

BOUNCE

Written by
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EXT. NIGHT CLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

ROCHELLE (20s), in a cute dress and four-inch Manolos, rushes over to a dance club, talking on her cell phone. TECHNO BEATS thump the door.

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

She looks up at...

DAMON (20s), stands behind the rope, also on his phone which he pockets immediately. His self-confidence, and his smile, stop her in her tracks. She smiles back.

ROCHELLE
(into phone)
I'm here! I'm here. Finally. See
you inside.

She tosses her phone in her purse and pulls out a twenty. She hands it to Damon.

He shakes his head. She drops it back into her purse.

Rochelle tugs at the rope.

ROCHELLE
So if you 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. What's the
name of the guy you're meeting?

ROCHELLE
Oh... No guy. I'm just meeting up
with some friends.

Damon touches his ear and speaks softly into his collar.

DAMON
Yeah, we've got a girl that looks
like a smurfette that wants to get
into the club.

ROCHELLE
What did you call me, Mr. Clean?

DAMON
Please don't make a scene.

ROCHELLE
Well don't make me make a scene. I don't do clubs.

DAMON
Yeah, me either. I'm more of a theater guy.

Damon improvises a quick song.

ROCHELLE
That was really good...

DAMON
Thanks.

Rochelle reaches for the rope.

DAMON
Not... just... yet.

ROCHELLE
Oh, I see.

Rochelle pulls the twenty out of her purse, and then a few more bills, and hands it all to Damon. This time he pockets the money, and goes right back to bouncing.

ROCHELLE
You're kidding.
(beat)
Is there a quiz or something? I'm pretty good at trivia.

DAMON
Yes as a matter of fact. In Judo, which scores higher: the Hane Goshi or the Harai?

ROCHELLE
Duh. Harai. Sweeping hip throw for the win.

DAMON
Holy crap. You know Judo?

ROCHELLE
Kudan.

DAMON
That's ninth level. I'm only...
(mumbles)
A two.

ROCHELLE
Then you realize you and this
little rope aren't gonna keep me
out.

Rochelle cracks her knuckles. It's hammer time.

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

ROCHELLE
I promised my friends I'd go out.
It's been... a while.

DAMON
Break up?

ROCHELLE
A long while.

DAMON
My last relationship ended when she
started seeing my roommate--

ROCHELLE
Awkward.

DAMON
Would have been nice if they told
me first--

ROCHELLE
That's awful.

DAMON
--It really was. But you get
through it.

DAMON
You don't really want to go in
there, do you?

ROCHELLE
I could think of a million things
I'd rather be doing--

DAMON
A stroll around Central Park...

ROCHELLE

After nine o'clock? Alone? Are you crazy?

Damon looks up.

DAMON

Stargazing. I can name you all the constellations. Orion, Taurus--

ROCHELLE

Taurus doesn't show until late October.

DAMON

You like astronomy?

ROCHELLE

I love it. My father taught me everything about the night sky. It's still our favorite thing to do.

DAMON

Sounds like a great dude.

ROCHELLE

He really is. What's your name?

DAMON

Damon.

ROCHELLE

Damon. That's nice... Rochelle.

DAMON

Rochelle. You don't really want to go somewhere where they judge you before you get in.

ROCHELLE

Um, that's your job!

DAMON

I never said I worked here.

ROCHELLE

You don't work here?

DAMON

I'm sorry. I know this is crazy--

ROCHELLE

Are you a club stalker?

DAMON

No! It's not like that. I was leaving actually. Then whoosh.

ROCHELLE

Whoosh?

DAMON

You stormed in. You gave me money. I had to meet you.

ROCHELLE

Had to.

DAMON

Had to.

ROCHELLE

You couldn't have done this inside?

DAMON

It's really loud.

ROCHELLE

So I could have gone in...

DAMON

Any time.

Damon lifts up the velvet rope. She heads in. Defeated, Damon walks away. Rochelle stops, then turns.

ROCHELLE

A walk in Central Park huh?

DAMON

I'll protect you.

ROCHELLE

Cute, for a level two. I'll protect you. But it'll cost you.

Embarrassed, Damon hands back her money.

DAMON

Wait. What about your friends?

ROCHELLE

I think they'd approve.

DAMON

OK. Let's bounce!

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