

FIGHT MUSIC

by

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Nest of love...

You are what you crave... you are what you need... i make myself for her... if it's not for her, then what am I wokrking for... i don't need to edit a film if i can't have her...

him taking shot interspersed with others... three shots each having to deflect same question... she's there for one... then the third... fight... makes a speech... then a fight...

no, no. you're right, you're right. you're talking to a repentant judas here.

she makes me want to throw a brick through a stained-glass window.

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EXT - BASEBALL FIELD- SATURDAY AFTERNOON

A overly competitive booze-league softball game.

At the plate, TED, a Marine with a cast on his left arm, pulls a hard line-drive over the head of the third baseman.

He takes off... rounds first... sprints to second. A good throw from the left fielder. Ted slides, and JIMMY, the fat umpire in full regalia, looks for the tag.

JIMMY

You're outta there!

DALE, a wired yuppie, tall-boy in hand, runs out from the dugout towards the umpire.

DALE

Jimmy, you can't keep fucking me like this. You just can't!

JIMMY

The baseball won, Dale.

DALE

He slid under the tag! Ted, help me out. Great slide b.t.w.

Ted takes Dale's beer. Drinks.

TED

It was close.

Ted walks back to the dugout with Dale's beer.

JIMMY

See? He knows he was out.

DALE

No. Ted? Come on, Ted.

Ted just keeps walking.

DALE (CONT'D)

Jimmy, Ted just got back from Iraq. He doesn't know what's at stake here.

SECOND BASEMAN

Yeah, but I tagged him, dude.

DALE

Shake my hand and say that. Put your hand on your heart and say that!

UMPIRE

Why should I? I'm the umpire.

DALE

You're not an umpire, Jimmy. You  
fix motherboards!

JIMMY

You're a shit show, you know that?

As the debate continues, feature MAX, a long-haired artist-type, out of place with a baseball hat on, heading in from Left Field. He drinks a tall-boy, and carries a crushed empty in his glove. Meets JOE, a big Italian who'd been catching.

JOE

(to Dale)

COME ON, ENOUGH ALREADY!

Max and Joe walk back to the dugout.

MAX

So Herm got a job cutting episodes of  
this internet t.v. show.

JOE

I know that.

MAX

It's like his big break of whatever.  
Problem is, he's gotta go to New  
York for six months.

JOE

I know all this shit.

MAX

Would you just? So he asks her to come  
with him, and she says, "I can't move to  
New York with my boyfriend on two weeks  
notice." Thing is, Daddy in Mexico City  
who pays the rent doesn't know Herm's  
been living at her place in Hollywood  
all year.

JOE

She's Mexican?

MAX

Half. Her Dad pretty much owns all  
the phones in Mexico. Herm never paid  
a dime of rent, whole time he lived  
there. But don't tell anyone  
that, he's ashamed of it.

As they enter the dugout, Chet (19), Max's awkward little  
brother who'd been playing right field, interrupts.

CHET

Max, can I borrow a pair of jeans  
for tonight?

MAX

Why?

Chet points to the grass-stains on his jeans. Max ignores  
this, and pulls Joe aside, like he's telling him a secret.

MAX (cont'd)

But Herm says, "Fine, I love you,  
let's do the long-distance thing,  
what's six months, blah blah blah..."  
And She says, "No. It's over."

JOE

It's over?

MAX

Like that. She reached up his ass and  
pulled his heart out.

JOE

What a bitch.

MAX

Yeah, right? I mean, this is coming  
from the guy's former teammate but  
fucked up, right?

JACK (25), a handsome young adman wearing a batting helmet  
stops on his way to the batter's box.

JACK

What's fucked up?

JOE

He's telling me why I should be happy  
I'm not invited to Herm's going away  
party.

JACK

I wasn't invited either, dude.

JOE

Why the fuck didn't he invite us?

JACK

Oh, you know what, I'm actually invited.

Jack trots out to the batter's box.

JOE  
Fuck, Jack! Fuck you. But I don't get it.  
She -

MAX  
come on.

Max stands up, drags Joe out of the dugout.

JOE  
You're not on deck.

MAX  
What?

Max is peeing on the fence.

JOE  
I don't get it. They broke up, and she's  
throwing him a party?

MAX  
(turns his gaze to Joe as he pees)  
See that's the thing. Nobody knows,  
well now you know, but nobody can know  
they broke up. They're going to just act  
like they're still dating at the party,  
then fade out, and a month later you'll  
be on facebook and it'll say "SARA and Herm  
are no longer listed as "in a relationship.  
JOE

But why? Why the lies?

MAX  
They're both very proud people. Do you  
want people to think you're a coldhearted  
slut? Do you want to be known as the guy  
who got fucked out of the best fucking girl  
he ever had because he got a freaking  
job?

JACK  
Wait, Herm and SARA are breaking up?

Jack's ten yards away, outside the batting box.

MAX  
What? No. What the fuck, who told you that?

JACK  
You did. you've got too much loudmouth  
soup in you. The pitcher can hear you.

Feature the PITCHER on the mound.

PITCHER

Dude, I don't even know these people.

MAX

Holy shit, that's escalating.

AT SECOND BASE

DALE

The only reason you're the umpire  
is cause you're too fucking fat  
to run the bases!

UMPIRE knocks DALE down with a hard left cross. Dale  
scrambles up, red blood pouring out his nose, and charges  
into Jimmy's fat stomach. Benches clear..

INSERT TITLE : FIGHT MUSIC

INT. - THE APARTMENT - DAY

HERM (24), our bookish, unlikely leading man, passes a net  
back and forth through a five gallon aquarium. Tries to coax  
a beautiful angel fish out of the tank.

We hear Max's voice on the answering machine.

MAX

Hey, Herm, my gay brother needs  
to borrow a pair of pants for  
your party. That's right, Chet's gay  
now. More importantly, we lost, not that  
you care since you quit the team and  
you're Judas. We're still getting beers  
and watching the game, yeah? Call  
me back.

Herm's focused on getting fish out of tank.

HERM

(to the fish)

Please. Please?

He keeps trying. Neatly snatches the fish out of the tank,  
and puts fish in a travel bowl. Unplugs the tank. Silence.

Takes the bowl, walks to the door of the big one bedroom.

EXT. STREET - DAY

HERM walks down the front steps of the walk-up apartment  
carefully, quickly, with the fish bowl covered by a baseball  
jersey.

And at the bottom of the steps is SARA (24), tall, and alarmingly, uniquely beautiful. She's just finished a long run. Herm stops.

SARA  
Where are you going?

Herm uncovers the fish. SARA climbs the stairs. SARA taps the glass, which annoys Herm.

HERM  
The Craig's List guy is coming for the fish tank, so if he's here early...

SARA  
Why don't you wait 'til he gets here, then go?

HERM  
I can't keep her in here for long, or she'll die.

SARA  
It's a fish-bowl, Herm. That's a fish. Do you know what people get on Craig's List?

HERM  
Please don't tap the glass.

SARA  
(overlapping)  
Sex. Weird, anonymous, freaky sex.

HERM  
The guy's email is UCLA med school. Can you do me this one favor?

SARA  
Sure. But then no dinner, no party, no ride to the airport, since all you want is one favor. What if Craig's List Guy starts talking about "missed connections?"

HERM  
I don't know. Just make sure he has enough money left for the fish tank.

SARA  
Go to hell.

HERM

I can't. I have to go to the pet store.

Herm takes a first step down the stairs. SARA sticks her foot out, only pretends to trip him, but Herm overreacts, really loses his balance, a little water flies out of the bowl, and he falls a step before SARA catches him.

HERM  
(really terrified)  
You could have broken my neck!

SARA, amused, stifles a grin. Not a wink of regret on her face.

Herm glares into SARA's eyes with real rage, then impulsively, passionately kisses her. She kisses back, then pulls away.

HERM  
Sorry.

SARA  
Don't tell them you're moving out  
at the pet store. They'll know  
you're desperate.

Herm walks down the stairs. SARA watches him go. Noise of a VESPA coming down the street the other way. On it is WOLFGANG, her ex-boyfriend, a rich bitch creative type from Austria. He sees her, recognizes her, and parks too quickly.

He takes his helmet off, and SARA greets him happily, a kiss on the cheek.

SARA  
Wolfgang!

And down the street, we see that HERM is watching this reunion.

HERM  
Fucking Wolf.

Herm watches, lights a cigarette, then walks away.

INT. PET STORE

PHIL, the manager, is a middle aged man from Vietnam.

HERM  
But that's what you sell the juveniles  
for. Look, I don't expect retail, but I  
still feel like you're taking me for a  
ride, here.



PHIL  
A ride? Where?

HERM  
It's something people say when...

PHIL  
Then ride home. Don't sell,  
ride back to your tank.

HERM  
I'm not selling, Phil. I'm inquiring...

PHIL  
And I price you ninety. Your call.

HERM  
Ninety? Before you said seventy.  
Oh, I see, okay, okay, I know how to  
dance, I see we're making some headway,  
here...

BILLY  
(to Phil)  
Did the fire-belly newts have babies?  
Billy is twelve and freckly. Phil walks to Billy.

HERM  
Phil, wait. I... 120 and I'll let her go.  
Phil waves refusal, keeps walking.

HERM  
All right, 110. 110.  
Phil turns back to Herm. Looks at the fishbowl.

PHIL  
How long that fish out of tank?

Herm holds the bowl to his eyes. The fish is upside down. He  
lowers the bowl to his feet, puts hands on his knees. Phil  
pats him on the back.

PHIL  
Not hardy, that fish. Very delicate.

Before Herm can grieve, Phil gets a net and a bucket, scoops  
out the dead fish.

INT. APT HALLWAY - DAY

HERM walks up the stairs, as bummed as Charlie Brown.

The door to his apartment is opened. And there is SARA taking a PHOTO of CRAIG'S LIST GUY and WOLFGANG. C.L.G is a foot shorter than Wolf. C.L.G. carries the fish tank in both arms.

CRAIG'S LIST GUY  
I wish someone would call me.  
SARA, will you call me? So I  
can show him?

Herm walks in. SARA takes number from C.L.G. Wolfgang,  
drinking a beer, sees him.

WOLFGANG  
Friend of SARA?

HERM  
I live here. I live here with SARA.

The phone rings with the ring-tone, which is Wolfgang's hit  
song.

C.L.G.  
See? See?

HERM  
Is that Arcade Fire?

CRAIG'S LIST GUY  
No. It's the Shapes! it's Wolf.

SARA  
Awesome, Craig's List Guy. Our ride's  
here.

CRAIG'S LIST GUY  
Well... Wolf, the pleasure...

Wolf puts his hand round C.L.G.'s ears, and kisses him on the  
forehead. C.L.G. just giggles, scampers out.

SARA  
Why did you get that famous?

Wolf shrugs his shoulders.

SARA  
You two have met.

Both pretend not to have met each other.

SARA (cont'd)  
Wolf saw me, and I needed a bodyguard

in case Craig's List Guy was a freak,  
Which he was, but not for me.

HERM  
Did he pay you?

WOLFGANG  
Oh, your money..

Wolf counts out, hands him three hundred dollar bills.

HERM  
He paid you three hundred?

WOLFGANG  
Whoops. Gave you one too many.

Wolf takes back one of the bills, stuffs it in his pocket  
like it's pocket change.

WOLFGANG  
Are you the one moving to New York?

HERM  
You told him I was moving to New York?  
Yeah, Wolf, all my bags are packed. I'll  
be out of here by tomorrow afternoon, if  
you stop by again.

SARA  
He asked what we were doing tonight, and  
I told him about your going away party.

HERM  
Tell me you invited him. Wolf, will you  
see me off tonight?

WOLFGANG  
No. I have a show. Nice to meet you.

HERM  
Wolf, we met at three of your shows.  
Look, I know you're in a big Arcade Fire  
cover band, now, but if you're stalking  
my girlfriend, you should know my name is  
Herm. Nice to finally meet you.

Wolfgang gulps the rest of the beer, says something  
affectionate to SARA in German, kisses her on the cheek, and  
walks out.

SARA smiles at Herm, shakes her head.

HERM

Freak out if you want, but he was drinking my beer and you're in your workout clothes and would you have even let him up here if he wasn't a lead singer?

SARA  
You stood up for yourself!

HERM  
I stand up for myself all the time.

SARA  
Bullshit.

HERM  
I just never did with you otherwise you wouldn't have sex with me. Women either want a guy who's always saying "I'm sorry" or a guy who make the girl feel sorry. Believe me, I have lines and comebacks stored up that would have won every argument we ever had.

SARA's walks to the guest bathroom, checks herself out in the mirror.

HERM (cont'd)  
(under his breath)  
Like you're a shamelessly self-involved narcissist who doesn't listen to people.  
(then, so she can hear)  
By the way, thanks for not correcting me when I said "girlfriend." That would have been emasculating.

SARA  
Well. that was the plan. Don't want to make this hard.

SARA comes out of the guest bathroom.

SARA  
So you sold the fish?

HERM  
Yeah. It was hard. I negotiated with him, like I've never negotiated with someone for anything, ever. I think I wouldn't agree on a price because I didn't want to give it up, you know?

SARA walks into the bedroom.

HERM (cont'd)

But finally, you know, I sold it, for way more than I thought.

Herm walks into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A woman's bedroom. Herm's presence over the last year has left hardly a mark.

HERM

Hey, before I'm all packed, there's some logistics to... Oh. Nevermind.

SARA

What is it?

HERM

Nothing, you're naked. I can't talk logistics when you're naked.

SARA walks out, comfortably naked. Herm never grew accustomed to her beauty.

SARA

Why not?

HERM

When you're naked, the rational part of my brain starts dancing.

SARA

Well I have to take a shower.

HERM

I told Max I'd watch baseball, so it's just one thing, could you put a towel on and put off the shower for a few?

SARA wraps a towel round, comes out.

On the floor is a framed WILCO poster, autographed by the band, which Herm picks up.

HERM

Now, if I remember, I bought this poster, but it wasn't my bosom that brushed the chest of the bouncer that got us backstage, and the one from Jeff Tweedy has "to SARA, with heart" on it. But, I've never really heard you put Wilco

on, like to play,-

SARA  
You think you deserve the poster.

HERM  
No. Not necessarily.

SARA  
You've taken it down from the wall.  
And there's a packing tube by the  
computer.

Herm has no response for this.

SARA  
I don't want the poster. I want  
the frame. I told you I'm not  
going to make this hard.

HERM  
You keep saying that. Do you want  
a little sticker for not making  
this hard?

SARA  
Moving on...

HERM  
I think it's patronizing when you  
say that. Like I'm this hysterical  
freak who's going to cut himself  
if someone makes a conflict.  
If you want to not make this hard,  
stop saying that, just be in the  
moment, don't reflect on the moment.

SARA's phone vibrates on the desk. She looks at it.

SARA  
It's Max.

HERM  
He has your number?  
(Herm answers.)  
Yes?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE PARLOR - DAY

Max drinking beer in a sports bar.

MAX

Oh. Hey. Good. The game's starting.  
Are you coming?

HERM  
Oh, man. You know, I've still got so  
much to handle over here, still. I'll  
come later, okay.

MAX  
You know, don't worry about it.

HERM  
Well, I mean, I'm going to try..

MAX  
No, your invite just got lost in the  
go fuck yourself.

END CONVERSATION

Herm puts phone down.

HERM  
I just think we wouldn't have fought  
so much if we were specific about  
what's actually pissing us off,  
specifically, at that specific moment,  
rather than fighting about fighting -

SARA  
Stop saying specific...

HERM  
See, we're always interrupting,  
and we never get at the situation...

SARA  
That was the situation. I was being  
specific. It bothered me that you kept  
saying specific.

HERM  
Oh... well I think you're bastardizing  
what I meant by that...

SARA  
What does that mean, bastardizing?

HERM  
Do you mean, literally?

SARA  
No. Specifically.

HERM  
Please don't be smarter than me. Not today.

Herm walks away. Then turns back.

HERM (cont'd)  
You know, maybe I should go to the game. I feel obligated.

SARA  
If you're done packing, why not. It's 12:30. I've got an audition at three, I'll go get groceries after. So that's what I'm doing.

HERM  
Okay. Cause I can stay, and like, clean up a bit and stuff. I'm happy to clean.

SARA  
No, you should go.

Herm takes off his t-shirt, puts on an L.A. DODGERS t-shirt, then grabs a Dodger hat.

SARA  
Herm? I have some logistics, too. Before you go.

HERM  
Okay.

SARA  
Okay.

SARA walks over to her dresser. She doesn't need to open the drawer before Herm breaks.

HERM  
Oh my god. You've been setting me up. You said you didn't want to make this hard and you make it as fucking hard as possible.

SARA turns, hurt.

SARA  
Don't swear at me.

HERM  
You're a liar.

SARA



I'm not a liar.

HERM

You're not a liar then what are you doing? What were you getting from that dresser?

SARA

I didn't promise. I think I told you, I warned you this would come up again, and it would be harder...

Herm walks out of the room. SARA fiddles with some things on her desk. Walks out of the room, we follow her...

Herm is outside, smoking.

SARA

Why are you still smoking? It's going to kill you!

HERM

I smoke to get the fuck away from you!

SARA runs out to the balcony.

SARA

Then give me a cigarette! I want a cigarette, then!

She sees Herm is crying. She can't look at him crying, so she goes to the other side of the balcony, looks out.

HERM

Send it to me. In a month. If you still feel this way. Send it me, registered mail, and I'll get it. Send it to me at work. Just don't make me get on the plane tomorrow with that ring in my pocket. That would just suck.

SARA

Okay.

HERM

And I don't want you to still have it because I'm pathetic, and holding out hope still or something. That's not why.

SARA comes to him, kisses him. He's puzzled. But he kisses her back, holds her tightly.

SARA

This isn't me changing my mind though,

okay?

HERM

Okay.

They kiss even more passionately, head inside together, naturally.

SARA

Are you sure this is okay?

HERM

Okay.

SARA

Okay.

She takes his hat, shirt off.

HERM

I know what you mean. I think it's okay.

SARA

Okay.

FLASHBACK - EIGHT MONTHS AGO

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SARA opens the door, Herm follows.

HERM

Man. This is nice.

SARA

Thanks. The bathroom's over there.

HERM

Oh, you know, I'm good.

SARA

O-kay.

HERM

But God, what am I here for, then?  
When I asked to come up, I did have  
to go. I swear.

SARA smiles, says nothing. Herm's intimidated.

HERM (cont'd)

I'm not wasted or anything, just tired.  
I worked 70 hours this week. I told you  
I was an editor, huh. Right now, I'm

really an assistant editor, as far as what I get paid to do. Sorry.

SARA

Oh, that's all right. I mean, I didn't tell you I was a bartender, right?

HERM

Yeah. You're a dancer. Which is rad. I don't dance good. But you saw that. But this director I know from college, I cut this trailer he did, and it looks like the film will get financing, and if it does, I'll cut it. I'll cut my first feature.

SARA

Wow, that's great. I remember, you know, my Mom was a production coordinator, and I remember the editors were always these old, chain-smoking fat men.

HERM

All right, it's not a feature. It's like this series, going on the web, actually. But it's kind of a big deal. I mean it's union, so... I'm the editor. I would be the editor. Does your mom still work?

SARA

No, she passed away. She was an idiot, most of the time. You know, I have to go to the bathroom, now.

HERM

Damn. I'm sorry. Well... the bathroom's over there.

SARA

I know where the bathroom is.

HERM

I know. I was just... trying to be funny. I'll get going, then.

SARA

I wasn't, like, telling you to leave.

HERM

Can I stay? Is that your way of telling me I can stay?

SARA

No.

Herm looks to the door. Looks to her. He's flummoxed by this woman.

SARA (cont'd)  
Do you want something to drink?

HERM  
Yeah. Sure. Thanks. Is there a beer?

SARA  
You need more beer?

HERM  
No. You know, no. Water's fine. But  
I'll get it, go to the... what have you.

SARA goes to the kitchen, gets him a bottle of water, then steps to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

SARA sends a text message.

INTERCUT WITH:

SARA's best friend MARLESE (really cute, 23) already in bed. Her phone vibrates. Text message from SARA reads: Yay or nay?

Marlese types back, Yay!

We see she's on Facebook, tagging herself in a really happy photo of Herm and her and a couple others. Herm's arm is around her in the photo.

INT. LIVING ROOM

SARA comes out. Herm is sitting on the couch, reading VANITY FAIR magazine.

SARA  
You like reading women's magazines?

HERM  
Vanity Fair isn't a woman's magazine.

SARA walks to the kitchen, comes back with two beers, takes a long swig of one, and hands it to Herm.

SARA  
I'm pacing you.

HERM

Who are your favorite heroes of fiction?

SARA  
What?

HERM  
(holds up the magazine)  
The Proust Questionnaire. Norman  
Mailer's is Anna Karenina.

SARA  
Oh. um...

HERM  
Don't stall.

SARA  
I'm not stalling.

HERM  
If you think about it, you'll lie.

SARA  
Cleopatra.

HERM  
Who did you think of first?

SARA  
Hermione from Harry Potter.

Herm laughs.

SARA (cont'd)  
Go to hell. Your turn.

She grabs the magazine, sits closer to him.

SARA (cont'd)  
(reads)  
What's the quality you most admire  
in a woman?

HERM  
Um...

SARA  
Three, two, one...

HERM  
Um, wait,...

SARA  
Time's up.

SARA pinches him real hard.

HERM  
Ow! What the hell?

SARA  
You ran out of time.

HERM  
What time limit? And you pinched me!

SARA  
Sorry. But you ran out of time.  
You rushed me, I rush you. Here's  
another one.

HERM  
Are you going to pinch me again?

SARA looks over the questions.

SARA  
Who are... Quality you most like in a  
woman?

HERM  
That's the same question!

SARA  
Three two one!

SARA gives him an Indian burn.

HERM  
Aaaaah Indian burn! Fuck!

SARA  
Quality you most admire in a woman!  
Three two...

HERM  
Big tits and a hot ass! I didn't mean  
that.

SARA's very pleased.

SARA  
Want another chance?

HERM  
No. It's not my turn.

Herm reaches for her ponytail.

SARA  
What are you doing?

HERM  
Sit still, please.

Herm removes the rubber band from her ponytail, and SARA's long, beautiful hair is let down onto her shoulders.

HERM  
Hold out your arm.

SARA  
No.

HERM  
Hold it out. It's fair.

SARA holds out her arm.

SARA  
If you do this hard I'll freaking...

HERM  
Have you considered kissing me?  
Three, two, one!

SARA  
That's not one of the...

He slingshots the rubber-band into her arm (not too hard).

SARA  
Ow!

Mouth agape, she slaps him in the face playfully.

HERM  
It's not your turn!

SARA  
You asked an inappropriate question!

HERM  
This is an S and M Proust Questionnaire!  
There's no inappropriate questions!

SARA  
You asked a freaking lame question  
then. My turn.

HERM

I get another one.

SARA  
Why?

HERM  
Because you struck me. In the face.

SARA  
I don't think that... you're not into  
S and M right? You're not a freak  
right?

HERM  
No. Are you?

SARA  
What? You get one more question.

HERM  
Okay.

Herm looks over the questions. Puts the magazine down.

HERM (cont'd)  
Could I kiss you?  
(counts down slowly now)  
Three, two, one.

No answer from SARA.

HERM  
Okay. That's fine. Um...

SARA  
You ran out of time.

Herm kisses her quickly. She kisses him back, and soon they  
tie up into a passionate kiss.

They stand up, make steps to the bedroom, but SARA stops,  
takes a step out of his embrace.

SARA  
All right... I just got out of a really  
fucked up relationship... so this...  
this can't get serious, okay?

HERM  
You don't need serious. Got it.  
Me neither.

SARA  
All right.



HERM

So...

Awkward pause, which Herm breaks when he pantomimes a basketball player: he squares up under the basket, boxes out, jumps up, and grabs a basketball off the backboard.

SARA

What the hell was that?

HERM

Rebound. I'm a rebound. I'm fine being a rebound. If you want.

SARA

I never want to see you do that again.

HERM

Okay.

They embrace again. Herm kisses her. She kisses back. They head into the bedroom.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

INT. APT. - AFTERNOON

HERM is at the laptop, naked. a little computer desk nook in the corner. something is printing.

SARA wakes up, makes a stirring noise.

HERM (cont'd)

Oh. Sorry. I'm printing my ticket.

Another page prints. He looks at the printer, sadly.

SARA

I'm going to be late. You said you'd wake me up.

HERM

I never liked waking you up.

Herm looks mournful.

SARA

Don't be dramatic.

SARA gets up, goes to the shower, turns on the water.

HERM

I'm allowed to be a little sad.

SARA gets in the shower. Herm looks longingly in her direction.

SARA  
Stop staring over here.

HERM  
I'm not staring over there.  
(SARA scoffs.)  
Maybe I'll watch the end of the game.

SARA  
That's fine with me.

HERM  
Okay. I'll be back in time to set up.

SARA's singing in the shower. She doesn't answer.

HERM (cont'd)  
(quietly, so she can't hear the following)  
Do you even care that this is ending?  
Do you give a shit about me? Why are  
you so cold sometimes?  
(Herm stands up.)  
I love you.

Herm walks out.

INT. THE PARLOR - DAY

Herm enters a serious sports bar, packed with 80% Dodger fans, 20% San Diego Padre fans. A playoff atmosphere. A cacophony of chatter and movement.

HERM spots MAX and JOE, and the rest of the softball team, whom we recognize, since they're all still in uniform. A Dodger strikes out. Huge cheers from the Padre sections of the bar.

MAX  
Fuck you, Greg Maddux! Fuck you and  
your ageless curveball!

A gloating PADRE FAN walks by with beers.

PADRE FAN  
Bet you wished you resigned Maddux, huh?

JOE  
Go back to the provinces, you San  
Diego fuck! Hey, look who's here!

Herm greets his buddies.

MAX

This is your fault, Herm. The Padres are raping us and it's your fault.

HERM

Yeah, yeah.

JACK, the young adman from the softball team who's in advertising, comes with a beer for him and Joe.

JACK

What, you finish your goodbye sex, already?

HERM

Jack, what the fuck?

JACK

Sorry. Out of line.

JACK hands Herm one of the beers.

JOE

Hey, that was for me.

JACK

He's leaving town, don't be selfish. And it's my tab, anyway.

JOE

Hey, Herm, aren't you gonna' like have a goodbye party or something, or you just gonna' chill tonight?

HERM

Um.. well, I thought this was, this is the goodbye party, right now. I have an early flight tomorrow.

JOE

I know you're having a party tonight, Herm. I know all about it.

Joe, hurt, walks away.

HERM

I feel terrible. Who told him?

MAX

Oh, he doesn't care. We miss you already, man. The winning hit went to your right

field, and it was playable.

HERM

Dude, I was the worst player on the team.

A PADRE FAN walks by with a beer, followed by Joe, who's badgering him.

JOE

Take your little beach community baseball team back down to triple a where it belongs.

PADRE FAN

Scoreboard.

JOE

Yeah, yeah, fuck you.

MAX

Herm, you want a smoke?

PADRE FAN

Four nothing, bottom of the sixth. Scoreboard baby. Suck it!

Padre Fan flees to his clan.

HERM

Hey, Joe, I feel awful dude, you see, SARA's cooking, and I could only ask like two people to come...

JOE

Hey. Don't worry about it.

HERM

But what I'm saying is, I'd love it if you came. Now. Please come to the thing, tonight.

JOE

Can't. Sorry. Have plans.

MAX

Let's go have a smoke.

JOE

What time does it start?

HERM

Eight?

JOE

Yeah I can probably go, actually.

HERM  
Awesome, dude.

Max and Herm head out to the smoking patio. Chet is seen playing at the jukebox in the corner.

We notice the classic rock tune playing in the background is cut off for a moody electronic song.

MAX  
What the fuck, Chet? You cut it off.

CHET  
I didn't mean to. I just bought a song.

HERM  
Hey, Chet. Long time, dude.

Herm pats him on the back.

MAX  
(re: the music)  
We were on a stairway to heaven, now  
we're on an elevator in a mall.

CHET  
Good to see you, Herm.

MAX  
(to Chet)  
Save your quarters for the laundry.

Max and Herm walk outside.

MAX  
(to Herm)  
See what I mean? Everything, the hair,  
the attitude, the music, everything's  
gone gay. I'm not mad, I just feel  
betrayed.

EXT. SMOKING PATIO - DAY

T.V.'s hang on the stuccoed walls. Max and Herm are smoking in between a group of smoking Padre Fans on one side, and a group of Dodgers backers on the other.

DODGERS FAN  
Get back on the 405 and go home!

PADRE FAN  
Are you drinking white wine, old balls?

MAX

(To Herm)

Herm, I'm desperate. It's been eighteen months since the N.F.A. grant, and I haven't executed the piece, I had a year, they're poking me all the time about it, and I've spent the better half of the forty-five grand, and if I don't produce soon...

Max watches a Dodger hit a double on the t.v. Max, Herm, and the Dodger fans explode.

MAX

(to Padres fans)

What up, bitches!

(to Herm)

But I'm finally ready to do the piece.

HERM

That's great.

MAX

And I need to do it in New York.

HERM

That's great! I'll find you a hotel room because you're not living with me.

MAX

Come on!

HERM

No!

MAX

Who said live? I just need some time to prep and execute.

HERM

What, another eighteen months?

MAX

Now you're being mean. If I stay here, I won't get out of bed. These Arts people are from the government, they're pretty much the I.R.S. but with better haircuts, and it's like Mrs. Burke is looking over my shoulder in reading group again. I can't think! I'm never alone.

They watch a Dodger strike out. Padre fans go crazy.