

THE COMEDIAN

Written by

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EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Slow pan into the streets of New York, East Village. From the city skyline all the way to the outside of the bar, THE LIGHTHOUSE.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

HUNTER HASTINGS (29) is finishing a bit for his comedy show. His friends, MITCHELL (32), CLAIRE (28), and AMELIA (26) are sitting in the audience laughing.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

... What he didn't know is that my dad, when emptying the trash cans, just sticks his hand in each can and grabs the trash with his bare hand. His BARE HAND.

Hunter acts it out. Audience laughs and Hunter takes a beat.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

That's it for me, thank you so much for coming out!

Audience applauds and disperses. The friends make their way to the stage. Mitchell and Hunter high five, Claire goes in for a hug, Amelia is distracted by a cute guy.

MITCHELL

Well done, man! Biggest turn out yet?

Hunter nods and bows - really cheesy.

HUNTER

Never thought it would happen, did ya?

MITCHELL

Hey, I never said that... I just really wanted my guy to work with me. And there's no way I'm becoming a comedian.

CLAIRE

All I know is tonight was way better than that one time at The Cabooze Bar.

Hunter rolls his eyes and teasingly shoves Claire.

HUNTER

Alright. When are you gonna let that go?

CLAIRE

When they invent a memory eraser to help me forget when someone hurls chunks on stage.

Amelia joins the group just in time for her and Claire to fake gag. Hunter mocks them while his agent, HILLARY (48) approaches. She dresses like she's 20.

HILLARY

I'll see you in my office at 9am, kid. We need to talk about this show. Don't be late.

HUNTER

Yes ma'am. I'll be there.

She turns around while walking towards the door.

HILLARY

What have I said about calling me that?

She pushes up the skin on the sides of her eyes and lips, reinforcing the obvious botox as she exits.

Mitchell and Hunter pretend to gag themselves, similar to what the girls were just doing. They all leave the bar together.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mitchell claps way too loudly, like he's readying a team for battle.

MITCHELL

So where do we want to go? I say somewhere special to celebrate this guy's biggest gig yet.

AMELIA

My date last week took me to a spot on East 7th Street. It was fancy! One of the drinks came out with fog surrounding it!

Amelia zones while twirling her hair.

HUNTER

(sarcastically)

You know how I love some good fog around my alcohol... but I can't. I gotta get some rest before my meeting --

MITCHELL, CLAIRE, AMELIA

-- with Hillary, we know!

The friends all deflate. Especially Claire.

CLAIRE

Awe, c'mon, Hunter! You've been so busy lately.

MITCHELL

I agree with Claire, man. And this is coming from the workaholic tech guy.

(taps himself on the chest)

Hunter zips his jacket up and walks away backwards.

HUNTER

I have no clue how this meeting is going to go, so I need to be ready for anything. I promise I'll go out with you guys soon.

Amelia checks back in quickly and closes the distance between her and Hunter. Gets in his face.

AMELIA

What about tomorrow night?! It's St. Patrick's Day - year five, too.

Hunter tries to keep her in her own space. She backs off.

HUNTER

Oh, crap. That came fast. Alright, yeah... tomorrow it is. The usual place?

The girls nod with excitement. Mitchell throws a finger gun towards Hunter.

MITCHELL

See you later, roomie. Don't wait up for me.

Hunter throws a finger gun right back at Mitchell as he leaves the building.