

JACK

Okay. So, tell me -- do you want to go to the party or not?

CINDY

Well... sure. I mean, if you do.

Jack sighs deeply --

JACK

Let's get a drink.

-- and continues down 2nd Avenue. Cindy follows brightly.

CINDY

Oh. Okay

13 INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Start ↓

13

Elvis Costello croons "ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN" on the stereo. Monica lies on the floor, staring miserably up at the mylar balloons near the ceiling. Hillary pours herself a cup of wine.

MONICA

Nobody's coming. This is it. I have no friends and everybody hates me.

HILLARY

It's only nine o'clock.

MONICA

What are they all, just walking the streets out there? Just walking the streets like zombies because it's too uncool to be prompt?

HILLARY

I'm worried about you, Monica. I think you might be heading for a depressive episode.

(she sips her wine,
looking concerned)

X You think there's going to be any interesting guys here tonight?

MONICA

Interesting guys?

MONICA + HILLARY

HILLARY
Yeah, because I think I'm finally
over Lenny. I think I'm ready to
start dating again.

Monica rises and heads miserably for the bar table.

MONICA
Well, congratulations, Hillary. I'm
happy to hear it.

HILLARY
After all, what better night to
start over than New Year's Eve?
(a new thought)
That is, unless you're right and no
one shows up.

MONICA
Well, if they do, you have my word:
any interesting guy walks through
that door, he's your's.

HILLARY
Really?

MONICA
You can have first pick -- I'll
usher them right over to you.

HILLARY
But not in an obvious way. I don't
want to look desperate.

MONICA
On New Year's Eve? You could stand
there totally naked with a mattress
strapped to your back and still look
like you were playing hard-to-get.

HILLARY
You're sure you don't mind? Giving
me first pick, I mean. Because I
know it's been a while since you've
had any, you know... dates.

MONICA
Hillary, I promise you -- I really
could not give a shit about anything
right now except this incredibly
humiliating party-giving experience.

HILLARY

(relieved)
Oh, good.

end

14 INT. AT THE BAR ON 2ND AVENUE (BAR #1) - NIGHT

14

Kevin smokes a cigarette. Lucy lies with her head down on the bar. "BRASS IN POCKET" by The Pretenders plays on the jukebox.

LUCY

(not raising her head)
I can't even believe how drunk I am.

KEVIN

You're hiding it well.

LUCY

You're right about New Year's Eve. It sucks. That bartender doesn't even know I'm alive. He's even stopped the refills on our peanut bowl.

(calling out; slurring so it sounds like "penis")
Hey, can I get some peanuts over here?

AT A TABLE

Eric sits alone smoking a cigarette. Annoyed, he checks his wristwatch.

15 INT. BATHROOM OF 2ND AVENUE BAR (BAR #1) - CONTINUOUS

15

Caitlyn washes her hands while Bridget fixes her make-up.

CAITLYN

Well, I don't care how successful he is, you're going to have to go out there and break up with this guy.

BRIDGET

I know. You're right -- I should just get it over with.

CAITLYN

You can't just torture him this way.