

**THE SLICKS**

by

Jay San Junior

"Pilot"

EXT. PIERCE ESTATE. OLD WESTBURY. EVENING

The limestone façade of a mansion with tall arched windows glows faintly against the fading sunlight. The wings are symmetrical, chimneys on each side, both are which exhaling smoke into the cold crisp air. A jet-black Lincoln Town Car in pristine condition rolls over the pale crushed limestone driveway and halts before the massive two-door entrance.

INT. PIERCE ESTATE. GENTLEMEN'S LOUNGE. EVENING

An insanely expensive and traditional study. Dark walnut paneling. Oxblood leather club chairs. Thick forest green drapes with gold tassel cords. Recessed shelves decorated with crystal decanters full of Cognac, Bourbon, Whiskey. The room is laced with smoke coming from the Cohiba cigars of about five men lounging here--some tailored in timeless Brioni, others in sleek Armani, all laced in proper patent leather Oxfords. Their ages ranging from 30s-mid40s.

They sit in their club chairs beside one another in a dialogue, encircling a marble cocktail table. The five men: MITCH PIERCE, JONATHAN BANKS, BRANDON BUSHWELL, VINCENT VAN VOS and HARRY HEARST. He's different than the rest of the men--big rimmed glasses, unassuming.

HARRY HEARST

..but the bottom line is--I'm in love with Sharon.

MITCH PIERCE

Harry, please, the girl is a hooker.

JONATHAN BANKS

Mitch is being generous. She's maybe half a hooker at best.

BRANDON BUSHWELL

He's right. Her services are subpar. I barely managed to get one off.

HARRY HEARST

Come again?

BRANDON BUSHWELL

She's a hooker, Harry. You cannot change a hooker. Every shrimp-dick in Westbury has seen those walls.

JONATHAN BANKS

Speak for yourself.

MITCH PIERCE

That's right--Mr. Limp Dick  
invested in some aftermarket  
enhancement job.

BRANDON BUSHWELL

No shit. You get to use it yet?

JONATHAN BANKS

Two more weeks and I'll be painting  
the Claude Monet inside of Lia Lux.

MITCH PIERCE

In your dreams.

HARRY HEARST

(to himself)

But we're in love.

BRANDON BUSHWELL

She's fucking that Silicon Valley  
dickwad, Oswaldo Greene isn't she?

JONATHAN BANKS

Sure. But I've seen what he's  
packing. It's average at best.

MITCH PIERCE

What'd you do? Bill his secretary  
and politely request photographs of  
his cock?

HARRY HEARST

(reassuring himself)

I can change her.

JONATHAN BANKS

I saw him at the Grand Prix in  
Monaco and waited for him to use  
the bathroom. I followed him in and  
watched him use the urinal.

MITCH PIERCE

Ah, yes. The classic "follow them  
into the bathroom and stare at  
their cock as they take a piss".

JONATHAN BANKS

(contently shrugs)

His testicles were fairly large.

BRANDON BUSHWELL

Thank you for that observation,  
Jonathan.

JONATHAN BANKS  
 (tips his drink)  
 Brandon.

HARRY HEARST  
 I can change her.

Mitch pats Harry on the shoulder and faintly smirks.

MITCH PIERCE  
 Sure you can, Harry. Hell, why not?  
 I can cure cancer. If we believe  
 hard enough, it can be true, right?

HARRY HEARST  
 Vincent? What do you think?

They all turn to Vincent who's absently staring back. A moment passes, Vincent leans into the exchange.

VINCENT VAN VOS  
 You're not in love, dipshit. Just  
 because Sharon speaks to you nice  
 and looks up at you with her big  
 round puppy-dog eyes while she  
 sucks you up like a vacuum doesn't  
 mean she's in love with you.

BRANDON BUSHWELL  
 Ouch.

VINCENT VAN VOS  
 A hooker's job is to present the  
 illusion that she's falling in love  
 with you.

MITCH PIERCE  
 That's right.

VINCENT VAN VOS  
 Two things a whore wants in this  
 world: (Raises a finger to each  
 point) Cocaine. Money. It isn't you  
 and it sure as hell ain't love.

JONATHAN BANKS  
 Whatever *that* means.

VINCENT VAN VOS  
 Love is an illusion, Harry. It is  
 poetry for poor people to cling to.  
 (MORE)

VINCENT VAN VOS (CONT'D)

It's a fantasy pawned off as some kind of tangible thing to subdue us into a false reality--a reality of complacency that hinders us to achieve our true potential.

HARRY HEARST

Jeez, man. That's cold.

VINCENT VAN VOS

(winks to other men)

It's cold.

The men laugh.

HARRY HEARST

Laugh it up dickwads. I still love her. And there's nothing anyone can say or do to convince me otherwise.

MITCH PIERCE

He's made up his mind.

BRANDON BUSHWELL

It's settled then, gentlemen.

JONATHAN BANKS

I wonder what Farcy is going to make of this.

VINCENT VAN VOS

(to Harry)

You tell him yet? About your little love interest?

Harry stares at Vincent and ponders on that.