

**INT. CLUB, NYC - NIGHT - 2004**

ROBERT COLOGNE JR, 25, Italian from NJ Med Student, attractive, entitled, morally bankrupt. SAM CLEMENTE, 25, Italian Med student, a follower, long time friend of Robert's. They look like The Roxbury Guys from SNL. They are "Bridge and Tunnel" guys, but don't know it.

Sam gets the bartender's attention before Robert and orders a drink for himself.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
(to Sam)  
What the fuck bro?

SAM CLEMENTE  
You said before you'd get their  
drinks and I should get my own.

Robert's temper is building. When the bar tender hands SAM his drink Rob launches himself in between them, slaps the bar hard to get the bartender's attention.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
I was here before him. I  
need a three Jack and  
Cokes.

He pulls out two hundred dollars and waves it in the bartenders face.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR. (CONT'D)  
Now!

The bartender nods and starts to make the drinks.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR. (CONT'D)  
So, Cass... you look amazing...

CASSIE STONE  
Thanks!

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
(greedy tone)  
You must be making shit ton of  
money.

The bartender brings over the drinks.

BARTENDER # 1  
That will be \$96 even...

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
There is \$200, make another round.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR. (CONT'D)  
Hey Sadie, here's your drink.  
Cassie yours!

They all toast and drink. Cassie sucks hers down in one sip.

CASSIE STONE  
So, Robert, what are you up to  
these days?

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
I am in Med school.

CASSIE STONE  
Sadie said that's awesome!  
Congrats.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
Thanks, but yeah, I actually  
fucking hate it.

SADIE FEINSTEIN  
Why?

SAM CLEMENTE  
He wants to be a movie star, or a  
model like you Cassie.

Cassie knocks his glass with hers.

CASSIE STONE  
To the next Tom Cruise!

Rob drinks. Cassie find a little liquid in an ice cube.

CASSIE STONE (CONT'D)  
My parents didn't want me to get  
into the modeling business. I mean,  
they supported my decision. But  
they always knew I would have gone  
for it straight out of high school.  
NYU and a degree was the last thing  
on my mind. But, we compromised.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
My dad wants me to take over his  
medical practice. There's no  
compromise with my mother. She  
ruined my father's life and now  
she's hell bent on ruining mine. I  
told her I wanted to try acting and  
she cried for hours and told me I  
was a selfish prick and she should  
have had an abortion.

SADIE FEINSTEIN

What are you 5? Make your own  
fucking decisions...

CASSIE STONE

(to Sadie)

Says the Daddy's Girl!

(to Robert)

Sadie does everything her dad tells  
her to do.

(to the group)

I need another drink, that was 99.9  
percent ice cubes.

SADIE gives a dirty look to a group of HIGH CLUB KIDS wearing  
fishnet stockings as shirts who knock into her while running  
out to the dance floor.

SADIE FEINSTEIN

Yeah, another and a better drink  
would be...helpful.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.

Okay, I'll be right back.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR. walks away from the group. Finds a  
SECURITY GUY standing at the side of the dance floor.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR. (CONT'D)

Hey man, can I get a bottle of Grey  
Goose? Is there bottle service  
here?

BARTENDER # 1

Bottles are only available at our  
four VIP tables and that's \$5000.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.

In this place? You are fucking  
kidding me...

BARTENDER # 1

Nope. It's usually just the DJ's  
and their people in there. Still  
want it? I can ask.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.

Yeah, uh maybe, let me check with  
my friends. I'll be right back.

Waives down SAM CLEMENTE to come over. Cassie and Sadie are  
left alone.

SAM CLEMENTE  
What's up, bro?

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
How much money do you have on you?  
The bottle is fucking 5 grand.

SAM CLEMENTE  
5 fucking grand??? What the fuck? I  
only have \$400. Spent all my money  
at the strip club last night. We  
should have stayed in Jersey dude.  
This would have cost us \$80 and  
there is no chance Sadie and Cassie  
are down to hook up.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
Fuck!! I know. I should have just  
had them meet us for dinner. This  
is not their scene...

SAM CLEMENTE  
Fuck that. They used to be a little  
less obnoxious.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
Yeah, well they are successful. We  
are still in school. That's  
alright. I think I have a plan...  
Follow me.

SAM CLEMENTE  
Right behind you bro...

#### **INT. CLUB - VIP SECTION**

ROBERT COLOGNE JR. and SAM walk across the club to where the  
private tables are.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
Alright Sam, look for a bottle of  
Grey Goose. Create a distraction  
and I'll jack it.

SAM CLEMENTE  
You're fucking kidding me. Fuck it,  
let's do it. Saves us 5 grand.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
Saves ME 5 grand. The security guy  
said its just the DJ and VIP's in  
here. People on MDMA don't drink  
so, maybe we get lucky.

They start to recon the tables for a bottle of Grey Goose.  
Robert spots an all girls table.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR. (CONT'D)  
Sam, look over there, the high  
chicks who look like they're at a  
bachelorette party...and looky  
looky at all those bottles.

SAM CLEMENTE  
Ohh yeah... 5 girls and 1 homo.

Sam Clemente eyes the group.

SAM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)  
Bro, those aren't chicks. They are  
dudes.

ROBERT COLOGNE JR.  
Well, even better, hit on them, get  
their attention. I'll steal the  
bottle.

SAM starts to catcall at THE TRANSEXUALS while Robert goes  
back to the security guy

SAM CLEMENTE  
Ladies, Hey you beautiful sexy  
ladies. I'm just a boy from Jersey  
looking for love. And I think I  
found it looking at you.

TRANSEXUAL #1 is intrigued and waves her long fingers  
seductively at Sam.