

ONE MAN'S TRASH

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sunshine bathes a leafy avenue in an affluent part of New York. Trophy cars rest in the cooling shade of mature oaks.

A beastly old garbage truck splutters along the road then groans to a halt.

From out of the truck climbs DYLAN, 30s, an everyman guy sporting a luminous green work coat.

BEN, fresh faced, 20s, returns from a stroll with his French Bulldog, LIZA.

DYLAN

Morning Ben, lovely day for it.

BEN

Morning Dylan. Liza, where are your manners? Say hello.

Dylan crouches, arms outstretched.

Ben lets go of the leash -- Liza immediately jumps into Dylan's arms.

He giggles as Liza feverishly licks his face.

BEN (CONT'D)

You must get hot in that big puffy jacket Dylan?

DYLAN

Standard company issue. Boss men are convinced we'll get knocked down if we don't wear them.

HONK!

The driver of the garbage truck - PETE, thick set, 40s, yells at Dylan out of his window.

PETE

Get a move on!

Dylan mockingly bows to Pete.

Ben laughs affectionately as Dylan picks up an adjacent can and empties it into the truck.

DYLAN

Yes master, coming right away...

Short montage during which we follow Dylan on three more stops, during which he:

- Is ambushed by a six year old KID with a lightsabre.
- Helps an old lady laden with bags to her door.
- Stops to chat to a guy as he pulls out of his drive in a Tesla.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

Pete and Dylan idle along toward their next stop.

PETE

We could do this run in half the time if you quit the visiting pastor routine.

DYLAN

They'd only send us somewhere else in the afternoon. Anyway, you've got an agency guy for company tomorrow.

PETE

News to me?

DYLAN

Short notice. Gotta take my aunt to the bank -- she's had her life savings robbed by an internet fraudster.

PETE

Scumbags.

The truck arrives at it's next stop.

MRS. OPPENHEIM, 60s, scampers down her lawn as she wags an angry finger at Dylan.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

(hollering)

What time do you call this?!

Dylan climbs down from the truck.

DYLAN

Mrs. Oppenheim, lovely to see you,
as always. An eternal ray of
sunshine.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Don't think I don't see you goofing
off down the avenue with all and
sundry. You'd be here much earlier
if you did your job properly.

DYLAN

Do you have somewhere to be Mrs.
Oppenheim? I'm more than capable of
emptying your trash without
supervision. I did a training
course and won a shiny badge.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Wise ass. I need to keep an eye on you --
make sure you do it properly and don't
spill it all over my lawn.

DYLAN

Oh I wouldn't, it's such a nice
lawn. Do you mow it yourself? Must
get a sweat going?

From a first floor window yells, WENDY, 30s.

WENDY

How dare you make fun of my mother
like that?

Dylan waves to Wendy.

DYLAN

Hi Wendy. Your line is, O Romeo,
Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?

Wendy SLAMS the window shut HARD.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Now you've gone and upset my
daughter.

She quickly turns away. Her wig displaces a little.
Embarrassed, she adjusts it and walks back to the house with
frustrated purpose.

MRS. OPPENHEIM (CONT'D)

I'll be talking to your
supervisor...

Wendy storms towards Dylan.

WENDY

You think it's funny, making fun of
a defenseless old lady?

DYLAN

Defenseless? I wouldn't want to
meet her in a dark alley, all
alone.

WENDY

I need you to come to the back yard with
me.

INT. MRS. OPPENHEIM'S HOUSE - DAY

The large house is very well appointed, though a little out
of date.

Wendy walks along the entrance hall, closely followed by
Dylan, who carries his work boots.

WENDY

There's a couple of bags in the
yard that I need you to take.

DYLAN

I'm not really supposed to...

WENDY

- It won't kill you.

DYLAN

No, but your mom might.

Dylan stops to admire a framed photograph.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What a beautiful little girl. Who
is she? A niece, cousin?

WENDY

It's me. Seventh grade.

DYLAN

Those eyes are a giveaway.

WENDY

Must you carry on with this
ridiculous charade every week?

DYLAN

Just trying to be nice. You should maybe do the same sometime -- we might get along.

WENDY

Mister?

DYLAN

Peters, but please, do call me Dylan.

WENDY

Mr. Peters, if you harbor some ridiculous notion that you and I could ever become an item then I would urge you to think again.

DYLAN

Oh Wendy, lighten up, I'm only trying to...

WENDY

- I have a place in this neighborhood which is to be respected and upheld. To think that I would ever fraternize with the likes of a *garbage collector*?

DYLAN

It's a dirty job, but someone's gotta do it.

From upstairs, Mrs. Oppenheim yells:

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Make sure he doesn't spill any!

FADE TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

A squadron of flies circle over two garbage sacks.

Dylan peeks inside and instantly dry wretches.

DYLAN

My gosh! What a funk!

WENDY

Contents of our old refrigerator.

DYLAN
When did it break down, 1985?

Dylan picks up the bags - they're much heavier than they look.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
You put some bricks in here too?

Some kinda brown, putrid gack leaks from one of the sacks onto his boots.

WENDY
That's disgusting, you'd better go through the back gate.

DYLAN
But that'll take ages to walk round to the truck?

WENDY
You can't really go through the house with that, whatever it is oozing out.

Dylan takes off, one of the bags nicks a gate post and tears. Out spills a gaudy pink purse. Dylan picks it up.

DYLAN
Hello?

Wendy snatches it.

WENDY
My mother's. She lost it a while ago. Must've thrown it away accidentally. She can be a little forgetful in her, advancing years.

Dylan soldiers on with the sacks.

DYLAN
She never forgets when I'm coming...

WENDY
Who could?

DYLAN
Ah see, you're warming to me.

WENDY
Come on, hurry up.

DYLAN
I'll pick you up at seven sharp?

Wendy slams the gate behind him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Thanks Dylan, very nice of you
Dylan...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Dylan throws the sacks into the compactor - more of the gack leaks onto his boots.

DYLAN
The things you do for love.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

Pete munches on a sandwich.

PETE
Man, what is that stench?

DYLAN
Lunch from the eighties.

FADE TO:

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

This place is busy. Small groups of affluent looking friends enjoy cocktails and wine.

A pair of bearded hipsters sup overpriced craft beer as they select 'cool' tracks on an internet Jukebox to impress the girls.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME BAR - NIGHT

ERNIE, 30's, disheveled in an almost cool kinda way, puffs on a nicotine vapor machine as he taps buttons on his cell phone. He finds Dylan's number and calls him. No answer -- leaves a message:

ERNIE

Dildo Baggins -- you're late.

Unbeknownst to Ernie, Dylan sneakily arrives behind him.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I'm standing here like a little boy
lost waiting for you.

Dylan grabs Ernie's side, making him jump in the process.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Jesus! Don't do that!

DYLAN

Dildo Baggins? How long did that
take you to come up with?

ERNIE

Come on, were wasting time. Place
is full of fitties, including that
hot brunette I told you about from
last week.

DYLAN

Fitties? You charmer.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

Dylan and Ernie each sup from a bottle of Bud.

DYLAN

Do you think we could stand
somewhere else. Possibly away from
the bathrooms?

ERNIE

Have I taught you nothing?

DYLAN

No! Nothing at all!

ERNIE

This is the best place to stand.
All the women in here have to pass
us in order to get to the bathroom.

DYLAN

Man alive, you're truly awful
Ernie.

ERNIE

Drink up dad, your round.

DYLAN

Slow down hotshot, it's a school
night.

As Dylan crosses to the bar, he notices Ben, the dog walker
and waves a hello.

Few quick shots of people enjoying the evening.

At the bar, Dylan hands the bartender a note and gestures to
keep the change. He crosses back to Ernie with two fresh Buds.

ERNIE

(feverishly excited)

Dylan, that hot chick I told you
about from last week just came out
of the bathroom, and as she passed,
I'm pretty sure she smiled at me.

DYLAN

She probably feels sorry for you.

ERNIE

I'll take it. That's an in. She
went around the corner. Come on,
let's go say hello.

DYLAN

Oh, I dunno, you'll only make a
fool out of yourself. Out of both
of us.

ERNIE

Well I'm going in, full speed. Strike
while the iron is hot. I'll send for
reinforcements if required.

Ernie disappears around the corner. Ben comes over to say
hello to Dylan.

BEN

Hi Dylan, how are ya? Not seen you
in here before?

DYLAN

No, my Pal Ernie *insisted*.

BEN

Oh it's not so bad, not usually
this busy during the week. So what
happened to Ernie?

Laughter spills from around the corner -- the loudest voice
is Ernie's.

DYLAN

(confused)

He's *supposed* to be wasting his time with
a table full of women?

Ernie sticks his head around the corner.

ERNIE

Dylan, get over here! There's some
people I'd like you to meet.

BEN

(making a face)

Be lucky Dylan, see you soon.

Ben exits.

Dylan shakes his head, takes a long breath, then heads off
around the corner.

Three girls are seated at a table. There is an empty seat.

ERNIE

Everybody, this is Dylan. Dylan,
Everybody.

DYLAN

Hi there.

Little response from the ladies, but one manages a half wave.

ERNIE

So, as I was saying. If your computers
running slow, give me a call. I'd love to
tweak your bits and stick my huge RAM in
your slots.

Dylan hangs his head, painfully embarrassed.

The girls burst into mocking laughter. Ernie is mistakenly pleased with the fruit of his efforts. Dylan leans into his ear:

DYLAN
They're laughing at you mate, not
with you.

Ernie is having none of it.

The laughter continues. A brunette passes with an ice bucket that holds a bottle of champagne. She places it on the table and takes the empty seat. Head down, she tops up the empty glasses.

ERNIE
And... if I can't satisfy all of
you, my qualified friend Dylan here
will happily service the leftovers
with his special tool.

The laughter increases. Dylan's snaps into panic mode.

DYLAN
No, no I won't, don't listen to
him. He's an idi...

The brunette lifts her head to reveal that she is:

WENDY
- Dylan?

Oh boy.

DYLAN
It was Mr. Peter's this morning.

WENDY
What are you doing in here? Doesn't
strike me as your kind of place.
Bit upmarket for you don't you
think? Not your kind of people.

DYLAN
I was just thinking that myself.

ERNIE
What, you two know each other?

WENDY
(to the girls)
Dylan collects the refuse from our
house every week.

GIRL 1
I thought I could smell something.

GIRL 2
Me too. Did you change after work?

GIRL 3
Maybe it's his aftershave?

WENDY
Oh yes, he has changed, not that
you would notice.

The girls form a chorus of cruel laughter.

DYLAN
Come on Ernie, we're leaving.

ERNIE
No way, we're just getting started,
they're only kidding around.

WENDY
Dylan, we could use some more
champagne, would you be a darling?

ERNIE
I'll get it...

DYLAN
- Don't be an idiot Ernie, they'll
humor you until your broke, drop
you like a hot brick, then move on
to the next sucker.

ERNIE
You're just being over sensitive.
What'll it be ladies?

WENDY
Dom Perignon all round s'il vous
plait.

ERNIE
You got it!

DYLAN
You bozo Ernie. I'm out of here.

Dylan exits.

INT. BANK - DAY

An old, spacious bank with a high ceiling and imposing stone pillars.

Dylan consoles his teary aunt, MRS. STEADMAN, 70s, across an oak table from a stuffy looking BANK MANAGER, 50s.

BANK MANAGER

Please believe me Mrs. Steadman, if there was something more I could do, I would. But you've ignored all written correspondence from us and not returned any of our calls.

MRS. STEADMAN

I'm sorry, I've just been so stressed over this whole mess.

DYLAN

There must be something you can do to keep the wolf from the door? We just need a few more days to come up with something.

BANK MANAGER

Do you have any assets we could secure against the debt sir?

DYLAN

Well no, but I could get an evening job maybe?

BANK MANAGER

I'm afraid the time frame would not allow for that.

DYLAN

How long have we got?

BANK MANAGER

Foreclosure proceedings will begin at the end of the month. I make that ten days. I really am sorry.

The bank manager closes his notebook with a thud.

Dylan hugs his aunt. Her sobbing intensifies.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dylan drags himself toward Mrs. Oppenheim's house.

He notices Wendy in the garage as she struggles to reach a storage box on a top shelf.

As he reaches the garbage can, he hears a cry from inside the house.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Wendy, the box!

WENDY

Yes mother, I'm getting it now.
Hold your horses.

Dylan picks up a garbage can and heads back toward the truck.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Dylan, would you mind?

Dylan drops the can on the floor.

DYLAN

I prefer Mr. Peters if you don't mind.

WENDY

Ooh, what's the matter with you?

DYLAN

Nothing. Not that you're actually asking the question -- or would care to know the answer if there were indeed something wrong.

WENDY

Get over yourself. Is this about you and your idiot friend in the bar the other night?

DYLAN

Ernie is not an idiot -- most of the time. At least, not when his better nature is being exploited by a table full of fizzy wine fueled parasites. Present company excluded, *obviously*.

Wendy knows she actually *is* included in that number.

WENDY

If your friend Bernie...

DYLAN

- Ernie.

WENDY

If your wannabe Casanova friend
Ernie is too stupid to realize when
he is being played as the fool by a
table full of attractive women then
he should maybe take a long, hard
look at himself.

DYLAN

I saw a table full of conventionally
pretty women. Attractive? No.

WENDY

Mr. Dylan Peter's - what a
thoroughly modern man you are.

DYLAN

Ms. Wendy Oppenheim - what a
terribly disappointing woman you
are.

WENDY

Excuse me! You are not my father.

DYLAN

I'm not sure I could handle the
overwhelming sense of failure if I
were.

Wendy drops her guard, just a little.

WENDY

Well, he's not alive to disagree
with you...

Sensing a chink in Wendy's armour, Dylan backs off.

DYLAN

Work to do.

He picks up the can again and heads back to the truck.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Wendy! The box!

WENDY

On its way!

Wendy catches up with Dylan.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I noticed you're on the list of trustees at the community hall?

DYLAN

Yes, what of it?

WENDY

There's a box in the garage that contains some items my mother wishes to donate to the raffle for the fundraiser at the weekend.

Dylan puts down the can again and goes back to the garage.

DYLAN

What a saint.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Dylan and Ernie enjoy coffee together on the front terrace.

ERNIE

They took me for four hundred and fifty bucks man.

DYLAN

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Good job they weren't hungry too.

ERNIE

Guys like us should know they ain't got a chance in hell with chicks like that.

DYLAN

Us? I guess it's pointless for me to mention that I told you so?

Doesn't register with Ernie... he's checking out two girls walking by.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

This fundraiser at the community hall at the weekend...

Ernie's attention remains elsewhere.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Ernie!

ERNIE

Sorry, what?

Dylan shuffles his chair closer to Ernie.

DYLAN

The fundraiser.

ERNIE

I'm doing the barbecue?

DYLAN

You're doing the barbecue, yes. And I said I would help -- only Wendy's gonna be there. So I was thinking I might help out in the kitchen instead.

ERNIE

No worries, but why you trying to avoid her? She's super hot.

DYLAN

It's complicated. Actually, no it's not complicated at all. I really like her, but she totally hates me. Thinks I'm a jerk, understandably.

ERNIE

Hey now, wait a minute -- I'm the jerk around here. You're a great guy. She's just too far up herself to realize.

DYLAN

I just don't want to end up in another situation in which she gets to totally embarrass me in front of everybody.

ERNIE

Want me to talk to her?

DYLAN

No! Absolutely not.

ERNIE

I get it, you saw her first. Worried she might take a shine to me right?

Dylan takes a sip of coffee as he tries to disguise his grimace.

A young man arrives, JOSH, 20s.

JOSH
Ernie, how's it going? Long time.

Ernie is very pleased to see him.

ERNIE
Josh, where you been hiding?

JOSH
Y'know, on the hustle. Been working hard on the algorithm for that parking app I told you about.

ERNIE
Cool. Hey, this is my friend Dylan.

DYLAN
Nice to meet you Josh.

JOSH
Likewise.

They shake hands.

DYLAN
So you're in the computer business like Ernie?

JOSH
Well...

ERNIE
- not really. I'm a hardware guy. Josh is more of a software dude.

JOSH
Aspiring software dude. I'm off to a trade fair in Vegas next week to try to sell the app... or at least garner some interest.

ERNIE
Cut throat business -- and a very crowded space.

DYLAN
But you only need that one sale. Right Josh?

JOSH

Here's hoping. I don't suppose you two guys fancy a trip to Vegas? I could sure use the company.

DYLAN

I'd love to Josh, but I could barely afford a weekend in a trailer park right now.

ERNIE

Yeah, and I got the computer repair shop to run here.

JOSH

OK, but if you change your minds? Ernie, you have my number. Gotta run. Later.

Josh leaves, Dylan and Ernie wave.

ERNIE

Later man.

Ernie takes some more coffee.

DYLAN

Nice guy, how do you know him?

ERNIE

(bitter))

He did some work for me at the repair shop when I started up, cleaning porn viruses out of computers. Now the kid thinks he's Steve Jobs.

DYLAN

Ernie, don't be so hard on him, Kids got an entrepreneurial spirit. Should be encouraged.

ERNIE

I've got entrepreneurial spirit in bags, never got me anywhere.

DYLAN

That's because you've never wanted to go anywhere.

ERNIE

I like familiar surroundings, but I sure as hell like the sound of a trip to Vegas. Sin City. All that cheap booze and loose women.

DYLAN

Forget about it, right now! You're already maxed out on your credit.

ERNIE

I could maybe shuffle it around a little?

DYLAN

Stop.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: One week later.

Dylan's landline telephone rings, he answers.

DYLAN

Dylan Peters.

ERNIE

Dylan, it's me Ernie. I need a small favor.

DYLAN

Sure.

ERNIE

You still got that spare key for the computer shop I asked you to keep?

DYLAN

Looking at it right now.

ERNIE

Great, could you to go to the shop and put a 'closed temporarily due to illness' sign in the window' for me.

DYLAN

Ernie, are you OK?

ERNIE

Never better my friend, never better.

DYLAN
The lines not too great, where are
you?

ERNIE
Vegas baby!

DYLAN
Oh for fu...

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Another sunny day. A large banner reads 'One For All - Save Our Hall'. There is a lemonade stand, a coconut shy, face painting and a BBQ grill manned by Dylan and Rod, 40s.

Dylan is preparing Ben a burger.

BEN
Where do you find the time Dylan?

DYLAN
I often wonder that myself Ben.

Dylan hands Ben the burger in a paper napkin.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
There you go, sauce and onions on
the table. I'll come and find you
for a chinwag if I ever get done
here.

BEN
I would offer to help, but I'm a
lousy cook. I'd poison half the
customers with uncooked burgers and
burn the rest.

The kid with the light saber is next in line. He sports a Storm Trooper costume with a Darth Vader mask.

DYLAN
Hey look at you Darth, get dressed
in the dark today?

KID
We would be honored if you would
join us.

DYLAN

No dice I'm afraid, already pledged
my allegiance to the Klingon. You
heard of them?

The kid waves his light saber at Dylan.

KID

Star Trek is for geeks.

DYLAN

I'll pass that on to them. You might have
a fight on your hands though. Now, what
can I get you my Lord?

KID

These are not the burgers I am
looking for.

The kid runs off. Dylan turns to Rod.

DYLAN

I'm gonna have to use the bathroom
before the levy breaks.

ROD

Sure, I got this.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

The hall is decked with balloons and bunting. There is a cake
sale on one table. A tombola offers soft toys as prizes on
another whilst a guy draws caricatures of people on a third.

Dylan enters, searches for the bathroom and encounters Wendy
and Mrs. Oppenheim.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

You again. A little early to be
collecting the trash?

DYLAN

Good afternoon Mrs. Oppenheim.

WENDY

I thought I saw you flipping
burgers earlier?

DYLAN

I was, but nature calls.

WENDY

It's a step up on the employment ladder from garbage collector I suppose.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Well at least I've got a foot on the first rung. What is it you do for a living again?

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Wendy looks after me full time, not that it's any of your business.

DYLAN

That's a tough job, one would hope your paying her a small fortune...

WENDY

For your information, my mother is not *paying* me a penny.

DYLAN

No, you just live rent free, drive a Range Rover and dine out five nights a week on your good looks.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

How dare you?

WENDY

It's OK mother, he's just bitter. He looked after *his* mother for 5 years on state handouts.

DYLAN

I sacrificed a college education whilst I nursed my mother at home as she was torn apart by cancer -- if that's what you mean?

WENDY

Spare us the violins.

DYLAN

Meanwhile, you were probably sleeping with half of Harvard to 'earn' your degree.

Wendy slaps Dylan across the face.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Who the hell do you think you are!

DYLAN
 (deflated)
 Nobody, just nobody.

Mrs. Oppenheim turns to Wendy.

MRS. OPPENHEIM
 I'm going to the ladies room to
 compose myself.

DYLAN
 I'm sorry Wendy, that was
 ungentlemanly of me.

WENDY
 Save it for someone who cares.

There is a large mirror over a table near the bathroom doors.
 Mrs. Oppenheim, stops to touch up her lipstick. She goes to
 the bathroom having left her pink handbag behind.

Dylan passes her on his way to the men's bathroom.

DYLAN
 Sorry again Mrs. Oppenheim.

MRS. OPPENHEIM
 Out of my way loser.

Ben crosses over to talk to Wendy.

BEN
 Why are you so hard on him Wendy?
 He's a lovely fella. No one else
 has a bad word to say against him.

WENDY
 That's because they don't have to
 put up with what I do week on week.

BEN
 It's not a crime to be sweet on
 someone.

WENDY
 Maybe not, but annoying all the
 same.

BEN
 You know, I've never seen you with
 a guy?

WENDY
 I've seen you with plenty.

BEN

Charming. I just hope you defrost a little before your heart gets freezer burn and is no good to anybody, not least yourself.

Ben exits as an anxious Mrs. Oppenheim returns.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Wendy, we gotta go home. I forgot my speech.

WENDY

Are you sure mother?

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Of course I'm sure, I left my notepad on the table next to the telephone.

WENDY

OK, but we'll have to hurry.

As they exit:

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Oh they'll wait, I'm a very large donor to the hall.

Dylan comes out of the bathroom and spots Mrs. Oppenheim's bag and picks it up. He notices Ben and motions over to him.

DYLAN

Ben, where did Mrs. Oppenheim go? She's left her bag behind.

BEN

Not sure, she left in a hurry with Wendy. I'm sure she's around somewhere. She's doing her annual speech later.

DYLAN

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, can't wait. I'll put it somewhere safe.

BEN

Gotta go Dylan, it's my brother's birthday today too. I said I'd go visit for a few days.

DYLAN

See you Ben, have fun.

Dylan heads back to the BBQ stand.

We see a short montage of the dog show.

Dylan arrives back at the BBQ stand.

Dylan places the handbag in his open sports holdall below a trestle table and zips it up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Did I miss much?

ROD

No, died off a bit now. Maybe we should call it a day?

DYLAN

Suits me. I'll take the burgers and buns back to the kitchen.

ROD

Hey, you heard from Ernie in Vegas again?

DYLAN

Not yet.

ROD

No news is good news huh?

INT. HARD ROCK CLUB, VEGAS - NIGHT

LOUD UPBEAT DANCE MUSIC. Very busy.

Ernie is slouched on a leather couch with an attractive woman either side. The woman on his right passes an ice cube from her lips to his, then Ernie passes it to the woman on his left.

ERNIE

Man, you gotta love Vegas!

Josh arrives with two bottles of champagne in ice buckets.

JOSH

Seriously Ernie, that's the last two.

ERNIE

Oh, liven up a little, we're in Vegas buddy.

JOSH

No, that's it! I'm on a strict daily budget and I'm already into tomorrow's cash. No more. Finito.

One of the women rises.

WOMAN 1

Well that's a real shame cos my friend and I were looking to party hard *all night long*.

Her friend rises, they take a bottle each and wave goodbye as they leave.

ERNIE

Way to go Josh, way to go.

JOSH

Calm the hell down Ernie. I've got a lot riding on this trip. I don't need to be bailing you outta jail or collecting you from a hospital.

ERNIE

I can look after myself, always have done.

JOSH

This place may be all glitz and glamour on top, but scratch below the surface and there's a lot of nasty people out here looking to take advantage of boozed up tourists.

ERNIE

I wish Dylan was here -- my wing man.

JOSH

I met Dylan for what, two minutes? And I'm pretty sure he would agree with me.

ERNIE

Yeah, thinking about it, you two bores would get on just fine.

JOSH

Come on, let's bail, go get some sleep. You'll thank me in the morning.

Ernie rises, releasing a huge BURP and almost falls forward over the table, knocking over a couple of glasses.

ERNIE

You may be right.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Dylan enters the hall with his holdall over his shoulder.

One of the trustees, MR. DOUGLAS, 60s, approaches him.

MR. DOUGLAS

Dylan, good work on the burger stand. Just short of two hundred bucks.

DYLAN

Nothing to it Mr. Douglas, they sell themselves.

MR. DOUGLAS

Tell me, have you seen Mrs. Oppenheim?

DYLAN

According to Ben she left in a hurry.

MR. DOUGLAS

Rats. The day is winding down and she's yet to bore us with her annual speech.

DYLAN

I'm sure it wouldn't hurt to skip it for a year.

MR. DOUGLAS

I wish that were so, but as you may not be aware she makes a considerable contribution to the fund every year on the proviso she gets to perform her annual address to the community.

DYLAN

I did not know that, but I can't say it surprises me.

MR. DOUGLAS
 Hopefully she'll be here soon and
 get it over with so we can all go
 home, should we survive the inane
 tedium.

INT/EXT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Wendy drives *AT SPEED*.

MRS. OPPENHEIM
 Put your foot on it, we're going to
 miss my spot.

WENDY
 I'm already going too fast mother.
 It's not my fault you left your
 precious speech at home.

MRS. OPPENHEIM
 I forget things, you know that.

WENDY
 Don't I ever just.

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL CAR PARK - DAY

Wendy's Range Rover SCREECHES to a halt. On a mission, she
 and her mom both spill out of the car and make hastily for
 the hall.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Mr. Douglas is on stage holding a microphone. There is a
 projector screen behind him displaying a group photo of the
 organizers and volunteers.

Thirty or so people remain.

MR. DOUGLAS
 Is this on?

A little feedback.

MR. DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
 Yeah, it's on.

He drinks some water.

MR. DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Well, yet another successful annual fundraiser. If we keep up at this rate, we should be able to replace the hall roof this time next year.

A ripple of applause.

MR. DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Firstly, I'd like to thank all those of you who turned up today to part with your hard earned cash and also show my appreciation to our hard working volunteers.

More applause.

MR. DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Now as you know, in order to close the fundraiser every year, Mrs. Oppenheim normally delivers this speech. Well, unfortunately she seems to have gone AWOL.

A few sarcastic cheers.

MR. DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

So, I'd like to take advantage of this opportunity to wrap this up quick for once and ask you to join me in finishing off what's left of the rum punch and that lovely looking Italian wine.

More applause -- louder this time.

MR. DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Saluti!

The hall doors *BURST OPEN*.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Not so fast!

The hall falls silent. A sweaty, out of breath Mrs. Oppenheim clambers onto the stage as she swats people out of her way with a notepad.

MR. DOUGLAS

(deflated)

Mrs. Oppenheim, so glad you could make it, we were beginning to worry.

He hands the microphone to Mrs. Oppenheim.

MRS. OPPENHEIM
Where's the lectern? There's
normally a lectern to rest my pad
on.

Squinting, she clears her throat and holds the notebook at
arm's length as she tries to focus on the text.

MRS. OPPENHEIM (CONT'D)
This is no use, I need my glasses.
Wendy! Where are my glasses?

Wendy shuffles in to the crowd and stands next to Dylan.

WENDY
I've no idea. Did you leave them in
the car?

MRS. OPPENHEIM
No, they must be in my handbag.
Where's my handbag?

WENDY
Maybe *that's* in the car? I'll go
take a look...

MRS. OPPENHEIM
It is not in the car. I had it here
when I went to the ladies room.

Uh oh. The color drains from Dylan's face. He's just
remembered her handbag is in his sports holdall.

DYLAN
(nervous)
Excuse me Wendy, little boys room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Dylan has locked himself in a cubicle.

DYLAN
Come on Dylan, you're an innocent
man, think of something.

Dylan pulls out his cellphone from his jeans pocket.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Call Ben, he was there just after you found the bag and you were asking for Mrs. Oppenheim. He'll set things straight.

He thumbs through his contacts.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You don't have Ben's number, you hardly know Ben, why would you have Ben's number?

Dylan's cell phone RINGS -- it displays Ernie's number. He answers immediately.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Ernie, I never thought I'd say this, but boy, am I glad you called.

ERNIE

Sounds ominous brother -- do tell.

DYLAN

Well...

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Wendy fans herself with a leaflet as Mrs. Oppenheim fumbles her way through an improvised speech.

She weaves her way to the back of the hall in search of cooler air.

She takes out her cell phone and calls a friend, who answers quickly.

WENDY

Donna, we still on for drinks at eight?

She listens to her friends reply.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Change of plan, can we make it six? I'm gonna need a drink after the day I'm having.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

DYLAN

Makes complete sense. Put the bag back where I found it and forget I ever saw it there, simple. Ernie, you're a lifesaver. I'll call you later.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

WENDY

OK Donna, I'll grab an Uber and pick you up on the way.

She hangs up.

A sheepish looking Dylan clutches the holdall close to his chest as he exits on tip toes from the men's room.

Suspicious, Wendy spots Dylan and takes cover behind a tall potted palm.

She begins filming Dylan through the large leaves on her cellphone.

Dylan takes the pink handbag from his holdall and places it back on the table where Mrs. Oppenheim left it.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Well, well, well. Not such the whiter than white saint after all are we, Mr. Peter's?

Dylan crosses back through the hall and retakes his place.

DYLAN

Did I miss much?

ROD

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, she just explained what came before the big bang and announced a credible solution for the age old conflict in Israel.

Wendy is now at the rear of the hall next to the projector.

She plugs a data lead from the projector into her cell phone, picks up the projector remote then heads back to the front of the hall.

Exasperated, head in his hands, Mr. Douglas is seated on a chair at the rear of the stage.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

And so, it gives me great pleasure to declare this annual fundraiser...

WENDY

- Stop!

Wendy takes to the stage.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Here are your glasses mother.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Thank you my dear, though a little too late don't you think?

WENDY

Would you like to know where I found them?

MRS. OPPENHEIM

In the car?

WENDY

No, in your handbag. And, would you like to know where I found your handbag?

DYLAN

(under his breath)
Oh crap.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

Well I...

WENDY

...Here, let me show you.

Wendy presses play on the projector remote. The video of Dylan replacing the pink handbag begins to play.

Gasps from the crowd as they watch.

DYLAN

Hang on, hang on. I can explain.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Double doors FLY OPEN. An angry, fist waving mob chases Dylan out of the hall. Plastic glasses of alcohol and uneaten cake fly through the air toward him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A forlorn Dylan is seated on a park bench talking to Ernie on his cellphone.

INTERCUT: Dylan on bench / Ernie, poolside, smokes a fat cigar.

DYLAN

I've never been so embarrassed in my life Ernie.

ERNIE

Don't worry about it, get Ben to call her, he'll straighten it all out.

DYLAN

I wish it was that simple. He's visiting his brother for a while and I don't have a number for him.

ERNIE

Well, I guess you'll just have to sit tight until the dust settles.

DYLAN

Yeah, only option. I can't believe I've got to face her again tomorrow. I feel sick just thinking about it. Anyway, how's it going out there?

ERNIE

Totally nuts. Josh is at the tech fair today. He's running out of cash so let's hope he gets a sale.

DYLAN

I'm sure you're helping him spend it Ernie.

ERNIE

Dylan, give me some credit -- it's all on a tab.

INT. TRADE STAND - DAY

Josh talks to a smart dressed woman, Beth, 20s.

BETH

I gotta say Josh, I talked to my head coder back in San Fran and he's very impressed with what you've built here.

JOSH

Great, really good to hear. There's still a few minor tweaks to be made here and there but it's pretty much good to go.

BETH

Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I'll run it by the boss man. He gets here on Friday, you'll still be here right?

JOSH

Uh yeah, sure. I'm here for the whole show.

BETH

Great, well here's my card. Hopefully we'll run into each other over the next few days and catch up before he gets here.

They shake hands.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ernie is in his underwear. One hand clutches a bottle of whiskey, the other a hairbrush as he sings along to a loud playing rock song.

An anxious Josh enters the room and turns off the music.

ERNIE

Hey, I was listening to that!

JOSH

Yeah, so was half the hotel.

ERNIE

What's got into you? Not go so well with your pitch today?

JOSH
Hard to tell, she seemed interested
but...

ERNIE
- She? Is she hot?

JOSH
Yeah, Beth, kinda... very actually,
but that's not why were here.

ERNIE
Speak for yourself. This is the
first vacation I've had in a while.

JOSH
We have a, I mean I have a bigger
problem. I'm close to broke. The
big guy from the tech company
doesn't get here for three days and
Beth wants me to stick around to
meet him.

ERNIE
I thought we had a daily budget?

JOSH
I did, but I wasn't planning on
being here for that long *and*
supporting you. Gotta enough for
tomorrow and that's it. Can't ask
my folks for anymore -- they've
already helped me enough.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dylan listlessly trudges up the garden path to Mrs.
Oppenheim's house.

Wendy waits for him, arms folded.

Dylan walks straight passed her to the garbage can.

WENDY
(spiteful)
Something up? Not your usual jolly
self today?

Dylan ignores her.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I would have thought you would have at least prepared an apology for my mother.

Dylan turns to Wendy.

DYLAN

Are you enjoying this?

WENDY

You can count yourself lucky we didn't call the police.

DYLAN

Why would you need to do that? Your already judge, jury and executioner.

WENDY

You were caught red handed -- bang to rights.

DYLAN

Did you ever stop to ask yourself why I might need a pink handbag?

WENDY

One would assume you were more interested in its contents?

DYLAN

I didn't take a look inside but I would imagine there's a witches guide to survival in the modern age and a couple of voodoo dolls in there.

WENDY

I heard about the financial difficulties your aunt is experiencing.

DYLAN

She's in ten grand deep, through no fault of her own but I wouldn't imagine that not even your mom walks around with that much in her bag.

Wendy begins to thumb through her cellphone.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Before I go, if it's of any interest to you, I've asked my supervisor to put me on a different route from next week.

Wendy hands Dylan her cell phone, upon which plays the video she has uploaded to Youtube of Dylan replacing the bag.

Dylan watches for a moment, aghast.

He hands it back to her.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You utter cow. You heartless, selfish cow.

Wendy begins to laugh as she watches the end of the video.

WENDY

Two thousand likes already!

Her laughter intensifies as she walks back to the house.

DYLAN

Have a nice life Wendy.

He watches on as she disappears into the house.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What did I ever see in you?

Dylan picks up the garbage can and makes back for the truck.

INT. MRS. OPPENHEIM'S HOUSE - DAY

In the entrance hall, Mrs. Oppenheim places some cut flowers in a vase.

MRS. OPPENHEIM

I don't know why you give that low life the time of day. I warned you about him.

WENDY

He's toothless mother. Just making sure he knows his place.

Wendy turns and stares out of a window down the lawn at Dylan.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We won't be seeing much of him again.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dylan is about to empty the trash can into the truck.

Something shiny catches his eye.

Hanging out of the can is a pearl necklace.

He sheepishly lifts the lid. On top of the trash is a purple colored vanity case.

He opens it cautiously -- then closes it in a flash.

DYLAN

Now there's a dilemma.

He opens the case again whilst checking for observers at the house... coast is clear.

Inside the case is a bunch of bejeweled gold necklaces, bracelets, brooches and rings.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You know what Mrs. Oppenheim? One man's trash...

He stuffs the case into his jacket and empties the can into the truck.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

...is another man's treasure.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPTOWN JEWELERS - DAY

Dylan stands outside the shop holding a cashier's check.

He kisses it then places it in his shirt pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

A large commercial jet takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY, VEGAS - DAY

Josh talks to the hotel CONCIERGE at the reception counter.
Ernie is wasting his time with a pretty receptionist.

CONCIERGE

I can only repeat what I've told
you already sir, the hotel does not
have a credit facility.

ERNIE

Unless you're a high roller...

JOSH

Ignore him.

Ernie returns his attention to the receptionist.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Sir, if you could please talk to
the manager I would be eternally
grateful.

CONCIERGE

He's not in today sorry, I am
deputizing in his absence.

JOSH

Then I guess we're screwed.

From out of nowhere:

DYLAN

Surprise!

Josh and Ernie spin on their heels to discover a beaming
Dylan in a cream linen suit and Panama hat.

ERNIE

What the...

JOSH

Dylan?

DYLAN

Nice to meet you again Josh.

They shake hands.

ERNIE

Dylan, what the hell are you doing
here?

DYLAN
I'll explain shortly. But first,
let's get a drink.

ERNIE
I heard that.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

ERNIE
So let me get this straight. That
old watch your grandfather gave you
was worth sixty grand?

DYLAN
Maybe a little more, but the guy in
the shop was nice, so I didn't
haggle.

JOSH
And you just quit your job and hot
assed over here?

DYLAN
Tada!

ERNIE
Then I guess it's your round.

JOSH
Hold up Ernie, you've already gone
a long way to help me blow what
little I had.

DYLAN
About that...

Dylan gestures to a waiter.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Same again please.

Dylan shuffles his seat closer to Josh.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Josh, I only met you briefly, but I
instantly liked you.

JOSH
Thank you Dylan, likewise.

DYLAN

So how about, given my windfall, I lend you some cash to see out your trip here?

JOSH

That's very kind of you Dylan, really, but I'm not sure I'd be comfortable with that. I hardly know you.

ERNIE

Whoa, rain check. We need to be here til Friday -- or no deal.

JOSH

I need to be here til Friday. Dylan, I'm grateful, truly, but it would kinda feel like I'm taking advantage of your good fortune.

DYLAN

OK, I get that. Well how about this? Sell me part of the company.

Josh leans back in his chair.

JOSH

That could work.

A revitalized Ernie leans forward.

ERNIE

That could definitely work.

DYLAN

There you go. So sell me ten percent for say, forty grand?

Ernie chokes on his drink.

JOSH

Dylan, right now, my company isn't worth anywhere near that figure, but I have a meeting with the CEO of a big tech company on Friday that might change all that.

(then)

If you were really prepared to put forty in, I would more than happily give you forty percent. It would be a gamble on your part, but all investments are.

Ernie rises.

ERNIE

Oh that's just great, you two get to play businessmen together and I'm out of the picture.

JOSH

Ernie, you were never in the picture.

ERNIE

You two would never have met if it weren't for me!

DYLAN

Sit down Ernie.

ERNIE

Don't tell me to sit down.

Ernie sits down.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I'm only sitting down because my back hurts.

DYLAN

Josh, I'll give you thirty grand for thirty percent.

JOSH

Thirty, forty, either deal is cool with me.

DYLAN

And, I'll lend ten grand to Ernie so he can buy in ten percent -- that is, if you're comfortable with a third partner.

ERNIE

(pensive)

That's what I was about to suggest.

Josh looks at Ernie for a second, then turns to Dylan...

JOSH

You gotta deal -- but you're responsible for the E-Monster here...

Dylan slams down his drink and jumps on to Ernie.

DYLAN

You here that Ernie, you're my
bitch now!

They engage in a little playful rough and tumble. Ernie starts to giggle as Dylan tickles him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Josh, I need some back up...

Josh jumps in.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

At a table, Josh sports an ill fitting, cheap suit opposite the casually dressed CEO of the tech company, TODD, 50s.

JOSH

Wow, I don't know what to say. I'm guessing I should say I'll consult my lawyer?

TODD

Sure, who do you use?

JOSH

Busted. I don't have one.

TODD

I don't want to sound like a douche, but I guessed that.

JOSH

Oh?

TODD

The suit. Thrift store?

JOSH

Thrift store. Fifty bucks.

TODD

I would have haggled to thirty.

JOSH

You wouldn't need to.

TODD

Relax, I'm busting your balls.

Todd pulls out a pen and BUSINESS CARD from his jacket and begins to write on the rear.

TODD (CONT'D)

Take this to any good tech lawyer
you please and show them this
acquisition figure.

He pushes the card to Josh.

TODD (CONT'D)

Have him call me if he agrees it's
a good deal.

Josh picks up the card. The color drains from his face.

EXT. HARD ROCK HOTEL, VEGAS, POOLSIDE - DAY

Ernie dive bombs into a pool clutching a bottle of champagne.
Moments later he resurfaces and addresses Dylan and Josh who
are both on loungers, puffing on Cubans.

ERNIE

We're rich beyond our wildest
dreams!

DYLAN

Ernie.

ERNIE

Yeah?

DYLAN

Don't worry about the ten grand!

ERNIE

Cheers!

Ernie drinks from the champagne bottle and immediately spits
it out and begins to cough.

DYLAN

(to Josh)

I'd have never got it back anyhow.

Josh and Dylan chink champagne flutes.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NEXT MORNING

Clearly hungover, the guys are struggling to get through
breakfast.

DYLAN

I'm not sure this agrees with me.

Dylan pushes his plate away.

Ernie and Josh concur and do the same.

ERNIE

Hey Dylan, how did it go with your Aunt and her financial worries?

DYLAN

Took care of it before I left.

JOSH

You're a good guy Dylan.

DYLAN

(to Josh)

Well, lucky for me I met a clever guy.

ERNIE

Thank you.

Dylan and Josh smirk at each other.

JOSH

Ooh, guys, while I remember, it's a while off but my mom and pop are in town for the weekend of June eighteenth. Is it cool if you make yourselves scarce for a couple of days?

DYLAN

No worries Josh.

ERNIE

Sure thang.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER, 18th JUNE.

A large open plan kitchen/living space with beach views.

Empty alcohol bottles litter the tables and floor. Two girls are cuddled up asleep on a large leather couch. A third, dressed only in her underwear, is cooking eggs.

A rough looking Dylan enters the living space in his bathrobe. As he sits on the end of the couch, his arrival stirs the two girls. One of them reaches out to Dylan and strokes his cheek -- he pushes her hand away.

Josh enters from the front door and immediately freaks.

JOSH

No, no, no! Dylan, I told you my parents were coming over this afternoon.

Ernie surfaces from an adjoining bedroom.

ERNIE

J-Dawg, I thought you were away for the weekend?

JOSH

No, I was away on business last night. I wanted you two away for the weekend cos my folks are in town, remember?

DYLAN

Oh rats! My bad Josh, I got the weekends confused.

Josh frantically gathers the empty bottles and tries to place them in a recycling bin, but the girl cooking is blocking the way.

JOSH

Excuse me, miss.

GIRL

You want some eggs?

JOSH

No, I do not -- I had breakfast three hours ago!

ERNIE

You can't have eggs for lunch?

JOSH

Enough! I'm tired of this crap. You two degenerates get this place cleaned up and get these tramps out of here. I'll be back at four O'clock -- you will not be here.

He storms out, SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. BEACH TIKI BAR - LATER

Ernie and Dylan are sat at the bar, groggy looking, hiding behind sunglasses.

BARTENDER

There you go guys, two margaritas.

ERNIE

Thanks, put them on my tab.

DYLAN

I'm not sure this is such a good idea Ernie.

Dylan picks up his drink, smells it, then takes a small sip -
- doesn't go down at all well.

ERNIE

Nonsense, it's the hair of the dog that bit you.

Ernie knocks half of his drink back -- no problem.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Besides, we need to be match fit for the party later.

DYLAN

Maybe not tonight Ernie, I'm feeling pretty ropey right now. We've been at it like troopers for months.

Ernie knocks back the rest of his drink.

ERNIE

Enzo, two more por favor.

DYLAN

Ernie, Enzo is French.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - NIGHT

This place wasn't cheap.

A chauffeur driven car arrives at the front of the house from which a smart dressed Dylan and Ernie emerge.

Ernie hands the driver a bunch of notes.

ERNIE

Thanks man. There's a little extra for you there.

Pleased, the driver nods and pulls away.

The guys motion towards the front entrance.

DYLAN

Tell me, how do you know this guy again?

ERNIE

I wouldn't say I *know* him, more of a, *casual* acquaintance. He's the CEO of the company that bought Josh's company.

Dylan stops in his tracks.

DYLAN

We do *actually* have an invitation right?

ERNIE

Sure we do.

DYLAN

Thank the heavens.

ERNIE

Well, kinda.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - NIGHT

The guys are in and are immediately handed a glass of champagne by a bow-tied waiter.

ERNIE

You'll be glad of those margaritas earlier. Come on, let's mingle.

They walk through pockets of well dressed guests until Ernie spots the host.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Todd, great party man.

Todd reaches out for a handshake.

TODD

Thank you uh...

ERNIE

Ernie, and this is Dylan.

DYLAN

Nice to meet you Todd. Lovely house you have here.

TODD

Thanks.

Todd reaches behind and picks up a drink from a waiter carrying a service tray.

TODD (CONT'D)

I don't want to sound rude guys. I meet a lot of people and I've had a little to drink, but how do I know you guys?

ERNIE

(arms outstretched)

Business partners with Josh.

TODD

Oh right. Interesting. I seem to remember Josh being alone when I invited him at lunch last week?

ERNIE

Sure. But when I saw the invite on top of his wallet I assumed the invitation extended to all partners?

DYLAN

I'm sorry Todd, I had no idea. Come on Ernie, I'll call a cab.

TODD

No guys, it's fine really. I'm just a little surprised as we never met during the acquisition. Enjoy the party, there's plenty of food and fizz for everybody.

DYLAN

You definitely haven't met Ernie before.

With a warm smile, Todd places a hand on Dylan's shoulder.

TODD

I can tell you're the sensible one so I trust you'll keep him in check.

Todd leaves.

DYLAN

Oh boy. Got my work cut out.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - LATER

A five piece seventies covers band plays on a small stage. As they finish a song, Todd takes the stage and is handed the mic by the vocalist.

TODD

(somber)

Thank you everybody, thank you.
It's not every day you get an
excuse to throw a party like this.

Warm applause and a few cheers from the guests.

TODD (CONT'D)

As most of you know, I've had some
health problems recently.

A few light-hearted boos.

Todd drops his head, bad news is on its way.

TODD (CONT'D)

Well, I just wanted you to know
that I went to the hospital today
for a final consultation and...

Takes a large drink.

TODD (CONT'D)

They originally told me I had two
years max.

(then)

Well, that's no longer the case...

The crowd falls silent.

TODD (CONT'D)

It turns out that, contrary to my
original prognosis things have
moved along quite quickly...

GUEST

We love you Todd!

TODD

Moved along quite quickly to the
point where -- I'm all clear!

The guests burst into rapturous applause and cheers.

TODD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna live forever! I love you
all!

The band start playing an uptempo song. Everyone starts to dance.

Man... Ernie can move!

A circle forms around Ernie, he performs a clearly rehearsed Northern Soul/Disco routine.

In fits of laughter and admiration, Dylan looks on.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - SUNRISE

Large glass conservatory. A few potted citrus trees. The guest count has thinned considerably.

Dylan and Ernie are each seated on a cushion covered wicker couch, enjoying the company of two LADIES, 20s.

Smoking cigars.

The girl with Dylan, pours champagne then hands a glass to her friend.

DYLAN

Ernie, don't forget you're driving me to the airport Wednesday morning.

ERNIE

You sure about this trip? Long way to go for a couple of days.

LADY 1

(joking)

Oh, so soon Dylan, we've only just met.

DYLAN

Duty calls I'm afraid. I take my aunt to visit my uncle's grave every year on his would be birthday.

LADY 2

That's very sweet of you Dylan. Don't worry Ernie, we'll take care of you in his absence.

ERNIE

Hallelujah.

Todd appears:

TODD

Guys, I'm done. Nice to meet you both, especially John Travolta here.

ERNIE

Ern baby Ern.

TODD

The cleaning maid may be here soon, so pick your feet up if she passes by with the vacuum cleaner.

A collective chuckle. Todd exits.

Dylan rises, there isn't much strength left in his legs.

DYLAN

Ernie, I think now's a good time for us to bail.

ERNIE

Where to? Josh has his folks over remember?

DYLAN

Oh yeah, I forgot about that. One last hurrah before Wednesday it is then!

They all chink glasses and start jovially fooling around.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ernie drives Dylan to the airport.

ERNIE

You think you'll be back by Saturday?

DYLAN

Yeah, maybe Sunday, early hours.

ERNIE

So, I arranged for a car for you at the airport back home.

DYLAN

Thanks Ernie, you know how I hate forms. Which rental company did you use?

ERNIE

Didn't, bought you a runaround to say thanks for everything. I don't thank you enough.

DYLAN

Oh Ernie, you're a good pal.

ERNIE

Don't start getting mushy on me. You got the check I gave you for the landlord of the shop?

DYLAN

Sure. You should have closed it two months ago. You've wasted five grand on rent in the meantime.

ERNIE

Yeah I know, but I still feel weirdly attached to it.

DYLAN

Y'know Ernie, I might stay for a week or so. Catch up with some old friends. Give my liver a break.

ERNIE

I like to keep mine well oiled to stop it seizing up. Don't stay away for too long. I need my wing-man.

Ernie pulls up at the airport drop off point.

Dylan gets out of the car, carrying a small bag.

They shake hands through the open window.

DYLAN

Be good.

ERNIE

Not a chance!

Ernie wheel-spins away. Dylan smiles.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Dylan approaches a CAR VALET who holds a card which bears his name.

DYLAN

That's me.

CAR VALET

Here you go sir, have a nice trip.

He hands Dylan a set of keys.

Dylan tries to unlock an adjacent Hyundai, but nothing happens.

CAR VALET (CONT'D)

No sir, *this* is your car.

Dylan turns around to face a new Mercedes S-Class convertible. Gosh.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

CLOSE UP OF GRAVESTONE THAT READS:

A WARM AND LOVING HUSBAND

OLIVER STEADMAN - 12th APRIL 1938 - 19th MAY 2014.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

Dylan, on his knees, pulls out weeds around the grave. His aunt is seated on a picnic chair with a tartan blanket over her legs.

MRS. STEADMAN

I thought I'd be here alone this year Dylan, it's so nice of you to come all this way.

DYLAN

Don't be silly auntie Sue. I'd walk on hot coals to get here for my favorite girl.

MRS. STEADMAN

I was hoping you might have arrived with a lady?

DYLAN

And pay two air fares?

MRS. STEADMAN

Such a shame, you'd make someone a great husband.

Dylan rises and takes off his weeding gloves.

DYLAN

Yeah well, I couldn't even look after two goldfish. Thanks for having them for me.

MRS. STEADMAN

They're no trouble at all. By the way, I've renamed them...

DYLAN

Oh? What to?

MRS. STEADMAN

I call them 'One' and 'Two'.

DYLAN

I don't follow?

MRS. STEADMAN

Because if One dies, I'll still have Two!

Laughter.

INT. BOOKMAKERS - DAY

Pete, seated on a stool, shouts at a TV screen.

PETE

Come on you donkey, come on... oh crap!

He screws up his betting slip and tosses it at the TV.

He turns around as a pair of firm hands land on his shoulders.

DYLAN

I thought I might find you in here.

Excited to see Dylan, Pete rises and hugs him.

PETE

Dylan, what a nice surprise. I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever see you again?

DYLAN

In town for a while, thought I'd swing by and say hello.

PETE

Coffee?

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Dylan reads a newspaper at a table.

Pete arrives with two coffees.

PETE

Ten bucks for two coffees, daylight robbery.

DYLAN

Here, let me get that.

PETE

No, it's OK.

DYLAN

I insist.

He produces a twenty dollar bill from his bulging wallet.

PETE

Whoa. Somebody's doing okay?

DYLAN

Don't be fooled. I'm on the way to the bank to deposit it.

PETE

You were always a saver.

DYLAN

Look after the pennies...

PETE

Been saving myself for a while. Darn gearbox is shot in the car. Been in the shop for a month 'til I can afford to collect it. Eighteen hundred god-damn bucks. Been using the buses in the meantime, pain in the ass let me tell you.

Dylan opens his wallet and peels off hundred dollar bills.

PETE (CONT'D)

No Dylan, no, I wasn't angling...

Dylan stuffs the bills into Pete's shirt pocket.

DYLAN

I know you weren't. Pay me back when you have it. The interest rate at the bank is lousy anyhow.

Pete places a hand on Dylan's.

PETE
Thanks Dylan, that's a lovely
gesture.

DYLAN
I hate the buses too. Excuse me,
gotta pee.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Dylan searches for the bathroom. He spots a waitress. Head down, she struggles with an overloaded tray of dirty crockery.

DYLAN
Here, let me help you with that.

WAITRESS
Oh thank you, I was about to drop
it.

She looks up.

WENDY
Dylan...

DYLAN
Wendy....

He places the tray on a trolley.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Uh, I was... looking for... the
bathroom?

WENDY
It's... just around the corner.

DYLAN
Thank you.

Deeply embarrassed, Wendy lowers her head and continues with her duties.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Dylan sits down.

PETE

You OK buddy? You look like you
seen a ghost.

DYLAN

Something like that.

PETE

I don't wanna sound like I'm
running off with your cash but I
got a call while you were gone.
Gotta go meet the wife.

DYLAN

I understand Pete, I'll call you in
a couple of days?

Pete rises.

PETE

I'll hold you to that.

He pats his shirt pocket.

PETE (CONT'D)

Thanks again, you're a trooper.

Pete exits.

Dylan stares into the distance for a few beats.

Wendy sits down in Pete's chair.

WENDY

Go on, give it both barrels.

Dylan takes a long sip of coffee.

DYLAN

What am I aiming at?

WENDY

I finish at two. Would you do me
the kind favor of sparing me five
minutes of your time?

DYLAN

I suppose, yeah, sure. That would
be nice -- I think?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Dylan is seated on a park bench.

Wendy joins him.

A prolonged, frosty silence. Eventually:

WENDY

I owe you an apology.

A beat.

DYLAN

Are you OK Wendy?

WENDY

I said some very nasty things to you over a prolonged period, and my general behavior towards you was nothing short of... truly awful.

DYLAN

Wendy - are - you - OK?

WENDY

I bumped into Ben shortly after you left. He told me all about the handbag and how you were looking after it for my mother.

Dylan rises quickly.

DYLAN

Wendy, none of that matters! It's all in the past. Why the hell are you working in a God damn coffee shop?

WENDY

I publicly humiliated you and ruined your good name in the community.

Dylan squats in front of Wendy and firmly grips her upper arms.

DYLAN

Wendy!

WENDY

You were only ever nice to me...

Dylan shakes her lightly.

DYLAN

WENDY!

She breaks her gaze and locks eyes with Dylan. She burst into tears.

They hug.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A quiet bar. Wendy is seated at a table for two.

Dylan arrives with two glasses of champagne and takes his seat.

WENDY

Oh, you shouldn't...

DYLAN

Well I did. I know how you like it.
Now tell me what this is all about.

WENDY

(sullen)

My mother, she died.

DYLAN

(shocked)

Oh... I'm sorry to hear that.

WENDY

Heart attack, very sudden. The
paramedics said she was probably
dead before she hit the floor.

DYLAN

Wendy, that's terrible. That must have
been very difficult for you to take. I
know you two were very close.

WENDY

Well, not that close as it turns
out -- she left her entire estate
to the community hall on the
proviso they renamed it after her.

DYLAN

Ouch.

WENDY

No, not really. No more than I
deserve.

DYLAN

Don't say that. You were always
there for her.

WENDY

It's true. I'm a heartless, selfish cow... as you so, correctly put it once. My comeuppance I suppose.

DYLAN

Wow... that's a lot to take in. And the house?

WENDY

I was there for a month. They offered me a cheap enough rental deal but, having no income of my own -- I had to let it go.

She takes a large swig of champagne.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Fast forward to now and I'm working in a coffee shop and living in a pokey little, roach infested apartment.

DYLAN

Sheesh. How you dealing with that?

WENDY

Truthfully? I've never felt more alive. I might not be making much of a difference in the world but it's been a huge wake up call. Just what I needed.

DYLAN

Well, I wish I could say that the circumstances that led you here were different, but I guess some small good has come out of it?

WENDY

Hmm. So, where did you run off too?

DYLAN

Oh, I uh, I spotted an opportunity, which to my surprise, worked out, so I moved out to Santa Monica.

WENDY

Interesting, doing what?

Dylan shifts in his seat, a little uneasy.

DYLAN

Oh, a guy I know moved out there to set up his own business and needed a little help.

WENDY

And your friend Bernie?

DYLAN

Ernie too.

WENDY

Sorry, *Ernie*. Well I'm glad for you both, really I am.

DYLAN

Thank you Wendy. You know, that's probably the first nice thing you've ever said to me?

Wendy lifts her glass, as does Dylan.

WENDY

I've a lot of catching up to do, Mr. Peter's.

They chink glasses.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wendy and Dylan idle along the sidewalk.

DYLAN

I had a really nice time tonight, totally unexpected. I'm so glad I ran into you.

WENDY

Me too. So how long are you around for?

DYLAN

Few days yet.

WENDY

Well do promise me you'll drop by the coffee shop before you go to say goodbye.

DYLAN

Course. Absolutely.

WENDY

Those are very nice shoes Dylan,
expensive looking.

DYLAN

It's great what you can pick up in
the sales.

Wendy stops at a shoddy looking front door.

WENDY

Well, this is me.

DYLAN

Handy for work I guess, plenty of
shops nearby.

WENDY

Did you want to come in for a
coffee?

Dylan thinks about it for a beat.

DYLAN

Maybe not tonight...

WENDY

I promise there are no rats, I'm
pretty sure I got the last of them.

DYLAN

Don't be daft, I'm not a snob -- I
was a garbage collector remember?

Wendy smiles.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's just that, it was really nice to see
you and spend some time with you and I'd
like to remember the end of the night with
you just standing there, with that lovely
smile.

WENDY

Stop it, you're making me blush.

DYLAN

OK, well I guess this is good night
then.

WENDY

Good night Dylan.

She leans forward and kisses Dylan lightly on his cheek. She turns and seemingly floats up the five steps to her door, turns, and waves.

A beat.

DYLAN

Wendy.

WENDY

Yes?

DYLAN

I've got nothing on tomorrow, so if you're at a loose end?

WENDY

Oh, I can't sorry.

DYLAN

Oh right, I just thought...

WENDY

I'm on a double shift, but the day after is OK?

DYLAN

Great!

Dylan hands Wendy his cell phone.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'll need a number to get you on.

WENDY

Problem. I don't have one, waiting for my next paycheck. Just swing by the shop tomorrow and let me know?

DYLAN

Will do, night again.

WENDY

Night again.

Dylan longingly watches on as she lets herself in. She waves through the gap in the door, pauses for a moment, then gently closes the door.

DYLAN

(to himself)

Am I tripping right now?

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Pete pushes a trolley, followed by Dylan.

PETE

Are you sure it's the same Wendy,
not some lookey-likey impostor?

DYLAN

Honestly, it's like the old Wendy
never existed.

PETE

Sounds like a very humbling
experience she's been through.

DYLAN

Most definitely.

Dylan places himself in the path of the trolley.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Pete, I think I'm falling in love
with her.

PETE

What are you talking about -- you
were *always* in love with her?

DYLAN

Kinda, but back then, I knew it
would never go anywhere -- but
now...

PETE

Dylan, I'm not the kinda guy people
normally turn to for advice when it
comes to matters of the heart but
if you wanna hear my two cents...

DYLAN

- Gimme ten dollars worth.

PETE

OK. She's hot -- too hot for you.
But, you're a *nice* guy, and that
counts for a lot. So, if you think
she's genuinely turned a corner and
is interested in you -- strike
while the iron is hot, *carpe diem*.

DYLAN

Does that mean "seize the day"?

PETE

I think so. You get my drift though right?

DYLAN

Pete, there's something I need to tell you.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

PETE

You son of a bitch Dylan, we were partners on the road.

DYLAN

Yeah well, from my recollections Pete, I did all the heavy lifting whilst you got fat behind the wheel.

PETE

I gotta a slow metabolism! That aside, I'm still the fat loser taking charity from his buddy while he lives the high life of a freakin' millionaire!

DYLAN

It's not that simple.

PETE

Seems pretty straightforward from where I'm sitting -- right opposite Elon Musk.

DYLAN

It all happened so quickly.

PETE

It all happened so quickly? You find the family jewels, take them to a shop, sell them and jet off to make your fortune -- all in the blink of an eye?

DYLAN

I met with your wife earlier...

PETE

Say what?

DYLAN

Paid off your mortgage.

Pete rises, stares at the table for a moment.

PETE
My round I guess.

Pete bursts into tears.

INT. DINER - DAY

Wendy and Dylan are both enjoying a salad. Dylan refills Wendy's glass with sparkling water.

WENDY
Thank you.

DYLAN
So, I got you a present.

WENDY
Oh Dylan, you shouldn't...

DYLAN
- Yes, yes I should.

Dylan reaches into his inside jacket pocket and produces a small rectangular gift, wrapped in pink sparkly paper. He hands it to Wendy.

WENDY
I'm intrigued.

Wendy unwraps the gift.

A brand new iphone X.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Dylan! This must have cost a fortune, Really, I can't...

DYLAN
- Didn't cost me a penny. I was due a free upgrade with my service provider and, well, I like my current phone.

Wendy hugs it to her chest then leans forward to kiss Dylan. Dylan sheepishly withdraws.

WENDY
Oh I'm sorry Dylan, I'm just so grateful, I wanted...

A few awkward moments of silence.

DYLAN

I would like nothing more than to kiss you Wendy. You know how crazy I am, sorry, *was* about you.

WENDY

Was? OK, we can be friends, I mean, we are friends, I hope. I wasn't trying to...

DYLAN

- Oh to hell with it. Wendy, I think I'm in love with you. No! I know I'm in love with you. Always have been since the first time I laid eyes on you.

WENDY

Oh knock it off Dylan, now *you're* being cruel.

Dylan leans back in his chair, relieved.

DYLAN

And, like an idiot, I've convinced myself that you might like me too.

WENDY

Of course I like you...

DYLAN

- But the thing is, I just don't know how I would cope if, in some far fetched scenario we got together and then split up. It would crush me. I just don't think I could take that much pain.

Wendy, head bobbed, leans back in her chair.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to lay that on you so bluntly, but I don't wanna be the sad, lonely old guy who looks back from his rocking chair forty years from now wondering 'what if'?

Wendy rises, teary eyed. She walks around the table and sits side-saddle in Dylan's lap. She cups his cheeks with her hands and stares deep into his eyes.

An OLD LADY cleaning the adjacent table leans over to them.

OLD LADY
This is where you kiss her you
dummy.

They kiss, tenderly for a couple of seconds, then passionately for a few more. Dylan reaches his arm around to Wendy's back, knocking over the water bottle which smashes on the floor. Startled, they break their embrace and rise.

DYLAN
Sorry, Oh I'm really sorry...

OLD LADY
(chuckling)
Forget about it. Now get on out of
here and be happy together.

Dylan throws thirty dollars on the table and offers Wendy his hand.

DYLAN
Ms. Oppenheim, would you?

WENDY
I'd love to, Mr. Peters.

Dylan leads her out.

As they approach the exit:

WENDY (CONT'D)
Oh, the phone...

She turns back to grab it.

A guy at a table winks at Dylan.

GUY AT TABLE
She's a keeper.

DYLAN
(contemplative)
I certainly hope so.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Seated on a couch, Wendy looks comfortable in one of Dylan's T-shirts. She scrolls through an iPad. Dylan yawns as he enters in boxers and T-shirt.

WENDY

Morning honey, coffee in the pot.

Dylan kisses Wendy on top of her head.

DYLAN

What are you looking at?

WENDY

Job listings. I need to get a second income. That apartment was only ever a stopgap but my wage at the coffee shop won't cover much else.

Dylan crosses to the kitchen area and pours himself a coffee.

DYLAN

Y'know, I was thinking about that.

WENDY

You were? You know of any openings?

DYLAN

No, I mean I was thinking about your apartment.

WENDY

I try not to.

Dylan sits next to Wendy.

DYLAN

Listen, you've been here pretty much solid for the last few weeks.

WENDY

Oh, sorry, am I crowding you? You need some more space?

DYLAN

No, not that. I love having you here, you know I do. I was just thinking maybe I should give you your own key?

WENDY

Oh?

DYLAN
Too soon? Sorry, silly me rushing
in again. Well, if you change your
mind...

WENDY
Dylan, that would make me so happy.

DYLAN
Oh yeah, how happy?

WENDY
This happy.

Wendy puts down the iPad, straddles Dylan and begins to kiss
him.

DYLAN
So, do we have a deal?

WENDY
We do, but on one proviso.

DYLAN
Which is?

WENDY
You ask me to become Mrs. Peters
someday.

DYLAN
OK, deal -- but you better start
behaving yourself.

WENDY
I can't promise you that, I'm a
very naughty girl.

They lie down on the couch and continue kissing.

DYLAN
Then you must be punished, Mrs.
Peters.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Josh and Ernie are either side of a glass desk.

JOSH
So it looks like our stock is on
the up.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

Our subscriptions are very healthy and the new software update has rated very well with the beta testers.

ERNIE

So have Techsoft made an increase on their initial offer?

JOSH

Au contrair, they pulled out.

ERNIE

Oh great, there goes my apartment in Dubai.

JOSH

Relax. They pulled out because they couldn't raise the extra capital for the deal. We do, however have fresh interest from two new parties.

ERNIE

Sweet.

JOSH

So, we need to get Dylan out here to sign some papers.

ERNIE

Good luck with that.

JOSH

Say?

ERNIE

Been trying to get him over for weeks. He's smitten with that squeeze of his.

JOSH

Oh that's nice. I'm sure he'll be fine, it's business. Little different to partying all night with you.

ERNIE

Josh, please.

JOSH

I'm kidding. Call him later. Maybe he can bring her too.

ERNIE

Good idea, maybe she'll bring some
of her hot friends.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Dylan and Wendy are outside the coffee house. Dylan has a
small case. He kisses Wendy.

WENDY

You promise you'll call me every
day?

DYLAN

I'm only going for a week, I'll be
back before you know it.

WENDY

OK, just stay away from those party
girls with Ernie.

DYLAN

Now there's a first.

WENDY

Huh?

DYLAN

You got his name right.

Dylan kisses her again.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Bye.

He starts to walk off.

WENDY

Love you.

DYLAN

Another first.

Wendy looks a little coy.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I love you too -- very much so.

Wendy blows Dylan a kiss.

INT. SOHO CLUB, SANTA MONICA - DAY

Dylan and Josh are seated on leather chairs, overlooking the city.

JOSH

All being well, we should get confirmation of received funds from the bank inside 48 hours.

DYLAN

You sure have got the Midas touch Josh, I gotta hand it to you.

JOSH

Never would have come to anything without your original investment Dylan.

Ernie arrives and drops into a spare chair.

ERNIE

You tell him the good news?

DYLAN

He did yes.

A waitress arrives with three coffees.

JOSH

Thank you.

She nods and exits.

DYLAN

Guys listen, I've been thinking.

ERNIE

Is that what that grinding noise was?

Ernie chuckles to himself.

DYLAN

(to Josh)

I think I'm done with this.

JOSH

How so?

DYLAN

Just not me. Sure, I've, we've all done well out of this adventure, but I only need so much money and I've already got way more than I could ever need.

ERNIE

I could always use a little more, send it my way buddy.

JOSH

Ernie, this is serious.

DYLAN

I just feel a little uncomfortable being on the outside of the daily goings on whilst you two, well, you Josh, do all the work.

Ernie turns away.

JOSH

I get that, I get that. Well, If you're sure, what are you proposing?

DYLAN

I'm prepared to sell my shares to you guys at fifty percent of value and keep five percent to feed a pension pot for rainy days. Just to keep things tidy.

JOSH

No deal, we'll give you full market value.

ERNIE

Hey!

JOSH

Shut up Ernie! We're only here at all because of Dylan.

DYLAN

There is one small clause I'd like entertained.

JOSH

Yeah?

DYLAN

I get the lease on Ernie's computer repair shop.

ERNIE

I still have that?

DYLAN

You do. I want to give it to Wendy. I was thinking maybe she'd like to turn it into a coffee shop.

ERNIE

Sheesh, she's really got you by the curlies.

DYLAN

One shop for now, then who knows down the line, maybe a nationwide chain?

JOSH

Worldwide! I love the idea Dylan. From small acorns, grow mighty oaks.

ERNIE

You get the shop in exchange for a hell raising night out. Been going stir crazy with Mister Goody Two-Shoes here.

DYLAN

I was planning to anyway.

ERNIE

Waiter! Champagne!

INT. COCKTAIL BAR - LATER

The guys are seated at the bar. Fairly wasted.

Josh is clearly the worse off as he rises:

JOSH

I gotta go pee.

He stumbles as he exits.

ERNIE

Call me if you get into trouble.

Ernie knocks back a large slug of whiskey.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Love the guy, but he's such a lightweight.

DYLAN

Compared to a super heavyweight like you -- yeah. You need to rein it in a little Ernie before it catches up with you.

ERNIE

Sorry mom.

DYLAN

Seriously Ernie, I can't remember the last time I spent time with you in an evening sober. I really wanted to talk to you about something tonight.

Ernie becomes very serious.

ERNIE

I know that look, what is it buddy?

DYLAN

It's about Wendy and I.

Ernie rises quickly and hugs Dylan.

ERNIE

Buddy, Buddy, Buddy -- Of course I'll be your best man!

DYLAN

No, no, no. I'm not getting married. Maybe not for a while anyhow.

Ernie swings back to serious.

ERNIE

Oh. Well maybe you should. She's a great girl. Have to admit I'm a little jealous. Gets a little lonely out here.

DYLAN

Then come home and clean up a little?

ERNIE

We'll see. I love you man.

DYLAN

Too.

ERNIE

So what do you wanna chat about?

EXT. DINER - NEXT MORNING

Ernie and Dylan are enjoying bacon and eggs.

ERNIE

You sneaky so and so. I never thought you had it in you.

DYLAN

Ernie, please. You make me sound like some kinda criminal.

ERNIE

Let me get this straight. You 'find' the family jewels in her trash can, sell them for a healthy sum then invest the proceeds into a business that goes on to make millions? Sounds fairly criminal to me. Not that I wouldn't have done the same.

DYLAN

She was a different Wendy back then.

ERNIE

Superbitch.

DYLAN

Superbitch. But things are different now. She's broke and I'm rolling in cash. Sure, I'm looking after her but I hate myself every time I look into the mirror.

ERNIE

Does she know what you're *actually* worth?

DYLAN

Hell no. She knows I'm doing OK but has no idea about the truth.

ERNIE

Well, if you ask me, you have two options...

DYLAN

- One. I'm gonna come clean.

ERNIE

Whoa!

DYLAN

I have to Ernie. I love that girl so, so much but I can't go on living the lie. It's not fair to her.

ERNIE

You know she'll probably never talk to you again and sue you for every cent right?

DYLAN

Already spoke to a lawyer -- off the record. He says nothing can be proved. He says to claim I saved the sixty grand over the years under the mattress. There's no paper trail.

Dylan's cellphone rings.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Spooky.

He answers the call.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Hi honey, what a lovely surprise. Ernie and I were just talking about you.

He puts a hand over the receiver and makes a face at Ernie.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, sorry, I did actually forget. I'll do it when I'm back tomorrow morning. OK -- love you, can't wait to see you. Mwah.

Hangs up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I said I'd pay her rent this month as she had an unexpected dental bill.

ERNIE

Got yourself a tough decision to make there cowboy.

DYLAN

Ain't I just partner.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Dylan waits with his case at the airport entrance. Wendy arrives in his Mercedes.

WENDY

Hey you.

DYLAN

Hey.

Dylan opens the rear door, throws his case on the back seat then takes the front passenger seat.

Wendy pulls away.

INT. CAR - DAY

WENDY

Good trip?

DYLAN

Oh, y'know?

Wendy places a hand on Dylan's knee.

WENDY

You OK honey, you seem a little down?

DYLAN

Yeah, yeah. Just the traveling.

WENDY

Well you better find your second wind, I have plans for us later. Got the Chardonnay on ice and I'm gonna try to cook your favorite, chilli con carne -- but please don't be disappointed when I ruin it. We can always order in.

DYLAN

Sounds great. Listen, Wendy, do you think we could stop for coffee on the way back? There's something I need to talk to you about.

WENDY

Uh, sure, yeah. I guess?

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Wendy arrives at a table with two coffees where Dylan nervously waits for her.

WENDY

Two pick-me-ups, as required.

DYLAN

Thanks.

WENDY

I didn't ask how Ernie was?

DYLAN

Oh he's good. He's actually coming home next month. Gonna get his act together.

WENDY

Oh, that'll be so good for you to have him around again.

DYLAN

Wendy, we need to talk.

A beat.

WENDY

Are we not talking now?

DYLAN

Did you ever stop to wonder how an average Joe garbage man like me came to be driving that Mercedes?

WENDY

No, you told me that you invested some money you had from your grandfather's watch into Josh's company and it did OK. What's your point?

DYLAN

That Mercedes is worth one hundred thousand dollars. Ernie bought it for me with loose change.

WENDY

(uneased)

Ernie, I don't follow?

DYLAN

And, If I wanted to return the gesture, I could afford to buy Ernie a Ferrari. Again, with loose change.

WENDY

I'm lost.

DYLAN

Your mother didn't sell the family jewels Wendy.

Wendy places a hand into his.

WENDY

Listen, I know you two didn't get along but she's not here to cause us any problems now, so let it go.

DYLAN

Forgetful wasn't she?

WENDY

She had her moments. Dylan, what's this all about? I don't care how much money you have or haven't got. What's it got to do with my mother?

DYLAN

Everything.

WENDY

OK, now I'm confused.

DYLAN

Come on Wendy, you're an intelligent woman. Those shoes you liked of mine cost eight hundred dollars.

WENDY

(shrugs)

Like I said, I don't care about the money.

DYLAN

Your mother had one of her *moments*.

WENDY

Dylan, you're scaring me a little now.

DYLAN

Wendy, she threw the family jewelry in the trash.

WENDY

No, you're mistaken That was her purse, remember?

DYLAN

She threw the jewelry in the trash,
and as I was tipping the can it
caught me eye.

Dylan leans back in his chair.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Then, in a moment of madness I
stuffed it in my jacket.

WENDY

This is a terrible joke Dylan.

DYLAN

Then I sold it, took off to Vegas
and invested the money in Josh's
company.

Wendy nervously claps.

WENDY

Oh that's a good one Dylan.

DYLAN

Wendy, I did something terrible.

Wendy begins to well up.

WENDY

And for your encore?

DYLAN

I - found - the - jewelry - and -
sold - it.

Wendy begins to sob.

WENDY

Dylan, stop now, please. You
wouldn't do that, not you.

DYLAN

You were both so horrible to me.

WENDY

You haven't got a bad bone in you.

DYLAN

And when I found it, I thought,
screw the pair of you, you won't
miss it.

WENDY

I don't believe you, this isn't true.

DYLAN

It's all true. Had I had known this was going to happen to you I wouldn't have...

Wendy rises and throws a napkin at Dylan.

WENDY

Oh save it!

She wipes the tears from her eyes.

WENDY (CONT'D)

OK, I think I should leave. You can call me when you've finished this silly game you're playing.

DYLAN

It's not a game Wendy.

Wendy begins to sob intensely.

WENDY

Oh Dylan. Why did you have to go and ruin everything?

DYLAN

I'm so sorry Wendy. I just wanted to be honest with you.

WENDY

Well you should have just kept it to yourself. Things were just fine the way they were.

DYLAN

I couldn't. It wasn't fair to you.

WENDY

You know, the jewelry thing doesn't matter. I couldn't care less. I just don't see how I could ever trust you again?

DYLAN

I don't expect you to.

WENDY

Well, I think I should leave. I need to call my landlord and see if he can hold the cancellation of my lease.

DYLAN

Don't be silly, stay at my place, all your stuff is there. I'll get a hotel -- or you can have a hotel...

WENDY

- No, I want to go home. I need to be alone.

DYLAN

OK, but please don't just disappear. There are things we need to discuss. Maybe in a couple of days?

WENDY

I can't even think about that right now.

DYLAN

I put that rent money into your account by the way.

WENDY

Thank you. I'll get it out from the ATM on my way to see the landlord. That'll keep the wolf from the door.

Wendy puts on her coat and gathers her bag.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Goodbye Dylan.

DYLAN

Promise you'll call me?

WENDY

I can't promise you that. I'll be in touch somehow when I have the five hundred to pay you back.

DYLAN

You don't need...

WENDY

- Please, let me leave with what's left of my dignity.

Wendy exits.

Dylan cups his face with his hands.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A still teary Wendy approaches an ATM, talking on her phone.

WENDY

That's very kind of you. I'll be
over with this months rent in the
morning.

She hangs up, takes out an ATM card from her purse and slots
it into the machine.

She taps a few buttons as she snuffles a little.

A few moments later her face drops as she sees the balance of
her account on the ATM screen.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

There must be some mistake?

Confused, she taps at the buttons some more.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Still the same?

Dylan cruises up alongside in his Mercedes -- top down.

DYLAN

Having trouble?

Wendy turns to Dylan, a little surprised to see him.

WENDY

There must be a problem at the
bank. It says there's seven and a
half million dollars in my account?

DYLAN

It's all yours Wendy, every cent I
had.

Wendy bursts into tears of joy as she runs to Dylan and
kisses him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's a good job I did spot the
jewelry, or we'd both be screwed
huh?

Wendy heads around the front and climbs into the passenger seat and kisses Dylan again.

WENDY

Well maybe I'll let you marry me
for my money!

DYLAN

Can I at least keep the car?

WENDY

Of course you can, that was a
present from Bernie.

DYLAN

Ernie!

WENDY

Kidding!

They laugh together as they drive off into the sunset.

FADE OUT.

THE END.