

The Incomparable Song Stylings of

Lorrie



"The Green Velvet Fog"

Las Vegas Review-Journal



Angel Between the Lines Season 1

Episode #005 - Know When to Hold Them

by Beth Nelson & Sue O'Donovan

Artwork by JDubs

CAST:

Angel

Announcer

Bruno

Carlos

Dean Martin

Doll – female, mid-20s; Vegas cocktail waitress

Erin O'Brien - female, mid-20s, girl next door trying to make it in Vegas

Frank Sinatra

Jack Halloran - male, mid-20s; P.I. hired by Demarco to investigate Lorne; kind of a jerk

Joey bishop

Loretta Jones - 60s-70s; female; remembers Vegas in the early days; had a thing for Angel

Lorne - needs no intro - he's Lorne!

Manny - bartender - male, 30s-40s; nothing special, but makes a mean appletini

Older gentleman - random casino goer; crusty, gruff voice;
50s-60s; male (duh)

Peter Lawford

Sammy Davis Jr.

Stickman - casino employee at the craps table, can be male
or female, any age or ethnicity

Tommy McMannon – male, mid-30's; okay singer; audience
member during Lorne's lounge act

Young Loretta – Loretta Jones in her early 20s

Winners

Losers

005_001 SETTING: CASINO

*Editing Note: Stickman dialogue should be fast paced, almost
muted, more as background for the scene than anything else.*

	(SFX: CASINO NOISES; GENERAL CROWD NOISES)
STICKMAN:	Place your bets! Place your bets!
	(SFX: BETTING CHIPS PLACED ON A TABLE)
ERIN:	Oh! I don't know what to bet! (DITHERING) Oh... um... Big 6!
	(SFX: CHIPS PLACED ON TABLE)
STICKMAN:	Dice are out, hands high!
ERIN:	Come on 6!

	(SFX: DICE ROLLING)
STICKMAN:	7!
WINNERS:	Woohoo! Yay! Wow! That's a lot of chips! Awesome! (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
LOSERS:	(DISAPPOINTED) Awww. Damn. I'm out. I lost? (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
ERIN:	Damn! I'm not very good at this.
STICKMAN:	Place your bets! Place your bets!
	(SFX: BETTING CHIPS BEING PLACED ON THE TABLE)
LORNE:	Not to worry, peaches. Just stick with Uncle Lorne. I'll steer you right.
OLDER GENTLEMAN:	(CANTANKROUS) Hey, baby doll, are you bettin' or just spectatin'?
LORNE:	I'm sensing some real hostility, grandpa.
OLDER GENTLEMAN:	Pssh! She's just standin' there, ditherin'...

LORNE:	(TO ERIN) Don't worry about him. Bet and be merry, sweetie!
ERIN:	Right, well then... Horn high yo?
LORNE:	Horn – how apropos!
ERIN:	I don't even know what I just bet on. (NERVOUS LAUGH)
LORNE:	Honey, you bet on 2, 3, 11 and 12. Good odds. Even so, I think we need some drinks.
STICKMAN:	Dice are out!
	(SFX: DICE ROLLING)
ERIN:	I can't look!
STICKMAN:	Boxcars!

WINNERS:	Woohoo! Yay! Wow! That's a lot of chips! Awesome! (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
LOSERS:	(DISAPPOINTED) Awww. Damn. I'm out. I lost? (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
ERIN:	(DISAPPOINTED) Boxcars? Oh...
STICKMAN:	The lady wins!
	(SFX: CHIPS BEING PUSHED OVER THE TABLE TO ERIN)
ERIN:	(EXCITED) Oh! I won!
LORNE:	I knew those drinks would be lucky.
ERIN:	What drinks?

LORNE:	The drinks I keep miming that we need. (TRYING TO BE HEARD OVER THE DIN) Hey! Doll! I need two appletinis. Two!
DOLL:	Sure thing, Lorne.
ERIN:	I don't know if I really need a drink.
LORNE:	Sweetie, we all could use a drink.
	(SFX: CELL DIALING AND RINGING)
JACK:	Mr. DeMarco, it's Jack. I'm in position on the casino floor. (PAUSE) Yeah, at the craps table. Got the target in my sights. Weird looking dude there. (PAUSE) He's with a young girl. (PAUSE) Yeah, yeah... keep an eye on him. Learn more about what he does. (PAUSE) The girl too? Ok, sir. Will do. I'll report to you as soon as I learn anything about either of them.
	(MUSIC: THEME)

SCENE 005_002: CASINO – CRAPS TABLE

	(SFX: GENERIC CASINO NOISES, FOCUSING IN ON DICE ROLLING AND PEOPLE CHEERING)
JACK:	If a drink makes you that lucky, I know I could use one.
LORNE:	Sure thing, cupcake. Hey, Doll! Make it three appletinis! Three!
DOLL:	Got it!
LORNE:	Why don't you try your hand at rolling the dice, tall, light and handsome? You might get lucky.
JACK:	Okay...
STICKMAN:	New shooter! Everybody place your bets!
	(SFX: CHIPS BEING PUT ON THE TABLE)

ERIN:	Hi-lo!
JACK:	Pass line!
STICKMAN:	Place your bets! Place your bets!
LORNE:	I think those dice need a little luck, Hun.
	(SFX: CHIPS GOING ON THE TABLE)
JACK:	(SUGGESTIVE) Yeah, baby. Blow...
ERIN:	(GIGGLING) Okay... (BLOWS)
STICKMAN:	Dice are out! Hands high!
	(SFX: DICE ROLLING)
STICKMAN:	Boxcars for the gentleman in red!

WINNERS:	Woohoo! Yay! Wow! That's a lot of chips! Awesome! (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
LOSERS:	(DISAPPOINTED) Awww. Damn. I'm out. I lost? (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
LORNE:	Ah, tough break, kid.
ERIN:	I-I won! Again!
JACK:	At least someone's getting lucky tonight. I think I really need that drink.
DOLL:	Three appletinis!
ERIN:	Oh... um... here. Keep the change... Doll.
LORNE:	Doll... you're a doll!

JACK:	Thanks. (SIGHS) Well, I'm out.
LORNE:	So soon, cherry?
JACK:	(DEJECTED) Yeah.
ERIN:	I'll spot you. That's... that's the right word? Spot?
JACK:	Luck just isn't with me tonight, love.
LORNE:	I have a feeling your luck is about to change. One more time. With feeling?
JACK:	Red, you wanna roll'em for me?
ERIN:	(FLUSTERED) Are you sure?
JACK:	Yeah, the dice seem to like you.

LORNE:	Sweet cheeks, let ol' Lorne blow on those rocks for you. Because Daddy Jack needs a new pair of shoes.
STICKMAN:	New shooter! New shooter! Place your bets! Place your bets!
JACK:	How did you know my name?
LORNE:	Never mind that now. You have a bet to place. Here bet Ace-Deuce.
	(SFX: CHIPS CLICKING)
JACK:	Are you sure?
LORNE:	Is an appletini tart?
JACK:	Okay...
	(SFX: CHIPS BEING PLACED ON TABLE)

ERIN:	Don't pass!
STICKMAN:	All bets in! All bets in!
	(SFX: MORE CHIPS ON THE TABLE; EXCITED CROWD NOISES)
STICKMAN:	Okay, honey, pick your dice.
ERIN:	These two.
LORNE:	(SINGING) Luck, be a demon tonight!
STICKMAN:	All right! Dice are out, hands high!
	(SFX: DICE ROLLING, PREGNANT PAUSE)
STICKMAN:	Ace-Deuce!

JACK:	How did you...?
WINNERS:	Woohoo! Yay! Wow! That's a lot of chips! Awesome! (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
LOSERS:	(DISAPPOINTED) Awww. Damn. I'm out. I lost? (FEEL FREE TO AD LIB)
LORNE:	(MODESTLY) It's a gift.
ERIN:	(STUNNED) I won? Again? How...?
JACK:	That's some fancy rollin'! You ever think about doing this professionally? (CHUCKLES)
LORNE:	Red, I think this table is cold. Leave your drink. Why don't we take this show to my apartment. I can make us some fresh appletinis.
ERIN:	I don't...

JACK:	Come on, Red. We'll have fun.
ERIN:	Erin.
JACK:	Come again?
ERIN:	My name... it's Erin.
LORNE:	Course it is, Red. So, shall we?
ERIN:	Fresh appletinis?
LORNE:	The freshest! Best in Vegas.
JACK:	Come on... what could it hurt?

005_003 SETTING: LORNE'S APARTMENT

	(SFX: DOOR BEING UNLOCKED AND
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	OPENING)
LORNE:	Welcome to mi casa!
ERIN:	My it's... it's...
JACK:	(DRYLY) Vegas.
LORNE:	It's not much to look at, but my dear mother always said it was the company you keep that makes a place glamorous.
ERIN:	That's so true. (Sounding hopeful)
LORNE:	Well, actually, that was Oprah. But she's always been more of a mother to me. (Laughing)
JACK:	(FAKE LAUGHTER) Yeah... Oprah... mother... so... appletinis? I'm parched!
LORNE:	Coming right up, Sugar.
ERIN:	I really shouldn't. I have a big day tomorrow.
JACK:	Don't worry about it Red. One drink won't hurt anything.(Quick Pause) So where do you hail from, Mr. Green Jeans? I can't quite place the...

	um...
LORNE:	The City of Angels and lost dreams. (small laugh)
	(SFX: DRINKS BEING MIXED)
JACK:	That sounds a lot like Vegas. Except you get a lot more devils here.
LORNE:	Oh, I know. I've got the horns to prove it! Hey, how about some music. Erin, love, the stereo's over there.
	(SFX: STEREO TURNING ON)
	(MUSIC: SOMETHING JAZZY)
ERIN:	(FASCINATED) You mean your horns are... real?
JACK:	No way, Red. It's just a costume...for (PAUSE) his ac...(SINCERE DISBELIEF) they can't be real!
LORNE:	(LAUGHS KNOWINGLY) There is more on earth, Horatio, than ever dreamed of in your

	heaven... or something like that...
ERIN:	That's Shakespeare isn't it?
LORNE:	The Bard himself. Here's your drink, peach pie.
JACK:	Forget all the Shakespearean mumbo jumbo. What exactly...are you?
LORNE:	(SURPRISED) Me? I'm a (SING IN FULL VOICE) Singer! (SPEAKING) I have a little act in the Tropicana's lounge. Nothing huge, but it's a start.
JACK:	With horns? A singer...with horns?
LORNE:	With horns and a smokin' piano. Here's your drink.
ERIN:	Mmmm! And the maker of the best appletini I've ever had!
LORNE:	Thank you, sweetness!
JACK:	Yeah, they're really great.
ERIN:	Uhm, Jack. You haven't even tried it yet.

JACK:	(TAKING A HUGE SLURPING SIP) MMMMMMMMM... Tasty...
LORNE:	(WRYLY) So I see. Slow down there, slugger. You want to enjoy the party, right?
JACK:	Yeah, exactly. So, L.A., huh? And the horns are...a birth defect?
LORNE:	You are awfully interested in my horns, shoug'.
JACK:	Lorne, how many people do you meet that have horns growing out of their heads?
LORNE:	Two on Tuesday, double on Friday?
ERIN:	I think they're cute! Can I touch 'em?
LORNE:	Thanks, Sweet Child. (PAUSE) Listen, this is how I was born. It's what I look like. Not who I am.
ERIN:	That's just like me. (HICCUP) People think I'm this cute little mousy girl and that I'm all (HICCUP) shy and innocent. But really, I'm a sexy, sultry dancer. And I really, really love....this drink.

LORNE:	I think it's beddy-by time for someone I know.
ERIN:	(TIPSY SEDUCTIVE) Come with me?
LORNE:	Tempting, you little minx. How about you ask me that question again when you can walk on your own?
ERIN:	I can (HICCUP) walk on my own.
	(SFX: STUMBLING FOOTSTEPS)
ERIN:	See?
	(SFX: CRASH AS SHE WALKS INTO SOMETHING)
ERIN:	Whoopsie!
LORNE:	Jack, can you help me? Go out and hail a cab, I'll find out where she lives.
JACK:	(AMUSED) Yeah... I'll do that.
ERIN:	Mmm, I've never met a man like you.

JACK:	(MUMBLES) Truer words have never been spoken.
	(SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)
LORNE:	I'm one of a kind, sweetness. Now, how about you tell ol' Lorne where you live so we can get you home?
ERIN:	Kiss me. Before I go, so that I don't (HICCUP) forget all about tonight.
LORNE:	A kiss and then your address.
ERIN:	(AS IF FALLING) Woah!
	(SFX: A BODY FALLING TO THE GROUND)
ERIN:	(GROANING) Uuuuuhhh.
LORNE:	(STARTLED) Whoa! Erin! honey...
ERIN:	(SNORE)
LORNE:	Was it something I said? Let's get you onto the couch.

	(SFX: MOVING AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON ONTO A COUCH. NOT TOO HEAVY, BUT AWKWARD.)
	(SFX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)
JACK:	Cab's waiting down... What happened?! What did you do?!
LORNE:	Erin had a little too much appletini. I knew I made'em good. Didn't know I made them that good.
JACK:	So I guess she's stayin' here?
LORNE:	I guess so... Hand me that blanket will ya?
JACK:	I guess it's a sleepover. I think I, uh, need to crash here, too. That appletini just hit me pretty hard.
LORNE:	You know what I always say. Three's never a crowd!

005_004 JACK CASING JOINT WHILE OTHERS ASLEEP

LORNE/ERIN:	SNORING – CONTINUES THROUGHOUT SCENE WITH INTERMITTENT MURMURS, SNUFFLINGS AND LITTLE SNORTS;
	(SFX: BLANKETS RUSTLING)
JACK:	What time is it? 4AM. Geez, they both snore loud enough to keep a deaf man awake. Ok, first thing's first. Find out Erin's last name and where she's from.
	(SFX: CREAKING BOARDS, SOUND OF SOMEONE WALKING ACROSS THE ROOM AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE.)
JACK:	Heh, don't know why I'm trying to be so quiet. If they aren't waking each other up... Oh, good. Here's her purse.

	(SFX: RUSTLING OF THINGS IN PURSE)
JACK:	Jackpot! Erin O'Brien. From (PAUSE) Chicago, IL. A good, little midwest girl. Who knew that her type would be the demon-guy type. Let me just jot this license number down. It may come in handy...
JACK:	What else do we have in here?
	(SFX: MORE RUSTLING NOISES)
JACK:	An audition form for a back up dancer. Guess she was serious about the dancing. (MUTTERING) Does one chick really need this many lipsticks?
	(SFX: MORE RUSTLING)
JACK:	Anything else. Oh n--
	(SFX: LIPSTICKS FALLING ON THE FLOOR)

JACK:	(SOFTLY) Crap.
	(SFX: SILENCE)
ERIN:	(SNORING)
JACK:	Phew.
LORNE	(FROM THE BEDROOM, MUMBLING) Save the tadpoles!
JACK:	Tadpoles? What a freakin' weirdo.
	(SFX: SOUND OF TURNING OVER ON A CREAKY BED)
LORNE	(SNORING)
JACK:	Ok, Jack. If you were a demon lounge singer, where would you hide your private information. (MOCKING LORNE) Oh, dollface, I'd hide it in the bar where I make the best appletini. Blah, blah, blah, horns, blah, blah, blah. Nothing in

	the cabinet. Hmm... what's in this drawer?
	(SFX: SHAKING THE DRAWER, TRYING TO PULL IT OUT, BUT IT'S LOCKED.)
JACK:	Locked. BINGO! Let me see...
	(SFX: PEELING TAPE FROM WOOD)
JACK:	Good guys always tape their keys in the most obvious places. Right under the bar. Man, I'm good at what I do.
	(SFX: KEY IN A LOCK, TURN & OPEN; DRAWER SLIDING OPEN)
JACK:	So... what do we have in here?
	(SFX: RUSTLING THROUGH DRAWER)
JACK:	Excellent! Personal papers, Titles, identification documents. Heh, I guess this is why DeMarco gave me this camera. Let's hope the flash

	doesn't wake up Little Miss Chorus Line.
	(SFX: SOFT CLICK OF CAMERA TAKING PICTURES – 1 OR 2)
JACK:	Finished. Lock this back up.
	(SFX: DRAWER SLIDING CLOSED; KEY IN A LOCK, TURN & CLICK)
JACK:	I better run this to DeMarco's office now. Heh (OBVIOUSLY THINKING HE IS VERY CLEVER) Lorne, I think you just ran out of luck!
	(SFX: APARTMENT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)
ERIN:	(WAKING UP) Huh? Wha..? Where am I? Oh... right. Lorne's apartment. I must have had one too many appletinis. Huh... looks like Jack's gone.
LORNE	(SNORING)

ERIN:	Ugh, my head. (PAUSE) It's 4:30 in the morning! I have to get out of here. I better leave a note for Lorne though. I don't want him to think I wasn't... interested. I wonder if he has any paper.
	(SFX: RUSTLING OF ITEMS, DRAWERS OPENING, CABINETS OPENING AND CLOSING)
ERIN:	Who doesn't have paper?
	(SFX: MORE RUSTLING)
ERIN:	Ah ha! And a pen, too. How convenient.
	(SFX: SCRIBBLING A NOTE)
ERIN:	Hey Lorne...(MUMBLING) Appointment...
	(SFX: SCRIBBLING)
ERIN:	Gig, maybe...

	(SFX: SCRIBBLING)
ERIN:	Erin. (PAUSE) Should I put love Erin? Just Erin? All my best, Erin. Yeah. That's good. Not too hopeful, but not cold, either.
ERIN:	Ack, 4:50. I have to run. I hope he understands.
LORNE	(MUTTERING FROM BEDROOM) No... not those tadpoles!
ERIN:	(MELTING) Awwww! How cute... he's dreaming about tadpoles... (SLIGHT PAUSE) Right. Gotta run. Big appointment... (SIGH) I wish I could stay. (SIGH)
	(SFX: FOOTSTEPS TO THE DOOR. DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.)
LORNE	(SNORING)

005_005 SETTING: LORNE'S APARTMENT

	(SFX: ALARM RADIO GOING OFF, SOMETHING OBNOXIOUS)
LORNE:	Morning! Another day, another power ballad. (Laughs) Ok, my chick-a-dees. Rise and shine. Who's ready for a morning cocktail? (PAUSE) Guys? Hello....? A note? ...I didn't even know I had paper.
	(SFX: NOTE BEING UNFOLDED)
ERIN:	(THROUGH FILTER) Hey Lorne, sorry I had to sleep and run. Have an important appointment early. (PAUSE) Too early. See you at your gig, maybe? All my best, Erin."
LORNE:	I was looking forward to waking up to her face today. Still... maybe this is better. Don't want to rush things, right? (PAUSE) And I'm talking to myself again. I really have to stop that. So, Mr. Radio DJ, what do you have for me this morning?
	(MUSIC: TWO OR THREE LINES OF "LIKE A VIRGIN")

LORNE:	Oh my, radio gods, it hasn't been that long. I mean...has it?
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005_006 SETTING: CASINO BAR

	(SFX: BAR NOISES)
LORNE:	Manny, seabreeze me.
MANNY:	Seabreeze, coming right up!
LORNE:	Not a bad crowd, Manny. (SAID WITH A BIT OF DISDAIN) Heh, back at my old stomping grounds, I'd have 40 people jumping to sing Aretha. But, this is...it's good. Okay even.
MANNY:	Truth? You're the best damn act I've seen come through this lounge. You've got the best taste in drinks, too, Lorne.
LORNE:	And you, Manny, make the best drinks. (GULPS AS HE DOWNS THE DRINK) Well, it's almost show time.

	(SFX: GLASS BEING PUT DOWN ONTO THE BAR)
LORNE:	Wish me luck!
MANNY:	Break a leg!
LORNE:	Gods, I hope not! (LAUGHS)
MANNY:	(JOINS IN LAUGHTER)
ANNOUNCER:	Ladies and Gentleman, the Tropicana Lounge's favorite crooner, Lorne! Give him a hand!
	(SFX: APPLAUSE AND MILD CHEERS)
	(MUSIC: INSTRUMENTAL "IT'S NOT THAT EASY BEING GREEN")

LORNE:	I remember sitting at home one night, looking at the LA skyline from my window and hoping to see the bright lights of Las Vegas instead. I never thought I'd make it here to see all of your beautiful faces. I guess I never thought of myself as lucky. But, you know what they say about luck -
	(MUSIC: LUCK BE A LADY TONIGHT)
LORNE:	(SINGING) They call you lady luck But there is room for doubt At times you have a very un-lady-like way Of running out
	(MUSIC: KEEPS GOING AS LORNE TALKS TO THE CROWD)
LORNE:	(SPEAKING) Hey, I see a familiar face in the crowd. You know, if luck is a lady, this lady here must be her!
ERIN:	(FLUSTERED) Oh, Lorne. You're... embarrassing me!
LORNE:	Sir, look at this doll and tell me, should I ask her out? (CHUCKLING) How about you help me sing the next few lines:
LORNE & TOMMY:	(SINGING) You might forget your manners You might refuse to stay And so the best that I can do is pray

LORNE:	(SPEAKING) Whoa, Nellie! You've got some pipes on you! What's your name, sugar?
TOMMY:	(PLEASED) Tommy McMannon.
LORNE:	Well, Tommy, m'boy, help me bring this song to a close – 1, 2, 3!
TOMMY:	(SINGING NOT TOO BADLY) Luck be a lady tonight Luck be a lady tonight Luck if youve been a lady to begin with Luck be a lady tonight
LORNE & TOMMY:	(SINGING TOGETHER) Luck be a lady tonight Luck be a lady tonight Luck if you've been a lady to begin with Luck be a lady tonight
	(SFX: APPLAUSE & CHEERS)

005_007 SETTING: CASINO BAR AUDIENCE

	(SFX: APPLAUSE)
	(MUSIC: LOUNGE MUSIC UNDER DIALOGUE)

JACK:	Hey red, got a minute?
ERIN:	Oh, hi, Jack. Sure. Pull up a chair!
JACK:	(RAISING HIS VOICE SLIGHTLY TO BE HEARD) I can't really hear you in here. Wanna take a walk?
ERIN:	Oh, but we shouldn't leave in the middle of Lorne's act...
JACK:	It's about Lorne. It's really important.
ERIN:	He's not in trouble is he? I mean...
JACK:	Oh, no! Not that... just walk with me.
ERIN:	Uhm, oh...ok.
	(SFX: MUSIC GROWING MORE DISTANT. SOUND OF SLOT MACHINES AND GENERAL PUBLIC CHATTERING.)

ERIN:	So, what did you want to talk about? Is Lorne okay? You have me really worried!
JACK:	I had to jet pretty early this morning. Did you and Lorne chat at all once I was gone?
ERIN:	No, I had to leave early, too. I left Lorne a note though.
JACK:	You've gotten pretty attached to him in a short time, huh?
ERIN:	Yes...no, yes. It's just...he's really special, you know?
JACK:	That's what I'm worried about. He's a little too special. You know what I'm saying?
ERIN:	You're not going on about his horns again are you? Why can't you just let it be?
JACK:	You say that like it doesn't matter. How many people with horns do you know?

ERIN:	Well... none... but that's not the point. He's a good man...
JACK:	He's not a man, Erin. You know that?
ERIN:	But he is kind, compassionate, caring. And, (A SMALL LAUGH) an amazing singer. He could have taken advantage of me last night but he didn't. I've had people my whole life telling me what I am and what I'm not. People never stopped to just...see me. As a whole. Not just dissecting all of my flaws. Why don't you get to know Lorne a little better before you paint him into some sort of...monster.
JACK:	(MUMBLES) Or demon...
ERIN:	What did you say?
JACK:	Nothing... are you sure nothing happened this morning between the two of you?
ERIN:	Besides, what does it matter to you? You seem more interested in Lorne... oooooooh! You like him, don't you?

JACK:	No...it's not that. I had to run, too. Hey, sorry if I seem ... it's just, I'm worried about you.
ERIN:	That's sweet of you, Jack, but you really don't need to worry. I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself.
JACK:	I sure hope you can. I'll see you later.

005_008 SETTING: HALLWAY NEAR CASINO

	(SFX: MUFFLED CASINO NOISES)
	(SFX: CELL PHONE DIALING, RINGING)
JACK	Yeah, Mr. DeMarco. It's Jack. The girl says she doesn't know anything. (PAUSE) Erin, the girl from last night. (PAUSE) Yeah, I told her that he isn't...quite a man. (PAUSE) I wouldn't worry about her. She's just a dancer. (PAUSE) Yes, Mr. DeMarco. I wasn't telling you what you should do. I was just thinking that she can't really help us. She doesn't seem to know anything, sir. (PAUSE) Yeah, the act is good. He sings, interacts with the audience. He talks to them after the show, the ones who sang with

	him. I don't know what he tells them, but they leave looking... happy... or relieved. (PAUSE) Ok, sir. I'll keep my eyes on both of them.
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005_009 SETTING: CASINO BAR

	(SFX: CROWDED BAR NOISES – BUZZ OF CONVERSATION, CLINK OF GLASSES, PERHAPS SOME LOUNGE MUSIC)
LORNE:	Manny, doll, where did my cute redheaded friend go?
MANNY:	She ran off to the pits with a fella - calls himself Jack.
LORNE:	(TO HIMSELF) I was looking forward to buying her another appletini...
MANNY:	Speaking of, what's your pleasure tonight, Lorne? Another sea breeze?
LORNE:	I'll have whatever the lovely lady is having,

	Manny.
MANNY:	Double whiskey, coming right up, Lorne.
LORNE:	(SURPRISED) Double whiskey – now that’s a drink, sugar lips!
LORETTA:	Only drink worth drinkin’. It was popular with Ol’ Blue Eyes back in the day. (PAUSE) Call me Loretta. Ain’t had any sugar on these lips in quite some years.
LORNE:	Well, it’s a pleasure to meet a fellow fan, darlin’.
LORETTA:	Hey, you’re that demon singer guy, right?
LORNE:	(SELF-DEPRACATING) What gave it away? It’s the suit, right? I told my tailor it was a little too flashy.
LORETTA:	(RUSTY LAUGH) Care to sing me a little “Fly Me To The Moon?” I’ll buy your next round.

LORNE:	Ah... a classic...
LORETTA:	That's one word for it. My grandkids call it a moldy oldie.
LORNE:	Oldie, but goodie, dollface.
LORETTA:	(CACKLES) Dollface? You need glasses, buddy. But there was a time...
LORNE:	Sugar...er, Loretta, I'd love to hear about it.
LORETTA:	(DREAMY) Oh, yeah. You wouldn't know it to look at me now, but back then... back then I had the boys lined up for days. I was pretty picky back then. I made 'em work for it. Not like these chippies today.
LORNE:	With a stiff drink like this as your drink of choice, I bet you made them work!

	(MUSIC: VERY SOFTLY START HEARING SLOW INSTRUMENTAL VERSION OF “FLY ME TO THE MOON” UNDER THE DIALOGUE AND BAR SOUNDS)
LORETTA:	(LOST IN MEMORIES) Oh, yeah. I made 'em work. Those were the days. Frankie and Dean and Joey... good guys.
LORNE:	(AMAZED) You knew the Rat Pack?
LORETTA:	I did. That bunch sure liked to party. But there was one guy... part of the group, but not... you know?
LORNE:	Sadly, very much so.
LORETTA:	(DIDN'T HEAR HIM) What a looker that guy was. Tall. Dark hair. Kept to himself mostly... liked to play golf in the dark. Kinda weird.
LORNE:	(TALKING MOSTLY TO HIMSELF) I know a fella that likes to play golf in the dark. Small world, Ms. Loretta.

LORETTA:	Yeah? It is at that. It is at that. Mostly I remember him goin' around with this... look on his face... like he was thinking real hard.
LORNE:	Real brooding type, huh?
LORETTA:	Yeah... called himself Angel, and boy was he.
LORNE:	(SHOCKED) Angel cakes?
LORETTA:	(LAUGHS) Angel cakes? Nah... nothing cakey about this guy.
LORNE:	Oh, it's just...can't be. I'd say it was the whiskey, but...(DRIFTING OFF)
LORETTA:	This guy was a smooth talker, my Angel. Introduced me to the boys, you know. I got to have drinks with them!
LORNE:	(COMING BACK TO CONVERSATION) That

	must've been something.
LORETTA:	It was. Boy, could they booze it up! (CACKLES) Mighty fine times, though. But that Angel... he was something. Never met a man like that...ever again.
LORNE:	(WRYLY) You'd be surprised...
LORETTA:	No, not my Angel. You know, he wasn't a crooner, but he had the moves on the dance floor. (TRAILING OFF)
LORNE:	Ain't that the truth! (QUICKLY) But, Loretta, I can still hear some honey in your voice. Am I right?
LORETTA:	Oh, I was never a singer.
LORNE:	Why don't you start me off with some of that "Fly Me To The Moon," and then you can buy that second round you promised.

LORETTA:	Oh my... how does it go? Oh, yes... (STARTS HUMMING THE TUNE THEN BEGINS TO SING SHAKILY) Fly me to the moon...
LORNE:	(JOINING IN) ... and let me play among the stars...
LORETTA & LORNE:	Let me see what spring is like, on Jupiter and Mars... (FADE OUT)

005_010 SETTING: CASINO BAR – ANGEL FLASHBACK

	(MUSIC: (FADE IN) SINATRA VERSION OF “FLY ME TO THE MOON” AT “In other words...” SEE APPENDIX A FOR EXACT LYRICS – FADE OUT AS LORETTA STARTS TO TALK)
LORETTA:	(SOUND FILTER SO IT’S OBVIOUS SHE’S NARRATING) Oh, those were the days. The lights were brighter. Vegas was new. The men were... oh, the men... But then I met him and ...
	(SFX: HAPPY CROWDED CASINO NOISES; LOUNGE PIANO IN THE BACKGROUND AFTER “FLY ME TO THE MOON” ENDS)

ANGEL:	(AS THOUGH CALLING ACROSS A NOISY CROWDED ROOM) Yeah! Sammy! Tell Frank to wait for me. I'll just be a min... just...
	(SFX: SOUND OF TWO PEOPLE COLLIDING, ONE WEARING JINGLING JEWELRY)
ANGEL:	(APOLOGETIC) Oh, sorry there, doll. I didn't see... (AND HE'S STRUCK BY THE CUTIE BEFORE HIM) you.
YOUNG LORETTA:	(FLUSTERED) That's okay. My Ma was always sayin' I was so tiny, she never saw me 'til she was trippin' over me. (NERVOUS GIGGLE)
ANGEL:	(BEMUSED) Aren't you just? I could just tuck you in my pocket...
YOUNG LORETTA:	(MORE NERVOUS GIGGLING) I'm not that tiny.
ANGEL:	(ABRUPTLY) My name's Angel.

YOUNG LORETTA:	(ADORABLY SHY) I'm Loretta.
ANGEL:	Loretta, nice to meet you. Listen... I've gotta run, but I'd like to see you again. What are you doing later?
YOUNG LORETTA:	(SHYLY FLIRTING) Having a drink with you?
ANGEL:	Having a drink...? (HAPPY ANGEL LAUGH) You're a pip, Loretta! I'll meet you here in... an hour?
YOUNG LORETTA:	Sure! One hour.
ANGEL:	Until then.
	(SFX: HAPPY CASINO NOISES)
LORETTA:	(NARRATING) That's how I met him. Angel. Oh, and he seemed like an angel to me. We always stayed in the casino, but he showed me things about life... so many things... And I got

	to meet his friends...
	(SFX: HAPPY CASINO NOISES; LOUNGE PIANO – DEAN OR SAMMY SINGING)
FRANK:	Hey, Angel Eyes! How's tricks?
ANGEL:	Good, good, Frank.
FRANK:	Glad to hear it. Who's your friend?
ANGEL:	This is Loretta. Loretta, Frank Sinatra.
YOUNG LORRETTA:	(STAR STRUCK) Oh, Mr. Sinatra... it's so nice to meet ya.
FRANK:	Good to meet you too, kid. Don't let old Angel Eyes here break your heart.
ANGEL:	(EMBARRASSED) Frank... really...

DEAN:	Ya gotta make him take ya out, sugar. Leave the casino.
FRANK:	Leave the casino? (LAUGHS) Angel never leaves the casino. He has a bit of an addiction.
ANGEL:	Guys! Guys! You're giving Loretta the wrong idea...
YOUNG LORETTA:	A gambling addiction? My uncle Ben had...
PETER:	It's an addiction all right... of a sort! Right Dean?
DEAN:	(MORE LAUGHTER) A pretty young woman addiction, sweetheart.
YOUNG LORETTA:	Oh. (REALIZING WHAT THEY MEAN) Oooh. Oh my. (GIGGLES)
ANGEL:	Hey Pete, why don't you make yourself useful and get another round of drinks, huh? (TO

	LORETTA) It's not that, Loretta... not at all... I just... like it here.
PETER:	(LAUGHING) Yeah, yeah! I'm going, I'm going.
FRANK:	Angel Eyes got Pete to buy a round? Unheard of!
JOEY:	(JUST JOINING THE GROUP) Hey, where's he goin'?
DEAN:	Tonight is a special night Joey... Pete's buying drinks!
JOEY:	(ASTOUNDED) Yer kiddin'! Who died?
SAMMY:	Did I hear drinks are being bought. My usual, baby!
YOUNG LORETTA:	(STAMMERING) Mr. Davis, it's a pleasure to meet you, Sir.

SAMMY:	(CHUCKLING) Kid called me "sir." How sweet is that? The pleasure is all mine, sweet thing. All mine indeed.
ANGEL:	(DESPERATE) Loretta, do you have a request for Frank? I feel like dancing.
YOUNG LORETTA:	(FLUSTERED) Oh... I don't know... I ... I couldn't ask...
FRANK:	(GALLANT) Not to worry, doll. I got a song, just for you.
ANGEL:	May I have this dance?
FRANK:	Not right now, Angel Eyes. I'm about to sing. (LAUGHTER)
YOUNG LORETTA:	(GIGGLING) I think he was asking me. (MORE GIGGLING) And yes, I'd love to dance.
ANGEL:	Hit it, Frank!

FRANK:	This one's for you, kid.
	(MUSIC: FRANK SINATRA SINGING "ANGEL EYES" <u>Appendix B</u>)
	(SFX: FADE MUSIC OUT TO RETURN US TO LORNE AND LORETTA IN THE BAR)

005_011 SETTING: CASINO BAR

LORNE:	"Angel Eyes"? Always knew Frank had a sense of humor. Now Angel on the other hand...(TRAILS OFF)
LORETTA:	(RUSTY CHUCKLE) I know what you mean...
LORNE:	Another drink, another story?
LORETTA:	Another night. This old lady needs some sleep. Not like the old days. (LAUGHING TO HERSELF) Have a nice night now. You're a

	really nice man, Lorne. A real class act.
LORNE:	You're a class act yourself, Loretta. Sweet dreams...
LORETTA:	Oh, I will have them tonight. Thanks for sharin' an old woman's memories. (HUMS "FLY ME TO THE MOON" AS SHE WALKS AWAY)
LORNE:	(AMAZED) So he really knew those guys... wow... I wonder why he never mentioned it...
BRUNO:	Hey, Mr. Green Jeans... Mr. DeMarco wants ta see you.
LORNE:	Bruno, babe, I was going to walk this lovely lady to her room.
BRUNO:	Mr. DeMarco is not accustomed to waiting on no one.
LORETTA:	I'll get to my room just fine. (FINISHES HER DRINK AND PLACES IT ON THE BAR)

LORNE:	Another time, Ms. Loretta.
BRUNO:	Mr. DeMarco is not (INTERUPTED BY LORNE)
LORNE:	Accustomed to waiting. Yeah, Bruno, I hear ya, buddy. Let's go keep Mr. DeMarco from waiting any longer.
CARLOS	Mr. Lorne, please follow us.
LORNE	Like I told Bruno, I'm coming. I'm coming. What's the rush, boys?
CARLOS	No rush, just...
BRUNO	Mr. DeMarco does not like to be kept waitin'.
LORNE	So you keep saying. Where are we walking to?

CARLOS	Mr. DeMarco does not like talking, either.
BRUNO	So shut it.
LORNE	Right, right. Mum's the word.
CARLOS	Just a little further, Mr. Lorne.
	(SFX: WALKING OUT OF A CROWDED CASINO AREA TO A QUIET ROOM; DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)
LORNE	Mr. DeMarco's in a dark closet? What is he? A bat? (NERVOUS LAUGH) Guys, it's really dark and secluded...
	(SFX: LOUD THUD; BRUNO HITTING LORNE WITH A BLUNT OBJECT)
LORNE:	Ow! Hey! Watch it. Ow! (AND SIMILAR STATEMENTS INDICATING THAT HE'S BEING PUMMELED)

	(SFX: THUD OF BODY HITTING THE FLOOR AND DEAD SILENCE)
	(MUSIC: END CREDITS)

APPENDIX A: 005 007 SETTING: CASINO BAR - LORNE AND LORETTA

Fly Me to the Moon Lyrics:

(Bart Howard - 1954; recorded by Frank Sinatra 1964)

Fly me to the moon And let me play among the stars Let me see what spring is like On Jupiter and Mars In other words hold my hand In other words darling kiss me

Fill my life with song And let me sing forevermore You are all I hope for All I worship and adore In other words please be true In other words I love you

repeat 2nd verse, then repeat 1st verse

Appendix B: 005 008: FLASHBACK TO RAT PACK DAYS

Angel Eyes Lyrics

(Lyrics by Earl Brent, Music by Matt Dennis 1953; recorded by Frank Sinatra 1958)

Hey drink up all you people Order anything you see And have fun you happy people The laugh and the drinks on me Try to think that love's not around Still it's uncomfortably near My poor old heart ain't gaining any ground Because my angel eyes ain't here Angel eyes, that old Devil sent They glow unbearably bright Need I say that my love's mispent Mispent with angel eyes tonight So drink up all of you people Order anything you see And have fun you happy people The drink and the laughs on me Pardon me but I got to run The fact's uncommonly clear I got to find who's now the number one And why my angel eyes ain't here Excuse me while I disappear

Other Music suggestions:

Blues in the Night – Billy Mays

Spring will be a little late this year – Lee Wiley

Pretty much anything from the American Songbook