

# **LOVERBOYS**

Written By

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FINAL DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY, 1978 - MORNING

TITLE CARD:

**JULY 1978**

**SAN FRANCISCO**

A trim sailboat glides through the water. We watch this through...

INT. A TELEGRAPH HILL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...the large picture window of PETER GOODWIN's apartment. In front of the window is a bookshelf. A large glass "impossible bottle" containing a miniature sailboat sits on top of it.

We hear a SCREAM. A WOMAN'S FIST flies towards the camera and SMASHES into a man's face.

INT. PETER GOODWIN'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Peter, 25, adjusts his tie in front of a mirror. He is a clean-cut, handsome preppy. He has a Band-Aid on his bloody nose.

INT. HARDING & HARDING - MORNING

Peter exits an elevator and heads into a fancy office.

INT. HARDING & HARDING OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HARDING (O.S.)  
Peter! You're late!

It is his boss and his fiancée's father, WHITNEY HARDING III, a large red-faced man of fifty.

PETER  
Hello, Sir!

Harding clamps a thick arm around Peter's shoulders. They proceed down the hallway. Peter is visibly uncomfortable.

HARDING  
I want to talk to you, Goodwin.  
Man to man. Hell, father to son!  
(MORE)

HARDING (CONT'D)

I never had a son, Goodwin. I only gave you this job because you're marrying Meredith. You dropped out of Stanford, for Christ's sakes! And you don't golf. What sort of a PERSON doesn't golf?

PETER

Well sir, I --

They stop in front of an office door. A workman is engraving something onto the door.

HARDING

Peter, my father built this firm on loyalty and hard work. And if Meredith believes you've got what it takes, then dammit, so do I. What happened to your nose?

PETER

Oh, ah, nothing, Sir, I --

WE SEE the nameplate on the door now reads "PETER GOODWIN, VICE PRESIDENT."

HARDING

Call me Dad. Peter -- son -- I'm promoting you to Vice President!

Harding opens the door and SMACKS Peter hard on the back. He stumbles into ...

INT. CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...a corner office with a stunning view of the bay.

The phone on the desk RINGS. Peter steps around the desk and answers it.

PETER

Hello?  
(holds out the phone)  
It's for you...Dad.

Harding takes the phone.

HARDING

Meredith? Oh. Put her through.  
(beat)  
Hello, darling girl. Everything all right?

Harding looks at Peter. His eyes narrow. Peter backs away slowly.

PETER

Dad, wait! Dad, I can explain!

We hear a PUNCH.

TITLE CARD:

**1 YEAR LATER**

**MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA**

INT. A MENLO PARK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tight close up on a gadget sitting in the middle of a large conference table: It looks exactly like an early Sony Walkman.

DAVE (O.S.)

Your job was to make me something new. Something revolutionary. You work on it for months. And you bring me... a toaster.

ALAN FRIEDEL, 26, winces in his leather executive chair. He has hair to his shoulders, thick glasses, long sideburns, and is wearing a Captain Kirk STAR TREK t-shirt. A can of Tab is in front of him.

DAVE WERKS, 30, paces behind him. He's a full '70s hippie: his hair is long and stringy and he has a bushy beard. He wears bellbottom jeans, beads, and an Indian Kurta shirt. He is barefoot.

ALAN

I told you -- it's a personal music device. The Japanese are already working on one! We have to move fast!

DAVE

(laughing)

The Japanese. The Japanese!

Dave grabs the gadget and presses a button dramatically. A cassette tape pops up just like a piece of toast from a toaster.

The other executives, all in various 1970s tech nerd outfits, snicker. There is a can of Tab in front of each of them.

ALAN

You're being shortsighted. This is gonna change the world!

The other executives gasp.

DAVE

No, Alan. I am going to change the world. I AM the change. I am the FUTURE. And you're going to be left behind in the past, jerking off over a cute little RADIO.

A speakerphone BUZZES.

SPEAKERPHONE VOICE

Mr. Werks, your yogi is here.

DAVE

(calmly)

Be right there, Haruko.

Alan takes a sip of his Tab. Dave karate-kicks the can. It goes flying, hits a wall, and EXPLODES.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAVE

I'm terminating our partnership. Raj will take over your duties as Chief Engineer and Serendipity Officer.

Peter glances over at RAJ, an expressionless, overweight Indian guy in a disco shirt and a crisp part in his shoulder-length hair.

ALAN

You can't do that! I came up with the gooey!

Dave closes his eyes and assumes the Downward Dog position.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Our new interface! That was me!

Dave jumps up and gets in Alan's face.

DAVE

I AM the INTERFACE, DIPSHIT!

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE FARM - CONTINUOUS

Dave's voice is reverberating through the office. 1970s-era nerds at workstations exchange concerned glances.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CONTINUOUS

DAVE

I also had the locks on our  
townhouse changed.

A burly security guard appears in the door. Behind him is a janitor pushing a cart filled with black garbage bags and clothes. Alan's stuff.

ALAN

But Dave --

DAVE

Goodbye, Alan.

Dave casually does an elaborate yoga pose.

ALAN

You can't fire me! This is my  
company too! We started it  
together!

The security guard grabs him and starts to pull him out of the room.

DAVE

Don't forget your toaster!

He throws the cassette player and the headphones at Alan, who clumsily catches it.

ALAN

Fine! I quit!

As he leaves we hear Dave yell:

DAVE (O.S.)

YOU JUST LOST YOUR STOCK OPTIONS!

INT. ERNIE ZANZIBAR'S, A FERN BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Tiffany lamps, planted ferns, and nautical paraphernalia festoon the walls. Hip 1970s bohemian types sip drinks at the polished bar.

PETER GOODWIN is behind the bar. His hair is longer than when we last saw him and he has a tan. He wears short shorts and a polo shirt with a popped collar. He's pouring pink cocktails for two pretty girls. They eye him like catnip.

He drops straws into the drinks and slides them over to the girls.

GIRL #1

Ooh, what's this called?

PETER

Love Potion. A Zanzibar's special.

The girls look at each other and giggle. Peter smiles, but his heart isn't in it. He's done this routine too many times.

GIRL #2

What's in it?

A tipsy Mrs. Robinson type at the end of the bar takes a drag on her cigarette and laughs.

MRS. ROBINSON

Lies and broken promises. It's delicious the first time, but the hangover is permanent. Right, Peter?

Peter grimaces and hurries over to her.

PETER

I asked you to stop coming in, Kathleen.

MRS. ROBINSON

Old habits die hard, Petey. One day you'll know how it feels when true love slips through your fingers. So help me, I hope you do.

BARB, the salty broad who runs the place, hangs up the phone.

BARB

Pete! Ernie says he needs you down at the dock in 15 minutes.

BARB (CONT'D)

He says you're working on the boat tonight.

PETER

(relieved)  
I'm on my way.

Peter grabs a cardboard box filled with various bottles.

The phone RINGS again. Barb picks up.

BARB  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

She holds the phone out to him.

BARB (CONT'D)  
Peter!

PETER  
Tell him I'm coming!

BARB  
It's not Ernie.

Peter sighs, drops his box on the bar and takes the call.

PETER  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INT. A PHONE BOOTH IN MENLO PARK - CONTINUOUS

ALAN  
Oh wow, hey, Peter! It's me, Alan!

INTERCUT between Peter and Alan's phone call.

PETER  
Who?

ALAN  
Alan! Alan Friedel! You know --

PETER  
Oh, okay, hey Alan! Wow, it's been  
a while. How's it going?

ALAN  
Oh pretty good. I mean, except I  
just got fired and lost my  
apartment. Oh, and I'm broke.

Peter stares at the two girls at the bar. They are sucking their drinks out of straws in a highly suggestive manner for his benefit.

PETER

Sorry to hear that. Can we talk later? I'm working right now.

ALAN

Yeah, sure. Wait! Can I crash at your place tonight?

One of the girls slides a cocktail napkin towards him. On it is a scrawled phone number and the words "Make it a double."

PETER

This is not a good night for me.

ALAN

Aw man.

Peter hears Alan sniffing.

PETER

(sighing)

I'll have the super put a key under the mat. I might be working late.

ALAN

I won't forget this, Peter! It'll be just like freshman --

Peter hangs up.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY MARINA - DAY

A huge wooden sailboat is moored to a pier. The name on its stern reads "APHRODITE." Peter is on the deck setting up the bar, arranging Champagne glasses. A scuttle opens on the forecastle and the sunburned face of ERNIE ZANZIBAR, 50ish, pops out. He is wearing a captain's hat at a jaunty angle and smoking a cigar.

ERNIE

Beautiful job, my boy. Tonight's guests will be mighty impressed.

PETER

What's the occasion?

Ernie goes to the bar and pours himself a cocktail.

ERNIE

I'm selling Zanzibar's.

Peter's mouth drops.

PETER

What? But - why?

ERNIE

When I opened in '72, I was on to something. Zanzibar's was a classy place to put the moves on the distaff side. They were newly medicated to limit fecundity, and we gents needed the right environment to take advantage, so to speak.

Ernie tosses back his drink.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Nowadays, all you kids want is a dark room with lasers and dope. Nope -- party's over. It's almost 1980, boy. Time for me to grow up.

PETER

What are you gonna do? Sail off into the sunset?

ERNIE

I'm selling this barge too! I put a down payment on a condo in Cocoa Beach. I plan on putting my feet up on dry land for a change.

Peter freezes.

PETER

You're selling the *APHRODITE*?

ERNIE

A buyer's coming by right now. Big Hollywood director. Got rich making movies about space aliens. In my day, we had *real* movies --

PETER

But I love this boat.

(beat)

Would you sell her to me?

ERNIE

I'm afraid you haven't got enough of the folding stuff, eh?

Peter looks pained. He caresses the gunwale.

PETER

How much do you want for her?

ERNIE

She's a bargain at one-fifty!

PETER

A hundred and fifty thousand  
DOLLARS?!

ERNIE

She's a trim 120-foot mahogany  
schooner with a Cutter rig. She's  
worth even more!

Ernie glances at Peter, remembering something.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

That reminds me. I'll need you to  
work your magic on a young lady  
tonight while the grownups talk  
turkey. I'm prepared to pay you  
handsomely.

PETER

I'm done doing that. I quit.

ERNIE

Peter, you're a smart kid. College  
boy. Trust me when I say, don't  
quit just yet. Look.

HOWARD (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo! Ahoy mateys!

Ernie and Peter look down the dock. WE SEE HOWARD HARTE, 60, ANGELA FONTAINE, 25, BROCK, 28, and CATARINA, 40 hurrying toward the boat. They are in a state of high revelry. Howard is an older man with blow-dried white hair, oversized glasses, and a voice like Liberace. Catarina is hanging on Ken-doll blonde Brock, her current boy-toy.

PETER

(to Ernie)

Is that Angela Fontaine? The  
actress?

ERNIE

In the flesh. And oh what flesh!  
Here's an advance on tonight's job.

Ernie stuffs a wad of bills into Peter's shirt pocket.

Peter rushes below.

HOWARD  
Permission to come aboard, Cap'n?

ERNIE  
Granted!

The four visitors climb aboard.

ERNIE, CONT.  
Welcome to the *Aphrodite*, crown  
jewel of the Zanzibar empire.

Peter emerges from below in a fresh shirt. Howard notices him.

HOWARD  
(leering at Peter)  
You certainly keep it well stocked.

Peter makes eye contact with Angela. She is beautiful and built.

ERNIE  
Peter here is my first mate and  
bartender extraordinaire. He'll  
supply you with anything you need.  
Anything at *all*.

Peter winces. Howard hands Peter a glass.

HOWARD  
Pour me some grog, sailor!

Peter, annoyed, goes to the bar.

ERNIE  
We sail at sunset for Ernie  
Zanzibar's world-famous tour of the  
bay.

EXT. THE APHRODITE, ON THE BAY - NIGHT

Raucous laughter can be heard from below deck. The door to the galley opens. Peter emerges holding a tray of empty bottles.

ANGELA  
What kind of boat is this?

Peter spins around. Angela is standing on the deck alone. He sets the tray down and slings a towel over his shoulder.

PETER  
(clearing his throat)  
120 foot mahogany schooner, with a  
Clipper rig, Miss Fontaine.

ANGELA  
Call me Angela.

PETER  
I... loved your work in "Heated  
Bodies," Angela.

ANGELA  
My agent says I should stop doing  
nude scenes so I can be taken  
seriously as an actress. What do  
you think?

PETER  
I think your agent's an idiot.

ANGELA  
That's what Howard said! We're  
headed to Saint Tropez tomorrow.  
Our new film is premiering at the  
festival.

Angela takes a step towards him. She stares up at him and  
pulls the bar mop off his shoulder seductively.

PETER  
I better start bringing her around.  
Ernie likes to be in bed by  
midnight.

ANGELA  
So do I.

Peter is transfixed.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Peter sits up in bed. There is a note on the pillow. It  
reads:

"See you in Saint Tropez -- Angela"

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is small but tidy.

ALAN is on the couch in tighty whiteys. On the floor next to the couch are several large black trash bags. He is reading *Rolling Stone* magazine.

Peter walks in. Alan tosses the magazine down.

ALAN

Peter! Was that ANGELA FONTAINE who just left?

PETER

Hey, Alan.  
(worried)  
You didn't talk to her, did you?

ALAN

(rubbing his palms together)  
Don't worry, I pretended to be asleep! Oh man! You BAGGED Angela Fontaine! Right in the next room! She's got those incredible -- well, you know.

Peter heads into the tiny kitchen.

PETER

I'm more of a leg man, myself.

He is looking in coffee cans. All are empty. He opens the last one. Pulls out a thin roll of cash. He adds the wad Ernie gave him to the roll.

ALAN

I'm an everything man. An anything man, really.

PETER

How much is a plane ticket to France?

ALAN

I don't know.. six, seven hundred bucks?

Peter grimaces and starts making coffee.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You see her last movie? Not exactly an Oscar winner. Except when the aliens ripped off her spacesuit with their tentacles. That part was REALLY good.

PETER  
An art film.

The coffee machine starts to sputter and steam. Peter rejoins Alan in the living room, where he is examining the Impossible Bottle with the model ship inside it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Careful with that!

ALAN  
(sets it down)  
Thanks for letting me crash here last night.

PETER  
Hey, you're gonna land on your feet. This whole electronics craze is really taking off.

ALAN  
Maybe. Maybe not. I might go back to law school. I just need a few days to plan my next move.

PETER  
Well, you can't stay here.

ALAN  
But it'll be like in the dorms! I won't even have to sleep in the hallway when you're having -- company.

PETER  
I can't afford another mouth to feed. Ernie's selling the bar, and I'm gonna be out of a job.

ALAN  
Selling Zanzibar's? Party's over, huh? End of an era.

Peter plops down on a chair, defeated.

PETER (RAMBLING)  
I'll be okay. I needed a change. I've been sort of drifting. I need to focus. Stop wasting my time. I studied business! At Stanford! What the hell am I doing working at a bar?

ALAN  
Didn't graduate though.

Peter gives him a pointed look.

PETER  
Thanks for reminding me. So why'd  
they fire you?

Alan pulls a small metal case from his bags.

ALAN  
Because of this.

Alan opens the case and dramatically removes ...  
The Walkman lookalike.

PETER  
A toaster?

ALAN  
Nope! This is my prototype. I call  
it the EAR MATE.

He puts the headphones on Peter and presses Play. We hear the  
dulcet tones of KISS's "I was made for loving you."

PETER  
(loudly)  
A toaster that plays KISS. Cool.

ALAN  
Right?

PETER  
(loudly)  
What if I want to listen to music  
with friends?

ALAN  
That's the point! You can listen in  
private, without bothering your  
friends!

PETER  
(still too loud)  
Why would I want to do that?

Alan reacts like he's been slapped.

ALAN

Peter, this is a once-in-a-century idea, and I need a new partner. Are you in?

Peter takes off the headphones.

PETER

I'm in, relax.

They shake hands.

ALAN

We're gonna be rich! Fifty-fifty, partners. I owe you one. Remember?

Alan shoots him a meaningful look.

PETER

(examining the Ear Mate closely)

This thing's pretty cool. How'd you make it? I thought you said you were broke.

ALAN

I was. I am. Dave and I never paid each other a salary. I had to spend all my grandma's social security money paying my half of the rent. (bragging) So I had to get a little.... creative to engineer the prototype.

Peter gets up and walks to the bathroom.

INT. PETER'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter is brushing his teeth. He starts the shower.

PETER

(calling out)

Didn't your grandma die like, ten years ago?

ALAN (O.S.)

That's none of the government's business!

(beat)

Is the Chinese food in the fridge still good?

Peter sighs and steps into the shower.

PETER  
 (yelling from the shower)  
 Get dressed. I know a good place.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter and Alan are heading out. A stoned hippie couple is pounding on the apartment door next to Peter's.

STONED HIPPIE  
 Hey Dean, open up! It's us, man!

The door opens. A groovy guy with feathered hair opens the door. He is DEAN HONEYCUT, 28.

DEAN  
 Shh! My neighbors have straight jobs, okay?

PETER  
 Hey Dean.

DEAN  
 (to the hippie)  
 Not him, though - he's cool.  
 (to Peter)  
 Hey Pete! Sorry if my hippies woke you up.

PETER  
 It's cool, we were up.

WE SEE one of the hippies hand Dean some money. Dean looks around, then hands him a small baggie.

INT. ZANZIBAR'S FERN BAR - DAY

Alan and Peter are finishing breakfast. There are empty Bloody Mary glasses in front of them. Ernie walks in.

ERNIE  
 Pietro my boy! You're up early, considering.

PETER  
 You still selling the *Aphrodite*?

ERNIE  
 Nope. Already sold it!

PETER  
 What? But you told me --

ERNIE

It's not official yet, but Howard loved it. Of course, he doesn't know shit from Shinnecock when it comes to sailboats. He'll run her aground in Sagaponack!

PETER

Then sell her to me. I ...  
 (he glances at Alan)  
 ...may be able to pay you what you want soon. Very soon.

Alan winks and nods.

BARB (O.S.)

Ernie! Phone! Your ex!

ERNIE

Which one?

BARB

Four!

ERNIE

(grimaces)

Take a message, would you doll?

Barb shakes her head, muttering to herself as she jots something down. Ernie leans over to Peter.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Howard lowballed me for one fifty. If you come up with half as down payment before he does, it's yours, my boy. May the best man win!

Ernie winks and walks away.

ALAN

75 grand? Aw, that's nothing! The Ear Mate's gonna make us the richest guys in America! I'm telling you, our ship has come in!

Barb smacks the bill on their table.

Alan takes out his wallet and removes a shiny gold credit card.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(plunking down the card)

My treat.

PETER  
Gold card? I thought you were  
broke.

Peter lifts the card up and examines it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Who the hell's "Wilber Franks"?

Alan snatches the card back.

EXT. STREET BETWEEN ZANZIBAR'S AND PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter and Alan are walking and arguing.

PETER  
You stole a credit card?

ALAN  
I made it!

PETER  
You MADE a credit card?

ALAN  
I took advantage of a loophole I  
uncovered in the financial system.  
It's simple, really. I had to find  
some way to buy the components I  
needed, so I--

PETER  
Oh shit.

Alan realizes that Peter is standing stock still, staring  
across the street.

ALAN  
What?

Alan turns to see what Peter is looking at.

It is a Radioshack. A huge crowd has gathered outside. A  
giant sign in the window reads:

**THE SONY WALKMAN IS HERE! ONLY \$149.99!**

Giant Walkman ads and posters are plastered over all the  
plate glass windows of the store. The Walkman, whatever it  
is, looks exactly like Alan's Ear Mates.

Customers pour out of the store wearing Walkmen headphones, heads bobbing to music.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alan is on the couch, his head in his hands.

ALAN

"WALK MAN"?! What does that even MEAN? Two years of work down the drain! I'd kill myself but I can't die a virgin!

PETER

You seem pretty upset. Do you want me to go ask Dean for a Quaalude?

ALAN

(moaning)

I told Dave the Japanese were gonna beat us if we didn't do it first. A hundred and fifty bucks! I was only gonna charge 99! Dave was right. I am a loser! We're both losers! But we can be losers together, right, Peter?

Peter catches a glimpse of himself in a wall mirror, unshaven, hungover. The weight of Alan's truth hits him hard. He looks around. He sees Alan's wallet lying open.

He sees the gold card. It glimmers with hope.

PETER

Why don't we use this card to rent a car, drive up the coast, get away for a few days. We could both use a vacation.

ALAN

That card's almost maxed out.

PETER

Oh.

Peter is surprised by the intensity of his disappointment. Alan looks up at him.

ALAN

I have more.