

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - DAY

Tom steps behind the bar and closes his phone. He folds his arms across his chest and ponders.

Erik and Sean have their backs to the bar, watching the big projection TV across the room.

The Notre Dame Fighting Irish basketball team host the Syracuse Orange on their home court. A Notre Dame player swishes in a three-pointer.

SEAN (O.S.)

(shouts)

Douche!

Tom perks up. He bumps fists with Sean and Erik.

Joy writes down an order as she talks into the bar phone.

JOY

Okay. We'll have those ready. Thanks for calling.

She hangs up the phone. Tom looks at her.

JOY (CONT'D)

We got a party of fifteen coming down in half an hour. They want five jumbos. Wanna get 'em started?

TOM

If you insist.

Tom takes the order ticket and strides to the kitchen.

Joy looks at the TV.

JOY

She's so pretty in this commercial.

ALISON MCMAHON (33) a beautiful, shapely blonde runs through a snowy forest wearing a sexy Little Red Riding Hood outfit. A wolf chases her.

ALISON (V.O.)

Adventurous. Mystical. Ravenous.

The animal corners Alison. She turns to face her demise. As the wolf approaches, it walks upright and morphs into an exotic looking man.

ALISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Irresistible.

They embrace in a sensual kiss. A bottle of perfume with "Alison" written in cursive superimposes onto the screen.

Sean and Erik stare at the TV, jaws hanging open.

ERIK
Why do they air that commercial during
a basketball game?

SEAN
To make me horny.

He growls and claws at the air.

Joy smiles and sashays back to the kitchen.

EXT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

A red Chevy Tahoe with California in-transit stickers crunches through the snow and rolls into a diagonal parking stall.

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The PARTY OF FIFTEEN occupy several tables near the back.

Nathan and Eric play pool with Brandi and Tony Harrison.

Only Sean sits at the bar, watching the TV across the room.
He claps.

SEAN
Whooh! Another W for the Irish.

He bumps fists with Joy as she approaches the bar.

JOY
That tight ass mayor only left me a
two-dollar tip.

SEAN
What a dick. I'd pay two dollars
just to look at you.

Joy smiles, pats his face.

JOY
Gracias. I gotta take pervert lawyer
his pizza.

She heads to the kitchen.

The front door opens.

Alison McMahon enters and unwraps her scarf. She removes her stocking cap.

Sean's eyes widen.

SEAN

Holy shit!

He runs to the petite woman and hugs her.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit! I can't believe it's really you. You smell so good!

Alison sniffles.

ALISON

I need to blow my nose.

She squeals as Sean grabs her wrist and pulls her over to the bar. He hands her a wad of napkins.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She takes a napkin and blows her nose. Enthralled, Sean watches her. When she's done blowing, he hands her another napkin.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Oh. I don't need any more.

SEAN

I gotta show you something.

Alison squeals as he pushes her onto a barstool and turns her toward the bar.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You don't know how many times I've tried to contact you. Your assistant, Carrie, that bitch is like the Great Wall of China.

ALISON

She does a good job.

He opens his backpack.

SEAN
I've been trying to get a hold of
you is because --

Brandi steps to the bar. She recognizes Alison.

BRANDI PERKINS
Hey, like aren't you?

SEAN
Like um, no. You're waitress-slash-
barmaid is back by the pool table.

He snaps and points toward the back of the room.

BRANDI PERKINS
Freak.

She gets some napkins and leaves.

Puzzled, Alison watches Sean reach into his backpack and pull out a screenplay.

SEAN
I've written about a dozen scripts,
and they all have parts for you.

ALISON
Oh, I really can't --

She tries to get away, but he shoves the document in her hand.

INSERT - SCREENPLAY

The title page reads: "The Jackalope, The Yeti, and The Princess" An Original Screenplay By Sean Casey.

SEAN (O.S.)
That's my best work there. It's
about a Jackalope, a Yeti, and a
Princess. You'd play the princess,
of course.

BACK TO SCENE

ALISON
Of course.

SEAN
I've followed your career from day
one.

He produces a scrapbook and opens it.

INSERT - SCRAPBOOK

It's page after page of pictures and articles from the
tabloids and trades, even her Playboy pictorial.

SEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It goes from your early B movie career
to your Oscar. I even printed out
your acceptance speech.

BACK TO SCENE

Frightened, Alison slides off the barstool.

ALISON
Um... you're very sweet but...

Sean sits back, closes the scrapbook.

SEAN
Why are you here?

ALISON
Tom.

SEAN
Want me get him?

She shakes her head.

ALISON
Do me a favor and play our song.

Sean ponders, then his eyes widen.

SEAN
I don't think that's a very good
idea.

She slides her hand along his thigh.

ALISON
Please.

He can't resist.

SEAN

Okay. I actually have it disguised under a Celine Dion CD so nobody would play it.

ALISON

Thank you.

Sean goes to the jukebox.

ON THE JUKEBOX - SWEET ASS MUSIC

The CD's flip through until reaching Celine Dion's "All The Way: A Decade Of Song."

BACK TO SCENE

Alison looks about the room. She smiles at the number 8 jerseys hanging on the wall.

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small well-kept pizza kitchen with two prep tables and two ovens.

Tom gingerly pulls a small pizza from the oven and slides it onto a tray. He gazes at the mouth-watering masterpiece.

O.S. The sound of Journey's "Faithfully" wafts into the kitchen.

Anger fills Tom's eyes. He storms out of the room.

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Tom bursts through the kitchen door into the bar area.

TOM

Who the hell played --?

Alison leans against a table between him and the jukebox. Tom freezes, entranced by her beauty, hypnotized by the music.

Tom and Alison gravitate to each other. They hug, losing themselves in the moment. The song ends. He steps away.

TOM (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

ALISON

Moving my mom back to L.A..

TOM
Where's your entourage?

ALISON
In L.A. helping Mom unpack.

TOM
Why didn't you go with them?

They lean against the bar.

ALISON
I need to get away from the spotlight
for a while. Just came from Sundance.
Crazy.

TOM
Congratulations on your Oscar.

ALISON
That was three years ago, but thanks.

Alison looks around. Tom suspiciously follows her eyes.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Nice place, bet it's worth a lot.

TOM
It's not for sale.

Her eyes meet his.

ALISON
Heard you got married.

He holds up his left hand, shows her his ring.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Nice. Any kids?

TOM
No, but Leah keeps pestering me.

Alison ponders for a beat. Her face lights up.

ALISON
Oh my God! You married Leah Hansen.

TOM
Now she's Leah Flanigan.

ALISON
How're things going?

TOM
Why? You trying to steal me away?

She smiles and points to the TV.

ALISON
The director did a great job on this commercial.

The wolf corners Alison in the forest, then morphs into a man and kisses her.

TOM
Hope you got paid well for it.

ALISON
Remember our first kiss?

TOM
Every detail. I wore my football pads. You wore your cheerleading outfit.

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sean huddles near the pool tables with Erik, Nathan, and Joy. Eating pepperoni pizza, they watch Tom and Alison.

JOY
She's not so pretty in person.

SEAN
Bite your tongue, senora.

ERIK
She's a million times hotter than she was in high school.

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Alison lean against the bar.

ALISON
High school was great. Wasn't it?

TOM
Sure.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Then we graduated and you broke your promise to me. Seems I started a trend for you.

She glares at him.

ALISON

That's not fair.

TOM

Life isn't fair. Doesn't your therapist tell you that?

ALISON

I pay her to tell me uplifting things.

TOM

Well, what I have to say is a downer. I don't want you in my life.

Tom turns and marches to the kitchen, leaving Alison stunned.

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sean, Eric, Nathan, and Joy all witness Tom rejecting Alison. They turn and whisper to each other.

SEAN

Just as I thought. He told her off.

ERIK

Now's your chance.

NATHAN

If you don't go over there in two seconds, I will.

JOY

Why are we whispering?

They break huddle and sneak glances at Alison. Dejected, she sits at the bar by herself.

INT. FLANIGAN'S SPORTS BAR & GRILL - OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom takes his small pizza into his office and closes the door. He pulls a bottle of beer from a dorm fridge.

Sitting at the desk, he stares at the blank computer screen.