

GUY MEETS KATIE AND LIALA

Written by
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From Dancing Thumbelina
with characters from
the "Guy the Jeep Guy" stories
by Michael Godby

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FADE IN

INT. THUMBELINA AND KELLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Small and efficient with a window and a small table for two.

THUMBELINA (20), long dark hair tied back in a loose ponytail with a big floppy bow, white, collarless shirt, long, flowing skirt, sits at the table. Before her is a home-made coloring book which she colors.

KELLY (26), tall, attractive, long, wavy, strawberry blond hair, enters.

KELLY
Whatcha doin'?

THUMBELINA
Coloring?

Kelly looks at the picture.

INSERT: COLORING BOOK

A hand-drawn, pen-and-ink sketch shows an obese man who sits at a table. He cries tears that look like checkers. A puddle on the table looks like a checkerboard. The picture is partially colored in crayon.

RETURN TO SCENE

Kelly expresses a look of confusion.

KELLY
Why is the man crying checkers?

Thumbelina replies in her usual measured cadence and deadpan, child-like tone.

THUMBELINA
He wants to play checkers very badly, but no one will play with him.

KELLY
I see. Sal told me last night that anybody who comes in around two this afternoon can help distribute fliers. He'll pay ya forty bucks. Also, he'll pay five dollars for each one that comes back to the club with a customer.

THUMBELINA
Thanks. I might do that.

KELLY
I'm off. I'm going to the liquor store sometime today. Want me to pick up some Juice's Best Friend?

THUMBELINA
No, I'm good.

KELLY
Actually, you're not. I finished it off last night.

THUMBELINA
Then pick me up some more, please. Anything cheap will do. Juice is friendly with any kind of vodka. I'll get you some money.

Thumbelina leaves the room and returns with cash.

THUMBELINA (cont'd)
Thank you.

KELLY
No problem. I'll contribute. Catchyalater.

THUMBELINA
Bye bye.

Kelly leaves.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Thumbelina stands at a street corner, hands out fliers. She hands a flier to a man in a suit as he passes. She watches him drop the flier into a nearby trash basket.

The basket is full of her fliers. She heaves out a sigh.

She turns and sees GUY FOZZY (40), shoulder-length brown hair, scruffy beard, slight paunch and slouch, approach. As he strolls by, she hands him a flier. He stops and examines it. He looks up, makes eye contact and smiles.

GUY
(perky)
Thank you.

THUMBELINA
(dead pan)
You're welcome.

He slides the flier into his pants pocket.

MONTAGE BEGINS

INT. WAX MUSEUM – DAY

Guy takes a selfie with a wax statue.

INT. TOY STORE – DAY

He picks up and examines a toy Jeep.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT – EARLY EVENING

He eats dinner.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER – NIGHT

He enters the theater.

INT. GUY'S JEEP – NIGHT

Guy drives his maintained but old red Wrangler with no doors or top. Music PLAYS from large speakers of an impressive sound system behind the back seat.

He pulls the flier from his pocket. After a quick glance at the address, he turns onto a side street and parks.

EXT. SIDEWALK

He steps out of the Jeep, stuffs money into the meter, strolls down the sidewalk.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. SAL'S CLUB – NIGHT

Spacious, quiet, customer-free. A large, rectangular-shaped bar surrounded by bar stools occupies the middle of the establishment.

A few empty stages plus a disk jockey booth surround tables, chairs, the bar and a dance floor.

A couple of staff members sweep the floor. The bar tender, LARRY (32), washes glasses behind the bar.

Guy enters, looks around and sits at the bar near Larry. Larry looks up at Guy.

LARRY
We're closing. No more shows tonight.

Guy holds up the flier. It reads BUY ONE DRINK, GET ONE FREE.

GUY
I'm just here for my two drinks.

LARRY
(sigh)
Okay, make it fast. What'll you have.

GUY
Do you have root beer?

LARRY
No.

GUY
Two Diet Cokes, please.

Larry walks to a corner of the bar and pours the drinks. He at the dressing room door as it opens.

KATIE (24), Goth, attractive with bright, silver-blue eyes, pale skin, shoulder-length black hair, playful smile, emerges.

Conversation and activity stop when she is followed by:

LIALA (25), stunning with long blonde hair and an athletic build. Her blue eyes gaze about the room coldly.

A muscular bouncer steps back as she passes, gives her plenty of space.

Dressed in tee shirts and jeans, the two proceed to the bar opposite Guy. They almost take a seat but stop when he catches their attention. They stroll around to his side and approach him from behind.

Thumbelina steps from the dressing room dressed in a tee shirt and long skirt. She takes a seat at one of the bar stools abandoned by Katie and Liala.

KATIE
(to Guy)
You're in my seat.

GUY
I'm sorry.

Guy moves to the next seat on his left. Larry places two drinks before Guy. He looks up at Katie and Liala.

LARRY
Leave him alone. He hasn't done anything.

Katie smiles innocently.

KATIE
We're not doing anything.

GUY
(to Larry)
How much?

LARRY
Don't worry about it.

He scowls in Liala's direction.

LARRY (cont'd)
You look like you're going to need a break.

GUY
Thanks.

Larry turns to Thumbelina and takes her inaudible drink order. Kelly emerges from the dressing room and takes a seat beside her.

After he puts a drink in front of Thumbelina, he makes eye contact with Kelly who nods. He leaves and returns with a drink for Kelly.

Liala hooks her foot around the leg of Guy's bar stool, rips it out from under him. He hits the floor as the bar stool rockets across the hard wood dance floor and ricochets off a distant wall. He rises to his feet and looks at Liala.

GUY
(to Liala)
You okay?

LIALA
You were in my seat.

GUY
 Good thing. I think it was defective.
 Let me get you another.

Guy slides over the next bar stool and checks it for stability. He presents it to Liala.

GUY (cont'd)
 Here, I think this one's okay.

Guy slides another bar stool over and sits to Liala's left.

She turns and gives Katie a look of disbelief. Katie steps around Guy to another stool and slides it close to him. She takes a seat to his left. The two surround him.

GUY (cont'd)
 (to Katie)
 I thought that was your seat over there.

KATIE
 I was wrong. This is my seat over here.

GUY
 (to Katie)
 Oh. So, do you come here often?

KATIE
 We work here.

GUY
 Oh.
 (to Liala)
 What about you?

Liala gives Guy a puzzled look.

LIALA
We work here, too.

Liala leans forward, looks around Guy at Katie, gives her another look of disbelief.

As Guy sips his first Diet Coke, Katie pours the other drink onto his lap.

Guy jumps up and wipes his lap with a napkin.

GUY
 Woah! I didn't know I was on fire!

Katie and Liala exchange smiles as he grabs more napkins and wipes the floor.

INTERCUT: KELLY'S AND THUMBELINA'S SIDE

As the two watch Guy deal with their rowdy friends, Kelly whispers into Thumbelina's ear.

KELLY
He's perfect for you.

Thumbelina eyes grow wide.

THUMBELINA
There's something wrong with him!

RETURN

Guy places the soaked napkins on the bar, returns to his seat.

GUY
(to Katie)
Oh. By the way, I'm Guy.

KATIE
I can see you're a guy.

GUY
No, not a guy. Guy's my name.

KATIE
You're name is Guy?

GUY
Yeah.

KATIE
That's a weird name.

GUY
How's that weird?

KATIE
That's like being named Dude.

GUY
I don't think so.

LIALA
We don't care what you think. By the way, you have something in your eye.

Liala pokes him in the eye. He flinches and winces.

GUY
Did you get it?

Liala flashes another look of total disbelief.

LIALA
Are you for real?

GUY
I don't understand.

Guy takes a sip of his drink.

KATIE
You've got something on your shirt.

As Guy sips his drink, Katie grabs it and dumps it over his chin and down the front of his shirt.

He wipes his chin and his shirt. Afterward, he grabs a few more napkins and wipes the floor again. Afterward, he rises and places those napkins on the bar.

GUY
So much for that. I guess I should go. Nice meeting you.

As he makes his way toward the door. Katie slides off her bar stool and follows him. Liala follows Katie.

KATIE
(to Guy)
Don't leave on the count of us.

INTERCUT: KELLY'S AND THUMBELINA'S SIDE

The two watch Guy, Katie and Liala exit the club.

THUMBELINA
Are they going to hurt him?

KELLY
I don't think so; nothing serious at least. There's something different about him. I don't see him doing anything that will set Liala off.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Guy rounds the corner. Katie and Liala follow close behind.

KATIE
Dude, where you goin'?

GUY
Back to my room.

KATIE
Wanna have a good time?

Guy stops and turns to Katie.

GUY
What do you have in mind?

KATIE
(smiling)
I don't know. Any suggestions?

GUY
Do you know any bowling alleys that
are open this late?

KATIE
Bowling!

LIALA
Are you any good?

GUY
Decent.

LIALA
Want to play for money?

GUY
I'm not that good.

Guy walks a few steps to the Jeep and stops. He turns to
face Katie and Liala.

GUY (cont'd)
If you don't have any other ideas,
I'm going to call it a night.

KATIE
This your car?

GUY
Yeah. Why?

Katie walks to and sits in the passenger seat.

KATIE
Mind if I sit in it?

Guy replies with a shrug. Liala steps on the rear bumper, climbs over the back of the Jeep and into the back seat.

GUY
(to Liala)
Hey! Woah! Be careful. Don't step on the speakers.

LIALA
(to Katie)
Check out the sound system.

KATIE
(to Guy)
Play some tunes.

GUY
Hold on.

Guy sits in the driver's seat, puts a key into the ignition and turns on the stereo. An eighties song starts to play.

KATIE
Don'tcha have anything a little more modern?

Katie turns to make eye contact with Liala. Liala replies with a shrug.

KATIE
How loud does it get?

Katie turns up the sound.

GUY
Hey! Turn that down. Not at this hour. Not here.

He turns down the sound.

KATIE
Party pooper.

GUY
Are we done playing? Can I go?

LIALA
Can you give us a ride?

KATIE
Yeah, can you give us a ride?

GUY
Where do you want to go?

Katie looks back at Liala.

 LIALA
 (to Guy)
Downtown?

 GUY
Where downtown?

Katie gives Liala another glance. After a beat, she smiles.

 KATIE
Go down to the end of the block and
make a right.

He looks over his shoulder for traffic, pulls away from the curb.

The Jeep goes down to the end of the block, makes a right turn at the light.

FADE OUT

THE END