

ASHLEY
So... how'd it go?

Wipes the back of his hands on his pants.

QUINN
Oh like I expected. Snot good.
(snickers)
You owe me a drink.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - TABLE - NIGHT

A sea of neon and modern art.

Quinn slams down another shot of tequila, adds the empty to the pile in front of him.

ASHLEY
Maybe you should slow down.

QUINN
Why? Maybe I could drink myself to death. All my troubles would be gone. Washed away. No more greedy landlords, bills I can't pay, lemons for cars, or abrasive bosses.

ASHLEY
Yeah drinking yourself to death would show Jackson. He'd show up at your funeral with a big smile and the last laugh. You would lose. Do you really want to lose or be a man and accept those things you can't change?

Waitress shows with another tequila. Quinn slams it down.

QUINN
Right now, I just want to take a fork and jab it into Jackson's fat turkey neck and see if he bleeds or just oozes gravy.

ASHLEY
You don't mean that. I know you. You have a good heart... and love cats. Anyone who loves cats certainly couldn't hurt anyone.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - FANTASY

Cats everywhere and on everything. Quinn wears an ascot, pets random cats. He sneezes repeatedly.

Tied up on a bed. Sidney tries to wiggle free.

SIDNEY
Cats. I hate cats.

QUINN
And they love cat nip.

Quinn rubs cat nip on Sidney face. Cat attack, scratching, meowing, and clawing at his face.

Quinn sneezes.

FANTASY ENDS.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - TABLE - NIGHT

Quinn leans back in a chair.

QUINN
How much you give me if I balance
this chair on two legs?

ASHLEY
Stop it. You're gonna get hurt.

Puts the chair on all fours.

ASHLEY
I know you. You love cats and cat
lovers don't hurt people.

QUINN
Yeah, you're right. Maybe I could
just rough him up a little.

ASHLEY
Right now the only person a little
roughed up is you. Let's get you
sobered up.

She stands and helps Quinn up. He wobbles.

They push through droves of people.

QUINN
Where we going?

ASHLEY
Dancing. Need to get you sobered
up.

Take his hand. He gets fresh. Nibbles on her neck.

ASHLEY
What are you doing?

Pulls away.

QUINN
Don't you like me Ashley?

ASHLEY
Sure but only as a good friend.

Tries groping her again. She bats his hand away.

ASHLEY
You're drunk. Knock it off...
Shheesh Quinn sometimes you act like
a little boy instead of a man.

QUINN
Even drunks need a little sugar.
Come on give Quinny a little sugar.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A slow song. Both intertwined. Quinn's head on her shoulder.

ASHLEY
If you had a million bucks what do
you think you'd do with it?

QUINN
Run far far away.

ASHLEY
What?

Head off her shoulder, face to face. Serious.

QUINN
Have a video of two big lips planted
on my hiney with a smooching sound
and mail it to Jackson.

ASHLEY
Oh that's rich. When are you going
grow up. Comments like that are
exactly why you and I will never be
an item. You're a child. You're
unlucky, reckless and and a drunk.

This dance is over.