

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BANG. The door hits the wall when CASSAVETES (25) a lean Latino man, and LUCY (30) a hip, lovely woman, stumble in.

They don't turn the lights on. The apartment is halfway through being moved in to. Taped boxes sit by furniture.

They drunkenly make out like teenagers on their way to a couch that hasn't landed in its final position yet.

Cassavetes slips his hand between Lucy's legs.

CASSAVETES
Tonight, this belongs to me.

Lucy bites his lower lip. They crash onto the couch.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassavetes sleeps on the couch. He wears a tank top and a pair of tighty whities. His breath is even.

Lucy sits cross-legged on the floor in a short sleeved man's button down and a pair of boxer briefs.

She smokes out the window. Her hand traces a bite shaped bruise on her shoulder. She looks at it with pride.

CRACK. She opens a can of beer. Cassavetes stirs. He catches sight of Lucy and bolts upright.

CASSAVETES
Huh? What are you doing, what time is it? I didn't sleep all day, did I?

LUCY
No way. It's nine in the morning.

He eyes her beer.

CASSAVETES
Two days in a row?

LUCY
What's the matter, you've never done a twofer?

CASSAVETES
I'll maybe have a bloody mary with brunch. I thought you were gonna head to the studio today.

LUCY

I want to drink beer with you instead. Get second day drunk with me. We can stay in and watch West Side Story or something.

He looks behind her. There are two empty bottles tucked behind a chair.

CASSAVETES

Sorry, babe. Gotta hustle.

He stands in to a stretch.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CASSAVETES HUSTLES

- Cassavetes sits on the toilet and injects himself with testosterone.
- Cassavetes slicks back his hair.
- Cassavetes rolls a pack of cigarettes into the sleeve of a white t-shirt.
- Cassavetes looks into the living room. Lucy swipes through her phone screen and sips on another beer.
- Cassavetes packs his crotch with a modest sized dildo.
- Cassavetes slips a comb into the back pocket of his jeans.
- Cassavetes checks himself out in a full length mirror. Lucy comes up behind him for a cuddle. It ruffles his hair.
- Cassavetes re-slicks back his hair.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - BRICK WALL - DAY

Cassavetes stands at the end of a line that runs around the corner. The line is filled with RECORD NERDS.

A sign on the corner reads "Joey Stats Pop Up - One Day Only." Cassavetes holds a bunch of packages under his arm.

A few records in pre-paid mailers. A few small yellow envelopes, big enough to hold a VHS tape.

BILLY BONES, a bona-fide record nerd - pale skin, dazed look in the eyes from staring at screens, nods at him.

BILLY BONES

Sup, man. Haven't seen you in a while.

CASSAVETES

Yeah. I moved in with my girlfriend.

BILLY BONES

Ho shit. You gave up the VHS Vault? That's rough, man.

CASSAVETES

Nah, it's cool. I was selling shit off anyway.

BILLY BONES

I don't know, bro. The last girl I moved in with tried to get me to keep my records in a storage space and wanted to hang all these fuckin' cactus paintings and shit.

BLOOP. He gets a text from Lucy. It's a picture of a hot dog bun costume. The text reads "Hot dog and bun?"

He texts back "???" and slips the phone back in his pocket.

CASSAVETES

Where the fuck is this guy? I gotta get to the post office.

BILLY BONES

I heard Joey S had a box held up by customs. I really hope it wasn't the box with all the shit I want. It took me like two hours to get out here and my mom's gonna be pissed if I don't get her car back before five.

BLOOP. BLOOP. He ignores it. Billy Bones steps closer and peers at the mailers.

BILLY BONES

What you got? Anything good?

CASSAVETES

Shit's already sold, man.

INT. RAW SPACE - DAY

A huge, wide open space with a changing screen stands mostly empty. Cassavetes steps out from behind the screen.

He wears a slim tuxedo with chalk marks on it. A WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD and a SEAMSTRESS poke and prod him.

SEAMSTRESS
The fit's great on him.

WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD
Yeah, but I think the groom is a little bit thicker, maybe?

BLOOP BLOOP. Cassavetes looks at his phone. It's a picture of a homemade sheep costume. "BoPeep and her sheep?"

He lowers the phone. The Seamstress tugs at his sleeve. A pin digs into the top of his wrist.

A small drop of blood forms.

SEAMSTRESS
Oh shit, sorry.

CASSAVETES
No worries.

WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD
Let me text the groom a picture. I think he said he was trying to drop a few pounds before the wedding.

She snaps a picture and sends it.

CASSAVETES
It's weird these dudes can't try on clothes for their own weddings. Don't you usual fit models for shoots?

SEAMSTRESS
Yeah. This guy travels a lot.

WOMAN WITH A CLIPBOARD
Nope, nope. Ok. No. He says he wants to see the blue one.

SEAMSTRESS
You got time? I know we only booked you for the hour.

He checks his phone screen. It's eleven am.

CASSAVETES
Yeah, I can do one more.

He steps off the platform. BLOOP. Another text from Lucy. He hands the seamstress his phone.

CASSAVETES
Hold that for a sec.

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - DAY

Cassavetes reads an email on his phone as he walks down the scantily crowded street.

It's an Ebay order. BRING. Lucy's face fills the screen. He walks while he talks.

CASSAVETES
Hey Babe, how's the twofer? Nah, I told you, I can't. I don't know, whatever you want works for me. Halloween's not really my thing. I didn't say I wouldn't get dolled up with you. I just said it's not my thing. I don't know Babe, can I check later? OK. Don't get too loaded, you said you'd film my thing later. Yeah. You too.

He swipes back to his emails as soon as he hangs up. Two more Ebay orders came in.

He looks up and around. He passed where he was going. He turns around and heads back to the post office.

BLOOP.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassavetes struts - yeah, he actually struts - into the living room. He's got mailers under his arm.

Lucy sits on the couch with a laptop on her lap. She's clearly loaded.

He moves to his corner - a neat, tidy stack of milk cartons with records and tapes in them - and picks out a few things.

LUCY
OK, so I narrowed it down to four options. I like all of them the same so you have to weigh in.

CASSAVETES

I told you it's up to you.

LUCY

But what if I choose wrong?

CASSAVETES

How could you choose wrong? It's supposed to be fun, right?

LUCY

Cass, this is a big deal to me. Remember when we talked about you getting more in to things I'm in to?

He takes a record out of its sleeve to check on its condition. He's lost in the process.

LUCY

Cass.

He looks over at her.

CASSAVETES

It's not that I'm not into wearing a couple's costume, but you're making it stressful for yourself, that's all. When you get stressed I get stressed for you.

LUCY

That's a pretty selfish thing to say, don't you think?

CASSAVETES

How? Wait. What? I mean I get stressed on your behalf.

LUCY

So I stress you out?

He really wants to stop talking and get back to his records. But she's drunk-upset. He puts the record down.

She SNAPS her laptop shut. He joins her on the couch.

CASSAVETES

Babe, I just meant that I care about you. You feel sad, I feel sad. Like that kind of thing.

LUCY

So now I make you sad too?

CASSAVETES

You know what? You're weepy drunk. No matter what I say you're going to get upset about it. So I'm gonna head back out and we can talk about this later. Sound good?

She clenches her jaw and looks away. He stares at her for a second and decides to leave.

He meticulously gathers his things - the records, a VHS tape, the mailers, and heads for the door.

LUCY

It must be really nice for you to be able to walk away from conversations you don't feel like having.

He opens the door.

CASSAVETES

You know, you're kind of doing all the shit you told me your ex accused you of doing. Just F.Y.I

Just as he steps out the door she calls out to him.

LUCY

We're out of tampons.

CLICK. The door closes.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Cassavetes sits behind an apple box with a typewriter on it. A sign reads "POEMS FOR A BUCK."

A small Farmers Market fills the street around him. JULIETTE (20) a cute, slightly chubby Latino girl, walks up.

JULIETTE

Hey. Let me get five poems as fast as fucking possible. Chop chop.

She slips a five dollar bill in a jar. A smile spreads across his face and he hops up. They hug.

CASSAVETES

Jules. It's been a while.

They sit next to each other. Juliette eyes the jar. There are a few bills in it besides her five-spot.

But only a few.

JULIETTE

Slow, huh?

CASSAVETES

Ah, it's just a thing I do sometimes.
For the shit of it.

JULIETTE

Where's Lucy? I thought you guys were
joined at the hip these days.

He reflexively slips out his phone. No new texts. No missed calls. Someone slips a dollar in the jar.

He types.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy is sprawled on the couch. More than a few empties sit on the floor. One of them has a few cigarette butts in it.

Cassavetes stands over her. Her shirt is pulled up high enough that it exposes the underside of her breasts.

He covers her with a blanket. CLUNK. CLUNK. CLUNK. His doc martens beat a path of retreat down the hall.

CLICK. The hall light goes out.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucy walks out of the bedroom and down the hall. She stops at the bathroom door. Halloween decorations abound.

The lights are dim. Jack-o-lanterns flicker. Spider and skeleton lights flicker. Cobwebs drape. The works.

She wears a super pro looking Hot Dog Bun costume.

LUCY

How's it going in there? We should
make a move soon.

INT. TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassavetes looks at the Hot Dog costume folded over the tub. He puts his hands on the sink.

A garment bag hangs on the back of the door. He swipes to an image on his phone and reaches for a makeup bag.

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Lucy sits in the middle of the couch. Electric Jack-o-lanterns paint strange shadows around her.

CLICK. She turns on a lamp. CLICK. She turns it off again. CLICK. She looks down the hall. CLICK.

Her patience runs out. She struggles to her feet.

LUCY

What the hell, Cass? How long does it take to put on a fucking hot dog costume? Unless...oh oh! Are you doing condiment face too? Please tell me you're doing condiment face too.

She moves to enter the hallway. The bathroom door opens. She stops dead in her tracks.

Lit by the eerie and festive glow of the decorations, Cassavetes steps out of the bathroom.

He wears a singularly exceptional KLAUS NOMI COSTUME. Wide, angular shoulder pads. Full face makeup. It's legit.

He takes a step forward. Lucy takes a step back.

CUT TO BLACK: