

The Red Tie Club” Script Preview #1

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(A man, Bill, approaches the entrance to a club. A sign reads "The Red Tie Club." There is a doorman in front of the door. As the man goes to enter, the doorman doesn't budge.)

Bill: Excuse me, I need to get in.

Doorman: I'm sorry, sir, but you can't come in. Members only.

Bill: How do you know I'm not a member?

Doorman: This is the Red Tie Club. You aren't wearing a red tie.

Bill: But I'm expected!

Doorman: Your name?

Bill: "Bill Blotz."

Doorman: *(Checking a list on a clipboard, he flips through the pages.)* Let's see, Blitz, Blottoman, Bluber... Sorry, no Blotz.

Bill: But, I'm supposed to meet some friends inside for a dinner engagement! *(He looks at his watch.)* I'm late already!

Doorman: I'm sorry sir, but you can't come in dressed like that, regardless of who your friends are.

Bill: What's wrong with the way I'm dressed?

Doorman: This is the Red Tie Club. You need to have a red tie to come in.

Bill: That's ridiculous.

Doorman: It's the rule. *(He points to the sign.)* "Nobody Gets In The Red Tie Club Without A Red Club Tie."

Bill: I don't have time for this, I'll miss my meeting. *(He pulls out some money and offers it to the doorman.)* Here, this ought to help you look the other way while I slip in.

Doorman: You can't buy your way in, sir. I work for the richest man in town. Bribes mean nothing to me.

Bill: Do you know who I am?

Doorman: You just said you were Bill Blotz. Have you forgotten who you are?

Bill: No! I mean, you don't know who you're dealing with. I'm friends with the mayor, and all of the city councilmen know my name. Now, let me in before I have to tell them that you disrespected their friend.

Doorman: The owner is richer than all of them, and is no respecter of persons. No amount of contacts can get you in without a red tie."Nobody Gets In The Red Tie Club Without A Red Club Tie."

Bill: Look, I can get a red tie later, but I need in right now. My friends are probably waiting at the table for me right now. Go ask them, they'll vouch for me.

Doorman: It won't do any good, sir. No-one inside has any influence on who gets in.

Bill: I don't believe this. I really need to meet with these men, my financial future could depend on getting this contract! Can't you give me a break, I'm a major contributor to all of the city's charities! I'll make a donation to one in the Club's name.

Doorman: That's very commendable, sir. But it doesn't get you in.

Bill: Look, I'm just as good as any of the people already in there. Better than some, even! It's not fair that you should let some in and keep others out.

Doorman: On the contrary, our rule is the only fair way to let anyone in. It makes all even, since they get in only by virtue of having the red tie.

Bill: *(Getting angry.)* Just get out of my way, Bluto. *(Tries to shove his way past.)* Report me once I'm in.

Doorman: *(Blocking him and preventing him from entering.)* Trying to force your way in is futile, sir. I'm much stronger than you.

Bill: Oh, yeah? Just try and stop me!

(He tries to shove the doorman aside but it's like hitting a boulder. He bounces off and falls backward.)

Doorman: Please don't do that, you'll only hurt yourself if you try to get past me. No-one has ever gotten past me, around me, or through me.

Bill: *(Rubbing his shoulder, as he gets up on his knees.)* No kidding, you're like running into a solid stone wall. What do I have to do to get in?

Doorman: "Nobody Gets In The Red Tie Club..."

Bill: *(Interrupting and finishing it for him.)* "...Without a Red Club Tie," yeah, I get it. You're real big on repeating that. Thanks for nothing, pal. *(He gets to his feet, brushing off his pants as he walks away a few steps. He grumbles to himself.)* You haven't seen the last of me, Mr. High and Mighty Doorman.

(Just then he spies several men walking up to the entrance wearing red ties. He snaps his fingers as he gets an idea. As they pass him, he falls in behind them and tries to blend in. The Doorman opens the door and lets them in with a friendly greeting.)

Doorman: Hello, sirs! Enjoy your visit.

(Bill ducks down on the side of the group farthest from the doorman and tries to slip in with them, unseen. But, the Doorman is too sharp and grabs him by the collar, stopping his progress. The others go on in, leaving him in the grip of the scowling doorman, standing on his tiptoes as he is held up.)

Doorman: Not you, sir. You can't get in on the coattails of others.

Bill: *(Grinning weakly, he shrugs.)* Well, you can't blame a guy for trying, can you?

(The Doorman, still holding his collar, escorts him back to the front of the entrance and lets him go.)

Doorman: It's been tried before, sir. And don't think of looking for a back door and sneaking in, this is the only way in.

Bill: *(Adjusting his collar, he speaks with sarcasm.)* Thanks for the tip. But you won't get one from me for it.

(Walking off again, he speaks to himself.) I need a red tie, but I don't know where I can get one real quick!

(Standing next to a garbage can, he gets an idea.) Wait a minute... if I can't find a red tie, I'll make one instead!

(Reaching into the trash can, he rummages around in the garbage a moment, then he pulls out a piece of dirty red cloth. He tears it into strips, then fashions a crude tie out of it and wraps it around his neck.)

Bill: This ought to get me in! Hope nobody smells me, though. This crummy piece of cloth is really rank.