

LEN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A SICK MAN (40s) shoves his way through a crowded city street.

His face is gaunt and sweaty. He'd be mistaken for a homeless junkie if not for the tailored suit that hangs loosely off his painfully thin frame.

His eyes dart from person to person. Searching.

He finds her: a young WOMAN alone in the crowd.

He catches up to her. Clamps his hand on her shoulder.

The woman startles. Pulls away.

The desperate man mumbles an apology. She isn't who he thought she was.

He continues searching the street, moving from woman to woman in search of someone specific.

OOMP!

He doubles over in pain suddenly. Clutches at his stomach.

He sees a convenience store across the street. Makes a mad dash towards it. Nearly gets hit by several cars for his trouble.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The man bursts into store. Quickly marches to the refrigerator in the back.

Grabs a soda. Pops the tab. Gulps down the entire drink. Sucks down another.

The STORE CLERK shouts at him from behind the register.

STORE CLERK

Hey. Hey man! You can't do that.
Hey! You gotta pay for those.

The man's not listening. He moves to the candy aisle. Tears open several candy bars and fists them into his mouth.

Chokes down several pixie stix. Gobbles two cupcakes.

The clerk stomps angrily towards him.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)
 Hey asshole! Stop. I mean
 it...stop!

The man continues his munchie massacre.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)
 I'm calling the cops...

The man's stomach makes a terrible noise. He doubles over in PAIN. Knocks over a rack of snacks. He collapses to the ground. Is he--

The man JERKS UPRIGHT. His eyes roll into the back of his head...

...BLOOD geysers from his open mouth. SPLASHES across the clerk, who shrinks back in HORROR.

The man scrambles to his feet and dashes from the store.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT - TRACKING

Outside, he sees her: a stunningly beautiful WOMAN just out of focus, watching him from across the street.

He stumbles into the street towards her...

...never sees the TRUCK that plows into him. He EXPLODES like an overripe melon on impact. Everything goes RED.

CUT TO:

INT. SMARTPHONE SCREEN - DAY

A pretty college girl in a red sweater with the perfect smile clutching her tiny dog fills the screen.

The photo is swiped right. It's a DATING APP.

Another girl pops up on screen. Another right swipe.

Another girl. Another swipe right.

There's an urgent KNOCKING at the door.

INT. OFFICE/BATHROOM - DAY

CHASE (late 20s)--a painfully average white guy with no sense of personal style--sits on the toilet, khaki pants down around his ankles.

He swipes his phone screen.

The knocking gets louder.

Chase sighs. Closes his phone. Finishes up his business.

He moves to the sink. The spigot turns on too strong. Water SPLASHES across his crotch.

CHASE

Shit!

He pats down his pants with a paper towel. It doesn't help.

Chase pulls the door open.

His annoyed CO-WORKER scowls at him.

She sees his wet crotch. Wrinkles her face in disgust.

CHASE

It's not--

The co-worker pushes past him.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I didn't--

She SLAMS the door behind her.

CHASE

--piss myself...

INT. CUBICLE - DAY

Chase takes a seat back at his desk. Slides on a headset.

Co-worker DALE (30s)--another boring white guy with a bad haircut and questionable hygiene--pokes his head up over the cubicle wall.

DALE

Yo, broski! The guys are gettin' together at Fridays for drinks after work. You in?

CHASE

Can't...got a date tonight.

DALE

No shit? Well hells yeah, man. Punch it in!

Chase reluctantly fist bumps Dale.

DALE (CONT'D)
I fully expect all the gory
details tomorrow!

Chase forces a smile.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chase sits alone at a table for two. Dressed in a way that says "office party" more than it does "first date".

Chase stares at the door. Forehead moist with sweat. Fingers drumming nervously on the tabletop.

He unbuttons the top button on his shirt. Re-buttons it. Unbuttons it again.

A WAITER refills his water glass.

Chase checks his watch. Twenty minutes after the hour.

Finally, a STUNNING blonde, DANNI (20s)--dressed smartly a black dress and matching heels--enters. Looks around.

Chase's eyes go wide. He wipes his palms on his pants.

CHASE
Holy shit. Act cool. Act cool.

He waves her over.

DANNI
Ohmigod, I am SO SO sorry. My pilates class ran late, then the Uber driver took FOREVER and then traffic, anyways...hi, I'm Danni.

Chase stands to pull her seat out. Nearly KNOCKS over his water.

CHASE
Shit.

Danni laughs nervously. Sits.

DANNI
Nice to meet you...

She doesn't remember his name.

CHASE
Chase.

DANNI
Chase, of course. Logan's
roommate, right?

CHASE
That's me.

Awkward silence. Then...

CHASE
You look amazing.

DANNI
Aww, thank you. You...look nice
too.

CHASE
So...uh...drinks? We should get
some drinks.

Danni laughs nervously. Chase flags down the waiter.

DANNI
I definitely need a drink.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

Chase has a DEATH GRIP on his drink. Sips nervously from it every few seconds.

Danni sits in silence with a glass of wine.

CHASE
So how do you know Logan?

DANNI
We have yoga together up at Runyon
on Thursdays. He's such a
sweetheart! Have you guys been
roommates long?

CHASE
We go way back...like kindergarten
days.

DANNI
Oh, wow. So, are you an actor too?

CHASE
Nah. Everyone in this town is a
wannabe actor. Too much of a
cliché, y'know?

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)
 Right now, I'm doing some
 copywriting at a boutique agency
 and working on my first novel.
 What about you?

DANNI
 I'm...an actress.

Mortified.

CHASE
 Oh. Cool. That's cool. So like
 anything I've seen?

DANNI
 Probably not.

CHASE
 Cool.

Danni forces a smile. Downs the rest of her wine in one gulp.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

Danni and Chase exit the restaurant. Chase staggers and sways under the weight of too many drinks.

CHASE
 I had a great time. You're a cool
 chick. Super cool.

DANNI
 It was nice meeting you...

Chase steps in to give her a kiss. She turns her head.
 His lips land on her cheek. She gives him a polite hug.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Chase drunkenly climbs the staircase leading to his apartment.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - TRACKING

Chase attempts to unlock the door. Drops his keys.

He leans down to pick them up. The door SWINGS open to reveal a pink-haired ART SCHOOL GIRL (19).

She startles. Chase flashes a tipsy smile.

CHASE

Hey...

She smiles politely. Slides past him down the staircase.

Chase stares at her ass as she descends.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the couch, engrossed in a loud video game, is a shirtless LOGAN (29)--charming asshole actor who was that one guy in that one thing that one time. A burning joint dangles from his lips.

CHASE

Who was that?

Logan doesn't look up from his game.

LOGAN

Shit! C'mon you fucker! FUCK YOU!
FUCK. YOU. Uh, I dunno. Lizzie...
Izzy? She's a barista down at that
new coffee place. OH COME ON!

CHASE

What happened to Jenn?

LOGAN

Who?

CHASE

Jennifer. Tall, blonde. Killer
rack?

LOGAN

Who?

CHASE

She was here...like all last week?

Logan shrugs. Chase joins him on the couch.

LOGAN

So? How'd it go?

CHASE

I dunno, man. Girls are impossible
to read.

LOGAN

Hot though, right? You guys gonna
hang again?

CHASE
I mean, yeah. Totally. Probably.

LOGAN
Right on.

Logan hands off his joint.

CHASE
So, what's up this weekend? We
doing the thing? I was gonna
invite Claire...

LOGAN
Dude, can you not?

CHASE
She's my best friend.

LOGAN
"Best friend". What, are you
twelve? You two should just
fuckin' bang and get it over with.

CHASE
You know it's not like that.

LOGAN
All I'm saying is, she gets drunk
and makes a scene again, that's on
you. But yeah, I told everyone to
show up 'round ten.

Logan gets up.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Alright, I'm crashing out. Got a
car commercial thing in the
morning. Night, dick.

CHASE
Night, asshole.

Chase pulls out his phone. Starts typing into it.

ON PHONE SCREEN

The text recipient reads "Hot Danni".

CHASE TEXT
Hey! Great meeting you tonight! I
had a lot of fun. Drinks tomorrow?

Chase opens a dating app. Starts swiping right.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Chase shoots hoops with CLAIRE (20s)--a fiery redhead who's more comfortable in jeans and t-shirts than a dress and heels.

Chase runs a layup. Misses. Throws the ball to Claire, who shoots a perfect three-pointer.

CLAIRE

So fuckin' Keith's all up in my face, bitchin' about how it's all Art Department's fault that we're behind on the day...

Chase waits for her to take a breath, then--

CHASE

So...I finally had a date last night.

CLAIRE

Look at you! How'd it go?

CHASE

Great.

CLAIRE

Yeah?

CHASE

Well, I mean, she hasn't responded to any of my texts since--

CLAIRE

Dude...you can't act so desperate. You scare them off like that.

CHASE

Whatever. I don't think she was interested anyway...

CLAIRE

Well fuck her then. Her loss, right?

CHASE

I guess...

Claire holds onto the ball and turns to confront Chase.

CLAIRE

Listen dude, you're a good guy.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Cute, loads of talent, funny...
there's absolutely someone out
there for you.

CHASE
Oh, I'm cute now?

Claire playfully shoves him

CLAIRE
Fuck off. Seriously though, you
just gotta work on your game a
little bit.

Claire tosses the ball at the hoop. Another sunk shot.

Chase takes his turn. Air ball.

CHASE
You coming the Pauls' engagement
party Saturday?

CLAIRE
Logan gonna be there?

Chase gives her a look. Of course he's going to be there.

CLAIRE
Fuck man, you so absolutely owe me
one.

Claire sinks one last shot.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Chase sits alone in the back booth of his favorite late-night diner typing manically into his laptop. A black coffee and a half empty plate of fries sit to one side.

Fingers punctuate the last sentence. Time for a short break. He scans the mostly empty diner:

--A few drunk club kids at one booth.
--A transient nursing a coffee in another.
--A couple all but making out in the corner booth.

His gaze stops on LEN (20s)--a cherub-faced manic pixie dream girl wrapped in a floral sundress--sat at the bar reading a battered copy of Simone de Beauvoir's "The Second Sex".

Chase can't take stop staring. He studies her face. The way she bites her lip absentmindedly. The way her large, bright eyes move across the page as she reads.

She feels his eyes on her. Looks casually his way. She smiles faintly before turning her attention back to the book.

Chase wipes his palms on his pants. Gets up. Makes his approach.

Chickens out.

He continues past her and into the bathroom.

INT. DINER/BATHROOM - NIGHT - TRACKING

Chase PACES the tiny bathroom.

CHASE

Just go over and say hello. She won't bite. Just walk out there and introduce yourself.

He takes several deep breaths.

INT. DINER - NIGHT - TRACKING

Chase exits the bathroom.

Len's seat is empty. She's gone.

Chase's shoulder's sink.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chase collapses onto his bed.

Logan is fucking someone in his room. LOUDLY. The bed BANGS against the wall.

Chase pulls out his phone. Checks his text messages. Nothing.

He opens the dating app. Starts swiping.

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT/GARAGE - DAY

Claire works on tuning up her motorcycle.

Chase leans up against the workbench. Nurses a beer.

CHASE

I think I'm in love.

CLAIRE
You say that like every other
week.

CHASE
I mean it this time. She was at
the diner. Like something straight
out of a dream.

CLAIRE
(playfully)
Were you being a creeper again,
Chase?

CHASE
Shut up.

CLAIRE
Did you go talk to her?

His expression says it all. Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Dude.

CHASE
I know, I know. I wanted to. I
just...I dunno.

CLAIRE
And this is why you're still
single. You gotta actually go talk
to girls. They're not just gonna
show up at your doorstep.

CHASE
They do for Logan.

CLAIRE
Fuck Logan. Don't be like him.

CHASE
So what am I supposed to say? "Hi,
I'm Chase. I promise I'm not a
serial killer. Can I take you
out?"

Claire stands. Wipes her hands clean.

CLAIRE
It's about confidence, dude. You
gotta stop being so afraid.
(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 We're not monsters that'll bite
 your head off the moment you show
 interest...

She grabs a spare helmet and SHOVES it into Chase's hands.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Let's go.

She straddles the bike.

CHASE
 Where we going?

CLAIRE
 Anywhere I don't gotta listen to
 you whine about girls.

EXT. THE VALLEY - DUSK

Chase rides on the back of Claire's motorcycle through the valley as the sun sets.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The diner is full with the Friday night crowd. Chase is in his booth. Writing intently.

LEN (O.S.)
 Whatcha writing?

Chase looks up, STARTLED. Len is stood next to him.

LEN (CONT'D)
 Oh shit! Sorry! I didn't mean to
 scare you.

CHASE
 It's...sorry. I just didn't see
 you standing there.

LEN
 You're a writer?

CHASE
 Uh, yeah...something like that.

Len slides into the seat across from him. Chase stiffens up.

LEN
 Rad. I wanted to be a writer once.
 Turns out I suck. Like bad.

Len laughs a charmingly DORKY laugh. She extends her hand in a strangely formal manner.

LEN
Len.

Chase shakes her hand. Awkwardly.

CHASE
Chase.

LEN
Nice to meet you, Chase. Didn't I see you here the other night?

CHASE
Probably.

LEN
Yeah, okay, I thought so.

A quiet moment then...

LEN
So what's it about?

CHASE
What?

LEN
The book.

CHASE
Oh!

LEN
Can I see?

Len grabs his laptop, spins it around to read it.

CHASE
Hey, wait...

Len holds her finger up. Chase relents. Her eyes scan across the screen.

Chase waits patiently. Drums his fingers nervously on the table. Tries to look play it cool but his eye keep coming back to Len.

LEN
Oh...

CHASE
What?

LEN
You're like a legit writer. Not
just some hack.

Chase blushes.

CHASE
Nah. I mean...I'm trying but it's
still rough and--

LEN
Shh. Take the compliment.

Chase grins bashfully. Len slides the laptop back to him.

CHASE
Len. That short for anything?

LEN
Just Len.

CHASE
So what's your story?

LEN
My story?

CHASE
Yeah. Tell me about Just Len.

LEN
What do you want to know?

CHASE
How long have you lived in L.A.?

LEN
Forever.

CHASE
What do you like to do for fun?

LEN
Whatever I feel like.

CHASE
What do you do for work?

LEN
As little as possible.

INT. DINER - DAWN - LATER

Chase and Len are laughing.

CHASE

So there's Logan, in nothing but his boxers and a pair of cowboy boots, standing in the middle of the road waiting for us to turn the truck around and pick him up and instead, we just high tail it out of there and make him walk the mile back to basecamp.

LEN

Oh my god, you guys are terrible!

CHASE

Nah, he absolutely deserved it.

Len looks outside at the rising sun.

LEN

I should probably head home soon...

CHASE

Oh! Yeah. Of course.

EXT. DINER - DAWN

Chase and Len exit the diner.

CHASE (CONT'D)

So hey, um, do you wanna like, I dunno, hang out again or something?

LEN

Not really.

CHASE

Oh...okay. Yeah.

Len softly punches his shoulder.

LEN

I'm kidding, silly! I'd love to. Gimme your phone.

Chases surrenders his phone. Len types in her number.

LEN (CONT'D)

You better not ghost me.

She hands the phone back.

CHASE
What? Never!

Len gives him a suspicious eye.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Promise.

LEN
I'll hold you to that. See you
around, Chase...

Len bounces away down the street. Chase watches her go.
He smiles like a fool.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Logan brews coffee in the kitchen.

Chase comes home. Joins Logan in the kitchen.

LOGAN
Late night?

Chase can't help but break out into a grin. Logan raises his
eyebrow.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Alright...who is she?

Chase steals Logan's fresh coffee cup. Heads to the living
room.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Well you better invite her to come
tonight!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - TRACKING

Chase collapses onto the couch with his phone. Starts typing.

CHASE TEXT
Hey, it's Chase. From last
night...What are you up to
tonight? Wanna come to a party? ;)

Chase tosses the phone down. LIGHTS a joint. The phone dings.

LEN TEXT
Sure! :)

Chase grins.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/PATIO - NIGHT

The large, tropical-themed patio is PACKED tight with Logan's beautiful and trendy friends. A DJ spins records. Young actresses DANCE and DRINK. Hipster bros SMOKE and SCOWL.

Chase watches from his post against the wall, beer in hand.

His eyes bounce from one COUPLE (20s) making out on the lawn furniture to the gaggle of cute girls carrying on nearby.

No one pays any attention to him. He wanders to the bar.

Chase pulls a fresh beer from the cooler. Sees Claire PUSH through the crowd towards him.

CLAIRE

Who's a girl gotta blow to get a whiskey around here?

CHASE

Claire-bear! You came...

They hug.

CLAIRE

Fill me with booze before I regret it.

Chase grabs a whiskey bottle and pours Claire a healthy glass.

CHASE

So I gotta tell you something...

CLAIRE

Shoot.

CHASE

Remember that girl I told you about? From the diner?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

Chase goes silent. He's distracted...

...by Len's entrance. She looks like a MILLION BUCKS. Almost GLOWING.

Time slows down. Len moves effortlessly through the crowd.

CHASE (CONT'D)
...she's here.

CLAIRE
Wait, what?

Len slides past Claire. Embraces Chase in a hug.

LEN
Hey you.

CHASE
Hey.

Claire looks at Len then Chase. Gives him the eye.

CHASE
Oh, um, this is my friend--

CLAIRE
--Claire. You are?

LEN
Len...

Claire lifts her glass to Len.

CLAIRE
Join us?

LEN
Oh, I don't drink. Sorry.

CLAIRE
More for me then...

The trio move to a couch near the patio's fire pit.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So spill! How'd you two meet?

Len puts her arms around Chase.

LEN
Well, I was at this diner the other night and I couldn't help but notice this cute guy staring me down...

CHASE
I was NOT staring...

LEN

Shush...so I finally got up the nerve to go say hello. I saw that he was a writer and...well, I kinda have a thing for writers...

CLAIRE

Is that right?

Logan finds them. He's TOASTED.

LOGAN

Heeeeeeey kids! Hello Claire!

Claire rolls her eyes. Flips him off.

LOGAN

And who is beautiful young thing?

LEN

I'm Len! You must be Logan.

LOGAN

Got it in one...

Logan flashes a charming smile. Works his way between Claire and Len to sit down.

LEN

Chase's told me so much about you.

LOGAN

All lies, I'm sure...

Chase hops up suddenly.

CHASE

I think the bar's running low. Can you help me grab some more bottles from the kitchen?

LOGAN

What's that? Oh, sure.

Logan stands reluctantly. Kisses Len's hand.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

It was a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Len flashes a polite smile.

LEN

Same.

CHASE
(to Len)
You cool to hang here a minute?

CLAIRE
Don't worry, I'll protect her from
all these jackals.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Logan and Chase work through the crowd towards the kitchen.

LOGAN
Damn dude, you didn't tell me she
was smokin' hot!

CHASE
You expected less?

Logan shrugs.

LOGAN
I mean...

Chase shoves him.

CHASE
Don't be an asshole.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/PATIO - NIGHT

Claire downs another whiskey.

CLAIRE
So...you and Chase, huh?

LEN
He's really sweet.

CLAIRE
Yeah, he's a good guy.

LEN
How long have you known each
other?

CLAIRE
Oh man...feels like forever. He
was a regular at a place I used to
bartend at. Seemed like a nice
enough guy at the time.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Then Logan shows up one night,
runs his mouth to the wrong guys
and Chase ends up getting caught
up in the fight. Takes a pretty
good beating too. Logan was
useless as always, so I got him
patched up and back on his feet.
We've been thick as thieves ever
since.

LEN

He's lucky to have such a good
friend. You must really care about
him.

Claire nods in agreement.

CLAIRE

Yeah. So what about you? What do
you do?

LEN

I'm kinda in-between things at the
moment.

CLAIRE

I see. Well, you be careful with
that boy's heart. It's a big one,
and I'd hate to see someone break
it. Know what I mean?

Len stands.

LEN

I should probably go find Chase...

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chase grabs a case of beer from the fridge. Runs into Danni.

DANNI

Oh...hey.

CHASE

Hey...

DANNI

Sorry I didn't text you. Things've
been busy and--

CHASE

--It's cool. No worries.

Len appears at Chase's side. Danni looks at her with surprise.

LEN
I got bored. Thought I'd come find
you. Who's this?

CHASE
Danni. She's one of Logan's
friends.

DANNI
Logan set us up on a blind date
earlier this week.

LEN
How nice of him...

Len throws her arm around Chase

LEN (CONT'D)
Hey, wanna show me your room?

CHASE
Uh...sure.

Danni watches Chase and Len head upstairs.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chase lets Len into his man-cave bedroom. Scrambles to
straighten up the mess.

Len circles the room. Checks out the TOYS and MOVIE POSTERS
that line the walls.

LEN
So this is where all the magic
happens...

CHASE
Yeah, something like that.

Chase puts on some music to drown out the sounds of the party
below.

Len grabs a ROBOT FIGURE off the shelf and points it at Chase.

LEN
Pew! Pew! You're dead, human!

Chase smiles. Len puts the toy back. Sits on the bed.

CHASE
I really am glad you decided to
come tonight.

LEN
Thanks for inviting me.

CHASE
You know...you're the first girl
that's been up here...

LEN
No way!

CHASE
Yup.

LEN
What about Claire?

CHASE
Claire? Nah. She's just a friend.

LEN
Doesn't that count?

CHASE
No.

LEN
Why not? She's a girl.

CHASE
Cuz Claire's...Claire. I don't
think of her that way.

LEN
What way?

CHASE
Romantically.

LEN
So girls only count if it's in a
romantic way?

CHASE
Yeah...I mean, no. That's not what
I meant.

LEN
What about me?

CHASE
What about you?

LEN
Do you like me in a romantic way?

CHASE
Um...

Len jumps up from the bed.

LEN
Oh, I love this song. Dance with me!

Chase embraces Len. They sway against the beat. Stare into each other's eyes.

CHASE
Can I--

Len grabs his face. Plants a WET KISS on his lips.
They fall backwards onto the bed.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Logan walks a tipsy Danni down to the street.

DANNI
So what's up with Chase and that girl. They a thing?

LOGAN
Weird, right? I don't really know. She just appeared outta like nowhere...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - TRACKING

Danni stands at the curb.

LOGAN
You sure you don't wanna just crash here tonight?

DANNI
Nah, I'm good. My Uber should be here any minute.

LOGAN
Alright, cool. Text me, let me know you got home okay?

Danni kiss him on the cheek.

DANNI
Of course.

Logan gives her a long hug.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
You sure--

DANNI
--Go!

He heads back upstairs, leaving Danni to stand ALONE on the sidewalk.

Something RUSTLES in the bushes nearby. She ignores it. Checks her phone.

The rustling gets louder.

DANNI
Lo?

No response.

Danni checks her phone. PACES urgently. The bushes rustle again.

DANNI
Logan? Come on, don't mess
around...

Danni turns back to the street. Is startled by someone standing there.

DANNI
Oh! It's you--

Danni's jerked off her feet. Her face smashes into the pavement.

She shrieks as she's dragged into bushes like a rag doll.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chase wakes. Alone. Hungover.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Chase examines himself in the mirror. Stares at the large dark hickeys on his neck and chest. Traces the long scratches on his skin.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Chase takes a seat at his desk. Fires up his laptop. Downs some aspirin with an entire can of soda.

His phone chimes.

CLAIRE TEXT

Coffee?

CHASE TEXT

YES

EXT. ECHO PARK - DAY

Chase finds Claire waiting for him with two large to-go coffee cups. She looks just as hungover.

CLAIRE

Hey stud.

CHASE

Hey Claire-bear.

CLAIRE

Nice hickey. Guess I don't gotta ask where you disappeared to last night...

Chase grins bashfully. Accepts the coffee from Claire.

They walk slowly around the lake.

CLAIRE

So spill.

CHASE

I...yeah...I mean. Yeah. It was a good night. You?

Claire makes a fart sound with her lips.

CLAIRE

Bailed after I realized you ditched me for little miss sunshine.

CHASE

Shit, sorry.

CLAIRE

Nah, it's okay. She's cute.

CHASE
Yeah? You like her?

CLAIRE
I mean, I don't really know her.
Seem's nice enough. Kinda offish.

CHASE
What do you mean?

CLAIRE
Girls get weird about other girls
sometimes. I dunno. Gonna see her
again?

CHASE
Of course...I think she might be
the one.

CLAIRE
Well you guys JUST met, so maybe
take it slowly, y'know?

CHASE
It's not like we're making wedding
plans. Yet.

CLAIRE
I just don't wanna see you get
hurt.

CHASE
Why would you even think that?

CLAIRE
Cuz people suck.

CHASE
She's different...

CLAIRE
I bet she is. Anyways, it's none
of my business. You do you.

INT./EXT. CHASE'S LAND ROVER - DAY

Chase CRUISES through town in his beat-up Land Rover.

Len waits for him atop a bus stop bench.

Chase pulls to the curb.

CHASE
Hey little girl...goin' my way?

Len jumps into the truck. Kisses him.

LEN
Hi you!

CHASE
Where we headed?

LEN
Take me to the beach...

CHASE
Aye Aye Captain.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Chase and Len walk along the beach. Hand in hand.

CHASE
So last night...

LEN
Was so fun! I had such a good
time...

CHASE
Yeah?

LEN
Yeah.

Chase STRUGGLES with his next question.

CHASE
Did we...

LEN
What?

CHASE
Did we...you know...do it?

LEN
Did we have sex?

Chase blushes.

CHASE
Yeah...

Len mocks him.

LEN
"Do it"...

She laughs at the absurd phrase.

CHASE
Oh come on...I'm being serious...

LEN
So you're saying you don't
remember our incredible night of
lovemaking?

Chase shrugs in admittance.

LEN (CONT'D)
Wow.

CHASE
Shit...I'm sorry!

Len gives him a hard stare. Then cracks into a smile.

LEN
I'm messin' with you! No, we did
not "do it". But you did pass out
on me.

CHASE
I'm so sorry, I don't know how
that--

LEN
It was cute. You're cute. I
watched you sleep for a little bit
then went home.

CHASE
You could have stayed if you
wanted.

LEN
I know. Maybe I will next time.

Chase smiles.

CHASE
I'd like that.

LEN
You know what I'd like?

CHASE
What?

LEN
To go swim in the ocean...

CHASE
I didn't bring any trunks.

LEN
Me either!

Len runs to the ocean. Strips her clothes off down to her underwear. Splashes into the water.

LEN
What are you waiting for?

CHASE
I can't just--

LEN
Come on...

Chase looks around. Strips down to his boxers and joins Len in the water.

They SPLASH water at each other. Swim. Float on their backs. Chase pulls her close. Stares into her eyes.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Chase and Len sit together on the beach, wet and covered in sand. Watch the setting sun.

LEN
I could live like this forever.

CHASE
Mm. It's pretty great.

LEN
You're pretty great.

Chase runs his fingers along her bare back. Sees faint scars that run along her shoulders and spine.

He traces them with his fingers.

CHASE
How'd you get these?

Len tenses up. Shrugs Chase's hands off her back.

LEN
They're...nothing.

CHASE
But--

Len pulls her shirt on to cover them.

LEN

Can we not talk about it?

CHASE

Yeah, okay.

Len leans into him. Nuzzles his neck.

CHASE

So...want to hear a story?

LEN

Uh, yeah. Duh.

CHASE

When I was a kid, my mom used to bring me and my brother out here every summer. One year, me and my brother Josh are out in the water fucking around...Josh is a coupla years older than me...used to beat on me like big brothers do. So we're out in the water, Josh is being an asshole...holding me under water like he was gonna drown me. And my mom, she was always yelling at us to stay near the shore, y'know? But I just wanted to get away...so I swam away from him, away from shore. I thought I was a pretty good swimmer but the waves sucked me out farther than I realized and I kept getting pulled down in the current...couldn't catch my breath.

LEN

Oh my god...

CHASE

I was pretty sure I was gonna drown...I knew this was it. Game over. Next thing I know, Josh is there...got his big ol arm around my neck and he's pulling me up...drags me to shore. I'm choking up seawater. Mom's crying. And Josh, my savior in that moment, he looks down at me and says something I'll never forget.

LEN

What?

CHASE

He says..."Be sure to tell cute girls a super fake emotional story like this so that they'll think you're super cool".

Len gasps.

LEN

Wait, so that didn't really happen?

CHASE

No! I made it up.

Len punches him.

LEN

Jerk!

CHASE

Hey, you're the one that said you like stories...

LEN

Do you even have a brother?

CHASE

Oh yeah. Josh is real. And an asshole. That part's true.

LEN

Where is he now?

CHASE

Moved to Texas after college. Did the marriage thing. Kids. The whole life. I hear from him every once in a while. What about you? Any brothers and sisters?

LEN

Nope.

CHASE

And your parents?

LEN

They're gone

CHASE
Oh shit, I'm sorry.

LEN
It's okay. It was a long time ago.

CHASE
So it's just you?

LEN
Nope.

Chase raises an eyebrow.

LEN (CONT'D)
Now it's just US.

Chase smiles.

CHASE
I like that.

LEN
I'm starving...let's go eat!

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase and Len BURST through the front door. Both are laughing and carrying on.

Logan is sunk into the couch. Stoned and playing video games.

LOGAN
'Sup kids.

CHASE
Hey!

LEN
Hi Logan!

LOGAN
What've you two lovebirds been up to?

LEN
Chase took me to the beach and then we had pretzels and hot dogs at the pier and now I'm going to go do very evil things to his body...

Logan raises his eyebrow at Chase.

Len runs upstairs.

LOGAN

Hey...

Chase stops.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You haven't heard from Danni today
have you?

CHASE

No. Why?

LOGAN

I dunno. She was supposed to text
me when she got home last night
and never did. And she wasn't at
yoga today.

LEN (O.S.)

Chaaaaase!

CHASE

Huh. Weird.

LOGAN

Yeah.

Chase shrugs. Heads up stairs.

DREAM SEQUENCE

--Len is on top of Chase. Nude. Grinding her body against
him...

--Chase drowns in a black void. Strange tentacles pull him
deeper...

--Len's lustful face...

--Hundreds of sharp, gnashing teeth...

--Len and Chase are wrapped up in each other...

--The scars on Len's back open up like oozing gills...

--Len pull pack from the embrace. Shrieks an unholy scream...

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chase WAKES from the nightmare. He's nude. And alone.
He reluctantly rolls out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Chase brushes his teeth.
In the mirror, he sees a second hickey near the first.
He hears Len's laughter coming from the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Len sits on the kitchen counter. Next to her, shirtless Logan sips from his coffee cup.

LOGAN

--and just before Fozio can stomp Chase's skull in...POW! I come from behind and plant my boot in that fucker's nuts. No lie...that asshole spent the rest of the school year with a limp.

Len giggles.

Chase enters. Looks at Logan. Then at Len leaned up against Logan.

LEN

Good morning you!

LOGAN

Hey brother...I was just telling Len about--

CHASE

--I heard.

LOGAN

Chase hates it when I tell people that story.

Chase pushes past Logan. Pours himself a coffee. Adds a ton of sugar.

CHASE

Just tired of hearing it all the time, y'know.

Len hops off the counter and hugs Chase from behind.

LEN
Someone woke up grumpy this morning!

CHASE
I'm not grumpy. I just--

Len kisses him.

LEN
Better?

Chase can't help but smile.

CHASE
Alright, you win.

LEN
Yay!

LOGAN
What are you crazy kids up to today?

LEN
Shopping!

Logan looks at Chase. Chase shrugs.

INT./EXT. CHASE'S LAND ROVER - DAY

Chase and Len drive through L.A.

Windows down. Hair blowing.

Len reaches over and takes Chase's hand into hers.

They smile at each other.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Chase and Len walk hand in hand. Check out storefronts.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY - MONTAGE

-Len pulls clothes from the rack.

-Chase tries on a kitschy shirt. Len laughs. Shakes her head.

-Chase comes out in another terrible shirt. Len wrinkles her nose.

-Chase and Len both try on sunglasses.

-Chase tries on a third shirt. Thumbs down.

-And another.

-And another.

-Chase comes out in a shirt that looks amazing on him. Len gives him the thumbs up.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Chase and Len walk together.

Chase looks like a whole new man. Updated and stylish.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Chase and Len share a HUGE ice cream sundae covered in fudge and whipped cream.

Everything is smiles and laughter.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Chase slides into the chair opposite Claire. He's decked out in his new clothes.

Claire wolf whistles.

CLAIRE

Well holy shit, look at you.
You're like a real guy now or something.

CHASE

Ha. Ha.

CLAIRE

Seriously though, you look fuckin' bomb.

Chase empties a dozen sugar packets into his coffee.

CHASE

Thanks. Len helped.

CLAIRE
Of course she did. Where is Miss
Happy-Go-Lucky?

CHASE
Don't be mean.

CLAIRE
Just askin'. You two seem pretty
attached at the hip these days.

CHASE
I let her sleep in.

CLAIRE
She movin' in or what?

Chase shrugs.

CLAIRE
So what's Logan think about all
this?

CHASE
I didn't ask. Why?

CLAIRE
I'm just saying...having a chick
move in is a big deal. It ain't
all sunshine and roses you know...

CHASE
Len's different.

CLAIRE
No...she's not. Don't fall for
that bullshit, man. You're smarter
than that.

CHASE
Why can't you just be happy that I
finally found someone.

CLAIRE
Don't you think it's weird that
she just popped up out of nowhere
and practically overnight you guys
are dating and now she's moving
in?

CHASE
Isn't that usually how it happens?

CLAIRE
Just seems fast to me...

CHASE
So what? I'm happy. Isn't that
enough?

Claire throws her hands up.

CLAIRE
Whatever. I'm just tryin' to help.

CHASE
Well don't. Everything's fine.

CLAIRE
Alright, alright. Don't be an
asshole about it.

Chase stands.

CHASE
Anyway, I can't stay. Gotta get
back before she wakes up.

CLAIRE
You kiddin' me?

CHASE
Sorry, duty calls.

Chase leaves without so much as a hug.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Newly awake Logan wanders into the kitchen. Grabs a carton of
milk from the fridge. GULPS down several sips.

He turns to go back to his room. Sees Len is standing at the
window with her back to him. She's completely nude.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - TRACKING

Logan STARES wantonly at Len's body.

LOGAN
Sorry, didn't realize you were out
here.

He doesn't avert his eyes. Len remains motionless.

LEN
He's gone.

LOGAN
Chase?

LEN

Do you know where he is?

LOGAN

Nope. Can't say I do.

The front door opens. It's Chase.

His eyes go to Logan, then Len.

CHASE

Uh, hey...what's going on?

Logan shrugs his shoulders at Chase. Disappears into his room.

LEN

Where were you?

Chase approaches. Offers her a coffee.

CHASE

Went and got us some coffee...why
are you...where are...what's up?

Len finally turns to him.

Her face is full of fury. Quickly replaced with a smile.

LEN

I...you just scared me is all.

She embraces him.

CHASE

Because I left to get coffee?

LEN

Just don't ever leave me, k?

CHASE

Of course not. Let's get you
dressed.

LEN

I'd rather stay naked. With you.
In bed.

Chase smiles.

CHASE

I like that idea...

Len giggles. Pulls Chase towards his room.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/WRITING NOOK - DAY

Chase and Len sit naked wrapped in a duvet. Watch the people walk by on the street below.

Chase smokes a joint.

CHASE

Were you really scared earlier?

LEN

Ya! I woke up and you weren't there and I just...I dunno I panicked.

CHASE

That's sweet...

LEN

No it's not!

CHASE

Well I'd never just leave you. Promise. I don't know what I'd do without you...

LEN

Same...

Len nuzzles her face into Chase's neck.

EXT. THE PAULS' HOUSE/POOL - DAY

A dozen or so people in swimwear have gathered at The Paul's house for a pool party.

Chase sits poolside. Chugs down a beer.

Next to him, Len sucks on a popsicle. She wears a loose-fitting t-shirt over her bikini.

They watch a DRUNK Logan splash around in the pool next to a pair of girls sunning themselves on inflatable rafts.

Logan glances at Len several times. Len notices. Smiles at him.

Black Paul brings Chase a fresh beer. Plops down next to the pair and dangles his bare legs in the pool.

BLACK PAUL

You two having fun?

CHASE

Always.

LEN

Thanks for having us out!

BLACK PAUL

That's right...this is your first Paul Pool Party!

LEN

It is.

BLACK PAUL

When we first moved in, we realized this place was too damn gorgeous to waste on just us, so we try to rally the troops as often as possible over the summer.

LEN

It's a lovely home.

BLACK PAUL

Thanks girl. It belonged to Paul's dad originally. We had to fight it out with his sister to get it after the ol' bastard kicked off, but it was totally worth it.

CHASE

How is Shelby doing anyway?

BLACK PAUL

Off saving little brown children from the threat of a Godless existence, last we heard...

CHASE

Those poor children.

LEN

Where's the bathroom?

BLACK PAUL

Oh, it's up the stairs, turn right and then it's at the end of the hall.

LEN

Thanks!

Len kisses Chase on the cheek.

LEN

Be right back!

Chase watches her saunter away.

As does Logan. He follows shortly after.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Len touches up her makeup in the mirror.

Opens the door to reveal Logan waiting for her.

LEN
Oh!

LOGAN
Hey...

LEN
You scared me.

Logan steps into the bathroom. Closes the door.

LEN
What are you doing?

LOGAN
Oh, come on. You and I both
know...

LEN
No, I don't...

Logan KISSES her.

Len pulls back.

LEN
Stop...

Len tries to leave. Logan blocks her.

LOGAN
C'mon...you've been flirting with
me for weeks.

LEN
You're drunk...

LOGAN
And you're a tease...

LEN
Open the door, Logan.

LOGAN
And if I don't?

LEN
Then I'll tell Chase...

LOGAN
He'll believe me before he
believes you...

Logan pushes her gently against the wall. Kisses her deeply.
She BITES his tongue. Hard.

LOGAN
Ow, fuck!

Len shoves him back forcibly. Leaves.
Logan wipes the blood from his mouth.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Len rejoins Chase poolside.

CHASE
Everything okay?

Len is all smiles.

LEN
Great!

Logan glares at Len from atop the stairs.

Len smiles at Logan.

She leans over and makes out with Chase. Pushes him into the pool.

Chase looks up at Len as he SINKS to the bottom. The sun rays behind her SHINE and GLIMMER against the surface of the water.

She looks like ANGEL.

Chase smiles dreamily.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chase, Len and Logan return home.

Len immediately heads upstairs to Chase's bedroom.

Logan stops Chase from following.

LOGAN
Hey man, we gotta talk...

CHASE
Yeah, what's up?

LOGAN
Listen...it's Len. I get she's
your girl and all but I don't
think it's cool that she's pretty
much moved in now.

CHASE
She hasn't moved in...

LOGAN
She's always here, dude.

CHASE
You want more rent money?

LOGAN
It's not about that. I just think
she doesn't need to be here all
the time. You don't see me letting
chicks crash here...

CHASE
What do want me to do? Tell her to
leave?

LOGAN
Yeah, that's what I'm sayin'...

CHASE
I can't just kick her out.

LOGAN
I'm flying out to see my fam later
tonight. That gives you about a
week to figure it out.

CHASE
What's gotten into you man?

LOGAN
Me? You're acting like a fucking
teenager with his first crush...

CHASE
Fuck you...

Chase storms up stairs.

LOGAN
Serious, dude. She better not be
here when I get back!

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chase brushes his teeth vigorously.

He winces.

There's blood on his toothbrush.

He inspects his mouth. Probes around with his fingers.

Spits.

A SINGLE TOOTH clatters around the sink's basin.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Logan knocks lightly on Chase's door.

LOGAN
Yo Chase...

No response.

He puts his hand on the doorknob. The door cracks open before he can twist the knob.

Len stands on the other side. Blocks his view of the room. Her face is FLUSH with sweat.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Oh, hey.

LEN
Hey.

LOGAN
Is Chase in there?

LEN
He's asleep.

LOGAN
Oh. Well, um...let him know I'm
taking off for the airport?

LEN
Yup.

Len closes the door in his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chase and Len cuddle on the couch watching a terrible talkshow.

LEN
We should run away...

CHASE
To where?

LEN
Anywhere! Let's just get out of town and go hole up somewhere away from everything and everyone.

CHASE
Yeah, that'd be nice.

LEN
We could just lay in bed all day, fuck like rabbits, eat like pigs...

CHASE
Perfect.

LEN
Yes you are.

CHASE
No, YOU are!

Giggles and play fighting ensue.

LEN
Let's go right now!

CHASE
The Pauls are coming over tonight before they head out for their honeymoon.

LEN
Oh...

CHASE
That cool?

Len smiles.

LEN
Of course. Is Claire coming?

CHASE
I invited her, yeah.

Len frowns.

CHASE (CONT'D)
What?

LEN
I don't think she likes me very
much.

CHASE
That's not true. Claire's
just...she's an acquired taste,
y'know? She means well. She does.

Chase's phone rings. He lets it go to voicemail.

LEN
Well if you want her here, then
don't let me stand in your way.

Chase listens to the voicemail.

DALE VOICEMAIL
Hey man...it's your boy Dale.
What's up with the no show man?
Brad's straight up on the warpath
right now. He's gonna fire your
ass if you don't come in...just
giving you a heads up. Anyway,
text me and let me know what's up.
Peace!

Chase tosses his phone aside.

LEN
Who was that?

CHASE
Nothing important. Wanna go eat?

Len crawls onto him. Straddles his legs.

LEN
Only if we can order in. I'm
feeling so lazy today!

CHASE
Thai food it is...

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/PATIO - NIGHT

Chase chills with The Pauls and Claire around the fire pit.

Everyone is drinking and smoking weed.

Len brings out a large plate of cookies and sugary snacks.

She offers one to Claire first. Claire declines. Offers the plate to the Pauls.

Tall Paul grabs several cookies.

TALL PAUL

Ohmigod, I'm going to be so fat if
you keep stuffing us with all
these goodies, girl!

LEN

That's the point...

BLACK PAUL

Got yourself a real keeper there,
Chay...

Claire forces a smile.

CLAIRE

He sure does.

Len takes a seat next to Chase.

Claire stares disdainfully at her.

LEN

Hey now, maybe I'M the one who got
the keeper.

TALL PAUL

Have you MET Chase?

He winks at Chase.

BLACK PAUL

So no Lo tonight?

CHASE

He's up at the farm visiting
family.

BLACK PAUL

You mean off begging for more
money from pops...

They all share a knowing smile.

CLAIRE
Must be nice...

TALL PAUL
You two need to just kiss and
makeup up all ready!

BLACK PAUL
Babe, that's what got them into
trouble the FIRST time.

Claire punches Tall Paul in the arm. Hard.

TALL PAUL
You bitch...

CHASE
So how's married life?

TALL PAUL
It's the most perfect thing
ever...

BLACK PAUL
Oh hush. It's the same it's always
been. Except now he finally gets
health insurance.

Chase laughs. Coughs violently into his hand.

TALL PAUL
You okay there, bud?

CHASE
Yeah. Great.

Black Paul leans away from Chase.

BLACK PAUL
Boy, if you get us sick before the
honeymoon, I'm gonna personally
put my fist up your ass.

Tall Paul playfully smacks Black Paul.

TALL PAUL
Don't be a tease!

Chase launches into a coughing fit again.

CHASE
Excuse me...

He gets up. Heads for the bathroom.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chase examines himself in the mirror.

The hickeys on his neck have grown in size. Look mildly infected. His skin has developed a rash.

Chase coughs violently. Blood spatters the sink.

There's a knock at the door.

LEN (O.S.)

Babe?

CHASE

I'll be right out.

Chase wipes the blood from his mouth. Recomposes himself.

He opens the door. Len is waiting for him on the other side.

LEN

Everything okay?

CHASE

Yeah. Fine.

LEN

Well then get that cute ass out here and help me entertain your guests, mister!

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Everyone is saying their goodbyes.

TALL PAUL

It was so good to see you guys!
We'll send you a postcard from Thailand.

BLACK PAUL

No we won't.

CHASE

Stay out of trouble while you're there.

TALL PAUL

Us? Never!

The Pauls take turns giving Len a hug.

BLACK PAUL
Take care of Chay while we're
gone.

LEN
Of course!

Claire gives Chase a hug.

CLAIRE
Wanna grab coffee in the morning?

CHASE
Sure. Text me...

Claire gives him another hug. Ignores Len.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Len collapses onto the couch.

LEN
Ugh, I thought they were never
going to leave!

CHASE
What? You weren't having fun?

Chase plops down next to her.

LEN
Yeah, I mean...I guess. I
dunno...I like it better when it's
just you and me.

She waves her arms around.

LEN (CONT'D)
Especially when we have this whole
place to ourselves!

She jumps on Chase playfully.

CHASE
Ow!

LEN
You okay?

CHASE
Just a bit...tender.

Len kisses his neck sweetly.

LEN
Aw, baby, c'mere. Let me make you
feel better.

She embraces Chase for a kiss.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Claire sits at the coffee shop. Alone.

She looks down at the text message to Chase.

CLAIRE TEXT
Coffee time?

It remains unanswered.

Claire waits. Looks around. Sighs.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

On the nightstand, Chase's phone chimes several times.

Chase remains fast asleep in bed. His breathing is rough and shallow.

Len sits next to him. Eyes closed. Her body writhes slowly like she's in a trance.

Something long and tentacle-like slithers between them beneath the sheets.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chase wakes up. Len is fast asleep next to him.

He rolls out of bed. Winces. His body aches.

He drags himself to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chase pisses blood into the toilet bowl.

CHASE
Shit...

He moves to the mirror. Looks like he hasn't slept properly in a few weeks.

He's lost some weight in his face. The skin beneath his eyes is dark. Cheeks sunken in. Like a junkie in need of a fix.

The hickeys on his neck have grown into one large red bruise.

He paces the bathroom. Looks into the mirror a few times.

Takes a deep breath.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Len sits cross-legged on the bed. Smiles when Chase enters.

LEN
Hi sweet stuff!

CHASE
Hey you...

LEN
You okay?

Chase shrugs.

LEN
C'mere.

Len pats the space on the bed next to her. Chase sits.

Len runs her fingers down the length of his back. There's a wet, sticky residue on his back where Len's touched him.

She kisses the back of his neck.

Chase relaxes at her touch.

LEN
How's that? Better?

CHASE
Mhm...

LEN
Good. I got you boo.

His eyes close. He nods off.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Logan carries his suitcases into the dark apartment. Looks around.

Sees that Chase and Len have made a mess of the place.
He picks up a pair of panties off the couch. Sighs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - TRACKING

The kitchen is disaster of food wrappers and dirty dishes.
Logan pulls open the fridge door and grabs a beer.
Pops the bottle cap and takes a long swig.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - TRACKING

In the hallway, Logan sees Chase's door partially open.
He moves to the doorway. Opens the door the rest of the way.
Len sits at the edge of the bed, looking over Chase's sleeping
body. Her back is turned to Logan.
Logan sees the scars on her back. They've opened up. Appear to
be breathing though it's hard to see in the darkened room.
Something slithers in the shadows between Len and Chase.

LOGAN

Len?

Len turns to face him. Her eyes are glazed over in milky white.
Something happens to Len's face that only Logan can see.
He screams.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chase wakes suddenly.
His bed is empty.

CHASE

Len?

No response.

MONTAGE

--Chase checks the bathroom...

--The living room...

--The patio...

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Chase crashes onto the couch.

Pops open a fresh can of Coke.

Texts Len.

CHASE TEXT

Hey! Where'd you go...?

He stares at the screen. Waits for a response.

None comes.

He turns on the tv. Watches for a few seconds. Turns it off.

His stomach growls.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase paces his apartment.

Checks his phone. Re-reads his texts to Len.

CHASE TEXT

Hey, you around? Text me back when you have a minute.

CHASE TEXT

Hello?

CHASE TEXT

Where are u? :(

He sends a new text.

CHASE TEXT

I'm worried. Call me. Please!

Chase falls onto the couch. Phone in hand. Stares at the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chase wakes up on the couch. Phone still in hand.

DALE VOICEMAIL
Broooo...you even alive? Pretty
sure you're getting shitcanned.
Brad's pissed man. Hit me back...

He scratches at the massive rash on his neck.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/WRITING NOOK - DUSK

Chase sits on the rooftop.

Smokes a joint. Guzzles a soda.

He tosses the can onto the pile of a dozen empty cans nearby.

His phone chimes.

CLAIRE TEXT
Hang tonight?

Chase looks at the text. Ignores it.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chase wanders the dark house like a zombie. Aimless and distraught.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chase removes his shirt.

He's lost more weight. His ribs jut out against his taut skin. His torso is marbled with dark veins. Skin red with a rash.

Small sores dot his chest.

Chase pokes at one of the sores. A milky substance oozes from it.

He grimaces.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chase sits on the edge of his bed. In the dark.

He stares at the wall.

His phone chimes.

CLAIRE TEXT
R U avoiding me? :(

He doesn't respond. His stomach makes a loud churning sound.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chase is awoken by intense hunger pains.

He clutches his stomach and curls up into the fetal position.

He claws at the bed. Twists and turns to try and alleviate the pain.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Chase tears through the cupboards. Finds a box of PopTarts.

He rips the packaging open. Shoves the pastries into his mouth.

He yanks the fridge door open. Grabs a soda. Washes down the PopTarts.

He checks his phone. No messages from Len. Four unread from Claire.

His stomach twists in knots. He steadies himself on the counter.

His eyes dart around the kitchen. Land on the sugar packets next to the coffee pot.

He grabs several. Tears them open. Empties them into his mouth.

His stomach cramps so hard he's brought to his knees.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Chase hugs the toilet bowl and vomits a stream of blood into the bowl.

He sits up against the wall. Too exhausted to move.

He struggles to pull his phone from his pants. Sends a text message.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - LATER

Claire finds Chase hunched over against the wall.

CLAIRE

Chase?

Chase looks up at her with dark, sad eyes.

CHASE
She's gone.

CLAIRE
What?

CHASE
Len. I woke up a couple of days ago and she was gone. Hasn't answered any of my texts.

Claire helps him to his feet.

CLAIRE
You look like shit.

CHASE
I feel like shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - TRACKING

Claire helps Chase to the couch.

He falls onto the cushions with a pained grunt.

She grabs a glass of water from the kitchen. Hands it to him.

CLAIRE
What going on with you?

CHASE
What if something happened to her?

Chase sip from the glass. Coughs violently.

Claire sees the rash on Chase's neck.

CLAIRE
What's wrong with your neck?

CHASE
Nothing.

CLAIRE
You need to go see a doctor.

Chase waves her off.

CHASE
No.

CLAIRE

Yes.

CHASE

I need to stay here until Len comes back...

CLAIRE

What if she doesn't?

Chase jerks away from her.

CHASE

Don't say that! She's coming back. She has to.

CLAIRE

That's not important right--

CHASE

--you don't understand. I need her.

Chase is near tears.

CLAIRE

No you don't.

Chase throws his glass across the room. It shatters.

CHASE

YES I DO!

Claire throws her hands up in frustration.

CLAIRE

What's gotten into you man? You're acting like a complete fucking psycho.

LEN (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Claire turns to see Len standing in entryway.

CHASE

Len...

Chase hobbles over to his girlfriend. Falls into her arms.

LEN

Hey baby.

CHASE

Where have you been?

LEN
Why is she here?

CLAIRE
He needs a doctor.

Len looks Chase over.

LEN
He's fine. I'm taking care of him.

CLAIRE
Taking care of him? You a nurse
now? What is it you do, anyway?
Besides leech off my friend?

CHASE
Claire...don't...

CLAIRE
No, I'm serious. Let's hear it,
Len. How are you going to help
him? Don't you think you've done
enough already?

LEN
You should probably go now.

CLAIRE
I'm not going any--

CHASE
Just do what she says, Claire.

CLAIRE
Chase, I--

CHASE
GO! We don't need you...

The hurt in Claire's face is soul-crushing.
She looks at Chase. Then Len. Back at Chase.

CLAIRE
Whatever.

Len follows Claire to the door.

LEN
He'll be fine Claire.

Claire turns on her. Fuming.

CLAIRE

I swear to god, if anything happens to my friend, I'm gonna come back here and tear your fucking head from your body.

LEN

Bye Claire.

Len ushers her out the door. Closes and locks it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Claire walks to her motorcycle. Pulls out her phone. Calls Logan.

The phone rings and rings.

CLAIRE

C'mon, dude. Pick up.

The call goes to voicemail.

LOGAN VOICEMAIL

Hey, it's me. Do the thing.

She hangs up. Texts him.

CLAIRE TEXT

Dude. Call me like ASAP. It's about Chase.

Claire looks back at Chase's apartment. Worried.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Len returns to the living room.

CHASE

Where were y--

Len slaps Chase.

He's shocked by her anger.

LEN

Why was she here?

CHASE

I've been freaking out for the past two days cuz you went missing. She came to check on me!

LEN
I don't want her here anymore...

CHASE
What are you talking about? What's going on?

Len takes Chase's hand in hers.

LEN
Do you love me, Chase?

CHASE
Yes, of course I do--

LEN
Then promise me you'll stop seeing Claire. She's toxic.

CHASE
She's my friend--

LEN
Promise me.

Chase's shoulders slump. Defeated.

CHASE
Yeah...okay...

LEN
Say it.

CHASE
I promise...

Len's stern face turns into a smile.

LEN
Good. Now let's get you to bed.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Len helps Chase to bed.

She pulls off his shirt. Thin layers of flesh peel off Chase's body.

His chest is covered with a rash of infected sores.

CHASE
I don't know what's happening to me...

LEN

Don't worry, love. I'll help you
through the process.

Len lays her palms softly on his chest. Slowly massages the
flesh. Her hands leave a sticky mucus-like trail in their wake.

The scars on her back open and breathe rhythmically.

CHASE

Process? What are you talking
about.

LEN

This is how we'll be together
forever, my love...

She kisses him deeply. A thick, sticky strand of mucus flows
between their lips.

Chase's breathing steadies. He closes his eyes.

EXT. THE PAULS' HOUSE/POOL - DAY

Claire sits on one of the loungers. Her face wrinkled in
concern.

Tall Paul sits next to her.

CLAIRE

I'm really worried, dude. He
looked like death.

Black Paul returns with drinks. Hands them off to Claire and
Tall Paul.

BLACK PAUL

I swear to Jesus, we're outta town
for two whole weeks and y'all let
everything turn to shit.

TALL PAUL

(to Black Paul)

Oh stop!

(to Claire)

I'm sure it'll be fine. You said
Len was with him?

CLAIRE

That's the problem. I don't trust
that bitch.

BLACK PAUL

Oh, someone's jealous!

CLAIRE

No I'm not.

TALL PAUL

Oh girl, c'mon. Everyone knows you have it bad for Chase.

CLAIRE

He's my best friend...

TALL PAUL

...and?

BLACK PAUL

Admit it, hon. You're jealous of the new girl in town.

CLAIRE

Even if I was...and I'm not saying I am...something's fuckin' rotten in Denmark. I'm going back and getting him out of there.

TALL PAUL

You act like the poor girl is holding him captive.

CLAIRE

You didn't see what I saw, Paul. She's got some sort of hold him. He's not thinking right.

BLACK PAUL

Sounds like love to me.

The Pauls smile at each other.

CLAIRE

Something's not right with that girl. She's up to something...

BLACK PAUL

C'mon, girl. You know how crazy you sound right now?

Claire stands up.

CLAIRE

I don't care. I'm going to get him. Will you guys come with me?

The Pauls give each other a look.

TALL PAUL

Claire...

CLAIRE
Fine, I'll go alone.

TALL PAUL
Wait! Wait...

Tall Paul looks at Black Paul.

BLACK PAUL
Well fuck it. I'm down for a
little crazy.

Tall Paul sighs.

TALL PAUL
I'll drive.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/FRONT DOOR - DAY

Claire bangs on the door.

The door opens slightly to reveal Len. Her skin glistens with sweat.

LEN
Oh. You again...

CLAIRE
I want to see Chase.

LEN
He's asleep right now.

Claire tries to barge her way in. Len holds steady.

CLAIRE
Get out of my way...

Black Paul intervenes.

BLACK PAUL
Len, girl. We're just a bit
worried about Chay. Maybe if we
could just talk to him...or Lo...

The door swings open to reveal Chase standing behind her.

His skin is similarly flushed. His gaze is vacant. He looks like death.

CHASE
It's fine...I'm right here. What's
up?

BLACK PAUL
Chay! Claire said you were really
sick and--

Chase forces a smile.

CHASE
Yeah...the flu got me...

Claire stares daggers at Len.

CLAIRE
Can we just come in a minute---

LEN
Probably not a good idea. I'd hate
for anyone else to get sick...

The Pauls look at each other.

BLACK PAUL
Nah, it's cool. We just wanted to
make sure you were okay, brother.

CHASE
I am. Drinking lots of fluids and
all that...

BLACK PAUL
Okay, cool. We'll let you get back
to bed.

CHASE
Talk later?

BLACK PAUL
Sure.

CLAIRE
Is Logan here? I'd like to talk to
him.

CHASE
No. Haven't seen him...

LEN
We good here?

CLAIRE
No--

Len closes the door on them.

Claire and the Pauls retreat down the stairs.

CLAIRE
See? Something's up.

BLACK PAUL
Girl, he's fine. I mean, he's
sick, but there's nothing
nefarious going on except in your
head.

CLAIRE
Fuck, you guys too?

The Pauls look at each other and shrug.

TALL PAUL
What do you want us to do? Call
the cops?

CLAIRE
No. Thanks for coming with me.
Sorry I wasted your time.

BLACK PAUL
All good, girl. Tell you what,
let's go get drinks. I'm buying...

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chase crashes onto the couch. Pulls off his shirt to reveal the
horrifying rashes and sores that score his chest.

CHASE
We shouldn't have lied to them.
They'd understand if I told them
the truth.

LEN
No, they wouldn't Chase. Don't you
see? Claire's trying to break us
up.

CHASE
She's trying to help.

LEN
No one can help you but me. You
know this.

Chase thinks on it.

CHASE
...I know...

LEN
Do you love me?

CHASE
You know I do...

LEN
Then you have to trust me, baby.
It's for the best.

Len embraces him. Kisses his face.

LEN (CONT'D)
I love you so much, Chase.

CHASE
I love you too.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The Pauls drink heavily. Carry on as two drunk lovers do.

Claire sits across from them. Drinks her third beer. Stares past the lovers into space.

She looks around at the crowd. At the people having fun.

Flirting. Laughing.

Claire downs the rest of her beer and stands.

TALL PAUL
Where are you going?

Claire leaves.

TALL PAUL
Where's she going?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Claire rides past Chase's apartment on her motorcycle.

Parks a couple of blocks away.

EXT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/STAIRS - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire ascends the stairs.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire removes the spare key from beneath the potted plant next to the front door.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT/FOYER - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire enters the dark apartment.

Several steps in, the smell makes her gag.

She heads upstairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire creeps cautiously towards Chase's room.

The door is open.

Claire reaches the doorway. Recoils in horror at what she sees.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - TRACKING

Chase sits on the edge of the bed.

Len kneels in front of him as if to pray.

The back of Len's neck and lower head has split open like a blossoming flower, revealing three hinged-jaws full of sharp teeth.

Len's exposed back reveals a spine made of sharp black bone. Long barbed tendrils extend her spine. They writhe and pulse against Chase's body like leeches.

Slime drips from where their two bodies make contact.

CLAIRE

...Chase?

Len's glazed white eyes open. Stares up at Claire.

LEN

Get. Out.

Her voice is a low, guttural hiss.

Claire stumbles backwards out of the room. She escapes down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire yanks open a drawer. Rummages around until she finds a knife.

She turns. Notices Logan's door is ajar.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire creeps carefully towards Logan's door.

CLAIRE
...Logan?

INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire pushes Logan's door open. Instantly regrets it.

The remains of Logan's body lays on the bed. His chest cavity has been torn open. His organs have spilled out onto the formerly white sheets.

His face is twisted into a horrified scream. His eyes are white and glazed. A sticky pale ooze is spattered across his body.

Claire covers her mouth to stifle her scream.

LEN (O.S.)
You shouldn't have come back here,
Claire.

Claire spins around.

Len stands in the hallway. Thick slime drips from her body.

CLAIRE
Logan...

LEN
He got in the way. Just like
you...

Len steps closer.

Claire points the knife at her.

CLAIRE
What are you doing to Chase?

LEN
That's none of your Business--

CLAIRE
--Tell me!

Len takes another step towards Claire.

LEN
You wouldn't understand...

CLAIRE
Try me.

LEN
I'm helping him....helping us...be
together...forever.

Tears stream down Claire's face.

CLAIRE
You're killing him.

Len steps closer.

LEN
No! I'm giving him immortality.
He'll live on, inside of me...

CLAIRE
No...

Len is close now. Too close.

She grabs Claire by the throat.

Claire jams the knife deep in the girl's chest.

Len looks down that the knife sticking out of her chest. Looks
back up at Claire.

LEN
Oh Claire-bear. You are so very
out of your depth...

Len bashes Claire's head into the wall. Throws her into the
living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - TRACKING

Claire crashes over the couch.

Len pulls the knife out of her chest. The blade drips with
green pus.

She tosses the knife aside.

Claire struggles to get back to her feet.

CLAIRE
...what are you?

Len slowly creeps towards her, her white eyes glowing in the dark room.

LEN
I am the night sky. I am the
endless depths of the ocean. I am
forever...

CHASE
...Len?

Chase stands at the edge of the living room. His body is thin and frail. His face gaunt and sunken in. Walking death.

Len composes herself. Manages a sweet smile.

LEN
Chase...you shouldn't be up...

Claire steps between the two lovers.

CLAIRE
We have to leave, Chase. Now.

Chase looks at Claire.

CHASE
I can't leave...

CLAIRE
She's making you sick.

LEN
I told you I would take care of
everything if you would just leave
us alone.

CLAIRE
Like you took care of Logan?

CHASE
What about Logan?

CLAIRE
She killed him, Chase.

Chase looks at Len. Confused.

CHASE
You killed Logan?

LEN
He wanted to take me away from
you. Just like Claire.

CLAIRE
She's lying.

LEN
Am I?

CLAIRE
I'm trying to save your life!

LEN
Go on, Claire. Tell him how you
want to ruin the one good thing in
your life. How you want to take
him away from the only person who
loves him.

CLAIRE
She's trying to get in your head.
Don't listen to anything she's
saying...

LEN
She's making you choose, Chase.

Chase looks to Len. Then to Claire. Confused. Helpless.

CHASE
You killed Logan?

LEN
Chase, my love. You're not
listening to me...

CLAIRE
Just come with me. Please. I'm
begging you...she's...she's a
monster!

Chase's head sinks.

CHASE
...I know...

Claire freezes up.

CLAIRE
You know?

Chas looks at Claire.

CHASE
I know what she's doing to me. She
told me.

Len smiles.

CLAIRE
Then you know we gotta go. We
gotta get you away from her.

CHASE
I'm nothing without her. Don't you
see? She's all I have.

CLAIRE
No! That's not true.

CHASE
I'm alone without her...

Claire grabs Chase's hand.

CLAIRE
Chase...listen to me. You are NOT
alone. I swear to you.

Len's face twists in rage.

LEN
Don't touch him!

Len crashes into Claire. The two tumble back down to the floor.

Len batters Claire with sharp fingers that slash open the
girl's skin.

CHASE
Stop! Stop it! Len, please!

Chase weakly grabs at Len.

Len turns on him. Her human face slips. Reveals something dark
and demonic in its place.

Chase recoils.

CHASE
Your face...

The flesh on Len's face shifts. Human again.

Chase musters up some strength and courage.

CHASE
Let her go...

Len reaches for Chase.

LEN
Chase...

Chase pulls away from her grasp.

CHASE
Let. Her. Go.

LEN
She'll ruin us, Chase. She'll take
you away from me.

CHASE
It's over...

LEN
Don't say that...

CHASE
I'm dying...

LEN
Only so that WE can live! Don't
you understand?

Claire scrambles to her feet.

CLAIRE
Let's go...

LEN
Chase...please! I can't lose you!

Chase looks at her sadly. Doesn't move.

Tears stream down Len's face.

CHASE
(quietly)
I'm leaving...

Len screams. Rushes Chase with clawed hands.

Chase turns his back on her. She collapses to the floor.

Len's skin starts to drip off her body like a melting candle.

LEN
CHASE!

Her voice is hoarse and low.

Chase stops but doesn't look back.

Len's body continues to deteriorate to reveal a monstrous muscle structure. Dozens of jellyfish-like barbed tendrils writhe weakly against black bones.

Chase steps through the door.

CHASE
Goodbye, Len...

Len shrieks. Collapses into a puddle of bubbling flesh and gore.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Claire holds Chase up. Helps him walk down the street.

Several passersby stare at Chase's deteriorated appearance.

CHASE
Claire...

CLAIRE
I'm here...

CHASE
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I never
meant for--

CLAIRE
I know.

Claire hugs him tight.

INT. TGI FRIDAYS - NIGHT

The bar at TGI Fridays is crowded with office workers blowing off steam.

Dale is sat at the bar with his co-workers. Sucks down a fruity cocktail. Laughs at jokes.

He glances across the bar.

THE PERFECT GIRL--20s, tall and exotic--takes a seat.

Dale can't take his eyes off her.

She sees him staring. Smiles.

Dale smiles back. Slides from his stool and approaches her.

He slides onto the seat next to her.

DALE
Hey there. I'm Dale.

She devours Dale with her eyes. Her smile widens.

PERFECT GIRL
Hi Dale...I'm Len...

FIN