

INT. JACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

JACE, 28, sharply dressed with tons of product in his hair holds a phone to his ear waiting for someone to pick up.

His expressions changes, suggesting someone picked up on the other line.

JACE
Freedom! Buddy. We're going out tonight.

INT. FREEDOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

FREEDOM, 35, holds his phone to his ear.

FREEDOM
Okay!

Freedom nods his head.

FREEDOM (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

INT. JACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jace straightens his posture, as if delivering an important message.

JACE
We're gonna hit the bars, buddy.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

FREEDOM
Okay. Sounds good. What bars?

JACE
Let's do the landing. I don't wanna go out to see a bunch of locals, you know?

FREEDOM
What should I wear?

Jace appears to drift into thought. He pauses before answering assuredly.

JACE

Wear something that says, "watch out, bitches, I'm gonna fuck somethin'."

Jace ends the call.

Freedom chuckles.

FREEDOM

So what would that be?

Freedom waits for a response and then realizes that Jace is no longer on the line. He shrugs and sets the phone down.

MONTAGE - THE LANDING

-- People walk along Boardwalk at night.

-- The lights of the bars are seen brightly lit

-- Jace steps out of a silver Nissan

-- Freedom walks among the people

-- Freedom and Jace rendezvous at the water fountain.

EXT. LANDING BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Jace looks Freedom up and down. Freedom is wearing clean, basic blue jeans and an untucked plaid button-up collared shirt.

JACE

That's what you're wearing?

Freedom looks down as if doubting himself.

FREEDOM

You don't like this shirt?

JACE

It'll work. You look like you just travelled here from 2004, but it'll work.

Jace and Freedom walk side by side.

FREEDOM

Hey, thanks for calling me up. I really appreciate it. It's nice to get out for once.

JACE

We had been talking about this for the last year, plus I gotta get laid tonight and you know... power in numbers. I'm going on a month dry, man. I'm dying.

Jace chuckles.

FREEDOM

It's been ten years for me.

Jace's expression quickly fades to disbelief.

JACE

You haven't had sex in ten years? Are you flipping kidding me?

FREEDOM

I used to have a girlfriend, and now, I guess I've been waiting for "the one"... but maybe there isn't just "one".

JACE

Dude, we gotta get you laid.

FREEDOM

I wouldn't even know how to talk to a girl.

JACE

Just follow my lead.

INT. ERNIE'S PIANO BAR - NIGHT

Freedom and Jace are sitting around a high top table, as people chat idly around them.

JACE

It's all about confidence. Women can sense if you're confident- but women can also be very stupid, so you can fake this. Ask me for my number.

FREEDOM

But I already have your number.

Jace rolls his eyes.

JACE

I know you already have my number.
Do it like I'm a girl! Pick me up,
man.

Jace's voice gets louder.

JACE (CONT'D)

Make me feel like you want me!

GUY and GIRL walk by, awkwardly glancing at Freedom and Jace.
Jace catches their eye and nods as the two pass by.

FREEDOM

Why don't you try it, and I'll just
watch?

JACE

Alright. We'll start simple.

Jace scans the bar.

JACE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get a phone number. Step
uno. Cause, you know, if a chick
gives you her number while you're
out at a bar, there's a pretty good
chance of hooking up.

FREEDOM

Yeah?

JACE

Yeah... what starts as some
innocent texting can turn into last
call coitus.

Freedom chuckles.

FREEDOM

What's that?

JACE

If she hasn't found someone to go
home with by the time the bars
start to close, she may just take
what she can get. That's where
people like you and me come in,
buddy.

As Jace points to Freedom and himself, Freedom nods along.

JACE (CONT'D)

I tell ya, it's kinda like we're modern day saints, man. Look at us talking about helping others.

FREEDOM

Well, yeah, but don't we get the most out of it?

Jace flashes a reprimanding look.

JACE

Don't ruin it, Freedom.

FREEDOM

Do you usually hook up with girls when you get their number?

JACE

Well, I'm not getting it so we can talk about our feelings, man.

Jace spots JANICE, 26, attractive brunette wearing a strapless dress and a bit too much make-up is sitting at a high-top with a friend, JANIE, 25, red-head wearing tight jeans and a halter-top.

JACE (CONT'D)

There they are.

Jace walks confidently towards Janice and Janie. Jace pulls up a chair and sits between them.

Freedom sits awkwardly alone.

JACE (CONT'D)

Hey, my name's Jace. What's yours?

Janie blushes.

JANIE

Um... Hi. I'm Janie

Janie tugs at her hair, flirtatiously.

Janie motions to Janice.

JANIE (CONT'D)

And this is Janice.

Jace settles more comfortably into his chair.

JACE
That's like almost the same name.

JANIE
Our moms were best friends.

Janie chuckles under her breath.

JACE
Well, hey... me and my buddy are gonna go hit a couple other bars down here, but if you girls are gonna be out for a while could I get your number?

Jace looks a bit nervous.

JACE (CONT'D)
Maybe we could all meet up somewhere around midnight?

Janie looks to Janice for approval.

JANIE
Sure. Why not?

Janie writes her name and number on a napkin and hands it to Jace.

JACE
Great! I'll talk to ya soon, k?

JANIE
Okay.

Janie looks affectionately at Jace.

Jace awkwardly rises from his chair, as he smiles at the girls.

Jace walks confidently towards Freedom.

Jace sits down, slinks back in his chair, while pulling the napkin from his pocket, and then he slaps it in the middle of the table.

JACE
And that's how it's done.

EXT. LANDING BOARDWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Freedom and Jace walk side by side.

FREEDOM

So, I just go up and introduce myself?

JACE

That's how I do it. What's the worst thing that could happen? She says no? Big deal.

Jace pulls open a large wood door.

JACE (CONT'D)

After you, sir.

INT. WAXY'S IRISH PUB - SAME

FREEDOM

Should we sit at the bar?

JACE

Sure.

Jace grins.

JACE (CONT'D)

We can do more damage that way.

CUTE BARTENDER, 23, long legs and long brown hair wearing a kilt and a low cut "Waxy's" tank top, leans over the bar.

CUTE BARTENDER

Thanks for coming in- what can I get you?

JACE

You guys have Stella on tap, right?

The Cute Bartender nods.

JACE (CONT'D)

Yeah, then I'll have a Stella.

FREEDOM

Is that any good?

The Cute Bartender pours a beer while craning her neck, awaiting Freedom's order.

JACE

You never had a Stella on tap?

FREEDOM
No. I've never had it.

Jace puts up two fingers.

JACE
I guess two Stellas.

The Cute Bartender acknowledges Jace with a friendly nod.

The Cute Bartender sets down some coasters, then thuds two foaming beers in front of Jace and Freedom.

CUTE BARTENDER
Enjoy.

The Cute Bartender wanders away briskly to tend to other customers.

JACE
Five o'clock, buddy
(Arching his brow)

FREEDOM
Right.

Freedom sips his beer slowly.

FREEDOM (CONT'D)
Five o'clock. It feels good.

JACE
-- No, hot chicks. Behind you...
and slightly to the left. 5
o'clock.

Freedom turns his head to gawk at the girls.

FREEDOM
Oh! Yeah, they're cute.

JACE
Cute. Dude, that blonde is so sexy.
I'd drag my balls across hot
concretjust to hear her fart
through a walkie-talkie.

Freedom looks to Jace, puzzled. Jace keeps a straight face.

JACE (CONT'D)
You're up, buddy. Show 'em what big
poppa taught ya.

FREEDOM

I don't know what to say --

JACE

-- say that. Just be honest.
Bitches love honesty. Say, "You're
all so beautiful that I don't know
what to say, so I'm saying hi."
Then say hi. You're golden, man.
You got this.

FREEDOM

I'm nervous.

JACE

What's the worst that could happen?

Freedom glances between Jace and the table of girls, before cautiously approaching their table.

Nervously, he sits down. The girls all glance, confusedly at one another.

Jace watches Freedom open his mouth and begin talking.

BLONDE GIRL, 24, slaps Freedom and throws a glass of water in his face, as she emphatically mouths some words at Freedom.

Defeated, Freedom walks towards Jace and sits back down at the bar.

JACE (CONT'D)

You know, I don't know why I
expected that to go any
differently.

FREEDOM

I... didn't even really get to say
anything.

JACE

She had bitch face, man.

Jace frowns an impression of the angry girl.

Freedom laughs.

FREEDOM

She did put her hand on my face.

JACE

Then, hell, you were halfway there.

Freedom and Jace laugh together.

FREEDOM

Maybe, I'm just not the kinda guy
that can pick up chicks.

Freedom rubs his hand against his face.

FREEDOM (CONT'D)

That girl hit hard.

JACE

Yeah, well she's probably a
lesbian... not that there's
anything wrong with that.

Jace points to a line of hard alcohol bottles behind the bar.

JACE (CONT'D)

Shot?

FREEDOM

Maybe just one.

Jace and Freedom slam two shots of bourbon, and then stand
up simultaneously. They appear reinvigorated.

EXT. LANDING BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Freedom and Jace walk sluggishly along the boardwalk.

JACE

-- so I would just go to the back
of the bar, find the cutest girl
there, and just lean in and say "do
you wanna get out of here?" and if
she said "no", I'd just start
making my way towards the front,
making sure that the first girl I
hit on didn't see, and then I'd go
up to the next cute girl and ask
her. And I would get shot down
plenty, but if you're drinking, you
know, you don't really care, and
I'll tell you what, man-
eventually, it does work.

FREEDOM

Wow. I don't think I could do that.

Jace stops walking and, with importance, looks to Freedom.

JACE

The trick is making sure none of the girls you already hit on see you go right up and flirting with another girl. One time I did that, though. I hit on this girl, she said no, so I went to the bar and asked some other chick if she wanted to get out of there. And the girl that shot me down comes right from behind and says, "you know, he just said that exact same thing to me?" So my cover was blown and I ducked out. But, I tell you, man, it does work.

FREEDOM

Until you get caught.

JACE

Just like anything worthwhile, man. It's fun 'till you get caught.

Jace grins wryly and starts walking again. Freedom follows.