

# OUT WITH THE NEW

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O U T W I T H T H E N E W

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Phones ring. Machines whirl. People are busy.

LARRY (late 50s) picks his way through the crowded hall. His shaggy suit hasn't changed since the eighties. A relic.

His arms are loaded with files. JULIE, 20s and very attractive, crosses his path. His eyes linger on her for a moment...he TRIPS over an unseen object.

FILES FLY! Larry falls on his face.

He quickly gets back on his feet. Glances to the obstruction: an expensive brief case haphazardly placed in the middle of the hall.

DAVE (20s) reaches down and picks up the case. His sharp suit is straight from the pages of GQ.

DAVE

Gotta watch your step, pops.

Larry collects his scattered files.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry sits at a barren desk, a brown cardboard box loaded with personal effects rests before him. He holds a PLAQUE in his hands, runs his fingers over the engraved letters:

MANAGER OF THE YEAR, 1993.

DAVE (O.S.)

Oh, sorry.

Larry looks up -- Dave stands in the doorway.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I thought you were...

(checks his watch)

...we said one-twenty, didn't we?

LARRY

I'm just finishing up...

Dave spits his gum out into Larry's trash can.

DAVE

Sure, take your time.

Larry puts the plaque into the box. Dave enters further into the room. Pushy.

Two MOVING MEN enter lugging a dolly full of boxes.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 (to the Moving Men)  
 Just unload those things in the corner  
 for now.

Larry places the lid on his brown box.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Julie, the receptionist, sits at the front desk. Larry approaches with the brown box in his arms.

JULIE  
 Good luck, Larry.

LARRY  
 Thanks.

JULIE  
 Got big plans?

He pushes the button for the elevator.

LARRY  
 Not really.

He waits for the elevator. Smiles at her.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 You going to stop by tonight?

JULIE  
 I'm gonna try. I have this thing I  
 was supposed...

LARRY  
 It's okay, Julie. If you can make  
 it, great. If not...

DING! The elevator arrives.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 ...I'll see you around.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cars rush by. Larry walks down the street, head down. A black rain cloud might as well be following him around.

The traffic light turns YELLOW, Larry stops at the corner. A man on a CELL PHONE blows past Larry.

Larry GRABS him by the back of the collar and YANKS him back onto the sidewalk-

CELL PHONE  
 Hey!

A BUS FLIES past -- just MISSES Cell Phone Man.

CELL PHONE (CONT'D)

(to the bus)

Why don't ya just run over everyone!

LARRY

The busses always fly around this corner. They try to beat the light.

CELL PHONE

The city should put up a sign.

Larry points up to a small warning sign above the cross walk. It's nearly rusted over, difficult to see.

LARRY

It's there. It's just...

CELL PHONE

Old. They need a new one.

INT. CHESTER'S TAVERN -- DAY

A local bar. A second home for most of its patrons. CHESTER (60s) tends bar.

CHESTER

Hey, Larry.

A beer awaits him already.

LARRY

(still lost in thought)

Another one of those cell phone people almost got killed on the corner.

CHESTER

Bus or train?

Chester slides the beer across the bar. Larry happily accepts it.

LARRY

And someone called me "Pops" today...Can you believe that?

Chester looks at both of their reflections in the mirror behind the bar. They are old.

LARRY (CONT'D)

...you need a new mirror.

CHESTER

Looks fine to me, Larr. Let's face it, we're getting up there.

Larry takes a swig of his beer.

LARRY

I got some miles left.

CHESTER

Isn't tonight your big party?

LARRY

Sure is.

(raises his glass)

Needed some courage.

Chester reaches under the bar and pulls out an envelope.

CHESTER

Got ya' a little something to mark  
the occasion.

Pause.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Well, it ain't gonna open itself.

Larry opens the envelope. Inside: A HAPPY RETIREMENT card.  
Terribly cheesy. Salt in the wound.

LARRY

I'm not retiring.

CHESTER

They don't make "Happy Downsizing"  
cards.

No response. Larry's eyes don't leave the card.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

You used to be a lot funnier.

LARRY

I used to have a job.

CHESTER

Ah, you'll land on your feet. Always  
do. Look at it this way, now you  
have time to do all that stuff you've  
always talked about.

(goes back to cleaning  
the bar)

What's the first thing you're gonna  
do with your time off?

LARRY

Find a new job.

He looks back to the card. On the front is a happy fisherman.  
An OLD fisherman.

LARRY (CONT'D)

The kid has been out of school for two minutes. Poof. Twenty six years forgotten in an instant.

CHESTER

...what kid?

Larry crumples the envelope up and tosses it in the bin behind the bar. Smiles.

LARRY

Thanks for the card.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Meager decorations adorn the walls of the cozy party house. A sign reads: GOOD LUCK LARRY! Terrible house music plays. The only thing keeping anyone around is the booze.

Larry sits alone with just his drink to keep him company.

DAVE (O.S.)

Jamison, neat.

Larry looks over. Dave stands next to him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And, one more...

(looks hard at Larry's  
drink)

...Tom Collins?

LARRY

Seven and seven.

DAVE

My grandfather used to drink those.

Larry CHOMPS on an ice cube as a BARTENDER mixes the drinks.

The bartender serves the drinks. Dave pays with a crisp twenty.

LARRY

No, let me...

DAVE

I insist. It's your big night after all.

More ice cubes get CHOMPED.

JULIE (O.S.)

And what are you two up to?

Julie swaggers over with a hearty buzz on. Larry lights up.

LARRY

I didn't think you were coming.

JULIE

My other plans fell through. What's going on over here? Is this some sort of fun quarantine?

LARRY

(raises his glass)

This is about all the fun I can handle.

DAVE

Lay off the man Jules. It's almost ten o'clock. He's fading.

Dave puts his arm around Julie.

LARRY

Not as fast as you might think.

JULIE

Good! Then let's do something.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LATER

A DART is pulled from the unoccupied dart board.

DAVE

(to Larry)

You know how to play darts, right?

Dave hands Larry the darts.

Larry heads to the line, Dave takes the opportunity to get closer to Julie. Larry notices -- throws the first dart: WAY off the mark.

DAVE (CONT'D)

The board, Larry. The goal is to hit the board.

Dave swipes a dart from Larry...tosses a direct hit: twenty points.

DAVE (CONT'D)

See? Nothing too it.

Julie applauds. Dave hands the last dart to Larry.

JULIE

Come on, Larry!

Larry flashes a half smile -- she smiles back.

He tosses the dart: Bull's-eye!

LARRY  
(to Julie)  
You must be my good luck charm.

Dave grinds his teeth.

LATER

The game is tense. Much closer than Dave anticipated. Larry is at the line:

DAVE  
It's all over unless you can close  
out seventeen.

Julie slaps Dave's arm.

LARRY  
Nothing to worry about.

Larry lines up the shot...THROWS...AND...misses.

Dave raises his hands in triumph.

DAVE  
Sorry, pops. Just not your day.

Dave goes to collect the darts. Julie puts her hand on Larry's shoulder in support.

JULIE  
I thought you had it, Larry.

LARRY  
Darts have never been my game.

JULIE  
What kind of bar games did you play  
when you were young...

Larry cringes.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
E.R...I meant younger.

DAVE  
Back in his day, they didn't have  
bars, they had speakeasies. Right,  
Larr?

Dave cracks himself up.

LARRY  
We didn't play games. We danced.

DAVE  
I wouldn't have pegged you as a  
dancing man.

LARRY

Initially, I wouldn't have pegged  
you as an asshole. But we can't get  
'em all right, can we?  
(to Julie)  
Shall we?

He takes her by the arm and leads her out to the dance floor.

INT. THE DANCE FLOOR - LATER

The music is loud. Larry moves well. Julie is having a  
great time -- putty in his hands.

A crowd has gathered as they dance, cheering the man of the  
hour on. Dave watches unamused.

The music ends.

JULIE

Where did you learn to move like  
that?

LARRY

Just something I picked up along the  
way. There's no substitute for  
experience.  
(kisses her hand)  
Of course, I couldn't do it alone.

He smiles at Dave -- smug.

LARRY (CONT'D)

How about another drink?

JULIE

I would love a Sam Adams.

Larry heads to the bar.

INT. PARTY HOUSE BAR - CONTINUOUS

LARRY

Seven and seven and a Sam Adams.

Larry slides a ten to the bartender and returns his gaze to  
the back of the party house.

He watches Dave move closer to Julie. Flirty. She laughs,  
moves even closer.

BARTENDER

Twelve bucks.

Larry's eyes don't move. He watches as Dave pulls out a pen  
and jots something down on a napkin...

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Pops, I need another two bucks.

Larry refocuses. Reaches for his wallet.

LARRY

Oh...

(searches his wallet)

...one second.

He riffles through his pockets. No luck.

DAVE (O.S.)

Here ya go.

Dave slides a five across to the bartender.

LARRY

Oh...thanks.

DAVE

No problem.

Larry's eyes never leave the napkin Dave holds in his hands. The bartender delivers the drinks.

Dave notices Larry's gaze.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Her number.

Pause.

LARRY

(takes a drink)

Good for you, Dave.

DAVE

Come on, did you really think she was going to give you her number?

Nothing.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let's get real. She was just being nice to you. Hell, everyone here is.

Larry looks down at his drink. There's not enough booze in the world for this headache.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This party, all these people...they are just here to see you ride off into the sunset.

(gets closer to Larry)

Do 'em a favor and get on your horse already.

Dave grabs the Sam Adams.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I'll see that Julie gets this.

Dave walks back towards Julie.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The crowd disperses out of the party house. People get in cabs or their cars.

Larry stands out front, shaking hands with the departing crowd. The last cab pulls up, Larry makes for it...

JULIE (O.S.)  
Thanks for a great night, Dave.

Julie and Dave exit the party house. The last ones to leave. She spots Larry holding the door to the cab open.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
You are such a sweetheart, Larry!

Julie kisses Larry on the cheek and hops into the cab.

Dave helps her into the cab. He smirks at Larry.

DAVE  
(to Julie)  
I'll call you this weekend.

She winks at him, closes the door. Both men watch the cab depart.

Silence.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Well, where's that horse of yours?

No response.

Both men look around, no cabs in sight.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Think we should call for a cab?

Dave opens his wallet -- empty.

In the distance, the distinct sound of a subway. Larry looks down the street: two blocks away is the train.

Both men make eye contact with the other. Dave grins....

.....they both take off, RACING FOR THE TRAIN.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dave leads by a slight margin.

They near the finish line. Almost there.

DAVE

Give it up, old man! You'll never  
catch up.

Larry's breath shortens. It's a struggle. His eyes widen  
as they near an intersection. Only a block away now....

Larry comes to a halt. Dave keeps going a few yards before  
he notices.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(stops, turns back to  
Larry)

What's the matter? You give up?

Larry points...

A BLARING HORN!

Dave turns his attention to the street just in time to see  
the oncoming bus INCHES FROM IMPACT.

THUD! SCREECHING TIRES!

The rusted warning sign hangs over the traffic light...

LARRY

(under his breath)  
Gotta watch your step, kid.

FADE OUT: