

How to Cheat on Your Girlfriend and Get Away With It

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING *

GRANT (26), perpetually disheveled but mandorable, lies
 asleep in bed next to CHARLOTTE (25), a small town "super"
 model who only acknowledges the latter half. *

A mobile VIBES under Grant's pillow. He wakes, sits up,
 slides a well-decorated posterboard and flowers from under
 the bed. Looks over to make sure Charlotte is still asleep. *

Grant arranges the posterboard neatly in a chair. It reads
 "I Never Want to Live in LA. Hope Your Shoot Goes Well."
 Lays out flowers. Pulls a box of chocolate from under bed. *

Grant leans in to kiss Charlotte. Inches from her lips--

GRANT

Good mor--

Charlotte bursts awake, punches him in the face. She YELLS.
 He YELLS. Grant falls back onto his setup--CRUNCH.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry! I thought you were a
 rapist! *

GRANT

A rapist? *

Charlotte notices Grant's crumbled posterboard.

CHARLOTTE

Aww. Cute, but if this gig goes well
 and I find an agency, we're moving. *

INT. GRANT'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

The speedometer reads "50 MPH."

Grant's outstretched arms reveal SCABBED SCARS on his
 wrists. He makes quick glances over to

Charlotte, now decked in business attire, checks the time on
 her PHONE. She places it in the compartment connected to the
 passenger door and pulls out a makeup kit. *

She applies it in the sun visor mirror as Grant nods off,
 then quickly recovers. He reaches for the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

I can't focus when music is on.

Charlotte puckers her lips to apply lipstick. *

Grant lightly DRUMS on the steering wheel with fingertips.

Charlotte shoots Grant a glare; Grant stops drumming.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

So call me at eight to make sure that
I've made it safely, but don't call
me again until I call you. I'll want
sleep to avoid jet lag. This could be
my big break. Don't grump, 'kay?

*
*
*
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*

GRANT

I'm not grumpin'. *

CHARLOTTE

Your family's in LA! Don't you wanna
be closer to them? BTW, call your mom
and say I'm sorry I won't be able to
see her. And, God, don't forget to
pick me up on Sunday at seven. Today
is Friday, Grant.

*
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*
*

Grant nods. Charlotte pulls two pill bottles from her purse. *

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

In fact, get here at six.

GRANT

Will do.

Charlotte pops a pills. Takes one from the other. *

CHARLOTTE

I'm leaving your meds. Mouth. *

Grant, hands at two and ten on wheel, opens wide. *

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Tongue.

Grant opens wider, lifts his tongue. *

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Cheeks.

Grant moves his tongue from side to side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Fruit.

Grant tilts his head forward.

GRANT

Baaaaananna. Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiwi. Ap-ple.

CHARLOTTE

Good. Oh--It's the next exit. *

In one motion, Grant flips the turn signal, BURPS the pill
into his hand, then tosses it out the window. *

CHARLOTTE (cont'd) *

And, please, no C.J. this weekend. *

He's such a bad influence. *

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BALCONY - MORNING

C.J. (28), a cooler version of Will Smith in his prime, *

types a new text message to Grant that reads "How are you *

doing this morning, brother?" *

His phone vibes. TEXT reads "Dropped off C. Grab coffee?"

He flips to Recent Calls and DIALS.

The Most Obnoxiously Ratchet Rap RINGTONE goes off. Behind *

the sliding glass door a face-down NAKED CHICK stirs and *

reaches from under crumpled sheets. *

NAKED CHICK

Hello?

C.J.

Hey, how are you doing?

NAKED CHICK

Somewhat tired. Who is this? *

C.J.

It's C.J.

NAKED CHICK

Who?

C.J.

Great time last night, but I've got *

an early start today. I'm going to *

make a phone call, then head out. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAKED CHICK

Umm, sure.

C.J.

You're wondering why I'm calling from your balcony to tell you this--It's because before I leave, I'm going to entra adentro and give you the best morning sex of your life.

NAKED CHICK

Oh, really?

C.J.

So you should go brush your teeth.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - MORNING

Grant enters, holds the door for an OLD MAN WITH A CANE. He smiles, takes his time. THREE MORE PEOPLE enter in an awkward "I wanna stop this, but it would be rude" scenario.

C.J.

What's up?

GRANT

She made me drive to the airport. I hate highway driving. Nothing on the ground should move more than 35 MPH.

C.J.

It is a lot of responsibility. Can't believe Wilt Chamberlain.

GRANT

Stop calling her that.

C.J.

It's not my fault she's got those long ass man arms and is good on the rebound. You need to break up.

GRANT

If it gets any worse, I will.

C.J.

You won't. And that's the root of your problem: you're never honest!!

GRANT

Seriously, I will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.J.

"I will" is for blushing brides and guys without condoms. Phone?

Grant retrieves his Phone. It RINGS his modified Kanye West "All of the Lights" RINGTONE which says "Don't Answer. It's Mom! Don't answer, don't answer your phone!"

"MOM" pops on screen. He hits ignore, puts it in his pocket.

GRANT

Call lost. My service again.

C.J.

Get a new phone and a dress.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - IN LINE AT BAR - MORNING

Grant and C.J. stand behind GABBING TEENS, the Elderly Woman, and a BUSINESS WOMAN who keeps checking her watch.

GRANT

It's not that I'm afraid. I would break up with Charlotte if I found another girl who inspired me.

C.J.

Be honest. Is feeling miserable worth the writing that you don't do?

GRANT

We've been together since group therapy. She's seen me at my worst.

C.J.

No, I've seen you at your worse. The car accident, whining because Zelda dumped you, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" on repeat, attempting suicide. You were such a bitch--She was only there for the recovery.

GRANT

(laughing)

I didn't try to commit suicide. It was a car accident!

*
*

C.J.

Were you or were you not cutting yourself before the accident?

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

I mean...

*

C.J.

Just keeping ya honest. I'm glad you broke up with Zelda too. You know that when you need someone to be your everything, it fails--You ever hear back from grad schools?

*
*
*
*
*

GRANT

Missed the deadlines. Charlotte wants to move to L.A. anyway.

C.J.

Damn. Don't let her determine your future. Are you keepin' up with meds?

GRANT

Yea.

Grant and C.J. move forward in line. Grant slides his HANDS into his pockets.

C.J.

There's an alternative with the whole Charlotte situation. Remember, "women are like batteries--

GRANT

"...use more than one at a time and keep spares."

C.J.

"...use more than one at a time and keep spares."

The Business Woman scoffs in disgust.

GRANT

I'd never cheat on Charlotte. She's psycho. She used to do theater.

Grant and C.J. advance in line.

C.J.

Then don't let her find out. You're already a liar--

GRANT

I tell white lies; I'm not a liar.

C.J.

White lies are the worst kind. They're the type that lead to genocide and financial collapses for purely selfish gain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

What?

C.J.

I'm saying, embrace it. If you tell lies, just be honest with yourself.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

C.J. points at the round bum of the bent over BARISTA.

C.J.

There you go. Use my artist routine. Don't forget to read her nametag and say her name at least three times.

The barista, MYA (24) curly-haired, wide-eyed, lithe, and the most perfect gap-toothed smile turns.

MYA

Welcome to Third Street Cafe! How are you doing, sir?

GRANT

Whoa, thanks for that energy. I'm doing great now...Mya.

*
*

DING.

MYA

Aww, thanks. How can I help you?

*

GRANT

I'm sorry. Mya...mmm, I like how that sounds. So smooth.

*
*

DING.

Business Woman waiting on coffee rolls her eyes.

GRANT (cont'd)

Are you an artist, Mya?

DING. Mya blushes.

MYA

Me? No, I'm not an artist.

GRANT

Bummer. I'm really into artists and you've got that vibe. You don't treat making coffee like a craft?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA
(chuckling)
On the clock answer: yes. Off the
clock? Not so much.

GRANT
What do you love to do?

MYA
Well, I like to write, but--

GRANT
Bam! Artist. I knew it.

C.J. turns away to smile.

C.J.
(whispers)
And go--

GRANT
Oh, no, I'm holding you up.

Grant steps to the side and motions for the person next to
him to come forward.

GRANT (cont'd)
You should write your number on the
side of an iced latte for Grant

MYA
Oh? And Grant is--?

GRANT
Your date tonight.

EXT. THIRD STREET - MORNING

Grant and C.J. walk along a bustling downtown street.

*

GRANT
I can't believe your bullshit works.

C.J.
One: It's not bullshit. Two: See,
copyediting my eBook came in handy.

GRANT
This is real. So when do I call her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.J.
Her? Never. You're not ready.
Remember the seventh rule.

SUPER "Rule #7 Pick someone who just wants sex" *

GRANT
So what do I do to get ready?

C.J. takes Grant's cup. Tosses it in the nearest trash bin.

GRANT (cont'd)
I still had some left!

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

The walls are white. There's a mini-bar, clashing furniture,
and bar stools. This is a bachelor pad. *
*

Grant takes a bag of sugar from the cabinet.

GRANT
I'm glad you dumped that number.

C.J.
That was practice. You gotta meet a
girl, immediately hit, and get out
before she realizes you're boring.

GRANT
Why am I boring?

C.J.
Good question. Why are you boring?

C.J. takes a two liter bottle of soda from the fridge.

GRANT
The whole cheating thing, though.

C.J.
Charlotte's not coming back til
Sunday, right? That's a bitch and a
half away. You test this weekend and
decide by the time she gets back.
It'll be better for both of you.

GRANT
I mean, yeah. I guess it's not really
cheating if I might possibly end it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.J.
Exactly. Therapy isn't cheating.

Grant mixes two parts soda, one part sugar, and warm water.

C.J. (cont'd)
So you need to install my app. you'll
be the perfect pilot.

GRANT
I thought you used it with your
girlfriend?

C.J.
I did. I mean, the first other than
me. So tell me the rules.

GRANT
There's twenty. Are you serious?

Grant pulls a pregnancy test from a box in his back pocket.

C.J.
Like a missed period. Give me the
three most important.

GRANT
Never bring girls to your place.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - ROTOSCOPE

Grant opens the door and invites Mya in.

SUPER "Rule #3: Never bring the other girl to your place."

C.J. (V.O.)
Right. In fact, it's best if you
don't let her know where you live.

Grant and Mya make out on the couch.

Mya straddles Grant, kisses his neck, and reaches behind the
couch cushion. She pulls out a pair of panties.

C.J. (V.O.) (cont'd)
You can't have women share the same
space. They're territorial.

Mya becomes enraged and SLAPS THE SHIT out of Grant
Literally, a SHIT PUDDLE forms on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

C.J.

Next one?

Grant scrawls out on a sheet of paper--

INSERT ON PAPER: "We need to talk"

GRANT

Umm, don't get too attached?

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ROTOSCOPE

Full moon. Grant and Mya embrace. He kisses her.

SUPER "Rule #2: Don't get too attached."

Mya walks away. Grant runs to and kisses her again.

C.J. (V.O.)

Yep. She'll get bored, push you away.

Mya breaks from the kiss, shoves Grant to the ground. A heart forms on Grant's sleeve, then wilts.

COMIC BUBBLE above Grant "Were I the moor!"

C.J. (V.O.) (cont'd)

Or you'll get careless, and being careless means you get caught.

Mya helps Grant up, kisses him. His heart heals.

Charlotte lunges from the shadows with a CHAINSAW. Chases.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

GRANT

Forgot how ridiculous the rules are.

Grant sticks the pregnancy test into the solution.

C.J.

Trust me. You'll need them. What's the number one rule?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
Always wear a condom?

C.J.
The obvious things aren't rules.

Grant pulls out and shakes the pregnancy test.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Grant and C.J. walk to apartment #408.

GRANT
Pick girls with low self-esteem who
seek male attention?

C.J.
That's like saying go to a beach with
an ocean and sand.

C.J. grabs his phone and swipes around.

GRANT
Don't give her access to your phone,
computer, or account information?

C.J.
Very important, but that's rule nine.
Number one is...

SUPER "Rule #1: Keep it temporary or someone will get hurt."

GRANT
Temporary or someone will get hurt.

C.J.
All you want is to give them the
night of fun that you both came out
for--Is it ready yet?

GRANT
Not yet.

Grant tapes the LETTER over the door's peephole.

C.J.
There. Just sent you a link to my
app. I promise, Grant, if you follow
these rules, things will be great.

Grant pulls out his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Thanks, but--

C.J.

Oh, and a bonus one since Charlotte
is such a social butterfly--

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT - ROTOSCOPED

Grant and Mya stand close on stage. The lyrics to Sonny and Cher's "I Got You Babe" appear in COMIC BOOK BUBBLES. They smile toward a teleprompter, then into each others eyes.

SUPER "Rule #17"

C.J. (V.O.)

Don't go to places your girlfriend or
her friends might go--so many guys
end up get caught in those traps.

The BARMAID presses a button under the bar.

A net falls down onto Grant and Mya.

Prada-wearing women carrying pitchforks approach the stage.

Group sets fire to the stage; Grant and Mya try to escape.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

C.J.

Ready?

Grant passes the pregnancy test to C.J.

GRANT

Yea, this douche is gonna regret not
holding open the elevator for us.

Grant and C.J. lightly KNOCK on the door and walk away.

C.J.

Cool, I have to head to work.

GRANT

Yeah, me too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.J.

I know it might be a little weird,
but you should practice at least once
today. Tonight, we're going out.

EXT. THIRD STREET CAFE - EVENING

Mya exits the cafe, phone to ear.

MYA

I know, dad. She's in Costa Rica.
(beat) "Treated like she was rescued
from an animal shelter." (beat) You
tried so hard.(beat) You're not an
inconvenience. (beat) I know it's
only temporary.

Her phone BEEPS. She checks her phone: VICKI is calling.

MYA (cont'd)

I have to take this. See you soon!

She presses answer.

VICKI (O.S.)

Are you still coming to the gym?

INT. FITNESS CENTER - ELLIPTICAL - EVENING

With a towel over her shoulder, in the smallest, tightest
workout capris and sports bra, VICKI (29), tall and curvy,
struts next to Mya who is now also in gym clothes.

MYA

I'm not locking myself up tonight.

VICKI

Good, then you can come to the lounge
with me. You should perform--where is
that trainer?

MYA

Nope. Going on a date.

VICKI

Your dad taking you to Coldstone does
not count as a date.

MYA

Whateva, hater. I'm going with a guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An attractive BALD TRAINER approaches.

BALD TRAINER
Excuse me, ladies. Vicki?

VICKI
Are you the trainer?

BALD TRAINER
We took a weeklong trip to a mountain cabin, went skiing. There was a bookmaking workshop, and we made an accordion book out of the pictures we took of bluebirds. And on the last night there, your aunt died, so you had to fly out of town right after.

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VICKI
Sorry, boo. No idea who you are.

BALD TRAINER
Oh. I guess I'm just your trainer then. Cardio's over. Let's start.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - BASKETBALL COURT - EVENING

Mya and Vicki jump rope. Bald Trainer paces behind them.

BALD TRAINER
Speed it up. Give me double unders.

The girls speed up, skipping the jump rope twice under their feet with each jump.

MYA
The date is with a guy who came in.

VICKI
And he hasn't texted yet?

MYA
Not yet.

*

Bald Trainer looks increasingly skeptical as they successfully complete the double unders with ease.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - WEIGHT ROOM - EVENING

Aerobic stands in front of them, Bald Trainer behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

Watch out. If you hear from him
around 11 o'clock asking if you want
a drink, you might be the jump off.

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*
*

BALD TRAINER

Three more reps of box jumps, ladies!

They continue their jumps without breaking conversation.

VICKI

All I'm saying is, you're vulnerable.
Make sure that if there's a conquest
going down tonight, it's yours.

MYA

I'm unsubscribing from your
negativity.

VICKI

Don't. Men are not to be trusted. Sap
the energy out of 'em, toss 'em away.

Bald Trainer is visibly frustrated.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - FITNESS MATT - EVENING

The ladies stand in front of a wall.

BALD TRAINER

Step it up! This'll work your core,
but it's not easy. Three sets of
three Handstand Push-Ups!

VICKI

Don't get too attached to the idea of
any man.

Vicki and Mya both launch into handstands against the wall.

MYA

What about that one guy who you kept
seeing even though you found out he
was engaged?

VICKI

That was NSA. When I found out he
lied, I never let that go and used it
against him. That's the rule: never
let opportunities go.

SUPER: "Rule #6: Never expect a woman to let it go"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA

I'm not doing that. That's what drove my mom and dad apart.

VICKI

First mistake: they were married. Second: they had kids. No offense. How is your dad?

MYA

Still moping on my couch, searching for an apartment.

*
*

VICKI

For obvious reasons. Your mom was kind've a bitch to him, but maybe your dad wasn't putting it down--

MYA

Vicki!

INT. FITNESS CENTER - YOGA ROOM - EVENING

Giant rubber balls lie in front of Mya and Vicki.

The Bald Trainer is increasingly angry.

BALD TRAINER

Give me ten single-legged press-ups with a jackknife rotation!

The girls effortlessly continue their workout.

VICKI

You just need to have some fun. You've been a serial monogamist for so long. You've let guys use you. Have the upper hand this time.

MYA

And how does that happen?

VICKI

Keep it temporary. Get what you want, then never think about him again--

BALD TRAINER

I'm right here!!

Vicki falls to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

Oww, my leg.

Bald Trainer rushes over.

BALD TRAINER

Are you okay?

VICKI

(in damsel voice)

It hurts here.

Vicki points to a non-specific part of her leg.

BALD TRAINER

I'm sorry. I let--

VICKI

(to Mya, normally)

And get them to apologize for things.

EXT. FITNESS CENTER - PARKING LOT - EVENING

Mya and Vicki walk to Vicki's car.

VICKI

He still hasn't called yet. Come on a girls' night with me!

MYA

We'll see, we'll see.

EXT. SOUL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Grant paces anxiously.

He checks the time on his phone.

Swipes over to the dialer.

Barely any service. He DIALS "Charlotte."

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

Hi, Dominos Pizza--

GRANT

Oh, sorry, Tiffany. My phone is dialing out to you guys again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

No problem, Grant. You really should
think about getting another plan.

*
*

GRANT

I'll think about it.

Grant DIALS "Charlotte," it RINGS, then goes to voicemail.

He hangs up and begins to walk away as C.J. approaches with
Mei-Zhēn (30s, but looks early 20s).

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*

C.J.

Grant meet Mei-Zhēn. Mei-Zhēn meet
Grant Grant, I met the lovely Mei-
Zhēn on my way from the parking lot.

DING. DING. DING.

C.J. (cont'd)

Mei-Zhēn means rare beauty. Don't you
agree?

Mei-Zhēn blushes.

MEI-ZHĒN

You're too kind.

C.J.

We're going inside to get a booth.
Come and join us when you're ready.

The two head toward the door.

C.J. Turns, shakes his head, "no" and mouths "DO NOT."

INT. SOUL LOUNGE - BAR - NIGHT

Grant sits, nurses a screwdriver on nearly melted rocks.

There are two empty bar stools on either side of him between
two pairs of beautiful girls.

The lounge area behind him has mostly filled booths. One of
which, occupied by an intimately close C.J. and Mei-Zhēn.

Tables near the stage are filled. A few people stand.

The crowd is fairly mixed: ages range from 20s-60s,
different races, some fresh from work, some dressed like
it's a night club, and others in t-shirts and jeans.

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA (O.S.)

I am a woman who is comfortable in
 her skin / who wears many jackets /
 Who may wake up and walk out or gloss
 lips / Who knows I am wordlessly
 beautiful and deep.

*
*
*
*
*

Grant downs the rest of his glass.

GRANT

(mumbles)

Oh really?

MYA (O.S.)

A woman who is told to be quiet / yet
 speaks and convinces / There is a
 woman who can do anything / and I am
 she. Crispy / like curiosity: bitter,
 then savory, then sweet.

The crowd snaps their fingers, some applaud, others cheer.

Grant turns on the stool to see Mya stepping from the stage.

POETRY HOST

Yes! She likes to switch it up
 between reading her own amazing work
 and the work of other poets. I'm glad
 we got some of her own tonight. Can
 y'all show some more love for Mya J!

*
*
*
*
*

Crowd applauds.

INT. SOUL LOUNGE - NEAR STAGE - NIGHT

Vicki hugs a smiling Mya.

VICKI

You killed it! I'm so glad you came.

*

MYA

Thanks. Girls' night was a good idea.

VICKI

Now that you've gone up, I'm gonna
 get us drinks.

INT. SOUL LOUNGE - BAR - NIGHT

Vicki walks up to the bar, next to Grant

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
Hi, excuse me.

VICKI
(full charm)
Hi, what's your name?

GRANT
Grant

VICKI
Mmmm. Grant I'm Vicki.

DING. DING. DING.

VICKI (cont'd)
I was just about to order a drink for
my girlfriend and I.

GRANT
What do you and your girlfriend like?

VICKI
Well, we have different tastes.

GRANT
Do you?

VICKI
I'm a gin and whiskey girl. She
likes...

Vicki leans closer to Grant's glass.

VICKI (cont'd)
What were you drinking?

GRANT
A screwdriver.

VICKI
Yea, she's a fan of those.

GRANT
Was that your friend who just
performed?

VICKI
She was great, right?

GRANT
Yea, I really enjoyed her--her
performance--her poem, but--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

Her name's Mya. She's cute, right?

The BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

What can I get for you?

VICKI

A gin and tonic for me and

GRANT

Two screwdrivers. Add it to my card.
Last name Tatum.

SUPER "Rule #7: Always pay cash"

SUPER "Why?", "Rule #8: Never leave a paper trail"

VICKI

Why don't you bring them over to us
when they're ready?

GRANT

Will do.

INT. SOUL LOUNGE - BOOTH - NIGHT

Vicki sits next to Mya.

MYA

Where are the drinks?

VICKI

They're coming. Okay, so forget that
lame ass dude who didn't call you.

MYA

Already have.

VICKI

I've found you the perfect one night
stand. He's cute and sufficiently
desperate, but not in a creepy way.

MYA

This is supposed to be appealing?

VICKI

Yes! Because you won't be in danger
of getting attached. Think. Why do
you stay in monogamous relationships?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA

Because of what we all want:
security.

VICKI

Wrong. We're millennials. None of us are gonna know what we want until we're 40. Relationships for us are like college. Sure you can keep going, but a piece of paper doesn't fix shitty job prospects. It's a little safer in the short term, but you don't get the real world experience that makes you the best fit for the market. And face it, either way, you're going to get screwed, so why not mix it up and have fun?

MYA

So you're suggesting I drop out of grad school?

VICKI

I'm suggesting you have a few drinks with this guy, go back to his place, and get some real world experience.

MYA

Okay, say I do want to do that. What am I even supposed to do?

VICKI

Step one: be a woman. Step two:

Vicki tugs at Mya's top exposing a bit more cleavage.

INT. SOUL LOUNGE - BAR - NIGHT

Grant swipes through C.J.'s app on his phone.

He reads "Rule #12:"

GRANT

Hmm... anticipate questions.

The Bartender brings him the drinks.

BARTENDER

Here you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
Hey, man, quick question.

BARTENDER
Shoot.

GRANT
Any advice on leaving here with a
girl tonight?

Bartender scratches his chin. Looks Grant up and down.

He pours grant a shot of Red Bull.

INT. SOUL LOUNGE - BOOTH - NIGHT

Grant sits next to Mya and Vicki.

MYA
You?

GRANT
Me.

VICKI
You know each other?

GRANT
We met earlier.

MYA
The lame ass who didn't call.

GRANT
A.k.a. Grant.

*

Grant takes a sip. Vicki takes her glass and downs it in one large swig. She stands.

VICKI
Going to the restroom. Play nice!

Mya shoots her a glare as she scoots away.

GRANT
So I have a pet name? You're moving
fast.

MYA
Funny, so--

SUPER "Rule #12: Anticipate questions"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
You're wondering why I didn't call.

SUPER "Rule #15: Have a ready scapegoat"

GRANT (cont'd)
The truth is, the ink you wrote with must've still been wet when you gave me the cup and it smudged away the last two digits of your number. I planned on going back tomorrow, but kismet has brought us here tonight.

MYA
Kismet?

GRANT
It means destiny or fate.

MYA
I know what it means, but it's something halflings or dragonslayers say in fantasy novels.

GRANT
Well, here be dragons.

Grant raises his glass. Mya raises hers. She searches in Grant's eyes for the truth.

MYA
Salud.

GRANT
Salud.

They clink glasses, then drink.

INT. SOUL LOUNGE - BAR - NIGHT

Grant and Mya lower another set of glasses at the bar.

BARTENDER
Last call for alcohol!

MYA
Mr. Roc-a-fella!

GRANT
What?? So get yo ass up--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA
Off the wall!

GRANT
Off the wall!

MYA
Wow, you're seriously the only person
who's ever finished that line when
I've said it in a bar!

GRANT
I love Kanye!

MYA
Let's get outta here!

EXT. SOUL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Grants sees C.J. in the parking lot, Mei-Zhēn in tow.

MYA
Knowing Vicki, she made off, but I
want the night to go on!

GRANT
Hmm...I know how, let's drive to--

INT. GRANT'S CAR - IN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Grant and Mya makeout in the backseat. Their hands explore
the other's body.

Grant pulls a condom from his pocket, unbuttons Mya's jeans.

MYA
We're doing this.

A BOUNCER knocks on the window.

BOUNCER
Come on. We're closing. Take that
shit home!

MYA
Let's go to your place.

SUPER "Rule #3 Never bring the other girl to your place"

GRANT
We can't go to my place tonight.

MYA
Why not? We can't go to mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT *
We just can't. *

MYA *
FUCK! *

BOUNCER (O.S.) *
NO! *

GRANT *
I know where we can go... *

EXT. BACK ROAD OUT OF TOWN - NIGHT

Grant and Mya cruise along in Grant's car.

MYA
Where exactly are we headed?

GRANT
Surprise.

EXT. BRIDGE OUT OF TOWN - NIGHT

Grant's car is parked on the shoulder of the road. The two *
walk to a small bridge blocked off by safety signs. Grant *
carries a blanket. *

MYA
You know, there's a bypass that
would've gotten us here much faster.

GRANT
I like the scenic route.

MYA *
It's dark and this bridge is closed *
off. You want to hook up here? Isn't *
this the bridge they say the mob pays *
to keep closed to dump bodies? *

GRANT *
Would that lower the chances of us *
hooking up? *

MYA
Yes.

Grant puts his arm around her. She flinches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Then, no. I come here to think because it's the last piece of town that's always been the same.

MYA

Are you from here?

GRANT

Yea, are you? Where'd you go to high school?

MYA

Union High. *

GRANT

Central High. Why don't I know you? *

MYA

I only moved here my junior year. I would visit the summers before, tho. My grandparents are from here.

They approach a service ladder leading down to the river bank. Grant motions Mya. She looks at the rusted metal ladder and shakes her head. Grant descends. *

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT *

Grant sits on the blanket, rubs the space beside him. *

MYA

The mood is so dead. *

GRANT

Yea, we're gonna have to build back up to it. *

He grabs a few rocks, passes Mya one. *

GRANT (cont'd)

Just toss one in and say what's been bothering you lately.

MYA

Seriously? There's nothing sexy about that. *

GRANT

It's calming. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA
This isn't supposed to be therapy.
It's supposed to be about letting go.

*
*
*

GRANT
Aren't they the same thing?

*
*

Mya tosses in a rock.

*

MYA
Fine. It bothers me how I treat
relationships like they're college.

*
*

GRANT
Wow, I have no idea what that means.

MYA
You know, when you keep getting into
supposed safe places because you're
afraid of harsh realities.

*
*
*

A PLANE flies over, Grant looks up. Mya tosses another rock.

GRANT
That's perspective. Isn't it more
about educating yourself in
preparation for the real thing?

MYA
What do you learn from staying in a
long distance relationship with
someone for four years only to find
out he's married with a kid?

GRANT
Don't date liars.

Grant tosses in a rock.

MYA
Perfecto.

GRANT
My girlfriend--ex-girlfriend, we were
only honest when we were angry.

SUPER "Rule #10: Never talk about your girlfriend or exes"

*

MYA
Yeah? Tell me about her.

GRANT
I'd rather not think about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grant puts his hands into his pockets. Mya takes note.

GRANT (cont'd)
We got together in a tough time. A rebound thing for both of us. There was an accident--

MYA
Accident?

GRANT
Car. Incapacitated for a while. Did physical therapy, totally fine now. But I learned that when you need someone to be your everything, it fails.

MYA
Oh.

GRANT
Last time I saw her, she made me drive on the highway, even though she knows I avoid it.

MYA
When'd you two break up?

Grant skips a rock on the water. SKIP SKIP SKIP PLUNK.

GRANT
Oh, a few days--weeks ago. I don't like to talk about it.

MYA
Do you still have feelings for her?

Grant tosses his last rock. SKIP SKIP PLUNK.

GRANT
No, but I don't--

Mya leans in and pecks Grant on the lips.

MYA
If you didn't want to talk about it, you wouldn't.

Grant stares into Mya's eyes, powerless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA (cont'd)

Everyone's a bit damaged, but we should talk about it, explore ways to get better--with others. We shouldn't bottle it up. Live lies.

GRANT

Truth.

INT. GRANT'S CAR - NIGHT

Grant and Mya ride silently.

MYA

Let's be completely honest.

GRANT

Of course.

SUPER "Rule #20: Never make promises"

MYA

You still want to sleep with me. *

Grant swerves.

GRANT

I feel like there's no right answer.

MYA

Then just answer. What are your intentions?

GRANT

I intend to suggest walking you to your door, kissing you again, checking out your place, getting comfortable, and yes, the sex.

MYA

Well, I can curb your nervousness. Sex is an option. I'm not not interested in sleeping with you.

GRANT

That's good.

MYA

We have to go to your place, though. *

SUPER "Rule #3: Never bring the other girl to your place"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
That's not possible.

MYA
Then neither is the sex. We can either go to your place and make that happen or you can take me back to my place and we can be more PG-13.

GRANT
I'm confused. How could the location possibly affect this?

INT. MYA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sliver of light from Mya's open door shines onto the couch covered by a sleeping body. Mya puts a finger up to her lips.

MYA
(whispers)
So this is my dad.

GRANT
Oh.

EXT. MYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two sit on the stoop.

MYA
See, I warned you.

GRANT
That you did.

MYA
And now that I'm home...

GRANT
Yeah, I blew it. Or, maybe it just gives me another excuse to see you.

An airplane flies above.

MYA
That is, if you actually call.

GRANT
The numbers smudged!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA

You're lucky you're cute.

GRANT

Alright, my friend threw the cup away
and said that I shouldn't call you
because I seemed too eager.

Mya inches toward Grant. He moves closer; she pulls back. *

MYA

You are, but--

Grant goes for the kiss. Magic. *

GRANT

Sometimes eager is good.

Grant pulls his phone from his pocket.

MYA

We'll see, we'll see.

SUPER "Rule #2: Don't get too attached"

INT. HULTON HOTEL - BALLROOM - MORNING

The room is filled with stands, umbrellas and lighting kits.
Assistants zoom around the room applying make-up and
attending the rows of photographers snapping models.

Flashes splash across Charlotte's face as she poses in her
Southern Belle costume in front of a neon backdrop.

The Photographer, NEIL (40s), snaps away.

NEIL

Great job, Charlotte. Could I have a
bit more "coy?"

Charlotte responds.

NEIL (cont'd)

Brilliant. Let's take a breather and
return in ten.

CHARLOTTE

Alright.

Charlotte smiles.

INT. HULTON HOTEL - RESTROOM - MORNING

Charlotte exits the restroom. Neil is waiting.

CHARLOTTE

I'm so sorry if I'm late. Adjusting this dress was a nightmare and--

NEIL

Nothing like that, love. I only wanted to tell you how stunning you are. Who's your handler?

CHARLOTTE

Like management? I do my own booking.

NEIL

Shame. If you were here, I could secure you loads of gigs.

*
*

Neil leans in.

CHARLOTTE

I'd love to move to L.A., but my boyfriend, he's not--

NEIL

The right kind of boyfriend.

Neil wraps his arm around Charlotte and shepherds her away.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Grant is pumped up and dances around to something upbeat, indie, and cute that a contemporary Milkmaid might dance to like Zero 7's "Swing" (2009).

MONTAGE: GRANT BOXES CHARLOTTE'S BELONGINGS

-Rips all of her hangers and clothes from the closet

-Clears tampons from under the bathroom cabinet

-Clears all of the health food from kitchen cabinets

-Dances a weird jig with an invisible partner.

-Takes out a coptic bound notebook and begins to write.

END MONTAGE

INT. HULTON HOTEL - HALLWAY - MORNING

Neil and Charlotte approach room 221. *

She nervously opens the door, but hesitates. *

NEIL *

I'll ask again. What are you more
interested in: the boyfriend or a
career? *

She smiles and pulls Neil inside. Closes the door. *

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Grant picks his phone up from the coffee table and DIALS
"Charlotte." It RINGS. RINGS. RINGS. Then goes to voicemail.

CHARLOTTE

You have reached Charlotte Lowell.
Please leave a message.

BEEP.

GRANT

Charlotte. This is the sixth time
I've tried to call you. I don't know
why you're not answering. I don't
think we're right for each other
anymore. I know it's screwed up to do
this via voicemail, but it'll be
better in the long run. We can talk
about it on Sunday. Good luck with
your photo shoot. I have a good
feeling about this time.

VOICEMAIL VOICE

To accept this message and send it,
please press one. To delete it and
try again, please press two.

Grant PRESSES TWO.

GRANT

Charlotte. This is the sixth--

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP. Grant SWITCHES calls.

He pulls out his laptop searches Charlotte's Instagram for
recent activity. Nada. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT (cont'd)

Hello?

INT. MEI-ZHĒN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

C.J. sits up on the side of the bed.

C.J.

So how'd you enjoy last night?

INTERCUT - MEI-ZHĒN'S APARTMENT / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT

It was amazing--

C.J.

In bed. I knew you'd like it.

GRANT

It just didn't feel right at first.

C.J.

Well, welcome to the Playa's club.

Grant loads Charlotte's Facebook. Nothing recent. *

GRANT

No thanks. I was working on leaving Charlotte a breakup voicemail.

C.J.

Why does it even matter?

GRANT

I don't want that on my conscious. I'd rather no one get hurt.

C.J.

The girls emotionally or you physically?

GRANT

That's not the point. Sunday, I'm breaking up with Charlotte. I'm Mr. Honest from here on out.

Mei-Zhēn lifts his legs onto the bed, under the covers.

C.J.

What inspired you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
Who, sir. Ms. Mya Jimenez.

C.J.
The kinda inspiration with orgasms?

GRANT
Twice.

C.J.
Nice. You seeing her tonight?

GRANT
We're gonna do something after she gets off. Does the new club your DJ friend started open tonight?

Mei-Zhēn's head goes under the covers.

C.J.
Yeah. Does, uh, carry any potentials?

GRANT
Potentials? Girls? I'll ask her--

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP. Incoming CALL from Mya.

GRANT (cont'd)
--she's calling. Hold on.

Grant SWITCHES to Mya.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

Room is mostly empty, save a few NEWSPAPER READERS.

MYA
Hi!

INTERCUT THIRD STREET CAFE / GRANT'S APARTMENT / MEI-ZHĒN'S

GRANT
Hey. Thought you had work.

MYA
It's slow, so I figured I'd ask if you want to try again tonight.

Grant loads his e-mail. Starts new message to Charlotte.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

A new club's opening and my friend that you met, C.J., can get us in.

MYA

Awesome, where is it?

GRANT

He's on the other line. Hold on.

Grant SWITCHES over to C.J.

GRANT (cont'd)

Hey, where's this club and--

Grant types, "So, I've been trying to reach you all day..." *

C.J.

Club Ecstatic, the river end of Front St. Remember to ask about potentials.

GRANT

I did, hold on one sec.

C.J.

No you didn't. I can--

Grant SWITCHES to Mya.

GRANT

Okay, back. It's Club Ecstatic--

MYA

At the river end of Front St.

GRANT

Oh, okay. *

Grant types. *

MYA

What are potentials?

GRANT

What?

MYA

I think you were linking the calls.

GRANT

So you could hear him? Hold on.

Grant SWITCHES to C.J.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT (cont'd)
Hey, can--

C.J. (V.O.)
That's what I was trying to tell you,
man. I could hear you guys. I told
you that you needed to drop that
cheap ass phone plan.

GRANT
It's unlimited everything!

Grant SWITCHES to Mya.

GRANT (cont'd)
Hello?

MYA
So you've got a cheap cell phone
plan? Oh wait--customer. See ya.

Grant SWITCHES to C.J.

GRANT
That could've gone horribly wrong.

Grant continues e-mail, which has become a breakup message. *

C.J.
Yeah.

GRANT
Her friend Vicki is cute, by the way.
Wait, what happened with Mei-Zhēn?

C.J. moans.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - AIRLINE COUNTER - MORNING

Charlotte and Neil approach.

NEIL
Come back with your portfolio, more
clothes, and I have a place for you.

CHARLOTTE
That would be amazing. Thank you!

NEIL
When I believe in talent, I support.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlotte passes an itinerary to a BORED AIRLINE ATTENDANT at the counter.

BORED AIRLINE ATTENDANT
How can I help you, ma'am?

CHARLOTTE
I have a flight for tomorrow, but because--it doesn't matter. Is there be some way I can fly standby and get home tonight?

BORED AIRLINE ATTENDANT
Let me see what I can do.

*

EXT. CLUB ECSTATIC - NIGHT

A line of women and men all dressed in varying dark colors of nightclub attire stretches in front of the entrance.

Grant, in a bright Polo and boat shoes, walks up to C.J. at the front of the line.

C.J.
Come on, man. I said dress up.

Grant stands as if he's surprised and points to himself.

C.J. (cont'd)
Now I see why you tried to kill yourself.

GRANT
I didn't try to kill myself!

C.J.
How'd that breakup voicemail go?

GRANT
I gave up after you called. I'll break the news to Charlotte when I pick her up. She'll be happy from the photo shoot, so I'm good.

C.J.
She might've met some successful old dude. May be screwing him right now.

INT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Charlotte, exhaustion spewing, drags her broken-wheeled suitcase. It scrapes anytime it rubs across the ground.

A BUSINESS MAN walks ahead of her; He looks back, chuckles.

CHARLOTTE

Screw you!

Charlotte passes through the crowd, singles out a GIRL PLAYING ANGRY BIRDS.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Excuse me. Could borrow your phone?
I've had to fly across the country
twice in 36 hours and my boyfriend
was supposed to pick me up, but--

The Girl Playing Angry Birds nods and hands Charlotte the phone. She continues staring where the phone used to be.

EXT. CLUB ECSTATIC - NIGHT

Grant and C.J. stand next to the static line of people.

GRANT

Yes, she's coming. She had to go home
after work, meet up with her friend.

C.J.

So you put it down?

GRANT

Of course, I--

Phone RINGS with the opening chant of Kanye West's "Power."

Grant takes a look at his phone, the screen reads "UNKNOWN."
Grant presses "IGNORE."

C.J.

Do you ever answer your phone?

GRANT

Not for blocked numbers. If they're
hiding something, it's bad news.

C.J.

Well, if you paid your bills...

INT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Charlotte returns the phone to Girl Playing Angry Birds.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

The Girl nods and immediately returns to playing her game.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

If he ignored my call, I'm going to
kill him.

The pigs from the game LAUGH.

EXT. CLUB ECSTATIC - NIGHT

GRANT

Here they are.

As Mya and Vicki approach, C.J. analyzes Vicki:

SUPER next to Vicki's high-heeled boots, "Doesn't plan to
dance much"

SUPER next to her bare legs, "Works out 3x a week"

SUPER next to mini-skirt "Wants me to know she works out"

SUPER next to stylish belt "Accentuates waist"

SUPER next to small hanging purse, "Carrying birth control"

SUPER next to Vicki's fitted, button-up blouse with the top
two buttons undone, "Getting laid tonight"

C.J. smiles.

MYA

Hi, guys. How's it going?

Grant hugs Vicki, hugs Mya then kisses her cheek.

MYA (cont'd)

Vicki, this is C.J. You know Grant

C.J. lingers on a handshake and looks into her eyes.

C.J.

You are fucking adorable, and we're
going to enjoy tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

I know what you want. I'm willing to give it to you, but will you earn it?

C.J. is taken aback, but intrigued.

INT. CLUB ECSTATIC - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

C.J. and Vicki happily dance to the PUMPING TUNES.

Grant and Mya dance, but Grant looks out of place (in addition to his clothes) and sticks to the same two step.

GRANT

Do you want a drink?!

MYA

What?!

Grant does the blowjob motion with his mouth open.

GRANT

A drink?!

Mya stops dancing and stares at Grant

Grant closes his mouth and corrects the motion.

MYA

(nodding)

A drink! Oh! Sure!

INT. CLUB ECSTATIC - BAR - NIGHT

Grant squeezes his way through. Pops his card over the bar and The Bartender (same as the Poetry Lounge) comes over.

GRANT

You look familiar.

BARTENDER

Thanks. What can I get for you?

GRANT

Two screwdrivers.

BARTENDER

No problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grant takes a look around and notices Three of Charlotte's Haute Couture Girlfriends (DIANA, NICOLE, and KELLY) at the end of the bar. They point.

GRANT

Oh no.

SUPER "Rule #17: Don't go to places that your girlfriend or her friends might go."

Diana motions for Grant to come over. He pretends to look past them. He bobs his head to the beat and looks away.

The song changes. C.J. approaches Grant

C.J.

Man, why're you over here? There's a hipster dancing with your lady.

GRANT

I need interference. Three of Charlotte's friends are at the end of the bar, and they've seen me.

The girls start to make their way toward the two.

C.J.

Rule seventeen, homey. That them heading this way?

GRANT

Yeah. What do I do?

The girls get closer

C.J.

Do they know me?

GRANT

What?

C.J.

Have I met them before?

GRANT

Umm...

SUPER "Rule #16 Train your memory"

GRANT (cont'd)

No, I don't think so.

The girls begin to close in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.J.
Kiss me.

GRANT
What? Why? No.

C.J.
I'm telling you, just do it.

The girls are two arms lengths away from Grant's back.

C.J. (cont'd)
She's about to tap your shoulder.

Diana extends her arms.

Grant leans in and kisses C.J. on the lips.

Diana's hand freezes mid-air.

C.J. wraps his hand behind Grant's head and holds on to a tuft of his hair.

The girls are shocked. The Bartender drops off the drinks.

Grant breaks away from the kiss.

C.J. (cont'd)
(whispering)
Head to Mya. Don't turn around.

GRANT
Thanks.

C.J.
Don't be gay.

Grant goes back to the dance floor without turning around.

C.J. (cont'd)
Get yo fine ass outta here before I
have to put a nut in the brownie and
call it a day, boy!

C.J. grabs a screwdriver, drinks from the straw in the
GAYEST WAY IMAGINABLE. He flashes the girls a sassy look.

INT. CLUB ECSTATIC - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Grant returns to see Mya dancing with Vicki and a HIPSTER.

Grant grabs Mya by the waist and says into her ear--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
Let's go for a walk.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Charlotte fixes her hair and makeup in the backseat as the
INDIFFERENT CABBIE drives.

CHARLOTTE
I need someone I can rely on, you
know? If he doesn't get his act
together, he's going to lose his
chance at being with me.

The Indifferent Cabbie turns on the radio.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
I can't focus when the music is on.

He turns it off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Grant and Mya walk along the sidewalk.

GRANT
Clubs aren't really my scene. I don't
know why I suggested it.

MYA
It's okay. They're not really mine. A
good way to loosen up, though.

GRANT
I'm sure C.J. and Vicki will enjoy
themselves tonight.

MYA
Are you insinuating that my friend/
confidant/comrade is going to hook up
with a guy she just met?

GRANT
No, it's not that. I--

MYA
She probably will.

Grant and Mya share a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA (cont'd)

The fresh air is good, but it's a little chilly. It'd be nice to go somewhere cozy.

Grant wraps his arms around Mya.

GRANT

You smell good.

MYA

Haha, thanks. Hashtag honey cucumber melon for life!

GRANT

I know where we can go.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bed is made up. A SKIRT lands on it, followed by a BLOUSE, then a BRA.

Charlotte, next to the bed, slips into a comfy Grant Shirt. Her midriff and underboob briefly exposed as it slides down. *

She walks to the closet, opens it. It's half-empty. In place of her clothes: boxes. She pulls back the top box's flap to see a pile of her clothes inside. *

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Grant and Mya laugh as they approach on the sidewalk.

MYA

You're saying you intend to watch a movie with me?

Grant crosses his heart.

GRANT

I can't make you do anything you don't want to do.

MYA

With girls, it's not about doing something that we don't want to do; it's usually about doing something that we might regret.

Mya looks into Grant's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA (cont'd)
You wouldn't lead a girl into doing
something she'd regret, would you?

SUPER "Rule #5 Pick someone who just wants sex."

GRANT
Well, I don't have any alcohol
upstairs, but there's a convenience
store, right here, so...

Grant points to the CONVENIENCE STORE two buildings down.

The two of them laugh.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charlotte, now in yoga pants, opens the empty cabinets.

CHARLOTTE
What in the hell did he do?

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Grant and Mya are in the midst of a makeout session when the
elevator stops and an AWKWARD OLDER NEIGHBOR gets on.

The Awkward Neighbor gives a fake COUGH as Grant and Mya
continue to makeout.

The Awkward Neighbor stares at at them.

The elevator goes up two more floors.

Grant and Mya continue to makeout.

The elevator stops and the Awkward Neighbor exits.

Grant and Mya continue to makeout, the elevator doors shut.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte pours over the bookshelf filled with gaps.

She goes over to the DVD collection and it's the same thing.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator door dings. Grant and Mya pull away from each other and exit.

MYA

Whoa.

GRANT

Ditto.

SUPER "Rule #3: Never bring the other girl to your place"

Grant takes out his keys and walks to his apartment door which is directly across from the elevator.

MYA

Hey, I think I'm going to go down and get that wine. Do you need anything else while I'm there?

GRANT

Nothing I can think of.

Mya heads back to elevator door. Presses the button.

The elevator doors open as Grant sticks the key in.

He turns to wave at Mya. She waves back.

He turns the key and OPENS the apartment door as the elevator door closes. On the other side, waiting--

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte stands, PISSED THE FUCK OFF.

Grant YELPS. He grabs the door and SLAMS it shut.

Charlotte opens the door. She waves him in.

Grant walks past. Charlotte sniffs his neck as he enters.

SUPER "Rule #4: Always cleanup before going home"

CHARLOTTE

(calmly)

I have a few questions, and you have forty-five seconds to give me an answer to all of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grant eyes the room. Her suitcase is beside the door. Window is slightly cracked to fire escape. Kitchen cabinets opened. A box has been pulled into the living room.

*
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*

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

One: Why didn't you answer your phone when I called you tonight? Two: Why didn't you get in contact with me while I was away? Three: Why do you smell like honey cucumber melon? Four: Why were you at the Club Ecstatic opening tonight? Five: Why did you kiss a gay black man there? Six: Why didn't you answer my call tonight? Oh, and seven: Why is all of my shit in boxes?

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mya exits the building, pulls out her phone, and sends a TEXT to Vicki which reads, "I'm :D. U?"

INT. C.J.'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Vicki's cell lights up in her purse, which is on the floor next to C.J.'s desk. A bare leg dangles, then wraps around C.J.'s torso.

Vicki MOANS.

C.J.

Hold on tight. I wanna move this to my boss' office.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte squares off against Grant

*

SUPER "Rule #12: Anticipate questions,"

*

"Rule #13: When possible, answer questions with questions,"

*

"Rule #14: Construct alibis,"

*

"Rule #15: Have a ready scapegoat,"

*

"Rule #19 Always deny, if possible, shift the blame"

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

One: When did you call me? Two: Why didn't you answer your phone the entire trip or call me back after the hotel clerk left you a message? Three: What's honey cucumber? Four: What is Club Ecstatic? Five: Why would I kiss a gay man? I'm not gay. Six: Refer to question one because you asked the same question twice to try and trick me. Seven: I don't know. Is C.J. playing a trick on you again?

Charlotte's anger wanes. She collapses into Grant's arms.

CHARLOTTE

I had to call you from a stranger's phone, and I never got your message, babe. I didn't have my phone. Then Diana called me just now and said she saw a gay guy that looked just like you at Club Ecstatic tonight, but when you came in smelling like Bed Bath and Body Works, I thought it might've really been you. Then I saw all my stuff in boxes. I thought you might've come out of the closet and cheated and--

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mya makes her way in, carrying a bottle of wine and chocolate covered cherries.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grant rubs Charlotte's back.

GRANT

I--I didn't gay cheat. I just worked, and then I actually wrote something.

Grant takes a look at the clock on the wall.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Mya takes a chocolate covered cherry from the bag. Sucks on it, then eats it.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grant strokes Charlotte's hair.

GRANT

I know what'll help. How about you go down to the convenience store, pick out some snacks, and I'll meet you down there and we can go for a walk and talk. I need to talk to you.

CHARLOTTE

That sounds amazing. Let me change clothes. I need to talk to you too.

GRANT

No! I mean--don't worry about it. Just throw on a coat. I'll be right down. I just need to use the--poop. I have to poop.

CHARLOTTE

Eww.

GRANT

That's why I really want to get you out as soon as possible, because it's greasy, and I know you hate that and call them BMS and all that jazz.

*
*
*
*

Grant grabs her coat, checks the peephole, opens the door.

GRANT (cont'd)

Remember, I'll be right down, so just stay until I come. Don't start walking without me.

CHARLOTTE

Okay.

Charlotte walks to the elevator.

GRANT

You have to take the stairs! The elevator was out when I came up.

CHARLOTTE

It was fine when I--

GRANT

No, trust me, I just tried it. Take the stairs.

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

Oh...okay.

Charlotte starts down the stairs.

GRANT

Thank you, God.

The elevator DINGS. Grant SLAMS the door, locks it.

He grabs Charlotte's suitcase and DRAGS it into the BEDROOM.

He comes back, closes the box of her belongings and pulls it into the BEDROOM.

He runs into the kitchen, takes the wine opener from the drawer, runs to the window and tosses it out.

GUY ON STREET (O.S.)

Oww! Screw you, a-hole!

*

KNOCK KNOCK at the door. Grant goes to and opens it.

GRANT

My--

Charlotte KISSES Grant

GRANT (cont'd)

My my my.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WRONG FLOOR - NIGHT

Mya KNOCKS on the door of the apartment above Grant

A BURLY PERVERT answers the door.

BURLY PERVERT

Damn, you don't look way better than the ad. Can we extend the menu for a few extra roses?

MYA

Eww. Sorry, I have the wrong apartment.

BURLY PERVERT

You don't take donations??

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte takes Grant's hands.

CHARLOTTE

I just wanted to do that and say thanks for stepping up. I was annoyed when I realized that I left my phone in your car with my meds, and then the trip got intense--

GRANT

The car! Your phone was in the car!

CHARLOTTE

I literally have like a zillion voicemails. I had only checked that last one from Diana. I'm going to be busy returning calls tomorrow.

GRANT

Yeah, okay. Thanks for that by the way. Now, could you go ahead downstairs so I can...

Charlotte kisses him again. Grant closes the door and sinks down to the floor.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlotte presses the elevator button. The DING opens to

MYA

Hi!

CHARLOTTE

O.M.G. Hi! It's Ana Maria, right?

MYA

It's Mya, actually.

CHARLOTTE

Knew it was something like that. You went to Union High, though? How've you been? What are you doing here?

*
*
*

MYA

I've been doing great. Just visiting a friend. You're going down? You want me to see you out?

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE
Yeah, let's catch up, definitely.
I've gotta get your number.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CHARLOTTE
You've lost a lot of weight.

MYA
Not really.

CHARLOTTE
Maybe I just remember you being
bigger.

MYA
Maybe. Your earrings really look
nice, though. They really draw
attention away from your nose.

CHARLOTTE
Thanks, Myra. My boyfriend got them
for me; he lives here. *
*

MYA
He lets you call him boyfriend?
That's good.

CHARLOTTE
Yea, he's from this town too. You
might know him. *
*

MYA
Not sure I would. You knew a lot more
guys in high school than anyone. *
*

Elevator door DINGS open to the GROUND FLOOR.

CHARLOTTE
Anyway, have a good night. Let's do
lunch soon. *
*

MYA
Yeah, I'm sure we'll run into each
other again. Great seeing you!

The elevator door closes. Mya rolls her eyes.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK at the door. Grant checks the peephole and opens to see Mya holding the bottle of wine.

Grant lets Mya in then closes the door.

MYA

Sorry it took so long. Ran into someone I hate on the elevator. What's wrong?

*
*
*

GRANT

I just don't feel well anymore. I ate some old food from the fridge earlier, and it's getting to me.

MYA

Well, how about you put a blanket or two on the floor, pop in a movie, and I can nurse you back to health. We can postpone the wine and--

*
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*
*

GRANT

Okay, that's not the truth. I'm sorry. I don't want to lie to you, and I feel like I've been lying to you. The truth is...

*
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*

Grant looks at the clock on the wall.

GRANT (cont'd)

...the truth is I just threw the bottle opener out of the window because I didn't want wine tonight. And I didn't want wine tonight because I knew something might happen. And I didn't want anything to happen because the truth is--

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*

Mya kisses Grant with one of those fairy tale kisses.

*

MYA

You're not completely over your ex-girlfriend.

GRANT

How'd you know?

MYA

I knew it when I saw the Yoni book still on your bookcase. And when I came in tonight, I noticed that.

CONTINUED:

Mya points to all of the kitchen cabinets open.

MYA (cont'd)

And those...

She points to gaps in the bookshelf, the media tower and an opened box filled with tampons that Grant missed.

GRANT

Yea.

MYA

I understand. This was supposed to be like a summer camp and it's more on the road to becoming college, right? And you haven't gotten closure with your ex yet.

*
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*
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*

GRANT

You have no idea.

MYA

Guess I'm hanging high and dry.

GRANT

As opposed to lying low and wet.

MYA

Pervert.

GRANT

Let me walk you down, and tomorrow night, I swear I'll make it up.

SUPER "Rule #20: Never make promises."

Mya kisses Grant on the cheek.

MYA

We'll see, we'll see.

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mya exits the building alone. She checks her phone and has a TEXT from Vicki that reads, "Cleaning up before Round 2."

Mya smiles as she is BUMPED INTO by a furious Charlotte.

MYA

(scoffs)

Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlotte powers by her into GRANT'S BUILDING.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grant grabs his coat and opens the door to--

Charlotte who SHOVES him onto the floor.

CHARLOTTE

You're such a liar and you're dead!

GRANT

What are you talking about?

Charlotte pulls out her phone and presses the play button:

GRANT (V.O.)

Charlotte. This is the sixth-- Hello?

C.J. (V.O.)

So how'd you enjoy last night?

GRANT (V.O.)

It was amazing--

C.J. (V.O.)

In bed. I knew you'd like it.

GRANT (V.O.)

It just didn't feel right at first.

C.J. (V.O.)

Well, welcome to the Playa's club.

Grant is frozen.

GRANT

I can explain--

CHARLOTTE

I should've known you were gay when you bought that Yoni book. You've lost your chance, Grant I met someone in L.A. We hooked up, and I'm moving there.

Charlotte STORMS from the apartment without closing the door and STOMPS down the stairs.

Grant looks around befuddled as the STOMPS grow fainter.

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Oh...Yes! Yes! Oh God, yes!

Grant stands up and does his jig.

INT. DINER - BOOTH - MORNING

C.J. and Vicki both stare at their menus.

C.J.

I think I'm gonna go with this pancake platter. Be sure to get whatever you want.

VICKI

I know. I always pay for myself.

C.J.

It's on me this time.

VICKI

No thank you.

C.J.

Interesting.

VICKI

Look. Honesty is the best way to handle all relationships, so I'm going to be completely honest. Don't get too attached, alright?

C.J.

I was just about to tell you the same thing, sugar tits.

VICKI

Let me elaborate.

C.J.

Please do.

VICKI

From time to time, I would like to meet up. Maybe have some dinner or catch a show, then afterward, we can hookup. That's it, bud. I don't--

LUNA (19), the adorable and petite waitress, arrives at the booth complete with magnetic personality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUNA

Hi, how are you two doing this morning?

C.J.

We're doing great. How about you ... Luna?

LUNA

I'm doing well. Always easier when serving someone kind--and cute.

C.J.

Thank you.

VICKI

Thank you.

LUNA

(smiling)

Do you know what you're ordering?

C.J.

Ladies first.

He motions to Vicki who picks up the menu again.

VICKI

I'm not sure yet. I'll know by the time you're done ordering.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Grant sits up from bed with a huge smile on his face.

He pulls out his phone, DIALS "Mya."

GRANT

Hello.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

Hi, Dominos Pizza--

GRANT

Oh, sorry, Tyron. My phone dialed out to you guys again.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

You need to get that fixed.

GRANT

Yea, I know, I'm sorry.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

Cheap ass...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grant hangs up and dials "Mya" again.

INT. DINER - BOOTH - MORNING

Luna approaches C.J. and Vicki.

LUNA
I hope you don't feel like I'm
rushing you two, but could I take any
of these plates away?

C.J.
A--

VICKI
Actually, I think we're all done.

C.J.
Yeah, if you could just bring us the
check.

VICKI
Could you make that two checks?

LUNA
I'm sorry, but we can't separate them
at the table.

C.J.
That's no problem, Luna.

VICKI
Yea, I have cash. We can split it
here.

SUPER "Rule #7 Always pay cash."

C.J.
Oh, you're not paying for mine too?

VICKI
Funny.

C.J.
I was expecting a free meal from a
21st century independent woman.

VICKI
I think you got one last night.

C.J. looks around the diner to make sure no one heard.

CONTINUED:

C.J.
Shhh! They're not supposed to know
that we do that.

EXT. DINER - MORNING

C.J. and Vicki stand next to the entrance.

VICKI
Interesting. She wrote her phone
number on the back of the receipt.

C.J.
Guess she thought I was getting it.

VICKI
I don't think so.

C.J.
You think it's for you?

VICKI
Well she did look at me when she said
that she liked serving people who
were "cute."

C.J.
Whatever.

Vicki tears the receipt in half. Takes out a pen and writes
the number on the other half. She gives one piece to C.J.

VICKI
I guess we'll find out.

C.J.
We will.

EXT. THIRD STREET CAFE - MORNING

Mya happily leans against the building.

MYA
Glad to hear you guys talked it out.

INTERCUT THIRD STREET CAFE / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT
Yea, it's all settled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA

You're ready ready to graduate from that relationship, huh?

GRANT

"No, I've already graduated."

MYA

"And you can live through anything if Magic made it?"

GRANT

(laughing)

Yeah. So tonight.

MYA

No excuses. So "don't ever fix your lips like collagen / And say something when you gon' end up apologing."

Grant smiles.

GRANT

See you at 9.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charlotte, with loads of chocolate wrappers around her, lies in bed in a silk chemise. Diana, also in lingerie for an inexplicable reason, sits next to her.

*
*
*

CHARLOTTE

I know, you warned me.

DIANA

He's just so effeminate. Most writers since Hemmingway have been.

CHARLOTTE

But with C.J.? He's with a different girl every week.

DIANA

Those are the ones you have to worry about the most. He doesn't care what orifice he's entering.

CHARLOTTE

You think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

Yeah, sweetie. I follow this one YouTuber who vlogs about it. I'm just surprised you're not angry.

CHARLOTTE

It's heartbreaking, but I'm going to L.A. I'm moving on.

DIANA

It's strange because the Charlotte I knew from theater club would've come up with some plan to make him pay.

CHARLOTTE

Like Brandon Green?

DIANA

Yes, like Brandon. Is he permanently sterile or was that temporary?

CHARLOTTE

It's not all Grant's fault.

DIANA

Your relationship was crumbling.

CHARLOTTE

It wasn't.

DIANA

It's possible they've been sneaking it in all along, though.

Charlotte's eyes brighten. She sits up on the bed.

CHARLOTTE

If you're right--

DIANA

He's been using you for a good time. Had no intention of pulling his life together and marrying you.

CHARLOTTE

You're right.

DIANA

What are you going to do about it?

INT. C.J.'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

C.J. enters to see his modern style apartment is trashed.

C.J.

Again?

He enters the BEDROOM and walks to the bed.

Charlotte slams the door. S&M WHIP in hand.

CHARLOTTE

Did you guys use this?

C.J.

Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

You...Grant, did you use this?

Charlotte opens C.J.'s closet to reveal his COLLECTION OF SEX TOYS. Charlotte pulls out a DOUBLE-SIDED DILDO.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Ass-to-ass fun?

C.J.

Why would Grant and I--

CHARLOTTE

Save it.

C.J. walks to Charlotte.

C.J.

This is for female on female action only. Charles James Johnson, JD is the penetrate-or, never the penetrate-ee.

C.J. takes it from her hand.

Charlotte slides a large KNIFE against C.J.'s neck.

CHARLOTTE

Call him over.

C.J.

You break in, threaten me with a weapon, and now expect me to lure my very best friend of over a decade into a trap which he isn't likely to make it out of without getting hurt?

CONTINUED:

Charlotte lowers the KNIFE to his groin.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Grant heads toward the door.

GRANT

No problem. I'll be right over.

INT. C.J.'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Charlotte hides in the barely open closet. C.J. stands just in front of her, hands cuffed behind his back and attached to the handle.

CHARLOTTE

If you tip him off or move...

Charlotte taps the KNIFE in-between C.J.'s butt cheeks.

C.J.

I'm not sure why I'm involved in any of this--or why you're doing something this crazy--or--

CHARLOTTE

I'm not crazy!

C.J.

Iight. I'm sorry. I didn't call you crazy. I'm just saying that what you're doing is a little...dramatic.

Grant enters the Apartment, walks through the LIVING ROOM.

GRANT

Yo, where are you?

C.J.

In here.

Grant enters the bedroom opening a box of PLAN B PILLS.

GRANT

Where is she? Is she still unconscious?

C.J.

No. She left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Left? You didn't stop me? I was planning to see--why are you standing like that?

C.J.

What? You mean. By the closet door.

Charlotte pokes C.J.

GRANT

Yea.

C.J.

Just finished a few sets of crunches. Need to stretch.

GRANT

O...kay. You won't believe what happened last night--

C.J.

Let me tell you about what happened last night. Me and ol' girl danced at the club. Then we went back to my office. Then we had sex on my boss' desk. The we got breakfast this morning.

GRANT

How is this different from any other weekend for you?

C.J.

True.

GRANT

One day your co-workers are going to get that residue DNA tested and you'll be in trouble.

C.J.

Probably.

GRANT

Anyway, I get back to--

C.J.

You know, they're actually looking for a new file clerk at the office if you're interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Really? Thanks.

Charlotte slides the knife up and down C.J.'s back.

C.J.

No...problem.

GRANT

Anyway, I get home and Charlotte is back early.

C.J.

What. Oh really. That's. cray. zee.

GRANT

Yeah, luckily, I had time, but I followed your rules and got her out of the house and blah blah, but anyway, the important part.

C.J.

Rules? What rules?

GRANT

You know. The app.

C.J.

Maybe I'm a little sick.

Charlotte pokes C.J.'s back.

C.J. (cont'd)

Nevermind. Just be care. full.

GRANT

Well, Charlotte storms into the apartment because apparently my phone left a voicemail of our conversation on her phone because I had called her before you.

C.J.

Wowza.

C.J. tries to motion behind him with his eyes, but it just looks like he's looking back and forth, from side to side.

GRANT

Yea. Well she bursts in, plays the voicemail, and I break up with her. She cried, begging me not to leave her. I was like, yeah, I've got a new

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT (cont'd)
girlfriend and she's prettier and the sex is better, and--well, I don't know. Charlotte did completely let go in bed. Though, she's never really restrained--

Charlotte clutches the knife tightly.

GRANT (cont'd)
It's why we always got in fights, why she was so high maintenance, and why she'll probably be fat by 40. But God did it make the sex awesome. I hope Mya--

And it clicks in Charlotte's eyes. She pushes C.J. from in front of the closet and charges at Grant

GRANT (cont'd)
What the--

Charlotte runs toward him as he grabs her wrist, struggling to keep the knife from stabbing him. He slams her back into a wall. She slams his head into the doorway corner.

CHARLOTTE
Mya Who? Which Mya?

The two struggle, fall and roll into

INT. C.J.'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Charlotte, on top of Grant, bashes her head into his. Grant rolls her over and gets on top.

Charlotte lashes at him with her mouth, trying to bite him. He keeps her at bay.

GRANT
Calm down, you're being crazy!

Charlotte YELLS as she struggles harder. She rolls over again to get the advantage, she knocks over C.J.'s EXPENSIVE AFRICAN DECORATIONS, they break.

C.J. (O.S.)
Be careful, guys!

Charlotte snarls, getting the knife closer to Grant

CHARLOTTE
Mya who?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They struggle and tumble. Charlotte tries to knee Grant in the balls, but Grant twists and turns.

GRANT

C.J.!

C.J.

I'm stuck.

C.J. tries to pull himself free. Nada.

C.J. (cont'd)

Dude, aren't you stronger than her?

Charlotte inches the knife closer to Grant's neck.

Charlotte struggles more and Grant kicks her in the groin.

She doubles over, dropping the knife. Grant grabs it.

GRANT

Just stop this!

Charlotte grabs anything nearby and throws it at Grant: COUCH CUSHIONS, TV REMOTE, ASHTRAY, PHOTOGRAPHS, A LAMP. She lifts the SMALL TABLE and tosses it.

After the barrage, Grant is bruised and dazed. Charlotte tackles him out of the door as he drops the knife.

INT. C.J.'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Charlotte sits atop Grant and bites his finger.

Grant YELLS and SLAPS her with the other hand.

Charlotte stops. Her lip quivers.

GRANT

Oh my God. I hit a girl.

CHARLOTTE

It's Mya Jiminez, isn't it? You know, I was going to cut your balls off, but now I see that you're nothing but a huge dick.

Charlotte, eyes damp, gets up, limps past Grant

GRANT

I'm...sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grant walks back into C.J.'S APARTMENT, all the way to

INT. C.J.'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Grant scrambles the handcuff keys off of the floor and uncuffs C.J.

GRANT

I hit her.

C.J.

Good. This was just a sample, man. You need a restraining order and blackmail. I've dealt with bitches like this, and you can only beat crazy with crazy.

GRANT

I don't think so. She was just crying. She knows about Mya.

C.J.

New rule: Don't trust tears. She put me in anal danger. She'll do anything.

SUPER "Rule #21: Don't trust tears"

GRANT

I'm going to invite her to dinner tonight at 6. I'll be completely honest with her, give her her stuff, and apologize. It's the only way.

C.J.

Rule number six, dawg.

SUPER "Rule #6: Never expect a woman to let it go."

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Grant has setup a small table in the LIVING ROOM. It's completely set. He's cleaned up. Wine is on the table.

MONTAGE: GRANT REVERSE ENGINEERS A MEAL

-He puts food from takeout trays into pots and pans.

-He sprinkles some spices onto the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-He puts a mini-fan over the food and runs around the apartment.

-He moves the food from the pots and pans, and puts it neatly onto the plates on the table.

-He puts egg shells into the trash can.

-He trashes the trays in a separate trash bag and puts a fabric softener sheet inside of it.

END MONTAGE

KNOCK KNOCK. Grant rubs some sauce onto the bottom of his shirt and walks to the door.

CHARLOTTE

I brought that wine that we couldn't finish.

GRANT

Come in.

INT. DINNER THEATER - BURLESQUE SHOW - EVENING

C.J. and Luna pop a bottle of champagne. The stage is decked out in true spectacle.

C.J.

This is a really good troupe. There's this one dancer who does a great "I Love Lucy" routine.

Luna downs her glass of champagne with a blank expression.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Grant and Charlotte pleasantly enjoy dinner.

CHARLOTTE

There's no reason we can't be friends. I'm sorry I was a twat.

GRANT

I know you need to grow. I'm glad you found someone who can help you. I think that we became too dependent. I held you back for too long. I'm sorry I was such a douche.

*
*
*
*
*

SUPER "Rule #18 Apologies are unattractive."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

Well, you do have a bit of a history of douchebagginess.

GRANT

I didn't think I was that bad.

CHARLOTTE

Do you remember when you trolled that Craigslist guy by pretending to be me via email and chat--

GRANT

Yeah, and then we told him that I was really a guy in the middle of a gender reassignment--

CHARLOTTE

We? No that was you!

GRANT

Whatever, you didn't complain.

CHARLOTTE

Oh my God, but the funniest part, when he said he'd give you a blow job that was--

GRANT

"Better than a million hand jobs!"

CHARLOTTE

"Better than a million hand jobs!"

Grant and Charlotte lean in close.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

It wasn't that bad, was it?

*

Charlotte kisses Grant

INT. DINNER THEATER - BURLESQUE SHOW - EVENING

The Burlesque Show is in full effect with a heavy eyeliner wearing ANDROGYNOUS MALE HOST who commands the stage.

MONTAGE: LUNA IS BORED AT BURLESQUE SHOW

-A sexy, THIN BURLESQUE DANCER does a biker girl routine.

-Luna checks the time on her phone.

-A HULA HOOP GIRL hula hoops while juggling flaming knives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-C.J. in awe. Luna texts on her phone.

-A sexy, FULL-FIGURED BURLESQUE DANCER belly dances on one leg while she jumps rope and the Androgynous Male Host shoots arrows at her with a full bow and arrow.

-C.J. looks over to Luna who nods off to sleep.

END MONTAGE

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Grant pulls away from Charlotte's kiss.

GRANT

We can't do this. We just broke up.

CHARLOTTE

But we can--

GRANT

We've had too much to drink.

CHARLOTTE

Drinking gives you a massive boner?

GRANT

It's best not to complicate things.

CHARLOTTE

If you're afraid you're going to want to bang my brains out, just say it.

GRANT

I'm afraid I'm gonna want to bang your brains out. You happy?

CHARLOTTE

Only when I cum.

GRANT

Well, we'll see what happens when you go.

Grant stands, only to stumble to the floor.

CHARLOTTE

You feeling it now, fucker?

GRANT

Whaaa?

CONTINUED:

Charlotte SMASHES a wine glass into Grant's head.

EXT. DINNER THEATER - NIGHT

C.J and Luna exit the theater.

C.J.
You want to grab a drink? There's a great bar around the corner.

LUNA
I was thinking we could go back to your place.

SUPER "Rule #3: Never bring the other girl to your place"

C.J.
Mine? Aren't you a little closer?

LUNA
There's a hotel nearby with fairly cheap suites. Halfsies?

C.J.
Umm, sure.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grant groggily nods, a small bright light hits his face. Charlotte wild-haired, in only a bra, sits on top of him.

CHARLOTTE
Do I look sexy enough for my POV porn debut?

GRANT
Dis iz...is...whaaa?

CHARLOTTE
Oh, you don't like your wine with sleep meds and Cialis? I didn't know! It sure makes for a rock hard rest.

Charlotte CACKLES.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
You thought you could cheat on your girlfriend and get away with it? You thought I was going to cry, have dinner with you and it was going to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 be over? We didn't even get to have
 breakup sex!

Charlotte takes a SHARD OF GLASS in her bloody hand and puts
 it to Grant's neck.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 I was going to hurt you, but you
 might've actually liked it. So I
 thought, "Charlotte--yes, Charlotte--
 How could you ruin Grant Tatum's
 life?" So I came up with this plan.

GRANT
 You...you...

Grant tries to lift his hand, but it falls down.

CHARLOTTE
 I may have given you a little more
 than the recommended dosages, so I
 wouldn't try to move much if I were
 you. Your heart might explode--or--
 something else.

Charlotte takes the bright light, which is coming from her
 CELL PHONE, and places it onto Grant's chest.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 Enter phase one of ruining your life.

Charlotte dials "MOM" into Grant's phone. It RINGS.

GRANT'S MOM (V.O.)
 Hello? Grant?

CHARLOTTE
 Oh no, Mrs. Tatum. This is Charlotte.
 You remember me? It's been so long
 since Grant has come to see you. Oh,
 and is he avoiding your calls?
 Probably because he graduated with
 all that debt and has been mooching
 off of you ever since. Right?

GRANT'S MOM (V.O.)
 Charlotte, what's wrong?

CHARLOTTE
 Nothing, Mrs. T. Everything's great!
 I'm with Grant right now. We've been
 drinking and now I'm about to have
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
rough, raw dog anal sex with him.
Here he is!

Charlotte bites Grant's nipple.

GRANT
Oww! Ugggh. It hurts.

GRANT'S MOM (V.O.)
Oh, Lord!

CHARLOTTE
Oh, it's so great! I'm going to move
in with him by the way. Thanks for
the free apartment, bitch!

Charlotte ENDS the Call.

GRANT
Why?

CHARLOTTE
Oh, I'm not done yet. Let me show you
something.

Charlotte pulls up Grant's laptop which is next to the bed.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
So you know how Kanye West is your
hero? And how he actually retweeted a
joke you made once and followed you
on Twitter even though Kanye West
follows no one?

GRANT
No...please...

Charlotte flips open the computer screen.

SUPER "Rule #9 Don't give anyone access to your phone,
computer, or account information."

CHARLOTTE
I direct messaged him a picture of
your penis from your account and
called him a dick!

Tears slide down Grant's face.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
That's not it. Sent it to C.J. too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlotte, shows Grant his phone with a Multimedia Message sent to C.J. that READS, "My dick, dawg!"

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
And the finale--No way I'd let you just move on with that cheating whore. She's not better than me.

GRANT
Mya. No, no ...

CHARLOTTE
You see this file saved on my camera? It's 30 seconds of me grinding away on your hard cock in reverse cowgirl.

Charlotte plays the video from her phone.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
(in video)
Oh Grant! Ah, I love it. Don't stop! Fuck me like you wanna fuck Mya, today on August first, two thousand and fourteen! Fuck me like it's my birthday, which is only 28 days away!

Grant, in the video, GROANS. The video goes to Grant's drooling face.

CHARLOTTE
Mya Jimenez. Send.

Charlotte CACKLES again. She punches Grant in the face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

C.J. spits mouthwash into the BATHROOM sink, walks back to the bed where Luna lies, passed out slightly covered by sheets like a Maxim centerfold.

C.J. climbs on the bed, kisses her cheek, neck, chest, stomach, and--

LUNA
Ugh, excuse me.

Luna gets up and walks into the bathroom.

C.J. checks the time on his phone as Luna leaves the bathroom. She grabs her phone, speed texts like only women can, and gathers her clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.J.
Are you ready for round two?

Luna finishes her text. Smiles.

LUNA
I'm sorry, hon, but I actually need to go. Feel free to use the room to your advantage, though.

C.J.
Okay...no problem. I will.

LUNA
Don't feel rushed.

Luna dresses, kisses C.J.'s cheek, and heads out.

C.J.
Oh.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KNOCK. KNOCK.

CHARLOTTE
Now who could that be?

GRANT
Please... p...

Charlotte, nude, walks from the BEDROOM to the LIVING ROOM.

She opens the door too--

MYA
Oh my God.

Mya drops the paper bag of groceries from her hand.

CHARLOTTE
No, you don't have the wrong apartment. Yes, Grant was my boyfriend, but I'm done. You can have him once I get dressed. You should get a text soon, by the way.

Mya's phone BEEPS.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Grant, bloody-faced, bruised and naked, wakes up.

He stumbles out of bed, slips to the floor, GROANS, pees where he lies.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

C.J. walks in, shakes his head at Grant naked, lying in a puddle of urine.

C.J.

I bet you're gonna get that restraining order now.

GRANT

She told Mya. She called my mom. Kanye un-followed me.

C.J.

I told you.

GRANT

You said if I followed the rules.

C.J.

Man, didn't you read the disclaimer in small print on the about page of the app? The rules aren't guaranteed to work for cheating.

GRANT

Wtf? The app is called How to Cheat on Your Girlfriend.

C.J.

Well yeah, but I just use them for dating, I've never had an actual girlfriend. It's just a catchy title.

*
*
*

C.J. tosses Grant's cell phone to him.

GRANT

Your rules ruined everything.

C.J.

The rules work for hooking up. It's about dividing and conquering bitched. Vini vidi vici, Medici, Machiavelli and shit.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

The rules don't work! You bounce from girl to girl, for what? You say they bore you, but you're just afraid they're going to leave you because you're so negative.

C.J.

You don't know what I'm afraid of. This has nothing to do with girls. You think I'm mean to you!

GRANT

You are mean. You mistreat women! It's always about women. It's all you talk about! You wrote a fucking book about it!

C.J.

You think I mistreat you because I say mean things, they're not mean!

GRANT

You probably don't think it's mistreatment because it's what you've seen your whole life! Think about what would your mom say, CJ!

C.J.

Fuck you. I tell you the truth because I want you to be better and because I love you! I never say shit just to hurt you.

GRANT

What do you think I'm doing?

CJ opens his mouth, shakes his head. Leaves.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

Mya's Phone RINGS. She reaches into her apron, sees "Grant"

MYA

Fuck you.

Reveal a shocked GRANOLA MOM with her equally shocked BREASTFEEDING TODDLER IN A SLING. Tit pops from kid's mouth.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Grant drops his phone. Wraps up in a bed sheet. Stands up.

GRANT
I can do this. I'm gonna be
completely honest with Mya.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - MORNING

Grant, still wrapped up in the sheet and bloodied, enters the door. The tables are filled with ELDERLY PATRONS and a CIRCLE OF NURSING MOTHERS for a La Leche League Meeting.

GRANT
Mya, you have to let me explain.

Grant stumbles. Everyone stares at him, shocked.

Mya pulls out and reads from her phone.

MYA
"Hi, Mya. This is Charlotte. Check
out the video. Do you remember him?"

Mya walks up to Grant, slaps him, leaves.

MYA (cont'd)
I'm going on break, Tony.

EXT. THIRD STREET - MORNING

Grant groggily chases Mya.

MYA
I left because I don't want talk.

GRANT
If you didn't want "talk," you
would've had me thrown out. You left
because you want an explanation.

MYA
Nothing to explain. You've lied since
day one, Grant I can't--

GRANT
She's psycho. She drugged me, beat
me, raped me. I know--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA

It doesn't matter. You--

GRANT

I've learned--

MYA

I've learned something too, Grant
 When you want someone to be your
 everything, it fails.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

Grant falls to his knees; Mya leaves him behind.

SUPER "Rule #1: Keep it temporary or someone will get hurt"

Something downtempo and lyric appropriate like Zero 7's
 "Spinning" (2001).

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Grant enters, but there's an EVICTION NOTICE on his door.

INSERT - "Eviction Notice: from the Management, a.k.a. Mom."

EXT. GRANT'S CAR - MORNING

Grant gets in his car.

He drives on back roads until he reaches the bridge.

He parks.

INT. GRANT'S CAR - MORNING

Grant fights back tears and attempts to dial C.J., but it
 goes to Domino's Pizza instead. He hangs up.

Grant looks at the scars on his wrist. Opens his glovebox
 and sees a BOX CUTTER and his PILL BOX.

GRANT'S DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

-Grant burns a picture of he and his ex-girlfriend

*

-He lifts a razor to his wrist, cuts, sees blood, freaks out

-Grant drives on the HIGHWAY in his car, wrists dripping,
 Hospital exit ahead

*
 *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-Two SPEEDING CARS race up behind him. One passes him and the other swerves over too early.

-Grant lies bruised and bloody in HOSPITAL ICU.

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE

SUPER "Rule #11 Avoid regret."

Grant picks up the PILLS and pops one.

He dials C.J. again. He gets out of the car.

INTERCUT EXT. BRIDGE OUT OF TOWN / INT. DOMINOS PIZZA

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
Hi, Dominos Pizza. We have a special
on the new Super Stuffed--

GRANT
Tiffany?

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
Yes, Grant

GRANT
Can I talk to you for a bit?

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
Sure, but you've gotta actually order
a pizza this time.

GRANT
Okay. I'm on the edge of doing
something really stupid.

Grant paces around, ends up on the edge of the bridge.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
What kind of crust would you like?

GRANT
Crunchy thin crust, please. I got
kicked out of my apartment because I
never want to talk to my mom.

He looks down at the river, a hawk swoops down to grab prey.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
Is your landlord friends with your
mom? Did you want that large?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

My landlord is my mom. Sure.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

Damn.

GRANT

I know, I shouldn't eat that much alone, but I'm wearing nothing but underwear and a sheet right now while thinking about cutting, so getting fat isn't really a concern.

Grant looks on the opposite of the bridges and sees a SHIFTY MAN toss a LARGE BAG in.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

Cutting what? (beat.) Oh. (beat.)
What type of sauce would you like?

GRANT

Could I have a light amount of the Garlic Parmesan sauce? I decided a few days ago that I was going to stop lying--oh, and could I have extra cheese?

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

No problem.

The Shifty Man looks around. Grant ducks.

GRANT

Well, I guess I've not just been lying to other people, but I've been living a lie. I don't know what's out there for me in the world. I have a dead-end job, a mountain of student loans, and now I'm alone. I really screwed things up with this girl. Could I have bacon?

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

We're always looking for drivers. I'm sure if you talked to your mom you could work something out. I don't know how to help you out with the girlfriend thing--we're difficult. Any sides or a drink?

GRANT

Yeah, tell me about it. Large Coke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

Don't you have a friend who could offer more specific advice?

GRANT

I do, but I can't call him.

The Shifty Man gets into his Black Lincoln and drives away.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

True. You should switch carriers.

GRANT

It's just so cheap. And they said it's only because they're upgrading their towers; it'll be done in a few months with much better coverage and reception.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

The cake is a lie. Your total is going to be \$15.76, but if you add this coupon and a side of our delicious cinna-stix, then the total will be 9.99.

GRANT

That's why I rarely order from you guys. It feels like I'm taking advantage of you. Such great deals. Do you have any suggestions on dealing with psycho ex-girlfriends?

Grant watches the Bag make its way down the wide river.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

In my experience, the only way to beat crazy is with crazy.

Grant looks across the bridge.

INT. C.J.'S OFFICE - MORNING

Grant, dressed and cleaned up, bursts in holding Dominos. *

GRANT

I've got a plan!

C.J.

Looks like lunch. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
Shit got real, man. I'm-- *

C.J.
Don't apologize. You were right. *

GRANT
No, I fucked up. With you, with Mya. *
I got evicted, and I was considering *
doing something I shouldn't. *

C.J. looks at Grant's wrists. *

GRANT (cont'd)
I'm also pretty sure I confirmed the
rumor about the bridge near Miller's
Crossing and the mob.

C.J.
The evil that white men do.

GRANT
Whatever. I called my mom,
apologized, and promised to pay her.
I get my apartment back for a month
to get on my feet.

C.J.
That's great.

GRANT
No, what's great is how we're going
to fix this Charlotte/Mya thing.

C.J.
We?

GRANT
One last lie. It's a little crazy,
but your role is small. I promise.
Plus, you owe me.

EXT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Grant, in a ski mask and knee-deep in shrubbery, peeks into
Charlotte's curtains with GLOVED HANDS. *

GRANT
(into cell phone)
I'm about to pick up the package.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grant watches Charlotte approach the door with a bag of trash. He stands behind.

Grant puts a hand to Charlotte's back

GRANT (cont'd)
Follow me, bitch, and be very quiet.
I gonna get you in my car and take
you somewhere real nice.

*
*
*

CHARLOTTE
Oh my God.

INT. GRANT'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlotte notices a Kanye CD on the floor and a "Dropout Bear" air freshener.

CHARLOTTE
What the--Grant?

GRANT
Who's dat gal?

*

CHARLOTTE
I know this is your car!

GRANT
This is a popular vehicle model.

*

CHARLOTTE
Stop it--I know it's not a rapist!

*

Charlotte reaches for the door and Grant locks them.

The car peels out of her driveway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - HIGH SPEED DRIVE - NIGHT

Grant's car weaves back and forth between a few cars at 45 MPH in a 35. He barely misses a head-on collision.

INTERCUT EXT. DOWNTOWN / INT. GRANT'S CAR - NIGHT

CHARLOTTE
What the hell are you doing?!

Grant straight-faced.

Charlotte flips up the lock. Grant locks it again and puts on the child safety lock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Buckle up.

The road opens up to four lanes and Grant speeds up.

He weaves in and out of traffic, barely screeches through lights turning red.

GRANT (cont'd)

You're going to tell Mya the truth.

*

CHARLOTTE

What? That you cheated on me, I got angry, and got a little revenge?

Grant speeds through a red light at an empty intersection.

GRANT

You will tell Mya the truth, or I'll drive us off of the bridge.

Charlotte reaches for the wheel, Grant SMACKS her hand away.

CHARLOTTE

You're not serious.

Grant drives into oncoming traffic. Cars flash high beams on and off. Grant speeds up. An ONCOMING CAR swerves into another lane, then off of the road.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

You're serious! You're serious!

Grant moves back onto the correct side of the road.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

So you want me to lie to this girl?

GRANT

The truth. All of it.

Grant's Car approaches a line of cars stopped at a stoplight, maintaining speed, they drive into a parking lot, and hang a fast right. People dodge out of the way.

A police siren goes off, a COP CAR pursues Grant's Car.

CHARLOTTE

And what would that be?

Grant doubles back. The Cop Car hangs a U.

A Red light is ahead and traffic is heavy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Cop Car is close.

Grant shuts his eyes and seamlessly turns right in the middle of the traffic.

Charlotte squeals.

They make it. The Cop Car is now two cars behind them.

Grant's Car weaves through more traffic and hops on

EXT. HIGHWAY - HIGH SPEED DRIVE - NIGHT

GRANT

You've got three miles.

TWO MORE COP CARS join the pursuit, entering the highway from a different direction.

CHARLOTTE

You idiot! There are cops chasing us. You're going to jail for kidnapping me. You have a gun which I'm sure you don't have a license to carry. I'm never going to tell that bitch anything and you won't see her again.

Grant's car races past cars as police attempt to circle him.

Grant's Car moves to the center lane.

A Cop Car gets in front of him and slows down a bit as another gets behind him, and another is to his left.

GRANT

Two miles.

Grant's Car speeds up and veers into the rightmost lane barely missing an 18-WHEELER, continues onto the shoulder.

While hidden by the 18 wheeler, he takes the next exit to

EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - HIGH SPEED DRIVE - NIGHT

GRANT

One.

CHARLOTTE

Fine. I'll tell her the whole truth. I'll tell her you were a shitty, selfish boyfriend. I'll tell her you
(MORE)

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLOTTE

Is this really the last conversation
you want to have before you get
hailed off?

Cops' sirens approach closer as they get within feet of the
bridge and--

Charlotte YANKS the emergency break.

Grant's Car comes to a screeching halt.

GRANT

You know what? Fuck you! I may have
been a shitty boyfriend, but you're a
shitty person!

CHARLOTTE

Guess you won't be cheating on
anymore girlfriends, because in
prison, you're going to be one!

Grant takes off his ski mask, throws it in Charlotte's face.

He opens the door, runs along the side of the road, and
takes cover in the brush as the sirens get closer.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Go ahead, run! The police will be
here at any minute. I'll just tell
them which way you went.

Grant runs out of sight as the Three Cop Cars approach from
a side road.

Charlotte looks down at the keys still in the ignition. She
looks at the ski mask.

*
*

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

What the--

INT. C.J.'S COMPANY CAR - NIGHT

C.J. moves over in the backseat as Grant gets in.

GRANT

So did you get the tickets?

C.J.

Yep. Did you report your car as
stolen and get the paperwork through
for the restraining order?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT
 Yep. Did you get all of my old meds
 into her house?

C.J.
 Of course.

GRANT
 Then let's go see All's Well that
 Ends Well.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

SUPER "Two Friday Later"

MYA
 Iced vanilla latte for...Thomas
 Sterns Eliot?

Grant, face covered by roses and a card, approaches the bar.

GRANT
 I believe that's mine.

Grant lowers the flowers.

Mya tosses the drink in Grant's face.

SUPER "Rule #6: Never expect a woman to let it go"

GRANT (cont'd)
 Still don't want to talk, I suppose?

MYA
 Goodbye, Grant

GRANT
 I've bought two of these a day for
 the last 12 days. I'll keep buying
 them until you talk to me.

MYA
 We have nothing to talk about.

GRANT
 Okay, but please come to the open mic
 tonight. You don't have to talk to
 me, but there may be something you
 want to listen to.

MYA
 We'll see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

We'll see?

MYA

Goodbye, Grant. *

INT. POETRY LOUNGE - EVENING

The room is almost filled. Diverse. C.J. and Vicki stand with Grant. Olawahdu reads a poem on stage. *

OLAWAHDU, THE BLACK WARRIOR POET

Nigger! He called me nigger, nigga. /
 This abomination of an ofay at age
 eight, / this blonde-haired, blue
 eyed demon, / this seed of his
 forefathers' hatred, / this innocent
 child victim of communication. / We
 are both scarred. *

GRANT

Is she coming?

VICKI

I tried, but I don't know.

C.J.

Good luck.

GRANT

Thanks. I think I'm up next.

Mya enters the front door. Sees Grant. Stays out of sight. *

The crowd claps and everyone turns their attention to the POETRY HOST who takes the mic--

POETRY HOST

Let's give it up again for Olawahdu,
 the Black Warrior Poet--

The crowd snaps their fingers. A few clap.

POETRY HOST (cont'd)

So next up we have a guy who's a new
 favorite face. Here's Grant Tatum,
 everyone!

Grant gets on stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT

Hi. I'm still not ready to read my own stuff yet. Mostly because it's not very good. But what I do want to share is another poem that I love. This one is close to me and I hope you enjoy it. It's by a Brazilian poet named Carlos Drummond de Andrade. The poem is titled "Your Shoulders Hold Up the World."

Everyone intently looks up at Grant. Mya is intrigued. Grant takes out a sheet of paper and stares at it.

*
*

GRANT (cont'd)

A time comes when you no longer can say: / my God. / A time of total cleaning up. / A time when you no longer can say: my love. / Because love proved useless. / And the eyes don't cry. / And the hands do only rough work. / And the heart is dry.

Grant looks into the crowd. He see Mya, makes eye contact.

GRANT (cont'd)

Women knock at your door in vain, you won't open. / You remain alone, the light turned off, / and your enormous eyes shine in the dark. / It is obvious you no longer know how to suffer. / And you want nothing from your friends.

Grant folds the paper, recites the rest from memory.

GRANT (cont'd)

Who cares if old age comes, what is old age? / Your shoulders are holding up the world / and it's lighter than a child's hand. / Wars, famine, family fights inside buildings / prove only that life goes on / and not everybody has freed himself yet. / Some (the delicate ones) judging the spectacle cruel / will prefer to die. / A time comes when death doesn't help. / A time comes when life is an order. / Just life, with no escapes.

Grant bows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANT (cont'd)

Thank you.

Grant leaves the stage and walks toward Mya. The crowd erupts in APPLAUSE.

MYA

You get three minutes.

INT. POETRY LOUNGE - BAR - EVENING

C.J.'s and Vicki's phones both get text messages.

C.J.

You're popular tonight.

VICKI

So are you.

C.J.

Yeah, I actually can't believe I didn't tell you. You owe me. You know that waitress who left me her number? Definitely for me, We hooked up about two weeks ago.

VICKI

Two weeks ago? Not Sunday, right?

C.J.

Yea, on Sunday.

VICKI

I hooked up with her Sunday night.

C.J.

Nah, that's impossible. We went to a burlesque show and got a room after--

VICKI

She met up with me late that night for coffee, then we got a room.

Vicki looks disgusted.

C.J.

Well, I still hit it first.

VICKI

Ugh, I got your sloppy seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C.J.

She didn't wash up either, damn.

C.J.'s and Vicki's phones both receive TEXT TONES.

Their phones READ "What are you doing tonight?"

VICKI

That bitch!

EXT. POETRY LOUNGE - EVENING

Grant and Mya sit at a bistro table. Grant plays the RECORDING of Charlotte's confession.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

...yes, I'll tell her that I lured you to dinner, drugged you, faked having sex with you, and sent it to her to get back at you for breaking up with me!

MYA

Wow. You went to ridiculously unnecessary measures to prove this.

GRANT

I still have to testify, so I can't talk about it. I need to destroy this recording. SO forget you heard it.

MYA

You're going to commit perjury, a lie that's a felony?

GRANT

I kid. I'll drop the charges if she agrees to leave me alone.

MYA

That's thoughtful.

GRANT

Most of what she said was true.

MYA

You're terrible in bed?

GRANT

Well...I don't think so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYA

I'm kidding.

GRANT

The school of Charlotte taught me something. It's not all or nothing, just sex or soulmates. Relationships can be for a few semesters until we graduate on to something better. I have shitty transcripts, no references, and my first interview sucked, but I care about you.

MYA

You're really massaging that metaphor.

GRANT

Does it mean anything to you?

MYA

We'll see. We'll see.

*

FADE TO BLACK

*

INT. C.J.'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

SUPER "Six Months Later"

C.J. gets dressed. Vicki sorts through laundry, places folded clothes into piles.

*

*

She lifts a lacy thong.

VICKI

Whose is this?

*

C.J.

I don't know. Yours?

VICKI

If it was mine, I wouldn't have asked you! Who've you been bringin' here?!

*

*

Vicki rushes up to C.J.

C.J.

You better calm down! I'm in a relationship now, I--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

What about your motto that "women are like batteries?"

C.J.

What does that even mean?

VICKI

Oh, you gonna learn--

Luna steps out of the bathroom, fresh from a shower.

LUNA

If it's about the underwear, it's new and it's mine.

*
*

INT. GRANT'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Grant, groomed, business casual, rides next to Mya.

MYA

Make sure to tell your mom that I can't wait to meet her.

GRANT

You'll be there this weekend.

MYA

Did you turn in your critical essay to Professor Bass yesterday?

*
*

GRANT

Of course.

*

He yawns. Mya who turns on

*

Kanye West's "Touch the Sky" (2006). As the two rap along, Mya reaches over and grabs Grant's hand.

*
*

SUPER "The Unwritten Rule: Enjoy."

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FADE TO BLACK

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