

BOUNCE

Written by

Mike Morucci

mikemorucci@yahoo.com
(410) 960-9573

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

ROCHELLE (20s), in a cute red dress and four-inch Manolos, rushes over to a dance club, TECHNO BEATS thumping the door.

CLICK! A red velvet rope thwarts her girls' night out.

She looks down at...

DAMON (20s), one hand on the rope, the other an iPad. The tallest thing about him, his Bruno Mars hair.

Rochelle flashes her ID.

ROCHELLE
What's the cover?

DAMON
Ah, none on Tuesday.

Rochelle tugs at the rope.

ROCHELLE
If you could just unhook this...

DAMON
We're at capacity. You're gonna have to wait.

Rochelle looks around.

ROCHELLE
I'm the only one in line.

DAMON
I'll see what I can do.

Damon touches his ear and mumbles something into his collar.

ROCHELLE
You have no earpiece. Or
microphone. Or patrons.
(looks around)
Am I getting Punk'd?
(much louder)
Renee?! Where you at?

DAMON
Please don't make a scene.

ROCHELLE
What is it? I don't meet some
warped standard of tappability.

DAMON

Tappa--

ROCHELLE

This booty doesn't scream tappable?
DO NOT answer that, it sounded much
better in my head.

DAMON

It's not your booty.

ROCHELLE

Careful, Webster.

DAMON

Because I'm short.

ROCHELLE

Because you're adorable. Not.

Damon ignores her.

ROCHELLE

Is it my hair? It's my hair. Do you
know how long it took me to get it
like this?

DAMON

Not a clue.

ROCHELLE

Of course you don't. It probably
took you eight seconds to schmear
in some Axe gel.

DAMON

More like ten. Gotta get the lift.

ROCHELLE

Well it took me...

Rochelle gestures each step of her hair prep -- washes,
dries, whips, brushes, finger-combs, teases, flat-irons,
oils, swish...

ROCHELLE

Two and a half hours. No, three.

Damon has no words.

ROCHELLE

So it is my hair!

DAMON
It's not your hair.

ROCHELLE
The dress? Too casual for club
bougie? Dammit, I should have worn
the black beauty.

DAMON
Your dress is bangin'... If I may
say so.

ROCHELLE
You may not.
(beat)
Thank you.

DAMON
Why is it so important you get into
this club?

ROCHELLE
I haven't been out in months. I
need this.

DAMON
You could be doing so many other
things, then standing in line
waiting to get into a crappy club.

ROCHELLE
A line you're making me stand in.
Alone.

Rochelle taps her foot.

ROCHELLE
So what else could I be doing?

DAMON
A stroll around Central Park...

ROCHELLE
After nine o'clock? Are you crazy?

DAMON
(swipes his iPad)
Doesn't like the outdoors.

ROCHELLE
Excuse me?

DAMON
Or the dark.

DAMON
How about an abstract art class?
Surrealism perhaps.

ROCHELLE
Painting? Instead of dancing?

DAMON
(swipes again)
Not a fan of the arts. Got it.
Tapas?

ROCHELLE
Topless?

DAMON
Tapas. You know, small plates. A
variety of flavors.

ROCHELLE
That could be fun.

DAMON
I'm just saying, I would never go
somewhere that they judge you
before you can enter.

ROCHELLE
Um, that's your job!

DAMON
I never said I worked here.

ROCHELLE
You don't work here?

DAMON
I was coming out of that coffee
shop when I saw you, tripping on
your heels crossing the street.

ROCHELLE
And...

DAMON
I had to meet you.

ROCHELLE
Had to.

DAMON
Had to.

ROCHELLE
You couldn't just do that inside?

DAMON
Too loud. I wouldn't have learned
you don't like trees--

ROCHELLE
Allergies.

DAMON
You're afraid of the dark.

ROCHELLE
I still sleep with a night light.

DAMON
And you can save twenty minutes by
skipping the flat iron. You'd look
great in curls.

Rochelle can't help but smile.

ROCHELLE
So I could have gone right in...

DAMON
Any time.

Damon lifts up the velvet rope. She starts to head in. Stops.

ROCHELLE
Little round plates, huh?

DAMON
I know a place right around the
corner.

ROCHELLE
Well then, let's bounce!

DAMON
Cute.

Rochelle kicks off her heels, now shorter than Damon. Well,
at least shorter than his hair.

She slips her arm through his, and off they go...