

Sex & Snow Days

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

"Open Mic Night" is on the marquee.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

A dozen CUSTOMERS are scattered around.

Several OPEN MIC COMICS are in the back, laughing hard.

WHEELER (20s) performs stand-up comedy on stage.

He's tall and ruggedly handsome with calloused hands.

WHEELER

Now that I'm back in the dating
pool I think I've found the best
opening line to use on dating apps.

(clears throat)

If you could replace every actor in
a film but one with the Muppets,
which film do you pick?

(beat)

It's a great way to see how someone
thinks on the whole.

(looks around)

My answer is always Con Air. Why?
Fozzy the Bear as Garland Greene.

(Fozzy the Bear imitating
Steve Buscemi)

One girl... I drove through three
states wearing her head as a hat.

(makes wild hand gestures)

Wocka Wocka!

The Open Mic Comics laugh hard.

The crowd doesn't.

Wheeler looks around, defeated.

A flashlight flicks in the back.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time.

The Open Mic Comics cheer loudly as Wheeler walks off-stage.

INT. COMEDY CLUB, BAR - LATER

Open Mic Comics and Wheeler's best friends BRADLEY (30s) and DANNY (20s) drink at the bar.

Danny is short, thin, with an epic beard.

Bradley has a powerlifter's build and a backward baseball cap on. A scotch on the rocks is in front of him.

BRADLEY

Woodley going face down, ass up, is way more embarrassing.

DANNY

A forgettable pay-per-view versus mother fucking WrestleMania?

Wheeler sits down next to Bradley.

BRADLEY

Butterbean was a world champion.

DANNY

And he beat up a pro wrestler.
(sees Wheeler)
Settle something for us.

Wheeler looks to Bradley.

Bradley shakes his head.

BRADLEY

Which is more embarrassing to live with. Being knocked out by Jake Paul or Butterbean?

WHEELER

The Butterbean one was real.

BRADLEY

Do you think they'd try to pull off some grift for that?

WHEELER

The lead-up to the fight was Tyron blew his MMA money and this fight would be his biggest payday ever.

Danny's hands move to his mouth.

BRADLEY

It could be hype.

WHEELER

Or he could've said the quiet part loudly before he did some stunt work on pay-per-view.

DANNY

Oh god.

They watch as Danny drunkenly sprints to the bathroom.

Bradley looks at Wheeler.

Wheeler shrugs.

Wheeler's phone buzzes.

His eyes turn to it.

He has a message from "LawyerGirl48," also known as SASHA (late 20s, classic American blonde).

She enjoys long walks, good conversation, and spicy wings.

Sasha says: "So I Googled you."

WHEELER

What did you think?

Wheeler responds: "That's never a good sign."

BRADLEY

You're too pretty to do dating app jokes on stage.

WHEELER

I'm a five on a good day.

BRADLEY

Welcome to being good-looking in a sea of cave trolls.

Sasha responds: "Gapey the talking anus was hilarious."

WHEELER

Present company included, right?

Wheeler responds: "A sixty-year-old woman told me it was the funniest thing she ever saw."

BRADLEY

A handsome comic is the same thing as a hot female athlete; when you look at the competition it's, well, not that deep.

WHEELER

I'm not young Dane Cook but--

BRADLEY

Ronda Rousey is a very beautiful woman but compared to most female fighters she's impossibly hot.

Sasha responds: "Where do you come up with your material?"

WHEELER

So what do I do?

BRADLEY

Go out there and find a bit that works for you.

WHEELER

What if I can't?

Wheeler responds: "Trade secret ;-)"

BRADLEY

You could always write for other guys... Danny would murder with that Fozzy bit.

WHEELER

If he's sober.

Bradley shrugs.

Sasha responds: "What do I have to do to be allowed into your secret club?"

Wheeler responds: "Henry's. The first round's on me. You in?"

BRADLEY

That is a dodgy proposition.

WHEELER

Does he have any blood in his alcohol stream right now?

Wheeler looks at the dating app. No response.

BRADLEY

Someone important?

Wheeler looks at his phone. Nothing.

WHEELER

This girl went from answering like clockwork to... silence.

BRADLEY

Let's see.

Wheeler logs into the dating app and pulls up Sasha's profile. He hands it to Bradley.

Bradley looks at her photo, then goes through her profile.

WHEELER

She's thinking of unmatching me.

Bradley pulls up Wheeler's profile. He looks it over.

BRADLEY

This screams "swipe left, I dare you bitch."

WHEELER

I get plenty of matches.

BRADLEY

And how many dates?

WHEELER

It's a numbers game.

Bradley hands Wheeler the phone.

BRADLEY

Enjoy it while you can.

WHEELER

Dating is fun. New people, new conversations, new everything!

BRADLEY

Wait until you hit thirty and it's you and the rest of the leftovers.

Wheeler looks at his phone. Nothing.

EXT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT

The middle of suburbia.

A luxury sedan is in the driveway.

YASMINE (V.O.)

No.

A luxury SUV is parked on the street

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everything is from an expensive interior decorator's dreams.

A large TV is tuned to late night television.

Sasha's best friend YASMINE (late 20s, lawyer, black) lies on a couch, staring at a dating app on her phone.

Yasmine is tall with dark hair and soul-piercing eyes.

A pair of mostly finished martinis are on a table.

YASMINE
 (swipes left)
 No.
 (swipes left)
 Maybe if you lost thirty pounds.
 (swipes left)
 Eww.

Sasha walks in.

A dress shirt and jeans cling to her.

YASMINE (CONT'D)
 (swipes left)
 Go back to your wife.
 (swipes left)
 Already... dated... you.
 (swipes left)
 Super likes are weird.

Sasha coughs.

Yasmine looks up and shakes her head no.

YASMINE (CONT'D)
 Your red dress--

SASHA
 It's too cold for that.

YASMINE
 Is he a dead ringer for he who shall not be named?

SASHA
 The exact opposite.

YASMINE
 Let me see if he's worthy.

SASHA
No.

YASMINE
Gimme.

Sasha takes her phone out and hands it to Yasmine.

SASHA
He's nice.

Yasmine pulls up Wheeler's dating profile and looks at it.
She is not impressed.

YASMINE
He works for a heating company as a
quote furnace monkey, the song
playing on his profile is "Pop that
pussy" by Two Live Crew and he has
a picture with a fish.

SASHA
He's rough around the edges.

YASMINE
He's a dude, not a man.

Sasha doesn't know the difference.

YASMINE (CONT'D)
A dude is someone you have fun with
but when it's time to bring someone
home to meet mom and dad, you know?

SASHA
Don't be that way. He's nice and--

YASMINE
Jake was a stock broker.

SASHA
He fucked someone else in my bed.

YASMINE
Kinky.

SASHA
Maybe a dude is just what I need.

Yasmine's fingers swipe to their conversation. Her eyes
quickly scan it.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Do I get any privacy in this?

YASMINE

In for a penny, in for a pound.

Sasha reaches for the phone.

SASHA

Phrasing.

Yasmine smacks her hands away.

A notification comes up on her phone for "Dinner with Brock" on Sunday at Flanagan's.

Yasmine pulls up the profile of BROCK (mid 30s).

He's tall, handsome and dressed in an immaculate suit.

YASMINE

I could see why you'd want a pallet cleanser before Brock.

Yasmine's eyes focus on Sasha's phone.

SASHA

What?

YASMINE

He said it's a long story when you asked him why he's single.

SASHA

Everyone has their baggage.

YASMINE

I can see why you left him on read.

SASHA

What?

YASMINE

He did give you a perfectly good reason to walk away.

Yasmine hands Sasha the phone.

Sasha's eyes go to the message.

SASHA

Because he didn't send a dick pic?

"Sure, what time were you thinking?" is written in the message box but not sent.

Sasha goes to press send.

Yasmine whistles.

YASMINE

Are you sure you want to spend a
night at--

(shudders)

--Henry's--

(exhales)

--with him?

SASHA

All I want is to have a good time
and see what happens, you know?

YASMINE

That's code for please bang me.

SASHA

I don't want to just be banged.

YASMINE

Cuddling is for weirdos.

SASHA

I want someone to seduce me, to
make me want to just indulge my
passions and have a night of--

YASMINE

You're just asking to get dicked
down but with more steps.

SASHA

Don't be gross about it.

YASMINE

Why be coy when all you want is a
bus ticket to Pound Town?

SASHA

It's more complicated than that.

YASMINE

Because you're making it that way.

SASHA

What do you think I should do?

YASMINE

Just say fuck it.

SASHA

What does fuck it look like?

YASMINE

A big gushy orgasm... or five.

SASHA

Let's say I do have a fling with
him tonight. What if I'm out on a
date with someone else and then he
comes up to me all--
(mock man's voice)
--hey girl.

Yasmine rolls her eyes.

YASMINE

He'll act normal and ignore you.

SASHA

What if he isn't normal?

Yasmine's phone buzzes. She looks at it and smiles.

YASMINE

Then don't fuck him.

Yasmine leaves.

Sasha pulls the dating app up on her phone.

Her eyes focus on the message.

She takes a deep breath.

Her fingers type.

"That sounds great."

Sasha deletes it.

"How about someplace closer to me?"

She looks at it for a long moment.

It's deleted.

SASHA

Fuck it, right?

Sasha looks around.

Her eyes spot the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Recently renovated, everything is white and spotless.

Sasha walks in and looks into the mirror.

She unhooks the top button of her shirt.

Her eyes look back at the message.

Her hand moves to a button on her shirt and then stops.

SASHA

This is stupid.

Her eyes turn back to her phone.

Wheeler's profile is up.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Please don't be weird about this.

Sasha quickly unbuttons her shirt.

It hits the ground, then her bra.

INT. COMEDY CLUB, BAR - NIGHT

Wheeler looks at his phone. Nothing.

BRADLEY

You could be her time ho.

Wheeler doesn't know what he's talking about.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Patrice O'Neal has a great bit about it.

WHEELER

Is it on one of his specials?

BRADLEY

It was on an episode of Opie and Anthony, I think.

Wheeler motions for him to talk.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Being a time ho is when a woman wants to hang out but doesn't want actually to fuck you.

WHEELER
Isn't that called friendship?

BRADLEY
Not necessarily.

WHEELER
Why do that on a dating app?

BRADLEY
Sometimes it's nice to have someone
to talk to while you're figuring
out whom you want to fuck.

WHEELER
Sounds personal.

Wheeler's phone buzzes twice. He looks at it.

The dating app indicates he has two new messages from Sasha.

BRADLEY
A while ago this girl loved to talk
about everything but as soon as I
said let's grab a drink, nothing.

Wheeler's fingers quickly open it up.

WHEELER
And?

His jaw drops.

BRADLEY
She just wanted a text buddy. It
made me think Patrice was right.

Wheeler quickly types a message: "I'll be there."

WHEELER
She invited me over to her place.

BRADLEY
Don't go.

WHEELER
Why not?

BRADLEY
Guys get robbed this way all the
time. Attractive woman, an easy
place to go to, and BHAM!

WHEELER
Or they get laid.

BRADLEY
They could take your wallet, your
phone, and maybe a kidney before
you wake up.

WHEELER
We've been chatting for a week.

BRADLEY
She could just be feeling you out.

WHEELER
Yes, because furnace technicians
are just swimming with cash.

BRADLEY
Leave your phone and your wallet in
your car, you know, just in case.

WHEELER
What's the worst that happens?

BRADLEY
You're in a bathtub, bleeding out,
while someone buys a Bugatti with
your Discover card.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sasha's shirt is back on.

She paces around and then looks into the mirror.

SASHA
He's nice, it'll be fine.
(looks down)
No, it won't.

She grabs her phone and FaceTimes Yasmine.

YASMINE (FACETIME)
I'm not going to do Mom is in the
hospital again.

SASHA
OK... so I just said fuck it and
invited him over here.

Silence.

YASMINE (FACETIME)
That's a big step from Henry's to
come on over and plow me.

SASHA
I kept thinking why should I play a
game when I could just ask, right?

YASMINE (FACETIME)
Good for you.

SASHA
What do I do?

YASMINE (FACETIME)
Do you need me to explain to you
how to have sex?

SASHA
I need you to walk me through this.

YASMINE (FACETIME)
This is simple. He'll come over,
you have some small talk and then
you do what you got to do.

SASHA
I sent him a dirty picture.

YASMINE (FACETIME)
If he doesn't have a password on
his phone, try and delete it when
he's in the shower. Empty the trash
to be sure, too.

SASHA
Am I making a mistake?

YASMINE (FACETIME)
Do you want to fuck him?

Sasha thinks for a moment.

SASHA
Yes.
(beat)
Maybe.
(beat)
Probably.
(beat)
I don't know.

Yasmine sighs loudly.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Sasha's neighborhood is visible through the windshield.

Her home is in the distance.

Wheeler places his wallet and phone in the glove box.

Deep breath.

His eyes look into the rearview mirror.

WHEELER

You got this.

EXT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT

Wheeler walks up to the door. His eyes spot a buzzer.

WHEELER

What's the worst that happens?

(goes to press doorbell,
stops)

It's a guy on the other side.

(looks to his car)

Or a different chick.

He knocks on the door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sasha hears the knocks.

SASHA

He's here!

YASMINE (FACETIME)

Have fun!

SASHA

Are you sure you can't do--

Yasmine hangs up.

SASHA (CONT'D)

--Mom's in the hospital?

Sasha takes a deep breath.

EXT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT

Wheeler looks at the door and then the street.

WHEELER

(looking around)

The mugger probably missed his cue.

(looks at door)

This is stupid.

(beat)

The picture.

(beat)

It could be on the web and I just never saw it before.

(beat)

Or it's a prank.

(looks at buzzer)

If you're going to rob me, you're doing a real shit job of it.

Wheeler goes to knock on the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She opens the door.

Wheeler falls into her home.

He moans in pain and looks up.

Sasha's eyes connect with his.

She smiles.

The attraction is pure, raw, animal.

SASHA

Hey.

WHEELER

Hey.

She helps him to his feet and closes the door behind him.

They look at each other for a long moment.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

You take a bad photo.

She smiles.

They look at each other for a long moment.

Sasha kisses him lightly, then passionately.

They make out intensely, clothes ripped off and being flung all over, as they hustle to her bedroom.

The bedroom door is flung shut.

Sex noises are faintly heard.

The television turns to an emergency weather broadcast.

The chyron reads "Thirty inches of snow, arctic temperatures coming overnight."

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The television is on the local news.

"Storm of the Century" is on the chyron.

Forty inches of snow, 30 MPH winds, and temperatures of -20 are indicated.

Wheeler walks in, partially dressed.

His eyes look around and spot a shoe.

He puts it on and looks around.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Everything is perfectly color-coordinated.

Sasha stirs.

Her arm feels next to her in bed.

Nothing.

She looks through the door.

Her eyes spot Wheeler searching through the living room.

She sees Wheeler's shoe on the floor.

Sasha looks up and sees Wheeler cursing to himself.

She grabs the shoe and walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wheeler spots his jacket.

SASHA (O.S.)
It was on the floor.

He turns and sees Sasha with his shoe.

She tosses it to him.

Silence.

WHEELER
I'll... see you around.

Wheeler leaves.

Sasha pulls up the dating app on her phone.

She quickly unmatched with Wheeler.

Deep breath.

Her eyes turn to the TV.

SASHA
Holy shit.

The heat goes off.

Her foot taps.

Silence.

SASHA (CONT'D)
God-damn it.

Sasha walks to her basement.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wheeler spots his truck.

It's completely under snow.

His eyes look all over.

The area is a winter wonderland... and snow falls.

Wheeler walks to his car.

He takes two steps and falls.

INT. SASHA'S BASEMENT - DAY

Freshly cleaned, shelving units are all over and organized.

On one shelf is a rusty toolbox filled with older tools.

Sasha walks up to her furnace.

A sticker on it indicates maintenance was done recently.

She spots a switch.

She flicks it up and down. Nothing.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Wheeler gets inside and leans back.

His eyes turn to the ignition.

WHEELER

Come on, baby.

His hand inserts the key and starts the car.

Nothing.

He turns the key again.

Nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sasha walks in, looks around.

Her eyes turn to the TV.

The news is still on.

"Winter Storm of the Century" is on the chyron.

She grabs the remote and turns it up.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Over four feet of snow and counting
has brought the greater Chicagoland
area to a halt this morning.

The front door opens.

SASHA

Holy shit.

Wheeler walks in, covered in snow.

WHEELER

So that was fun.

SASHA

I thought you were leaving.

WHEELER

Do you have Triple A? My car won't start and I--

SASHA

No.

WHEELER

How about jumper cables?

She shakes her head no.

SASHA

Who has those?

WHEELER

You've never needed your car to get jumped before.

SASHA

I've got bigger issues so if you don't mind.

WHEELER

If I can get my truck started, I can get home even in this weather.

SASHA

My furnace just stopped.

WHEELER

What's wrong with it?

SASHA

It just shut off.

Wheeler thinks for a moment.

WHEELER

What kind of furnace is it?

SASHA

I don't know.

WHEELER

If I can fix it, can you call me a tow truck? I can get through anything with the beast but not this weather, apparently.

SASHA

What if you can't?

WHEELER

I grew up working on furnaces with my old man. All I need is a hammer and a screwdriver and I can get any furnace to work for long enough to get the parts you need.

She looks around, thinking.

SASHA

And then you're gone.

WHEELER

Like I was trying to do.

SASHA

Deal.

WHEELER

Assuming it's in the basement.

SASHA

I've got some tools on the shelf.

WHEELER

Thank you.

Sasha points to the basement door.

Wheeler walks in that direction.

INT. SASHA'S BASEMENT - DAY

Wheeler looks around.

His eyes spot the furnace.

He walks up and spots the sticker.

Wheeler looks around and spots the toolbox.

He looks inside and takes out a screwdriver and a hammer.

Wheeler shrugs, turns to the furnace.

He flips the switch. Nothing.

His hand smacks it. Nothing.

Wheeler opens it up and looks inside.

WHEELER

Now what is your major malfunction?

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Sasha stares at her phone.

Hold music plays from it.

SASHA

Come on.

She taps her foot.

The music stops.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Chandler towing.

SASHA

My car needs a jump and--

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

We don't have any trucks available
for the next twenty-four hours.

SASHA

Everyone is.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Have you looked outside today?

Sasha hangs up.

Her fingers quickly pull up Yasmine on her speed dial.

She calls her.

YASMINE (V.O.)

Good to see you're still alive.

SASHA

Guess who has two thumbs and an
overnight visitor?

Laughter howls through the receiver.

SASHA (CONT'D)
This isn't funny.

YASMINE (V.O.)
You were serious?

Harder laughter howls through the receiver.

SASHA
Yasmine, please.

INT. YASMINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Large, immaculate with a stocked mini-bar.

A large laptop is at the edge of her bed, logged into work.

YASMINE
You'd be laughing if it happened to
someone else, admit it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SASHA AND YASMINE

SASHA
Probably.

YASMINE
That's why I made sure my late-
night caller skedaddled.

SASHA
I passed out and just assumed--

YASMINE
You never do that!

SASHA
Why didn't you tell me?

YASMINE
I shouldn't have to: you get what
you need and then it's last call.

Sasha doesn't know what Yasmine is talking about.

YASMINE (CONT'D)
You don't have to go home but you
can't stay here?

SASHA
I'm always home before one.

YASMINE

Of course.

SASHA

You said to go "fuck it."

YASMINE

I thought you'd protect yourself.

SASHA

I used condoms.

YASMINE

Good for you... you never know what will come with a raw-dogging. Some days it's fun, some days you need to go and get a Plan B.

Sasha closes her eyes, rubs them.

SASHA

I tried everywhere and no one can come out today.

YASMINE

Do you have a sled and some dogs?
(looks at her computer)
So far Chadwick is silent.

SASHA

Maybe he understands that we're all stuck at home today.

YASMINE

I'm logged in, just in case.

SASHA

First things first, right?

Sasha hears the sound of metal banging from the basement.

YASMINE

Days like this make me want to pack everything and leave.

SASHA

Your SUV can be here in ten minutes if you tried.

YASMINE

Do you know what the best part of an SUV in a parking garage is? It has an entrance that requires a passcode to make the door go up.

SASHA

So?

YASMINE

So there's snow packing everything
in and we're one of the last places
that gets plowed.

SASHA

Damn it.

INT. SASHA'S BASEMENT - DAY

Wheeler works on the furnace.

He's covered in sweat and grime.

Wheeler closes a panel on the furnace.

He flips a switch.

Nothing.

Wheeler opens it back up and looks inside.

WHEELER

What's wrong with you?

His hand smacks the side.

A large amount of soot spits out onto his face.

The furnace turns on.

Wheeler coughs and closes the door.

He wipes his hands off on his shirt.

Wheeler groans.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sasha stares at the TV.

Police cruisers and firetrucks surround a car crash.

"Emergency in Edgewater" is on the Chyron.

SASHA

It's for the greater good.

Sasha calls 911.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911, what's your emergency?

SASHA
Someone's in my house and they
can't leave.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Are they stuck in a fireplace?

SASHA
His car won't start.

Howls of laughter come out of Sasha's phone.

SASHA (CONT'D)
This isn't funny.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
That's not an emergency, ma'am.

SASHA
To you.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ma'am, making a false 911 call is a
felony in this state as of March.

SASHA
Then send a police officer here to
arrest me, please!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Good day, ma'am.

The 911 operator hangs up.

Sasha screams.

SASHA
This is bullshit!

The heat kicks in.

Wheeler walks in.

He wipes soot off onto his shirt.

WHEELER
So I heard there was a costume
party tonight and I'm trying out my
Justin Trudeau look.

She doesn't know what he's talking about.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

The King of Canada was a big fan of blackface when he was younger.

SASHA

Please don't touch anything.

WHEELER

Not even a correction on the King of Canada?

SASHA

I've got some bad news.

Wheeler thinks for a moment.

WHEELER

I held up my end of the deal.

SASHA

I tried but in this weather--

The news program ends on the TV.

A cheesy soap opera takes its place.

WHEELER

What about your neighbors?

SASHA

I'm not going out in this weather.

WHEELER

You could call them.

SASHA

I don't have anyone's number.

WHEELER

Why not?

SASHA

I work a lot.

Wheeler shakes his head.

WHEELER

What about 911?

SASHA

It wasn't their type of emergency.

WHEELER

Right.

SASHA

Don't you know anybody who could help you get out of here?

WHEELER

My phone is still in the truck.

SASHA

Why on Earth would you leave it there in the first place?

WHEELER

Someone convinced me that this might be a robbery.

SASHA

You could've just made sure the password was still on.

WHEELER

I wasn't thinking clearly.

They look around awkwardly.

SASHA

Why couldn't you have left sometime last night?

WHEELER

I blame your magic vagina.

SASHA

Excuse me?

WHEELER

Normally I'm done at three but--

SASHA

Please don't.

WHEELER

It's a new personal record.

He holds up his hand for a high five.

She shakes her head.

Nice sniffs himself.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Would you mind if I took a shower?

SASHA

Yes.

WHEELER

Then you're going to be smelling me
for as long as I'm here.

SASHA

Maybe I can give you a lift home.

Wheeler looks out the window. He spots her BMW.
She grabs her keys and presses an automatic starter.
Nothing.

Sasha presses it multiple times in frustration.
Nothing.

WHEELER

Do you have any other ideas?

SASHA

I need a moment to think.

WHEELER

While you're thinking, can I use
your shower?

Sasha nods.

SASHA

My ex left some clothes here. I
think you're the same size.

WHEELER

Thanks.

SASHA

The towels are in the drawer.

Wheeler nods and walks into the bathroom.
Sasha turns to the TV.
A commercial for a tropical vacation is on.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Wheeler looks around.
He opens the shower and looks around.
Everything is high-end and fruity-smelling.

WHEELER

So this is how the other half
shits, huh.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sasha sits on the couch, watching TV.

She sees something and then focuses on it.

The characters on a TV show are eating takeout.

Inspiration.

She takes her phone out and pulls up a food delivery app.

Nothing is available locally.

She expands the search by 100 miles.

Nothing.

She expands the search by 200 miles.

Nothing.

Sasha tosses her phone onto the couch and groans.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Wheeler spots a drawer and opens it up.

Impossibly soft towels and luxury soaps are in it.

He takes them out and turns the shower on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sasha watches the news.

Snow plows are on the highway.

The chyron reads "Snowfall To Continue Through The Evening."

Wheeler comes in, wearing what could be charitably described
as the wardrobe of an Albanian Fuck boy."

It's tight and uncomfortable.

WHEELER

Those towels are amazing.

SASHA

Which ones did you use?

WHEELER

The red ones. They were soft and the soap was amazing.

SASHA

That's my special occasion drawer.

WHEELER

You said--

SASHA

It's fine.

WHEELER

Sorry about that.

SASHA

One thing at a time.

Wheeler adjusts the clothes, particularly the crotch.

His eyes spot the TV.

WHEELER

Can you put on "Pam and Tommy?" It would be way better than this weather porn.

SASHA

I'm not into nostalgia for Gen X.

WHEELER

It's a watershed moment in the history of everything.

SASHA

It's the story of a sex tape.

WHEELER

Think of how the world changed because of it.

SASHA

(under her breath)
Please stop.

WHEELER

Every pervert from thirty to fifty remembers where they were when they found out you could find porn on your computer.

(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)

It was like when JFK got shot, except it was a Baywatch star getting filled out like a law school application. Now a celebrity gets fucked on camera and it's not a big deal but think of Elizabeth Berkley in Showgirls.

Sasha closes her eyes, sighs.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Jessie Spano is naked so much in it that you want her to get dressed and walk into a better film.

She opens them up.

SASHA

Why on Earth would you say ANY of that out loud?

WHEELER

It's part of the job description.

SASHA

You weren't this awful on the app.

WHEELER

I do a bit about a talking anus that you thought it was funny.

Wheeler's hand turns into a fist.

He turns it sideways, moving his thumb like a mouth.

SASHA

Please don't.

WHEELER

Gapey has some great advice about how to handle this situation.

SASHA

I thought there'd be a stage you and then the nice guy.

WHEELER

When I get something in my head I have to get it out.

SASHA

Can't you just turn it off?

WHEELER

No.

SASHA

You should learn how.

WHEELER

There's a guy at one of the clubs I go to named Sanjay Sanjay.

SASHA

Lovely.

WHEELER

When I met him my first thought was that sort of sounds like an Indian hillbilly. And then--

SASHA

Oh no.

WHEELER

--I kept thinking of an Indian South with their big regional sport that was like NASCAR.

SASHA

This doesn't end well, does it?

WHEELER

It would kill in India.
(sees the kitchen)
Are you hungry? I'm starving.

SASHA

I guess I could eat.

Wheeler thinks for a moment.

WHEELER

Maybe someone is trying to corner the market on Uber Eats delivery right about now.

SASHA

I already tried that.

Wheeler walks into Sasha's kitchen.

Sasha follows him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Posh, straight out of Martha Stewart's dreams.

Wheeler walks up to the refrigerator and opens it up.

His eyes open wide.

It's full of food.

WHEELER

Imagine being the one psycho who
would try to deliver food in this.

Sasha walks in.

SASHA

A car could show up here and take
you from here and deliver me some
Mexican food.

Wheeler pulls out a pork shoulder and puts it on the counter.

WHEELER

A big enough tip and I'd do it.

SASHA

If someone does try, then I'll
place an order.

He takes a deep breath, looks around.

WHEELER

Can we try this again?

Sasha looks away from him.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

If we're going to be stuck here for
a while, we can at least try
getting to know each other.

SASHA

(looks at Wheeler)
So how does that work?

WHEELER

If last night is a first date, this
is the second date where you get to
see if the magic's still there.

SASHA

We didn't have a first date.

WHEELER

Then let's try that now... all the things we were supposed to talk about, up until I can go home.

SASHA

And what if you can't get someone to come here?

WHEELER

I'll sleep on your couch.

She nods.

SASHA

Where do you want to start?

WHEELER

Last names, maybe? You should at least try to do that after you've seen each other naked.

She motions for him to go first.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Wheeler McCarthy.

SASHA

That is the most bro-tastic name I have ever heard.

WHEELER

I always thought it sounded like I was a novelist over sixty who wrote nothing but dark thrillers.

SASHA

It makes me think you were probably the president of your fraternity.

WHEELER

Does not!

SASHA

If you told me Wheeler McCarthy and the Tau Kappa Epsilon boys were going to have a kegger--

WHEELER

Fair enough.

Beat.

SASHA
Sasha Marie Jackson.

WHEELER
The middle name is classy.

SASHA
I was expecting something else.

WHEELER
Sasha doesn't sound like a stripper name. That's like Destiny, Mercedes, or Cinnamon.

SASHA
Who names their daughter Cinnamon?

WHEELER
I went to cooking school with a girl named Cinnamon. We called her our Spice Girl.

SASHA
You didn't go--
(does a dance movement,
singing)
--spice up your life--
(normal voice)
--did you?

Wheeler laughs.

WHEELER
We just called her the names of the girls from that band all the time.

SASHA
She must've loved it.

WHEELER
Not even close.

Sasha points around.

SASHA
So what are you doing with my food in my kitchen?

WHEELER
Since we're both hungry, I think a good meal is in order.

SASHA

I've got some microwavable stuff in the freezer.

WHEELER

All this food and spice and that's what you want to eat?

SASHA

It's quick.

WHEELER

This will be better, trust me.

SASHA

You got the furnace working, so I will give you some leeway.

Wheeler opens a cabinet. His eyes go through it, spotting something. He pulls out containers of lime and orange juice.

WHEELER

This kitchen is amazing.

SASHA

Thank you.

WHEELER

(looks around)

Do you have any achiote paste?

She opens a cabinet and takes a small container of achiote paste out. Her hand places it near the pork.

SASHA

Anything else?

WHEELER

Cilantro.

Wheeler places a red onion on the counter.

SASHA

All out.

Wheeler shrugs and closes the fridge.

WHEELER

Do you have a slow cooker?

Sasha opens a cabinet and takes out a small slow cooker.

Wheeler looks it over.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
I'll make it work.

SASHA
What are you making?

WHEELER
Cochinita pibil.

SASHA
I have no idea what that is.

WHEELER
It's a simple pork dish.

Wheeler places the pork inside it.

Sasha opens a cabinet and hands him a measuring cup.

Wheeler measures out a cup of lime juice and dumps it in.

SASHA
Is it a family recipe?

WHEELER
Sort of.
(beat)
Gloria taught me how to make it
when I was in high school.

SASHA
Is she a friend or--

WHEELER
My step-mom.

Wheeler measures out a cup of orange juice, puts it in.

SASHA
It sounds like you two are close.

He grabs a kitchen knife and chops up the onion expertly.

WHEELER
My dad out-kicked his coverage on
her, can't deny that.

Wheeler places the chopped onion inside the cooker.

SASHA
What about your real mom?

Wheeler puts a portion of the paste in the cooker.

WHEELER

I don't have one.

He stirs the meat dish and then plugs the cooker in.

SASHA

Excuse me?

Wheeler turns it on high.

WHEELER

Linda just gave birth to me.

SASHA

What happened? If you don't mind me asking, of course.

WHEELER

She walked out on my dad because she fell in love with her boss. I was four and didn't hear from her again until I was sixteen.

SASHA

I'm so sorry.

WHEELER

I was in a bad car wreck when I was twenty. I woke up and Gloria had been there the whole night. Linda never asked how I was doing.

(looks at cooker)

This will take about three hours.

SASHA

There has to be something on TV we can watch together.

WHEELER

I know something that could kill a couple of hours.

SASHA

Combined you were maybe half of that, tops.

WHEELER

You weren't complaining last night.

SASHA

It's not last night.

WHEELER

And technically it was this morning, just saying.

SASHA

Technically it's a no.

WHEELER

I think if I tried a little flag that says "bang" would come out.

She groans.

Wheeler thinks for a moment.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Can I use your phone?

SASHA

Will it get you out of here?

WHEELER

Maybe.

She hands him her phone.

Wheeler types in Danny's number.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

There's only one phone number I can remember for some reason.

SASHA

Yours?

WHEELER

My buddy Danny drives a snow plow for his dad now and again.

INT. COMEDY CLUB BATHROOM - DAY

Filthy.

Danny's phone is on the ground.

Danny is passed out in a stall, his pants around his ankles.

Wheeler's call goes to voicemail.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wheeler groans as he listens to Danny's voicemail.

WHEELER

Hey man, give me a call back when you get a break. I'm stuck and you might be my only way home.

Wheeler hangs up.

SASHA

Is he reliable?

WHEELER

The last time I saw him he was so drunk he couldn't walk.

SASHA

Lovely.

Wheeler shrugs and walks into the living room.

She follows him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sasha and Wheeler walk in and sit down on the couch.

She makes sure to sit far away from him.

He hides his disappointment.

Sasha pulls up the news.

Images of snow plows clearing the highway exits come up.

"Snowfall slowing down" is on the Chyron.

Sasha pulls up a streaming service.

She quickly goes through a handful of programs.

WHEELER

Your queue is awful.

SASHA

What's in yours?

WHEELER

Central Park Heirs.

SASHA

Who's in it?

WHEELER

Steven Seagal.

SASHA

Fuck no.

WHEELER

It's one of those movies you have to watch before you die.

SASHA

So it's what, Citizen Kane and then Central Park Heirs?

WHEELER

I'll walk home if you don't fucking love it.

SASHA

Is this a bit or--

WHEELER

Deadly serious.

Sasha thinks about it for a moment.

SASHA

Deal.

Sasha pulls the movie up and presses play.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

Sasha and Wheeler watch the movie.

Her emotions range from happy to sad and all points between.

Wheeler watches her, a shit-eating grin on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sasha stares at her TV, jaw dropped.

SASHA

He kicked him in the chest and the next shot is a stunt man jumping out the window face-first.

(beat)

He lands face-first on the car, but his body is face up.

(beat)

This is the greatest film ever.

Wheeler laughs.

WHEELER
 (bad Cajun accent)
 Dead or alive, you're coming with
 me Saad Al-Akwajiri.

Sasha thinks for a moment and smiles.

SASHA
 I think that's why you're a comic.

WHEELER
 Gloria came up with the overall
 bit, I just fleshed it out.

SASHA
 Is she into his movies?

WHEELER
 My dad told her I liked "Under
 Siege" and every time he made a
 movie, we'd see it.

SASHA
 Aww.

WHEELER
 I assumed she liked his movies and
 needed me to come along to justify
 the time.

SASHA
 It's like being the guy who goes to
 romantic comedies with women
 because it'd be weird to go alone.

WHEELER
 One Christmas my father gave us
 some of his movies and this speech
 about how it was so great we bonded
 over our absurd love of the man.

Sasha laughs.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
 Now she buys the movie, I cook the
 meal and we hang out.

Sasha sniffs.

SASHA
 It smells amazing.

WHEELER
 It'll be ready in an hour.

SASHA

That's time enough for most of
Central Park Heirs two.

WHEELER

This time he's out for revenge!

SASHA

(bad Cajun accent)
More revenge!

WHEELER

I think "Searching for Jake" is
out. We should watch that.

SASHA

Never heard of it.

WHEELER

The main character is a deep fake
of some dead actor.

SASHA

Seriously?

WHEELER

Imagine being the guy who lost out
on that role.

SASHA

You just move on, right?

WHEELER

I keep thinking about the chat you
would have to have with your agent.
(holds his hand up to his
ear like a cell phone)
What do you mean I lost the role to
a fucking corpse?

SASHA

An actor has to stand there and
then get erased, right?

WHEELER

That's a worse chat.
(holds his hands up to his
ear like a cell phone)
What do you mean I'm only there to
be replaced by a fucking corpse?

SASHA

You are in the film, technically.

WHEELER

But are you?

SASHA

You get a credit.

WHEELER

As what, a stand-in?

SASHA

It's not acting, is it?

WHEELER

In the vaguest technical sense it is your physical movements that are being filmed.

SASHA

But they're being replaced.

WHEELER

Interesting to think about, right?

Sasha thinks for a moment.

Her fingers quickly pull up "Searching for Jake."

She presses play.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Wheeler opens up a cabinet.

His eyes spot some taco shells.

He places them on the counter.

SASHA (O.S.)

Is it almost done?

His hand turns the cooker off.

Wheeler opens up a drawer.

WHEELER

Getting there.

He takes out two forks.

Sasha walks in and smells.

SASHA

Oh my god that smells even better
than it did before.

Wheeler pulls the meat apart.

She grabs a fork.

Her hand tries to put it in the cooker.

He playfully smacks her hand away.

WHEELER

You have to do it properly.

SASHA

It's just us.

WHEELER

Do you have a colander?

Sasha reaches under the sink and pulls out a colander.

Wheeler grabs it from her and places it in the sink.

SASHA

This is all going to be a pain to
clean, you know?

WHEELER

It'll be worth it, trust me.

He dumps the contents of the slow cooker into the colander.

His fork pulls apart the pork some more.

SASHA

I have some tongs.

WHEELER

You have to let the juices out.

Sasha grabs a pair of dinner plates out of a cabinet.

She places them on the counter.

SASHA

So?

WHEELER

Presentation is as important as the
overall experience. Trust me.

Sasha grabs a pair of tongs and hands it to Wheeler.

Wheeler expertly places some meat into a taco shell.

SASHA

Do we need any lettuce or--

WHEELER

If you're a gringo.

Sasha grabs the taco and takes a bite.

Wheeler watches her face closely as she eats.

It's insanely delicious.

He smiles.

She takes another bite.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

You're the second woman I have ever cooked for.

SASHA

I thought it would be your go-to.

WHEELER

I still live with my folks.

SASHA

Oh.

WHEELER

I have the basement, at least.

SASHA

So who was the first woman?

WHEELER

It's a long, awful story and in the end, I look like an asshole.

SASHA

Now I have to hear it.

Wheeler looks around. He clears his throat.

WHEELER

So in my early twenties, I went out with this nice woman I met at the gym. Her name was Genevieve and I cooked at her place before we went out to go see some band she liked.

(beat)

(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)

We're walking back to my car and she asks me what I think of the band because she's a fan.

(beat)

They're this alt-rock band that was doing covers of Nirvana and Rage Against the Machine, so it wasn't my cup of tea then or now.

(beat)

I told her that they were so bad that I thought the only way to describe them was if Courtney Love and Tom Morello had a child, but before she could give birth to their bastard child she decided to have an abortion... but the infant survived. The clinic didn't know what to do so they just tossed it into the trash.

(beat)

It ended with the aborted remains being taught to play music by two mentally handicapped seagulls and then finding a job as the band's lead singer.

Sasha is mortified.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

The next part is visual.

(motions to her hand)

Point at me.

She points at him.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

On your other hand, make a circle.

Sasha makes a circle.

He grabs her pointing hand and moves it up and down.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

She stops in the middle of a parking lot and says you can't say that in public, around people.

SASHA

You shouldn't say that anywhere.

Wheeler puts her pointing finger inside the circle and moves it back and forth, making obnoxious squeaking sounds.

WHEELER

And then she hit me.

SASHA

Justifiably.

WHEELER

The worst part was that she was a pro kickboxer, so she knew how to throw a punch too.

Sasha laughs.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

I look up and a police officer is staring us down.

SASHA

Did she get arrested?

WHEELER

He looks at me and says "You fucking deserved it."

SASHA

You did.

Wheeler lets go of her hands.

They resume eating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wheeler and Sasha are on the couch in a food coma.

SASHA

Thank your step-mom for me.

WHEELER

If you knew the whole story, you wouldn't be thanking her.

Sasha motions for him to continue.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

This movie was so bad we just made fun of it the whole time. There were like eight people in this place and seven of them laughed.

SASHA

And the eighth guy beat you up?

WHEELER

Gloria started screaming random things at him in Spanish and he walked away.

SASHA

I feel like that's almost racist.

WHEELER

I know enough Spanish that she was saying something that would've been on the Taco Bell menu.

She shakes her head.

SASHA

I'm not sure if that's racist or--

WHEELER

(thick Hispanic accent,
bad Spanish)

Taco, Burrito with fries, and a large soda half filled with ice.

(normal)

She said that, basically, and this dude just shit himself.

SASHA

I'm still not sure about that.

WHEELER

She has a theory that guys over a certain age will walk away from anything if you scream at them in a foreign language.

SASHA

If you say so.

WHEELER

I tell her that maybe we should stop going to these movies and she tells me I was the part of it she enjoyed the most.

SASHA

Awww.

WHEELER

And then Gloria says I should be a professional, ahem, funny guy.

Sasha shakes her head.

SASHA

Now I know who to blame.

WHEELER

I told her to fuck off and she offered me a hundred bucks to get on a stage once.

SASHA

Big money.

WHEELER

If I knew then what I know now, I'd have paid her.

SASHA

Did they laugh that much?

WHEELER

I ate it so hard.

SASHA

But it was that moment, right?

WHEELER

I'll never forget how I felt for those five minutes.

SASHA

I can see that.

WHEELER

I started doing every open mic I could and my school work suffered. Now I work for my old man until I can do this full time.

SASHA

He must be proud of you.

WHEELER

He fucking hates it and wants me to go back to college.

SASHA

You're pursuing your dream.

WHEELER

He wanted me to do something more with my life than be some "damned furnace monkey who tells dick jokes for hot dogs and hand jobs."

(beat)

(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)

He leaves me alone in the basement,
at least, so I got that going.

SASHA

Being a lawyer isn't amazing.

Wheeler points around her house.

WHEELER

Certainly allows for amazing.

SASHA

My life is nothing but billable
hours and dealing with rich guys
who think doing awful shit is OK
because they're rich.

WHEELER

I can't imagine you defending a guy
like that in front of a judge.

SASHA

I've never been in court.

WHEELER

No way.

SASHA

Most of my life is research and
meetings with opposing counsel.

WHEELER

That sounds awful.

SASHA

Lawyers on TV and lawyers in real
life aren't the same.

WHEELER

What does your dad think of it?

SASHA

He's proud of me. My mom says that
he tells his friends all the time
that his daughter is going to be a
big-shot lawyer soon.

WHEELER

My old man just asked me not to
embarrass the family.

Her phone buzzes.

Sasha's eyes turn to it.

SASHA

My boss hates the idea of people
not working.

WHEELER

Has he looked outside?

SASHA

Mister Crusher is in Florida at his
beach house right now.

WHEELER

Technically you can call in sick.

SASHA

(from memory)

You don't make it to partner by
calling in sick, Sasha.

Wheeler chuckles.

WHEELER

I'm going to try starting my car,
in case God wants to throw me a
bone right now.

SASHA

Let me know if you need anything.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

A law degree from a prestigious university is on the wall.

It's surrounded by several framed collegiate Law Reviews, all
edited by Sasha.

Five awards for "Excellence in Jurisprudence" are near them.

A photo of Sasha in high school as a cheerleader during a
football game is underneath everything.

Yasmine is in the photo next to her.

A large executive desk is in the corner.

Sasha sits behind it, her eyes glued to an expensive laptop.

A Word document is up.

Dozens of pages of a complicated legal motion are on it.

A video messaging notification pops up on her computer.

She clicks on it.

Yasmine comes up on the video window.

SASHA

You could've just called.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

I assumed since he texted me he was going to text you too.

SASHA

How much of a cluster is it?

YASMINE (ZOOM)

It's this or they go to trial.

SASHA

At least we're getting paid.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

I'm surprised you're here.

SASHA

Is that all you can think about?

YASMINE (ZOOM)

If I had a one-night stand stuck with me, all I'm saying is I would not be working.

SASHA

We've been watching movies.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

Interesting.

SASHA

And he cooked for me.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

If I didn't know any better it sounds like you're enjoying this.

SASHA

And I'm seeing every reason why I didn't delete that app.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

Because he's a dude.

SASHA

He's got a lot of potential--

YASMINE (ZOOM)
Just say it.

Beat.

SASHA
He lives with his parents.

YASMINE (ZOOM)
Welcome to fuck it, right?
(beat)
Where is he?

SASHA
He's trying to start his car.

YASMINE (ZOOM)
Hopefully it starts up and this
turns into a funny story.

SASHA
Or something we never talk about
again, OK?

YASMINE (ZOOM)
This isn't as bad as you think it
is, Sasha.

Sasha doesn't believe her.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Wheeler gets inside.

He quickly opens the glove box, taking out his cell phone.

His fingers turn it on.

His eyes look around.

Every window is covered in snow.

He puts the key into the ignition.

Wheeler tries to start the car.

Nothing.

He tries again.

Nothing.

His eyes turn to his cell phone.

He has a voicemail from Bradley.

Wheeler quickly pulls him up in his speed dial and calls him.

BRADLEY (V.O.)
What's it like having one kidney?

INT. BRADLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Small, cramped in the basement of an apartment complex.

Bradley plays a retro video game.

His phone is at his side. It's on speaker.

WHEELER (V.O.)
Who's got two thumbs and lost half
an inch of testicle?

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRADLEY AND WHEELER

Wheeler tries to start the car.

Nothing.

BRADLEY
Congratulations, I guess.

WHEELER
Seven times and I'm still standing.

BRADLEY
I'm shocked you managed to get
home, not going to lie.

WHEELER
I didn't.

BRADLEY
What was it like sleeping in your
car during a blizzard?

WHEELER
Wouldn't know.

Bradley thinks for a moment.

BRADLEY
You're stuck at her place?

WHEELER
Yeah.

Bradley laughs.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

This isn't funny.

BRADLEY

It's better than being stuck in a bathtub bleeding out.

WHEELER

Not even an atta boy?

BRADLEY

She invited you over.

WHEELER

For a guy like me?

Bradley's character dies in the game.

BRADLEY

Average guy managing to bang a hard nine is--

WHEELER

She's a ten, easy.

BRADLEY

A blind squirrel busts a nut every now and again, too, so don't act like this was NES hard.

WHEELER

This is at least close to Dracula in Castlevania hard.

BRADLEY

This is playing ping pong against a drunk Dutch autist.

WHEELER

Why does he have to be Dutch?

BRADLEY

Why not?

WHEELER

I need help getting home. Can you come over and give me a jump?

BRADLEY

My car's dead.

WHEELER

Do you know anyone who can get over here and help out?

BRADLEY

No one locally.

WHEELER

I'll catch you later, I guess.

BRADLEY

Good luck.

Both men hang up.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Wheeler takes a deep breath.

WHEELER

Come on, baby.

He turns the key.

The car begins to turn over.

Wheeler smiles.

The car dies.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha edits the legal document.

Her phone buzzes with a text from Brock.

Sasha's eyes glance over.

Brock: "So I guess dinner's off, huh?"

Her fingers quickly text him back: "I'm free tomorrow."

Brock texts her back: "Done."

Sasha texts him back: "How are you handling this?"

Brock texts her back: "Drinking coffee, watching the plows clear my neighborhood."

Sasha stares at her phone for a long time.

She texts him back: "Same."

Wheeler walks in, looking around.

WHEELER

At least I have my phone now.

She turns to him.

SASHA

Maybe the roads will be better
sometime tonight.

WHEELER

I didn't see any plows out there.

SASHA

What if you called a tow place?

WHEELER

It's like buying a drink at a bar.
If you asked for help and they said
they can't, one word from me and
they'll go "Grab a shovel, bitch."

Silence.

His eyes spot the cheerleading photo.

Her eyes follow his.

SASHA

I broke my leg right after that. I
still have a scar on my thigh from
the rod they had to install.

WHEELER

Does it set off metal detectors?

SASHA

It used to.

WHEELER

How the hell do you get hurt as a
cheerleader?

(does pom movement)

Yeah rah, go team!

(mock scream in pain)

My elbow, my elbow!

(mock crying)

My dreams of cheering for the
Dallas Cowboys are over!

SASHA

You know those basket tosses they
used to do?

WHEELER

A girl at my high school bounced
her head off the ceiling.

SASHA

One of the guys didn't have his
hands locked the right way.

WHEELER

I'd have been shocked if you were a
theater geek.

SASHA

Says the class clown.

WHEELER

Three-year letterman in soccer.

SASHA

I can't picture it.

WHEELER

Most people can't.

SASHA

What was your favorite memory?

WHEELER

The Tim G incident.

SASHA

Did you get punched for saying
something to him?

WHEELER

Do you think I get punched a lot
for saying stuff?

SASHA

Yes.

He thinks for a moment.

WHEELER

That's fair.

SASHA

So Tim G.

WHEELER

It's my first year on varsity and
I'm playing up front with Timothy
Goldstein. He was like six-two,
just bricked up...

(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)
the rest of us looked like small
children next to him. There was
only one problem.

SASHA
That he was an adult playing
against kids?

WHEELER
His only skill on the soccer field
was assault. He should've been
learning how to be a cage fighter.

SASHA
So did he start the fight?

WHEELER
One of the coaches from the other
team was saying stuff that was
beyond the pale and Tim decided he
had enough of it. He casually walks
over there and gives him the right
there Fred. The guy swings back and
Tim just grabs the guy by his hair
and bus driver uppercuts him into
next week.

Sasha is mortified.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
The guy had to explain to the cops
why a teenager beat his ass.

Wheeler laughs obnoxiously.

SASHA
That's awful.

WHEELER
His body was moving up in the air
every time he got hit.
(imitates someone throwing
an uppercut)
Just WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

Sasha sighs.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
I keep expecting the lawyer to have
a better sense of humor.

SASHA
Lawyers on TV and lawyers in real
life are very different.

WHEELER

And you wanted to be a lawyer on TV, I take it.

SASHA

You can try to be Atticus Finch all you want but being Harvey Spector pays the bills.

WHEELER

I think I get it, maybe.

SASHA

Sometimes I sit at my desk and just think "How did I get here."

Wheeler thinks for a moment.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Nothing funny to say?

He leaves the room.

She follows him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wheeler sits down on the couch.

He takes his phone off the charger.

His fingers quickly pull up the notepad.

Wheeler types a joke furiously.

SASHA

What?

WHEELER

I can either work this out with you or write it out.

SASHA

I'll be in my office.

Sasha walks back into her office.

Wheeler types.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wheeler finishes typing.

His hands pull up his speed dial.

It lands on "Bradley."

Wheeler calls him.

BRADLEY (V.O.)
Loving this weather?

INT. BRADLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The remnants of a frozen pizza are on Bradley's table.

WHEELER (V.O.)
Do you have a minute?

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRADLEY AND WHEELER

BRADLEY
Got all the time in the world.

WHEELER
I had a great idea and wanted to
know if it was funny.

BRADLEY
Have you heard from Danny?

WHEELER
Isn't he working?

BRADLEY
His dad called me, wanting to know
where he was.

WHEELER
That's weird.

BRADLEY
I don't know if I'm up for a quick
workshop.

WHEELER
What's up?

BRADLEY
I've been doing comedy for ten
years and I sleep on a futon.

WHEELER
Bill Burr lived on a futon until he
was forty.

BRADLEY

And I keep wondering if living in a
shit hole, telling jokes for fuck
all and jack shit, is worth it.

WHEELER

You always seem so sure.

BRADLEY

Getting stuck in this shit hole is
making me think about everything I
did to get here.

WHEELER

Look... your apartment sucks but
it's not a cage.

BRADLEY

Feels like it.

WHEELER

Stuck inside too long?

BRADLEY

Probably.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sasha is mostly finished with the legal document.

Yasmine calls her via Zoom.

She accepts.

Yasmine pops up on a video chat.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

Do you have the James file?

She looks to her left, instinctively, and then stops.

SASHA

It's in the office.

Yasmine closes his eyes, curses.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

My emails are nothing but screaming
fits from Chadwick because he needs
something from it.

SASHA

Mister James is finally talking about a settlement.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

Thank God.

SASHA

We can't lawyer away the facts.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

It's a great day when a slumlord decides to do the right thing.

SASHA

He's a friend of a senior partner and we are just mere associates.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

I've got family in places like this and now I'm defending those guys.

SASHA

When we become partners, then we can change that.

An email notification pops up on Sasha's computer.

Her eyes spot the title: "James file!!!"

SASHA (CONT'D)

Guess who thinks I have the file.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

I've told him twice we're snowed out but when you're in Florida.

SASHA

And he ruined a perfectly good movie trilogy, too.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

Is that a euphemism or--

SASHA

We watched some Steven Seagal movies before he cooked me lunch.

YASMINE (ZOOM)

So what sort of bachelor chow did he make to get back in your pants?

SASHA

It was this amazing Pork dish.

YASMINE (ZOOM)
Look at you, making the best of it.

SASHA
He's weirdly charming.

YASMINE (ZOOM)
A compliment.

SASHA
If he was the guy he could be--

YASMINE (ZOOM)
But is he?

Sasha shakes her head no.

YASMINE (ZOOM) (CONT'D)
It's the downside of the dude.

SASHA
He's fun and--

YASMINE (ZOOM)
He has to be right now because he's
stuck in your house with you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wheeler stares at his phone.

A long rambling joke is written on his notepad.

His eyes turn to the TV.

A screensaver is up.

He grabs the remote and changes it to the news.

A news program is on.

The chyron reads "Snow plows reach major roads."

Wheeler's phone rings.

His eyes look at it.

"Danny" is on the caller ID.

Wheeler answers it.

WHEELER

Please tell me your shift is over
and you can come get me.

DANNY (V.O.)

I can't.

INT. COMEDY CLUB, BAR - NIGHT

A basket of chicken wings and a large soda are on the bar.

Danny sits at the bar, a plate of wing bones next to him.

WHEELER (V.O.)

Why the hell not?

DANNY

I woke up in the club's bathroom.

Danny sips his coke.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DANNY AND WHEELER

Wheeler laughs.

WHEELER

Why am I not surprised?

DANNY

I called Mister Jericho and he said
to just chill until the plows come.

WHEELER

So you're what... just chilling?

DANNY

In a better world, it'd be the low
moment in a film about a comic.

WHEELER

Who'd want to write that?

DANNY

You should.

WHEELER

So it'd be what, Into the Wild
meets Funny People or something?

DANNY

Rocky meets Punchline.

WHEELER

The training montage alone would be amazing, too.

(Rocky Balboa voice)

Hey Adrian, I think I figured out how Lesbians have sex. One spreads her legs on the bed and the other runs and jumps at her, spread eagle, and their crotches bump. It's why they call it bumping uglies, you know?

Silence.

DANNY

Don't say that on stage, ever.

WHEELER

You have to do it like Talia Shire, to get the comic effect.

(Adrian Balboa voice)

Rocky, they'll never laugh at that. It's offensive!

DANNY

She was more whiny than that in the sequels, if we're being fair.

(Adrian Balboa voice)

Rocky, you can't win! It's on the surface of the sun and you'll burn up instantly!

WHEELER

(Rocky Balboa voice)

If I burn up, that means he'll burn up too.

DANNY

Do you need a lift in this weather?

WHEELER

Long story.

DANNY

I can call my dad and see if someone can swing by in a couple of hours if you need it.

WHEELER

A couple of hours and I'll be able to drive myself.

DANNY

Stay safe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wheeler hangs up.

His eyes focus on his notepad.

Sasha walks in with a blanket and pillow.

SASHA

They're old but they're comfy.

Wheeler types some more.

Sasha sits down next to him.

Her eyes look at his phone.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Who's Jani Lane?

WHEELER

The lead singer of Warrant.

She doesn't know the band.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

They did the song Cherry Pie.

SASHA

My mom loved that song.

WHEELER

I keep thinking about Janie Lane as a kid, wanting to be a god-damn rock star, and then one day he wakes up and he's the Cherry Pie guy. What would he say to that kid who picked up a guitar because all he wanted to do was make music?

SASHA

He became a millionaire rock star.

WHEELER

It's about the price of fame. Like when you're that famous for a thing that lasts forever, how do you handle it upstairs?

Sasha is impressed.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

I'll figure it out.

She places the blanket and pillow at his side.

SASHA

The couch isn't great but--

WHEELER

I've slept on worse.

SASHA

There isn't much worse than being a grown adult sleeping on a couch.

WHEELER

The backseat of my sedan is way worse than this.

Sasha sits down next to him. Her eyes wander to her phone.

SASHA

Why would you sleep in your car?

WHEELER

I was at a show in Madison as the feature for a local guy. It was either get a motel or fill up.

SASHA

I remember those days.

WHEELER

Law school was that hard?

SASHA

I wanted to be an actor.

WHEELER

Seriously?

SASHA

That fall in high school got me out of gym class but I needed another elective and Drama was still open.

WHEELER

I can't picture it.

SASHA

I got cast as Juliet in the spring formal. After that, I was dead set on being the next Meryl Streep.

WHEELER

Where are all your acting memories?

SASHA

In a California landfill after the audition from hell.

WHEELER

That sounds fun.

SASHA

It's the third lead for one day on this no-budget indie film, just to have something for my reel, and they asked me to get naked.

WHEELER

Like right there?

She nods.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Open mic tryouts would be a lot weirder if they did that.

She glares at him.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

It just doesn't turn off.

SASHA

All I thought of was how many women just did that because any role feels like you're doing something.

WHEELER

I think I get it.

SASHA

I drove to the airport and took the first flight back home.

WHEELER

What did your dad say about this?

SASHA

Nothing. I went to a bar and ran into some friends from high school. When you're the only one without health insurance and a 401k.

WHEELER

I know more guys who've given up on comedy than those still in it.

SASHA

So why do you keep doing it?

WHEELER

One time the guy who was supposed to open for Bill Burr didn't show. I got his spot and afterward, Burr tells me one thing.

SASHA

Don't quit your day job.

WHEELER

You're going to be funny, kid.

SASHA

That's kind of insulting.

WHEELER

He meant "keep at it."

SASHA

It's also easy to tell someone to not give up when they've made it.

WHEELER

It's what fucks with me. Am I just chasing a moment or what?

They look at each other.

She tenderly kisses him.

They make out for a long time.

She stands up and grabs his hand.

They sprint to her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

Sasha and Wheeler's clothes are all over the floor.

Wheeler and Sasha are in bed, under the covers.

They're hot, sweaty, and exhausted.

She's wrapped around him. Her hands rub his shoulders.

WHEELER

No.

SASHA

What?

WHEELER
Everything hurts.

SASHA
No, not that.

WHEELER
Thank Christ.

SASHA
Can I ask you a question?

WHEELER
I'll be out in the morning.

SASHA
When was the last time you were
with someone?

WHEELER
Now's the time you ask.

SASHA
It's been a weird day.

WHEELER
It's long and sad.

SASHA
It can't be as bad as mine.

WHEELER
Did you walk in on him with another
girl or something?

SASHA
Yeah... and he was on the receiving
end of things.

Wheeler thinks for a moment and then laughs.

WHEELER
I can't imagine walking in on your
better half getting pegged.

SASHA
It's not funny.

WHEELER
If it was someone else you'd laugh.

SASHA
No.

WHEELER

At least you found out, right?

SASHA

He said they met on Reddit and then I went on there. His post was--

WHEELER

How could you tell?

SASHA

He posted a picture of himself on it... in my bathroom.

WHEELER

Like his face or--

She points down.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Oh.

SASHA

The things he was looking for were just... you know?

WHEELER

Straight dues are always trying to find weird shit on Reddit's personals section.

SASHA

If he'd have asked then maybe we could've talked but to just go out and find someone else was just... hard to process.

WHEELER

I cruised it once and--

SASHA

Why?

WHEELER

For material.

SASHA

Of course, you would.

WHEELER

It's amazing how over-the-top guys will go to justify their curiosity.

SASHA

I don't want to know.

WHEELER

Some of these guys are like--

(mock bro voice)

--I am the straightest dude in the history of straightest dudes. I'm so straight that gay dudes turn into pussy hounds if they're within a mile of my mere presence. But I'd kind of like to get filled out like a law school application by eight gay dudes tonight.

(cheesy thumbs up)

No homo.

She shakes her head.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

(mock bro voice)

Just make sure your balls don't touch and you are still a hundred percent certified straight.

SASHA

Does this ever stop?

WHEELER

(mock bro voice)

Sometimes, bro.

She sighs, loudly.

He laughs obnoxiously.

SASHA

I just wish he would've broken up with me before he explored.

WHEELER

I can't imagine what it was like to walk in on him getting railed by someone with better boobs.

SASHA

My boobs were way better than hers.

WHEELER

How can you tell?

SASHA

Mine are real.

He laughs.

WHEELER

Mine was less sex comedy and more of a pretentious indie drama.

SASHA

It can't be worse than that.

WHEELER

Valerie and I were together for two years until six months ago. We were supposed to move in together.

SASHA

That's a huge step.

She curls up into him.

WHEELER

Her ex reached out over Facebook and it's suddenly old feelings.

SASHA

This is where I say something like that means she wasn't the one.

WHEELER

The worst part was music fucks with you after a breakup.

SASHA

It's the worst.

He takes a deep breath.

WHEELER

"Better Man" by Pearl Jam just did a number on me.

SASHA

I'm not familiar with the song.

WHEELER

The basics are that a woman lies about how she feels because she can't find someone better.

SASHA

Oh god.

WHEELER

I used to wonder about what the guy thought after she left him.

(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)

I tend to think he would've thought "She wasn't the one" but the hurt part of me says he thought "She was never mine, it was just my turn."

SASHA

That sounds like something an incel would say.

WHEELER

Music lyrics can be awful if you read them.

She leans up, looks at him. A smile comes across her face.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

I remember when everyone lost their shit to "Get Low."

SASHA

What's so bad about that?

WHEELER

Skeet skeet?

She doesn't know what he's talking about.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

It's when you ejaculate.

SASHA

No it's not.

WHEELER

That song is about a dude jerking it so hard he's covered in sweat and then he ejaculates all over his room, on the windows and the walls.

SASHA

Until the sweat comes off of his balls.

WHEELER

Skeet skeet!

Sasha thinks about it for a moment.

SASHA

I've sung that in a club.

WHEELER

You wouldn't be the only one.

She rolls on top of Wheeler and kisses him.

SASHA

You're hot when you let your guard
down a little.

WHEELER

Maybe.

They make love.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sasha wakes up and looks around.

She's alone.

The crackle of bacon being cooked is faintly heard.

She sniffs and yawns.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The news is on the TV.

City roads are being cleaned.

The chyron reads "Snowstorm over, normal traffic resumes."

Sasha walks through and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Two plates of a proper English breakfast are on the counter.

Wheeler expertly takes some bacon off the pan and deposits it
onto the plates.

Sasha walks in, yawning.

SASHA

What is all this?

WHEELER

I always wondered if I could make a
proper English Breakfast.

(looks at the plates)

That's a lot of food.

She sits down.

SASHA

I feel like the Queen of England.

WHEELER

Getting served by a commoner, too.

Wheeler pours her a cup of coffee.

SASHA

You can do all this but you'd rather tell dick and fart jokes.

WHEELER

That's more fun.

He sits down.

SASHA

What happens if you fail at comedy?

WHEELER

I've gotten paid for it.

SASHA

But what if you never go from a fun side hobby to a full time job?

WHEELER

Do you remember the first thing you asked me?

SASHA

(thinking)

Where do you think you'll be ten years from now?

WHEELER

Tell enough people that your dream is to tell jokes... for money... and you realize people want you to dream but they don't want to be with a dreamer. They want to be with the guy who's made it.

SASHA

I never had an issue dating when I was trying to be an actor.

WHEELER

Look at you and look at me.

SASHA

That shouldn't make a difference.

WHEELER

It's one of the few things that separate men from women.

SASHA

It shouldn't.

WHEELER

The only time people will respect a man for chasing his dream is after he's made it, never before.

SASHA

You could just lie.

WHEELER

It's easier to just tell people it's a long story and let them think the most fucked up story about my past.

SASHA

Part of me thought there would be a story about losing the love of your life to cancer.

WHEELER

I should say that instead.

SASHA

That's horrible.

Wheeler takes his phone out.

He quickly pulls up his notepad and types furiously.

WHEELER

That could be funny.

SASHA

Do people turn to comics for that sort of depth?

WHEELER

It's sort of amazing who they will turn to, though.

SASHA

Just because someone is famous does not mean their opinions are less.

WHEELER

Think of every time a celebrity tweets something about a hot-button issue. They aren't much more educated than us but they're given more weight because of fame.

SASHA

I don't know about that.

WHEELER

An older comic once told me the difference between his generation and mine was when a porn star talks about something political. His bit was how we talk about it being deep and meaningful now but when he was my age, they would say that a professional blow job artist said something stupid.

SASHA

Now we'd say sex worker.

Wheeler types something on his phone.

Sasha's eyes follow his fingers.

WHEELER

That deep fake movie is still stuck in my head.

SASHA

It wasn't that good.

WHEELER

It's not that.

SASHA

Then what?

WHEELER

Imagine if it gets good enough for the porn industry to use.

SASHA

That could be creepy as fuck.

WHEELER

Look at how much money a celebrity makes when they do Only Fans. It's not like their genitals are magic; it's just a famous pair of tits or balls or whatever.

(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Imagine what sort of numbers someone could make if they could make videos where they virtually fuck their fans?

SASHA

It's not real, though.

WHEELER

You say that but would it register?

SASHA

Who'd be the first to do that?

WHEELER

It'll be some B-list Starlet with no aspirations of an Oscar and then it'll expand from from there.

SASHA

I'd guess it'd be a guy.

WHEELER

Think of how many barely coherent women that make seven figures as Twitch streamers because they won the genetic lottery. Add in real fame, not just e-fame, and you can YOLO to the bank without getting any jizz on you.

She thinks for a moment.

SASHA

You should do a bit on that.

WHEELER

It feels like it's too much rant and not enough jokes.

SASHA

A laugh is a laugh, right?

WHEELER

You never want to be that guy who just screams all the time.

Sasha's phone buzzes.

SASHA

The roads are clearing up.

WHEELER

Are my clothes--

SASHA
I threw them in the dryer
yesterday, so they should be fine.

WHEELER
(sniffs himself)
Can I use your shower?

SASHA
As long as you use the visitor
towels this time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wheeler walks to the front door.

He's changed into his original clothes and freshly showered.

Sasha is behind him.

Her ex-boyfriend's clothes are in her hands.

SASHA
Are you sure you don't want them?

WHEELER
I'm not trying to be a professional
douchebag.

SASHA
Just an amateur one.

They both chuckle.

WHEELER
Do you think this qualifies as the
longest one-night stand ever?

SASHA
Probably not even in this building.

Wheeler looks at her oddly.

SASHA (CONT'D)
A guy who used to live down the
hall bragged on Reddit about how he
spent a whole week with someone
after a single date.

WHEELER
How did you know?

SASHA

He posted photos of his place in a Subreddit. Kind of easy to figure out after that.

WHEELER

A whole week just screwing?

SASHA

Way to inject the romance into it.

WHEELER

How did he stay employed?

Sasha shrugs.

SASHA

She proposed to him after the first time they had sex. She finished ten times over three hours.

Wheeler reaches the front door.

WHEELER

Like three hours straight?

SASHA

It's on the internet so it has to be true, right?

WHEELER

He must've used a gallon of lube.

SASHA

Think of how sore you'd be.

WHEELER

Chafing, too.

Both look around awkwardly.

SASHA

So what's the joke you're going to make about this weekend?

WHEELER

I was thinking I should write a movie about this.

SASHA

As long as you write me as a Charlize Theron type, I think I'll be OK with that.

WHEELER
That would be too easy.

SASHA
What do you think?

WHEELER
A young Melissa McCarthy type in
"Fatty falls down, this time she
gets piped."

They both look around awkwardly.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
Swing and a miss.

He turns to the door.

His hand reaches for the doorknob.

It stops.

He turns to her.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
What are you doing tonight?

Sasha's phone buzzes with a text from Brock.

Brock's message: "So did you survive?"

Wheeler's eyes spot it and then Brock's photo.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
I get it.

SASHA
We matched before all of this and--

WHEELER
He's Malibu Ken, I'm Blaine Gordon
and we all know who Barbie winds up
with in the end.

SASHA
Blaine Gordon?

WHEELER
Barbie banged him on a rebound from
Ken and--

SASHA
What?

WHEELER

It was for a bit once about why Ken
is probably a cuck.

She takes a deep breath.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Yeah.

SASHA

I was talking to Brock before this
weekend and--

WHEELER

And I'm just some guy you didn't
expect to stay the night.

Wheeler leaves.

Sasha sits down on the couch, dumbstruck.

Her eyes turn to her phone.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Wheeler tries to start the car. Nothing.

He looks down the street.

His eyes spot Sasha's place.

His hand goes to the door.

Wheeler sees Sasha.

She's on the phone, talking.

His hand goes back to his keys.

Wheeler tries to start the car.

It roars to life.

His eyes light up. His hand goes to his phone and stops.

Wheeler drives away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sasha watches Wheeler drive away.

Her phone says she's talking to Yasmine.

YASMINE (V.O.)
So just text him.

SASHA
I never got his cell number.

YASMINE (V.O.)
What about the app?

Sasha pulls up her dating app. Her fingers quickly pull up her conversation list.

Wheeler isn't in there.

She curses under her breath.

SASHA
I unmatched him when he tried to leave yesterday morning.

Silence.

YASMINE (V.O.)
It's probably for the best.

Her phone buzzes with a message from Brock.

SASHA
Probably.

INT. WHEELER'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

A mini fridge and cheap furniture stand out.

A mattress is on the floor, pushed into a corner.

Wheeler sits down in front of his desk and grabs a laptop.

Retro sports stickers are all over it.

He powers the laptop on and pulls up an internet browser.

Wheeler's fingers quickly pull up an internet browser.

He searches for "How do you write a movie?"

Lots of results come up.

INT. BRADLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bradley plays the same video game.

He grabs his phone and calls Wheeler.

WHEELER (V.O.)

Do you know who might be the
greatest story in American history?

BRADLEY

That Pete Davidson has gotten his
hands on more premium bumper than
an exotic car mechanic?

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRADLEY AND WHEELER

WHEELER

Butterbean. It's stuck in me since
you and Danny yammered on about it.

BRADLEY

Eric Esch is famous for being a fat
guy with a bomb of a right hook.

WHEELER

Have you looked at all the people
he knocked out?

BRADLEY

They're boxers?

WHEELER

Most of them had abs.

BRADLEY

Where's this coming from?

WHEELER

I was in front of her place and it
just came to me. It felt so... I
don't know... cinematic. I figured
it was a sign.

BRADLEY

That you should be Butterbean?

WHEELER

If you said everything about his
life and took out boxing, well,
that could be a comic's story.

BRADLEY

Can I be his mentor? He could be a
wise older comic with a great
wardrobe and be a real career maker
for the right guy.

WHEELER
You're the best friend.

BRADLEY
Best friend roles suck.

WHEELER
But they get the best lines.

BRADLEY
But no one wants to be the sidekick
in a movie.

WHEELER
I'd kill to be Randall Graves.

BRADLEY
That's because Dante is such a
whiny bitch that anyone looks cool
standing next to him.

WHEELER
Dante's not--
(thinks for a moment)
--he is.

INT. YASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Super: Six Weeks Later

Yasmine looks into a full-length mirror.

A red dress clings to her.

Sasha watches a dramatic TV show on Yasmine's TV.

YASMINE
You're being dramatic.

SASHA
He was texting other girls in front
of me.

YASMINE
I've done that on dates before.

SASHA
That's not cool.

YASMINE
I mean not in front of someone else
but if they're in the bathroom, I
don't see the issue.

SASHA
The fact that wasn't even the worst
thing he did all night--

YASMINE
He was so gorgeous, though.

Sasha changes the channel.

SASHA
I don't want to go.

YASMINE
It'll be fun to go dance, maybe
meet someone fun.

SASHA
I'd settle for nice.

Sasha looks at the TV. A STAND-UP COMIC performs.

YASMINE
Fine, what do you want to do?

SASHA
Let's go to the Chuckle Shack.

Yasmine rolls her eyes.

YASMINE
Who's there?

SASHA
Hopefully somebody funny.

YASMINE
If it's lame--

SASHA
Then we can go dancing.

YASMINE
Deal.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

A pair of empty beers are in front of Sasha and Yasmine.

Sasha looks at the stage.

It's empty.

Sasha looks at her drinks.

YASMINE

The show was supposed to start
sixty minutes ago.

SASHA

You want to roll?

Yasmine look around. Her eyes see black and white photos of
famous comics on the wall.

YASMINE

You were expecting him to be here.

SASHA

Part of me did.

YASMINE

If he wanted to be with you, he
wouldn't have just left.

SASHA

Where's the waitress?

Yasmine looks around.

Not a waitress in sight.

Yasmine's phone buzzes. She looks at it.

YASMINE

Lynn says that there are a lot of
hot guys at McCool's.

SASHA

That place is so scuzzy.

YASMINE

Would you rather stay here?

SASHA

I'll see if the bartender can close
us out.

Sasha walks to the bar.

BAR

Danny is passed out on the bar.

Bradley is next to him, staring at Wheeler's laptop.

Bradley's eyes are looking over a screenplay called
"Confessions of an Open Mic Comic."

A mostly full beer is in front of him.

Wheeler walks up with a basket of chicken wings in one hand, a beer in the other.

He looks at Danny and then at Bradley.

WHEELER

Is it weird that nobody has an issue with Danny's drinking?

Wheeler sits down.

BRADLEY

He's a comic.

WHEELER

Danny pissed himself on stage two weeks ago.

BRADLEY

That's because it's alcohol.

WHEELER

So I shouldn't worry until he starts doing heroin rectally?

BRADLEY

If you want to say something, feel free to cross that Rubicon.

WHEELER

I would but it's weirdly inspiring.

BRADLEY

Maybe writing should be your thing.

WHEELER

Do you know what's worse than bombing with your own jokes?

BRADLEY

Someone else killing with them.

Sasha sits down at the bar, waves to the BARTENDER, and points to her beer. She mouths "Check."

WHEELER

What do you think?

BRADLEY

This isn't bad.

Bradley hands Wheeler the laptop.

WHEELER

That's it?

BRADLEY

Please don't tell me it's all semi-autobiographical and then get all fucking surprised I don't want to shit on it.

WHEELER

It helps me get better as a writer.

BRADLEY

Fine... you end on him staring at a sign, which is such bullshit.

WHEELER

It's poetic.

BRADLEY

It just tells everyone you won't do what you want to when pushed.

WHEELER

There's nothing wrong with a small film like this leaving it open.

BRADLEY

People want happy endings. It gets their dick hard.

Sasha sees the laptop.

Her eyes focus on the stickers for a brief moment.

Bradley's stomach rumbles.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I've got to hit the head.

Bradley walks over to the bathroom.

The Bartender hands Sasha her a check.

Wheeler points to his empty and then sees Sasha.

Her eyes connect with his.

Beat.

WHEELER

I tried to write a bit about you.

SASHA
Are you going on stage tonight?

WHEELER
Don't worry, I'm not telling it
tonight.

She looks at the screenplay.

SASHA
What's it about?

WHEELER
A comic has to find himself.

She motions for him to continue.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
They say right what you know.

SASHA
So who's the girl?

WHEELER
Who says there's a girl in it?

SASHA
There's always a girl.

WHEELER
She's a young Charlize Theron type.

SASHA
You should go more for a Melissa
McCarthy type, to shake it up.

WHEELER
I don't know.

SASHA
I'm not saying fatty falls down,
this time she's getting piped--
(pauses)
--how do you say that without
feeling like a huge asshole?

WHEELER
Practice.

They both smile. The same attraction is there.

Sasha looks around.

Yasmine waves at her, pointing to her watch.

SASHA
She wants to go dancing.

WHEELER
Sounds exciting.

SASHA
Take it easy.

Sasha walks back to the table.

Bradley sits down next to Wheeler.

BRADLEY
Who was that?

WHEELER
The snow girl.

BRADLEY
You were right. She is better
looking than her picture.

Bradley takes a long drink.

Wheeler watches as Sasha and Yasmine leave.

WHEELER
I just, you know?

Bradley looks at Wheeler and then at her. He laughs.

BRADLEY
It is semi-autobiographical.

Wheeler thinks for a moment and then leaves.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Yasmine and Sasha walk towards a luxury sedan.

WHEELER (O.S.)
Hey!

Yasmine and Sasha turn to see Wheeler chasing after them.

Yasmine takes out pepper spray and unloads it on Wheeler.

He falls to the ground, yelping in pain.

YASMINE
Don't be a--

Sasha grabs the pepper spray from her.

YASMINE (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Wheeler rolls around in pain.

SASHA
Do you remember the dude?

Yasmine looks at Wheeler and laughs.

YASMINE
I'm so sorry.

WHEELER
Do you do that to everyone?

Wheeler stands up, wiping his face off.

YASMINE
You startled me!

Yasmine and Sasha look at each other.

YASMINE (CONT'D)
I'll... give you a moment.

Yasmine walks to the car.

SASHA
Sorry about that.

WHEELER
Part of me wants to use this for a
bit, not going to lie.

Silence.

SASHA
Aren't you supposed to say
something or--

WHEELER
I just thought to chase after you.

SASHA
Great.

They both look around.

WHEELER
I'm an idiot and--

SASHA
Just shut up and kiss me.

He smiles.

They make out.

Yasmine honks the horn.

Sasha flips her off.

They continue making out.

FADE OUT.