

CHAMPAGNE AND OTHER PROBLEMS

Written by

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INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

SPENCER SHAW (30) stands in front of the giant windows looking at Central Park. He's wearing gray baggy sweatpants and a black track jacket.

As he continues to look out, he sees a building in the distance topple over. Then another. Like dominoes, buildings everywhere fall.

A muffled sound breaks him from his trance.

Spencer turns around and looks at the attendant and smiles.

ATTENDANT

Can I get you anything else, sir?

SPENCER

Yes, actually. I need the bar loaded up. I'm gonna have some people here. Grey Goose for days. Couple bottles of Moet or Veuve on ice. Mixers obviously. A little of everything.

ATTENDANT

Certainly, sir. Anything else?

SPENCER

Probably.

Spencer walks to the sofa where his duffel bag sits, he opens it and pulls out a stack of wrapped money. He takes a few \$100 bills and walks to the attendant.

Spencer looks at his name tag, it says **Seth**.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Seth. Are you here the whole weekend?

ATTENDANT

Unfortunately, I am only here for the next few hours, sir.

Spencer's phone rings. He looks down at it "SEC NY OFFICE", and ignores it.

SPENCER

Ever feel like the whole world is doused in gasoline?

He looks at the attendant.

ATTENDANT

No, sir.

SPENCER

Okay, well tell your colleagues that I'm priority number one. And if that happens then everyone will have a very *lucrative* weekend.

Spencer waves the stack of money at him, tucks the bill into his breast pocket and smirks.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I took the rest of the day off because we're celebrating, Seth.

ATTENDANT

Celebrating what, sir?

SPENCER

The match.

The attendant looks uncomfortable. Spencer walks back to his duffel and drops the wrapped cash into the bag. It falls on dozens of other stacks.

ATTENDANT

Um. Anything else, sir?

SPENCER

Just the booze for now, thanks. But there will be more. I'm sure of it.

The attendant nods and leaves.

SUPER: September 12th, 2008 3:00pm

BEDROOM - LATER

Spencer is sitting on the bed, watching TV.

The headline reads "Lehman Brothers Will Likely Lose Its Independent Status By This Weekend".

There's a knock on the door, and the attendant leans in.

Spencer mutes the TV.

ATTENDANT

Sir, your beverages are at the bar. Can I get you anything else?

SPENCER
Excellent. No, that's fine. Thanks.

The attendant nods and turns.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Wait, Seth!

The attendant appears again.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
How's the steak here?

ATTENDANT
Exquisite sir.

SPENCER
Great, I think I'll have one.

ATTENDANT
Now, sir?

SPENCER
Yes. No. Um. I'll call down when
I'm ready. Thanks.

The attendant nods again and walks out.

Spencer gets up and walks out to the bar to see the spread of liquor bottles, the champagne, and mixers.

He opens a bottle of Grey Goose, fills half a rocks glass, and drinks the entire thing. He exhales loudly.

Spencer pulls out his iPhone, and dials.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Hi Giorgio, it's Spencer Shaw. Yes, they're great, as usual.

Hey, I'm at the Grand for the weekend, and I'm looking for some new threads, are you free?

Excellent.

Just bring a few off the rack, and if you can do any alterations while you're here, I'd appreciate it.

Full kit.

Great. Thank you. See you then.

Spencer hangs up and pours another glass of vodka. This time he only fills a quarter of the glass and adds ice cubes.

His phone rings and he hesitates when looking at it. "Rachael" is displayed on the front.

Spencer walks to the windows again, and makes another call.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Marcus! Happy weekend my good friend. I need all the drugs.

Big hotel party. I have a penthouse at the Grand and I'm looking to rock and roll all weekend.

My usual order, but all of your supply.

No I'm not fucking with you.

Money won't run out, so make sure my drugs don't either.

All right, later.

Spencer hangs up and tosses his phone on the couch. It lands next to the duffel.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hmm...

His phone rings "SEC NY OFFICE" and he ignores it again.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer adds a stack of cash into the safe on top of the rest. He closes the safe and sets the code to **911**.

Spencer walks back to the bar, and pours another drink.

His phone rings on the couch. He casually goes to it, **Mike-MBA**. He answers immediately, smiling broadly.

SPENCER

Ho-ly shit, bro. What is going on???

MIKE (O.S.)

Hey, Spence. Brian and I are in the city for the night, what are you up to?

SPENCER

No fucking way. I'm at the Grand, throwing down this weekend in the Penthouse. Head over whenever. I got a full bar, extracurriculars...

MIKE (O.S.)

Damn. Alright, man. Brian has a few meetings or whatever, and I think we're doing dinner with some investors. But we'll get there at some point.

SPENCER

Hell yes. Okay, I'm stoked. See you whenever.

Spencer hangs up, and puts his phone in his pocket.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hm mm...

Spencer paces in front of the windows. His phone rings. He looks at it, "POLICE & FIRE PENSION - CT", and then puts it back in his pocket. He takes a deep breath and exhales.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(softly)

Fuckin' ignore it, man.

He pulls out his phone and dials.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hi, yeah, it's Spencer. Who's free this weekend?

Yeah, the whole weekend.

Brunette, I think. Honestly, I don't care. Just hot and clean. Not clean, but fancy? Whatever you know what I mean.

Yup, the whole weekend. Perfect.

Wait, no fucking redheads. My sister's a redhead...

(shudders)

Whenever she wants to come over works for me, I'm at the Grand.

Spencer hangs up.

SUPER: September 12th, 2008 5:00pm

LATER

Spencer is sitting on the couch, when there's a knock at the door. He smiles and swiftly makes his way to the door.

Spencer opens the door. MARCUS (40s) stands there with TWO GUYS (20s) behind him. All three are Asian, wearing motorcycle jackets.

SPENCER

Hell yeah. Let's go.

Marcus walks in past Spencer and his "friends" follow.

MARCUS

Damn Spence. This is fancy, even for you. How much is this room a night?

You know what, I don't even want to know. Let's just get this over with. What do you want?

SPENCER

Do you guys want a drink or something?

Spencer points to the bar. Marcus looks at it.

Spencer's phone rings, "SEC NY OFFICE". He looks at it and sets it down.

MARCUS

You need to answer that?

Spencer shakes his head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Right answer. We got other deliveries, so what's it gonna be?

SPENCER

Aw, Marcus. You'd think with all the business I give you, this would be more than just a transactional relationship.

Marcus smiles broadly.

MARCUS

Aww, yeah. We friends, Spence. I charge double for strangers.

His smile drops.

SPENCER

That's nice.

(pauses)

I want all of it. Whatever's in there. Like I said, I don't want to run out.

Marcus starts to laugh and looks at the other two who laugh as well.

MARCUS

This motherfucker wants all of it. Listen, man, this ain't funny. I got a hundred twenty grand of product on me.

(eyes narrow)

You ain't buying fifty grand of yak. So what's it gonna be?

Spencer leaves the room. Marcus closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He turns to the others.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Be ready, I don't know what this fool thinks he's gonna do.

Spencer comes back and sets down a dozen stacks of cash on the bar. He looks at Marcus who looks down at the cash and then back up at Spencer who's smiling.

SPENCER

One twenty, right?

Marcus looks at him, and then back down at the cash and starts shaking his head.

Marcus nods at the one guy who walks over, picks up the cash and sits down on the couch to count it.

MARCUS

(leans in)

What is this, man?

SPENCER

(leans in)

Just a party.

Marcus goes to the bar. He looks at the bottles of booze, opens one and smells it. He takes a sip.

MARCUS

Just a party in a twenty thousand dollar a night penthouse and a hundred grand in drugs? Man, come on, what the fuck is actually happening?

DRUG DEALER

All here Marcus.

Marcus shakes his head again. He pulls out a bottle of champagne from the ice and then walks back to Spencer.

MARCUS

I'm taking this.

SPENCER

Yeah, of course.

He gives the other guy a look and he sets a backpack on the counter, unzips it.

MARCUS

Lose my number, man. This shit goes sideways, I don't want no one to know you know me. Got it?

SPENCER

Sure.

Spencer looks in the backpack and rummages through.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What's all in here?

MARCUS

Anything you want. And then some.
(stares at Spencer)
Let's go, boys.

Marcus heads to the door, and the other two follow. Before Marcus walks out of the door he looks at Spencer.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Hope this is worth it.

Spencer takes out a baggie of pills and smiles.

SPENCER

It's just a little party.

Spencer pops two pills in his mouth. His phone rings again, "LEHMAN BROS".

Spencer looks at it and then at Marcus.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Ever hear of BNC Mortgage.

MARCUS
I look like someone who ever heard
of a company like that?

SPENCER
Yeah, I guess in this case,
ignorance is bliss. And this party,
is both, ignorance and bliss, so
yeah, it's worth it.

MARCUS
Yeah, whatever. Just don't forget.
No more, Spencer. For real.

LATER

Spencer is staring at the table. On it, grouped together are baggies of different powders and pills. He's smiling widely.

SPENCER
I'll take one of you and one of you
and one of you...

There's a knock at the door. Spencer looks over and then back down at the drugs. His shoulders slump.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Shit.

He quickly slides everything off the table into the backpack, sets it on the bar, and opens the door.

Spencer peers out to see a small Italian man GIORGIO (60s?), and TWO TEENAGE BOYS holding several garment bags.

Spencer opens the door wider.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Giorgio! Come in!

GIORGIO
Mr. Shaw. These are my nephews.

He steps in.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)
How are you?

SPENCER
I'm great, thanks. You?

Giorgio nods and then points to the couch. The boys walk over and start to lay out the suits.

GIORGIO
Come, Mr. Spencer. I've brought a dozen option, more that are close enough fit to your measurements that will only take a few minutes adjustments.

Giorgio leads Spencer to the couch and opens the first garment bag revealing a checkered navy suit.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)
This one, wool. From southern Italy. Very nice.

Giorgio moves on before Spencer can react. Opens the next one, a gray pinstripe.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)
This one, cashmere from Milan.

Giorgio looks at Spencer.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)
You want two piece or three piece?
(shaking his head)
You don't want three piece.

Giorgio hands the next garment bag back to his nephew.

SPENCER
Listen, Giorgio. Let's do one black, one gray, one navy. You pick the best ones.

Giorgio looks at him and then down at the suits.

GIORGIO
Of course.
(to himself)
Cashmere of course. And, well, no.

Giorgio looks at his nephew and snaps to three bags. His nephew picks them up.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)

Come.

Giorgio starts to the bedroom.

BEDROOM - LATER

Spencer is standing on a small stool next to a full-length mirror as Giorgio sits on a chair pinning a cuff.

There's a knock at the door. Spencer looks over at one of the nephews.

SPENCER

Can you see who that is?

Without looking, Giorgio barks at his nephew.

GIORGIO

Lorenzo, go.

The nephew leaves and Spencer smiles.

Spencer's phone rings, laying on the table by the bed.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)

You're a popular guy, Mr. Shaw.
Phone ringing and ringing.

SPENCER

Maybe.

GIORGIO

You need to answer it?

SPENCER

Your nephews. You teaching them the biz?

GIORGIO

The boys? No. Idiots like their father. But they can carry things and listen reasonably well when told what to do.

SPENCER

Hah, oh, right.

The nephew clears his throat and both Spencer and Giorgio look back to see VANESSA (20s?) wearing a tight red dress.

They stare for a moment too long.

VANESSA
Keep staring and I'm gonna have to
charge you extra.

SPENCER
Sorry. I...

Giorgio turns back around and continues on the cuff. Spencer
adjusts himself and clears his throat.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I'll be done soon, there's a full
bar out there. Help yourself.

Vanessa smiles and walks out. Spencer looks down at Giorgio
who looks up at him momentarily and raises his eyebrows
before looking back down.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Spencer walks out wearing a robe.

Giorgio follows him and hands his nephew a stack of cash.

GIORGIO
Mr. Shaw, you are too kind. This is
double the price.

SPENCER
I appreciate you coming up here
short notice. Don't think about it
anymore.

GIORGIO
Okay, well thank you. Next one is
on me. Come boys, let's leave Mr.
Shaw to his evening and his guest.

Spencer starts to the door and Giorgio waves him off.

GIORGIO (CONT'D)
We know how to leave. Go. Your
guest has been waiting.

Spencer smiles and looks over at Vanessa who looks bored. He
walks to the bar and pours himself a vodka as the door
closes a moment later.

SPENCER
Drink?

Vanessa raises her full glass of champagne. Spencer takes the backpack of drugs and opens it.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Do you partake?

VANESSA

Partake? In what?

SPENCER

Well, um, there's pretty much everything in here.

VANESSA

Are you of age, Mr. Shaw?

SPENCER

Of age?

VANESSA

Well it's usually just teenagers and college kids with a backpack full of drugs...

SPENCER

Oh. Yeah. I don't think my dealer was anticipating the order or the... Ambiance. Anyway, are you interested in anything?

VANESSA

No, not usually my thing.

Spencer's phone rings.

SPENCER

Care if I do?

VANESSA

As long as none of them make you angry or violent, I don't care what you do.

SPENCER

No, I'm not that kind of guy.

His phone rings again. He looks at it, "LEHMAN BROS".

VANESSA

Need to answer that?

Spencer looks at two baggies of pills, chooses one and puts the other back in the bag.

SPENCER

No I do not.

He takes out two pills and crushes them with his glass, brushes the powder into the vodka, and swirls it around as he saunters toward Vanessa.

He sits down and takes a sip of his drink.

She sips her champagne.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? I can order room service.

VANESSA

Yeah, maybe.

My fee?

Vanessa looks at him blankly.

SPENCER

Oh, yeah. How much?

VANESSA

Depends on what you want to do...

SPENCER

Oh, just hang out. Make sure I'm okay. Have fun. Do you have any friends?

VANESSA

No sex?

SPENCER

I dunno. Maybe? Depends how much of what I do tonight. Xannies make me lose my libido.

Vanessa doesn't react.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So, how much for hanging out the whole time?

VANESSA

The whole night? Hmmm...

SPENCER

The whole weekend, I told your, um, boss or whatever. Until Monday morning.

Vanessa examines him. He doesn't flinch and she laughs. She finishes her champagne in one long swig. Spencer watches her and smiles.

VANESSA

Okay hot shot. Let's start with tonight, see where the weekend goes.

Three.

A night.

SPENCER

Grand?

Vanessa sips her champagne. Throws back her hair.

VANESSA

Do I look like someone who costs less than that?

SPENCER

You definitely do not.

Spencer smiles and goes to the bedroom. Vanessa slowly wanders over to the windows; looks out.

A few moments later, Spencer comes back in with a stack of cash. He grabs the bottle of champagne and heads to Vanessa.

Spencer hands her the cash and pours champagne in her glass. She looks at him questioningly.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Three a night. Three nights. Plus a little extra in case...

VANESSA

In case what?

SPENCER

I dunno... I have a LOT of drugs over there.

VANESSA

Right, cool guy. I'm only committing to tonight right now, so...

SPENCER

It's fine. Keep it. I trust you.

VANESSA
You shouldn't.

Vanessa flips through the cash casually. She walks to her purse and puts the stack in it. Vanessa waves the purse.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Mind if I put this in the bedroom?

Spencer motions with his hand. Vanessa walks away.

SPENCER
(loudly to the room)
What's your name?

Vanessa comes back into the room and sits down on a chair opposite the sofa.

VANESSA
Vanessa. And you, Mr. Shaw?

SPENCER
Spencer. Spence. Most people call me Spence.

Vanessa? Sure.

What's your real name?

VANESSA
Vanessa.

Spencer smiles.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
So what is this? Bachelor weekend?

SPENCER
No.

Spencer sits down, takes a big gulp.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Kind of a celebration. Or just a party.

I just wanna let loose without any limitations.

People, drinks, drugs, whatever.

VANESSA
Do you usually have limitations?

She looks around purposefully.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
It doesn't look like it.

SPENCER
I guess we'll find out.

Vanessa mocks him. He smiles.

VANESSA
Celebrating what? You said it's a
celebration.

SPENCER
Yeah, I don't know what to call it.
Maybe we're... Celebrating the end.
Or drinking to it.

VANESSA
Ooooh... Foreboding Mr. Shaw.
Should I expect Nostradamus the
whole weekend?

SPENCER
What kind of person of your
profession brings up Nostradamus?

Spencer finishes his drink and walks to the room phone.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Yes, hi, this is Spencer Shaw in
the Penthouse.

That's right.

Um, can you send up some food?
Anything, everything.

Two of us, I asked for a steak
before, but maybe scratch that.

Something nice. Thanks.

Spencer takes a baggie of white powder out of the backpack.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I...?

VANESSA
Are you gonna ask every time?

It's your party Mr. Shaw.

SPENCER
Right. Okay. Well call your
friends, let's make it one.

Spencer taps a little powder onto the web of his hand and
snorts it. His phone rings again, "BLOCKED".

VANESSA
Just turn it off.

SPENCER
What?

VANESSA
If you're not gonna answer it, why
bother having it on?

Spencer considers her.

After a moment, he turns the phone off, puts it in a drawer,
and takes another bump.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Better?

SPENCER
Yes ma'am.

VANESSA
So what do you do for a living?
Wall Street guy?

SPENCER
Ah, let's not ruin a good thing by
talking about work. It's the
weekend!

Vanessa smiles, it's fake. Spencer cuts a line on the
counter and snorts it.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(holding his nose)
Sure you don't want any?

VANESSA
I'm fine. Like to have my wits
about me.

SPENCER
Smart. Where are we on those
friends?

VANESSA
You gonna pay them too?

Spencer does another line.

SPENCER

Fuck. Okay, I need a break from...
that. You don't have friends that
just like free drugs?

Vanessa shakes her head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Very well then. Just get them here.

Spencer pours a healthy glass of vodka and drinks half.

Vanessa looks at him as she types on her phone, his smile
just a little less, his eyes, a little glossy.

VANESSA

If I'm gonna stay here tonight, and
maybe the weekend. I'm going to
need some things. Maybe I'll run
out real quick...

SPENCER

No no no no no. Please. Just call
down to the front desk, ask them
for whatever you need. Anything, I
mean it.

Vanessa is unsure.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Just stay. Please. You're already
here, no reason to go.

VANESSA

You're a little needy aren't you
Mr. Shaw?

Spencer smiles half heartedly. Vanessa watches him.

They both sigh.

SUPER: September 12th, 2008 8:00pm

LATER

Spencer and Vanessa are sitting on the sofa, grazing on a
variety of plates on the table in front of them.

A nearly empty bottle of vodka sits next to a nearly empty
bottle of champagne. Vanessa is laughing.

VANESSA
You didn't do that.

SPENCER
I did. And now... I'm no longer
welcome at the Tropicana Casino.

VANESSA
I always thought counting cards was
just a thing in the movies.

SPENCER
It is not. It is definitely a thing
in real life. And they definitely
know when you're doing it.

Spencer pours the last of the champagne into Vanessa's
glass, and the last of the vodka into his.

VANESSA
How?

SPENCER
How do you count cards? Or how do
they know?

VANESSA
Yes.

SPENCER
No clue how they know.

But counting cards? Honestly, it's
just mental math and practice.
And...

I've always been good with numbers,
and always found time when it came
to money. So pretty easy for me to
pick it up.

VANESSA
Did you make a lot before you were
caught?

SPENCER
A lot for me? Yes. A lot in
general, probably not.

VANESSA
How much is a lot for you?

Spencer smirks.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Fine. What do you mean you always found time when it came to money?

SPENCER

I grew up middle class.

VANESSA

And?

SPENCER

And being middle class teaches you one of two things, how to be content with less, or how to want more.

VANESSA

Hmm... I'm not sure about that.

SPENCER

What about you?

VANESSA

What about me?

SPENCER

Are we both acting like this is a regular date and you're doing this because you want to?

Vanessa's eyes narrow. She looks at Spencer, who holds up his hands.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I didn't mean anything by it... I promise. I couldn't care less how you make money.

VANESSA

Of course you don't. Believe it or not, this is the first time I've had this conversation.

SPENCER

Fair. But I promise you, the things I do for money are much worse. Just more accepted.

VANESSA

You're one of those...

SPENCER

One of those what?

VANESSA

There's two types of men who hire me. The ones looking for someone like me to make them feel good about themselves.

SPENCER

And the other type?

VANESSA

Did I say two types? Oops.

SPENCER

Ouch. So I want you to make me feel good about myself?

VANESSA

No one calls an escort because they want a friend.

Spencer smiles. It's disarming.

SPENCER

Can I be honest with you?

Vanessa takes a drink and takes a bite from a plate. She chews and swallows.

VANESSA

Do I have a choice?

SPENCER

You do.

VANESSA

Stop. Just say what you're going to say. How you're different, blah blah blah.

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER

Sorry to break it to you, but I'm much less insecure and much more vain than the guys you're talking about.

VANESSA

Do tell...

SPENCER

I only call, um, your boss...
because the girls he sends are
always 10s, never care about drugs
being around, and give me
compliments all night.

Like it's way cheaper and way more
predictable than buying random
girls drinks all night. Especially
in Manhattan.

I see it as a more predictable,
product.

VANESSA

Wow. First honest banker I've ever
met. I think fuck you for calling
me a product, but... maybe not.

SPENCER

Who said I was a banker?

VANESSA

Please. Georgio did. Only guys in
New York who know an Italian tailor
by name work on Wall Street. And
the way you're throwing money
around, has to be one of the big
ones.

Spencer raises his eyebrows and takes a sip of his vodka.

SPENCER

You didn't answer the question
though...

VANESSA

(talks over him)

CIA.

Spencer is clearly confused.

SPENCER

(hesitantly)

Like the Central Intelligence
Agency?

(grinning)

Didn't take you for a spy.

Spencer waits, but she doesn't respond immediately.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Although you do have the femme
fatale thing going for you...

VANESSA
Ugh. Culinary Institute of America.
CIA.

SPENCER
(genuinely surprised)
You wanna be a chef?

VANESSA
Yes. Well specifically a pastry
chef. But yes. I want to go to
culinary school. *Wanted* to go.

SPENCER
And?

Vanessa stands, goes for another bottle of champagne.
Spencer waits.

VANESSA
You're smart enough to know why a
girl like me wouldn't go to
culinary school.

SPENCER
Money? Fuck money.

VANESSA
Hah. Of course you'd say...
Well I started doing this to get
that. But...

SPENCER
But what?

VANESSA
This...

She motions around the room.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
It ain't easy keeping up with all
this and saving money. I'm wearing
two thousand dollars right now.
Hair, make-up, all the other things
to keep looking this way. It's not
cheap. It's almost...

SPENCER

The more you make, the more it costs to... be.

VANESSA

Fuck. Look at us, drinking champagne and fancy vodka in a god-knows-how-much-a-night suite at the Grand complaining about first-world problems. For shame. What about you?

SPENCER

What about me?

VANESSA

You're not from New York.

SPENCER

Nope. Came for my MBA, never left.

VANESSA

Family?

SPENCER

Hah. Parents think I'm a billionaire. Sister, well..

VANESSA

Well what?

SPENCER

She mostly just thinks I'm a scumbag, so...

Spencer looks solemn.

VANESSA

No no no! Don't do that. Don't do that! You said this weekend was a party, right?

Well parties need music. Is there a stereo or something in this place?

Spencer perks up.

SPENCER

Fuck. Probably, but, good fucking call. I know this DJ, does gigs all over the city. Let me see if he's free for a little pop-up tonight.

Spencer rushes over to the drawer with his phone and turns it on. After a moment, the screen turns on with the following:

- **23 Voicemails**

- **44 Unread Messages**

Spencer hesitates a moment and then starts typing a message to DJ NOMAD.

- "Pop-up at the Grand tonight? I got the penthouse."

Spencer opens another bottle of vodka as he waits.

- From DJ Nomad: Hell yea. Midnight. \$20k

- "Done."

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Solved our music problem. Now you
need to solve our people problem...

Vanessa winks at Spencer. He smiles, and then does another line off the counter.

SUPER: September 12th, 2008 10:00pm

LATER

Spencer walks out of his room wearing the gray pinstripe suit, with a white shirt, skinny tie, and brown leather shoes. He shaved, and slicked his hair.

The room has a dozen or so people in it, and no one really notices when he walks in, except Vanessa who floats over.

MIKE

Spence!

Spencer looks over at MIKE (30s) in a black zip-up hoodie and straight-leg jeans is grinning.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This place is tight!

He walks over with BRIAN (30s) who's slightly more dressed up than Mike, but just stares at Spencer's suit.

BRIAN

Damn, why didn't you tell us this
was a formal thing?

SPENCER

It's not.

Brian motions to their attire and then at his.

MIKE

Who cares Brian... Let's do a shot!
Wait, who's this?

Mike and Brian stare at Vanessa who has her arm draped over Spencer's shoulder.

SPENCER

This is my friend, Vanessa.

VANESSA

(whispers)
Need anything?

Spencer shakes his head and she saunters off.

SPENCER

Shot. And a line.

They both look at him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What, no skiing this weekend?

Spencer grins, raises his eyebrows.

MIKE

I don't think I've, um, *hit the slopes* since grad school... If you know what I mean.

Spencer and Brian just stare at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's just not my thing...

They continue to stare at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

The last time... I just...

No reaction.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Whatever, fuck you guys, let's go.

Spencer and Brian fake cheer.

MOMENTS LATER

Spencer, Mike, Brian, and a few other random girls are passing a small tray full of lines of coke to each other.

MIKE

Fuck dude. This shit is good.

Spencer and Brian look at Mike and then at each other.

SPENCER

Flagged.

BRIAN

Flagged.

MIKE

Flagged? No way!

There's a knock at the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck, five oh! Hide the shit.

Everyone looks at Mike.

BRIAN

(under his breath)

Chill dude. What the fuck?

Spencer makes his way over and looks through the peep hole.

SPENCER

Hell yes.

He opens the door and in walks DJ NOMAD with a DOZEN OTHER PEOPLE, including two carrying large speakers.

SUPER: September 13th, 2008 12:00am

LATER

The room is filled with a sea of people, all dancing and gyrating to the music. Spencer has lost his tie, and his suit is loose. He's sweating.

Beside him, Mike looks completely out of sorts, and Brian looks like a dad with a weekend off.

In the corner, Vanessa is content, but mostly just observing as she sips champagne.

SUPER: September 13th, 2008 2:00am

LATER

Spencer climbs up on the bar, and yells out.

DJ Nomad brings the music down and the group groans.

Spencer laughs. He's swaying slightly.

SPENCER

Hey! Fuck you! I have something to say!

Everyone stares at him, smiling, and he laughs again.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

A toast! No no, wait... A poem.

BRIAN

Oh god, here we go.

SPENCER

Shut up Brian... Who wants a poem?

The crowd cheers.

Vanessa, standing next to Brian leans in.

VANESSA

What is this?

Brian turns to her.

BRIAN

This? This is Spencer at his finest. The reason we're all here...

(whispers)

And the reason none of us stay.

She looks at him and he winks.

SPENCER

What should it be about? No, wait, fuck that. This poem is called I fucking love money!

The crowd cheers louder.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I love money, I love it so much. It can buy you things, and friends, girls and such.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I love money, the color, the feel,
the smell.
I love to show how much I have, but
how much, I'll never tell.

I love -
The penthouse, the suit, the drugs,
the sound...

(Points at DJ Nomad)

The way it turns the whole goddamn
world into my personal playground.

Everyone cheers again. Spencer leans down and Brian holds a
plate of cocaine up to him.

He does a line and stands abruptly.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

They say money can't buy happiness?
Fuck that—money buys everything.
It buys the champagne, the cocaine,
the suite, It buys me tonight, and
tonight I'm a king.

So here's to the green, to the
paper, to the dream—
To loving money more than money
loves me.

Spencer takes a swig from a bottle of champagne and then
sprays the crowd.

DJ Nomad turns the music up and everyone erupts.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

And here's to Monday, when the bill
comes due,
When you find out what your money
really bought for you.

Spencer takes another swig and climbs down.

Vanessa approaches him.

VANESSA

A poet, huh?

Spencer smiles.

SPENCER

Are you having fun?

Vanessa shrugs.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You want another drink or
something?

VANESSA
Yeah, or something.

Spencer looks at her and she bats her eyes.

SPENCER
What? Uh, do you want?

She whispers something in his ear. Spencer pulls back and holds up the glass of champagne in her hand to see a small pill at the bottle bubbling the liquid.

Vanessa swishes it around slightly and takes a big gulp and then holds it out to Spencer, who smiles and downs it.

SUPER: September 13th, 2008 3:00am

LATER

Spencer and Vanessa are dancing as the party continues.

As the song transitions to the next beat, Vanessa turns and walks away from Spencer. He watches her as she leaves.

She stops, looks at him, and motions him with her finger.

Spencer grins and moves toward her to the beat of the music.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer walks in, and Vanessa closes the door and he pushes her up against it. Spencer leans in to kiss her, and they start to kiss passionately.

After a few moments, Vanessa bites his lip.

Spencer pulls back, abruptly.

She smiles and pushes him back.

She walks away past him and Spencer reaches for her, but she pushes him back and shakes her head.

Spencer smiles as he watches her walk toward the bathroom, undressing as she does.

Just before she walks into the bathroom, wearing just her small lacy thong, she turns with a seductive look and nods for him to follow.

VANESSA

Wait.

Spencer nods.

She walks into the bathroom and Spencer rushes to her.

SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

The glass is steamed opaque. Two forms move inside to the beat of the music out in the living room. Vanessa's hand smears the glass.

FADE TO:

LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Vanessa comes out of the bedroom in a robe, eyes barely open. She delicately steps through the mess of the room.

Loud jamb-band music is playing on the speaks.

SPENCER

Vanessa! You're up! I found the stereo!

Spencer does a line off the coffee table and then walks toward her.

VANESSA

Why is it so loud?

SPENCER

Oh, is it?

VANESSA

Spencer, did you sleep?

SPENCER

Yeah, of course. Wait. No. I don't know. Listen, I ordered breakfast. Not here I mean. There's this bakery not too far from here and they have the best almond croissants.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)
And I think other things. I don't know, I just told them to bring a lot.

VANESSA
Spencer. Slow down. Is anyone else here?

Spencer shrugs his shoulders.

SPENCER
Ohh, I love this part.

Spencer closes his eyes and nods along to the song.

When he opens his eyes he looks at Vanessa as if he was unaware she was still there.

Brian walks out of the other bedroom and looks around.

BRIAN
What the fuck is going on? Why is that music so loud?

SPENCER
Brian! Holy shit, when did you get here??

BRIAN
What? Last night? We never left.

SPENCER
And Mikey?! Oh right. Sweet. You're gonna love the croissants. I mean, well look at you, of course you will.

Spencer laughs loudly.

Brian gives him a WTF look.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Hey, do you play poker? I was thinking about a game today. I know a guy who can set it up. Think, what ten a person?

BRIAN
Huh? Ten a person? Ten grand?

SPENCER
Hey don't sweat it man, I can cover you. You in though right?

Brian looks at Vanessa who just shrugs.

Mike comes out in boxers. He's still very intoxicated.

MIKE
WHY IS IT SO LOUD?!

Spencer bursts out laughing.

SPENCER
Brian, did you and Mike share a bed
last night? Romantic?

Brian looks at Mike, who's holding his head.

BRIAN
Can you turn the music down a
little?

SPENCER
Yeah, dad. Geez...

Spencer turns it down and every seems to relax a little.

BRIAN
Thanks. Spence, buddy, maybe we
take it easy this morning?

SPENCER
Dude, I'm great. You can take it
easy.

He does another line and the three others look disgusted.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Mike. I ordered these sick
croissants and we're gonna play
poker soon. Get dressed.

Mike looks at Brian and then at Vanessa and shakes his head.

He walks back to the bedroom.

MIKE
Nope, not doing this yet.

He closes the door.

SPENCER
What's his deal? Shit.

Spencer looks around.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I should call housekeeping, this
place is not ready for croissants.

Spencer stands and immediately falls over a chair.

Brian and Vanessa rush toward him until they realize he's
just laughing hysterically.

VANESSA
Jesus.

SUPER: September 13th, 2008 8:00am

LATER

Spencer, Vanessa, Brian, Mike, and TWO GIRLS are sitting
around the table. Everyone is eating a croissant from a
mound of them in the middle, except Spencer.

HOUSEKEEPERS are cleaning around them.

Spencer pours a nearly full glass of vodka and they all
stare at him. He takes a healthy drink.

One of the girls jumps up.

GIRL 1
Oh god...

She runs.

SPENCER
(over his shoulder)
I think they're cleaning that
one...

She runs back past them the other way.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Yikes. Who are you by the way?

The other girl looks around and then back to Spencer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Vanessa, are they with you?

Vanessa huffs and leaves to the bedroom.

GIRL 2
We came with Nomad. And... Um.

SPENCER

And...

Spencer nods towards Mike.

She looks at him.

GIRL 2

Oh god no. I mean. No offense.
Like, we just, I think passed out
in the bedroom.

SPENCER

So the four of you in there, and
nothing...?

The girl adamantly shakes her head. Mike and Brian
shamefully shake their heads.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Boys... Come on. Luckily. The day
is young, and there's still plenty
of weekend left. I have faith in
you.

The other girl slumbers back, wiping her mouth.

GIRL 1

(whispering)

Kate, can we go?

The other girl nods emphatically.

GIRL 2

Last night was real fun. Um, but
we're gonna go.

SPENCER

Aw, too bad. Party isn't stopping
here!

GIRL 2

Yeah.

She gets up and the two walk to the bedroom.

SPENCER

Mikey, what did you do to those
poor girls?

MIKE

Me? Nothing. Brian was on the
couch. I was on the floor I think.

The girls come back with their jackets on.

GIRL 2

No you were, um also in bed, but
it's like fine. Um, okay. Thanks?

SPENCER

Coming back tonight?

The one girl shakes her head "no".

GIRL 2

Yeah, maybe. K. Bye.

They scurry out. The three men watch them leave.

SPENCER

Geeeeeezzz.
(laughs)
Whatever, we'll get more.

BRIAN

Spence, I think Mike and I are
gonna head out now...

SPENCER

What? Fuck no. Poker. My guy should
be here any minute.

BRIAN

We can't... I have, um...

SPENCER

Please, you don't have shit.
Besides, we need eight, and you two
make eight.

Brian looks at Mike.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

If it's the money, I told you I'll
spot you.

Brian looks from Spencer to Mike.

BRIAN

No...

SPENCER

Yesssss...

Brian shakes his head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Damn dudes. Okay okay okay. Then at
least we do one shot together
before you go.

Spencer jumps up and looks for three clean classes. He sets
them down on the bar.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Mike can you hand me that bottle of
Goose?

They look at a bottle of vodka on the table next to them.

MIKE
There's like four bottles right
next to you...

SPENCER
They're unopened. I prefer
finishing one before we open the
next.

Mike reluctantly picks up the bottle and walks it over to
Spencer, who takes it and pours three generous shots.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Come on Brian... Up we go...

Brian hesitates, and finally gives in and lumbers over.

They each take a glass.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
To future MBA-ers from the past.

MIKE
I don't know what that means, but
cheers.

They clink glasses and drink.

SPENCER
There we go.

There's a knock at the door.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Ah hah! That should be them!

SUPER: September 13th, 2008 10:30am

LATER

A full-size professional poker table is in the middle of the living room. Spencer, Mike, Brian, FIVE POKER PLAYERS and a DEALER sit around it.

Spencer is smoking a cigar and laughing. He sips on scotch.

Mike and Brian look dazed.

Over in the corner, Vanessa sits reclined reading a magazine completely disinterested in what's going on.

Mike whispers to Brian.

MIKE

I'm not gonna lie, I feel pretty great. Which is surprising given what happened last night.

Brian looks at him like he's an idiot.

BRIAN

Spence spiked that shot.

MIKE

(loudly)

What? How? With what?

(to Spencer)

Spence, what was in that shot?

Spencer shrugs.

LATER

Across the room, the TV is on and the news headline scrolls, "Treasury Secretary to meet with Bank CEOs".

SPENCER

Hey turn that shit off.

Spencer shuts one eye to look at his cards and then down at the table.

PLAYER

What the hell man, just bet or fold.

Spencer looks at blank TV and shrugs.

He pushes his whole stack in the middle.

SPENCER

All in.

PLAYER

Are you fucking kidding me?

BRIAN

Hey, relax man.

PLAYER

No, you fucking relax. He can barely see his cards, he's pushing all in pre-flop when literally no one is going to call him.

The player throws his cards down.

PLAYER (CONT'D)

Hope it was worth the fifty bucks.

PLAYER 3

I'll call him.

They look at him and then at Spencer, who shrugs absently.

SPENCER

Anyone else?

One by one they all toss their cards in the middle.

Spencer throws over his cards; **Ace, King**. The other player throws his cards over, **two fours**.

Some of the others shake their heads or roll their eyes.

The dealer deals the flop: ten, seven, four.

Spencer waves his hand to the dealer and puts another stack of money on the table, knocks a glass down in the process.

PLAYER

If this is how it's gonna be, I can go play tourists at Mohegan. They're less pathetic.

SUPER: September 13th, 2008 2:00pm

LATER

Spencer is walking one of the guys from the poker table out the door to the hotel room.

PLAYER 2

Glad to take your money any time
Spence.

SPENCER

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Hey man, come
back later if you want. We'll be
raging.

PLAYER 2

Yeah, not happening, but enjoy.

Spencer walks back in, smiling and chipper. Mike and Brian
are staring at him.

MIKE

How the fuck were you almost
comatose two hours ago, and now you
look like... You?

SPENCER

What?

MIKE

I want.. No.

I need to go home.

SPENCER

What? Fuck that.

MIKE

Dude, I can't go any more, I'm
done. I'm not like you. I can't
just recharge from... Nothing.

SPENCER

Titanium liver, bro.

BRIAN

Yeah, well whatever it is. We're
done.

SPENCER

Nope. No. I won't accept it. You
can leave tomorrow.

MIKE

No, Spence. Like physically, my
body can't.

SPENCER

Fine. But..

Spencer waves a bottle of vodka at him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
One more shot before you go.

MIKE
No way. So you can drug us again?
Nope. Not happening.

Spencer smiles.

SPENCER
Did you have fun last night?

MIKE
Obviously.

SPENCER
And today's been pretty good right?

MIKE
Sure.

SPENCER
Then relax. Take a shot. And
then...
(waves)
Bye bye. I'll open a new bottle, so
no more funny stuff.

Mike throws his head back. Brian is just watching.

MIKE
Fine. Then we go.

LATER

Mike is kneeling by the table, staring intently at a row of Skittles arranged like a rainbow.

MIKE
Dude. I want to taste it, but what
will happen to the rainbow if one
of the colors goes missing?

Spencer laughs and then does a line. Brian, who's dancing with his eyes closed laughs as well.

Vanessa comes in from the bedroom, and sees them and immediately turns around.

SUPER: September 13th, 2008 8:00pm

BEDROOM - LATER

Spencer rushes in. Vanessa is in bed reading a book. She looks at him over the top of it.

SPENCER

Oh thank god you're still here.

Vanessa waits for him to say more. He takes a deep breath and stares at her. Finally...

VANESSA

Can I help you with something?

SPENCER

What? Um, no I'm good. Do you know where my phone is?

Vanessa points to a drawer. Spencer rushes over.

The screen turns on with the following:

- **55 Voicemails**

- **102 Unread Messages**

He clicks on messages and scrolls down. "Fuck you Spencer," "WTF is happening???" "Where's our fucking money?!?" "You're a real piece of shit..." "The whole world is ending, bro."

He pauses on one from Rachael - "Birthday party is next Sunday..."

Spencer smiles. And then his face drops.

Spencer starts typing a message to DJ NOMAD.

- "Do it again?"

Spencer smiles at Vanessa, sways slightly.

- From DJ Nomad: Nah. Got another gig.

- "I'll double your fee."

- From DJ Nomad: Sorry man.

- "\$60k"

- From DJ Nomad: For real?

- "Hell yeah for real"

- From DJ Nomad: alright - midnight
- "now"
- From DJ Nomad: man, it's 11:15 who you think you are saying now?
- "smiley emoji"

Spencer turns off the phone and climbs onto the bed.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Hey. Time to put the book away and have fun with me and my friends.

VANESSA
Yeah. About that. I think it's time for me to go...

Spencer smiles and makes a face.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
I've been in here all day and this is the first you've noticed.

SPENCER
I'm noticing now...

VANESSA
Go have fun with your friends.

Spencer stands up.

SPENCER
I didn't pay you for the whole weekend for you to leave now.

Vanessa's eyes narrow.

VANESSA
You want your fucking money back? Take it.

Vanessa stares him down. Spencer relaxes.

SPENCER
Wait... Wait wait wait, please. Don't, I don't care about that. I promise. We had fun last night right?

Vanessa huffs.

Spencer gets back on the bed and snuggles his head into her.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Okay then... Just stay, call some more friends. DJ's coming soon. I'll get you some champagne. Maybe some more of those fun little pilly-pill pills?

Spencer smiles at her.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Pleaaaaaasssse. It won't be the same without you.

VANESSA

Just be with your friends, you don't need me.

SPENCER

But they're so weird looking and you're perfect. You're so much better than them.

VANESSA

(smirks)

You don't even know me.

SPENCER

True.

(whispers)

What's your name?

VANESSA

(whispers)

Vanessa.

SPENCER

Hmmm... We'll agree to disagree.

Now, I got you something special in the closet...

Vanessa looks at him. He looks up at her and smiles.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Just put it on. The Duke and Duchess of the Grand need to look the part.

Vanessa rolls her eyes.

Spencer stands, smiling.

VANESSA

Fine, but only because you've paid me in advance.

Spencer feigns being hurt.

SPENCER

That's the only reason you'll stay? My money.

VANESSA

Get out. Go.

She shoos him with her hand.

SPENCER

Of course, your majesty.

VANESSA

Am I a duchess or a queen?

SPENCER

Whatever you want to be... But, I also need to change, so...

VANESSA

Fine Spencer. Get changed and then leave my room.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer walks out in a royal navy suit with a clean white shirt and shiny black shoes.

Mike and Brian look at him.

BRIAN

What the fuck, again?

SPENCER

Go change.

MIKE

We don't have anything to change into because we aren't supposed to still be here. Because we want to leave and you keep drugging us.

SPENCER

You keep taking the shots. In your closet, clothes. Go change.

Mike and Brian exchange looks. They walk to their bedroom.

Spencer pours a glass of champagne and a glass of vodka.

He looks around, the room is empty. He looks tired, but starts to shake his head and jump up and down.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Get it together, let's go.

He cuts a line on the counter and snorts it, and then takes a long gulp of his vodka.

VANESSA

Who were you talking to?

Spencer looks over at Vanessa wearing a short black backless dress. She somehow looks better than the night before.

Spencer smiles and takes the champagne over to her.

SPENCER

It fits.

VANESSA

It's short, Mr. Shaw.

SPENCER

Looks perfect to me. Cheers.

Spencer clinks glasses with Vanessa.

MIKE (O.C.)

Holy shit, dude, how did you...

Mike walks in with Brian behind him (both are wearing expensive suits) and stops when he sees Vanessa.

Brian runs into him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Damn girl.

Brian looks at Mike and shakes his head.

BRIAN

Jesus, Mike... Oh shit.

VANESSA

Oh shit yourself. You two clean up pretty well.

They both look down at their threads, and stand a little straighter. They walk to the bar.

MIKE

Spence, how the fuck did you know our sizes?

Spencer shrugs.

BRIAN

I feel like we should go out. Like to a club or a bar. Why stay here?

There's a knock at the door.

SPENCER

That's why.

Spencer opens the door and lets DJ Nomad and his friends in. Following them, dozens of others pour into the room.

DJ NOMAD

Had to bring my gig with me, Spence.

SPENCER

I think we're gonna need more... Everything.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Spencer is by the door talking to a HOTEL ATTENDANT. They are both trying to talk over the music.

HOTEL ATTENDANT

I'm really very sorry sir, but I've been told to tell you that this is a fire code violation to have this many people here.

SPENCER

Did you bring all the bottles I asked for?

HOTEL ATTENDANT

Yes, of course, sir. But some of these people need to leave I'm afraid.

SPENCER

That's not happening. Tell me something...

He looks down at his nametag: Scott.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Scott. Wait, I thought you said you
wouldn't be here all weekend...

HOTEL ATTENDANT
I believe you are confusing me with
Seth.

Spencer mouths "Seth", and then nods.

SPENCER
Listen Scott. Do you mind me asking
you how much you make a day?

The attendant doesn't answer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Right.

Spencer pulls out a wad of cash and puts it in the
attendant's pocket.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
You have a girl, Scott? Go get her
something nice with that? If not.
Something for yourself.

HOTEL ATTENDANT
I'm sorry sir, but...

The attendant pulls the cash out and looks at it, realizing
it's not a few dollars, but a few thousand. His eyes go big.

SPENCER
Right. We're good?

He doesn't respond.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
We're good.

Spencer opens the door and casually escorts him out.

He walks back to the bar and looks out at the giant crowd of
people dancing. Someone hands him a plate of coke.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Don't mind if I do!

He snorts a line and shakes his head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Woo!

Spencer looks at the others around him and they're all staring at him.

He smiles as blood drips down his face from his nose.

PERSON

Dude... You're bleeding bro.

Spencer looks around and then looks down, a few drops of crimson speckle the plate.

SPENCER

Fuck.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer rushes in holding his nose and goes into the bathroom. He gets some toilet paper and wads it up, holding his nose and putting his head back.

He takes a deep breath and then breaths out audibly.

SPENCER

(quietly)

Fuck.

Vanessa walks in and puts her arm around him.

VANESSA

I think we've reached a limit, Mr. Shaw.

Spencer laughs. He pulls the paper away from his nose and looks at himself in the mirror. Blood splotched over his white shirt. Eyes gaunt. He smiles at her.

SPENCER

Nah... Not yet.

Vanessa looks up at him, concerned.

Brian walks in, stops at the doorway.

BRIAN

Fuck dude, you alright?

SPENCER

Yeah. Obviously. What's up?

BRIAN

Umm... Some dude Marcus is asking for you? Seems serious.

SPENCER
Oh shit. Cool. Thanks.

Spencer looks at himself in the mirror. He straightens up in an exaggerated manner and leaves, brushing past Brian.

Brian and Vanessa exchange looks.

BRIAN
Is he okay?

Vanessa looks at him sternly.

VANESSA
He's your friend, shouldn't you know?

Vanessa walks out, leaving Brian by himself.

LIVING ROOM

Spencer walks up to Marcus.

SPENCER
Drink?

MARCUS
Fuck no, why am I here? I know you ain't out yet.

SPENCER
Geez... Yeah. Not out out. But more Perks, Oxy, and E?

Marcus looks at him side-eyed. Shakes his head.

MARCUS
(through gritted teeth)
Fuck, I thought I told you to lose my number.

Spencer smiles, trying to diffuse the tension.

SPENCER
Consider it lost. For real this time.

Marcus leans into Spencer. Spencer leans as well.

MARCUS
 (quietly)
 You need to get away, go somewhere
 safe, it'll cost you, but I can
 make that happen.

Spencer stares at Marcus for a moment.

SPENCER
 (quietly)
 If I wanted to get away, I'd be in
 Fiji right now.

Marcus' eyes narrow. Turns to the guy next to him and nods.
 He pulls out a few bags of pills.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 How much?

MARCUS
 My number. Lose it.

Marcus walks out, and his two guys follow. Spencer watches
 as they pass. Mike stares at Spencer as they go. Spencer
 shrugs his shoulders and grins.

SPENCER
 Thanks, Marcus.

MARCUS (O.C.)
 You got a real fuckin' problem,
 Spence. Don't fuckin' thank me.
 Fuckin' lose it, bra.

SUPER: September 14th, 2008 1:30am

LATER

Spencer is in the middle of the room dancing by himself. Off
 to the side, Vanessa, Mike, and Brian are watching.

MIKE
 I'm in no condition to say anything
 to anyone, cause I'm pretty fucked
 up, right now. But is he okay?

Mike is swaying slightly. Brian looks like he could pass out
 standing. Vanessa looks sober.

BRIAN
 What's his deal? Is he trying to
 kill himself? Or kill us?

MIKE

Or both.

Spencer grabs a champagne bottle from another person and drinks straight from the bottle. People look at him and back away slightly.

VANESSA

Is this normal? For him?

Mike and Brian look at each other and then at Vanessa.

MIKE

Honestly, I haven't seen the dude in a minute.

BRIAN

I think it's been like two years for me.

MIKE

Damn. Who are his other friends?

Vanessa sighs and walks over to him.

VANESSA

Spencer!
(softly)
Hey, Spencer.

Spencer looks up at her and smiles and then tries to get her to dance.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's... Go. To the bedroom.

Spencer looks at her for a moment and then his eyes light up and he nods emphatically, but delayed.

Vanessa leads him away.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa shuts the door and Spencer dances hip first toward her. She walks past him.

SPENCER

You want a little fun-time with Mr. Shaw, huh?

VANESSA

No, I just think, maybe you need a break?

SPENCER

Break? Fuck no. I'm cocked, locked, and ready to rock.

Spencer starts to grind on her leg. Vanessa winces.

VANESSA

Hey, I think you're a little too, um, gone for that...

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER

Please. I can go anytime. Anywhere.

Spencer undoes his pants and then looks in his underwear.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Hey there little buddy. It's time to wake up...

Spencer stumbles slightly. He looks at Vanessa who looks concerned.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Maybe a little help?

Spencer grins.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Come on...

Vanessa glances at the door and then slowly walks to him.

Spencer's grins and then closes his eyes for a moment. He stumbles back, and almost falls with his pants around his ankles.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

He giggles.

VANESSA

Maybe sit down on the bed.

Spencer obeys and falls onto the bed. Vanessa takes off his shoes one by one, and then slides his pants off his feet.

Spencer tries to kiss Vanessa's neck.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Maybe we just...

SPENCER
If you didn't bring me in here to
fuck, then why am I in here... And
not back out there???

Spencer goes to stand. Vanessa pushes him back and he lays.
She straddles him and tries to kiss his neck. She stops and
sits up.

VANESSA
Spencer? Are you awake?

SPENCER
(slowly)
What? Yeah of course.

VANESSA
I don't think this is going to
happen.

SPENCER
No, no, no...

Spencer sits up.

VANESSA
It's fine. Let's just hang out?

SPENCER
No, I want to.

He kisses her. She's obviously not into it, and pulls back.

VANESSA
(gently)
Spencer, stop.

Spencer tries harder.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Stop.

Spencer pulls back and looks at her. His shoulders drop.

SPENCER
Jesus.

He looks at her, disgusted. He stands and swiftly pulls on
his pants.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer storms out of the bedroom and goes right to the bar. He pours a glass of vodka and downs it immediately. He looks down at the plate with the coke and his blood still on it.

SPENCER

I guess this is mine now...

SUPER: September 14th, 2008 3:00am

MORNING

Mike and Brian walk out from the bedroom and slowly make their way to the couch where Spencer is.

Spencer has his shirt off, with TWO GIRLS sitting around the coffee table just wearing their bras.

Housekeepers are once again cleaning up the suite, giving Brian and Mike dirty looks as they do.

SPENCER

Mike! Come play with us! We're playing drink, drug, or strip.

Mike and Brian look concerned.

MIKE

I think I'm good.

Brian leans in to Spencer.

BRIAN

(softly)

Hey man, we're going home. I think you should too.

Spencer laughs and the girls do too.

SPENCER

So, no wanna play with us?

MIKE

Seriously, man.

(whispers)

This is crazy, you're not okay.

Spencer bats him away.

SPENCER
Who's turn?

The girls point to him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Me? Mine? Hmmm... What did I do
last time? Fuck, no, wait, I'm
doing drink.

Spencer takes a swig from a champagne bottle.

Brian leans in.

BRIAN
Come on, man. We'll split a cab.

Spencer ignores him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Spence. Is this about the Lehman
stock? I get that it's down a ton
this week, but maybe we can help.

Spencer snorts, takes another swig.

SPENCER
You can't help me, no one but my
new friends here can, right
ladies???

They both start laughing.

Brian looks from Spencer to Mike.

MIKE
What are we supposed to do, he
doesn't want to go.

SPENCER
Go, you losers. I was gonna give
you a hot tip for Monday, but now
you get nothing.

MIKE
Hot tip about what?

SPENCER
(smirks)
Nothing. Good day sir.

MIKE

Spence.

SPENCER

(stands)

I said I said I said, good day,
sir!

Spencer bows and falls back into the couch. He and the girls start cackling with laughter.

MIKE

Brian, I gotta go home. I can't
stay here anymore.

Brian watches Spencer.

BRIAN

Yeah. I... Yeah.

They both walk to the door. Mike opens it and walks out. Brian hesitates.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Spence? I can stay, I can help.
Just say the word.

Spencer looks at him, then the girls, and then the blank TV.

SPENCER

I said good day, sir!

They cackle as Brian walks out.

SUPER: September 14th, 2008 9:30am

LATER

Spencer and the girls are in the same place, but none of the housekeepers are there anymore.

Vanessa walks out of the bedroom wearing her dress from Friday night. She stands over Spencer and throws a pile of money on the table.

VANESSA

I'm not a babysitter or a
caretaker.

Spencer looks down at the money and then up at her.

SPENCER

Hmmm... You do remind me of the
babysitter I had in second grade
though.

He laughs and the girls stifle their laughter and avoid eye
contact with Vanessa.

VANESSA

I don't know what this is. But it's
sad. It's fucking sad. And I've
been around a lot of sad people.

The girls are slightly more serious. Spencer looks at her
and she stares him down. Finally he nods, and then shrugs.

SPENCER

Yep, you look exactly like my
babysitter in second grade. I think
her name was Kelsey though? Is that
your real name? Kelsey?

Vanessa turns and heads to the door.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Kelsey wait! Come back! Kelseyyyyy!

The door slams and they all start drunkenly laughing.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Hey... call your friends.

SUPER: September 14th, 2008 12:30pm

LATER

Spencer pours himself a drink and sets it on the bar next to
a similar drink.

He drops a few pills in it and turns for some ice. When he
turns back, both drinks are gone.

SPENCER

Hey! Who took my drink?!?

People look at him confused.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

My fucking drink was right here,
who took it???

Spencer points at a YOUNG GUY who finishes the drink and smiles awkwardly.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Jesus! That was my drink.

YOUNG GUY
Get another one dude.

SPENCER
I just dropped two hundred bucks in that drink.

The young guy's eyes grow wide.

YOUNG GUY
Pills? What kind of pills!? I just thought it was Jack.

SPENCER
Well you thought wrong.

Spencer laughs.

The guy runs to the bathroom, and you can hear him retching.

Someone from the crowd says "that's fucked up" and others murmur, staring at Spencer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Seriously? You're gonna flush it down the toilet? What a pussy.

He comes out wiping his face and scowls at Spencer.

YOUNG GUY
Seriously. What the fuck is wrong with you?

Spencer laughs to himself. The murmurs grow louder and a large group of people start to file out, disgusted looks on their faces.

SPENCER
If you didn't come to play, maybe you should get out.

Spencer continues to laugh as he makes another drink and adds more pills.

Someone in the group leaving says "what a scumbag".

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Scumbag??? He drank my drink you
bunch of peasants!

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer stares at himself in the mirror. He's wearing a suit jacket with no shirt, his forehead is sweaty and his eyes are fully bloodshot.

He splashes water on his face and towels off.

He breathes in deep and exhales. A tall BLONDE walks in and leans against the door frame.

Spencer looks at her through the mirror.

SPENCER
Need something?

BLONDE
Nope.

She smirks. He smirks too.

SPENCER
That last King's cup was wicked,
just need a minute to, uh,
recharge.

She walks up to him.

BLONDE
(whispers)
I can help you recharge.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer is lying on the bed and the blonde is on top of him.

Spencer is struggling to keep his eyes on focus.

BLONDE
(sensually)
Do you like that?

Spencer doesn't respond. She slaps him and his eyes grow wide. He's not sure what just happened.

BLONDE (CONT'D)
Do you like that better?

SPENCER
Uh, yeah. No. I don't know.

She continues. Spencer doesn't respond.

The blonde slaps him again.

BLONDE
Wake the fuck up.

Spencer shakes his head and then puts his hands on her hips.

BLONDE (CONT'D)
Good.

The door slams open. Spencer and the blonde look over. She screams and immediately covers herself up.

GUY
What the fuck, Steph?!

A short muscular guy stares at them.

SPENCER
Who the fuck are you?

GUY
I'm her fucking boyfriend you piece
of shit!

SPENCER
(laughing)
Oh shit.

GUY
Are you fucking laughing at me?

The blonde rolls off of Spencer and picks up her clothes.

BLONDE
Chris, what are you doing here??? I
can explain! Please!

The guy points at Spencer.

GUY
Who the fuck is that guy?

SPENCER
Dude, this is my suite, get the
fuck out of here.

GUY

Think you're a tough guy cause you're rich? Sleep with another guy's girlfriend your thing, rich guy?

SPENCER

Dude. What the fuck. I don't even know her. She came into my room.

The guy lunges towards Spencer and the blonde uses all her strength to push him back. Spencer laughs louder.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh shit. This is fucking crazy. Listen man...

He holds up his hands.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I have no fucking idea what's going on. This is nuts.

BLONDE

Chris, please! Let's go!

She manages to push him out of the room and closes the door.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer walks out of the bedroom in a robe. He's almost immediately punched in the face.

GUY

Take that you rich little bitch.

Spencer staggers back, holding his eye.

He stands up straight, blinks and shakes his head and then surveys the room.

Everyone is staring at him, blood trickling down from a small cut above his eye.

After a moment, emotionless, he walks past the guy and his girlfriend who's kind of holding him back. He's waiting for a reaction from Spencer, but Spencer just stops at the bar.

He pours himself a glass of vodka, drinks the whole thing and then looks at everyone again.

He looks at the blonde.

SPENCER

Just fucking leave. And take him
with you.

As if on queue, she takes the guys hand and pulls him to the door. He looks at Spencer and she pushes him out into the hallway. She looks at Spencer and mouths "sorry".

Spencer doesn't react.

SUPER: September 14th, 2008 5:30pm

LATER - EVENING

Spencer is slouching on a chair in the corner with a bottle of vodka resting on his chest. The music on the speakers is loud and there are twenty or so people milling about.

Spencer takes a swig from the bottle and continues to stare when GUY 2 walks over to him.

GUY 2

Hey man, the hotel person is at the
door asking for you.

Spencer looks up at him, registering the words slowly.

He looks over at the open door with the attendant standing there. He huffs, stands, and heads that way.

HOTEL ATTENDANT

I'm sorry to disrupt you sir, but
I'm afraid we've had a significant
amount of complaints this evening.

Spencer looks at him and takes another pull from the bottle.

HOTEL ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to ask you to ask
your friends to leave, and to, um,
turn the music down.

Spencer holds up a finger and walks away.

The attendant stands there looking around. Some of the others in the place watch him. Others are oblivious.

After a moment, Spencer comes back.

SPENCER

Here.

The attendant looks down at his hand extended toward him with a wrapped stack of money in it.

HOTEL ATTENDANT
Oh, no sir... I...

SPENCER
Pay for their rooms.

HOTEL ATTENDANT
Um, that appears to be much more than...

SPENCER
Keep the rest.

HOTEL ATTENDANT
Unfortunately, sir...

Spencer pulls out another stack from his robe pocket and pushes both into the attendants chest.

The attendant takes them and looks down.

SPENCER
Are we good?

The attendant doesn't respond.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Good. Can I get some more ice and champagne too please? Thanks.

Before the attendant has a chance to reply, Spencer closes the door and walks back to his chair.

LATER

Spencer gets up from his chair and staggers to the bar. The dozen or so people left watch him as he goes.

He pulls out the backpack from a cabinet and grabs a bottle of champagne as he makes his way back to the chair.

Before he sits down, he starts to take the foil off the champagne, throwing it behind him and swaying. He slowly fumbles through taking the metal tie off and then shoots the cork into the air.

SPENCER
Wooooohhh...

He laughs as champagne gushes out onto the floor. He takes a swig and then sits down and opens the backpack.

He pulls out a baggie with blue pills and shakes his head.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Nope. Not that one.

He looks at a guy on the sofa and tosses the bag to him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

You look like a guy who needs those.

He laughs and pulls another bag out, this time square pills. He throws them to someone else.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Those... Make me need those... Ya know what I mean?

They all just watch.

He pulls another bag out.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Ahhh, there you are my friends.

He takes one and puts it on his tongue as he searches for the bottle of champagne. He picks up an empty one and tries to drink from it.

When nothing comes out and tries to look inside it and then tosses it to the side.

Everyone winces, but it doesn't break. He finds the new bottle and drinks.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Ahhh.

He looks at everyone staring at him. He offers the baggie of pills out to them. He shrugs and takes another one out.

He takes the pill and huffs, sitting back in his chair and looking around. He looks at no one in particular and starts to talk, completely out of it.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

We're friends, right?

Spencer nods at no one, eyes narrowing.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

This is all really fucked up.
Really fucked up. I think I knew. I
definitely knew. I knew when I was
selling them that they were
baaaaaaaddddd.

But they just kept giving me those
checks. Bigger and Bigger. I mean a
LOT of zeros. No what I mean?

What was I supposed to do, right?
Say no?

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Fuck no! Everyone was all sell sell
sell. And we were getting big fat
fucking paydays weren't we? And me?

I was selling them like water in
the desert.

Water in the fucking desert.

Right?

Spencer nods at himself. He takes a drink of champagne. He
smiles and looks around some more. Everyone is staring at
him, concerned or disgusted or both.

Spencer closes one eye to look at a GIRL on the couch.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Did I fuck you earlier?

She recoils.

GIRL 3

Come on Dani, let's go.

She and the girl sitting next to her abruptly stand and walk
away. Spencer laughs, looks at the guy with the Viagra bag.

SPENCER

Guess not.

Spencer's eyes narrow as he stares at the guy. He looks at
the others staring at him and then back to Viagra guy.

By the bar, a tower of glasses tumbles and breaks all over
the floor. The room goes quiet.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out.

Spencer looks around wildly.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
All of you, get the fuck out!

He stands and starts waving.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I'm fucking serious! Get the fuck
out you fucking losers! Get out.

Everyone starts to move. A few look angry. A few snicker,
staring at Spencer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Move! Go! Get out!

Someone in the crowd responds as they all filter out.

GIRL 4
We're leaving. Chill you drug
addict.

Spencer starts pushing them out, and closes the door.

He turns to an empty room.

SPENCER
Fuckkkkk Offfff!!!!

SUPER: September 14th, 2008 8:00pm

LATER

Loud, steady club music is playing in a mostly dark room. In
the corner in the same chair, Spencer is staring out, alert
but mostly unaware of his surroundings.

He sips on a bottle of vodka, powder residue on his face.

He starts to laugh to himself, looks up at the housekeeper
who's leaving with a bag of glass she's just cleaned up. She
looks terrified.

As she opens the door to leave, the boyfriend from earlier
and his three FRIENDS push past her.

SPENCER
What the fuck are you doing here?

The guy smiles at Spencer.

GUY
Aww... Did your friends leave you?

SPENCER
What do you want?

The guy walks casually to Spencer, pulls him from the chair and knees him in the gut.

GUY
Think you can just fuck a guy's
girlfriend and nothing's gonna
happen?

Spencer coughs and wheezes. He gets punched again.

GUY (CONT'D)
Look around, he has a stash around
here somewhere. I've never seen
that many drugs. Probably cash too.

SPENCER
(out of breath)
Get the fuck out of here you little
bitch.

The guy punches him in the face. Spencer falls to the floor.

GUY
Who's the bitch now?

SPENCER
(mumbling)
She wasn't even a good lay.

GUY
What the fuck did you just say?

Spencer starts laughing.

SPENCER
You heard me.

GUY 3
Hey man, I found it.

The guy holds up the black backpack.

GUY
Nice. Any money?

They all shake their heads.

GUY (CONT'D)

You got any cash here tough guy?

Spencer gives him the finger.

The guy shakes his head, kicks him in the stomach a few times and spits on him.

Spencer yells out.

GUY (CONT'D)

Where's the money?

Spencer smiles at him, blood covering his teeth.

He kicks him in the face and Spencer lays on his back.

GUY (CONT'D)

Search him, and let's get out of here.

One of the guys walks over and searches the pocket of his robe. Pulls out a stack of cash and shows the others.

GUY (CONT'D)

Fuck yes. Let's fucking go.

SPENCER

I've paid more for less.

The guy turns.

GUY

What the fuck did you just say to me?

GUY 3

Dude. He's a piece of shit. Just leave him, let's go.

GUY

No. I think he needs a lesson on manners... Rich fuck.

He kneels down, grabs Spencer by the lapel and punches him repeatedly in the face.

He stops abruptly when there's a knock at the door.

They all look over.

One of the guys moves to the door.

GUY 4
Who is it?

VANESSA (O.C.)
Spencer, let me in!

GUY 4
(whispering)
It's some chick.

GUY
You got a girlfriend, rich guy?

Spencer smiles a bloody smile.

SPENCER
Just yours.

GUY
Piece of fucking shit. Who's
knocking on your door?

Spencer ignores the question.

GUY 4
Fuck him. Let's go. We got what we
came for.

The boyfriend lets go of Spencer who drops back to the floor. He stands and kicks him one more time.

The four walk to the door. As soon as they open the door, Vanessa pushes past them, and they leave without a word.

VANESSA
Spencer? What the hell is...

She sees him crumpled up on the floor.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Jesus Spencer!

The door closes and she looks back.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Who were they? Are you okay? What
happened?

Spencer lifts his head and grins, a bloody smile.

SPENCER
You came back.

Vanessa shakes her head.

VANESSA

What the fuck is wrong with you?

She helps him sit up and he winces, holding his ribs.

SPENCER

Why?

VANESSA

Why what?

SPENCER

Why did you come back?

VANESSA

Come on, can you stand?

LATER

Spencer sits on the chair holding a bag of ice on his face.

Vanessa walks up to him and he stares at her intently. She's wearing a track suit and has her hair up, no make-up.

She can feel his stare.

VANESSA

What?

SPENCER

Nothing.

VANESSA

What is it?

SPENCER

You just look, nice.

Vanessa rolls her eyes.

VANESSA

You really are drunk.

SPENCER

No. Yes. But I mean, I like you, normal.

VANESSA

Normal? Hah. You're the only one.

Spencer looks around and finds his bottle of vodka. He takes a few deep pulls. He winces and grabs his ribs again.

SPENCER

Shit.

You want a drink, I think there's more champagne over there.

She looks at him and then at the bar. She goes to it and looks at the different bottles.

VANESSA

I think something stronger this time.

Spencer rummages around the chair and pulls out a bag of pills. He holds them up and counts in his head.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Afraid you'll run out?

Spencer takes two.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Mr. Shaw. Don't you think it's time to stop at least for this weekend?

Spencer takes two more. Vanessa pours herself a Scotch, cheers from afar, and then drinks it. She pours another, grabs the bottle, and walks to the couch.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time for you to tell me what's really going on.

SPENCER

Can we just sit here... For a little bit longer?

Vanessa feigns a smile.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Thank you.

Spencer takes a draw from his bottle. Vanessa gets comfortable and sips her whiskey.

SUPER: September 14th, 2008 11:00pm

LATER

Spencer is still in the same spot. His eyes are closed.

VANESSA
Spencer! Hey, wake up.

He doesn't open his eyes.

SPENCER
I'm up. Don't worry. So what did
your grandmother make?

VANESSA
My grandmother?

SPENCER
You said you learned from her,
right? To cook? What did she make?

VANESSA
Oh. Yeah.
(contemplates this)
Everything. She was an amazing
cook. But mostly she and I would
bake on the weekends when my mom
was working.

SPENCER
Bake? Bake what?

She smiles.

VANESSA
Anything I wanted. We'd make
biscuits or muffins for breakfast.
Bread and rolls for meals. Pies,
cookies, cakes. Oh, turnovers, she
made the BEST turnovers. They were
buttery and flaky and just
wonderful.

She looks at Spencer, he's breathing slowly, eyes closed.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Hey, you still with me?

SPENCER
Just... Keep talking. I like to
listen to you talk.

Spencer smiles slightly.

VANESSA
I don't really have anything else
to say.

SPENCER
What did your mom do?

VANESSA
She was a nurse.

SPENCER
Was?

VANESSA
Yeah... She passed away when I was
fourteen.

Spencer opens one eye.

SPENCER
I'm sorry, that must have been
really hard.

Vanessa wipes a tear from the corner of her eye. Spencer
sits up and looks around.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
What time is it?

VANESSA
I dunno, two?

SPENCER
Shit. It's the 15th?

VANESSA
Um, yeah, I guess so.

Spencer is silent.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Spencer, what's the significance of
the 15th? What's happening today?

SPENCER
Will you help me get dressed?

VANESSA
Get dressed? For what?

SPENCER
I bought three suits, and never
wore the last one.

VANESSA
So, you can wear it tomorrow.

SPENCER

It is tomorrow. Please?

Vanessa searches his face. Finally, she stands.

VANESSA

Come on.

Spencer starts to get up but struggles. Vanessa goes to him.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer is sitting on a chair next to the sink. His robe is off, revealing the bruises starting to form.

Vanessa comes in with a toiletry bag and sets it on the counter. She turns on the hot water and waits.

When it starts to steam, she plugs the sink and soaks a towel in it, and turns it off.

After ringing it out, she sits on Spencer's lap and starts to wipe his face. She touches his one eye and he winces.

VANESSA

Ooh. Sorry.

SPENCER

It's fine.

Vanessa puts the towel in the sink and gets the toiletry bag. She pulls out a raiser and shaving cream.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Have you ever done this before?

Vanessa rolls her eyes.

VANESSA

I assure you, what I shave is far more sensitive than what you shave.

She puts shaving cream on his face and then begins.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

So, you wanna tell me what's going on?

Spencer doesn't respond. She continues shaving him.

SPENCER

Why CIA?

VANESSA
Why that specific school?

SPENCER
Yeah, there must dozens, hundreds
of other options.

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA
Not long after my mom died, my
grandfather decided to treat us to
a weekend in the city. Take my mind
off things, theirs too I think.

Anyway, we saw Beauty and the Beast
on Broadway. It was like brand new.
We walked through Central Park,
Times Square. All the things, you
know?

Spencer nods. Vanessa lifts his head to get his neck.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
But for me. The highlight was
dinner at the Supper Club.

SPENCER
The Supper Club? Am I supposed to
know that?

Vanessa shakes her head, disappointed.

Spencer jerks.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Ow!

VANESSA
Oh my god, I'm so sorry, did I get
you?

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER
No, I just didn't like you being
disappointed in me.

She pushes him and he actually winces.

VANESSA
Oh my god, your ribs! Actually, you
deserve that.

Spencer smiles.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
The head chef of the Supper Club
back then was Anthony Bourdain.

SPENCER
Oh, wow. Cool.

VANESSA
Yes, very cool. I didn't know it at
the time, who he was; but it was
like the most amazing meal I ever
had. And I told the waiter.

SPENCER
Cute.

Vanessa shrugs.

VANESSA
Well, I guess the waiter told the
chef, because a few minutes later,
the chef came out and introduced
himself personally.

SPENCER
Anthony Bourdain in the flesh.

VANESSA
In the flesh.

SPENCER
Wow. That's so cool.

VANESSA
He even walked me back and gave me
a tour of the kitchen.

SPENCER
Very cool.

VANESSA
Yep. And so I learned who he was.
Ever since, I've always been
obsessed. Hence CIA.

SPENCER
Obsessed with Bourdain?

VANESSA
Obsessed with creating something, a
meal. I was so sad after my mom
died, obviously.

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)
But for the two hours in that
restaurant, I forgot all about my
life.

SPENCER
Wow.

Vanessa wipes his face with a towel.

VANESSA
There... A little better. Come on.

Vanessa helps him up and he looks at himself in the mirror -
a shadow of what he was a few days before.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Now let's get you dressed, Mr.
Shaw.

MOMENTS LATER

Spencer stands in front of the mirror in the black suit,
with a crisp white shirt, and a skinny black tie.

Vanessa stands beside him.

VANESSA
You clean up well, Mr. Shaw.

Spencer smiles.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
I mean, aside from the cuts and
bruises.

Spencer shrugs, and then winces.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Now what?

Spencer looks over at the bathtub. He nods to it.

SPENCER
Sit with me?

Vanessa is puzzled.

VANESSA
You want to get undressed after
getting all dressed up?

SPENCER

No. Just sit in it. No water, just champagne?

VANESSA

Um. Okay.

SPENCER

Can you get it? And my phone?

VANESSA

Sure...

Vanessa leaves.

Spencer rummages through his toiletry and pulls out a bag of pills. He takes a few and puts the bag in his pocket.

LATER

Spencer and Vanessa sit in the empty bathtub, fully clothed.

Vanessa takes a sip of the champagne and hands it to Spencer, who finishes it and waves it at her.

VANESSA

Another? I don't think I can do another...

SPENCER

Okay...

VANESSA

Don't be so disappointed, it's four a.m.

SPENCER

Wow, already? That's... sad.

VANESSA

Sad? You've been going for three straight days, aren't you ready for it to be over?

SPENCER

Hah. No, I don't think I am. Especially this part.

VANESSA

That's sweet.

SPENCER

It's true.

Spencer adjusts and winces.

VANESSA

Oh stop. Ughh. I think there's one more bottle left. I'll go get it.

Vanessa leaves. Spencer immediately gets the bag of pills out of his pocket and takes a few more.

VANESSA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You're in luck, just like I said, one more left...

Vanessa walks in as Spencer puts the pills in his pocket. She hands the bottle to him and gets back into the tub.

She smiles at Spencer.

SPENCER

Will you do something for me?

VANESSA

Depends.

SPENCER

I want you to go to school.

VANESSA

Oh, that. Yeah, I mean sure, maybe.

SPENCER

No, I'm serious.

VANESSA

Mmhmm.

Spencer looks at the door. Vanessa follows his gaze.

SPENCER

In the safe in the bedroom, I don't know what's left, but there's probably eighty, ninety thousand. Maybe more. It's the last of it.

Take it.

VANESSA

Hah, okay. Sure. Are you gonna open that bottle or what?

SPENCER

Please. The code is nine one one.

Take it and go.

She looks at him and smiles widely.

VANESSA

The last of it? What's it?

SPENCER

My money. The last of the money I
legitimately earned before...

Just... it's yours.

Go on...

VANESSA

Stop.

Spencer starts to tear up.

SPENCER

Please. If you have any feelings
for me at all, go, take the money,
and go do the thing you always
wanted to do.

VANESSA

Spencer...

Spencer wipes his eyes.

SPENCER

Go, look for yourself.

Vanessa smiles. Spencer pleads with his eyes.

VANESSA

Really?

(huffs)

Fine. I'll play along.

Vanessa goes to the bedroom.

Spencer listens as the safe beeps from the code.

Vanessa comes back in.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

It's there, but I don't get it.

SPENCER
Get what?

VANESSA
What's the... punchline?

SPENCER
No joke.

She looks at him for more.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(sternly)
My life? It's over, in a few hours,
everything I have will be gone.
That's all I have left to my name.

So take it. Please. Do something...
meaningful.

Spencer wipes his eyes again.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Just take it and go!

Vanessa winces.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Please... Please.

Vanessa looks out of the room, and then back at Spencer. She takes a step toward Spencer.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Please, just go...

Vanessa's eyes start to water. She takes a deep breath and turns to the door.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Wait!

She turns, and goes towards him.

VANESSA
What?

SPENCER
One condition...

Spencer half smiles.

VANESSA

Here we go...

SPENCER

Tell me your real name.

Spencer looks at her, the smile dropping from his face.

Vanessa considers him for a moment.

She walks to Spencer, leans down and whispers in his ear. He smiles solemnly. She kisses him on the cheek and walks away.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Can you turn on the TV? On your way out?

Vanessa continues without looking back.

Spencer watches the door and listens as the TV turns on. A few moments later, he hears the suite door close.

He pulls out the bag of pills and takes a few more.

Spencer opens the bottle of champagne and takes a sip.

SUPER: September 15th, 2008 5:00am

LATER

Spencer is still in the tub. He pulls out his phone and turns it on.

The screen turns on with the following:

- **134 Voicemails**

- **262 Unread Messages**

He dials RACHAEL and it rings out. When the voicemail message plays, he hangs up and dials again.

After a few rings, a voice answers.

RACHAEL (O.S.)

This better be important.

SPENCER

Hi Rach.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 Jesus, Spencer, are you wasted
 again? I'm hanging up.

SPENCER
 No, wait!

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 What do you want?

SPENCER
 Um. How are you?

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 Spencer, it's seven o'clock in the
 morning. You're not calling me to
 ask me how I am. What do you want?

SPENCER
 I just...

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 Ugh, god Spence. I do not need this
 right now.

SPENCER
 I know. I just... It's been a while
 since I talked to you.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 Four months.

Spencer's eyes close.

RACHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Spence? Are you still there? Jesus.

SPENCER
 I'm here.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 This is rich, even for you. Where
 are you?

SPENCER
 The Grand.

Rachael doesn't respond.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 Spencer? Please. Why did you call?

SPENCER
 (slow)
 I just wanted to call my sister.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 Okay. You called.
 (to someone else)
 Shoes, backpacks, out to the car,
 I'll be out in a moment.

SPENCER
 You didn't answer my question.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 I'm fine. Anything else?

SPENCER
 How are the kids?

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 They're fine. Everyone's fine.

Spencer starts to drift.

RACHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Spencer?! God Spencer! What the
 hell???

Spencer comes back.

SPENCER
 Hey, I need you to do something for
 me.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 Ahh, here we go...

SPENCER
 I know you don't trust me, but
 please. Listen to me. I need you to
 do exactly what I say. Will you?

She doesn't respond.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Rachael?

RACHAEL (O.S.)
 I'm still here, Spencer.

SPENCER
 Promise me, you'll do exactly what
 I say.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
Spencer, you're making me nervous.
What's going on?

SPENCER
Please. I know. I know who I am. I
know you've never liked... My
decisions. But please, just this
once, I need you to listen to me.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
I don't like this. Jeremy will be
in the city soon, I'm sending him
to pick you up.

SPENCER
No don't. I need you to listen.
Your savings, your investments,
your retirement. Sell it all. Today
first thing. As soon as the markets
open.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
Spencer, I have to take the kids to
school, and then I have to go to
work. Maybe I can do some of it at
some point.

SPENCER
No! Sorry. No. Please. As soon as
you get off the phone with me, you
and Jeremy, go through all your
accounts. Sell everything. It's
probably too late, but at least
this will stop the bleeding.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
Stop what bleeding, what are you
talking about?

SPENCER
It's the end, Rach. It's all gonna
come crashing down. It's probably
already started.

RACHAEL (O.S.)
What has? Spencer. Please. Me and
Jeremy will come there and figure
this all out.

SPENCER
It's too late. Just... Just do what
I said. Stop worrying about me.
Just worry about yourself.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Worry about my niece and nephew and your family. They... I didn't care about any of that when we created this. You listen to me and do what I said. Get rid of it all.

RACHAEL (O.S.)

And do what?

SPENCER

Wait. It's gonna get worse, a lot worse, until it gets better.

Rachael is quiet.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Rach? Are you still there?

RACHAEL (O.S.)

Yeah.. fine. Yes. I will sell all of my whatever, investments. But you need to come here and tell me what's going on. Today. Okay?

SPENCER

Yeah...

RACHAEL (O.S.)

Spencer, are you okay?

SPENCER

No. I'm not. I love you. Tell the kids I love them.

RACHAEL (O.S.)

You can...

Spencer hangs up.

A moment later, his phone rings. It's Rachael. He turns the phone off and throws it aside, is smacks the tile floor.

Spencer takes a long drink from the champagne bottle. He takes a handful of pills and washes them down.

He sits up, wincing in pain. He leans forward and turns on the water in the tub.

He patiently tests the water and waits for the right temperature. Finally, he stops the drain and sits back.

Spencer closes his eyes. His breathing slows.

BEDROOM - LATER

On the TV, the news has images of Bank of America's logo with the heading: Lehman Brothers Bankrupt.

NEWS ANCHOR

Breaking News, Lehman Brothers, one of the nations largest and oldest investments banks will file for chapter eleven bankruptcy protection today. It follows a tumultuous weekend in which two potential buyers pulled out of deal talks. Early hour indications now has the market headed for a big tumble when the it opens in ninety minutes...

The safe in the room is open, and empty.

Water trickles into the room. Through the door, the tub in the bathroom has water flowing over the top.

A champagne bottle floats on the top, and then falls over the water. It bounces, like in slow motion, clattering on the floor until finally it shatters on the wet floor.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END