

# **THE GREY STALLION**

by

Mike Litzenberg  
+  
Bridge Stuart

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Slick Gigolo  
10739 Francis Pl  
Los Angeles, CA 90034  
419.283.9590  
SlickGigolo@gmail.com

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

CLARENCE - 20s, white, hipster, nerdy, more than a hint of Tobey Maguire - sits at a SMALL TABLE on a patio. A HANDFUL OF OTHER PATRONS are scattered around.

He stares thoughtfully at something only he can see.

A second white guy in his 20s - hipster, curly hair, big swagger, TJ Miller in Silicon Valley - sits across from him. This is LAWRENCE.

Lawrence raises a BIG ROUND MUG OF TEA to his lips and takes a sip. He purses his lips and looks into the cup.

LAWRENCE

Man, this black oolong tea tastes like crap soup.

Though he doesn't look at Lawrence, Clarence nods.

Lawrence takes another evaluating sip.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Ehh, maybe... Maybe I'm being a little dramatic. I see what it's trying to do. There's a bite to it. It's just the bite is... I mean I like a playful nibble, but this is just... vulgar. It's tasteless. I mean the oolong isn't tasteless it's just... tasteless. I wouldn't drink it in front of children.

Clarence doesn't respond.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

And I'll drink almost anything in front of children.

Clarence looks at Lawrence.

CLARENCE

What are you doing?

Lawrence is taken aback.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

What are we doing?

LAWRENCE

I don't know. I'm just getting my tea on.

CLARENCE

Are we moving forward here? Is this what our ancestors killed all the indigenous peoples for? So we could sit here doing this?

LAWRENCE

Oh God. Here we go.

CLARENCE

But seriously.

LAWRENCE

Go ahead. Put your finger down your throat. Get it out of your system.

CLARENCE

I just feel like... Why?

Lawrence waits for more.

LAWRENCE

Is that it?

CLARENCE

When I was in middle school I was in this basketball game, and I was sure we were gonna win. Even though we were behind. I guess I watched Mighty Ducks too many times. And I still thought we were gonna win right up until the game ended. And then it was over. And we had lost by fifteen points.

Lawrence sips his tea and grimaces.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I just kinda feel like *that* right now.

Clarence drinks his coffee.

Lawrence rubs his face, stares at his tea, and dumps into a nearby plant.

LAWRENCE

I'm pretty sure I'm going to start a dance troupe.

CLARENCE

Yeah?

LAWRENCE

Not so much a dance troupe. Well... maybe a dance troupe. A neo-feminist-core multimedia industrial rap-collision core performance group. I mean I know that's... a lot of words. I don't think it's going to be ground breaking so much as ground healing.

Lawrence looks at Clarence, meaningfully.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Are you in?

CLARENCE

That's cool. But I'm not really a dancer. I always feel really weird. Not in a cool way.

LAWRENCE

I know. That's part of the healing.

CLARENCE

I don't know. I mean I was just saying how I feel like I'm wasting my life a little bit.

LAWRENCE

I'm pretty sure we're gonna need a DJ too.

CLARENCE

(tentatively perking up)  
Really?

LAWRENCE

Pretty sure. Also no prior experience required, pretty sure.

CLARENCE

Ooh. Wow. Well, let me think about it.

Lawrence smiles knowingly. He nods as he pulls out a BIG GOOFY PIPE and lights it. Blows out a cloud of smoke.