

**RAKE**

\* REVISED SIDES  
1/18/13

RAKE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**MIKKI / MISSY**  
**SAME CHARACTER**

1 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We're inside a fairly nondescript apartment. Camera tracks along the floor and finds a man's shirt, shoes and socks, then a woman's shoes and pants. Over this we hear a man and a woman talking. The woman is apprehensive.

**START →**

MIKKI (O.C.)

Key, I don't know. I don't think I can do this.

**SC. 1**

KEEGAN (O.C.)

Come on. Do you love me or not?

And now the camera finds - an open toolbox?

MIKKI (O.C.)

But this is - I've never done this before.

KEEGAN (O.C.)

Honey, just get in there, get a good grip on it and pull.

And now we find the shapely bare legs of a young woman. The camera moves up and reveals MIKKI, 24, pretty with a beautiful, welcoming smile.

MIKKI

But what if I hurt you?

A man is flat on his back on the bed. He sits up a little to face her, and we're introduced to KEEGAN JOYE, 46, a man with no end of boyish good looks - and an equal amount, at the moment, of tooth pain.

KEEGAN

You? Hurt me? Not in a million years. Climb on and get busy.

She straddles him, then lifts a pliers into view.

MIKKI

Which one is it?

(CONTINUED)

**1/9**

MIKKI / MISSY  
1

KEEGAN

Molar - lower left - farthest one back. Mikki, I'm begging you. I'm in a cloud of blinding, throbbing pain, and only you can get me out.

MIKKI

You're sure you want this?

KEEGAN

Please!

She slowly leans forward, wincing, and moves the pliers into his mouth. They're not even inside when he lets out a yelp, forcing her back.

MIKKI

They weren't even in your mouth!

KEEGAN

I know! You're sitting on my keys.

She adjusts herself.

MIKKI

That's what you get for keeping your pants on!

KEEGAN

I'm sorry, I didn't feel like tearing my clothes off and getting it on with Vesuvius erupting in my lower jaw. Now get in there!

MIKKI

Oh, god.

She sticks the pliers into his mouth. They make contact with the tooth. His eyes go a little wide.

MIKKI (CONT'D)

Okay?

KEEGAN

(scared)

Uh-huh.

MIKKI

I'm gonna start pulling now.

KEEGAN

(a little more scared)

Uh-huh.

# MIKKI / MISSY

1 CONTINUED: (2)

She moves to pull - and he quickly yanks her hand and the pliers out of his mouth.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

You know what? All better. Weird. Maybe you knocked something back into place.

MIKKI

You're chickening out.

KEEGAN

Oh, totally. It's just - here you are - straddling me - looking so great. Why waste this on a dental emergency?

He pulls her close and kisses her with real passion.

MIKKI

You'd better get that looked at.

KEEGAN

Would you still adore me if I was toothless?

MIKKI

"Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit."

KEEGAN

That's either Frost, Auden or Wu Tang Clan.

MIKKI

So close. T.S. Eliot.

KEEGAN

Oh, yes - *The Waste Land*. He's always good for a laugh, old T.S., isn't he?

He pulls her close again. She responds with a serious kiss, as their hands start running over each other. This will be something to watch very soon - but then her phone buzzes.

KEEGAN (CONT'D)

You're kidding. No way that was an hour.

Mikki smiles, kisses his neck and pops up off the bed. She starts putting her pants back on.

(CONTINUED)

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RAKE

MIKKI / MISSY

1 CONTINUED: (3)

MIKKI

Sorry, Key. Time flies when you're rolling around with a bad tooth.

KEEGAN

Hold on. I'll pay for another hour.

MIKKI

Key, I've got another client.

Oh - she's not his girlfriend. She's a prostitute.

KEEGAN

Right now?

MIKKI

Ten minutes. I'll see you soon.  
You see a dentist, okay?

/ STDY

She exits into the bathroom to tidy up her hair and make-up. Keegan falls back on the bed, defeated.

2 EXT. MIKKI'S BUILDING - NIGHT

2

Keegan heads out of the building rubbing his aching jaw. As he walks away, he passed a well-dressed man heading for Mikki's building. Keegan has a sense that this is Mikki's next customer. He turns and watches the man head inside. His face goes dark - he considers confronting the man - but what would that achieve? He turns and walks away.

3 INT. WU'S CAFE - THE NEXT DAY

3

MR. AND MRS. WU, a Chinese couple in their fifties, are the proprietors of this small cafe in Echo Park. A wall-mounted television chatters away in Mandarin. Mr. Wu watches as he sets tables. Mrs. Wu checks her watch - there's a task she's almost forgotten. She picks up a broom and raps it against the ceiling repeatedly. Her husband sees this and his face registers annoyance.

4 INT. KEEGAN'S APARTMENT - AT THE SAME TIME

4

Keegan half sleeps in his small, very undistinguished studio apartment, still in considerable jaw pain. He snorts awake at the sound of the rapping from below.

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