

INT. NEW BAR -- NIGHT

George enters into a quiet bar with an empty stage and respectable looking customers. George walks up to the bar and sits down.

GEORGE

This is more like it.

The bartender KEVIN GRABLE comes up and George orders his usual rum and coke. As the bartender is gone, George looks around. There is a friendly looking DRUNK GUY sitting next to him.

GEORGE

(CONT'D)

This looks like a nice place.

DRUNK GUY

Yeah, it is. I haven't seen you in here before.

GEORGE

No, I haven't been here before. I'm divorced and I'm out on the prowl.

DRUNK GUY

Break ups can be a bitch. This isn't really a pick up place though.

GEORGE

That's OK. I'll settle for a little drink and some good company. You should have seen the place I just came from. Those guys were really rough in there.

The bartender comes back with George's drink.

DRUNK GUY

Yeah, that's the Drive Shaft.

GEORGE

I don't think that was the name of it.

Kevin speaks in his lispy voice.

KEVIN

Oh, honey, I don't think that's the kind of place you would like to be.

George looks over at the bartender then over to the Drunk Guy. He leans over and whispers in the Drunk Guy's ear.

GEORGE

Hey, is the bartender a fruit or something?

The Drunk Guy looks at George strangely. Before he can reply Brad Love appears behind George. He is wildly excited.

BRAD

Ahhh...George. I can't believe it. What're you doing here?

George is deflated as he realizes where he is. He puts his hand over his face in shame.

GEORGE

Brad, I...

BRAD

I knew it. That's why you haven't been laid lately.

GEORGE

No, Brad you have it all wrong. I have never been here before. This

is a mistake.

KEVIN

He usually hangs out at
the Drive Shaft.

Brad squeals like a pig and winks at George

GEORGE

I do not hang out at the
Drive Shaft. Whatever
that is.

BRAD

That's OK. No one likes
to admit they hang out
there. I've denied it a
few times myself.
Except when the cuff
marks are visible.

GEORGE

I was not... Oh this is
useless.

BRAD

So, George. Did you
just come out or have
you been, you know,
having little encounters
on the side?

GEORGE

I don't have encounters.
I'm simply lost.

BRAD

That's what my mother
calls it too.

George stares at Brad.

GEORGE

No, I'm actually lost.

BRAD

Well, Prozac helps I
hear. Anyway, I'll

leave you alone with
your new friend.

GEORGE

Thanks.

BRAD

Oh and by the way. I
promise I won't tell
anyone at the office I
saw you. It will be our
little secret.

GEORGE

Yeah, thanks again.

Brad turns to leave. George suddenly pulls
him back roughly.

BRAD

George, we're not at the
Drive Shaft honey.
Simmer down OK.

GEORGE

Shut up. Do you know
how to get to the
freeway from here?

BRAD

Honey, if you know where
the Drive Shaft is, the
Freeway is the bar right
next door.

GEORGE

No you freak. The
express way. The road
with no stop lights that
will take me out of this
Twilight Zone.

BRAD

Oh. I see. Let me
write it down for you.

Brad grabs a cocktail napkin and starts
writing.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You're going to Nick's
cabin, right?

GEORGE

Yeah, I just got a
little sidetracked.

BRAD

I guess so. Anyway.
Here you go. That
should do you.

Brad hands George the directions and George
examines them.

GEORGE

Great, thanks. Hey,
what's this on the
bottom?

BRAD

Usually me, but we can
be creative if you'd
like. That's my phone
number. In case you get
lonely all alone in that
cabin.

GEORGE

You'll be the last
person I'd call.

BRAD

Well, I never.

KEVIN

Actually, I hear...

BRAD

You, shut up.

The two start bickering as George gets up
and leaves.