to catch up on some of my work.

KYLE

Your work or someone else's?

JEREMY

My work... which someone else gave me.

KYLE

(re: another piece of clothing on a lamp)

Pass me that. And while you're at it, hit yourself in the head. You've got to learn to say no.

Jeremy pulls down a sweatshirt that has mysteriously ended up on a lamp. He looks at Kyle incredulously.

JEREMY

(handing shirt to Kyle)

So do you.

KYLE

I don't want to say no. There's a difference. Maybe he's moving.

JEREMY

Who?

KYLE

Ryan. You know, Trey's long-distance boyfriend.

JEREMY

Ryan's not moving. Did Trey tell you that?

KYLE

No. But what else could be so hugely important?

Jeremy looks unhappy.

INT. WEHO LOUNGE - DAY

Trey, incredulous, speaks with Richard at a table.

TREY

Beach balls?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

I know we're billing this party as a benefit for "human rights," but I was thinking something a little more upbeat.

AMELY (O.C.)

Can I get you anything to drink?

Trey turns to find Amely, all business in Sammy's discarded apron with a pen poised above the order form.

TREY

(to Amely)

Water.

Amely turns to leave. Trey looks at her again.

TREY (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

(to Richard)

I need one more person.

(to Amely)

Were you working here five minutes ago?

AMELY

Five minutes ago... yeah.

TREY

I know everyone here. Where did you come from?

AMELY

I came from the kitchen and, strangely enough, that's where I'm going, too.

TREY

Okay, let's try this. I'm Trey--
And you are...?

AMELY

Your server. I know the apron throws people. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to see a man about some lemon.

Amely heads off.

RICHARD

You'll want to look elsewhere.

Trey calls after her.

TREY

Crack a smile sometime, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He makes a face.

TREY (CONT'D)
She just flipped me off.

EXT. GARDNER APARTMENTS - DAY

Natasha quietly closes the door to Pavel's apartment. She turns to leave as the door swings open again to reveal Pavel.

PAVEL
Where do you think you're going?

NATASHA
Nowhere. Cigarettes.

Pavel pulls out the full pack of cigarettes sticking out of her purse.

PAVEL
What are you doing?

NATASHA
Fine. I was sneaking out.

PAVEL
No, what are you doing? You're living with a man you don't even love, you've cut off almost all contact with your family, and you're smoking French cigarettes. What are you doing with your life?

NATASHA
I'm living it, that's what.

PAVEL
You're doing a great job.

NATASHA
I'm not the one hiding out behind his computer, afraid to walk two steps outside of little Russia. For your information, John and I are together. Together! We're waiting for his stock options.

Pavel just stares at her.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Yes, John is a mistake. Don't you think I know that? He spends money we don't have; he snores. But he's my mistake.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I don't need you or Laura's fifth cousins
telling me that.

PAVEL

Maybe you do. I want you to be happy.
To have someone you can count on. To
have a family.

NATASHA

You are my family.

PAVEL

You didn't answer my question.

NATASHA

I'm... I'm staying for dinner, yeah?

PAVEL

Yes, you are.

EXT. WEHO LOUNGE - DAY

Kyle and Jeremy move quickly down the sidewalk. They turn to
see Trey on the phone, waiting outside.

TREY

(on phone)

Ryan, it's Trey. It's... 8:30.
Wondering where you are. I've got good
news... Or maybe not good news, just
news. Gotta go.

Trey hangs up the phone, which will continue to ring
intermittently throughout the scene.

TREY (CONT'D)

(to Kyle and Jeremy)

Only twenty minutes late. I'm impressed.

KYLE

I try.

TREY

But I have to go.

JEREMY

And that only took one second.

TREY

But all must agree to attend my party
today, representing everything I loathe
about this town. It's thrown by an
agency to promote rights for all mankind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

You hate rights for all mankind?

TREY

No, but you won't be able to throw a skewer without hitting those egotistical industry-types. You'll fit right in.

KYLE

Then I'm there.

TREY

And in attendance will be some very available bachelors interested in meeting a young, attractive professional we all know and love.

JEREMY

How are you able to organize a party and set me up at the same time?

TREY

I'm special that way. I promise you will have a great time.

JEREMY

Apparently, I'll only meet egotistical industry-types.

TREY

Yeah, okay. Maybe you have to dig a little deeper, but you may find someone worthwhile.

JEREMY

Let me know if you do. We'll give him to Kyle.

KYLE

Hey, I'm not cast-off boy.

TREY

We're finding someone -- not someone, the one -- for you. Besides, Kyle already has someone, right?

(beat)

Right?

Kyle looks away, innocently. Jeremy smiles, shakes his head. Trey's phone starts to ring.

TREY (CONT'D)

(to Kyle)

What are we going to do with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE
 (changing the subject)
 Weren't you going to tell us something?

TREY
 Not until Jeremy agrees to go.
 (smiling sweetly)
 For me?

JEREMY
 Fine. Now give.

Trey's phone rings and he holds up a finger as he answers.

TREY
 (on phone, stepping away)
 This is Trey.

KYLE
 You still hungry?

JEREMY
 Not after whatever I ate in your fridge.
 Although I may have to go to the hospital
 later.

KYLE
 Let's get you to work.

JEREMY
 What about Trey?

KYLE
 Our boy is a lost cause.

They both look at Trey, who's embroiled in conversation.
 Jeremy hesitates, then they start to move off.

TREY
 (on phone)
 I have someone who can take care of it
 for me... Yeah. I'm right there. I can
 meet you.

Jeremy and Kyle have already gotten in Jeremy's nearby car.

TREY (CONT'D)
 In 10 minutes. Okay.
 (turning around)
 Hey guys...

Alone on the street, Trey looks off, realizing he is alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TREY (CONT'D)
I got promoted.

On Trey, king of an empty kingdom.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT TWO

EXT. RUSSIAN DELI - DAY

Natasha and Pavel examine various Georgian wines. An older man, YURIY, enters, speaking on his cell phone in Russian. Confident, with an aura of danger, he smiles hugely at Pavel, who glances at him coolly.

YURIY

Pavel. How's the computer business?

PAVEL

Great. Excuse me.

Pavel drags Natasha off.

NATASHA

I thought you were done with them.

Pavel ignores, hands a bottle of white wine to Natasha.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Ugh. Keep that away.

PAVEL

How can you not like white wine?

NATASHA

I like everything else.

PAVEL

It was very nice to get the white for Lara's family.

NATASHA

Means more red for me and a happy dinner for all. Prianik Medoviy. Need that.

Natasha takes a bag of cookies, surreptitiously opens it and pops one in her mouth. Pavel smiles.

PAVEL

You seem to be enjoying yourself, yeah?

NATASHA

Don't think you're so smart. I'm not worried about you spending my money. Speaking of my little *shiznit*...

Natasha looks through her purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAVEL

A deal's a deal. You're staying for dinner.

NATASHA

I know... but John hasn't called. That makes me wonder what he's doing.

PAVEL

I'm very glad you have such trust in your relationship.

NATASHA

You took my cell phone.

PAVEL

Which is normal in your world. Why would you say such a thing?

NATASHA

I had it this morning. You want me to come to dinner and now -- one would say conveniently -- it's gone. Are you going to tell me Lara -

PAVEL

Neither of us took it!

NATASHA

If you didn't, then who did?

INT. WEHO RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Amely, starting to look a little frazzled, is talking to two somewhat angry PATRONS seated at a table. A cell phone RINGS and RINGS.

PATRON #1

We've been waiting for twenty minutes. I want to speak to the manager.

AMELY

(uneasy)
Right. The manager.

PATRON #1

Your cell phone's ringing.

AMELY

I don't have a cell phone.

PATRON #1

Then it's your lucky day, because there's a phone ringing in your pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amely follows the sound of the phone to her stuff, pulls it out.

AMELY
 (into phone)
 Hello? ... I can't hear you. ... John who? Listen, I'm not who-- You want me to do what? ... Bite me. ... Good, I don't want to see you either.

She hangs up, her attitude bolstered.

AMELY (CONT'D)
 Now for the manager.

She boldly moves into --

INT. WEHO LOUNGE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

-- and picks up several glasses of water. She turns right into the MANAGER.

MANAGER
 Who are you?

AMELY
 (gesturing to her apron)
 Obviously, I'm your new server. People here aren't so bright, are they?

MANAGER
 That's not how this works.

Amely pushes her glasses onto the manager.

AMELY
 Okay, then. These are for table six, I believe. And tables one, two, and five are out of bread, and a very upset man at table three has been waiting 20 minutes for a -- how did he put it? -- "a simple goddamn muffin." Oh, and you see all those tables out there? You'll be covering them alone for the next three weeks until you find someone half as good as I am. Have fun.

MANAGER
 The next shift comes on in twenty minutes. Can you work a party this afternoon?

AMELY
 If I get tips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER

You're hired. But on a trial basis only.
Do not screw up.

AMELY

There's no danger of that.

Amely continues to stare Richard down.

MANAGER

What?

AMELY

Those are my glasses.

The manager realizes he's holding the water glasses and passes them back to her. Amely gets to work, a triumphant smirk on her face.

INT. BRADY & ASSOCIATES OFFICES

Jeremy is at his computer with Kyle sitting opposite, feet up. A CLERK and a LAWYER attend to papers.

KYLE

Shouldn't you be working? Can't believe I said that.

JEREMY

I still haven't gotten an e-mail back from Trey.

KYLE

I'm sorry I said anything. I don't know that Ryan's moving. He could be breaking up with him for all I know.

JEREMY

You think he is?

KYLE

(to lawyer)

Hi. I was looking for a lawyer who is not obsessed with his best friend's boyfriend. Can you help me?

The lawyer looks at them both quizzically. Jeremy starts clearing his desk, attempting to clear Kyle as well.

JEREMY

(to lawyer)

Don't mind him.

(to Kyle)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Look, all I'm saying is that Ryan moving isn't going to make Trey happy. It's his soul-sucking job that is the problem.

KYLE

I like his soul-sucking job.

JEREMY

That's because you have no soul.

KYLE

Says the lawyer. Just because you don't have a boyfriend doesn't mean...

(off Jeremy's look)

Jeremy?

JEREMY

I didn't say anything.

KYLE

But you were thinking it. Loudly.

JEREMY

I can't help it. I miss it. I mean, I don't, but I miss --

KYLE

I know what you really miss.

JEREMY

--the walks--

KYLE

Just go ahead and say it.

JEREMY

--the trips to the opera--

KYLE

The sex.

JEREMY

--even having breakfast together. Is that all you think about?

KYLE

(thinks about it)

Yeah.

JEREMY

What do you know? Your longest relationship spanned a month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

Hey, that's not true. It lasted a month
and a half. I could still have a
meaningful relationship if I wanted...

(off Jeremy's doubting look)

Yeah, who am I kidding?

Jeremy clicks something on his computer, his eyes light up.

JEREMY

Yes. Ryan isn't moving.

KYLE

And we're happy because why?

JEREMY

Because... Trey got a promotion.

(realizing)

Oh.

KYLE

Excellent. Let the parties begin. Wait.
Are we supposed to be sad?

JEREMY

No, happy.

KYLE

You're sure.

JEREMY

Go get ready for the party. Shoo.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Trey moves purposefully through the house, decorated for the party. He comes upon a table set up to receive guests. He looks down, is disappointed.

TREY

God dammit.

(yelling)

Who moved the pamphlets?

AMELY (O.C.)

I did.

Trey moves toward the sound of the voice and into --

INT. PAINTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... where he sees Amely, dressed in the outfit of a party waiter, setting down a box of wine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREY
How did you get here?

AMELY
(turning to leave)
Gee, since I'm so wanted...

TREY
No, no. As much as I hate to say it, we
need you.

AMELY
I know.

TREY
I don't need your attitude.

AMELY
I don't need yours. I don't even want to
be here.

TREY
Why did I let Sammy quit? Okay... since
you are here... when the party starts,
you need to steer everyone clear of this
room. That's an original Giovanni
Anselmo painting.

Trey points to a large, abstract painting covering the far
wall with rich blues and purple.

AMELY
No, it isn't.

TREY
Yes, it is.

AMELY
It's a common mistake. The colors are
too bold; the brush work is...

She trails off, censoring herself.

TREY
Don't stop on my account.

AMELY
It's a different artist. Wouldn't expect
someone like you to know that.

TREY
I don't think the owner knows that. What
did you say your background was?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMELY

I didn't. But it surely fades in comparison to the importance of mini-souffles at an afternoon pool party.

TREY

You are asking for a --

Trey stops himself, remembering he needs her.

AMELY

Please don't stop on my account.

TREY

Why did you take the pamphlets off the table?

AMELY

Because the host told me to. He thought it cluttered things up too much.

TREY

Put them back. They were for the human rights group this party is benefiting.

AMELY

Obviously they don't want to benefit them that much.

Amely heads off, as Trey gets frustrated.

EXT. PAVEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lara talks to Pavel at his door. Pavel flinches every time he hears a crash from within his apartment.

PAVEL

We'll see you at six.

LARA

Is everything okay?

PAVEL

You know Natasha, always happy to be home. Everything is fine.

A huge crash comes from behind.

PAVEL (CONT'D)

Looking forward to it. See you later.

He closes the door in Lara's surprised face.

INT. PAVEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sports pictures, books, a vast collection of CD, disks, and the detritus of Pavel's life litter the floor. Pavel surveys the scene, agape, as he watches Natasha destroy his apartment.

PAVEL
What are you doing to my apartment?

NATASHA
I need my cell phone.

PAVEL
No, no -- that's a limited edition
Depeche Mode CD that's --
(she drops it)
imported.

Pavel picks up the phone, dials.

PAVEL (CONT'D)
Did you try calling it?

NATASHA
(no)
Maybe.

PAVEL
It's ringing. Do you hear it ringing?

NATASHA
I don't know... I think so... I think...

EXT. PATIO - DAY

In the midst of several WORKERS setting up for the party, Amely answers the phone. We see the name NATASHA displayed on its screen.

AMELY
Hello?

PAVEL (V.O.)
Who are you?

AMELY
Who are you?

PAVEL (V.O.)
You have my cell phone.

AMELY
No, I don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAVEL (V.O.)
Yes, you do. I called you, and you answered.

AMELY
That's funny. You don't sound like a Natasha.

INT. PAVEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Natasha is trying to listen in on the conversation.

NATASHA
What's happening?

PAVEL
(into phone)
I am not a cross-dresser.

Natasha grabs the phone.

NATASHA
Hello? Who is this?

AMELY
Now you sound like a Natasha. I can meet up tonight.

NATASHA
I want to. You have no idea. But I have plans I can't get out of.

AMELY
You want your phone back? I'm at a party this afternoon.

NATASHA
(interested)
What party?

Pavel shakes his head, knowing this way lies madness.

EXT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trey jiggles his keys anxiously, dressed to go.

TREY
This party is a disaster. Two weeks. Two weeks I spent incorporating human rights into the party, which, might I add, is not my job. Then Richard ditches the whole thing so it can be more peppy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeremy emerges onto the patio in swimming trunks, although Trey is unaware. He's got a good body, except he is clearly uncomfortable exposing it.

JEREMY

Do I still have to go?

TREY

Yes.

Trey turns and sees Jeremy, gawks for a moment.

JEREMY

What? I should change, shouldn't I?

TREY

No, no, no. Look at you. What are you worried about?

JEREMY

I hate meeting a whole bunch of people all at once. I feel very much on trial.

TREY

You will definitely catch someone's eye...

(off Jeremy's look)

-- which is absolutely not the purpose of the party. The purpose, of course, being to waste my time.

JEREMY

It's what you wanted. You got your promotion.

TREY

I'm turning it down.

JEREMY

What? You're giving up your BMW?

TREY

Oh, I'm keeping that. But you're right. All this is just not enough.

JEREMY

Not enough...? What are you saying?

TREY

I'm moving to San Francisco to be with Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEREMY

No, no. That's not what I meant. You can't up and move to San Francisco! That's... foggy... and far away. And, you know, Ryan's not going anywhere. Think about it. There's no rush.

TREY

I have thought about it.

JEREMY

For how long, a day?

Trey's been caught out.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Oh.

TREY

We thought it would be best to wait until we were sure. Are you --

JEREMY

No, I'm fine. I'm happy for you.

As Jeremy feels the earth cave beneath him, the door to the patio opens to admit Kyle, dressed for the pool. He spots Jeremy and lets loose a whistle.

KYLE

Look at our sexy boy!

JEREMY

That's it. I'm changing.

Jeremy stands up and scurries back into the house, while Trey gives Kyle a sour look.

TREY

Now you're on time?

FADE TO BLACK

ACT THREE

EXT. POOL - DAY

Pavel and Natasha enter the party. Natasha looks like she has struck gold. Pavel, however, is out of his element.

PAVEL

Let's get this phone and get out of here.

NATASHA

(spotting mimi-souffles)
Oh, look! Mini - uh - things.
What's your hurry?

PAVEL

Knowing you, you go to a party, you don't come back until well after dinner, if at all.

NATASHA

I don't need my little brother to tag along. Don't you trust me?

PAVEL

What is this girl's name and how do we find her?

NATASHA

I don't know. We didn't get to that part.

PAVEL

Do we need to call her again?

NATASHA

Go ahead. I'll be enjoying the...
(gazing at a hot guy)
refreshments. Since we're here anyway.

PAVEL

What about John?

NATASHA

Whose side are you on? He wants to spend my money; I think I'm entitled to some fun. Besides, it's safe. Most of the guys here are gay.

PAVEL

They're what?

NATASHA

This is West Hollywood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAVEL

Phone. I need to find a phone.

Pavel moves off in one direction as Trey crosses, hanging up his phone. Jeremy, looking despondent and vaguely disdainful, follows. Trey assesses every man they walk by.

TREY

Nice. Nice. Okay.

JEREMY

I'm not going to pick up some random guy.
I'm happy --

TREY

Just the way you are, so you say. Humour me. I want to know you're happy before I leave. He's cute.

JEREMY

So what does that give me, a week?

TREY

He's very cute. Who's that?

ANGLE ON

The empty pool, filled with beach balls. A number of happy party-goers beckon to LUKE. Gorgeous and together at the tender age of thirty-something, Luke is a councilman for the City of West Hollywood.

ALL

Come on / LUKE, LUKE.

Luke relents and takes off his shirt. Much to his embarrassment, everyone proceeds to cheer and catcall, including the women, with good reason. He jumps into the empty pool and splashes everyone.

LUKE

(to a woman)

Why were you whistling?

WOMAN

I may be a lesbian, but I'm not blind.

He splashes her and moves to get out of the pool. Trey, watching, smiles.

TREY

He just gave me a great idea. So are you going to have fun... Jeremy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jeremy has disappeared, leaving Trey to wonder.

EXT. POOL - ELSEWHERE - DAY

Pavel is looking around at all the guys. They are paying attention to each other, not him.

HIS POV

As he walks through the crowd -- everyone is looking at him, checking him out.

He moves swiftly to the safety of the food table.

JEREMY (O.C.)

Excuse me.

BACK TO SCENE

Pavel turns to see Jeremy before him. Once again everything seems normal, except for Pavel.

PAVEL

I'm not gay.

JEREMY

Ok.

PAVEL

Not that I... I'm just not gay.

JEREMY

Oh, I know.

PAVEL

How do you know?

Amely tries to get by.

AMELY

Will you two quit making out?

PAVEL

We weren't making out.

JEREMY

I was trying to get some sushi.

Pavel realizes he was blocking the path to the food table.

PAVEL

Oh, sorry.
(to Amely)
I'm not gay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMELY

I know.

PAVEL

Why does everyone know?

AMELY

You're staring at my chest.

PAVEL

No, I'm not- wasn't.

JEREMY

Yes, you were.

Jeremy smiles, grabs some sushi and walks off.

PAVEL

You're the girl from this morning.

AMELY

And you must be my new neighbor.

PAVEL

You have my sister's phone.

AMELY

Lucky me.

(beat as Pavel looks at her)
Got a problem?

PAVEL

Are you always this unhappy?

AMELY

Tell me, little brother, what do you care?

PAVEL

It's just a friendly question.

AMELY

Then I'll tell you when you're my friend.

PAVEL

You must be a very lonely girl.

AMELY

Look, find your sister, and I'll give her the phone. In the meantime, if you hadn't noticed, I'm busy.

KYLE (V.O.)

I'm starting to think you don't love me.

EXT. PATIO

Kyle comes up to Jeremy, sitting alone, tries to drag him up.

JEREMY

I'm here. I'm queer. What more do you want from me?

KYLE

A three picture deal. I'll settle for you having some fun.

JEREMY

There are a lot of people here.

KYLE

Yes, that's the going thing at parties. It's a shame Trey's leaving; this town was made for him.

JEREMY

There are a lot of people here who are HIV positive.

KYLE

Oh, that's great.

JEREMY

You think that's great?

KYLE

When you put it that way, no, but you do have a lot in common.

JEREMY

Is that what you think? Is that why Trey wanted me to come to this? Put all the positoids together so you can go off to San Francisco with a clean conscience.

Jeremy watches Trey as he talks on the phone.

KYLE

I wanna shake you. In fact, I will.

Kyle shakes Jeremy.

KYLE (CONT'D)

We don't care about a virus, only you. I know what all this is about.

Jeremy snaps his attention back to Kyle, nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

You do?

KYLE

You're afraid to take a risk with a new guy. Now, I've been there a few more times than you--

JEREMY

And yet you never tire of telling me about it.

KYLE

And it takes a lot of courage sometimes. You have to be fearless.

(checking out the guys)

Come on. It's a brave new world out there.

Kyle pulls Jeremy reluctantly out of his chair.

JEREMY

Hey, fearless, isn't that your Woody? The guy you with the long --

KYLE

Oh God, I need to -- I can't be here. If he comes over here, tell him I had a horrible, sudden thing... and it was horrible.

Kyle successfully gotten rid of, Jeremy settles back to hiding.

INT. POOL - ELSEWHERE - DAY

Natasha is getting her drink on, chatting up a GUY, when she realizes Pavel is coming over to her and tries to evade.

PAVEL

Come on. I found her. Let's get your phone and go.

NATASHA

You go ahead. I'm staying.

PAVEL

I knew this would happen.

NATASHA

I'll come have dinner some other time.

PAVEL

No, you won't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA

Fine by me.

Natasha prepares to drink some more alcohol, Pavel snatches it out of her hand, grabs her arm.

PAVEL

We're going now.

NATASHA

Let me go.

PAVEL

You promised Lara.

NATASHA

No, actually, I promised you. I'm doing them a favor. Trust me.

Natasha frees her hand, buries the reason in another drink.

PAVEL

Okay, I'll tell Lara you were too scared to show up for a home-cooked meal.

NATASHA

Whoa whoa whoa. I'm not afraid...

PAVEL

Then what am I supposed to say? That you're too interested in partying with strangers? That you never had any intention of showing up?

NATASHA

That's right. I didn't. You know how much I hate --

PAVEL

How much *you* hate --

NATASHA

-- all the "Oh, Natasha, why aren't you married? Oh, Natasha, why do you have a tattoo?"

PAVEL

You have a tattoo?

NATASHA

-- and I *always* leave angry --

PAVEL

You always fight with --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATASHA

And I'm tired of it.

PAVEL

You need to calm down.

NATASHA

You're telling me what to do? I'm too old for a babysitter.

PAVEL

Yes, you are.

NATASHA

I'm a strong, smart, successful woman living my way --

PAVEL

You need to look closer, because all I see is a drunk, selfish little Angelino like everyone else here.

NATASHA

There it is. You can't stand that I got out and you didn't. You're still living in your ghetto apartment with Lara mooning over you.

PAVEL

And your life is so great? Your man spends all your money.

NATASHA

I'm getting stock options!

PAVEL

Sleeping with John to get stock options... that doesn't make you smart or successful. That makes you a whore.

Natasha, about to retort, stops, mouth open.

NATASHA

Thank you. You've made this quite easy.

Natasha turns to walk away.

PAVEL

Wait. I didn't mean it that --

NATASHA

Yes, you did. You know, you were wrong. I hadn't cut off contact with my family. Until just now.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Trey, on hold, makes his way over to the food table. Kyle lurks behind a plant, somewhat preoccupied. A WAITER walks by them, oblivious.

TREY
Hey, I need --

The waiter continues on, leaving Trey annoyed. Trey shrugs and smiles.

KYLE
If I knew quitting a job made you so happy, I'd do it every day.

TREY
You do do it every day. Kyle, why are you hiding behind a plant?

KYLE
Have you seen Woody? You know, that guy last year who... ?

TREY
Who you absolutely were not in love with?

KYLE
This is embarrassing. Here he is, what do I do? I'm hiding behind a fern. I've come face to face with my inner self and discovered I am a yellow-bellied chicken.

TREY
Take heart. At least you're not in PR.

KYLE
Or a lawyer.

TREY
Or a lawyer. Who is so good at his job he somehow manages to make you feel like you're wrong even when you tell him he's right.

KYLE
Damn people. They always get mad when you can't deal and bail on them.

TREY
That's... not what I'm doing.

KYLE
Could have fooled me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trey is digesting that when another server blows by. This time, it's Amely.

TREY
Oh hey, I need --

AMELY
More sushi on the table?

She places a plate of sushi on the buffet table.

TREY
How did you -- ?

AMELY
You're short on sushi. You get sushi.
Quit complaining.

TREY
How long have you done waitstaff? I'm
serious.

AMELY
Including today?

TREY
Sure.

AMELY
One day.
(beat)
Carpe diem.

She moves off. Trey and Kyle look at each other, scoffing, then it sinks in.

KYLE
You know, I need to head over --

TREY
I'm going to go find Jeremy.

KYLE
Yeah.

EXT. POOL - ELSEWHERE - DAY

Natasha is waiting in line in front of the bar. She is pouty and looking unhappy. Kyle comes up to stand behind her in line, notices she's not thrilled with life.

KYLE
I'm going to have to tell if you keep
that up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA

What?

KYLE

It looks like you're crying at someone else's party.

NATASHA

I'm not crying. It's frustrating waiting in line...

KYLE

Oh, yeah. That's cause for misery.

NATASHA

Especially if the drinks are watered down.

KYLE

Stop. Now you're making me cry.

Natasha smiles.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm not saying this to be all cool LA-Hollywood. It's just a fact. I'm friends with the guy who threw this little shindig together and... I know where he's keeping the good stuff.

NATASHA

Lead the way.

As Kyle leads her off.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Jeremy has collected a gift bag and is heading toward the foyer. A man, JOHN, dressed in jeans and a shirt runs into him.

JOHN

Where's the party?

JEREMY

This is it.

JOHN

Have you seen a blonde girl? She's real hot.

Jeremy shakes his head, helpless. John continues on, as Jeremy spots Trey. Takes a deep breath. Decides to move away.

INT. PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Several boxes of liquor are stacked up against the wall, and Kyle and Natasha have found two of the more expensive bottles to drink from.

KYLE

Trey is going to kill me.

NATASHA

No, we're doing him a service... who wants to carry a crate full of wine back?

John enters as Kyle pulls out a bottle of wine.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Perfect.

KYLE

All I know is it's not two buck chuck.

JOHN

(re: Kyle)

I see it didn't take you long to find someone to indulge you.

Amely passes by, sees them all in there.

KYLE

Hey. I'm no one, and don't you forget it.

AMELY

You're not supposed to be in here.

NATASHA

(over, to John)

What are you doing here?

AMELY

Out. Hello?

JOHN

Wondering what the hell you're up to.

KYLE

(over, to Amely)

They're not listening.

NATASHA

I could ask you the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMELY
(to Kyle)
Thanks for the tip.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Trey looks out the window as Jeremy tries to sneak by. Trey calls to him without turning.

TREY
Not so fast.

JEREMY
I did my deed. I came. I saw. I'm leaving. I figure you can relate to that.

TREY
You can't leave...

JEREMY
No one's stopping you.

TREY
No, I mean you physically can't.

Trey gestures out the window.

ANGLE ON

A pile of CLUB KIDS and MODELS, dressed in sexy attire, are congealed at the doorway, SHRIEKING and LAUGHING, trying to get in.

JEREMY
Oh.

TREY
Turns out someone leaked the address to the party. Word of mouth travels like wildfire. That'll teach him to remove the pamphlets from the table.

Jeremy watches as several of the new party-goers, led by Sammy, move past. Sammy stops to smile at Trey.

SAMMY
Thanks for the invite, sweetie.

Sammy moves off as the others hop into the pool and start to *really* enjoy themselves.

JEREMY
You did this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREY
Yeah. I did.

JEREMY
You could get fired.

TREY
Probably will.

JEREMY
Good thing you're quitting your job.

TREY
Good thing I'm getting out of town, at
this rate.

JEREMY
I suppose I'll find out where you decided
to live when I get a postcard from your
new address.

TREY
Don't be like this.

Voices O.C. start coming from behind them.

RICHARD (O.C.)
What's going on here?

Trey turns to Jeremy, who's shaking his head. The noise
level continues to grow.

JEREMY
My best friend decides to leave town, but
neglects to tell me he's even been
thinking about it. How should I be?

TREY
It has nothing to do with you.

JEREMY
That makes me feel better.

TREY
(can't hear)
What?

JEREMY
Why? What do you want? What do you need
in the world that isn't right here?

RICHARD (O.C.)
Trey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEREMY
 (yelling)
 I'm sorry we're not enough.

Trey looks at Jeremy, then sees a POLICE OFFICER standing next to Richard, who beckons with an angry finger. Beyond them, Amely comes out, sees him.

AMELY
 Yo, Trey!

JEREMY
 Go.

Jeremy opens the door to the outside, as a sea of Club kids and Models starts to make its way in.

TREY
 Wait--

Trey makes his choice and tries to head toward Jeremy... until Amely catches him.

AMELY
 I told them they're not supposed to be in there.

INT. PAINTING ROOM

Natasha and John are yelling at each other. Kyle watches, somewhere between amusement and fatalism. He takes a swig of the drink.

NATASHA
 My brother's guitar? You sold my brother's guitar?

JOHN
 If you had been home... As it is, it's only until the stock options come up, then we can get it back.

NATASHA
 Stock options. Stock options! By the time they mature we will be on the street and my brother's guitar will be sold to some old man who has no idea... no idea whose hands it belongs in!

JOHN
 He's not going to miss it. He's dead.

With that, Natasha bunches her hand into a fist, pulls back, and lets sail a punch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John is ready, ducks out of the way, but Kyle isn't. Kyle gets it full in the face as he falls back into the painting, causing it to rip and fall to the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Good job.

NATASHA

Oh my God! I'm so sorry.

The Police Officer comes in with Richard, Trey, and Amely.

POLICE OFFICER

Stop. Right now.

John, standing, smiles as Natasha, kneeling over Kyle, freezes. Amely hands the cell phone to Natasha.

AMELY

I think this is yours.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT FOUR

INT. PAINTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Natasha is trying to touch where she hit Kyle, but he recoils. Richard, Amely, and John look on as the Police Officer confers with Trey.

KYLE

Whoa, there.

NATASHA

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to --

KYLE

Don't worry. It's refreshing not to be the cause of a fight.

NATASHA

Does it hurt?

KYLE

I think this painting got the worst of it.

RICHARD

My Giovanni Anselmo.

He turns to John.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You ruined my Giovanni Anselmo.

JOHN

Me? No, it was her.

The Police Officer comes up to take John into custody. Natasha is amused.

POLICE OFFICER

(to Kyle)

Would you like to press charges?

KYLE

Uh --

RICHARD

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER

(to John)

Come with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

It was her...

Realizing he's actually going to be taken away, Natasha gets serious.

NATASHA

Wait...

As they all head off...

INT. FOYER

There are tons of party boys charging through. Richard exits into foyer and walks up to Trey. Amely is there, offering hors d'oeuvres to the party boys. She listens in on their conversation, ambivalent.

RICHARD

What is this, a circuit party? There are guys making out in the pool.

TREY

(surprised, pleased)
No kidding?

RICHARD

What kind of show are you running?

TREY

There was no way to know they would come in here.

RICHARD

How did they know this was even going on?

TREY

You wanted something more "upbeat."

RICHARD

Excuse me? This is a benefit for human rights watch. You invited kids who are having sex in the pool, needlessly pissing off the people you're supposedly working for without even consulting me. What were you thinking?

MATT

You heard me. Exactly. This is for the human rights group. No one is going to learn about human rights if there are no pamphlets, no announcements, no nothing. You wanted things a little more upbeat, you got it. Don't blame it on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD

How dare you get self-righteous on me.
 These kids came in and ruined my Giovanni
 Anselmo. I'm holding you personally and,
 need I add, financially responsible.

Amely has heard enough and comes over with her tray.

AMELY

Actually, that's an Alighiero Boetti
 painting in there. Canape?

TREY

Stay out of it.

AMELY

You stay out of it.
 (to Richard)
 Whoever told you that was an Anselmo
 ripped you off. My suggestion is that
 you let the insurance cover it and hope
 no one is the wiser.

RICHARD

Who is this girl?

AMELY

Oh, I'm sorry.
 (extends her hand)
 I'm Amely, most recently of the Yale art
 program and featured in a little magazine
 called Art in America. Perhaps you've
 heard of it? If you want to get your
 hands on some real art, I can set you up.
 But don't go crying over that painting,
 because you've obviously spent too much
 on it already.

RICHARD

Huh.

(to Trey)

At least you did one thing right. Get
 these people out of here before I have
 them arrested. And don't ever do this
 again.

TREY

No problem. I quit.

Trey strides off, leaving Richard alone, stunned, as Amely
 also walks off, smirking in amusement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON

A cocky, thrilled Trey as he walks through the crowd. His phone rings, almost dampening his good mood. He pulls it out, looks at it. He sees Kyle as he moves out with the Police Officer, John and Natasha. Trey smiles.

TREY (CONT'D)
Hey Kyle. Heads up.

Kyle turns just as Trey tosses him his cell phone.

KYLE
What's this for?

TREY
I figure you'll put it to better use than I ever did. I won't be needing it anymore.

Amely passes by, Trey catches her attention.

TREY (CONT'D)
(pointing at Amely)
You. Come with me.

Amely follows, looking pissed.

TREY (CONT'D)
About what you did --

AMELY
Oh, now he's pissed. Excuse me. I just saved your ass in there--

TREY
I'm not pissed.

AMELY
Then what's your problem?

TREY
I don't know why you did it, but --

AMELY
Save your breath. I'm not looking for thanks or a friend.

TREY
That's too bad. Because you got both.

Trey smiles and moves off, leaving Amely touched and, surprisingly, unsettled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELSEWHERE

Kyle, Natasha, and John are heading toward the door with the Police Officer. Richard pulls the Police Officer aside.

RICHARD
Officer. A word.

JOHN
Do something.

NATASHA
Give me a good reason.

Kyle runs into Jeremy, who is taken aback by his friend's somewhat dishevelled appearance.

JEREMY
Kyle? Please tell me that you're not being escorted away by the police again.

KYLE
That's me, the center of every good time. And no, I don't need a lawyer. At least, I'm pretty sure. What's going on with all this?

JEREMY
Trey at work. Except he's still quitting.

Jeremy watches Trey, who is trying to wrangle the partyers.

KYLE
Nice. It's about time.

JEREMY
I thought you liked Trey being all connected.

KYLE
Of course I do. But I guess I don't like being the only one of us having any fun.

JEREMY
(re: his bruise)
This is fun?

KYLE
Okay, maybe I exaggerate. But at least I'm living. Join us. You might like it.

Jeremy, looking at Trey, lets that sink in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

POLICE OFFICER

Let's go.

Kyle gulps, follows the Police Officer with Natasha and John in tow.

ELSEWHERE

Trey stands up, has finally gotten some people's attention.

TREY

Excuse me. Thank you. I'm Trey. This is my party. While some of you may have come for the open bar, the real reason behind this event is no cause to cheer. The original organizers of this event wanted to bring attention to the plight of people throughout the world who suffer for lack of basic human rights. Somewhere along the line, that idea got lost in the Hollywood scene. I guess that's my fault, because I got lost, too.
(looking to Jeremy)

But someone helped me find my way, so I'm hoping to return the favor. As you might have noticed, it's a bit crowded in here. Why don't we all head to the front and continue this conversation outside -- away from the pool? I'll make sure the hors d'oeuvres follow.

As everyone starts the grand exodus, Trey steps down and runs into Luke.

LUKE

You make quite an emcee.

TREY

I'm afraid it's my last gig. I'm leaving town.

LUKE

That's too bad. It's actually not that bad a place.

TREY

You the resident cheerleader?

LUKE

I'm not on the squad, but I am a councilman for the city of West Hollywood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TREY

You must be proud today.

LUKE

Well... the city depends on the kind of people in it. Good and bad. So no Treyer what I do, someone's always unhappy. Someone always gets the short end of the stick. Then they get angry.

TREY

Sounds familiar. Why do it all?

LUKE

Insanity. Love. It's a rare oasis that we have here, right in the middle of LA. We're a community that encompasses everything you could ever want or imagine, the world in microcosm. It's...

TREY

More than enough.

LUKE

Yes. And with more people like you here, who knows what we could do? But since you're leaving...

Trey looks around at the club kids mixing with the Hollywood scenesters, at Luke, and finally his eyes rest on Jeremy, who is watching him.

TREY

I don't think so. Where would I go that has all this?

LUKE

Great.

(handing him a card)

This is me. Give me a call at City Hall. I may have to put you to work.

TREY

You're on.

EXT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Kyle and Natasha come out... both lingering near each other.

KYLE

What a beautiful evening, huh?

NATASHA

Thanks for not pressing charges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

That is usually how my evenings end.
It's a nice change of pace.

NATASHA

I hope you're kidding.

KYLE

Yeah. Mostly. There tend to be tears
and recriminations, but I don't think
that's against the law. At least I hope
not.

NATASHA

God I hope not.

KYLE

I don't know why I'm telling you this...

NATASHA

You've already seen all my dirty laundry.
I suspect you're trying to make me feel
better. Again.

KYLE

Is it working?

NATASHA

You're different. I don't know why you
would talk to me after what happened. So
I should give you my number... just in
case you change your mind and decide to
sue me.

KYLE

Why would I? I know you've lost out in
the stock market.

NATASHA

I think I've been out of it for a long
time.

KYLE

I should get out of the market one of
these days, too.

Natasha hands him her card.

NATASHA

Does your mouth still hurt?

KYLE

No, it was more on the cheek, and it's
fine. Builds character.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATASHA

Good.

Natasha grabs him and kisses him fully on the lips. Kyle, thrown, reacts instinctively, kisses her back. She pulls away, a smile playing on her lips.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Good night.

She walks off, leaving Kyle completely surprised. He wipes the corner of his lip and gazes in shock at the lipstick on his hand.

INT. FOYER - EVENING

Trey walks away and right into a fidgety Jeremy.

JEREMY

I need to talk to you.

TREY

Me too. You first.

Trey waits expectantly. Jeremy stands stock still.

TREY (CONT'D)

This would be the part where you start talking.

JEREMY

Okay. I am completely... No. This is why I'm not a trial lawyer. Okay. When you said you were leaving, I freaked out. A little. A lot. I thought if I could just say the right thing, you wouldn't leave. I realized I can't imagine you not being a part of my life. And the reason I can't is because --

TREY

Hey, don't worry. I'm not leaving.

JEREMY

Really? What made you change your mind?

TREY

I found what I was looking for.

Trey looks over at Luke, Jeremy following his gaze.

JEREMY

Him? What about Ryan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TREY

He's not it.

(beat)

So I'm going to be doing community service. How's that for a laugh?

But Jeremy is not laughing.

TREY (CONT'D)

So, who did you meet? Even though I absolutely was not trying to set you up.

JEREMY

No one.

TREY

All my fixing for nothing. Oh well, I'm proud of you. You came here. You gave it a shot.

He sure did. Jeremy closes his eyes, as Trey gives him a hug.

EXT. GARDNER APARTMENTS - EVENING

Lara sits despondently on the steps in front of the porch. She perks up with the sound of a car, but then, as it drives away, she appears even sadder.

Pavel comes out onto the porch and sits next to her.

PAVEL

Dinner was great. You cook as well as your mother.

LARA

Natasha doesn't like me any more, does she?

PAVEL

It's not that. She has many things on her mind -- life, stock options.

LARA

Stock options?

PAVEL

They better be in Microsoft.

LARA

Is she so busy? She never comes around.

PAVEL

She thinks you're a good friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARA

Does she?

PAVEL

We both do. You're kind, smart, and of course a great cook. Someday you will make someone a beautiful wife.

Lara leans against him and he absentmindedly begins to play with her hair. Not so absent to Lara, who is cherishing the moment.

LARA

You just have a big belly.

PAVEL

All the better to eat you with!

Amely walks past. Pavel instantly focuses his attention on her, leaving Lara to hide in the shadows.

PAVEL (CONT'D)

Hey... hey, what is your name?

AMELY

I'm going to bed.

PAVEL

Do you ever answer a straight question?

AMELY

Do you mean do I ever give a straight answer?

PAVEL

This is Lara.

AMELY

Does she speak?

LARA

Yes.

AMELY

Wow.

PAVEL

She's a little shy, but she is a good person when you get to know her. She's like a little sister to me.

Lara flinches at being characterized as a "sister." Amely notices and looks right at Lara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMELY

You're one big happy family.

PAVEL

(thinking of Natasha)

Almost.

NATASHA (O.C.)

Hello boys and girls.

They all turn to see Natasha at the head of the walk, guitar over one shoulder, an open bottle of wine in one hand, and another hand wrapped in gauze. She's had some of that wine, and is now in that happy place of inebriation.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Hey, Lara. Sorry about dinner. I had to go to the police station.

PAVEL

Police station? What happened?

(re: her hand)

Did John do this?

Pavel stands up, looks like he's going to kick some ass.

NATASHA

No, no. Everything's fine. Look. Look what I brought back.

PAVEL

Yev's guitar. You still have it.

NATASHA

Almost lost it.

(beat)

He sold it. The guitar. For rent, he said. We got into a fight. More like, I yelled and I slammed my fist into...

(locking eyes with Amely)

into a wall. Then the police came. But they arrested him, because they thought he had done it all.

Amely busts out laughing.

PAVEL

Now she smiles. You think that's funny?

AMELY

If that wasn't funny, nothing is.

Natasha looks at Amely and starts snickering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NATASHA

You should have seen John's face. They didn't believe me at first when I told them it was me, that I was the crazy one.

AMELY

That's beautiful.

NATASHA

What's your name?

AMELY

Amely.

Pavel looks at Amely incredulously.

NATASHA

Amely, have some wine.

(to Pavel)

So I said something to you that wasn't true...

PAVEL

So did I...

NATASHA

That is true.

(beat)

I'm not going back. There's nothing I need at home, so...

PAVEL

You are home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMELY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amely sits in bed, listening to the same voices laughing and talking in what we now know to be Russian. A few chords are struck on a guitar, and suddenly we can make out what is being said in English.

NATASHA (O.C.)

You never did have any talent.

PAVEL (O.C.)

What are you talking about? I'm doing great.

The sound of the guitar plays again, poorly at first, then louder and with more confidence as we...

CUT TO:

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Trey lies in bed, looks over at his messages which number somewhere close to 10,000. He yanks the chord out of his answering machine and throws the thing into a trashcan with a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeremy rolls over in his empty bed. He picks up a photograph of him and Trey, smiling and laughing together. He puts it away in a drawer. He closes his eyes.

And opens them. He quickly takes the picture out of the drawer, puts it right back on his bedside table. He's not going down without a fight.

FADE OUT

INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle settles into bed alone. He stares at the ceiling, then looks over at the business card. He hesitates, then picks up the phone, dials.

KYLE
Hi, this is Kyle. You know, your latest
assault victim?

FADE TO BLACK