

MIKE

Good, strong. Little heavy on the visuals. But definitely channels your inner Wayne.

DUKE

Oompa Loompa, you little Bendehe, take these fellas out back n get the party started.

46 INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

46

Again Parker sits at the back. The juke box and sound of the LOCALS yammering fade away as an inner fire rages in him.

A dismal Karaoke machine is set up. Someone is belting out a muzak rendition of Neil Diamond's *Red Red Wine*.

A Woman, COREY, wearing the same worn-in cardigan stumbles over to the bar looking for a refill.

COREY

Gary, nother round.

GARY

Last round hon, were closing up in bit.

She turns and looks at Parker with the cock eyed certainty of a drunk with determination.

The Baccara track *Yes Sir I can Boogie* plays in the background. She begins speaking the words to Parker.

COREY

Mister, your eyes are full of hesitation.

PARKER

Excuse me?

COREY

Sure makes me wonder if you know what you're looking for?

She starts to groove to the music, it is clear she was lip synching to the song. Gary returns with her drink.

GARY

Last one for the road champ?

PARKER

Fill er up. (Turning to Corey) Such a pretty voice, you must be an opera star.

COREY

No, a disco queen, my name's Corey. What's yours champ?

PARKER

Parker. Here's to you.

COREY

What do you do when you're not drinking Parker?

Corey pulls up a seat next to Parker, her head almost collapsing on his shoulder.

PARKER

I work for the city, social work.

COREY

Another Robin in the Hood.

PARKER

(amused)  
Something like that.

COREY

Music is the only way to fix a world filled with broken dreams.

Corey rocks back and forth in a drunken lull on Parker's shoulder.

COREY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Why the champ?

PARKER

I was a pro fighter. Held the belt awhile till I got injured. Threw me outta the game for good. (Holding up his glass and staring into it) Crawled into a bottle and been drinking my way out ever since.

COREY

Misery loves company.

Corey chinks her glass to Parker's.

PARKER

Poor man's got no Gods at all, not counting alcohol.

47 INT/EXT. MIKE'S LEXUS - GHETTO STREET - NIGHT

47

Mike stops under a street lamp. The door opens and Louis, dressed in dark sweat suit and holding a gym bag, gets in.

MIKE

Jesus, you look like fucking Rocky Balboa in Russia. You training for Drago?

LOUIS

Ha. Funny guy.

They start driving. Louis pulls a vial, takes a bump.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Want?

Louis dumps a little on his hand, holds it towards Mike.

MIKE

Parole homey...

LOUIS

How's everything with your girl?

MIKE

Good. Still getting used to being under the same roof again.

LOUIS

Shit's bound to be a little off. And Ashley?

MIKE

That's a different story. Dahlia says everything's all good, but I feel like she doesn't remember me.

LOUIS

Or maybe she ain't your kid.

Louis is focused on setting up his next bump, Mike pulls the red ball from his pocket. 5-4-3...

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I'm just saying. She's too dark to be yours-