

The Regulars
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

An arched roof, with dirt-smudged glass sides and a three month old movie poster. A corporate building and apartments stand behind it. JEFF, male 23-25, waits under the roof, gazing listlessly at street.

BUSINESS MAN, male 30-35, whips down the sidewalk on a bicycle, nearly knocking WOMAN, 20-22, short and adorable, into street.

BUSINESS MAN
Watch it bitch! You almost fucked up
my bike!

Jeff, taken aback, watches the scene out of the corner of his eye.

Business Man hops off, checks the side quickly and removes a thin chain from his briefcase.

The woman scans the ground as she stammers, resentful but shy.

WOMAN
Hey... That's... That's not-

Business Man locks his bike. He walks toward the office entrance, muttering.

BUSINESS MAN
Getting in my way... That bike is a
ten speed, custom made. Worth more
than you, fucking hipster.

Exits street. Woman stares, wide mouthed, teary-eyed.

Jeff turns to face street again. He turns to the bike, looks at the bus stop, then eyes his watch.

He sighs, glances back to street and nods to self. He turns and heads to the apartments beside the office building.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff enters his apartment quickly, heading to the kitchen. He grabs a pair of bolt cutters from under the sink, a chain and key lock from a kitchen drawer, then heads back out.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Jeff cuts bike chain loose, then rides off with the bike.

EXT. BAR - AFTERNOON

Exterior of the bar is nice, very down to earth vibe.

Jeff, now chipper, locks up bike in front of store. He heads to the door, unlocks it.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Small oak tables take up every available inch inside the shop. A cash register sits on a long counter. Two CUSTOMERS sit at back of bar.

CLOSE UPS: Glasses being polished, Ice box being filled

Jeff stands at counter, cleaning glasses.

Sound of a door SWINGING open. Enter FRANK, male 40-50, graying hair, thick mustache.

FRANK
Afternoon Jeff.

JEFF
Good afternoon sir.

FRANK
Beautiful day out.

JEFF
I wouldn't know sir.

Places glass down.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Been here a while.

Jeff grins.

FRANK
(Chuckling)
Well, nature of the job.

He leans on the bar, looks around.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Um. Where is she?

JEFF
I mean- I don't really-

He shrugs.

FRANK
Un-fucking believable.

Sound of door SWINGING open. Frank turns to face MELANIE, female 27-30, cute. Breathing heavy, she heads swiftly towards the counter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well, nice of you to show up. You're late, again.

MELANIE

I know, I know I'm sorry.

Jeff backs up slowly, heading towards other end of bar.

FRANK

You can't keep doing this.

MELANIE

Well it's not my fault the bus is always late.

FRANK

Then find another way to get to work. Or you can find another job.

Frank exits off screen. Melanie, frustrated, runs her hand through her hair as she stares at the ceiling.

Jeff watches her. He turns away, sympathetic.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - LATER

Two BAR FLYS sit at far end of bar, high end beers in hand. A group of three BUSINESS MEN sit at the back table, discussing stocks over scotch. A lone DIVORCEE sits clutching her Long Island ice tea like the husband she once had.

Melanie pours a drink, while Jeff mixes a cosmo on the opposite side of the bar.

CLOSE UP: A cranberry vodka slides across the countertop. CREEPER leers at Melanie as he takes the drink. A wink accompanies his unpleasant sneer.

Melanie returns with a polite smile. She turns, her face melting into a look of disgust. She approaches Jeff.

MELANIE

I am so done.

Jeff finishes the cosmo, nods to off screen CUSTOMER and passes the drink.

JEFF
(To Melanie)
Huh?

MELANIE
I'm done. With this, like this whole
place. I'm just, I don't know.

JEFF
Rough day?

MELANIE
Well, yeah. It's more than that
though. I don't know-

Beat.

Jeff begins mixing a Tequila Sunset, turns back to her.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
I guess I'm just feeling- feeling
kind of unfulfilled.

JEFF
Hey, one guy being a creep shouldn't
be enough to make you question your
whole existence.

He grins. She rolls her eyes.

MELANIE
Oh it's not just that douche. It's
just everything piling on top of
itself.

Jeff passes her the sunset. She glances at it.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
(cautious)
Jeff, I'm in enough trouble already.

Jeff searches the bar for Frank.

JEFF
Ah, come on. Live a little. A light
heart lives long, after all.

Melanie checks again for Frank.

MELANIE
Well... I guess one won't hurt.

She sips it slowly. The sip turns to a large gulp.

Jeff cocks an eyebrow.

Melanie places down the empty glass. Sighs with happiness, smiles with content.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Thank you Jeff.

JEFF

(smiling)

No problem.

Beat. Both look around the bar, observing the patrons.

MELANIE

So-

Turns to Jeff.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

How do you do this everyday and stay so... you?

Jeff leans on the bar.

JEFF

Well... I just don't think about it too much, to be honest. This isn't the worst thing I could be doing. Just kind of enjoy what I have, you know?

Beat. She sighs.

MELANIE

I really envy that. That you think like that.

She turns to watch the patrons again.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You know. I should be thankful for the fact I even have a job. I have a way to make a living. But I just thought I'd be doing something more.

Turns to Jeff.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You know? I mean, I'm pushing thirty and I've done almost nothing.

Jeff rolls his eyes.

JEFF

Oh come on. I'm sure you've done plenty.

MELANIE
(chuckles)
I really haven't though.

Her laughter subsides.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Nothing important anyway.

Beat.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
And I'm just kind of afraid.

Jeff inches closer, inquisitive.

JEFF
Afraid of what?

MELANIE
I don't know... I guess...

She nods at the CUSTOMERS.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
I guess I'm afraid I'll end up like
some of these poor bastards.

JEFF
Hey. Listen.

She turns to him, searching for assurance.

JEFF (CONT'D)
A lot of people get disillusioned
because they forget to appreciate
what they have. They search for
that fame and fortune and they get
lost. And they end up here - but
you won't.

She inches closer.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You're different. Hell, you've lasted
this long surrounded by it all. And
you've been fine.

She smiles. Both sit in content silence.

EXT. BUS STOP - NEXT DAY

Jeff exits the complex, and backs up behind a corner

Jeff approaches the bus stop as he sees Business Man coming around the corner on what seems to be a woman's bicycle.

Business man looks furious--

A sly grin slips onto Jeff's face.

Business Man steers bike violently close to other citizens. He veers inches from the same WOMAN.

BUSINESS MAN

Move it!

He skids to a halt, locks up the bike with heavy duty chains, enters his office. Woman looks outraged.

Jeff rolls eyes and sighs heavily, exasperated.

EXT. BUS STOP - 2 MINUTES LATER

CLOSE UP: Bolt cutters cutting chain.

WIDE: Jeff pulls chain off bike, smirks.

Woman glances over at Jeff. Jeff eyes her, apprehensive. Woman nods in approval. Jeff returns nod, hops on the bike and rides off.

INT. BAR - LATER

Jeff stands at counter. Frank leans against it as well, checking his watch, waiting. Melanie bursts into the bar, panting.

MELANIE

I'm- I'm sorry- I'm late.

FRANK

Today was it. I'm sorry but-

MELANIE

(interrupts)

Wait, please sir! Please, Frank, give me one more chance. I swear I'll figure something out.

Beat. Frank looks at Melanie, frustrated.

FRANK

Fine. But tomorrow really is your last chance.

Frank heads into his office, off screen. Melanie saunters to counter, rests her head in her hand, exasperated.

Jeff turns to her.

JEFF

Hey-

She glances up at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I think I know a much better way for
you to get to work.

Melanie cocks an eyebrow.

EXT. CITY - MORNING

A beautiful spring day. The sun, just rising, tints the
young sky a warm orange hue.

Jeff and Melanie whisk by on the bicycles Jeff stole, laughing
and smiling.

FADE OUT

Fin.