

HEAR ME! HEAR ME!

Written by

Courtland Sifuentes

Sifuentes@Colum.edu

FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

Dust moves through the air of the classroom packed with less than eager students and brightened by warm artificial lights.

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR (46) stands on a wooden stage at the front of the room speaking with confidence and poise regarding contemporary classical musicians.

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR
So remember, all these musicians
starting with Reich, to Pärt, and
moving through to Chin, make up a
new era of classical music in which
we get to participate.

EAGER STUDENT (18) in the back of the class raises his hand.

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Yes, you in the back

EAGER STUDENT
What about Vincent Asombroso?

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR
What about him?

EAGER STUDENT
Would he not be considered
important to this era of
contemporary musicians?

Pretentious Professor begins slowly pacing around the stage.

EAGER STUDENT (CONT'D)
-I mean, for someone as big as he
is, he chooses to stay in Chicago
instead of moving to Europe like
all those other names.

Pretentious Professor stops pacing and turns to eager student.

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR
Young man, Vincent Asombroso
doesn't stay in Chicago because he
loves the city.

Pretentious Professor raises his voice towards the audience.

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Can anyone tell me why Vincent
Asombroso stays in Chicago?

Pretentious professor waits

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Anyone? It's because he stinks!

The lecture hall is filled with a light chuckle from the
student body

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
While it can be argued that at one
point Vincent Asombroso managed to
intrigue audiences with
rather...unique takes on pieces of
the romantic period. He now lies in
a pit of shriveled scores.

Pretentious professor begins pacing again

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
As we speak, Vincent Asombroso is
most likely preparing for another
dismal performance at the renowned-

Pretentious professor stops in place once more.

PRETENTIOUS PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
-Ardis Krainik Theater.

CUT TO:

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER BATHROOM - NIGHT

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (32) dressed in a tuxedo is hunched over
the toilet barfing out his lunch.

Vincent wipes his mouth on his sleeve and exits.

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is cramped with lots of people all dressed in
tuxedos and dresses walking through.

AMY DEEDRE (24), Vincent's assistant, dressed nicely holding
a clipboard walks up to Vincent as he exits the bathroom.

AMY DEEDRE
How we feeling?

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Never better.

Vincent and Amy begin walking towards the symphony auditorium.

AMY DEEDRE
All of the musicians are ready, it should be a fantastic performance.

Amy glances at Vincents tuxedo and stops him and points to his sleeve.

AMY DEEDRE (CONT'D)
Did you puke again?

Vincent glances down at his sleeve, wipes the puke and keeps walking.

AMY DEEDRE (CONT'D)
Oh and one more thing, Cornelius Lombard is in the crowd tonight.

Vincent stops and turns to Amy

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
What? I thought he was scheduled to come to next months performance.

AMY DEEDRE
He was, now he's here...tonight.

Vincent continues walking, AMY stays still.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Great.

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The backstage is packed with technicians carrying cables, and musicians carrying instruments rushing to get in position on the stage.

Vincent peers out into the crowd with uneasiness. Amy walks up behind Vincent.

AMY DEEDRE
You'll be fine, you spent along time writing this one and I'm sure the critics will be blown away, especially Cornelius Lombard.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Next months performance was going
to be written for Cornelius
Lombard, not this months.

AMY DEEDRE
What does it matter if it was this
months or next months?

Vincent scoffs at Amy and leaves to enter on stage.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

The Chicago streets are illuminated by colored signs and
lights, the concrete is slightly wet from a previous rain.

MARGARINE LOVINGS (25) is roller skating down the streets
with her hands filled with fliers. She is slipping and
sliding from the wet pavement. She hands out flyers to every
pedestrian that walks by.

MARGARINE
Here you go! Come to my show!

Margarine shoves a flyer into elder pedestrians chest and
keeps skating.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Im performing tomorrow night at
Billys Jazz Club, come drop by!

Margarine sticks a flyer into the purse of a lady pedestrian.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Please come see my show!

Margarine places a flyer on top of a baby carriage of a
mother pedestrian.

CUT TO:

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The theaters seats are sold out and packed with Chicago's
upper class citizens all in their finest clothes chatting to
one another in anticipation.

CORNELIUS LOMBARD (42) is sinisterly perched atop one of the
theater banisters.

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER AUDITORIUM STAGE - NIGHT

The entire orchestra is ready, they sit properly and sternly, it is clear they are well disciplined.

Vincent walks to the front of the stage. The auditorium goes eerily quiet.

Vincent props open his sheet music and places the booklet on the stand in front of him. Vincent then takes his baton and signals for the orchestra to begin.

Vincent waves his baton and the orchestra begins to play classical music.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Margarine hands out more flyers. She gives flyers to three walking pedestrians.

MARGARINE
One for you, and you, and you.

CUT TO:

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER AUDITORIUM STAGE - NIGHT

Vincent rigorously conducts his piece while sweat drips from his forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLYS JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

The club looks old and run down. Margarine stands outside the building holding out flyers.

MARGARINE
Everyone! Come see my show tomorrow
night, right here!

Older gentleman walks by.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Here, this is for you.

Margarine hands the older gentleman a flyer.

CUT TO:

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The audience looks displeased by Vincents performance.

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER AUDITORIUM STAGE - NIGHT

Vincent finishes his performance completely covered in sweat.

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The crowd claps lightly and hesitantly. Vincent bows in gratitude.

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The backstage is much quieter than it was before, very few people are moving throughout.

Amy stands waiting as Vincent walks up to her wiping his sweat off with a towel.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
So how'd we do?

AMY DEEDRE
I liked it a lot, truly masterful.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Lets hope Cornelius thinks the same.

Vincent walks off while Amy stands apprehensively.

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

The crowd full of critics is chatting about Vincents performance. Vincent stands behind a wall listening in on the conversations.

CRITIC #1
I cant believe tonights performance.

Vincent gives a slight smile.

CRITIC #2
Yeah, talk about a downfall from grace.

Vincent's smile dissipates. He begins to walk away.

CRITIC #1

And with Cornelius Lombard in the
crowd of all people.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER - NIGHT

The theater is large and in the heart of downtown. The lights from the theater sign gleam over the puddles on the street. No one is walking by.

Vincent steps outside and takes a deep breath. Margarine walks up to Vincent

MARGARINE

You look fancy.

Vincent turns his head to face Margarine and then away again, saying nothing.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Well, my name is Margarine and
tomorrow night I am performing at
Billys Jazz Club, off of Michigan,
do you know it?

Vincent keeps his head straight, saying nothing.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Well its a fun little hot spot and
if you come it would sure be an
experience you wouldn't forget.

Margarine holds out a flyer for Vincent to take, after a few seconds Vincent bites and grabs the flyer and shoves it his pocket.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Great, oh and by the way, the dress
code is a-lot more casual.

Margarine skates off away from the theater building. Vincent takes another deep breath and heads inside the building.

CUT TO:

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

The critics are still chatting amongst themselves as Vincent stares on in full view.

Vincent's mother and father, JILL ASOMBROSO (62) and LEÓN ASOMBROSO (63), walk up to Vincent.

JILL ASOMBROSO
Vincent... what an interesting performance.

Vincent looks shocked.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Mom? Dad? What are you doing here?
I thought you said you wouldn't be able to come to any of my performances anymore.

JILL ASOMBROSO
Yes, well... your brother was so insistent on coming tonight, he's around here somewhere.

Vincent looks around and notices his brother, MIGUEL ASOMBROSO (35) talking with some of the critics.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
I didn't know he was in town.

LEÓN ASOMBROSO
He got a promotion and wanted to celebrate.

Vincent looks back over at his brother.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
I see.

JILL ASOMBROSO
Yes, and we are having a picnic in a couple days and you and whoever it is your seeing, are invited.

Vincent gives a fake smile.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
I'll see what I can do.

JILL ASOMBROSO
Wonderbar! Now if you excuse us, it is a long drive home and all, so we must get going.

Jill gives a slight tap of affection on Vincents chest and then leaves with León and Miguel.

The owner of the symphony, KELAN BRUGE (64), signals Vincent from across the room to come and see him.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Ah, fuck.

CUT TO:

INT. ARDIS KRAINIK THEATER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The theater auditorium is grandiose when empty. Anyone who steps inside can feel the power of its rich history with a combined smell of fabric softener.

Kelan sits next to Vincent in the auditoriums suede bright red folding chairs.

KELAN BRUGE

You put me into a bind kid-

Vincent stares off into the distance.

KELAN BRUGE (CONT'D)

-Vincent... are you comprehending what i'm saying to you right now?

Vincent without turning his head responds

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Yes, but i'm afraid I don't understand why

KELAN BRUGE

Look, its been a long time building and you're just not producing the same quality of music as-

Vincent snaps his head towards Kelan

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Oh please! Give me a break, after all I've done for this orchestra.

KELAN BRUGE

Don't take it personally.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

What other way is there to take it.

Vincents slowly rises from his seat.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)
I worked my ass off to get here and-

KELAN BRUGE
-And you didn't work your ass off
to stay.

Vincent lowers his head in deep contemplation.

KELAN BRUGE (CONT'D)
Look, your not completely out. From
what I understand Cornelius Lombard
isn't going to be too kind to you
in his review, but a bigger fish,
Alonzo Reed is critiquing next
months performance now.

Vincent looks up at Kelan in angst.

KELAN BRUGE (CONT'D)
Impress him and your job is secure.
But Reed is a tough critic, and you
are on the way down, so anything
less than stellar and i'm afraid
your time conducting this symphony
is over.

Vincent slowly begins to walk towards the exit

KELAN BRUGE (CONT'D)
I trust you kid.

Vincent walks out the auditorium doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATER STREET PARKING - NIGHT

Vincent walks in passionate strides to his car, enters, and
slams the door shut.

INT. VINCENTS CAR - NIGHT

Vincent's car is very clean with the exception of scattered
previously used pine tree air fresheners.

Vincent stares down at his steering wheel for a brief minute
before letting out a blood curdling scream of desperation and
fear.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

The apartment is extremely sterile. Everything is in its proper place. Anybody who enters for the first time would assume an O.C.D freak lives here.

Vincent staggers inside with a limp from the door. He looks beat. He moves to the couch.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM COUCH - NIGHT

Vincent plops himself on the couch. He goes to empty his pockets and pulls out his theater i.d., Keys, and the flyer margarine gave him.

He looks at the brightly colored flyer for a second and reads.

INSERT - THE FLYER

FLYER

Margarine Clover Presents: A Night
At Billys! For one night only!!!

Vincent scoffs and crumbles the flyer up and tosses it in the trash by the door.

Vincent lets out a deep breath, closes his eyes, and shimmies into a comfortable position on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM COUCH - DAY

Vincent is lying on the couch in the same position as the night before. The tone of a phone buzzing can be heard. Vincent still with his eyes closed, pats his body for his phone. He finds the phone sitting underneath him.

Vincent opens his eyes and looks at the phone. The display reads: (Incoming Call: Mother)

Vincent quickly declines it and says to himself-

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Nope.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, DESK - DAY

Vincent's desk is large and located in the corner of his living room next to the bar cart and television.

Vincent lays pencils, a music composition book, and a mug full of coffee down on the desk.

Vincent begins rigorously writing after almost new attempt he crumbles the paper up and throws into the trash can.

Vincent repeats this process of writing and crumbling, all while sipping on coffee from his mug.

Eventually, Vincent runs out of coffee. Vincent takes the mug and shakes it to make sure that all the coffee is truly out.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Vincent's kitchen is small and barren, it is clear Vincent does cook very much.

Vincent opens one of his kitchen cabinets and pulls out a large tin can labeled "coffee."

Vincent opens up the can and sees that the can is completely empty. He takes a deep breath before eyeing the bar cart next to his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, DESK - DAY

Vincent sits back down at his desk and starts pouring liquor into his previously coffee filled mug.

Vincent begins the process of writing and crumbling again. All while vigorously going through mug after mug of liquor.

Eventually, Vincent finishes off the bottle of liquor and looks down at his completely torn composition notebook. Hours have passed, and still nothing is written.

Vincent lets out a blood curdling.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

FUCK!

Vincent throws his mug against the wall and it shatters to pieces. Vincent promptly lyes his head down on the desk. He looks defeated.

Vincent with his head still on the desk, eyes the broken shard of mug on the ground by the trash.

Vincent grabs a broom from the corner and begins cleaning up the shards when he sweeps up the colorful flyer margarine gave him.

Vincent examines the flyer once more and checks his watch, its not too late.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLYS JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

The jazz club looks extremely run down, you can tell this is a generational establishment. The cool blue lights shine down on the dainty stage where Margarine is singing. Her crowd consists of an old drunken regular, the bar tender, and a slew of dust bunnies.

Vincent walks in and grabs a seat in the back. He signals the bartender for a drink and fixates his eyes on Margarine who is singing a slow beat blues song.

The bartender lays a drink in front of Vincent.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Thanks.

Vincent focuses back on Margarine.

INT. BILLYS JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT, LATER

Margarine finishes a fast beat jazz number. She speaks into the microphone.

MARGARINE

Thank you everyone for coming out
to see me!

The old drunken regular has left and Vincent is slumped over the table. The club feels significantly emptier than it was before. Margarine sighs and sarcastically remarks into the microphone.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Each and everyone of you.

Margarine steps down from the stage and walks up to the bartender.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Whiskey sour please.

The bartender gives a nod and makes the drink. Margarine pulls out her phone and begins scrolling. She looks startled.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Shit.

Margarine rushes to the back door.

EXT. BILLYS JAZZ CLUB, BACK ALLY - NIGHT

The alleyway is dirty and grimy. The only thing around is trash, rodents, and more trash.

Margarine exits the club and stands in the ally way near the door. She types something into her phone and holds it up to her ear. A MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE answers.

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hello?

MARGARINE
Hey, sorry I missed your calls.

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I've been trying to reach you all night.

Margarine takes a deep breath

MARGARINE
Yeah I know, I've just-

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Is it something I did or-

MARGARINE
No, no, no. You didn't do anything.

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE
Well then why didn't you return my calls?

Margarine begins to pace around the back ally.

MARGARINE
I told you, I had a performance tonight.

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE
Shit, I forgot about that.

MARGARINE
Yeah...

Margarine stops and looks around waiting.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
So...

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I forgive you.

MARGARINE
What?

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
What did you want me to say?

Margarine turns heated

MARGARINE
Oh, I don't know, maybe like "I'm
sorry Margarine, I know how
important this was to you, and I
should have been there."

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You know I couldn't be there.

MARGARINE
Yeah, but "I forgive you" are you
kidding me?"

MYSTERIOUS FEMALE VOICE
Margarine I-

MARGARINE
-No, forget it.

Margarine abruptly hangs up the phone and walks back inside
the club.

INT. BILLYS JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Margarine walks back to the bar where her whiskey sour is
waiting for her.

Margarine starts scarfing down her drink when the upset
looking CLUB OWNER walks out the backroom and over to
Margarine.

CLUB OWNER

Hey!

A very tired looking Margarine glances at the club owner.

MARGARINE

Hey.

The club owner is quick to respond.

CLUB OWNER

You goin to take care of this?

Margarine looks around the club confused.

MARGARINE

Take care of what?

The club owner points over to Vincent who is still slouched over drooling at his table.

CLUB OWNER

This

Margarine glances over to Vincent with a look of disgust.

MARGARINE

Why would I take care of that?

CLUB OWNER

Because I don't pay you to sit around drinking whiskey sours all day.

MARGARINE

You don't pay me at all.

CLUB OWNER

That's right, in fact-

Margarine looks away from the club owner as if she just opened a can of worms.

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)

-You owe me, remember? This whole "big show" you performed tonight, If you recall costs around fifteen hundred.

Margarine turns back to the club owner.

MARGARINE

Look more people were supposed to show up, the tickets were going to pay for everything.

The club owner begins mocking Margarine.

CLUB OWNER

I know honey...and I'm a very understanding man.

The club owner switches gears back.

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)

Which is why... your'e going to start paying off your debt, starting with getting that bum, out of here.

MARGARINE

But-

CLUB OWNER

-Now!

The club owner walks away leaving Margarine distressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLYS JAZZ CLUB, ENTRANCE - DAY

The entrance to the club is damp, matching the interior. The streets glisten from the light rain as before.

Margarine is carrying a very intoxicated Vincent on her back. She is panting profusely as they inch further from the entrance.

MARGARINE

Almost there, just a little bit closer.

Vincent manages to slur a few words.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

I...cando it!

Margarine sarcastically responds.

MARGARINE

Yes you can.

Margarine stops near the street.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Alright buddy, here we are.

Margarine helps Vincent into a standing position.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Well, it was nice knowing you,
thanks for coming, bye now.

Margarine turns to walk away until Vincent loses his balance and slams to the ground face first. Margarine quickly reacts.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

Margarine runs over and kneels down to check on Vincent who now has a bruise the size of a golfball across his forehead.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Hey are you alright?

Margarine shakes Vincent a few times, but it is clear he is not getting back up. Margarine whispers to herself in desperation.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Ah fuck, this isn't good.

Margarine gives Vincent a few more pats for reassurance. A buzz can be heard coming from Vincent's pocket. Margarine pulls out a ringing cell phone. The display reads: (Incoming call: Amy)

Margarine looks at the phone with uncertainty.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Mmmm... screw it.

Margarine clicks accept.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Hello?

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Oh. I uh... who is this?

MARGARINE
This is Margarine.

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Right... but who are you?

MARGARINE
Margarine.

There is a pause in the phone call.

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Okay, what ever. Can you put Mr.
Asombroso on the phone please, its
his assistant.

Margarine looks startled.

MARGARINE
Assistant?

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Yes, his assistant.

Margarine looks around as she gathers her words.

MARGARINE
Yeah well uh, he is currently
passed out at Billys Jazz Club-

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
-Jazz Club?

MARGARINE
Yeah It's on Michigan, do you know
it?

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
No.

Margarine looks disheartened by this response.

AMY DEEDRE (O.S) (CONT'D)
And what do you mean he is passed
out?

MARGARINE
Well it seems your boss had a
little too much to drink and is
currently drooling on the pavement.
Could you come... I don't know...
assist in picking him up.

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Oh sorry no.

Margarine looks shocked once more.

MARGARINE
I thought you said he was your
boss?

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
He is, but it would really just be
faster if you could do it.

Somehow Margarine looks even more shocked.

MARGARINE
Me?

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Yeah if you could just take care of
it, I would really appreciate it.

MARGARINE
I'm not taking this rando home.

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Please, Mr. Asombroso will
compensate you greatly.

Margarines shock seems to turn into intrigue.

MARGARINE
How greatly?

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Very.

Margarine lets out a loud groan.

MARGARINE
Fine, where does he live?

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
15th North Astor Street, near gold
coast.

Margarine is examining Vincent.

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You can take his car.

MARGARINE
Yeah, I'm trying to find some keys
but I'm having no luck.

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Check his back pocket.

Margarine reaches into Vincents back pocket and pulls out a
pair of car keys.

MARGARINE
Got it!

AMY DEEDRE (O.S.)
Great, now take him home and I'll
meet you there.

Amy hangs up the phone.

MARGARINE
Wait! How long are you going to
take... hello?

Margarine looks down at the phone in amazement. And
sarcastically remarks-

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Great.

Margarine moans while she stands and brings Vincent up with
her.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Alright rando, let's get you home.

Margarine begins to inch away from the entrance and towards
Vincent's car.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The apartment hallway is bland with warm lighting.

Margarine fumbles for the keys in her pocket. Vincent begins
to slip out of Margarine's arms.

MARGARINE
No, no, no, no.

Margarine props Vincent up on her back.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Rando, you are not making this easy
on me!

Margarine finds the keys and unlocks the door.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The apartment looks the same as when Vincent left it.

Margarine stumbles in and drops Vincent to the floor. She
looks at Vincent who is now face down on the hardwood floor.

MARGARINE

Well, you're home now I suppose.

Margarine shuts the door and turns on a light. She looks around the apartment in astonishment. She walks towards the living room.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Margarine walks over to the music collection located in the corner of the living room.

MARGARINE

Whoah, you got some serious vinyl rando.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Vincent is lying in the same position.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Margarine begins sifting through the music collection as she reads the artists names out-loud, mispronouncing almost all of them.

MARGARINE

Bach, Chopin, Vivaldi, Haydn. Who are these people Rando? And why is your collection alphabetically randomized?

She pulls out a dark blue Beethoven album.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Beethoven? Oh him I know!

Margarine looks over at Vincent who hasn't appeared to move at all. She shelves the Beethoven album and walks over to Vincent.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, ENTRANCE

Margarine kneels down and picks up Vincent to walk him towards the couch.

MARGARINE

C'mon... Rather you die on the couch than on the floor.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Margarine plops Vincent on the couch and releases a sigh of relaxation before sitting down next to him.

MARGARINE

You know, this is normally the job
of a roadie, not a star like me.

Margarine stares at Vincent, who is clearly knocked out.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Not much of a conversationalist
huh?

Unconscious Vincent does not respond.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Well, your assistant didn't mention
what time she would be here, and
considering it's-

Margarine pulls out her phone to check the time.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

-Four in the morning, I doubt she's
coming. So if you don't mind rando,
I think I'm going to crash here
tonight.

Margarine gets up from the couch and walks towards a door
near the end of the room.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

I hope this is a bedroom, because
that couch does not look big enough
for the both of us.

Margarine opens the door and peaks inside.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

Jackpot!

Margarine shuts the door momentarily as she walks over to the
light switch to turn it off. She peers over at Vincent who
has not moved one inch.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

See ya tomorrow rando!

Margarine turns out the lights.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT - DAY

The sun is gleaming through the windows as Vincent wakes up on the couch. Vincent groans and rubs his face before quickly pulling back from the searing pain of the bruise.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

The hell?

Loud banging noises can be heard coming from the kitchen. Vincent shoots his head over towards the kitchen, but he can't see anything just yet.

Vincent slowly rises to his feet and cautiously walks over to the kitchen.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, KITCHEN

Margarine is cooking some eggs in a pan while she is shuffling through the cabinets.

Vincent approaches the kitchen and remains eerily calm he notices Margarine who currently has her head halfway through a bottom cabinet.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Can I help you?

Margarine is startled and bangs her head against the top of the cabinet.

MARGARINE

Ow! Damn it!

Margarine turns to face Vincent.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

You can't just sneak up on people like that!

Vincent looks at Margarine with confusion.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

I'm sorry, I think I missed the part where you tell me who you are and what you are doing inside my house?

MARGARINE

I'm Margarine.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Right, but who are you?

MARGARINE

Margarine.

Vincent stares on in silence.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)

You got black out drunk at my performance yesterday rando-

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Rando?

MARGARINE

-And your assistant called me to take you home.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

My assistant?

MARGARINE

Yup! And she told me you would pay me fifteen hundred big ones if I did. So if you don't mind, I'll collect my money and be on my way.

Margarine holds an open hand out towards Vincent.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Right... Well I can guarantee you that my assistant did not say that.

Vincent walks further into the kitchen as Margarine closes her hand.

MARGARINE

Fine. But she did say she would compensate me, greatly, and she never showed, so I suppose that makes you liable for my earnings.

Vincent takes a deep breath.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Fine.

Margarine gives a cunning smile while Vincent leaves towards the living room. Vincent shouts back towards Margarine-

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But I'm deducting some payment for those eggs your stealing.

Margarine looks down at the eggs next to her.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vincent is retrieving his wallet from his coat. Margarine walks over and stands behind him eagerly. Vincent pulls out a twenty dollar bill.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Mind telling me how I got this
bruise on my head first?

Margarine gives an "oh shit" look.

MARGARINE
You were attacked by a raccoon.

Vincent looks unamused.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
A raccoon?

MARGARINE
Yes, a vicious one. But don't
worry, I saved you.

Vincent still looks unamused but hands Margarine the money anyway. Margarine excitedly pockets the money.

Vincent walks back over to the couch and sits down.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Hey you got any coffee? You
interrupted me while I was
scavenging.

Vincent points to the mug over by the desk.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Sweet!

Vincent's phone buzzes as Margarine walks over to the desk. The display reads: (Incoming call: Mother). Vincent murmurs a few words to himself.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Jesus, why can't you leave me
alone.

Vincent clicks accept on the call and put the phone to his ear.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)
Hello?

Margarine grabs the mug off the desk and takes a sip. She quickly spits it out. Vincent gives her a "shush" look.

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.)
Hey how far out are you?

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Pardon?

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.)
How far out are you from the house.

Vincent sits in silence with a confused face.

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You are on the way to the house for
the picnic are you not?

Vincent's face glistens in realization. He jumps off the couch in a hurry.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Oh right, yeah, no we are on our
way.

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.)
We? So your bringing your
girlfriend?

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Girlfriend? What no i-

Vincent glances at Margarine.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Margarine is currently drinking straight from the kitchen sink faucet.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Yes, my girlfriend.

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.)
Oh good! It's about time you have
someone else in your life.

Jill quietly remarks-

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
God knows you need it.

Vincent sarcastically responds.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Thanks mother, definitely what I
needed this morning.

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.)
Im glad.

Vincent gives a look of frustration.

JILL ASOMBROSO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well, see you soon.

Jill hangs up the phone and Vincent dashes over to Margarine.

INT. VINCENTS APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Vincent gets really close to Margarine who is fuming.

MARGARINE
Hey man! That was not coffee.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
What?

MARGARINE
I mean, no wonder you got so wasted
last night.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
I don't know what your-

Vincent gives up on arguing.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)
-sorry.

Margarine gives him a glare.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)
Anyways, I have a proposal for you.

Margarines face switches to intrigue.

MARGARINE
What kind of proposal?

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
The kind that compensates.

Margarine still looks confused.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)

Greatly.

Margarines confusion turns into a look of ambition.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Vincent is driving while Margarine sits in the passenger seat with her feet atop the dashboard.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Could you please take your feet off the dash.

Margarine begrudgingly complies.

MARGARINE

So why do you need me to go to this family picnic thingy?

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

Because, I can't stand them.

MARGARINE

So your'e going to punish me alongside you? That doesn't make very much sense.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO

No, with you there the torture will be mitigated.

Margarine stares forward as if she is processing the information given to her.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)

Look, my family is high strung.

Vincent inhales a deep breath.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)

They're always talking about-

Vincent exhales that deep breath.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO (CONT'D)

-life.

MARGARINE

That doesn't seem so bad.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Maybe not. Just, pose as my
girlfriend for one afternoon, ok?

Margarine sarcastically responds.

MARGARINE
Whatever you say, boss.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASOMBROSO FAMILY HOME - DAY

The Asombroso family home is grand and surrounded by bright green grass and healthy oak trees swaying in the wind.

Vincent and Margarine exit the car and discuss plans as they walk up the stone driveway leading to the back yard.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
Remember, just play it cool.

Margarine drags her feet.

MARGARINE
No problem.

Margarine gets a look of sudden realization and stops Vincent to contemplate.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Oh! Who am I?

Vincent looks puzzled.

VINCENT ASOMBROSO
You're Margarine.

Margarine looks frustrated.

MARGARINE
No... who am I? Every actor has a
character, I want to know who mine
is.

Vincent gives a concerning stare.

MARGARINE (CONT'D)
Please.

Vincent gives in.