

THE LEFT-SWIPES

Written by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. TIMBER RIDGE - DAY**

A camera flash subsides to reveal a WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHER. He snaps several shots of an unseen bride and groom.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That is what true love looks like.

Many guests look on from behind him, including RYAN DEMPSEY (27), an awkward but sentimental fanboy, his twin, KRISTINE (27), a career-driven introvert, and TROY BAKER (28), a crude "Peter Pan-type" with too much libido and not enough filter.

KRISTINE

Artificial and contrived?

RYAN

(uncertain)

Come on. Maybe they're actually in love. He said Leanne makes him happy.

He snaps a pic with his professional camera and sighs.

Reveal JAMESON "JAMIE" GRAY (27), tall, dark, and handsome in his tux. He's the guy every girl wanted in high school, though he was humble enough to not take advantage of it.

RYAN

If nothing else, Jamie looks happy.

TROY

Duh. Leanne prolly sucked him off before the ceremony.

KRISTINE

Seriously, Troy?!

RYAN

Come on, man. Not today.

Ryan glances at Troy.

RYAN

Not that that's even possible, anyway. We were with him the whole time.

TROY

You were with me *the whole time* at prom, and I still managed to whiten some teeth without anyone knowing.

RYAN

Whose teeth?

Troy points at the bride.

TROY

Leanne.

Jameson kisses his beautiful new bride, LEANNE CHAPMAN-GRAY (28). She was the rich and popular kid every girl wanted to be, and every boy wanted to be with. She was not so humble.

Ryan flings Troy's arm down. Kristine covers her face.

RYAN

Are you serious?! Does Jamie know?

TROY

Dude, calm your tits. It was, like, ten years ago, back when she was still hot.

Ryan shakes his head in shame.

TROY

I'd still watch, though.

KRISTINE

I give it three months.

RYAN

That would suck for Jamie. Leanne's dad's a divorce lawyer.

KRISTINE

Two months.

TROY

Then, why'd you come, flat stuff?

Kristine adjusts her breast cups self-consciously.

KRISTINE

Because if there's any chance Jamie's going to come to his senses and leave her at the alter, I need to see it for myself.

TROY

Damn, that's cold. Either you want his nuts worse than I thought, or the green-eyed monster's on the rag!

RYAN

Eww! No. My best friend and my twin sister? Not okay! That's like me dating him!

TROY

Twin-cest is best.

KRISTINE

Okay, ass holes, just so you know,  
this isn't about him. It's about  
her, and all the bad karma she has  
coming to her.

(to herself)

Not that I was ever his type, anyway.

Kristine eyes Jamie's smile. She softens, enamored.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Okay, let's have the groomsmen.

TROY

We're up, Ry-bread.

Troy elbows Ryan in the ribs and heads out with a smile.  
Ryan hands Kristine his camera.

RYAN

Play nice. Please? For Jamie?

KRISTINE

I didn't object during the ceremony.  
Why isn't that enough for you?

Ryan smirks and follows Troy.

Leanne's smile twists into a scowl as she passes Troy on her  
way to the crowd. Ryan joins Jamie, Troy, and two other men  
in tuxes. The photographer snaps a few shots.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes. Very rugged. Okay, let's do a  
silly one.

Troy smiles wider.

TROY

(whispering)

Get ready.

RYAN

(whispering)

Let's not, okay? He'll be so pissed --

TROY

(whispering)

Come on! It's what we do! Go!

Troy subtly unbuckles his belt, as does Ryan, reluctantly.

RYAN

(whispering)

Damn it.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, one... two...

Ryan and Troy turn around, drop trou, and moon the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

... Three!

The camera flashes. The crowd gasps and chatter angrily among themselves.

Kristine covers her face and turns away.

KRISTINE

I don't know them. We just met.

Leanne's perfect smile morphs into the wrath of Bridezilla.

LEANNE

Jameson!

Jamie scowls.

**INT. TIMBER RIDGE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Jamie corners Ryan and Troy near the fancy reception hall entrance. Guests trickle in and rubber neck at the argument.

JAMESON

What the hell is the matter with you two? This is my wedding day!

TROY

Pffft. It's your first wedding day. First one's always practice.

RYAN

Troy!

TROY

Besides, that's been our signature camera move since we were fourteen years old!

JAMESON

That was over a decade ago, and honestly, it wasn't all that funny back then, either.

(wiping his face)

Our ten year high school reunion is this summer -- you need to grow up!

TROY

Yo, man, what's your problem? Ever since you got with that b--

Ryan bumps into him and clears his throat.

TROY

Ever since you got with Leanne -- no, since you even reconnected with her last year -- all you've done is blow us off.

JAMESON

That's not true.

RYAN

We barely saw you twice this whole year. Once for Call of Duty, and once for the latest Star Wars movie.

TROY

Yeah, which you brought her to, and all she did was complain about it!

JAMESON

Everybody complained about it! And so what? She's my wife! I love her! We're starting a life together, like grown ups -- that's what we do! Don't you want that for me? Don't you want that for yourselves?

TROY

No.

Ryan frowns. Jamie sighs.

JAMESON

And that's why you came here alone. If you don't make some serious changes, you're going to stay that way. Is that what you want? To die alone?

Ryan winces. He looks away, pained.

JAMESON

Ryan... I didn't mean it like that. I'm sorry --

Ryan waves it off.

RYAN

I know, Jamie. I know what you meant.

Jamie frowns and shakes his head.

JAMESON

I'm just saying, we're not getting any younger. I was lucky enough to figure it out before it was too late. I just hope you can, too.

Jamie heads into the reception hall.

TROY

(hollering after him)  
Hey, we're not alone, you know! We have each other!  
(to Ryan)  
Right?

RYAN

I don't know. Maybe he's right.

TROY

Nah, man. We're single because we're bachelors. But, the real kind -- like Batman. Not like those shitty TV shows your mom watches.  
(gestures to his tux)  
This is not us. If we wanted to settle down and give up like Jamie, we would. But I sure as fuck don't want that. Do you?

Bridesmaids enter the reception hall. Troy watches lustfully.

RYAN

I used to... but, ever since --

TROY

-- Exactly. Now, let's go wreck some bridesmaids.

Troy gives him a motivational slap on the back and heads into the reception hall. Ryan sulks and follows him.

**INT. TIMBER RIDGE - RECEPTION HALL - DAY**

Kristine heads towards the crowded buffet line.

LEANNE (O.S.)

Kristine Dempsey.

Kristine turns around hesitantly to see the beautiful bride.

LEANNE

It is still Dempsey, right? No husband? Boyfriend? Hostage?

KRISTINE

(gritting her teeth)

Nope. Just me, myself, and I, just the way I like it. And, honestly, you probably got the last good guy out there anyway. So, congrats.

A waiter passes by with one flute of champagne on his tray. Kristine reaches for it, but Leanne snatches it first.

LEANNE

Thank you. Make sure you eat. I asked the caterer to include some low fat foods, just in case.

Leanne smiles, winks, and walks away.

Kristine heads to the food line.

KRISTINE

(barely audible)

... Should've objected...

#### **IN THE BUFFET LINE**

Kristine slaps a massive chunk of mashed potatoes on her plate and catches TABITHA (72) staring at her portion.

KRISTINE

I'm sharing with someone.

Tabitha smiles.

TABITHA

No judgments here. I plan to do the same thing when they cut that cake. So, how do you know the happy couple?

KRISTINE

Oh, we went to high school together. Jameson's my brother's best friend. And Leanne -- ugh.

Kristine laughs, embarrassed.

TABITHA

... *Ugh?*

KRISTINE

She was kind of a mean girl, back then. I tried to make friends with her, but it just wasn't meant to be.  
(wryly)

Like their marriage. Am I right?



Tabitha stares, aghast.

JAMESON (O.S.)  
Kristine! You made it!

Jamie approaches with a grin. The Photographer snaps a pic.

KRISTINE  
(blushing)  
Yes! Jamie! Congratulations. I'm  
so happy you're happy.

JAMESON  
Thank you. And I see you've met my  
new grandmother-in-law, Miss Tabitha.

He turns to Tabitha, who's still petrified.

KRISTINE  
(wincing smile)  
I did! Gosh, how proud you must be!

#### **IN THE DINING AREA**

Ryan sits alone. He eats a chip, glances around, and frowns.

TROY (O.S.)  
Yup. That was me.

Ryan looks up to see Troy invading the bridesmaids' space at a nearby table. The women look disgusted.

TROY  
You think my bare ass was memorable,  
wait 'til you see what I got up front.

Ryan nearly chokes on the chip. The women throw cloth napkins at Troy and get up to walk away.

Behind them, we see a pretty blonde twenty-something sitting at a table alone. She seems to be smiling at us.

Ryan gives an awkward half-smile.

The blonde excitedly taps the vacant seat beside her and pulls out the chair.

Ryan stands up and collects his food and drink. On his way to the aisle, he sees a handsome groomsman pass him and join the blonde. Ryan sits back down.

KRISTINE (O.S.)  
Is that all you're eating?

Kristine joins him with a plate covered in aluminum foil.

RYAN  
 I'm not very hungry.  
 (eyeing plate)  
 You... in a hurry?

KRISTINE  
 No. No. I'm just ready to go  
 whenever you are.

She snatches his last chip.

KRISTINE  
 Are you ready?

Ryan looks back to the blonde. Kristine follows his gaze.

KRISTINE  
 Another blonde. Big surprise.

RYAN  
 (shrugs)  
 Coincidence. She's probably with  
 that guy anyway.

KRISTINE  
 They're not together. Look how  
 excited she is. They're probably  
 just long lost friends or something.  
 She doesn't have a boyfriend.

A bridesmaid comes up behind the blonde and holds her lovingly  
 as she talks to the groomsman. The girls exchange a kiss.

KRISTINE  
 I wasn't wrong. But, you were at  
 least looking, so I guess that's  
 progress.

RYAN  
 I don't *look*.

KRISTINE  
 Come on. You mean to tell me no one  
 has caught your eye since...

She falls silent. Has she made a mistake, or...

RYAN  
 There's a girl at work -- Jenna, one  
 of the models. We say hi sometimes.

KRISTINE  
 Good. So, talk to her --

RYAN

-- I can't.

He looks deeply into his empty plate.

KRISTINE

Ryan. Maybe it's time for you to think about... seeing someone.

RYAN

Dating or therapy?

KRISTINE

Maybe... both?

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

It's not me. It's them.

KRISTINE

What do you mean?

RYAN

Dating sucks! Everyone our age is getting married and having kids. Older people are getting re-married. And anyone who's leftover is even more damaged than we are.

KRISTINE

We're damaged?!

RYAN

And younger people don't want anything to do with serious relationships. It's like, they only get together out of convenience. What's the point?

Kristine looks at Jameson, who raises his glass for a toast.

KRISTINE

It's never too late to find love. If you believe in that sort of thing.

Ryan drops his empty water bottle on the plate.

RYAN

Ready to go?

KRISTINE

(sympathetic frown)

Yeah, sure. Do you want to say goodbye to Jamie first?

Ryan looks at Jamie and Leanne, who laugh with guests.

RYAN  
We said goodbye.

Jameson holds his bride for more photos.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - 3 MONTHS LATER**

A beefcake holds JENNA (21), a gorgeous blonde print model, in front of a cosmic background. Master photographer, ANDREAS (47), snaps shots and directs them.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

Ryan packs up a tripod without ever losing sight of Jenna.

ANDREAS  
Great. We got it. Thank you, Jenna.

Jenna throws on a robe and retrieves her bags. Andreas removes a memory card from his camera and takes it to Ryan.

ANDREAS  
Do me a favor and prep these for color, would ya?

RYAN  
Yes, sir.

Jenna joins them.

JENNA  
Thanks again, and I hope to see you tonight! Are you coming, Ryan?

RYAN  
Tonight?

ANDREAS  
Yes. Jenna has invited us to her birthday celebration.

JENNA  
Blast Nightclub, off of Market street.

RYAN  
(staring)  
Oh... I've heard of it.

Jenna smiles. Awkward silence. She glances at Andreas.

ANDREAS  
He's checking his schedule.

Ryan snaps out of it.

RYAN  
I mean -- yeah. I think... maybe  
I'll see you there.

ANDREAS  
Very good.  
(to Jenna)  
See you tonight, my dear.

Andreas kisses her hand; she departs.

Ryan watches her, still in shock. Andreas catches this.

ANDREAS  
She likes ya, ya know.

RYAN  
She's just really friendly.

ANDREAS  
Kid. I look at faces for a living,  
and the one she gives you is  
unmistakable.

He frames Ryan up with his fingers.

ANDREAS  
And so is that one.

RYAN  
Mine?

ANDREAS  
Listen. I'm telling you this as  
someone who's been doing this a long  
time. You're not ready for someone  
like Jenna.

Ryan's face fills with resolve. Andreas pats Ryan's back.

ANDREAS  
(smile)  
I know what that one means, too.  
See ya tonight, kid.

Andreas leaves Ryan behind, perplexed.

**INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Obsessively clean. Inspirational cat posters on the walls.

Kristine, dressed cartoonishly like a mad scientist, loads groceries into the fridge.

KRISTINE

Okay, spill it.

Her mother, CHARLOTTE (50s), looks up from her tabloid.

CHARLOTTE

Spill what?

KRISTINE

As much as I appreciate it when you drop by unannounced with food, it's never just to bring me food.

CHARLOTTE

Of course it is! Look at you -- you're skin and bones! That little puppet show you do clearly isn't paying enough.

Kristine rolls her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

You should come back home until you finish school. Lots of people your age are doing it these days.

Kristine points a hand at Charlotte, angrily -- it wears a silly sock puppet with googly eyes.

KRISTINE

It's not a puppet show. It's a science exhibit for kids...

(eyeing puppet)

... That sometimes includes puppets --

(checking her watch)

-- And that I'm going to be late for, if we don't wrap this up.

CHARLOTTE

Honey, look at you. You're wasting away, and your --

(hand quotes)

-- Roommate -- isn't doing anything to help you.

KRISTINE

Okay -- one, Kale has a job. He works at the diner and makes way more than I do. Two -- we're just friends! He pays his and I pay mine.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, yeah, sure -- just *roommates* until he knocks you up and skips out like your father. We bumped fuzz twice, and as soon as I told him I was pregnant, poof -- gone!

KRISTINE

Mom! I don't need a man to complete me, or to support me, or to do anything else I can handle on my own. You raised us without a husband, and you did just --

(she ponders)

-- Well, Ryan and I turned out --

Kristine raises her fist, waiting for the ultimate comeback.

KRISTINE

-- Okay, what's your point, Mom?!

CHARLOTTE

Listen to me, love bug, I know what I'm talking about. You tell your *roommate* you need a good husband to share life experiences with, and to make sure you're eating!

KRISTINE

Mom. Kale's gay!

CHARLOTTE

Well, of course he is! You're not trying hard enough!

Kristine's CELL PHONE RINGS. She answers.

KRISTINE

Hey.

**INT. PHOTOGRAPHY OFFICE - DAY**

Ryan, on the phone, uploads photos to the office computer.

RYAN

Hey. Let's go to the club tonight.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KRISTINE AND RYAN FOR A TWO-WAY CALL

KRISTINE

What club?

RYAN

Blast. That nightclub on Market.

KRISTINE

You know I don't do nightclubs.

RYAN

I know, but do this one. Please?

KRISTINE

Why?

Ryan peruses Blast's website, and its pics of gorgeous people.

RYAN

Because, it'll be good for you to go out and be social.

KRISTINE

You know I don't do *social*. What's this really about?

Kristine grabs a banana from the counter. Charlotte snatches it and replaces it with a Hostess Cupcake. Kristine glares.

RYAN

It's about *payback*. I took you to your thing last week.

KRISTINE

What thing? The eye doctor? They dilated my eyes!

RYAN

Yeah. And I went. So you owe me. And who knows? Maybe you'll meet somebody.

KRISTINE

For the thousandth time, I'm perfectly fine on my own.

(to Charlotte)

And, in fact, I prefer it that way!

She snatches her banana back.

RYAN

Okay, fine.

(deep breath)

The truth is, that model from work is going out for her birthday and she invited me to go.

KRISTINE

That's great! You should go!



RYAN

Yeah, but -- I need an entourage.  
Only creepers club alone. Please?

KRISTINE

Why didn't you lead with that? You  
know I'll support you in any way  
that I -- wait -- entourage?

(icy)

You mean Troy?

CHARLOTTE

Is that your brother?

RYAN

No.

KRISTINE

(to Charlotte)

Yes.

Ryan scoffs.

KRISTINE

I already told you, I'll never go  
anywhere with him ever again.

RYAN

Kristine --

KRISTINE

-- Why do you still hang out with  
him, Ryan? He's a racist, sexist,  
homophobic pig!

RYAN

Because... he's always had my back.  
Especially after...

(deep breath)

Okay, look, it's not entirely his  
fault that he turned out like he  
did. Deep down, he really means  
well. And besides, I need you both.

KRISTINE

No.

RYAN

No, to which part?

KRISTINE

All of it. Listen, I have to go.  
Mom's giving me the spinster talk  
again.

BACK TO SCENE

Kristine hangs up.

KRISTINE

He says hi, and you should drop in unannounced sometime. All the time.

CHARLOTTE

I'll visit this weekend. Sooo... I met a very nice young man at the store today...

KRISTINE

(to herself)

Here it comes.

CHARLOTTE

... I think you'd really hit it off.

She pulls a crumpled piece of paper out of her gaudy bag -- it says "Walter," followed by a phone number.

CHARLOTTE

He said he has no plans tonight. You should give him a call.

KRISTINE

Can't. Going out with Ryan.

**INT. WAY-MART - ELECTRONICS - DAY**

ON A LARGE FLAT SCREEN TV

See a professional wrestling video game with customized characters -- a brutish guy (who looks like Troy) vs. a lanky guy in a band tee and hemp beanie. The game characters grapple. The brute gets an advantage.

TROY (O.S.)

That was fucked up!

The brute knocks his opponent down and stomps on him.

TROY (O.S.)

Ha. You ready for this? You ready?

The brute picks up his opponent and delivers a brutal-looking move called "the pile driver."

TROY (O.S.)

Boom! Pile driver.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Troy, who shoves a handful of Junior Mints into his mouth and smears excess chocolate on one of the cost-saving store's nearby display cases.

TROY

There's no getting up from that.

BRANDON "BRANDO" KIRBY III (18), basis for the lanky game character, frantically mashes buttons on his controller.

BRANDO

(meekly)

No fair. I'm high as fuck.

A FRANTIC SHOPPER (40s) stomps up behind them.

SHOPPER

Excuse me.

TROY

(playing game)

Oh, that was sick! You see that?

SHOPPER

Excuse me!

Troy glances over his shoulder.

SHOPPER

I've been waiting to pick up photos for ten minutes and nobody's been back to help me.

Troy shovels more Mints into his mouth.

TROY

If I see someone, I'll let 'em know.

SHOPPER

See *someone* -- ? Can't you help me?

TROY

Nah. I work in Sporting.

(to Brando)

Oooh! Nice.

SHOPPER

(to Brando)

What about you?

TROY

Electronics.

SHOPPER

Well, can't you call someone?

TROY

I'm actually helping another customer  
at the -- Boom! Pile driver!

SHOPPER

This is unacceptable! I want to  
speak to a manager right now!

TROY

'kay. After this match.

SHOPPER

What?!

An attractive twenty-something DAUGHTER approaches.

DAUGHTER

(to Shopper)

Did you get the pictures?

Troy sees her, pauses the game, and discards the empty candy  
box inside a bin of unopened candy boxes. He smiles.

SHOPPER

No! Nobody bothered to help --

TROY

-- Hello! Welcome to Way-mart. I'm  
Troy. This is Brando. Do you need  
assistance finding anything today?

SHOPPER

A manager!

TROY

(to Daughter)

I'm sorry, ma'am, is this bag  
bothering you?

DAUGHTER

Bag -- this is my mother, and I think  
you owe her an apology right now!

Troy takes a step back, examines the two of them.

TROY

Ohhh. I get it. Ho code.

DAUGHTER

Ho code? Did you just call us ho's?

SHOPPER

I want a manager this instant!

Troy's PHONE RINGS. He ignores the women and answers it.

TROY

(on the phone)

What's up, Ry-bro? Not a damn thing, man. Just about to go to break... tonight? Hells yeah, I'm comin'!

Troy walks off to continue his conversation.

The frenzied customers look to Brando.

BRANDO

(awkward smile)

Would you be interested in applying for a Way-mart credit card today?

**INT. BLAST NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Lavish decor. A packed house dances to a hot new track.

Ryan, in his Dr. Who shirt, and Kristine, in a conservative white cardigan, stick out like sore thumbs as they maneuver through the crowd of hotties in designer clothes.

RYAN

Wanna go to the bar?

KRISTINE

No thanks. I probably won't drink tonight. On second thought...

Troy and Brando dance up to them.

TROY

(raising his beer)

Ry-bro!

They exchange a modern handshake/bro-hug.

TROY

Hey, man. This is Brando from Electronics.

(to Brando)

This's my boy Ryan. I've been friends with this fool since we were ten, and -- oh shit, he brought his mom!

KRISTINE

I'm not doing this tonight --

Ryan puts up a hand to calm her.

RYAN  
 (to Brando)  
 She's my twin sister, actually.

KRISTINE  
 (sigh)  
 Kristine.

Brando stares at her, unflinching, mouth agape.

RYAN  
 (to Troy)  
 ... Is he okay?

TROY  
 'Shrooms. He's good.

RYAN  
 Okay... You guys want to get shots?

A redheaded COCKTAIL WAITRESS passes by. Troy eyes her.

TROY  
 I could go for a *Red-Headed Slut*.

KRISTINE  
 Pig!

RYAN  
 (awkward smile)  
 It's the name of a mixed shot.

TROY  
 Sure it is.

Troy wanders off after the Waitress. Ryan looks O.S.

RYAN  
 I think I just saw Jenna. Meet you  
 on the dance floor?

Kristine rolls her eyes and wanders off. Ryan moves through the crowd. Brando shrugs and moonwalks after Kristine.

#### **ON THE STAGE**

Ryan approaches Jenna and other models. He pretends to not see them, then fakes surprise.

RYAN  
 Jenna?

JENNA  
 (seeing him)  
 Ryan? You came!

She hugs him.

RYAN  
Wow. You look great!

JENNA  
Thank you! You look...  
(looking him over)  
... It's so good to see you!

Ryan smiles from ear to ear.

RYAN  
You, too. So... can I buy you a  
birthday shot?

Jenna smiles, flattered, as she dances.

**AT THE BAR**

A bartender slides a red drink to Kristine. She pays him.

BRANDO (O.S.)  
'Sup?

Kristine sees Brando beside her. He winks a glazed eye.

KRISTINE  
Oh... Hi.

BRANDO  
(sneaky)  
You lookin' for Molly?

KRISTINE  
I don't know any Molly's.

BRANDO  
(paranoid)  
Shh.

Brando pulls out a baggie of pills.

BRANDO  
Molly's not a person. She's a drug.  
Molecular? M-D-M-A? Ecstasy? E?

KRISTINE  
She sounds lovely, but I'm really  
not interested.

BRANDO  
Come on. You'll like her.  
(MORE)

BRANDO (CONT'D)

Molly makes you feel good everywhere.  
The last time I rolled, no joke, I  
took the best shit of my life.

Kristine cringes.

KRISTINE

You should go now.

Brando hides the baggie between his legs and gets a pill.

BRANDO

You gotta loosen up, and this'll  
help you with that. Tell you what --  
the first one's free.

KRISTINE

I told you, I don't want any --

Brando clumsily raises a pill, hits the bottom of her martini  
glass, and splashes the red drink all over her cardigan.

KRISTINE

What is wrong with you?!

She stands mortified, not knowing what to do.

Brando scrambles for some bar napkins -- they're black --  
and hands them to Kristine.

She sets her glass down and wipes the spill -- it leaves  
black streaks on the cardigan. Kristine looks at the napkins,  
then at Brando. Brando offers the pill.

BRANDO

(meekly)

... Bet you could use one now, huh?

#### **ACROSS THE BAR**

Ryan sets blue shots in front of Jenna and himself.

JENNA

(excitedly)

I've never had one of these before.

RYAN

Yeah? My fiancée --

(catches himself)

My ex-fiancée turned me on to these.

Jenna's smile begins to fade.



RYAN

What do you usually drink?

JENNA

Nothing fancy. I just turned twenty-one today.

RYAN

Really? I thought you were older. Not that you look older. You're just really mature for twenty-one.

JENNA

I hear that a lot, actually.

RYAN

My ex-fiancee was like that. We went to Vegas once --

He catches her disappointed stare.

RYAN

-- It doesn't matter. Anyway, here's to twenty-one, and all the craziness that comes with it.

They clink glasses together and down the shots.

JENNA

Mmmm. That was amazing! What else should I try?

RYAN

You might like *Scooby Snacks*.

JENNA

Let's do it!

Ryan stacks the empty shot glasses. He frowns.

RYAN

I shouldn't. I don't drink much anymore. Not since --

His eyes drop.

JENNA

(over it)

Let me guess. It has something to do with your ex-girlfriend.

RYAN

Fiancee. Yeah. I'm really sorry...

JENNA

Sounds like you have some seriously unresolved issues with your ex.

Ryan raises his eyebrows in confirmation.

JENNA

Maybe you should be drinking with her tonight.

Jenna gives him a pained smile and wanders into the crowd.

RYAN

I can't.  
(to himself)  
She's dead.

Ryan slouches against the bar. He looks to the dance floor and sees Andreas dancing with two beautiful women. Andreas shakes his head with a sympathetic smile.

Kristine joins Ryan, arms crossed, and scowling. Brando head-bobs his way up to them.

**INT. GREASY'S DINER - NIGHT**

Crowded diner at bar rush. Brando scarfs down his large breakfast and hot cocoa next to Kristine, as Ryan and Troy sit across from them, distraught.

KRISTINE

(to Ryan)  
Sorry it didn't work out with your model friend. Or for anybody, really.

TROY

You should be sorry. I was about to bone that Down Syndrome chick before you made us leave.

Kristine slaps the table.

KRISTINE

Damn it, Troy! She didn't have Down Syndrome! She was Scottish!

Troy shrugs, trying to make the distinction.

KALE ROBERTS (22), a stylish homosexual server, approaches the table and tops off their coffee.

KALE

(to Kristine)  
I'm almost off. Can we stop for cigarettes on the way home?

KRISTINE

Sure --

TROY

-- Get off my dick, dude! I told you, I'm straight!

Kale rolls his eyes.

KALE

Please. I wouldn't fuck you with Charlie Sheen's dick.

(to Kristine)

Oh -- I need condoms, too.

KRISTINE

You can have mine. I won't be needing them. Ever.

KALE

Aww. I take it you didn't meet any hotties tonight?

RYAN

Of course not. We're walking disasters, too fractured to function.

KRISTINE

Excuse you. I know you're upset, but you don't need to take it out on the rest of us. Well, most of us.

She glares at Troy and Brando.

TROY

Uh, you got something right here.

Troy gestures to his chest, mirroring her stained sweater.

TROY

Don't worry, it's not breasts.

RYAN

I'm serious. I mean -- look at us. We're train wrecks.

KRISTINE

No we're not, Ryan! We all just had a really bad night. That's it. And, why are you putting your value on other people, anyway? You can be perfectly happy on your own. It's your choice.

RYAN

Yeah? But, what if it's not? What if we think it's all within the realm of our control, but in reality, we're just so fucked up that no one in their right mind will ever want us?

BRANDO

Dude, eat a Snickers.

Kristine takes it in -- this is a new concept.

RYAN

Say you get your Masters Degree, get the perfect job, the perfect house -- don't you want someone there to share it all with you?

KRISTINE

I like my life. So what if my career comes first. I'm at peace with it.

RYAN

Now. But what about later? What if you look back and regret not taking chances?

KRISTINE

Ryan --

RYAN

-- What if you wake up in ten years and realize you're tired of being alone? What if you decide you want kids? You think it's gonna be any easier than it is now?

KRISTINE

So I'll get a cat! I'm telling you, I'm perfectly happy being alone!

Brando, with whipped cream on his chin, eyes her.

BRANDO

What's so great about being alone?

Kristine takes a napkin and cleans his chin.

KRISTINE

Being self-sufficient! Not needing to count on anyone for anything! Do you know what I can become if I can avoid romantic relationships for another twenty years?

RYAN

Mom.

KRISTINE

You take that back.

RYAN

No.

KRISTINE

Dating's easy. It's no big deal. I could have a boyfriend if I wanted to. You could be with someone, too, if you'd just...

Kristine takes a breath -- going somewhere she shouldn't...

KRISTINE

Ryan... You're still hurting --

RYAN

-- Kristine --

KRISTINE

-- And I know you don't like to talk about it --

RYAN

-- Don't.

KRISTINE

If you'd just talk to someone --

RYAN

-- Don't say it --

KRISTINE

-- You need to talk about Summer!

The table goes silent. Kristine's face fills with guilt. Ryan winces -- hot button. Brando glances around, confused.

KRISTINE

Ryan...

Ryan stands, drops five dollars on the table, and leaves.

BRANDO

What happens in summer?

TROY

Summer was Ryan's fiancée. Drunk driver killed her a few years ago. Fucked him up.

BRANDO

Shit.

TROY

He doesn't like to talk about it.

(to Kristine)

So we don't.

Kristine looks away in shame.

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ryan pulls on a super hero t-shirt to go with his matching pajama bottoms and drops into bed, distraught. He reaches to turn off his lamp and looks at the framed photo of himself with SUMMER (same age as him) on the nightstand beside it.

In the photo, they smile together at Comicon, dressed as "*Game of Thrones*" *Dothraki* characters.

Ryan curls into a fetal position and clenches his eyes shut.

**INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Kristine, in pajamas, plops down on the couch beside Kale and cuddles up as he watches a reality show about drag queens.

KALE

What's the matter, punkin?

KRISTINE

Nothing.

Kale tunes her out...

KRISTINE

Do you think he's right? When Ryan said I'll be alone, no matter what I want? What if you're destined to be the only man in my life for all eternity?

Kale mutes the TV and looks at Kristine compassionately.

KALE

Oh, honey. One day, when the time is right, Prince Charming will come.

Kristine smiles.

KALE

And on that day, he'll take me away from this dreadful apartment with limited closet space, and I'll live  
(MORE)

KALE (CONT'D)  
 happily ever after. But, till that  
 day comes, you'll always have me.

Kale un-mutes the TV. Kristine's eyebrows furrow. She drags herself to her feet.

**INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Kristine digs through a candy dish full of random household items and finds the wadded up paper with Walter's number.

We hear a GUN SHOT leading us into:

**INT. CASA BONITA - DAY**

Historic Mexican restaurant/tourist trap. A diver dressed like a cowboy "falls" into a waterfall as we explore the wild cave-like decor and colorfully dressed employees.

WALTER (O.S.)  
 The way your mom talked about you,  
 you sounded too good to be true.

We find a table across from the show where Kristine winces at WALTER (36), a burly lumberjack type with a shaggy beard and intense stare.

KRISTINE  
 That's my mom... So, Casa Bonita,  
 huh? Not a lot of guys would choose  
 this for a first date.

WALTER  
 Well, I knew I had to try to impress  
 you somehow.

Kristine smiles, more disturbed than impressed.

WALTER  
 I mean, How are you even still single?

KRISTINE  
 Well, I stay busy with work and  
 school, and... to be honest, I don't  
 really date much.

WALTER  
 I figured. Your mom said you're a  
 virgin.

KRISTINE  
 (spit take)  
 How'd you say you met her again?

WALTER  
I carried groceries to her car.

KRISTINE  
Ah. So, you work at the supermarket.

WALTER  
Oh, no. I'm on work release.

Kristine's eyes widen for a moment. She chuckles.

KRISTINE  
Oh! You're kidding!

She glances under the table -- his ankle monitor blinks.

KRISTINE  
No, you're not...

She clenches her eyes shut. Is she having a nightmare? No.

KRISTINE  
What is it you're... *looking* for?

WALTER  
Well, ideally, I want a woman who likes to cook. Willing to make snacks for me and the guys on game day. And gives me some of that good lovin'.

KRISTINE  
Good... *lovin'*?

WALTER  
Yup. I want that raw, passionate sex like the have in those porno movies. Hey, can you cry on command?

KRISTINE  
I don't know. Why?

A mariachi band plays in the b.g. One of the men hits the Mexican Grito.

Walter raises his eyebrows and nods with a huge grin.

KRISTINE  
Oh god!

**INT. WAY-MART - ELECTRONICS - DAY**

Troy and Brando play their video game. Troy dominates.

TROY  
Boom! Pile driver.



MR. GALLAGHER (40s) sidles up behind them with a clipboard and an HR REPRESENTATIVE.

GALLAGHER

Mr. Baker!

Troy jumps and spins around.

GALLAGHER

I waited for you in Sporting for fifteen minutes -- what are you doing in Electronics?

TROY

The pile driver.

BRANDO

(meekly)

He cheats sometimes.

GALLAGHER

Come to my office.

TROY

I'm on break.

GALLAGHER

Now, Baker. You, too, Kirby.

Troy and Brando set their controllers down and start to walk.

BRANDO

(meekly)

... But, I'm off today...

**INT. WAY-MART - OFFICE - DAY**

Troy sits informally in the chair. Across from him, Gallagher scans an incident report and the HR Rep takes notes.

GALLAGHER

She said you didn't help her. You just ignored her and played video games on company time. Is that right?

TROY

Nope. I totally acknowledged her.

GALLAGHER

(scanning)

Oh, that's right -- you apparently called her an *old bag*.

TROY

No! I said she was a bag, but I never called her old. That's just rude, and I don't appreciate you putting words in my mouth.

(to the Rep)

I'd like to press charges against him for slandering my good name.

GALLAGHER

And then you called the customer and her daughter...

(scanning)

... *Ho's?*

TROY

Yes sir.

GALLAGHER

(sigh)

You were just in here last week for a similar incident. Says you called Clint Wilson a...

Gallagher loses his place, tries to find it...

TROY

Fudge packer!

HR Rep clears her throat.

TROY

Yeah, I said it. He wanted *the D!* And I said, *I don't swing that way, you fudge packer!*

GALLAGHER

Says he only asked for your name.

TROY

Yeah! In the most sexually harassing way possible!

(to the Rep)

I wanna sue the fudge packer, too.

GALLAGHER

You called him a gay slur in a disciplinary sensitivity training!

TROY

Well, that training's bull shit, 'cause he's still pretty sensitive.

GALLAGHER

He was teaching the class! He quit  
two hours later! Don't you even ca--

Gallagher takes off his glasses, pinches the bridge of his  
nose, and glances at the HR Rep.

GALLAGHER

(to the Rep)  
Heard enough?

The Rep nods.

GALLAGHER

You're fired, Baker. You, too, Kirby.

BRANDO

(indifferent)  
Coolio.

Troy, dumbfounded, shakes his head and pops out of his seat.

TROY

Why him? He didn't do shit!

BRANDO

(meekly)  
It's okay, really --

GALLAGHER

-- That's the problem. He didn't do  
*anything* when customers needed help.

BRANDO

(meekly)  
I sell weed on the side. I probably  
make more than both of you --

Nobody hears Brando.

GALLAGHER

-- You've tainted him, Baker. And  
who knows how many others?

BRANDO

(giggling)  
Taint.

GALLAGHER

I can't lead a team that doesn't  
respect the Way-mart brand. You've  
left me no choice but to start  
cleaning house.

TROY

It was all me, Gallagher. Nobody else. I'm the one who *ignored* those --  
 (catching himself)  
 -- Those... aesthetically-impaired women. I'm the one who ate all your fucking Junior Mints --

GALLAGHER

-- Junior Mints?

Gallagher looks at the HR Rep. She shrugs, just as surprised.

TROY

-- And I'm the one who always finds a place to squeeze *fudge packer* into any given conversation!

GALLAGHER

Why, Baker? Were you raised by homophobic wolves?

TROY

(flush)  
 You don't want to know how I was raised.

Gallagher is taken aback. He takes a deep breath and nods.

GALLAGHER

Kirby. Consider this a firm warning.  
 (nodding towards door)  
 Go on. Back to work.

Brando, aloof, gets up and heads to the exit.

BRANDO

(meekly)  
 ... Cleaned out my locker for nothing.

Troy stands up and tosses his Way-mart badge on the desk. He gives a thankful nod and heads to the door.

GALLAGHER

(to Rep)  
 Let's inventory the Junior Mints.

**EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Plain looking apartment complex. A jogger passes by.

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Ryan sits on the couch with popcorn and presses play on his remote. He watches TV for a moment and sighs.

He presses pause, grabs his phone, and scrolls through his contacts.

**INT. JAMESON AND LEANNE'S HOUSE - GYM - DAY**

Modest home gym. Jameson rides an exercise bike as MUSIC BLASTS THROUGH HIS EARBUDS. The song is paused by a BEEPING. He stops riding, sees Ryan on the caller I.D., and hesitates.

JAMESON  
(answering)  
Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN RYAN AND JAMESON

RYAN  
Hey. It's Ryan.

JAMESON  
Yeah. Uh... What's up?

RYAN  
I was about to start a "*Lord of the Rings*" marathon. Care to join?

Jamie wipes his brow with a towel, catches his breath.

JAMESON  
I can't. Sorry.

Ryan nods in an "I expected as much" fashion.

JAMESON  
Leanne's day off, too. She made us plans with friends today.

RYAN  
Ouch.

JAMESON  
No -- come on, man. You know that's not what I meant.

RYAN  
Look. You're married. I get it. But I don't understand why you have to cut us out of your life completely.

JAMESON  
I didn't... it's not even like that. And, look, I'll probably see you at the class reunion next month. Leanne put it together. Should be fun.

RYAN

Sure thing.

Both men pause, speechless.

RYAN

Well. Take care, Jamie.

Jamie searches for a response. A "CLICK" comes from RYAN'S PHONE. Jamie wipes his face and sighs.

**INT. JAMESON AND LEANNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A funny scene from a *Sex and the City*-like show plays out on the large flat screen TV.

Leanne sits on her expensive furniture with a group of yuppies -- a straight couple and gay couple -- who all laugh together.

Jamie, freshly showered and dressed, heads in and grabs his jacket from the coat rack.

LEANNE

Where you going, babe?

JAMESON

(nervous)

I thought I'd go hang out with the guys for a couple hours. I haven't seen them since the wedding.

A YUPPIE GAY gasps, like he just heard a dirty secret.

YUPPIE GAY

(scandalous)

The *guys*?

JAMESON

Yeah. Just some friends we went to high school with.

LEANNE

Nonsense. Our friends are right here. Come sit down.

JAMESON

I'll just be an hour or two --

LEANNE

(icy stare)

Jameson. Sit.

She pats the empty seat beside her as though calling a dog.

Jamie re-racks his jacket and joins his wife, defeated.

JAMESON

What's this?

LEANNE

"*Sexy In the City.*"

YUPPIE GAY

We're having a marathon! Ninety-four episodes and two movies!

A YUPPIE WOMAN hands him a bowl of popcorn.

YUPPIE WOMAN

You're in luck. We just started.

Life drains from Jameson's face.

A KNOCKING SOUND leads us into:

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

Ryan opens his front door. Kristine frowns in the hallway.

KRISTINE

I'm sorry. About what I said -- it's not my place. It's none of my business how you deal with it --

RYAN

-- Stop. You're the evil twin. It's already been established.

Kristine softens.

RYAN

And, maybe there's a small chance that some of what you said was true. But, I'm just not there yet.

KRISTINE

Fair enough. And, maybe there's a small chance that some of what you said was true, too.

RYAN

I'm sorry, what was that?

Ryan pokes a pinkie into his hear and wiggles it around.

RYAN

It kind of almost sounded like you said *I* was right.

KRISTINE

Okay, move stupid. You're done.

Kristine pushes Ryan out of the way and enters the apartment.

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The twins enter. Kristine looks at the TV.

KRISTINE

"*The Hobbit*" again?

RYAN

"*Lord of the Rings*." It reminds me of the fellowship I used to have with Jamie.

They plop down on the couch. Ryan goes through his mail.

RYAN

I was always the *Samwise Gamgee* of the group. Loyal, determined, willing to do anything for a friend.

Ryan comes across a small envelope and opens it -- it's a "Thank You" card and photo of Jamie and Leanne.

RYAN

And Jamie turned out to be Frodo, a naive little Hobbit seduced by an evil fucking ring.

Ryan aggressively shakes the wedding photo at Kristine.

KRISTINE

(sigh)

Have you tried calling him?

RYAN

Yeah. He said he's too busy with his *friends*, but maybe he'd see me at the reunion.

KRISTINE

Well, that's a start, right?

RYAN

Leanne's putting it together.

KRISTINE

Hate that bitch.

She steals the photo and tosses it behind them.

RYAN

I wish I was seeing someone now.

(MORE)



RYAN (CONT'D)

We could go to the reunion and show them they're not so special. Maybe if he saw what a happy couple really looks like, he'd see how badly he fucked up.

KRISTINE

... Maybe you should.

RYAN

Yeah. Right.

KRISTINE

No, I'm serious. Somebody should show him.

RYAN

So, you do it. Take a hot date and show him what he missed out on.

KRISTINE

(squinty)

What are you implying?

RYAN

Nothing, really. Only that you've been in love with him since puberty.

KRISTINE

For your information, I only tolerated him for the integrity of your social circle. Just like I do with Troy.

(flustered)

Shh. Movie.

She grabs the popcorn and pretends to watch the movie.

KRISTINE

Okay, so what if we both show him?

Ryan squints at Kristine.

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The twins sit at the computer. Ryan opens a browser window.

KRISTINE

I vote speed dating.

RYAN

No way. That's how you meet psychos.

KRISTINE

Yeah, 'cause there are no psychos on the Internet.

Ryan enters "dating website" into the search engine.

RYAN

I didn't say there weren't. But I'd rather not be sitting across from them when I figure that out.

KRISTINE

Fine. You meet psychos your way, I'll meet them mine.

Ryan opens a link to "*In-My-League.com*," a site depicting average-looking, out-of-shape couples.

RYAN

Deal. Here we go. "*In-my-league-dot-com*. A site for the average. Shoot for... just below the stars"?

KRISTINE

Try another one.

Ryan exits the site and clicks the link for "*RightSwipes.com*." The page features photos of attractive men and women.

RYAN

"*Right-swipes-dot-com*." Okay. This one's not so bad.

He clicks join. It opens a bio page. He types as he speaks.

RYAN

*Bio. I'm a normal guy and a lowly subordinate at a commercial photography studio.*

KRISTINE

Where's your confidence?

RYAN

I was trying to be funny and honest.

KRISTINE

Not your strong suits. Try again.

RYAN

(sigh)  
*I'm a successful, good looking photographer.*

He gives her a "is that good enough for you" gesture.

KRISTINE

Well, I'd -- uh -- okay, why not?

RYAN

Okay. *Upload pic* --

Ryan uploads an artistic portrait of himself frowning in an alley. He's so Photoshopped, he's barely recognizable.

KRISTINE

(laughing)

You can't use that.

RYAN

What's wrong with it?

KRISTINE

Look at it! It's depressing as hell!  
It looks like a PETA commercial.

RYAN

(sigh)

I'm moving on to the Questionnaire.

(reading)

*"Is it more offensive to say you  
want to have sex with a quadriplegic?  
Or to say that you don't?"*

KRISTINE

(squints at the screen)

Is *both* an option?

RYAN

It is not.

KRISTINE

Let me try something.

Kristine hijacks the mouse and opens a window showing other men on the site. She scrolls through profiles; they're all muscular, tanned, and shirtless or wearing designer clothes.

KRISTINE

What's a *Cis, non-binary gender fluid sapiosexual*?

RYAN

I... I have no idea.

KRISTINE

Doesn't matter. He's married.

RYAN

Do you see a pattern with these guys?

KRISTINE

Besides the polygamy, square jaws  
and eight-pack abs? Not really.

RYAN

Exactly. I can't compete with that.

KRISTINE

Stop. You have something more  
important. Personality.  
(gesturing to TV)  
*Loyalty, determination -- remember,  
Samwise Ganges?*

RYAN

That's not gonna be enough -- it's  
*Gamgee*, by the way -- but I need to  
be more than that.  
(concentrates on hunks)  
Think you can get me a guest pass  
for your gym?

KRISTINE

Probably.

RYAN

How 'bout two?

KRISTINE

I guess. Why?

Ryan casts her a cheesy, angelic smile.

KRISTINE

No. Do not bring Troy to my gym.

Ryan works up an adorable "*Puss In Boots*" face.

KRISTINE

Ryan, I know people there!

**INT. GAINS GYM - DAY**

Kristine, in earbuds and a scowl, works an elliptical machine  
in the crowded gym.

TROY (O.S.)

Hey!

Kristine works harder.

TROY (O.S.)

Hey!

Her breathing intensifies.

TROY (O.S.)

Hey!

Kristine rips her ear buds out and glares.

KRISTINE

What?!

Troy, in a tank top, sweats, and dangling dog tags, smiles.

TROY

'Sup, A-cups?

She replaces her ear buds with a grunt and ups her workout.

TROY

Did you know there's protein in sperm?  
I can get you a pretty good deal.  
(scratches himself)  
Start you off with one squirt a day --

RYAN (O.S.)

Troy!

Troy gives a "*just a second*" gesture to Ryan O.S.

TROY

Make sure you wipe down that machine,  
huh? Etiquette.

Kristine throws her towel at him.

#### **AT MEMBER SERVICES**

Troy sits down with Ryan, across the desk from TINY (38), a tall, dark beast with muscles on muscles.

RYAN

Troy, this is Tiny.

TROY

'Sup, C-cups.

TINY

(icy stare)  
Say what?

RYAN

Uh... Tiny's offering us a free  
training session if we sign up today.

TROY

Nah, man. We try before we buy.  
Give us that session first, then  
we'll talk.

TINY

Oh yeah?

RYAN

(whispering to Troy)  
What are you doing?

TROY

(whispering to Ryan)  
I just got fired, bro. I can't afford  
this shit!  
(to Tiny)  
Yeah. Show us what you got.

TINY

Oh, I can show you lots of things.

Tiny stands. Through his white basketball shorts, a dark bulge the size of a Pringles can swings like a pendulum. Ryan's jaw drops.

TROY

(jolted)  
'Da fuck is that?!

**INT. GAINS GYM - BENCH PRESS - DAY**

Ryan lowers ninety-five pounds to his chest and struggles. Tiny stands near the rack, inching closer to lend a spot. Ryan's eyes are fixed on the bulging flesh pendulum.

TINY

Two more. Good.

Tiny steps close enough for the pendulum to swing above Ryan.

Ryan trembles -- he can't finish the last rep.

TINY

Push!

TROY (O.S.)

Just sayin' --

Ryan looks to the side -- a few yards away, Troy stands beside a woman in athletic pants that say "PINK" on the buttocks.

TROY

-- It's *pink* now, but it'll be *purple*  
when I'm done with it.

YOGA PANTS

Excuse me?

A BODYBUILDER with a huge torso and scrawny legs pushes Troy.

BODYBUILDER

That's my girlfriend, douche bag!

The bar collapses on Ryan's chest.

TINY

It's okay, baby. I got'chu.

Tiny bends down to get the bar. Through his shorts, his junk slaps and smears Ryan's face from side to side. Tiny slowly and carefully retrieves the bar and racks it.

TINY

How did that feel.

Ryan starts to speak, then gags.

TINY

This your first time?

Ryan catches his breath, nods, and stares at Tiny's crotch.

TINY

The first time's always hard. You're gonna be sore for a few days. Come back to my office. Let's get you set up with a protein regimen.

RYAN

No! No, thanks. I'm good. I think I'm gonna call it a day. Sorry.

Ryan gets up and hurries away.

Three hulks hold the Bodybuilder back from destroying Troy.

BODYBUILDER

Let me go so I can fuck him up!

TROY

Pffft. Maybe when your adult legs come in.

Tiny sees Ryan intercept Troy and drag him to the exit.

**INT. GREASY'S DINER - NIGHT**

Kristine, Ryan, and Troy eat at the counter, irritated.

KRISTINE

Well there's another place I can never go back to because of you.

RYAN

Bullshit. When have we ever --

KRISTINE

-- Subway, Denver Diner, IHOP,  
Chipotle, the bowling alley --

RYAN

-- Okay --

KRISTINE

-- Flatirons Mall, the airport, the  
Denny's in Denver, Denny's in Arvada --

RYAN

-- Kristine --

KRISTINE

-- remember when you made that "how  
to use a tampon" video at Cinzettis? --

RYAN

-- Okay! I'm sorry! But, you know  
what? It never works out for me,  
either. At least you weren't attacked  
by an anaconda on the weight bench.

KALE (O.S.)

I heard *anaconda* and *weight bench*.  
Give me the *tea*!

Kale approaches to refill Kristine's coffee.

Troy slams his fork down.

TROY

Get off my dick, Kale! I'm not gay!

KALE

(rolls eyes)  
The only ones interested in your  
dick are the C-D-C.  
(to Kristine)  
Give me the tea -- give me the tea!

KRISTINE

Let's just say, I can never show my  
face at that gym again.

KALE

Oh, honey... did you shart?

KRISTINE

No!  
(at Ryan and Troy)  
They did! All over my reputation,  
my pride, my dignity --



RYAN

-- I said I'm sorry! Jeez. Forgive me for trying to get... attractive for once!

KALE

And why are *you* trying to get attractive all of the sudden?

Kristine gives Kale a concerned '*be nice*' eyebrow.

KALE

Stay -- attractive. Why are you trying to stay attractive... all of the sudden?

Kale gives her a '*what do you want from me*' look.

Ryan pulls out his phone and brings up his profile.

RYAN

My dating profile's been up for a week and the only messages I've gotten are from middle-aged men in the Philippines.

Kale snatches the phone and takes a look.

KALE

Well, there's your problem.

Kale displays the phone. The profile pic shows Ryan dressed for elfin combat in a L.A.R.P. battle.

KALE

You look like a D-and-D-bag.

Kale looks at Ryan and ponders...

KALE

You know what I do when I need to reinvent myself?

TROY

Go shopping?

KALE

(to Troy)  
I'm about sick of all your homophobic --  
(coolly)  
-- Oh. That's... that's right, actually.

Kale pushes Ryan's hair around and squints at him.

KALE

New clothes, new pics, some confidence  
... maybe a miracle...

Ryan's eyes drift to Kristine and Troy.

KALE

It's settled. You're getting a make-  
over. All of you.

Troy and Kristine grimace at Kale.

**INT. RACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

Upscale department store full of beautiful people.

BEGIN MONTAGE - VARIOUS UNISEX CHANGING ROOMS

- In a mirror -- Ryan, dapper, with a wilder, "messy" haircut. He snaps a selfie, glances at his phone screen -- the "Right-Swipes" app -- and uploads new pics to his profile.

- With contacts, makeup, and blown out hair, Kristine pulls on a cute dress and gives her reflection a "not bad" look.

- Troy sports a faux hawk, form-fitting sweater, and skinny jeans. He fails to tie a designer scarf and looks at his reflection with disgust.

END MONTAGE

**INT. RACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

Kale looks Ryan over, front to back.

KALE

Hey, gurl. Who knew you had a booty?

Troy exits a dressing room. Kale and Ryan stare for a moment, then burst into laughter.

TROY

Fuck you guys!

Troy yanks the scarf off and spins to leave.

RYAN

Don't be like that, man. You look good. It's just... sooo different.

KALE

Come back, papi!

Kale hurries around him and snatches the scarf. He spots Troy's dog tags and attempts to remove them --

KALE  
 Woof! This scarf is fierce! Let's  
 just get rid of these, and --

TROY  
 (pulling away)  
 -- No!

Kale backs off. Troy spots Ryan, equally startled.

TROY  
 These were my dad's. They don't  
 come off.

He conceals them in the sweater.

KRISTINE (O.S.)  
 There. Are you happy?

The men turn to see Kristine -- she's a knockout.

KALE  
 Yes, darling!

RYAN  
 Looking good, Sis!

TROY  
 Damn, A-cups! I always thought you  
 were a Dove commercial just waiting  
 to happen, but you almost look like  
 a real woman in that!

Kristine glowers at him and misses her footing. She falls,  
 and hits her head on a display shelf. A shoe goes flying.

RYAN  
 Kristine!

Ryan and Kale rush to her aid. She holds her head.

KALE  
 You okay, honey?

KRISTINE  
 I told you, I can't pull off heels.

KALE  
 Yes, you can. I'll teach you.

KRISTINE  
 Is there blood?

KALE  
 No. But your hair...

She gives him the hate stare.

KALE

I'll get your shoe.

Kale hunts for the heel. Ryan stands up and offers his hand to Kristine. She sits up and reaches for it...

RYAN'S PHONE CHIMES. He looks at it, and pulls his hand back, just out of Kristine's reach, to read the new message. Kristine falls back down.

RYAN

Oh shit! I uploaded pics to *Right-Swipes* when I was in the dressing room, and I already got a response!

Troy pops over his shoulder.

TROY

Sick, man! Let's see her!  
(he looks)  
Whoa. She's a straight Colorado ten! California six, though. But who gives a shit -- tap that, Bromeo!

Kristine helps herself to her feet.

KRISTINE

(frustrated)  
Well, what did she say?

RYAN

(reading the message)  
Her name's Destiny. She's twenty-five. She said she likes my style.

KALE

You're welcome.

RYAN

(reading)  
She wants to meet... she's going to be at Blast tonight! We have to go!

KALE

(checks watch)  
I guess I can move some stuff around.

TROY

It's on like Donkey Kong! I'll tell Brando.

Troy pulls out his phone and texts him.

KRISTINE  
The drug dealer?!

TROY  
*Urban pharmacist.*

KRISTINE  
Send him my disregards.

RYAN  
Wait -- you're going, right?

KRISTINE  
Absolutely not.

RYAN  
What? You have to. You said you prefer meeting people in person, remember? And, seriously -- look at us! We're Dempseys, two-point-oh!

Ryan turns her to the mirror. They all look and see four attractive, stylish reflections staring back.

RYAN  
It'll be different this time.

KRISTINE  
Sorry, Ryan. I'm out.

She takes off her other heel and starts walking away.

RYAN  
We made a pact to do this together. Please, don't abandon me when we're this close...

Kristine's walls crumble. She turns to face them.

KRISTINE  
Ugh. Okay, But this is the last time. You need to start doing these things by your--

RYAN  
-- Awesome. I promise, this will be a night we'll never forget.

TROY  
We're all getting laid tonight!

A woman stops and stares at the outburst.

TROY  
Not you, lady.  
(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)  
 (points to other woman)  
 Maybe her.

The woman cover's her child's ears.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Ryan's unambitious sedan keeps up with Friday night traffic.

**INT. RYAN'S CAR - NIGHT**

Ryan drives. Brando bobs his head to MUSIC in the passenger seat, as Troy, Kristine, and Kale are scrunched together in back. Kristine rubs her head and drinks a water bottle.

TROY  
 This is horse shit.

RYAN  
 Everyone has to be outside before you can call shotgun. Those've been the rules since we were sixteen.

TROY  
 Yeah, well, we were a lot smaller back then. Some of us, anyway.

Troy looks at Kristine as if to say "burn."

KRISTINE  
 Troy, I have a headache so bad, I could stab you in the dick with my stiletto and not even feel bad about all the S-T-Ds you gave it.

TROY  
 See? Any excuse to touch my dick.

KALE  
 I can't believe you think you're getting laid tonight.

TROY  
 I know I am. I came prepared. Brando? Party favors.

Brando nods and pulls a backpack from the floorboard.

TROY  
 See, my boy Brando and I whipped up the ultimate emergency sex kit.

BRANDO  
 I raided my parents' room.

KALE  
 (to Kristine)  
 You still have that pepper spray?

KRISTINE  
 (whispering)  
 Yeah.

KALE  
 (to Kristine)  
 Could you use it now?

BRANDO  
 (digs through backpack)  
 First up, Horny Goat Weed. Anyone?

He presents a vial of pills to the squad.

RYAN  
 What's that?

TROY  
 It gives you a raging boner.

Ryan uncomfortably shakes his head.

RYAN  
 I'll pass.

BRANDO  
 Just more for me.

Brando pops one and stashes the vial. He resumes digging.

BRANDO  
 We got a guide to crazy sex positions.

Brando reveals the yellow paperback, "Sex Positions For Idiots." A graphic on the cover says, "AS SEEN IN PORN!"

KALE  
 You stole that from your parents?

BRANDO  
 Yeah... they needed to cut down  
 anyway. Anybody? Troy?

TROY  
 Pfft. Fuck that. I'm a pimp daddy.

KRISTINE  
 Yeah? Who was the last woman you  
 allowed to finish before you?

TROY

*Finish?* Wait -- women can cum, too?

Kristine snatches the book and throws it at Troy's chest.

Dumbfounded, and a little curious, Troy skims the book.

Brando pulls a small baggie of white powder from the pack.

BRANDO

Okay. Got some coke from my mom's private reserve --

KALE

-- Dibs!

Kale snatches it before Brando can even finish the sentence.

Brando shrugs and returns to the backpack. He pulls out two sandwich bags and a bottle of Tylenol -- one bag is full of small white pills, the other full of green M&Ms. He drops all but the M&Ms on the center console.

BRANDO

Oh! Can't forget the green M&Ms.

Ryan glances.

RYAN

I don't get it.

TROY

They're an aphrodisiac, dude.

KRISTINE

(laughing)

That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard!

TROY

Do you eat green M&Ms?

KRISTINE

Not... particularly --

TROY

-- Do you get laid?

KRISTINE

... Shut up, mouth breather.

Ryan takes the M&Ms and puts them in his breast pocket.



RYAN

(glib)

I'm convinced. Thanks.

Kristine pinches the bridge of her nose. She eyes the Tylenol bottle and helps herself to a yellow capsule. Nobody notices.

Brando snatches the baggy of white pills from the console.

BRANDO

Okay. Got some Tylenol for the hangovers we're all gonna have in the morning. And...

Brando feels around the dark center console.

BRANDO

... Uh-oh.

RYAN

(glancing)

What?

BRANDO

I can't find my Molly. I just had it -- It's in a white Tylenol bottle.

Kristine spits water from the back of the car.

KRISTINE

Molly?! As in Ecstasy?!

She flings the pill bottle back at Brando.

BRANDO

Yeah! What did you think it was?

Troy and Kale laugh. Ryan gapes.

KRISTINE

Tylenol! Who the hell puts Ecstasy in a Tylenol bottle?!

BRANDO

I was out of Tic-Tac containers...

KRISTINE

Kale? What can happen?

Kristine tries, pointlessly, to spit it out -- it's too late. She sticks her finger down her throat.

KALE

Nothing... nothing really.

(MORE)

KALE (CONT'D)

You're going to feel really good.  
And happy. And -- how can I put  
this -- you might get... *huggy*.

KRISTINE

What?!

Ryan finds street parking and pulls over.

RYAN

Should we take her to the hospital?

KALE

For Molly? You're kidding, right?

RYAN

(to Kristine)

What do you want to do?

KRISTINE

I don't know... Would you hate me  
if I just wanted to go home?

Ryan conceals his frown, but not his sad eyes.

RYAN

... Of course not.

Kristine looks at her companions, who stare in anticipation.

KRISTINE

Well... I guess I'm okay, so far.

KALE

We'll take care of you, sweetie.

KRISTINE

Okay. But don't count on me getting  
*huggy*.

The squad hops out.

Troy drops his book on the car seat -- the pages flip open to a page with a sex position called "The Pile Driver." An illustrated image depicts a man standing, holding a woman upside down with her neck on the ground and legs in the air.

KRISTINE (O.S.)

I have way too many boundary issues  
for that to happen.

**INT. BLAST NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

The dance floor is flooded with young, attractive partiers.

They part to reveal Kristine, who slowly turns toward us, drooling, and with a big smile.

KRISTINE

Hiiiiii!

She waves and drags her hand along people's clothing as they pass -- they enjoy her enthusiasm. Ryan and Brando watch.

RYAN

Maybe we should just go.

KRISTINE

Nooooo. I'm having such a good time.  
I feel... I feel... GOOD!

RYAN

(to Brando)  
How long's this gonna last?

BRANDO

It all depends. Everyone's different.

RYAN

Is it dangerous?

KRISTINE

(to stranger)  
I love your unicorn!

RYAN

(to Brando)  
What I mean is, will she be okay?

BRANDO

Yeah, man. Just gotta keep an eye on her. Keep her hydrated.

RYAN

(to Kristine)  
Okay. Let's get you some water.

KRISTINE

No! I wanna dance!

She twirls with an enormous grin.

RYAN

Kristine! Come with!

KRISTINE

Nuh-uh!

BRANDO

I'll stay with her.

Ryan sighs.

RYAN

All right.  
 (to Kristine)  
 You stay right here. Okay?

KRISTINE

Okay, mom!

Ryan grimaces and heads to the bar.

Kristine twerks and grinds against Brando, and then turns to face him. She looks at his crotch and points.

KRISTINE

(laughing hysterically)  
 You have a boner!

Others take notice. Conservative women see Brando's 'tent'.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN

(pointing)  
 That little pervert has an erection.  
 (to anyone who listens)  
 Security!

BRANDO

It's not for you! It's for her --

Brando turns around -- Kristine is gone. He scans the immediate area -- no dice.

BRANDO

Shit kittens.

CONSERVATIVE WOMAN

Security!

Brando sees a large SECURITY GUARD wading through the crowd and bolts in the opposite direction.

### **IN THE LOUNGE**

Troy adjusts his scarf and sees three Cougars with Cosmos.

TROY

'sup? Which one of you lovely ladies  
 wants to buy me a drink?

COUGAR #1 caresses his scarf.

COUGAR #1

Why? Did your boyfriend forget his  
 purse?

The Cougars erupt in laughter.

TROY

What?!

(glances at himself)

Lady, I ain't gay! In fact... I  
already have a girlfriend!

The Cougars laugh again.

COUGAR #2

Yeah? Are those her jeans?

COUGAR #3

(laughing)

He looks like Yosemite Sam!

TROY

No I don't! ... Shut up!

More cackling. Troy adjusts himself, ready for a zinger...

TROY

You're the one who... I mean -- I  
don't see you here with... yo, fuck  
you, Betty White!

The Cougars laugh. Troy stomps away. He fumbles with the designer scarf and stuffs it into a trash can in a huff.

#### **AT THE BAR**

Ryan tries to wave down the bartender. He locks eyes with DESTINY (25), a pretty girl in designer clothes, at the other end of the bar. She stirs her drink and mouths, "Ryan?"

Ryan glances to the dance floor.

The crowd is too dense to see Kristine or Brando.

Ryan makes his way to Destiny.

RYAN

Destiny?

DESTINY

You must be Ryan. I'm impressed.  
You look just like your pictures.

RYAN

They're pretty recent. Having fun?

DESTINY

Always. You?

RYAN

Just got here. I brought the squad.

DESTINY

The squad, huh?

RYAN

Yeah. It's just me, a few buddies,  
and my sister...

DESTINY

You go clubbing with your sister?

RYAN

Sometimes. Only really special  
occasions. She's not really a people  
person. She gets... uncomfortable.

**QUICK FLASH TO THE DANCE FLOOR**

Kristine is in a train of rolling club kids with glow-in-the-dark accessories. They give back rubs and enjoy the bass.

KRISTINE

I know I'm fucked up on drugs... but  
I just love you all so much!

**BACK TO SCENE**

Destiny inches closer to Ryan.

DESTINY

Yeah? So what's the occasion tonight?

RYAN

Well, I came to flirt with a pretty  
girl I met on Right-Swipes-dot-com.

She signals to the bartender and points at herself and Ryan.

DESTINY

(smiling)  
Two more, please?

**ON THE DANCE FLOOR**

Brando accidentally runs into people with his stiffy. One  
guy pushes him away.

BRANDO

Sorry! I can't control it.

A woman is pulled away by her friends on sight. He's a leper.

BRANDO

Staring's not gonna make it go away.

Brando passes women engaged in a three-way kiss. We stay with the ménage à trois as they turn to reveal Kristine kissing a female GOTH and a FEMME lesbian.

**NEAR THE RESTROOMS**

Troy parks himself in line for the men's room.

TROY

(to himself)

... This place is bullshit.

LUSH (O.S.)

Hey there, sweet cheeks.

Troy sees a blitzed LUSH (40s) in line for the lady's room -- she looks like a horny Bon Jovi groupie from the '80s.

LUSH

You're fuckin' adorable.

Troy looks himself over, disgusted by his guise.

TROY

... You fuckin' with me?

LUSH

Hell no. You're cute as piss. It's crazy, I was just talking to my friend about how I've always wanted to try to turn a gay guy straight.

Troy blinks furiously. His jaw tightens.

TROY

A *gay guy*?

LUSH

Yeah!

Troy's lip quivers. He is about to explode.

LUSH

Now, I just gotta find one who's up to fuckin'.

Troy raises an eyebrow.

**INT. BLAST NIGHTCLUB - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The bathroom door opens, and the man next in line steps in. He's immediately yanked out and yelps, as Troy throws him back into the line.

Troy pushes the Lush in and slams the door behind them. He locks the dead bolt, spins around, and undoes his pants...

LUSH

Wait, you're not the taker, are you?

TROY

What?

LUSH

Are you the hot dog? Or the donut?

Troy shakes his head. His pants hit the ground.

TROY

Bitch. Shut up and eat the hot dog.

She looks at it, unimpressed, shrugs, and gets on her knees.

**INT. BLAST NIGHTCLUB - BAR - NIGHT**

Ryan and Destiny laugh. Then, awkward silence.

DESTINY

So. Big plans for the night?

RYAN

(cocky)

No. But I'm open to suggestions.

Destiny leans in to his ear.

DESTINY

(whispering)

Good answer. I'll close my tab.

Destiny summons the bartender. Wide-eyed, Ryan sucks down the rest of his drink and sets it on the bar top. He turns around to take a deep breath and bumps into Andreas.

ANDREAS

Ryan?

RYAN

Andreas...

ANDREAS

I hardly recognize you.

(MORE)



ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
(looking him over)  
What's all this?

RYAN  
Just... trying something new.

Ryan glances back at Destiny.

ANDREAS  
(seeing Destiny)  
I see. I wish I could say it suits  
you, but...

RYAN  
But?

Andreas taps on Ryan's designer shirt.

ANDREAS  
It's not you, Ryan. Neither's she.

RYAN  
It's me now. Maybe she is, too.

ANDREAS  
(sigh)  
There's that face again.

RYAN  
What face?!

ANDREAS  
Look, kid. She doesn't see you.  
She sees this --  
(points at his clothes)  
-- And she only wants one thing.

RYAN  
'Cause you know everything, right?  
You know me, you know faces, you  
know her --

DESTINY (O.S.)  
Andreas! Hi!

Destiny smiles and waves at Andreas. He returns the gesture.

Destiny turns back to the bartender.

ANDREAS  
Forgive the intrusion.

Ryan stares, confused. Andreas heads back to the dance floor.

Destiny signs the check.

RYAN  
 (to himself)  
 This is who I am now. I am a stud.  
 I am a lion. I have swagger, and a  
 shit-ton of green M&Ms.

Ryan nervously yanks the bag of green M&M's from his pocket and floods a handful into his mouth. He munches quickly...

Destiny spins him around and pulls him in for a kiss.

She coughs, chokes, and pushes him away.

DESTINY  
 What --  
 (cough)  
 -- What the fuck was that? Did...  
 did you just roofie me?

RYAN  
 What? No! It was just candy --

DESTINY  
 (yelling)  
 -- Help! Security!

The SECURITY GUARD hurries between them.

SECURITY GUARD  
 What's the problem?

DESTINY  
 This ass hole tried to roofie me!

The Guard grasps Ryan by the collar.

SECURITY GUARD  
 That true?

RYAN  
 No! I was eating green M&Ms and she  
 swallowed one! It was just chocolate!

Destiny's eyes widen in horror.

DESTINY  
 Chocolate? I'm allergic to chocolate!

The surrounding crowd gasps.

RYAN  
 What? No -- It was an accident -- I  
 didn't mean to --

SECURITY GUARD

-- Okay, Willy Wonka. Time to go.

He drags Ryan to the door.

RYAN

Destiny! I'm sorry! I have swagger,  
I swear! I have swagger!

We hear POUNDING ON THE DOOR coming from:

**INT. BLAST NIGHTCLUB - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

SOMEONE POUNDS ON THE DOOR FROM THE OTHER SIDE. AD LIB  
MUFFLED, ANGRY, IMPATIENT VOICES.

Troy is wrecking the Lush from behind.

LUSH

(fake moaning)  
Oh baby. Oh baby.

Troy stops. Lush looks at her watch.

LUSH

Oh baby.

TROY

What the fuck is your problem.

LUSH

Nothing. It's just -- look, princess,  
I know it's your first rodeo with a  
chick, but it turns out gay guys are  
just as boring as straight ones!  
There's no danger. No kink.

Troy licks his thumb and lowers it behind her...

LUSH

I need a man who knows how to get  
wild. I have needs, too, ya know --  
(jolting)  
Oh! Yeah, baby! That's the stuff!

She spins to face him.

LUSH

Hey. Let's try something freaky.

TROY

Blumpkin? Donkey punch? San Diego  
Suzie Q?

LUSH

No, baby. Something hardcore! Do you know how to do the pile driver?

TROY

Pffft. Fuck yeah. That's my signature move.

LUSH

Give me the pile driver, baby.

TROY

... You sure?

LUSH

Yeah, baby! Give it to me! Give me the pile driver! Mama wants it!

TROY

Uhhhh... okay.

He grabs her hair and thrusts her head between his legs.

LUSH

Hey, wait -- what are you do--

Troy flips her upside down and drives her headfirst into the bathroom tile. All goes silent.

TROY

Boom. Pile driver.

Troy rolls over and nudges her. Nothing.

TROY

Hey. Swamp donkey.

He nudges her again -- she's out cold.

TROY

Want it on your face, or nah?

A FIDGETING comes from the DOOR KNOB, and the sound of KEYS RUSTLING on the other side. Troy scrambles to get dressed.

TROY

Fuck. What would Bill Cosby do?

Troy looks at the vulnerable woman before him. He sighs.

TROY

Let's get you dressed, or whatever.

The door bursts open. A manager and three security guards enter to find Troy, half-dressed, while Lush has been made decent and propped against the wall. Troy pops his collar.

TROY  
(effeminately)  
This psycho bitch tried to rape me!

LUSH  
(slurring)  
Damn right, I did.

She vomits.

**EXT. BLAST NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Ambulance lights flash. Destiny's stretcher is loaded up. Her face is blotchy and swollen -- she's the elephant woman.

Ryan stands near the door on his phone.

RYAN  
(to the phone)  
I've been looking all over for you!  
Just -- call me back as soon as you  
get this --

Security drags Brando to the entrance and shoves him out.

BRANDO  
Yeah, well, maybe my dick was afraid  
of her, too! Did you ever stop and  
think of that? No! You only think  
about yourself!

RYAN  
Brando! Where's Kristine? You were  
supposed to be watching her!

BRANDO  
I was, but some soccer mom freaked  
out about my wang and called security!

They look at his pitched tent.

RYAN  
Horny Goat Weed works that fast?

BRANDO  
No! I'm just fucking eighteen!

RYAN  
Eighteen?! I thought you said --

BRANDO

-- It's called a fake I.D., all right?

RYAN

You gotta be fucking -- do you do anything legally?!

A bald guard pushes Troy out onto the sidewalk.

TROY

Yo, fuck you, Mr. Clean! This is cashmere!

A second ambulance pulls up. Medics race in with the gurney.

TROY

'sup, fuckers?

RYAN

'sup?!

Ryan looks at Destiny. She gives him the finger as medics close the ambulance door.

RYAN

Nothing! What the fuck is up with you? And where the hell is my sister?

TROY

Well, she's not in the men's room.

Lush is wheeled out past them. She spits out a tooth, smiles at Troy like a jack-o'-lantern, and gives a "call me" gesture.

Troy shudders.

BRANDO

I saw her making out with two chicks while security was kicking my ass.

RYAN

What?!

KALE (O.S.)

There you are!

Kale hurries to them.

KALE

I thought you guys left without me.

RYAN

Where the hell were you?

KALE  
The parking lot.

RYAN  
Why --

KALE  
-- Don't ask questions.

Kale wipes moisture from his lips.

TROY  
Grody!

BRANDO  
(pointing O.S.)  
Hey -- those are the girls!

Goth and Femme smoke together near the nightclub entrance.

RYAN  
(approaching)  
Hey. I'm looking for my sister.  
Have you seen her?

Ryan shows them a photo of Kristine on his cell.

GOTH  
Oh, yeah. Good kisser.

TROY  
Called it.

He makes a "scissoring" gesture with his hands to Brando.

RYAN  
Do you know where she is?

FEMME  
She left with some of the girls a  
while ago.

GOTH  
Said they were going next door.

KALE  
Kitty Tata's?

GOTH  
(taking a drag)  
You know it.

KALE  
Thanks. You're a goddess.

Kale marches away. The three men follow him, confused.

RYAN  
Wait -- what's going on?

**EXT. MARKET STREET - KITTY TATA'S - NIGHT**

Kale leads Ryan, Troy, and Brando to the club next door.

KALE  
Kristine is at Kitty Tata's, the  
hottest lesbian club in Colorado.

BRANDO  
(meekly)  
I think I just got harder somehow.

KALE  
Text if you find her, and I'll do  
the same.

Kale heads to the side V.I.P. entrance.

RYAN  
Wait -- where're you going?

KALE  
I'm V-I-P, betch.

TROY  
Figures he'd use the *back door*.

He follows Ryan and Brando to the front entrance.

**INT. KITTY TATA'S - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Diva house blasts from the speakers. A muscular D.J. hypes  
the same-sex couples by fist pumping to the beat.

Ryan, Troy, and Brando enter with faces of awe.

RYAN  
Looks like there's more than one  
room. We should probably split up.

BRANDO  
(meekly)  
I'm seven inches ahead of you.

Brando's boner leads him away.

RYAN  
Hey, guys? No more incidents, okay?

Troy makes a mocking "jacking off" gesture. They split up.



**INT. KITTY TATA'S - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Small room, mostly men in leather fetish gear.

Troy enters, glances around, and heads to the bar. A couple of Latinos pass behind him. One slaps Troy's ass as they go. Troy jerks from the shock and looks back.

CLINT (O.S.)

I knew it! I fucking knew it!

Troy's eyes dart around the bar and land on the bartender.

TROY

(squinting)

Fudge packer?

CLINT WILSON, arms crossed, glares from behind the bar.

CLINT

My name is Clint. And you're one to talk. You're just another self-loathing homo who only bullies us because he's so far in the closet, he found fucking Narnia!

Troy gapes.

CLINT

So, what? You spend the day ruining people's lives at Way-mart, and then you come here looking for dick? Is that it?

Troy is jolted. He looks around, stunned by the implication.

TROY

... No!

Troy backs up, turns, and runs into Tiny. He bounces off, lands on his ass, and yelps at the eye-level bulge in Tiny's tight, white jeans. Troy hops up and races away.

**INT. KITTY TATA'S - V.I.P. ROOM - NIGHT**

People of various "scenes" dance together. Kale maneuvers between them and stops to breathe a sigh of relief.

Kristine lies, sprawled out, in the center of a heart-shaped bed with a squinty smile. Others take selfies with her.

KALE

Move it, vultures! Go!

The people disperse. Kale grabs a seat. Kristine sits up with a euphoric smile.

KRISTINE

Kale! I miss you!

She gives him a big kiss on the cheek. A BUTCH LESBIAN (30s) approaches and hands Kristine a water bottle.

BUTCH

(to Kristine)

Here you go, sweetie.

(to Kale)

This belong to you?

KALE

Don't know what I'd do without her.

BUTCH

Ya' gurl is cray.

KALE

She will be in the morning. Thank you for taking care of her.

(to Kristine)

Okay, lets get you out of here before you end up with someone's mix tape.

Kale gets up. Kristine pops up and jumps on his back for a piggyback ride. Kale crumbles and they crash to the floor.

KRISTINE

You are sooo comfortable.

**INT. KITTY TATA'S - HIP HOP ROOM - NIGHT**

Ryan weaves through a dense crowd. His CELL PHONE BEEPS. He checks it.

INSERT: RYAN'S PHONE -- TEXT FROM KALE SAYS, "FOUND HER. SHE'S OKAY. MEET YOU OUTSIDE."

Ryan closes his eyes, relieved.

A stray elbow comes from O.S. and nails Ryan in the face. He winces, as a fight erupts beside him. Others join in, prompting security to swarm the group.

Ryan, nursing a nosebleed, stumbles away from the brawl and stops at a table with several women. BRITTANY (22), the cute, blonde, scatterbrained one, turns to him with a smile.

BRITTANY

(suddenly frantic)

Oh-em-gee! What happened to you?

RYAN

(macho)  
Bar fight.

BRITTANY

Oh no! Here...

Brittany twists up a cocktail napkin and invades his nostril.

RYAN

I'm fine, really --  
(wince)  
-- Oh. Okay. Thank -- thank you.

Ryan holds the napkin in place. Brittany grabs another one from the table, pours some of her drink on it, and cleans the blood off of his face.

BRITTANY

I'm Brittany!

RYAN

Ryan.

BRITTANY

Nice to meet you. Is this helping?

RYAN

Well... that's flavored vodka, so,  
it's sugary -- getting sticky now...

Ryan winces.

RYAN

And it stings a little. I'm guessing  
you had a lime with that, too?

BRITTANY

(giggle)  
Lemon.

Brittany admires her handiwork and kisses his smarting nose.

BRITTANY

There. All better.

RYAN

Thanks. So, are you... uh... here  
with your girlfriend, or...?

BRITTANY

Oh! No, I'm straight.

She points at her friends.

BRITTANY  
 My friends had a --  
 (whispering)  
 -- Lesbian wedding.

RYAN  
 You don't have to whisper. I think  
 they know they're lesbians.

Brittany shushes him with her finger.

BRITTANY  
 (whispering)  
 Yeah, but I don't think they want  
 anyone else to know.

RYAN  
 Oh... gotcha.

Brittany giggles.

BRITTANY  
 You're cute!

RYAN  
 (smiling)  
 Yeah? You're not allergic to  
 chocolate, are you?

They are oblivious to security dragging Brando -- shirt  
 ripped, swollen eye, and pants around his ankles -- to the  
 exit behind them.

TROY (V.O.)  
 That's bullshit!

**EXT. KITTY TATA'S - NIGHT**

A FEMALE SECURITY guard holds Brando, who struggles to yank  
 his pants up. Kale and Kristine stand nearby, her head on  
 his shoulder, as Troy approaches the guard.

TROY  
 Get off him! It's a chronic  
 condition, okay?

The guard drops Brando and turns to leave.

FEMALE SECURITY  
 I'm still callin' the cops.

She shoulder-checks Ryan on his way out. His smile fades as  
 he sees Brando dragging his pants up over his "tent pole."

RYAN

Oh, come on -- what now?!

BRANDO

Well... have you ever tried to piss while you're cock-strong?

TROY

Everyday, man. The struggle is real.

BRANDO

Well, it turns out lesbians haven't.

TROY

Damn unisex bathrooms.

RYAN

Great! Oh, hey -- if you're really hellbent on getting us arrested tonight, do me a favor and don't bring that goat weed shit with you, huh? My ass hole would really appreciate it.

BRANDO

How come?

Tiny exits the club, pulls on his jacket, and sees them.

TROY

I can think of about thirteen good reasons off the top of my head.

TINY

(whispering seductively)  
Fourteen.

KALE

And now, I have a boner.

RYAN

It's not funny! This was a disaster! I should have expected this kind of shit the moment I invited you.

TROY

Invited us? Fuck you! You practically begged us to come!

RYAN

Yes! To support me! Not --  
(gestures at the group)  
-- This!

TROY  
Why are you being such a dick, dude.

RYAN  
I'm a dick? Me? Out of everyone  
here, I'm the dick?

TROY  
The fuck you gettin' at, brah?

RYAN  
You, Troy. You are the biggest dic--

Ryan spots Tiny, who leans against the wall, arms crossed,  
and watching the show. His bulge "flexes."

RYAN  
... You are the second biggest dick  
I have ever seen in my life! You're  
a dick to your co-workers and  
customers, you're a dick to my sister!

Kristine groans into Kale's shoulder.

RYAN  
You're a dick to gays, you're a dick  
to women, and you're being a dick to  
me right now! It took me a while to  
figure out why, but I finally did!

TROY  
Yeah? I'd love to hear it!

RYAN  
It's because you're turning into  
your fucking dad, Troy!

Troy, red and pugnacious, clenches his fists. He steps up  
to an equally livid Ryan.

BRANDO  
... Guys? Hey, I'm sorry, okay?

They stare each other down for an eternity. Troy leans in.

TROY  
(whispering to Ryan)  
If I were anything like my dad, I  
would prove it, right now.

Troy shakes his head, turns heel, and stomps away.

TROY  
(to Brando)  
Come on!

BRANDO  
But -- Ryan drove...

TROY  
Uber!

BRANDO  
I bid you adieu.

Brando bows, then chases after Troy.

Tiny shrugs and walks the opposite direction.

TINY  
(to Kale)  
Straight people drama.

KALE  
Preach!

Ryan stands, heartbroken.

**INT. RYAN'S CAR - NIGHT**

Kristine sulks in the passenger seat. Kale texts in the back. Ryan parks.

RYAN  
So, you're not talking to me, or...?

KRISTINE  
Where were you?

RYAN  
... What?

KRISTINE  
I was missing for two hours. Where were you?

RYAN  
I was...  
(clears throat)  
I went to get you water... there was a line at the bar, and, I met a girl -- the one from that app --

KRISTINE  
-- You met a girl.

RYAN  
(awkward smile)  
... Two, actually...

KRISTINE

I was *mollying* my ass off around total strangers, but you weren't there because you met a girl?!

RYAN

Look, everything would've been fine if Brando watched you like he said he would. Or if Troy hadn't brought him at all --

KRISTINE

-- Shut up, Ryan!

Ryan falls silent. A guilty face sets in.

KRISTINE

You know, I've been racking my brain this whole ride trying to figure out who's to blame in all this, and I came to the conclusion that it's me.

Ryan squints in confusion.

KRISTINE

See, I've been trying so hard to be a good sister, to help you through your trauma, but I ended up being your caretaker instead! Troy's right! I'm practically your mom!

RYAN

Kristine --

KRISTINE

-- You're not okay. And I thought I could help you, but I can't. You don't want to deal with it, and so you cling to me, and you cling to Jameson -- even Troy. And all you do is drag us down with you!

RYAN

I know you're only saying this because you're upset. But we can't fall apart now. We're doing so well --

KRISTINE

-- You think this is well?! No, Ryan, this is not well!

Ryan winces.



KRISTINE

I always had your back, no matter what, but the one time I need you, you don't have mine?! You had one job. Take care of your inebriated sister. But, you met. A girl.

RYAN

Come on, Kris --

KRISTINE

-- I'm not done!

She huffs and puffs. She calms down.

KRISTINE

Actually, I think I am.

Ryan nods.

RYAN

So, you still want to check out that speed dating tomorrow? We could --

KRISTINE

-- No. I mean it, Ryan. I'm done.

Kristine gets out.

RYAN

But... what about the plan?

Kale leans forward to see Ryan.

KALE

Why are the cute ones always so stupid?

He gets out. Ryan sighs and pulls out of the parking space.

KRISTINE (V.O.)

I'm nice. And I'm very nurturing... sometimes. Um...

**INT. SPEED DATING HALL - DAY**

A room with several small tables. Two people, wearing numbered tags, sit at each one. Kristine is among them.

KRISTINE

Why don't you tell me about yourself?

MONTAGE OF DIFFERENT SPEED DATERS CONVERSING WITH KRISTINE:

PHILBERT (29) looks her over through thick glasses.

PHILBERT

Well, I'm a Phlebotomist, and I must  
say, you have impeccable veins.  
(reaching out)  
May I?

Kristine crosses her arms.

KRISTINE

I'm good, thanks.

SURGE (O.S.)

I'm just sayin', I can totally help  
you pump those up, if you want.

SURGE (26), a ripped, energetic lacrosse player grins.

SURGE

My ex wouldn't work out with me.  
She told me to choose between her  
and the gym, so I had to cut her  
loose. I still love her, though.

Kristine squints.

KRISTINE

Then why are you here?

Brando, in a fake mustache, reveals a joint behind his ear.

BRANDO

'cause single, depressed twenty-  
somethings buy more weed than any  
other demographic. Soooo... how  
much can I put you down for?

Kristine grimaces.

KRISTINE

Brando?!

A Thai man, APICHATPONG (38), smiles wide.

APICHATPONG

It's pronounced Apitchatpong.

KRISTINE (O.S.)

Apat--

APICHATPONG

Apitchatpong.

Kristine leans in, confused.

KRISTINE

Tell me one more time?

DR. CARUTHERS (57) strokes his long, white beard.

DR. CARUTHERS

A Nanotechnological Bioinformatics  
Structural Integration Researcher.  
Pardon -- where did you say you earned  
your doctorate?

KRISTINE

(blushing)

I'm actually working on a Masters in  
Chemical Engineering, at the moment.

GRIFFIN (26), handsome, charming, and well dressed, nods.

GRIFFIN

Neat-o. I run a British pub downtown.

Kristine loosens up.

KRISTINE

Oh, wow. That must be a lot of work.

GRIFFIN

It can be, but, I can't complain.  
It bought me a house and a car. I  
even get to travel once in a while.  
Just gotta find that special someone  
to share it with. You know?

KRISTINE

I do, actually.

They exchange a warm smile.

**INT. MOTEL 9 - JAMIE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Jameson lays on a Queen bed. He opens an envelope of wedding photos and examines each one:

- A photo of Jamie and Leanne against the Timber Ridge b.g.
- Jamie and Leanne carefully feeding each other cake.
- The group photo of the groomsmen; Troy and Ryan mooning.

Jameson laughs, bittersweet.

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Ryan, with bed head, sits on his couch and squirts entirely too much chocolate syrup into his carton of ice cream.

He glares at the TV.

RYAN  
 (eating, sloppy)  
 Shut the fuck up, Samwise. Ass hole.

Ryan's PHONE RINGS -- Jameson's face comes up on Caller I.D.

RYAN  
 (answering)  
 ... Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN RYAN AND JAMESON

JAMESON  
 Ryan... It's Jamie.

RYAN  
 Hi.

JAMESON  
 I was just going through some  
 pictures... how are you?

RYAN  
 I'm...  
 (clenches eyes shut)  
 ... Great.

JAMESON  
 Yeah?

RYAN  
 Yeah. You were right. I needed to  
 grow up, so I did. New attitude.  
 New mojo. A whole new way of life.

JAMESON  
 That's -- I'm really glad to hear  
 that, man.

RYAN  
 Thanks... How are you?

JAMESON  
 (frowns at photos)  
 Me? Couldn't be happier.

RYAN  
 Awesome.

Jameson flips to a picture of him yelling at Ryan and Troy.

JAMESON

Well, I was calling to see if you wanted to get together tonight, but it sounds like you keep pretty busy.

RYAN

Yeah -- actually, I have plans -- a date. Her name's, uh --

Ryan's eyes go wide -- he scrolls through the contacts on his phone until he lands on Brittany's number.

RYAN

-- Brittany! I think it's getting serious. You'll probably meet her at the reunion.

JAMESON

Right. The reunion...

Jameson sulks.

RYAN

... Jamie?

JAMESON

For sure. I look forward to meeting her. So, I guess I'll see you at the reunion then.

RYAN

See you then.

Jamie hangs up.

Ryan dials Brittany for a one-way call.

RYAN

Hi, Brittany? This is Ryan, from the club. Kitty Tata's? ... Right, the nosebleed. I was wondering, are you busy tonight?

**INT. MOTEL 9 - JAMIE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Jamie finds a pic of Kristine in the buffet line. He smiles.

REVEAL THE DATED BUDGET-CHIC MOTEL ROOM AROUND HIM.

**INT. SPEED DATING HALL - DAY**

The speed dating HOST circles the daters.

HOST

Now, I know not everyone was lucky enough to meet their soul mate here today, but hopefully you were able to practice for when you finally do.

Kristine's eyes drift to Griffin. He ogles a blonde nearby.

HOST

I want to thank you for participating in the Expi-date Speed Dating Hour. Please retrieve your match sheets from the table in back, and good luck on those second dates!

The daters disperse, each taking their sheets. Kristine peeks over their shoulders -- many phone numbers on each, as the daters smile, mingle, and start to trickle out.

Kristine is last to snatch her sheet. She takes a deep breath and flips it over -- it's blank. She quickly folds her paper before anyone else can see it, and feigns a smile for passing daters. Her eyes become glassy.

Everyone exits the room, leaving Kristine alone. She pinches the bridge of her nose. Her PHONE RINGS. She checks it, and her pained expression vanishes.

KRISTINE

(answering)

Hello?

JAMESON (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hey. Kristine? It's Jamie...

Kristine listens, hopeful.

**INT. KITTY TATA'S - LOUNGE**

Cheap tequila spills into a shot glass. Clint sets it in front of a woman with a MULLET.

CLINT

That'll be four bucks.

Mullet drops a handful of quarters on the bar.

MULLET

Four even.

CLINT

(icy)

Swell.

Clint takes the money and spots Troy, who enters in a t-shirt that says, "TITTIES MAKE ME SMILE." He approaches.

CLINT  
 Subtle. And I bet you say --  
 (hand quotes)  
 -- *Don't tell my girlfriend*, when  
 it's over, right?

TROY  
 I'm not gay, fudg--  
 (straightening himself)  
 -- Clint.

CLINT  
 Okay. So, what are you doing here?

TROY  
 Needed a cheap drink.

Clint eyes him, suspiciously. He pours them each a shot.

CLINT  
 And, just because this is a lesbian  
 bar, we must sell cheap drinks?

TROY  
 Yeah.

CLINT  
 Touché.

They down their shots. Troy reaches for his wallet.

CLINT  
 That one's on me. Consider it a  
 thank you.

TROY  
 Sadist.

Troy sighs.

TROY  
 Okay, I'll bite.  
 (raising shot glass)  
 Why?

CLINT  
 I love it here. I should have quit  
 Way-mart years ago. And, I wouldn't  
 have, if not for you.

TROY  
Yeah, about that. Look -- I didn't  
have the best upbringing, so...

CLINT  
So?

TROY  
If my dad even knew I was talking to  
one of you, he'd kick my ass. Fuck.  
He'd kick my ass, even if I wasn't.  
He was kind of a douche like that.

CLINT  
So, that makes it okay to treat us  
like shit?

TROY  
You already know the answer to that.

CLINT  
Do you?

TROY  
Yes! No, it's not okay. Okay?  
Fuck!

CLINT  
And this is your apology?

TROY  
I dunno. Maybe.

CLINT  
Ha! You sure you're not gay?

TROY  
I told you -- I'm straight as fuck!

Troy presents his "Titties Make Me Smile" shirt.

Clint laughs and nods to a large BEARISH MAN in a harness  
standing near Troy. Troy sees him fondle his nipple.

BEARISH MAN  
Smile, buttercup.

Troy shudders. Clint pours them another shot.

TROY  
(to Clint)  
You ever think maybe I wouldn't be  
such a dick to you guys if you didn't  
treat me like a piece of meat?!



CLINT

You ever stop and think maybe that's how you make women feel? Like Jane from housewares? Or Kim in produce?

Troy softens and shrugs, coolly.

TROY

(to himself)

... Never showed 'em my nipples...

**INT. MAGGIANO'S - NIGHT**

Fancy Italian Restaurant. Two wine glasses clink together and part to reveal many dressed up patrons at candlelit tables. Among them, Ryan sits across from Brittany, who taps keys on her phone. Ryan stares, impatiently.

RYAN

So... Are you from Colorado?

Brittany keeps typing, half paying attention.

BRITTANY

... What?

RYAN

Colorado... are you a native?

Brittany glances up and smiles.

BRITTANY

No, I'm white.

She resumes texting.

BRITTANY

I just checked us in online.

RYAN

Ugh. Nothing good ever comes out of social media. I'm starting to think it's all just for drama and stalkers.

BRITTANY

Well, if we didn't want to be followed, we wouldn't post anything at all, right?

RYAN

I... guess not?

BRITTANY

Hey! Let's take a selfie!

Brittany pulls out the chair beside her.

RYAN  
... Okay... sure.

He joins her. She smiles, he doesn't.

BRITTANY  
Three... two... one ...

VADA (O.S.)  
Brittany!

Brittany turns and gapes, elated, as two young women, VADA and MARIE, approach. The phone flashes and takes the pic.

BRITTANY  
Vada! Marie!

Brittany sets the phone down and pops up to hug them.

The photo on the phone "develops" to show a distraught Ryan, and Brittany with an excited smile towards her friends.

MARIE  
We were shopping next door and saw  
your check-in!

BRITTANY  
I'm so glad! This is my date, Brian!

RYAN  
Hi. I'm *Brian*.

Ryan takes a big gulp of wine.

BRITTANY  
Sit down! Join us!

The girls pull up chairs and join them. In the b.g., Kristine enters, looking sexy, oblivious to Ryan, and moves to:

#### **THE BANQUET ROOM**

Kristine joins Jamie -- also dressy -- at his table. He rises to hug her, as they ad-lib greetings, and sit.

KRISTINE  
So good to see you. No Leanne  
tonight?

Jamie's smile fades.

JAMESON  
Not tonight. Actually, uh...

He pours them some wine. Kristine perks up.

JAMESON

... We separated.

KRISTINE

Oh, Jamie. I'm so sorry to hear that. When?

JAMESON

I moved out last week. Been living in that motel on twentieth.

KRISTINE

Last week? Does Ryan know?

JAMESON

Nah. I called him. He seemed so happy, I didn't want to interfere. I'm just glad he's doing so well.

KRISTINE

(under her breath)  
*Doing well, my ass.*

JAMESON

After the wedding, we drifted apart. Maybe before that. I don't know. He was right, though. I changed when I got with Leanne. I thought that's what I was supposed to do.

Kristine frowns.

JAMESON

But, then I started seeing other sides of her. She treated me like I was her property -- a trophy husband -- just for appearances. And then she --

Jameson clenches his fist and turns away. He recomposes.

JAMESON

(feigning a smile)  
Would you believe she wants to pretend we're still together at the reunion?

KRISTINE

Sounds like the Leanne I knew. She pulled that same shit at prom!

JAMESON

Really? Why didn't you warn me?

KRISTINE

What was I going to say? That she was a vain, self-centered, conceited, narcissistic, boujie bitch that treated her boyfriends like garbage, and that you could do better?

Jamie's jaw drops.

KRISTINE

It really wasn't my place to say, Jamie. I mean, I'm just your best friend's sister.

JAMESON

You were always more than just my best friend's sister.

Kristine melts. She smiles and takes a swig of wine.

**INT. KITTY TATA'S - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Clint and Troy's empty shot glasses hit the bar.

CLINT

You fucked Stella?! She's a hundred!

TROY

(slurring)

Fuck you. Her teeth come out, and she's fuckin' good at it.

A GLASS SHATTERS in the b.g. Clint spins around to see another bartender, MARCOS, nursing a bloody hand in front of a long line of customers.

CLINT

What did I tell you about trying to do flair, Marcos?

Clint leads him to the office door.

CLINT

You don't have the wrists for it!  
Go clean yourself up.

Clint returns to Troy, but keeps his gaze on the gays.

CLINT

Shit! My relief bartender's in rehab.

TROY

I can bartend. Did it in college.

CLINT

No.

TROY

Come on. I need the money, and besides, if it weren't for me, you wouldn't be here.

Clint gives him the "you have a lot of nerve" scowl.

The line grows longer. A LEATHER DADDY leans over the bar.

LEATHER DADDY

I need two beers.

Clint gives Troy a "go ahead" gesture and helps a customer.

Troy hops up and hesitates. He pulls his dog tags off, examines them for a moment, and sets them on the bar top.

Troy hops behind the bar, opens two beer bottles, and takes Daddy's cash. Bearish Man is next in line, then Tiny.

BEARISH MAN

You got any shot specials?

TROY

Uh... yeah. *Red Headed Sluts*.

BEARISH MAN

Give me four.

TROY

Yeah. Twenty bucks.

Mullet barges into the line.

MULLET

Hey, breeder! What's the cheapest thing you got?

TROY

You are.

MULLET

Fuck you. I want one of them shots.

TROY

Five bucks. Plus tip.

Mullet snarls and drops a five-spot on the bar, then a single.

Tiny leans over the bar.

TINY  
Hey. Take your shirt off.

TROY  
Why?

TINY  
Just do it.

Troy takes his shirt off. The men (and some women) whistle and give cat calls as they wave fists full of cash at him.

TINY  
(smiling)  
See? Now, get those pants off, too.

TROY  
Yo, fuck you, Man-dingus!

**INT. MAGGIANO'S - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT**

Kristine and Jameson, both tipsy, laugh over wine.

JAMESON  
No -- no fucking way!

KRISTINE  
Yes! I woke up with so many womens' phone numbers the next day.

JAMESON  
That's insane! You're, like, a whole new Kristine.

KRISTINE  
No. ... Maybe. Is that bad?

JAMESON  
Not at all. It's just nice to see you out of your shell, for once.

KRISTINE  
Well, I'm not proud that it took a rave drug to get me here, but, in a way, it was... freeing.

Jamie laughs uncomfortably.

KRISTINE  
What?

JAMESON  
It just occurred to me that, after the last fifteen years, I really  
(MORE)

JAMESON (CONT'D)  
 don't know anything about you. Other  
 than you were always doing homework.

KRISTINE  
 That's me. Always doing my homework.  
 And sometimes Ryan's.

JAMESON  
 But, who were you?

KRISTINE  
 Well... I was a good girl. I liked  
 science, and rainbows, and unicorns...  
 and... you...

JAMESON  
 Me?

Kristine laughs, embarrassed, and empties her wine glass.

KRISTINE  
 I may or may not have had the biggest  
 crush on you in high school.

JAMESON  
 (laughing)  
 What?! Shut up! You barely said a  
 word to me in high school!

KRISTINE  
 Well. Now you know why.

Uncomfortable silence. Kristine checks her watch.

KRISTINE  
 I think I've embarrassed myself enough  
 for one evening. I should probably  
 get going...

Jamie smiles sweetly and touches her hand. She melts.

JAMESON  
 Do you want to share an Uber?

**INT. MOTEL 9 - JAMIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Jamie shuts the door behind him. Kristine moves in for a  
 kiss. They clumsily stumble back and fall onto the bed.

Jamie undoes her dress and slides it down...

JAMESON  
 You sure you want to do this?

Kristine tears his shirt open.

KRISTINE  
Affirmative.

Kristine undoes his pants and stops.

KRISTINE  
It's just...

JAMESON  
Yeah?

KRISTINE  
It's nothing, really, but... I might  
need a wee bit of coaching.

JAMESON  
With what? Wait -- are you a....

KRISTINE  
(kiss)  
I'm a quick learner, is what I am.

Jamie rolls over beside her, face up. He sighs.

JAMESON  
We can't do this.

KRISTINE  
The hell we can't!

Kristine rolls on top of him, kisses his neck gently. Then his chest. She makes her way down, further and further...

JAMESON  
Kristine. I don't want you to regret --

Jamie moans. His eyes roll back in pleasure.

**EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

A shooting star blazes across the clear night's sky.

**INT. RYAN'S CAR - NIGHT**

Ryan, reclined in his seat, admires the view and smiles.

RYAN  
Pretty, huh?

Brittany snaps the gum in her mouth and stops texting.

BRITTANY  
Thank you!



RYAN  
 I meant the --  
 (clears throat)  
 -- You're welcome.

She resumes texting. Ryan grimaces. He picks up his own phone and dials. He puts it on speaker...

BRITTANY'S PHONE RINGS. She sees the name "Brian" -- as well as their selfie -- on her caller I.D. She looks at Ryan, puzzled. After two more RINGS, it goes to voice mail.

BRITTANY (V.O.)  
 (on the phone)  
 Hi! This is Brittany. Leave a message!

The PHONE BEEPS.

RYAN  
 (into the phone)  
 You're on a date!

He hangs up. Brittany's face reflects a sudden understanding.

BRITTANY  
 Sorry.

RYAN  
 (sigh)  
 Me, too. Look. I get the sense that we don't have much in common, and I just wanted to say that, if you're not into me, it's okay. You don't have to pretend. It's not gonna hurt my feelings.

BRITTANY  
 Oh, thank goodness.  
 (sigh of relief)  
 I'm so glad you're not all sensitive like most guys. I always feel like I have to lie whenever this happens.

Ryan's eyes widen with concern.

BRITTANY  
 I love your style, but T-B-H, you look so much cuter to me when I'm drunk. And beards are really hot, but you don't look like you can grow one. It makes you look like you're twelve, and that's just gross to me. Oh! And you're really skinny, too.

Ryan's jaw drops.

BRITTANY

But, even though you're kind of a four right now, you totally have the Prudential to be a six or seven if you really worked at it. You should totally hit me up again if you ever get all big and muscly someday!

A tear twinkles in Ryan's eye.

RYAN

... I'm a four?

Brittany's PHONE BEEPS; she scans the incoming message.

RYAN

I worked my ass off for this. I bought new clothes. I tried dating apps. I used white strips! I did everything I could to be different. But underneath it all, you still have no interest in who I am.

BRITTANY

We can't help who we are, Brian. The best we can do is own it.

RYAN

I guess. My sister was right. I'm in denial. About everything.

BRITTANY

(in her phone)

Wow. My ex is really pissed that I went out with you.

RYAN

So... why'd you tell him?

BRITTANY

I didn't. He saw our check-in online, and posted some really mean comments.

RYAN

Because we went to dinner?

BRITTANY

Mmm-hmmm. And here, too.

RYAN

You checked us in here?

BRITTANY

Of course, silly. We're on a date.  
If you don't post it online for  
everyone to see, then it's almost  
like it never happened at all.

RYAN

(sigh)

I can never catch a fucking break --

Ryan's door is flung open from the outside.

**EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

Surge yanks Ryan out of the car.

SURGE

That's my ex-girlfriend, you dick  
sploosh!

He backhands Ryan across the face.

RYAN

Nothing happened! Nothing happened!

BRITTANY

Surge, let him go! I mean it! I'm  
gonna tweet the police right now!

Surge puts Ryan in a rear naked choke hold.

RYAN

(gurgling)

... Tweet them... Tweet them!

He fades fast as we:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**INT. MOTEL 9 - JAMIE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAWN**

Kristine's eyes flutter open. She touches her head -- major  
hangover. She looks to the edge of the bed and sees Jamie,  
sitting up with his head in his hands. She smiles.

KRISTINE

So, I guess that happened, huh?

JAMESON

It shouldn't have.

KRISTINE

I told you... I wanted to.

JAMESON

It was a mistake. I should've never  
let it get that far.

KRISTINE

You're sweet, but I have no regrets...  
And I'm sure I'll get better with  
practice, if that's the hold up --

JAMESON

-- Leanne's pregnant.

Kristine sits up, agape. Jamie sighs, frustrated.

KRISTINE

... Pregnant?

Jamie avoids her stare.

KRISTINE

Since when?

JAMESON

About a month.

KRISTINE

... Oh. So this was just....

JAMESON

I'm sorry.

Kristine pulls the sheet around her and drags it out of bed  
en route to the bathroom.

Jamie reburies his head in his hands.

Kristine rushes back. She slaps and kicks him.

KRISTINE

You bastard! Fuck you! You knew,  
and you went through with it anyway?!  
Fuck you, Jameson!

JAMESON

(blocking the blows)  
I'm sorry!

KRISTINE

Ass hole!

She lands one last hit, then hurries to the bathroom and  
slams the door behind her.

Jameson falls back on the bed and sheds a tear.

**INT. PHOTOGRAPHY OFFICE - MORNING**

A photo printer whirs to life.

Ryan, back in his classic nerd attire, with a black eye, bumps and bruises, frowns at the computer screen.

ON THE SCREEN

The main page for "*RightSwipes.com*." The cursor hovers over "DELETE PROFILE" and clicks "YES." Ryan's account disappears.

BACK TO SCENE

Ryan sighs. Andreas enters behind him, eating an apple.

ANDREAS

What'cha working on?

He pulls the completed photo out of the printer and examines it -- it's a shot of heartbroken Ryan, fresh wounds and all.

RYAN

Nothing. I was just --

ANDREAS

-- It's remarkable. Self-portrait?

RYAN

Yeah. I took it this morning. I felt compelled.

ANDREAS

It's gritty, but, it's all there. Not just the lighting and composition -- the technical aspects -- but, the raw emotion that shines through.

RYAN

What? Pain?

ANDREAS

It includes pain, but it's not rooted there. Pain is a shell -- a cocoon you have to emerge from. Look deeper than the sorrow, and the anger, and fear -- what do you see?

He hands the print to Ryan.

RYAN

Cuts. Bruises. Pokémon Band-Aids.

ANDREAS

(smirk)

You remind me of me at your age.  
Let go of whatever's holding you  
down. That's how you ascend.

Andreas pats him on the shoulder and heads for the door.

RYAN

Hey. About what I said at the club --

ANDREAS

Apology accepted. Get back to work.

Ryan smiles, like a weight has been lifted.

**EXT. KITTY TATA'S - DAY**

A few patrons enter the club as MUSIC BOOMS FROM INSIDE.

**INT. KITTY TATA'S - LOUNGE - DAY**

Kristine plops down on a bar stool.

KRISTINE

Hi. Can I get a Cosmopolitan, please?

The bartender, wiping a bottle, faces her -- It's Troy.

KRISTINE

Troy?!

TROY

What the fuck are you doing here?

KRISTINE

I needed a cheap drink.

TROY

Oh, just because this is a lesbian  
bar, we must sell cheap drinks?

KRISTINE

Fuck this.

Kristine gets up and turns to go.

TROY

Wait, Kristine.

She stops -- she's never heard her name from his mouth.

TROY

Sit down, would ya'?

KRISTINE

Why should I?

TROY

Because, you look like you could use about five or six cheap drinks, and I can make that happen.

Kristine eyes him suspiciously, takes a breath, and sits.

SUMMER (V.O.)

Why?

**INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A piece of packing tape seals up a cardboard box.

RYAN (O.S.)

Why do I love you?

SUMMER (O.S.)

Yes.

Ryan's apartment is stripped to the necessities.

ON THE TV

A home video of Ryan and Summer at an outdoor concert.

RYAN

Because you tolerate my stupid ass.

SUMMER

... And?

RYAN

'Cause you tolerate my friends, too.

JAMESON (O.S.)

We're sitting right here, you know.

The image on TV turns to Jamie, sitting near them, then towards the cameraman, Troy. Ryan and Summer laugh.

TROY

The fuck, bro?

BACK TO SCENE

Ryan grins at the video. He adds the box to a stack near a pile of Summer's clothes. There's A KNOCK at the DOOR.

RYAN

Come in!

Charlotte enters.

CHARLOTTE  
You shouldn't leave your door  
unlocked. I could've been a maniac.

RYAN  
(dry)  
Could've been.

CHARLOTTE  
Don't get smart -- what happened to  
your face?

RYAN  
I had a date, it didn't work out --  
what can I do for you today, Mom?

Charlotte has a seat on the couch.

CHARLOTTE  
Kristine said you had a fight, but  
she wouldn't tell me what you did.

RYAN  
I'll fix it. I'm gonna go see her  
when I finish up here.

CHARLOTTE  
(looking around)  
What is all this?

RYAN  
I'm putting some of Summer's stuff  
in storage, and donating the rest.

CHARLOTTE  
(frowning)  
Oh, Sugar Cookie.

RYAN  
I'm all right. It's just time.

He stops and watches the TV.

ON THE TV

Ryan and Summer laugh and lock eyes like only soul mates do.

SUMMER  
Kiss?

Ryan gives her child-like peck.



SUMMER

More.

Ryan gives another. They laugh, so in love.

BACK TO SCENE

Ryan wipes a tear.

CHARLOTTE

Awwww. Come here.

Charlotte wraps her arms around him. A BRIEF STATIC-LIKE NOISE comes from THE TV.

SUMMER (O.S.)

(on TV)

Okay, but you better not show it to anyone.

Ryan and Charlotte look at the TV.

ON THE TV

A different video -- Ryan sets the camera on his bedroom dresser. He and Summer start stripping down.

RYAN

I won't!

SUMMER

Ryan. If Troy ever sees this, I swear to god...

BACK TO SCENE

Ryan breaks away from Charlotte and searches the coffee table for his remote control -- it's missing.

RYAN

Shit--shit--shit--

MOANING AND THUMPING COME FROM THE TV. Ryan jumps up and yanks power cords out of the wall. He stares at the blank screen, then turns to Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Summer had her nipples pierced...

RYAN

Mom!

CHARLOTTE

What? So, you made a sex tape.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I probably would have, too, if it was that easy back in the day.

RYAN

Please, don't.

CHARLOTTE

I went to one of those special parties with your father once --

RYAN

-- I don't want to know --

CHARLOTTE

-- You know, there's a chance you and Kristine don't have the same dad? I was watching "*Maury*," and --

RYAN

-- MOM!

Ryan cover's his ears.

**INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Kristine stumbles into her apartment. Troy follows.

KRISTINE

I'm grateful for the ride and all, but you really didn't have to walk me to the door.

TROY

I didn't, you walked me to the pisser.

Troy uncomfortably weaves around her to the bathroom.

Kristine takes off her jacket and slips out of her shoes. There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Kristine looks out through the peep hole.

KRISTINE

(whispers)

Shit!

She glances at the bathroom door, then the front door.

**INT. KRISTINE'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan stands, nervously.

Kristine opens the door halfway.

KRISTINE

Ryan... what.

RYAN

Hi. I was hoping we could talk...

KRISTINE

What happened to your face?

RYAN

I had a date, it didn't work out --  
are you... are you drunk?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN THE APARTMENT AND HALLWAY**

Kristine's eyes drift to the bathroom door and back.

KRISTINE

(coolly)

No. I am not.

RYAN

Okay... so... can I come in?

KRISTINE

(another glance)

It's not a good time. Maybe tomorrow.

She tries to shut the door. Ryan stops it with his foot.

RYAN

Come on, Kristine. We need to clear  
the air.

Kristine ducks her head in the door and cringes.

KRISTINE

(whispering to herself)

He knows!

She takes a deep breath and returns to view.

KRISTINE

(sighs)

Okay, fine. What did he tell you?

RYAN

Who?

KRISTINE

Jameson.

RYAN

What about Jameson?

Kristine looks like a deer in the headlights.

KRISTINE  
Yeah, what about him?

RYAN  
... Did you talk to him?

KRISTINE  
Briefly.

RYAN  
... And?!

KRISTINE  
He's getting divorced. He needed a friend, so I met him for drinks.

Ryan takes a second to process this. He glares.

RYAN  
You slept with him.

KRISTINE  
Whaaaat? No. Shut up.

RYAN  
You did! You slept with Jamie!

Troy pops his head through the doorway.

TROY  
You slept with Jamie?!

Ryan is agape.

RYAN  
(to Troy)  
What the fuck are you doing here?!

KRISTINE  
Oh boy.

RYAN  
(to Kristine)  
You're fucking Troy, too?! Are you just tag teaming my friends now?!

TROY  
(to Kristine)  
Is that on the table, or nah?

Kristine's eyes dart to Troy.

KRISTINE

No!

(to Ryan)

And, you know what? So what if I am? You don't get to slut shame me! I am a grown woman, and I can sleep with any consenting adult of my choosing!

TROY

Yeah!

RYAN

That's great! Really! I'm glad you're finally exploring your sexuality! But do you have to do it with my friends?!

TROY

Oh, so, we're friends now?

Ryan shakes off the question.

RYAN

(to Kristine)

How would you feel if I started fucking your friends?!

KRISTINE

Like who, Kale? Knock yourself out!

RYAN

Maybe I will!

KRISTINE

I'll tell him to call you!

She slams the door.

RYAN

Fine! But, don't actually do that!

Ryan stomps away and stops a few doors down.

**INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Kristine paces.

KRISTINE

Ugh! He always makes it about him!

TROY

He did have a point, though.

KRISTINE

What point?

TROY

Bro code. Jamie knows better.

KRISTINE

Go home, Troy.

Ryan KNOCKS on THE DOOR.

RYAN (O.S.)

(through the door)

Kristine. I can't leave 'till I say what I came to say.

**INT. KRISTINE'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Ryan leans against the door.

RYAN

You were right. Both of you. I was in denial, and I was selfish. I'm a shitty twin, and a shitty best friend.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN THE APARTMENT AND THE HALLWAY**

Troy stares at the door, nonplussed.

RYAN

But I'm taking steps. I came by earlier, but you weren't here, so I went to a... a support group.

Kristine's eyes grow wide -- this is huge!

RYAN

I opened up. I realized that I'm afraid of loss. Can you blame me? Dad left. I lost Summer. Jamie's gone. I thought if I made myself something more, then I'd never be alone. Only, I always thought you'd be there, too.

Troy softens.

RYAN

So, I'm alone now. But it's okay -- I'm coping. I'm learning how...

Ryan wipes his eyes.

RYAN

Anyway. I'm sorry. And I hope to see you at the reunion.

He turns to leave...

RYAN

Oh, one more thing -- I'm working on being more supportive, too, so... if you two want to be together, I support you. Good night.

Ryan takes a few steps. The door opens. Ryan turns around.

Troy stands in the hallway, a scowl on his face.

TROY

My dad would never do this.

He throws his arms around Ryan.

RYAN

I know, man. I didn't mean it.

Kristine stands, arms crossed, in the doorway.

KRISTINE

So, you're going without a date?

RYAN

Why not? We're just as special as everyone else there. Besides, we're not alone. We have each other.

Ryan smirks. Kristine rolls her eyes and hugs her brother.

**INT. SKYLAND HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

Dystopian theme. A RETRO TRACK PLAYS as eighty people in their late twenties, catch up, dance, and gasp at each other.

A SEXY MODERN POP TRACK FADES IN.

BEGIN SLOW MOTION

As Ryan, Troy, and Kristine confidently glide in. Their apparel is dressy, but not designer. Ryan wears his camera around his neck. Others gape, impressed.

They pass the buffet table on Troy's side. He takes a handful of chips, shoves some in his mouth, and tosses the rest aside.

RETURN TO NORMAL SPEED

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Ryan and Kristine laugh with two sets of identical twins.
- A gay man kisses his husband and introduces him to Troy; they shake hands. Troy genuinely smiles and converses.
- Kristine talks to a married straight couple who argue -- Kristine's eyes grow wide and uncomfortable at the scene.
- Ryan snaps a selfie of himself with a group of nerds, each in tech company shirts and sweaters. Thumbs up from all.

END MONTAGE

Jamie pours himself some punch, turns, and spots the squad.

JAMESON

Hey, guys... Wow. You look --

TROY

Hot? Sexy? Bone-able? We know.

JAMESON

(saluting with cup)

Yeah. Well... Good to see you.

Jameson frowns and turns to go. Ryan, Kristine, and Troy exchange W-T-F glances. Leanne intercepts Jameson.

LEANNE

(looking at squad)

What did I tell you, Jameson?

JAMESON

I was just going.

KRISTINE

Leanne.

LEANNE

(insincere smile)

Kristine. Wow. I wouldn't have recognized you if it weren't for you standing here alone.

KRISTINE

Do you seriously think that bothers me? We just talked to a half-dozen married couples, and they're every bit as miserable as you are.

RYAN

The only difference is, they're not pretending to be otherwise.

Leanne casts Jameson a sharp glare.



JAMESON  
Guys, don't do this --

TROY  
What happened to you, man?

JAMESON  
You don't understand --

RYAN  
You cut us out of your  
life so you could live  
a lie?

JAMESON  
Please, just go -- I can't  
talk to you -- she's not  
gonna let me see my kid!

LEANNE  
Jameson!

RYAN  
What?

JAMESON  
You know how her dad's a divorce  
lawyer? If I don't play her games,  
she'll never let me see my baby.

KRISTINE  
(to Leanne)  
I knew you were a bitch, but I had  
no idea you were this downright evil.  
(steps up)  
I'd kick your ass right now if you  
weren't pregnant.

TROY  
She'll kick it later!

LEANNE  
Time to say goodbye, Jameson. Just  
be very careful who you say it to.

Jameson looks at the squad with teary eyes. They look back,  
crushed, but with newfound sympathy.

BRANDO (O.S.)  
Hey, guys.

They all turn to see Brando, with a fake beard and a  
mismatched, two-sizes-too-large suit.

TROY  
Brando?

Leanne's jaw drops -- she's petrified.

BRANDO  
Shh. It's *Pablo* tonight. Class of  
two-thousand, eight! Rah!

RYAN  
Two-thousand, seven...

KRISTINE  
What are you doing here?

BRANDO  
Selling weed to out-of-towners.  
(spots Leanne, smiles)  
Yeah, she knows.

Brando nods to Leanne. They all look at her, confused.

LEANNE  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about, and you obviously don't belong  
here, so please leave!

BRANDO  
But, I'm a student here...

LEANNE  
Go!

BRANDO  
Wait -- you really don't remember  
me? I got you white girl wasted at  
that bachelorette party --

LEANNE  
-- You're lying!  
(to Jamie)  
I've never seen this junkie before  
in my life!

Brando fumbles with his phone.

BRANDO  
Yeah. That's totally you! You did,  
like, four hundred dollars worth of  
blow... And you didn't even share!

Brando shows them a video on his phone.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN

Hand-held video -- women party in the private room of a strip  
club. Some get lap dances from hunks, others do shots.

WE MOVE to a platform where Leanne does a fat line of coke  
off of a beefcake's ass cheek, then cheers to the camera.

LEANNE

Woo! That's how it's done, bitches!

**BACK TO SCENE**

The squad are agape. They look at Leanne.

LEANNE

That's not me. That's obviously  
Photoshopped or something!

LEANNE (V.O.)

(filtered, on phone)

I'm gonna be Leanne Chapman-Gray  
tomorrow, mother fuckers! Woo!

TROY

Hashtag pile driver.

RYAN

So much for full custody.

LEANNE

Shut up!

Leanne lunges for the phone. Kristine blocks her.

LEANNE

I want you out of here, right now!  
All of you! Security! Security!

The MUSIC FADES OUT.

ROSIE (28), an over-enthusiastic woman, approaches Leanne  
with the mic. A spotlight finds them from above.

ROSIE

Welcome back, class of two-thousand,  
seven!

The attendees cheer. Leanne forces a big, nervous smile.

ROSIE

I just want to give a quick shout  
out to the organizer of tonight's  
wonderful soiree. She's still the  
most popular girl in school. Give  
it up for Leanne Chapman-Gray!

Rosie hands Leanne the mic. Applause from the crowd.

LEANNE

Thank you. Thank you for coming.  
It's great to see... most of you.  
(MORE)

LEANNE (CONT'D)

I know I wouldn't be who I am today  
if I'd never met you. Especially my  
loving husband, Jameson.

JAMESON

It's over, Leanne.

A hush falls over the crowd.

LEANNE

(maintaining smile)

Such a kidder! Um... since we're  
all gathered and still standing, I  
think now's a good time to take our  
class reunion photo. Please gather  
by the bleachers. Come on, come on!

Leanne leads her followers away. The squad remains.

JAMESON

Kristine, I'm sorry --

KRISTINE

-- Don't. It's not... all your fault.  
I had my part in it, too.

TROY

(fake cough)

Bro code!

JAMESON

I know. I'm sorry. To all of you.  
(to Ryan)  
Especially you. How do I fix this?

RYAN

Come back to the Shire.

JAMESON

(removes wedding ring)

Gotta throw my ring in the fire first.

RYAN

You complete me.

Ryan pulls him in for a hug.

BRANDO

(meekly)

This is the part where people would  
usually slow-clap in the movies, but  
nobody's clapping...

KRISTINE  
 Wrap it up, nerds. My hair looks  
 fantastic, and I'm not missing this  
 photo op.

Kristine points to the crowd near the bleachers.

TROY  
 (to Jamie)  
 Whadda' ya say? For old time's sake?

JAMESON  
 (laughing)  
 Why the fuck not?

KRISTINE  
 Seriously?

TROY  
 I thought you were gonna loosen up.

KRISTINE  
 (sigh)  
 Ryan?

TROY  
 He's in. Come on!

Troy rushes off. Jamie, Ryan, and Kristine follow. Brando shrugs and hurries after them.

#### **AT THE BLEACHERS**

The squad falls in with the classmates.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)  
 Okay, everyone. Ready? Three...

KRISTINE  
 (to Ryan)  
 Is this how "*Lord of the Rings*" ended?

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)  
 Two...

RYAN  
 No. This is so much better.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)  
 One!

The whole squad, plus Brando, moons the camera as it flashes.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

**INT. KRISTINE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Charlotte enters with her keys and a bag of groceries. She sets them down and turns to the living room.

CHARLOTTE  
Hey, sweetie. You home?

Ryan, on the couch and still drunk, awakens and sits up.

CHARLOTTE  
Sugar Cookie?

RYAN  
Hey, Mom.

CHARLOTTE  
Where's your sister?

Ryan points at Kristine's bedroom. Charlotte looks at her watch on the way -- she trips over Jamie near the door.

CHARLOTTE  
Oh -- sorry, dear... Is that Jameson?

JAMESON  
Hey, Miss. D.

Kristine's door opens -- Kristine exits in her robe with a smile and a container of aerosol whipped cream.

KRISTINE  
(yawning)  
Mom! Good morning.

CHARLOTTE  
Good afternoon. You eat in bed now?

KRISTINE  
Not exactly...

Brando exits behind her in boxers and dried whipped cream caked on his mouth. Charlotte's jaw drops in understanding.

Kale's door opens. Kale and Clint limp out, gingerly.

KRISTINE  
Wow. Good night?

KALE  
Any better, I'd be in a wheelchair.

Tiny exits Kale's room with a perma-grin. He slaps Clint and Kale's asses, prompting wincing, and pulls a shirt on.

Ryan, Kristine, Brando, Jamie, and Charlotte watch in awe.

CHARLOTTE

What the hell is going on here?

RYAN

(confident smile)

Long story short, we're okay.

CHARLOTTE

You're *okay*?

RYAN

We're okay.

CHARLOTTE

(satisfied)

Okay. So, who's the kid?

RYAN

He's, actually, one of Troy's friends.

CHARLOTTE

(looking Brando over)

Well, better Troy's *friend* than Troy.

Troy staggers out of Kale's room. He clutches his lower back and takes uncomfortable baby steps towards the kitchen.

TROY

I heard my name.

He stops and looks from face to astonished face.

TROY

What?

He sees Tiny and the barely standing Kale and Clint. He gets the implication...

TROY

Oh, fuck you guys! I slept on the floor!

Charlotte shakes her head and heads to the exit.

CHARLOTTE

I'll never understand this generation.

Charlotte leaves and shuts the door behind her.

FADE TO BLACK.