

Along Came You

"Roommies"

by
Igor Korosec

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SUMMARY

Igor is new in the big city of Los Angeles in 1998. He brings to this country his old habits and naive way of thinking. He is in search of himself while moving in the building with the worst Hollywood actress, an over-flirtatious landlady, her horny husband and a concierge who is richer than Mr. Trump. Igor is dealing with his immigration and with a desire to make a career ("whatever" that might be) in this new town. He doesn't take things for granted as his co-tenants do.

Each episode starts with Igor reading a newspaper ad that makes the plot of the episode (i.e. Penis enlargement ad, Fake work permits ad, Cooking school ad, Car ad, Porno modeling ad, Personal ad, Travel ad, Natural Juice ad, Accent reduction ad, Dance class ad...).

CHARACTERS:

IGOR KOROSSEC - 33 YEAR OLD NAIVE SEXOPHOBIC SLOVENIAN WITH HEAVY ACCENT WHO CAN HANDLE SCHNAPPS VERY WELL. HE IS NEW IN THE BIG TOWN OF LOS ANGELES.

BLANCHE LAUREN - THE WORST, BUT WORKING ACTRESS IN HER MID 30'S WITH A GREAT BODY. SHE GETS PARTS BY SLEEPING WITH PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS AND MONEY FROM HER 13 EX HUSBANDS.

GLADYS LAUREN - DAVID'S WIFE WHO IS IN HER 50'S BUT ALWAYS TRIES TO LOOK YOUNGER. LIKES YOUNGER MEN, BUT IF SOMEONE WANTS TO GET HER IN BED SHE BACKS OFF.

DAVID STEINBERG - A LITTLE PERSON - THE OWNER OF THIS BUILDING, SEVERAL REAL ESTATES AND A FASHION MAGAZINE. ALWAYS HORNY AND HUNGRY, BUT EXTREMELY CHEAP.

WILLIAM CASH - HE IS THE MOST GORGEOUS, SEXY, SELF CONFIDANT, FLIRTATIOUS EUROPEAN CONCIERGE IN HIS 30'S. HE SHOULD HAVE MORE MONEY THEN MR. TRUMP, BUT HE LIKES HIS JOB AS A CONCIERGE AS HE GETS AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET LAID ALL THE TIME.

LUT - A BIG DOG OWNED BY DAVID AND HATED BY GLADYS.

CAB DRIVER - AN OLD ITALIAN IN HIS 80'S. GOD FATHER TYPE.

MARY - A BEAUTIFUL GREEK BRUNETTE IN HER LATE 20'S. SHE BARELY SPEAKS ANY ENGLISH.

TWO VERY SKINNY MOVERS - ANY AGE, ARABS WITH TURBANS ON THEIR HEADS.

TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE - AD IN NEWSPAPER

CIRCLED AD IN NEWSPAPER THAT READS: Bright & Airy Loft in Hollywood Hills, 2 bdrms, Extremely Private World, 22' Bow Truss Ceilings, Beautiful Wood, 9' French Doors, Private Backyard w/ Lush Landscaping, Swimming Pool, Patio Cafe on the first floor, Gated Parking, \$1,900/m, Year lease

Please Contact DAVID 222-2121

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN LOS ANGELES, EVENING JULY 1ST (N-1)

IGOR, CAB DRIVER

IGOR IS A 33 YEAR OLD NAIVE SEXOPHOBIC SLOVENIAN WITH HEAVY ACCENT WHO CAN HANDLE SCHNAPPS VERY WELL. HE IS BRAND NEW IN THE BIG TOWN OF LOS ANGELES.

HE IS PAYING A CAB DRIVER - AN OLD ITALIAN IN HIS 80'S. GOD FATHER TYPE. CAB DRIVER SAVES MONEY UNDER HIS HAT. WHEN THE CAB DRIVES AWAY IGOR IS STANDING IN FRONT OF AN EXPENSIVE LOS ANGELES BUILDING, HOLDING THE "LOS ANGELES TIMES" IN HIS HAND. HE IS LOOKING AT THE BUILDING. CAMERA ZOOMS OUT AND WE CAN SEE FIFTEEN SUITCASES AROUND IGOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN LOS ANGELES, EVENING (N-1)

IGOR, CONCIERGE WILLIAM

CONCIERGE WILLIAM IS THE MOST GORGEOUS MAN ON THE PLANET. EUROPEAN. IN HIS 30'S. HE WOULD HAVE SEX WITH ANYTHING THAT MOVES. VERY SEXY, SELF CONFIDANT, FLIRTATIOUS. HE SHOULD HAVE MORE MONEY THEN MR. TRUMP, BUT HE LIKES HIS JOB AS A CONCIERGE AS HE GETS AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET LAID ALL THE TIME.

HE IS PUTTING IGOR'S LUGGAGE ON THE CART. IGOR IS HOLDING HIS JACKET IN ONE HAND, BUT HE IS TRYING TO HELP THE CONCIERGE. HE GRABS THE SMALLEST SUITCASE. IT'S TOO HEAVY. HE FLIPS OVER IT WHILE THE CONCIERGE IS PUTTING THE BIGGER LUGGAGE ON THE CART. WHEN CONCIERGE TURNS AROUND IGOR IS ALREADY STANDING UP, SMILING, DRINKING SCHNAPPS FROM THE SMALL BOTTLE HE HAD IN HIS SUIT POCKET. CONCIERGE PUTS THE LAST - THE SMALLEST SUITCASE ON THE CART. THEN HE PICKS UP IGOR'S JACKET OFF THE FLOOR AND STARTS PUTTING IT ON IGOR.

WHEN HE TOUCHES HIM, IGOR AFRAID OF ANY POSSIBLE HOMO TOUCHES, JUMPS ASIDE AND LOOKS AT WILLIAM WITH A STRANGE LOOK (ARE YOU GAY OR WHAT).

FADE OUT:

OPENING CREDITS:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

SCENE A

A INT. HALLWAY, EVENING (N-1)
(IGOR, DAVID, WILLIAM)

A

IGOR AND WILLIAM MEET DAVID, A LITTLE PERSON - THE OWNER OF THIS BUILDING, SEVERAL REAL ESTATES AND A FASHION MAGAZINE. ALWAYS HORNY AND HUNGRY. MULTI BILLIONAIRE, BUT EXTREMELY CHEAP. HE HAS A BIG DOG (BIGGER THAN HE IS) - HER NAME IS LUT.

IGOR
Hello, Sir. I called earlier about the
lift.

DAVID
(Kind of nervous. He is
hiding something.)
Yeah, regarding the loft... Welcome to
the building.

LUT GOES TO IGOR AND STARTS SNIFFING AND LICKING HIM.

IGOR
Oops... He likes me.

DAVID
She. Her name is Lut.

IGOR
Hey, Slut. How are you? You are such a
nice bitch... Right, Slut?

DAVID
Her name is Lut.

IGOR

Yeah, very nice girl... So, can we go to the apartment. I am exhausted. You know, jet lag...

DAVID

(Gets nervous again.)

Your apartment is almost ready. May I offer you a drink on our patio and I can prepare the paperwork.

IGOR

Oh, I don't know. I am really tired.

DAVID

Oh, I am not expensive and I can add the cost of the drink to next months rent.

IGOR

Can we do the paperwork tomorrow?

I am just so glad to move out of Motel 6 and have my very own apartment... To lay down on the floor. Even though there is no furniture...

WILLIAM

Oh, there is some furniture there...

DAVID

(interrupts William)

You can get a welcome Long Island Ice Tea for only \$25. And you don't pay for it till next month...

IGOR
(to William)
I beg your pardon...

DAVID LOOKS AT WILLIAM. SIGNS HIM TO SHUT UP.

DAVID
There are a few boxes left behind in
the apartment...but I assure you they
will be picked up tonight.

DAVID IS TRYING TO GET IGOR ON THE PATIO, BUT WILLIAM WANTS
TO GET IGOR TO THE APARTMENT

IGOR
A few boxes will not bother me.

WILLIAM
And a bed...

IGOR
Wow, she left a bed. Great.

DAVID
Would you prefer a glass of dry wine
for \$10?

WILLIAM
And sofas...

DAVID
Or a shot of tequila... Eight
dollars...

IGOR
So, the only thing I need is a kitchen
table...

WILLIAM

Oh, the table's there as well...

IGOR

Wow, I wish I could pay her for all
that furniture.

WILLIAM

You can.

DAVID IS ANGRY AT WILLIAM ON ONE HAND, BUT PLEASED ON THE
OTHER.

DAVID

You see... Ms. Blanche hired this
moving company "Pay and Away". You pay
them and they... They are truly away.
They haven't moved her...yet. But they
should be here any moment now.

WILLIAM

Or not...

IGOR

So, where should I stay tonight
then...

DAVID DOESN'T KNOW THE ANSWER, BUT WANTS TO RENT THE
APARTMENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

WILLIAM

(teasing Igor)
You can stay with me, sweetie.

DAVID

The movers will be here any moment.

DAVID MAKES HIS PAGER BEEP.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, I need to go to apartment 3. They
have an emergency... I'll be back...

DAVID LEAVES.

IGOR TAKES ANOTHER SIP FROM THE BOTTLE. THEN HE COMBS HIS
HAIR, PUTS COLOGNE ON (WAY TOO MUCH), SPRAYS SOME INTO HIS
MOUTH AFTER HE REALIZES THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY MOUTH SPRAY.
HE IS LOOKING AT WILLIAM WITH THE LOOK, DON'T GET TOO CLOSE
TO ME. THEY GET TO THE DOOR OF APARTMENT 7.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE B

B INT. HALLWAY AT THE APARTMENT 7 - I.E. BLANCHE'S/IGOR'S B
APARTMENT, EVENING (N-1)
(BLANCHE, IGOR, WILLIAM)

IGOR RINGS THE DOOR BELL. DOOR OPENS. WE SEE BLANCHE DRESSED
IN EROTIC UNDERWEAR WITH DISGUSTING LOOKING FRUIT DRINK IN
ONE HAND AND PHONE IN THE OTHER. THE WORST, BUT WORKING
ACTRESS IN HER MID 30'S WITH A GREAT BODY. SHE WILL ALWAYS
PUT OUT FOR A ROLE IN A MOVIE OR TV. SHE GETS MONEY FROM HER
13 EX HUSBANDS. TAKES GOOD CARE OF HER BODY. SHE DOESN'T
DRINK OR SMOKE.

BLANCHE

(Into the phone, but looking
at Igor.)
...Who do you think you are?...

IGOR

I am Igor.

BLANCHE BECKONS IGOR TO ENTER. SHE SPEAKS INTO THE PHONE, BUT
IS SCANNING IGOR ALL THIS TIME.

BLANCHE

Stop right there...

IGOR STOPS. BLANCHE BECKONS HIM TO ENTER.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)
I told you to stop...

IGOR STOPS AGAIN.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)
You are an absolute jackass...

IGOR IS SHOCKED AND OFFENDED.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)
(to Igor.)
He hung up on me... C'mon in. You must
be Igor.

IGOR DOESN'T LIKE HER.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)
I am so sorry about all this
inconvenience. The movers should be
here any time now. Please don't let
the boxes bother you. Just be at home.

IGOR
(to himself)
I am at home.

BLANCHE
I'm sorry?

IGOR IS STILL BETWEEN THE DOOR.

IGOR
May I come in now?

BLANCHE
Of course. C'mon in. I am so sorry for
this.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

C

INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING (N-1)
(BLANCHE, IGOR, WILLIAM)

C

WILLIAM BRINGS SUITCASES ACROSS THE ROOM AND IS TAKING THEM IN THE BEDROOM. BLANCHE IS SCANNING IGOR FROM HEAD TO TOE.

BLANCHE

Please take a seat. Would you like
some juice? Freshly made.

IGOR TAKES A SEAT ON A RECLINER.

IGOR

Yes, please.

BLANCHE DISAPPEARS IN THE KITCHEN. IGOR LOOKS AROUND. WHILE LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW AT LOS ANGELES, HE ACCIDENTLY PRESSES THE BUTTON THAT MAKES THE CHAIR GO INTO A LAYING POSITION. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. HE STRUGGLES TO GET UP, BUT HE CAN'T.

BLANCHE (V.O.)

So, you just got in town?

IGOR

(still struggling)
Yes, today.

WHILE HE IS STRUGGLING WILLIAM COMES BACK FROM THE BEDROOM AND APPROACHES THE CHAIR WHERE IGOR IS LAYING. HE IS FRIGHTENED AS WILLIAM SLOWLY AND FLIRTATIOUSLY LEANS OVER THE CHAIR AND PRESSES THE BUTTON TO GET THE CHAIR BACK INTO A SITTING POSITION. HE SMILES AND EXTENDS HIS PALM WITH A DRAWN TATTOO OF DOLLAR SIGN ON IT. IGOR IS SEARCHING FOR MONEY. HE GETS THE WALLET OUT AND WANTS TO GIVE WILLIAM SOME MONEY, BUT IT SEEMS HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE NEW CURRENCY. WILLIAM LEANS LOWER. IGOR LOOKS IN HIS FACE AND HIS HANDS ARE SHAKING SO MUCH THAT THE WALLET FALLS OUT OF HIS HANDS BETWEEN HIS LEGS. WILLIAM TAKES IT AND GETS OUT \$100.

WILLIAM

Thank you, sir.

WILLIAM LEAVES TO GET SOME MORE LUGGAGE.

IGOR
Hey, you... Can you, please call a cab
for me. This apartment is not ready at
all. I wanna go back to Motel 6...

WILLIAM
Sure... That will be \$10.

IGOR PAYS HIM. WILLIAM LEAVES. IGOR GETS A SIP FROM HIS
BOTTLE. HE AGAIN SPRAYS SOME COLOGNE INTO HIS MOUTH. BLANCHE
RETURNS WITH A DRINK FROM THE KITCHEN.

BLANCHE
Mmmm, you smell good. Here... Enjoy
the vitamins.

IGOR TAKES A SIP. HE IS DISGUSTED.

IGOR
Mmmm, very tasty.

HE SHAKES FROM DISGUST.

BLANCHE
Can you guess what's in it?

IGOR
Is it onion... parsley... and parrot?

BLANCHE
You probably mean carrot? Yes. And
celery, coconut and raw turkey egg.

IGOR DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE DRINK. THEN HE FIGURES
IT OUT...

IGOR
Can I get some salt, please?

BLANCHE

Sure, no problem.

SHE LEAVES. IGOR TAKES A BIG SIP FROM HIS SCHNAPPS BOTTLE. HE IS SEARCHING TO FIND A PLACE TO POUR OUT HIS DISGUSTING JUICE. HE DOESN'T FIND ANYTHING. HE LOOKS AT THE BOTTLE AND POURS SOME OF THE SCHNAPPS INTO THE DRINK. TRIES IT. IT'S MUCH BETTER. HE SPRAYS SOME MORE COLOGNE INTO HIS MOUTH.

WE SEE THE LIGHTS IN THE VALLEY OF LOS ANGELES.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

D

INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING (N-1)
(BLANCHE, IGOR, WILLIAM)

D

BLANCHE RETURNS WITH SALT, BUT IGOR IS ALREADY SLEEPING AND THE GLASS IS EMPTY. WILLIAM COMES FROM THE ROOM. HE IS LOOKING AT HIS PAGER.

WILLIAM

Ms. Blanche, may I use your phone for a moment, please?

BLANCHE

Of course, but if there is another call let me know... "Pay And Away" should call me any time now...

WILLIAM

Thank you. I will.

WILLIAM DIALS. THEN HE PRESSES THE OFF BUTTON.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Hey Steve... I'm fine. How are you?...

No, Steve, I don't know any beautiful actresses in their 30's...

BLANCHE HEARS HIM. SHE STARTS WALKING IN FRONT OF HIM TO REMIND HIM SHE IS AN ACTRESS.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon, you are Spielberg... You can get one any moment... You need one with long brown hair? No, I don't know any...

BLANCHE IS GETTING MORE AND MORE INTERESTED AND AGGRESSIVE IN SHOWING OFF.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(He is describing Blanche.)

...green eyes? No... Between 5'6 and 5'8? No, sorry man... Yeah, I'll keep my eyes wide open for you... How old you're gonna be?... Just one moment...

(To Blanche)

Do you have a piece of paper and a pen?

BLANCHE

Sure.

SHE GETS THE PEN AND PAPER, BUT SHE ADDS HER HEADSHOT ON THE TOP OF IT.

WILLIAM WRITES ADDRESS DOWN. IGNORES THE HEADSHOT.

WILLIAM

This Sunday... At 3 PM... That's above Mulholland Drive, right?... No, I don't have any guests... Okay, I'll see you Sunday... Take care...

BLANCHE LOOKS AT HIM IN SHOCK.

BLANCHE
You know Steven Spielberg?

WILLIAM
Yeah. His wife is a cousin of my
neighbor's co-worker's wife. We go
back a long way.

BLANCHE GRABS HIS HAND AND LEADS HIM TOWARDS THE BEDROOM.

BLANCHE
Let's talk about it... In privacy...

WILLIAM SHOWS HER HIS HAND WITH THE TATTOOED DOLLAR SIGN.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)
I have all my money in bedroom,
darling.

WILLIAM IS GLAD HE WON THE GAME.

WILLIAM
Okay.

THEY LEAVE FOR BEDROOM.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE E

E INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING (N-1) E
(GLADYS, IGOR, BLANCHE)

IGOR WAKES UP FROM THE VOICES COMING FROM THE BEDROOM.

BLANCHE (V.O.)
Ouch... It hurts... Put the knife
away... Take all my money, but don't
hurt me...

THIS KIND OF MONOLOGUE CONTINUES THROUGH THE SCENE.

IGOR THINKS SOMEONE IS KILLING BLANCHE. ALTHOUGH HE DISLIKES HER, HE IS STILL CONCERNED. HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM TO FIND SOMETHING THAT COULD SERVE AS A WEAPON, BEFORE HE ENTERS THE ROOM. HE SEES A SILVER PLATTER, WHEN SOMEBODY KNOCKS ON THE ENTRANCE DOOR. IGOR IS CONFUSED. KNOCKING REPEATS. IGOR PUTS THE PLATTER DOWN AND GOES TO OPEN THE DOOR, BUT THE CHAIN ONLY ALLOWS HIM TO OPEN IT JUST A LITTLE BIT. THERE IS GLADYS - DAVID'S WIFE IN HER 50'S WHO ALWAYS TRIES TO LOOK YOUNGER. LIKES YOUNGER MEN, BUT IF SOMEONE WANTS TO GET HER IN BED SHE BACKS OFF. SHE IS WITH HER HUSBAND FOR MONEY ONLY. DRESSED IN BRIGHT VERY EXPENSIVE CLOTHES. NEEDED GLASSES YEARS AGO, BUT WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG.

GLADYS IS STILL LOOKING IN HER MIRROR AND CORRECTING HER MAKE-UP.

GLADYS

Hey, Blanche... Would you mix one of
your delicious cocktails for me.

IGOR IS TRYING TO OPEN THE DOOR, BUT THE CHAIN DOESN'T ALLOW HIM. HE IS TRYING TO PULL THE CHAIN FROM THE DOOR FRAME INSTEAD OF THE DOOR. IT DOESN'T WORK. HE PUTS ONE FOOT ON THE WALL AND FORCEFULLY OPENS THE DOOR. CHAIN COMES OFF TOGETHER WITH SOME PIECES OF THE DOOR FRAME. IGOR FALLS BEHIND THE DOOR. GLADYS PUTS THE MAKE-UP IN HER PURSE. WALKS IN. LOOKS AROUND. HEARS SOME NOISES FROM BEHIND THE DOOR. TRIES TO SEE...

GLADYS (CONT'D)

(Looking down and talking
towards the kitchen.)

So, Blanche... Do you need any help
moving?

SHE STARTS KICKING IGOR OUT IN THE HALLWAY. YELLS TOWARD THE HALLWAY.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

David, I told you I don't want the dog
inside of the apartments.

(To Igor.)

Get out.

AFTER BEING KICKED IN HIS BALLS IGOR CRAWLS OUT.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
I don't hear a blender, darling. I'd
prefer a fresh one. You should know
better...

KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
I'll get it.

REMOVES THE CHAIN, HOLDING IT IN HER HAND TOGETHER WITH
ATTACHED PIECES OF THE DOOR FRAME. OPENS THE DOOR.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
May I help you?

IGOR
How do you do lady? My name is Igor.

GLADYS
(Gets 30 years younger.)
Wazz up? You must be the new tenant.
C'mon in. I'm Gladys. Your landlady.

(very erotic)
You should just let me know if you
need anything... Anything...

(towards the kitchen)
Blanche, he's here.

(to Igor)
Please, c'mon in. Take a seat on the
LOVE seat.

IGOR SITS DOWN. GLADYS SITS NEAR HIM. SHE IS TRYING TO LOOK
AT HIM WITH HER "MARILYN MONROE" SEDUCTIVE LOOK. IGOR IS
GETTING SQUEEZED INTO THE CORNER OF THE LOVE SEAT.

GLADYS LOOKS AT HIM VERY CLOSE, BUT WHEN HE LOOKS AT HER SHE
BACKS OFF.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

You have very nice eyes, bubby.

IGOR

Thank you. Mrs. Gladys, someone is--

GLADYS

--I love your accent. Very exotic,

bubby. I love Russian men...

Rrrrrrrr...

IGOR

I am Slovenian.

GLADYS

Rrrrrrrrr... Is that near Moscow,

bubby?

IGOR

No, near Italy, Austria, Hungary and

Cro--aaaaaaaaaaa--

GLADYS GRABS HIS CROTCH MAKING IT SEEM VERY COMMON FOR HER TO DO THIS. THEN SHE STARTS SINGING LIKE SHE WOULD BE SINGING "A CHILDREN SONG."

GLADYS

Crotch. Crotch. Crotch.

I love Slovenian...

(Can't think of a word to
make it rhyme with crotch.)

... "zotch".

Oh, bubby... Rrrr...

IGOR WAS NEVER TOUCHED DOWN THERE. HE IS TOTALLY SHOCKED. HE CAN'T EVEN MOVE.

IGOR
Mrs. Gladys, listen... Someone is
killing Blanche.

BLANCHE (V.O.)
Okay... Cut my throat, but you will
never get my jewels...

GLADYS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMS INTO HER REAL SELF - A WOMAN IN
HER 50'S.

GLADYS
Oh, my God.

SHE IS CONFUSED. LOOKS TOWARDS THE KITCHEN AND THEN THE
BEDROOM.

GLADYS STANDS UP. IGOR BEHIND HER. THEY WALK TOWARDS THE
BEDROOM LIKE THE "PINK PANTHER". THEY STOP AT THE DOOR. IGOR
GRABS THE SILVER PLATTER AND GIVES IT TO GLADYS. THEN THEY
STAND ON EACH SIDE OF THE DOOR. IGOR OPENS THE DOOR. GLADYS
THROWS THE PLATTER LIKE A FRISBEE. IGOR STANDS IN A SILLY
KARATE POSITION AND SCREAMS LIKE A PROFESSIONAL KARATE
FIGHTER.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE F

F INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING (N-1) F
(BLANCHE, GLADYS, IGOR)

BLANCHE COMES OUT OF THE ROOM WITH A HEADSET ON HER HEAD,
MOVIE SCRIPT IN THE HAND AND HOLDING HER NOSE WITH THE OTHER
HAND. FRISBEE OBVIOUSLY HIT HER IN THE NOSE. SHE SLOWLY LOOKS
AT IGOR AND THEN AT GLADYS. THEN SHE FALLS ON HER BACK. IGOR
AND GLADYS LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEY SIMULTANEOUSLY GO DOWN
TOWARDS BLANCHE.

GLADYS
Did he kill her--

IGOR
No, she just lost her...

(can't remember English word)
her... Zavest...

GLADYS GIVES HIM A DUMB LOOK.

IGOR (CONT'D)
...Feelings...

GLADYS
Help me get her to the sofa on the
right.

GLADYS, WITH HER BACK TOWARDS BLANCHE, GRABS ONE LEG. IGOR GRABS THE OTHER LEG FACING BLANCHE. THEY START PULLING HER. BUT SINCE THEY ARE TURNED DIFFERENT WAYS, THE RIGHT WOULD BE DIFFERENT FOR EACH OF THEM.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
I said to the sofa on the right.

IGOR
Yes, on the right.

GLADYS
Oh, jeez... Okay... To the sofa on the
left then.

IGOR, HOLDING BLANCHE'S LEFT LEG, MOVES TOWARDS THE LEFT. THEY BUMP TOGETHER WITH GLADYS. HE STEPS OVER BLANCHE'S RIGHT LEG. BLANCHE'S BODY TURNS AROUND. SHE IS NOW ON HER STOMACH. HER FACE IS RUBBING THE FLOOR WHILE IGOR AND GLADYS ARE PULLING THE BODY.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
I said to the sofa on the left.

IGOR
I'm going to the left.

GLADYS DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. FINALLY SHE TURNS AROUND - ALSO FACING BLANCHE.

GLADYS
Okay, on that sofa.

THEY FINALLY GET HER ON THE SOFA.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
I'll go and get some ice and some
fresh cocktail juice...

(on the way to the kitchen))
Give her some massage...

IGOR
I beg your pardon...

GLADYS
Massage... Rub her face...

IGOR
Okay...

SINCE GLADYS CAN'T SEE WELL SHE HITS THE WALL NEARBY THE KITCHEN DOOR. SHE LEAVES HER FACE PRINT ON THE WALL SINCE HER FACE IS COVERED IN MAKE UP.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE G

G INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING (N-1) G
(BLANCHE, GLADYS, IGOR, DAVID, LUT)

IGOR IS RUBBING BLANCHE'S FACE. HE SMEARS HER MAKE UP ALL OVER. HER FACE NOW LOOKS LIKE THE FACE OF A MINER AFTER WORK. BUT HE IS MASSAGING MORE. VERY FIRM.

DOOR BELL RINGS. BLANCHE IS BECOMING CONSCIOUS. SHE IS IN PAIN FROM IGOR'S RUBBING.

GLADYS IS IN THE KITCHEN MAKING JUICE.

GLADYS (V.O.)
Can you open the door, please. That's
David... I hope... I paged him twice.

DOOR BELL RINGS AGAIN. IGOR OPENS THE DOOR. DAVID IS TYING
LUT TO THE DOOR KNOB OUTSIDE.

DAVID
(Kind of embarrassed.)
Hi, Igor... Did you meet Blanche?

IGOR
(angry)
Oh, yes... I even "rubbished" her...
Mr. Steinberg, I just want to tell
you...

GLADYS (V.O.)
Where have you been? I paged you
twice. Get your little ass in.

DAVID WALKS IN WITH GROCERY BAGS.

DAVID
I'm sorry, Gladys...

HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO FIX THE SITUATION. HE REMEMBERS JOEY
FROM FRIENDS.

DAVID (CONT'D)
How you doin'?

IGOR
Oh, shut up.

DAVID THROWS HIS EXPENSIVE SUITE JACKET ON THE FLOOR. PUTS
GROCERIES ON THE FLOOR AT THE DOOR.

DAVID

So, Blanche, when is "Pay and Away"
coming?

BLANCHE

(with her face in her palms)
Oh, no...

DAVID

(to Igor)
So, you two already became good
friends.

IGOR GIVES HIM A HORRIFYING LOOK.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(To Gladys in the kitchen)
I've almost forgot...

Your new eye glasses are in my jacket.

GLADYS IS WALKING INTO THE ROOM BACKWARDS CARRYING THE JUICE DRINKS.

IGOR

Oh, Mrs. Gladys, you wear eye glasses?

GLADYS

No, not really. Only for...

GLADYS PUTS DRINKS ON THE TABLE BEHIND THE COUCH. THEN SHE GOES TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE WHERE SHE THINKS THE JACKET IS HANGING. ON THE WAY THERE SHE FALLS OVER THE JACKET. SHE GETS HER EYE GLASSES OUT OF THE POCKET. ONE GLASS IS BROKEN. SHE PUTS THEM ON ANYWAY. SHE LOOKS AT IGOR WHO IS LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW. THEN SHE SEES BLANCHE RUBBED OFF FACE. GLADYS SCREAMS WHEN SHE SEES BLANCHE'S "RUBBED OFF" FACE. BLANCHE SCREAMS WHEN SHE SEES GLADYS'S FACE SMEARED WITH MAKE UP. DAVID FINALLY SEES GLADYS'S FACE FOR THE FIRST TIME. DAVID SCREAMS. BLANCHE LOOKS AT HIM. DAVID SCREAMS AGAIN. IGOR DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THIS AMERICAN HABIT. HE LOOKS AT THEM ALL AND SCREAMS.

MATCH CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE H

H

INT. BLANCHE'S KITCHEN, EVENING (N-1)
(DAVID, IGOR, GLADYS)

H

IGOR IS IN THE KITCHEN WITH DAVID PREPARING A VEGGIE COCKTAIL. GLADYS IS IN THE LIVING ROOM WITH BLANCHE.

DAVID

Wash some celery, please.

IGOR

Mr. Steinberg, I decided that I am going back to the motel. This is ridiculous...

DAVID

Okay, we can talk about this in the morning. Now, please, put the celery that I brought under the faucet and clean it.

IGOR PUTS THE GROCERY BAGS ON THE COUNTER NEARBY THE SINK. HE IS LOOKING FOR THE CELERY. HE EMPTIES ONE BAG (THE CELERY WAS THERE), BUT CAN'T FIND THE CELERY. ON THE TOP OF THE SECOND BAG HE FINDS DAVID'S WALLET. HE OPENS THE WATER AND STARTS WASHING THE MONEY FROM THE WALLET.

IGOR

You have quite a salary.

DAVID

What are you doing?!

IGOR

Washing your salary...

DAVID

Give me that... You are...

GLADYS (V.O.)

What is going on there? David, why are
you yelling?

DAVID

(calmly, nicely)
You are such a moron.

IGOR

Thank you, sir.

DAVID

Okay. Here, clean the onion.

IGOR

Yes, sir...

WASHES THE ONIONS, BUT DOESN'T PEEL THEM.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Okay, done. Should I continue washing
your salary?

DAVID GRABS ONIONS.

DAVID

Would you, please peel them.

IGOR

Peel them?

DAVID

Yes. You know... well... Do the same
as you did with Blanche's face.

IGOR

Oh, okay.

HE SQUEEZES ONIONS.

DAVID

Let me show you how to peel the
onion... You see... Very easy... Then
you put everything into this juice-
maker...

IGOR

Juice-maker... What is this button
for?

(Turns it on.)

THE JUICE STARTS SPRAYING ALL AROUND.

GLADYS (V.O.)

What's going on there? Where's my
juice?

DAVID

It's almost done.

DAVID PUTS THE BOWL AT THE JUICE-MAKER.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Look what you did! Help me to clean
it... Jeez, there's not enough juice
even for one full glass.

GLADYS

David, bring me some ice. Now!

DAVID

Coming...

GRABS SOME ICE FROM THE FRIDGE AND TAKES IT TO THE LIVING
ROOM. ALSO TAKES A BIG PIECE OF CHICKEN FROM REFRIGERATOR FOR
HIMSELF.

IGOR TURNS THE MACHINE OFF. STARTS CLEANING THE JUICE ON THE
COUNTER. LOOKS FOR A TRASH BIN.

IGOR
Slovenian.

DAVID
Wow, this really smells like...

GLADYS
Like the air in Los Angeles in Spring.

IGOR
Thank you, lady.

BLANCHE
So, tell me, how does Slovakia look
like...

GLADYS
Slovenia.

IGOR STARTS REMEMBERING THE BEAUTY OF HIS COUNTRY. HE ALMOST
FALLS INTO A TRANCE.

IGOR
It has only two million people. I was
living in the middle of the Alps. Our
house was surrounded by woods...

BLANCHE
You mean forests?

IGOR
Yeah. That's what I said. We have
caves...

GLADYS
Poor thing...

IGOR
...with stalactites and stalagmites.
We have wild bitches. You can be even
nude on them.

DAVID
Wow...

GLADYS
Let the boy talks. Go ahead, bubby.

IGOR
I saw a documentary about America.
They were saying that you can't be
totally nude on American bitches.
Anyway... Slovenian bitches are about
one hour away from my home. Many times
I went on Sunday morning to lay down
on one.

DAVID
Oh, I think I wanna move there...

GLADYS
Oh, shut up.

IGOR
Oh, and the holes in Slovenia are not
so dangerous like in America.

DAVID
Oh, my God. You should be more polite
with ladies in the room.

GLADYS

Let the boy talk. Go ahead, bubby.

IGOR

We really care about ozone.

BLANCHE

What does that have to do with
Slovenian bitches?

IGOR

I'm saying that Slovenian ozone holes
are not as big as the ones here. And
that's why you don't need lotion even
if you are sunbathing nude all day
long on one of those beautiful
bitches.

GLADYS

Oh, you meant beaches.

IGOR

That's right, bitches.

BLANCHE EMPTIED THE WHOLE GLASS. AS SHE HAD NEVER DRANK
BEFORE, SHE IS REALLY DRUNK... AND SHE REALLY LIKES IGOR.

BLANCHE

This juice is really great.

SUDDENLY PHONE RINGS. IGOR AND BLANCHE BOTH GRAB FOR IT.

IGOR

(quietly)
That must be the cab.

BLANCHE

That must be "Pay And Away".

SHE PULLS AWAY THE RECEIVER. IGOR ALMOST FALLS ON BLANCHE.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

You are so cute.

DAVID

(quietly to David)

I can't handle this anymore. I'm out
of here.

BLANCHE

Hello. Blanche speaking... Yes, I
did... Mirage Drive, apartment
seven... Why?... So, when can you be
here?... For sure?... What does that
mean "if you have enough trucks"?...
You are talking to a lady - please
watch the language, you moving piece
of lazy crap...

(To Igor.)

He hung up on me... They told me they
will be here in the morning or...

IGOR

Or?...

GLADYS

Can you make another one just like the
last one, bubby?

IGOR

Certainly.

TAKES GLASSES AND GOES IN THE KITCHEN.

GLADYS
David, go with bubby and learn.

DAVID
But Gladys...

GLADYS POINTS TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But... Okay...

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE J

J

INT. BLANCHE'S KITCHEN, EVENING (N-1)
(IGOR, DAVID, GLADYS)

J

IGOR AND DAVID ARE PREPARING THE JUICE COCKTAIL. GLADYS IS IN THE LIVING ROOM WITH BLANCHE.

IGOR
Okay, clean the salary.

DAVID
I'm not your...

GLADYS (V.O.)
Are you learning, David?

DAVID
Yes, Gladys.

IGOR
Onion...

DAVID
C'mon.

IGOR
Do it. Rub the onion. Go now.

TRIES TO PUT THE SCHNAPPS IN THE COCKTAIL, BUT DAVID SNEAKS UP ON HIM.

DAVID

It's okay, I'll serve it to ladies.

IGOR

Okay. If you want it that way... Don't complain then...

(louder so the women can hear)

Learn, David.

IGOR IS PUTTING VEGETABLES IN THE JUICE-MAKER. TURNS IT ON. JUICE IS SPRAYING ALL OVER.

DAVID

Are you crazy? What are you doing?

IGOR

Juice, that women like.

DAVID

You are crazy Russian fool...

GLADYS (V.O.)

I can hear you... Be nice to Igor.
Come here right now. And give me a foot massage.

DAVID

(to Igor)
You... You...

IGOR

Go, go, mommy is calling you.

DAVID EXITS.

IGOR (CONT'D)

See you later.

DOES THE SAME AS THE FIRST TIME - WIPES THE COUNTER AND FLOOR, SQUEEZES THE JUICE INTO GLASSES. THEN ADDS SOME SCHNAPPS AND DEODORANT.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE K

K

INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING (N-1)
(IGOR, BLANCHE, GLADYS, DAVID, LUT)

K

BLANCHE, GLADYS, DAVID ARE QUITE DRUNK. DAVID IS MASSAGING GLADYS'S FEET. IGOR IS STILL QUITE SOBER.

IGOR

You know what I can't understand in those American movies...

BLANCHE

What?

IGOR

That everyone is laying down on couches or beds with their shoes on.

GLADYS

(totally drunk)
You are so funny. Isn't he funny,
David?

DAVID

Well, sorta...

GLADYS KICKS HIM IN THE CROTCH.

GLADYS

He is!!!

IGOR

By the way, Mr. Steinberg, where is
your Slut?

GLADYS SOBERS UP.

GLADYS

Which slut? You again brought sluts to
the building? You...perverted piece
of...something...

DAVID

No, honey. He means Lut.

GLADYS

Oh, shut up. Igor, tell me, was it the
big black one?

IGOR

Yes. She is so cute.

GLADYS

Oh, that's it. I am getting a divorce.
You are sleeping on the couch today.

GLADYS, DRUNK AS SHE IS, RUSHES OUT. SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND
LUT JUMPS ON HER.

IGOR

Oh, there she is. Slut - come here.

DAVID

(angry)
It is not Slut. She's Lut... You
understand. Her name's Lut.

IGOR
(backs up)
Yes, I understand.

GLADYS
(realizes the mistake)
Oh, I am sorry, Dave. I should trust
you. Gimme a kiss...

THEY KISS PASSIONATELY. DAVID GETS IN HIS HORNY MOOD.

DAVID
(very sexy)
C'mon, let's go...

GLADYS
It's only two in the morning.

DAVID
I need to wake up at five... Someone
wants to buy my house in Bel Air...

GLADYS
Nobody wants to buy it at five in the
morning.

DAVID
Oh, they are working 24/7. They are
strippers... Gay strippers... From
Transilvania.

THEY LEAVE.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

L

INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT (N-1)
BLANCHE, WILLIAM, IGOR

L

IGOR IS DRINKING HIS SCHNAPPS. BLANCHE IS DRINKING HER
"JUICE".

BLANCHE
(very sexy to Igor)
I'm in the mood for some sex, too.

WILLIAM OPENS THE DOOR.

WILLIAM
You called me, Blanche?

BLANCHE
Oh, Willie, have you talked to
Spielberg yet?

WILLIAM
(playfully)
Oh, I don't know if I should?

BLANCHE
I haven't managed to get to the bank,
yet.

WILLIAM
No problem. I've just got this.

SHOWS HIS CREDIT CARD PROCESSOR.

WILLIAM STARTS STRIPPING AND APPROACHING BLANCHE.

IGOR
Wait. Did you call the cab?

WILLIAM

Yes, they are all busy tonight. I'll
try again in the morning.

WILLIAM STRIPS TO HIS UNDERWEAR.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You wanna watch or join? Your call.

IGOR TAKES A HUGE SIP FROM THE BOTTLE.

IGOR

I... I... I'll just go to the bedroom.
I am very sleepy.

STARTS YAWNING, SHOWING HOW SLEEPY HE IS.

BLANCHE AND WILLIAM START MAKING OUT. IGOR LOOKS CURIOUSLY.

IGOR (CONT'D)

May I sleep in your bed, Blanche?

BLANCHE

Yes. Hurry up...

(she giggles)

Just don't play with Mr. Johnson.

IGOR SLOWLY APPROACHES THE BEDROOM, SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR AND
LOOKS INSIDE FOR JOHNSON.

IGOR

Who is Mr. Johnson?

WILLIAM

Hurry up or I will introduce you to my
Mr. Johnson.

IGOR

Oh...

HE DISAPPEARS IN THE BEDROOM.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT ONE

SCENE M

M

INT. BLANCHE'S LIVING ROOM, EARLY MORNING (D-2)
(BLANCHE, WILLIAM, IGOR)

M

IGOR OPENS THE BEDROOM DOOR, PULLS THE VACUUM OUT AND STARTS LOOKING AROUND FOR THE OUTLET. SUDDENLY HE SEES THE SHOES ON BLANCHE'S AND WILLIAM'S FEET (THEY ARE ONLY IN UNDERWEAR AND SHOES). HE DISAPPEARS AND QUICKLY RETURNS WITH SHOE COVERS. QUIETLY HE STARTS PUTTING THEM OVER THEIR SHOES. WHEN HE PUTS THE COVER ON WILLIAM'S HUGE SHOE HALF WAY, WILLIAM TURNS AROUND AND IGOR'S HAND IS STUCK BETWEEN WILLIAM'S LEGS. IGOR TRIES TO GET HIS HAND OUT. HE STRUGGLES FOR SOME TIME. IGOR'S FACE IS VERY CLOSE TO WILLIAM'S CROTCH. FINALLY HE MANAGES TO ESCAPE.

HE FINDS THE OUTLET. STARTS VACUUMING AND SINGING A SLOVENIAN FOLK SONG. IT SOUNDS HORRIBLE. BLANCHE AND WILLIAM WAKE UP. THEY LOOK AT THEIR FEET WITH SHOE COVERS ON AND CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING. THE SAME MOMENT THE PHONE RINGS. IGOR RUNS TO PICK IT UP, LEAVING THE VACUUM ON.

IGOR

Hello... I can't hear you... What?... A
cab?

(Long pause. Looks at
Blanche)

No, I haven't... I told you, I haven't
called any cab...

HE HANGS UP. CONTINUES SINGING AND VACUUMING.

WILLIAM LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. HE SHOWS HIS DOLLAR SIGN HAND TO BLANCHE AND STARTS DRESSING. BLANCHE GOES TO THE BEDROOM AND RETURNS WITH HER CREDIT CARD. WILLIAM PROCESSES HER CARD AND FINISHES DRESSING WHILE SHE SIGNS THE RECEIPT.

WILLIAM LEAVES.

PHONE RINGS. IGOR UPSET, RUNS TO THE PHONE.

IGOR (CONT'D)

I told you I haven't called... Oh, I
am sorry... Yes, she is here...

(to Blanche)

It's for you. I guess it's your "Move
Her Far Away"...

BLANCHE

(upset)

You better be downstairs now, you
retards... Oh, I am sorry... I am so
sorry, Mr. Rourke... Yes, I am
available... At nine?... Okay, I sure
will be there...

HANGS UP. JUMPS TOWARDS IGOR. KISSES HIM.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I got the audition for the next
Mickey Rourke movie.

IGOR

But, what about movin--

BLANCHE IS ALREADY IN HER BEDROOM.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE A

A

EXT. CAFE PATIO, MORNING (D-2)

A

IGOR, MARY, DAVID, GLADYS, WILLIAM, BLANCHE, TWO MOVERS

IGOR IS COMING ONTO THE PATIO WITH A DRINK AND A NEWSPAPER IN HIS HAND. HE SITS DOWN. MARY - A BEAUTIFUL GREEK BRUNETTE IN HER LATE 20'S IS LAYING ON THE LOUNGE CHAIR CLOSE BY, PUTTING SUNSCREEN ON HER BODY. SHE BARELY SPEAKS ANY ENGLISH.

IGOR

Good morning.

MARY DOESN'T LOOK AT HIM.

MARY

Hi.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM. IT SEEMS THAT THEY INSTANTLY FALL IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER. SHE CONTINUES PUTTING SUNSCREEN ON, BUT IS PRETENDING SHE HAS DIFFICULTY PUTTING IT ON HER BACK. HE IS FLIPPING THROUGH THE NEWSPAPER, PRETENDING HE IS READING.

FINALLY IGOR DECIDES TO MAKE THE NEXT MOVE, BUT DAVID INTERRUPTS.

DAVID

Good morning, Mary. Good morning,

Igor.

IGOR

(to himself)

Mary...

MARY

(to herself)

Igor...

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, BUT DAVID GETS IN THEIR WAY.

DAVID

(to Igor)

Did you sleep well?

IGOR

Oh, yes.

DAVID

Would you like to order the breakfast special?

IGOR

Yeah, actually I could use a bite...

DAVID

For the next five minutes it's only \$6.95.

IGOR

What do you have?

DAVID

Plain omelette and Virgin Mary.

IGOR

Virgin Mary?

MARY

No virgin... Mary, no virgin...

DAVID

That's like Bloody Mary without any alcohol.

MARY

No bloody... Mary, no bloody...

DAVID

That's okay, Mary. I know...

(to Igor)

So?

IGOR
Okay, I'll try it.

DAVID
Okay. Be right back.

DAVID LEAVES. MARY AND IGOR START FLIRTING AGAIN.

IGOR WANTS TO MAKE THE NEXT MOVE... GLADYS INTERRUPTS.

GLADYS
Hello there. How are you two doing?

IGOR
Fine. How do you do?

GLADYS
Oh, I have a horrible headache. Just
as if I was drunk yesterday...

IGOR
But you only had juice...

GLADYS
I know. It's so weird.

IGOR
I see you got new eye glasses.

GLADYS TOTALLY FORGOT SHE HAS HER GLASSES ON. TAKES THEM OFF.

GLADYS
Oh, those are just... They are not
mine... They are... David's...
Anyway... Blanche's movers called that
they should be here any time now.

IGOR
Oh, great. That is just great.

GLADYS
You don't like Blanche?

IGOR GRIMACES.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Oh, I see... I will really miss her...

DAVID COMES BACK WITH BREAKFAST.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Oh, I see someone is in a good mood to
give away complimentary breakfast.

IGOR
What is complent... Compl...
Complimentary...

DAVID
Gladys, I think the phone is
ringing...

GLADYS
I don't hear anything. Complimentary
is...

DAVID
Oh, it's ring...

GLADYS
(listens)
Are you sure?

SHE LEAVES. SHE ALMOST FALLS OVER A PLANT SINCE SHE DOESN'T
HAVE HER GLASSES ON.

DAVID
Complimentary means...means the best
one...

DAVID(CONT'D)

I also brought the lease contract. You can sign it after breakfast. And here is the check. You can pay now or put it on your apartment.

IGOR LOOKS AT THE CHECK. DAVID MAKES HIS PAGER BEEP. HE RUSHES INTO THE BUILDING.

IGOR

But you said it's \$6.95. Here you wrote \$21.95.

DAVID

Oh, I told you the breakfast special ends in five minutes. It took us longer to get the breakfast ready for you. Enjoy it.

IGOR IS SHOCKED. STARTS EATING. MARY IS LOOKING AT HIM. SHE LOOKS HUNGRY. IGOR WANTS TO INVITE HER OVER... WILLIAM INTERRUPTS.

WILLIAM

Mr. Igor, you cancelled the cab in the morning. You need to pay me a cancellation fee.

IGOR

Cancellation fee?

WILLIAM

Yes. Twenty five dollars. I accept cash, check, money order and any major credit cards.

HE HAS HIS CREDIT CARD PROCESSING MACHINE READY.

IGOR
That is ridiculous.

WILLIAM
No, this is America.

IGOR LOOKS AT MARY.

MARY
America.

IGOR DOESN'T WANT TO LOOK CHEAP IN FRONT OF MARY. HE WANTS TO PAY WITH CASH, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH. HE GIVES SLOVENIAN CREDIT CARD TO WILLIAM.

GLADYS COMES OUT WITH HER GLASSES ON. SUDDENLY SHE REMEMBERS AND REMOVES THEM. AGAIN SHE ALMOST FALLS OVER THE PLANT.

GLADYS
You liar. There was no phone call...
Where is David?

WILLIAM
Inside.

WILLIAM'S PAGER BEEPS.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(to Igor)
I'll be right back.

WHILE LEAVING HE WINKS TO MARY. SHE SENDS HIM A KISS.

IGOR
What about my credit card?

WILLIAM IS ALREADY GONE.

GLADYS
Let me find David. Enjoy your meal.

SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE BUILDING WITHOUT HER GLASSES ON. SHE IS TAKING VERY "HIGH" STEPS, BUT SHE STILL FALLS OVER THE PLANT.

IGOR AND MARY DON'T NOTICE THAT. BLANCHE COMES FROM THE BUILDING.

BLANCHE
I got it... I got the part... I got
the lead... I am staying here...

SHE FALLS OVER GLADYS.

IGOR
Oh, no. You are not staying. Not in my
apartment.

GLADYS AND BLANCHE GET UP. DAVID COMES OUT.

DAVID
"Pay And Away" is here.

IGOR JUMPS UP. HE SPILLS THE VIRGIN MARY ALL OVER THE LEASE AND THE CHECKS.

IGOR
Hurray. Where are they?

WILLIAM COMES ON THE PATIO WITH TWO VERY SKINNY MOVERS BEHIND HIM.

WILLIAM
Movers are here.

MOVER 1
What to move?

MOVER 2
Where to move?

IGOR
Just follow me.

BLANCHE
I am not moving for another three
weeks. I got the lead.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

We start shooting tomorrow. I am not moving yet.

IGOR

(very aggressive to Blanche)
You stay out of this.

(to movers)

Here is the key. It's apartment seven.

BLANCHE

No, I am not...

IGOR

(really upset)
Tsssssssss. Quiet. You two, go.

THEY LEAVE WHILE TALKING TO EACH OTHER IN ARABIC.

BLANCHE STARTS CRYING.

BLANCHE

I have nowhere to go. I am homeless...

WILLIAM COMES OUT.

WILLIAM

That will make two of you.

EVERYONE

What?

WILLIAM

(to Igor)
You have gees egg. You might get away with it in Slovakia...

EVERYONE

Slovenia!!!

WILLIAM

Whatever. Anyway... Here in America we
are using Franklins.

IGOR

What do you mean?

WILLIAM

You are as poor as a church mouse.
Your credit card didn't go through.

GLADYS PUTS ON HER EYE GLASSES TO BETTER VIEW THE SITUATION.

GLADYS

You are saying that...

WILLIAM

That this fellow here is broke. He has
zilch. Nada. Zero. Nothing.

DAVID

I knew I shouldn't be trusting those
Eastern Europeans. I should know as
soon as I heard the accent.

MARY

No accent... Mary no accent.

EVERYBODY LOOKS AT HER LETTING HER KNOW THAT THIS IS REALLY A
BAD TIME FOR HER REMARKS.

GLADYS HUGS DAVID. SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE WOULD LOOSE A MILLION
DOLLARS.

GLADYS

Oh, David. What we gonna do? He can't
even pay for the complimentary
breakfast.

IGOR
I will call my bank. I will have money
tomorrow. For sure. There is
definitely a mistake...

DAVID
I hope you didn't unpack yet.

IGOR IS ABSOLUTELY SHOCKED.

IGOR
Oh, my God.

HE IS GOING TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE BUILDING.

BLANCHE
Wait a moment. Hold your horses. I am
still in the lease.

(to Igor)
You can stay with me.

(to Gladys)
I've never tried Slovenian studs, if
you know what I mean.

IGOR
Oh, I can't. I will just...

HE LOOKS AT MARY WHO SENDS HIM KISSES.

IGOR (CONT'D)
Oh, well, I guess I have no choice.

GLADYS
And when will you pay for the
complimentary breakfast?

WILLIAM
And the cab cancellation?

DAVID

Guys, c'mon. Don't be so greedy.

ASTONISHED EVERYONE LOOKS AT DAVID.

GLADYS

Are you okay, David?

DAVID

Yes, I am okay. Leave the guy alone.

Let's have some wine. We should
celebrate Blanche's new role.

BLANCHE

Oh, thank you, David.

DAVID LEAVES TO GET WINE. EVERYONE IS CONGRATULATING BLANCHE.

MOVERS COME FROM THE BUILDING. MOVER 2 HURT HIS BACK.

MOVER 2

Your furniture is too heavy.

MOVER 1

And there's too much of it. We don't
have truck big enough for all of it.

BLANCHE

It's okay. I am not moving. You can
send me a check back.

MOVER 1

If you said you are moving we can't
cancel it.

BLANCHE

But you just said that you can't move
me.

MOVER 2

We can't move you today. But we will
move you. We will have a bigger truck
this fall.

BLANCHE

I want my money back.

THE MOVERS ARE ALREADY WALKING OUT.

MOVER 2

Right after I see a doctor and talk to
my lawyer...

BLANCHE

Wait a minute...

MOVER 1

We can't continue this conversation
without a lawyer.

AND THEY ARE GONE.

DAVID RETURNS WITH WINE AND JUICE FOR BLANCHE.

CUT TO:

ENDING CREDITS

CLOSING ACT

SCENE A

EXT. CAFE PATIO, MORNING (D-2)

IGOR, MARY, DAVID, GLADYS, WILLIAM, BLANCHE

THEY ARE EMPTY BOTTLES EVERYWHERE. IGOR FALLS ASLEEP AT THE TABLE. DAVID APPROACHES HIM WITH THE LEASE CONTRACT. EVERYONE IS OBSERVING THE SITUATION FROM THE DOOR.

DAVID

Igor... Igor... I have keys for you...

IGOR LIFTS HIS HEAD.

IGOR

American wine is so strong...

IGOR WANTS TO FALL ASLEEP AGAIN, BUT DAVID DOESN'T LET HIM.

DAVID

I have all the necessary keys for you.

Just sign here you got them.

IGOR WANTS TO SIGN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PAGE.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(very nice)

No. Here.

HE DIRECTS IGOR'S HAND TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE. IGOR SIGNS AND HIS HEAD FALLS ON THE TABLE AGAIN.

DAVID GIVES HIGH FIVE TO EVERYONE.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The lease is signed. For twenty five

hundred a month.

THEY RESPOND WITH HIGH FIVES.

CUT TO:

CLOSING ACT

SCENE B

INT. INTERIOR OF THE CAB, MORNING (D-2)

CAB DRIVER

CAB DRIVER COUNTS THE MONEY HE EARNED SINCE LAST NIGHT. HE IS TIRED AND DISAPPOINTED WITH THE BUSINESS. FINALLY HE TAKES DOWN HIS HAT. \$100 FALLS INTO HIS LAP. HE LIGHTS UP. THEN HE CHECKS THE MONEY.

CAB DRIVER
(shocked and upset)
It's fake... Those Russians...

END OF THE CLOSING ACT