

QUICK TRIP TO VEGAS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Mike's apartment is a small studio. He has virtually no furniture except for an air mattress that he's laying on, a TV that sits on the floor and some boxes scattered about. Dirty dishes lay in the sink. An alarm clock goes off. MIKE wakes up suddenly. The phone rings. He gets up and turns off the alarm clock. Groggily, he answers the phone.

MIKE

Hello? Hi Mom.
Yeah, I'm awake.
I'm going to Donna's.
Mom! C'mon, don't start. I've told you a thousand times, we're just friends.
She has a boyfriend, remember?
Yes, I'm making a chocolate pudding pie.
That should be pretty easy, right?

Mike glances at the clock. It's 11:30am.

MIKE

Shoot. I gotta get ready.
She said around noon. I'll talk to you later.
Happy Thanksgiving to you too.
Yes, I'll tell her you said hi. Love you Mom.
Gotta go. Bye.

Mike throws the phone down on the bed and jumps up to take a shower.

INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT KITCHEN- MORNING

DONNA is cooking in her kitchen. She is alone. The front door to the outside is directly behind her. She is talking on the phone with her Mom.

DONNA

I'm making mashed potatoes.

She walks around the kitchen with her phone in her right hand and a large spoon in the other. She samples the potatoes.

DONNA

No, Sheila is making the turkey.
I don't think you've met her.
I'm really not sure where, downstairs I think.

Knock at the door.

DONNA
Hang on, that's probably Mike.

She puts down the phone and answers the door. KEVIN walks in. He's a jock type. He's wearing sweat pants and a muscle shirt. He's a little sweaty.

KEVIN
Do you have a frying pan I could borrow?

DONNA
Umm sure. Help yourself.

She lets him in and she opens up a cupboard near the stove. She points to the pots and pans. She turns back around to pick up the phone.

DONNA
I'm back. It's Kevin.
He needs to borrow a frying pan.

Her pot is boiling over on the stove.

DONNA
Aah, I gotta go Mom. It's boiling over.
Happy Thanksgiving. I love you too. Bye.

She puts the phone down and kicks Kevin as she moves toward the stove.

KEVIN
Ouch!

He gets out of the way. She stirs the pot and changes some settings on the stove.

DONNA
Sorry.

KEVIN
What are you making?

DONNA

Mashed potatoes.

KEVIN

Oh, I love mashed potatoes.

DONNA

Did you just workout?

KEVIN

Yeah, why? You like my manly smell?

Kevin moves in closer to Donna and she pushes him away, as she giggles.

DONNA

Go take a shower.

KEVIN

Is your friend Mike coming to dinner?

DONNA

Yes, he should be here soon. So you need to go.
What time is it?

He glances down at his watch while she is busily working at the stove. She opens up the oven to look inside. He moves out of the way and moves to the other side of the room.

KEVIN

12:30. Is that pie I smell?

She removes an apple pie from inside the stove and sits it on the counter.

DONNA

Yep, apple. Are you getting dressed up?

KEVIN

No, why?

Kevin gives Donna a big hug. She holds her breath and tries to get away. He tries to give her a kiss, but she pushes him away.

DONNA

Stop it! You smell! I just wanted to know if people were dressing up for dinner.

KEVIN
People might be, but I'm not.

DONNA
Did you find what you were looking for?

KEVIN
No. You kicked me out of the way, remember?

DONNA
Oh, yeah. I'll get you something.

She reaches down into the cupboard and digs around a little bit. Pots are clanking together. Kevin is standing over her as she searches for a pot.

KEVIN
Are you gonna tell him about us?

DONNA
Who?

KEVIN
Mike. Supposedly you're best friend in the whole world, whom I've never met.

DONNA
There's not much to tell him.

KEVIN
There's not? What about...?

There is a knock at the door. She pulls out a large pan and looks relieved to have found it.

DONNA
Is this big enough?

Kevin opens the door to reveal RUSS. He's a long frizzy haired heavy metal head banging type. He's dressed in dirty jeans and a Van Halen T-shirt.

RUSS
It's never big enough, right Kev?

Russ enters. Donna gives him a dissatisfied look.

DONNA

I meant the pot.

RUSS

Sure ya did.

KEVIN

What's up brother?

They hi-five each other. Kevin takes the pan and holds it up to the light.

KEVIN

This should work.

DONNA

What are you making anyway?

KEVIN

Quesadillas.

DONNA

Interesting choice.

She looks over at the clock and wipes her hands on a dishtowel, which is hanging from the stove.

RUSS

Hey, do you mind eating outside?

KEVIN

I thought we were eating downstairs. I reserved the room.

RUSS

We were but it's like fuckin 80 degrees out there.

Donna shakes her head in approval. Kevin shakes his head too, but grudgingly. Kevin moves closer to the apple pie and attempts to sneak a taste. Donna slaps his hand and he backs away. He starts to move toward the door.

KEVIN

Well, I better get makin my quesadillas.

RUSS

Don't drown em in cheese huh.

KEVIN

Don't worry about it.
Hey, did you ever meet Donna's friend Mike?

RUSS

Yeah, why?

Kevin looks over at Donna. She looks away from him and goes back to working at the stove.

KEVIN

Donna doesn't want me to meet him.

DONNA

I didn't say that.

KEVIN

You said I had to go.

DONNA

Because you smell and you need to take a shower.

RUSS

Alright, lovebirds. Dude, you do reek.

KEVIN

I'm going.

Kevin starts to walk out the door as he's talking. He's stopped by Donna's loud question.

DONNA

What time are we eating?

RUSS

3:00.

KEVIN

Stylin. See ya later.

Kevin walks back out the door and closes it behind him.

RUSS

What a moron. You cool with that?

Donna is trying to mix up the mashed potatoes. She looks up at Russ.

DONNA

With what?

RUSS

Eating outside.

DONNA

Yeah, it sounds like fun.

RUSS

Is everything OK?

DONNA

Yeah, I'm just trying to finish all this up.

He looks at all the food that she has prepared and she is still busily mixing up the mashed potatoes.

RUSS

You do know that lots of people are making food, right?

DONNA

Why do you think I need more potatoes?

Russ makes a face of utter disbelief, which Donna doesn't see since she is still busy mixing mashed potatoes. A knock is heard at the door. Russ goes to open it.

RUSS

I'll get it.

Russ opens the door. Mike enters nervously with a grocery bag.

MIKE

Happy Thanksgiving.

RUSS

Hey, Mike.

Mike shakes his hand. He enters the room, still holding his grocery bag.

RUSS
OK, I'll see you guys later. 3:00pm.

DONNA
Bye.

MIKE
See ya.

Russ exits out the door and it closes behind him. Donna puts down the spoon and moves away from the mashed potatoes. She gives Mike a hug.

DONNA
Happy Thanksgiving. I'm glad you made it. I was getting worried.

MIKE
You know me. I'm always late.
Someone's been busy.

DONNA
Yeah, you know. Here, set your stuff down here.
What did you decide to make?

Donna clears off a space on the counter in the kitchen. Mike puts his grocery bag down on the counter.

MIKE
Pudding pie.

DONNA
Chocolate?

MIKE
Dark Double Fudge.

DONNA
MMM. That sounds so good.

He starts taking the stuff out of the grocery bag. He has 4 boxes of instant pudding, two chocolate graham cracker crusts and milk.

DONNA
Chocolate crust too. MMM.

MIKE
I knew you'd like it.

DONNA
What do you need?

Mike looks perplexed and starts to read the directions on the box of instant pudding.

MIKE
I'm not sure.

Donna chuckles and opens up a cupboard that is above Mike's head. She moves him out of the way so she can reach into the cupboard. He watches her every move.

DONNA
How about a bowl and a mixer.

She hands him the bowl as she is talking. She turns back toward Mike with the mixer in her hand. They bump into each other and there is an uncomfortable silence between them. Mike looks down at the floor and then moves to the side to get some distance between them.

MIKE
Thanks.

Donna moves to the other side and takes some stuff from the stove and moves it out of the way. She turns off the oven and moves the mashed potatoes to a burner, which isn't on.

DONNA
I'm gonna take a shower and get ready.

MIKE
No problem.

DONNA
You got everything under control?

Mike shakes his head. He opens up the package of pudding mix and pours it into the bowl. Donna wipes her hands on a dishcloth and exits the kitchen to take a shower. Mike measures the milk carefully as if it were a science experiment.

MIKE

OK, a little milk. And mix.

He turns the mixer on low and begins mixing. He feels accomplished. He can hear Donna's shower starting and looks toward the bathroom.

He accidentally hits mixer switch to high. He's not paying attention and the bowl tips a bit and stuff is flying everywhere. He drops the bowl on the floor.

MIKE

Son of a bitch!!

He begins to look for a way to clean it up.

DONNA

(OC)

Everything OK?

MIKE

UUH, fine, yeah, I'm fine.

DONNA

(OC)

Keep the mixer on low, OK?

MIKE

I think I figured that one out already.

Mike continues to clean up his mess. He takes a lick of the pudding mix that is all over the floor and thinks it tastes pretty good.