

How to Cheat on Your Girlfriend and Get Away with It

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - HIGH SPEED DRIVE - NIGHT

A RED 90'S HONDA merges on at 80 MPH. It accelerates, dodges through lanes, passes every car and a SPEED LIMIT 65 SIGN.

A parked HIGHWAY PATROLMAN clocks the Honda at 96 MPH. He blares his siren and takes off in pursuit.

GRANT(V.O.)
I was told that all I had to do was
follow the rules, and I'd be okay.

The Honda weaves through traffic, leaves the officer behind.

Two more POLICE CARS, sirens wailing, join the pursuit.

GRANT (V.O.)
The three most important rules:
Number three, never bring the other
girl to your place.

The Honda moves from the far left to the center lane. The police attempt to circle him.

GRANT (V.O.) (cont'd)
Number two, don't get too attached.

The police car in front slows down a bit as another gets behind, and the third maintains speed to the left. To the right, an 18 WHEELER approaches fast.

GRANT (V.O.) (cont'd)
The most important? Keep it
temporary or someone will get hurt.

The Honda veers to the right, directly in front of the 18 Wheeler and--

GRANT (V.O.) (cont'd)
My weekend wasn't supposed to end
like this.

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE SAME HIGHWAY, MORNING

The same Red 90's Honda.

SUPER "Three Days Earlier"

INT. GRANT'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

GRANT(22) with messy hair, in sweatpants and a t-shirt, drives CHARLOTTE (23) who is decked out in slacks, a form-fitting, cleavage-showing blouse, and too much makeup.

Grant yawns as he stares forward.

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

Checks the time on her PHONE and places it in the compartment connected to the door.

She reaches into the compartment,takes out a makeup kit.

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

Charlotte lifts her hand to slap Grant's, but Grant quickly pulls it away.

Grant taps the GPS on the dash to see that THREE MILES remain til the airport. The GPS rattles off:

GPS

(In the voice of John Cleese)

In one mile, take the next exit off
of the motorway.

Charlotte puckers her lips as she applies lipstick.

Grant lightly DRUMS on the steering wheel with fingertips.

Charlotte shoots Grant a glare; Grant stops drumming.

GPS (cont'd)

In four hundred yards, exit the
motorway and--

Grant drives past the exit and continues on the highway.

Charlotte slams the sun visor shut.

CHARLOTTE

What the hell, Grant?!

GPS

In four hundred yards, make a
U-turn, then exit right.

CHARLOTTE
I swear, if you--

GRANT
It's not right.

CHARLOTTE
Turn there!

GPS
Make a U-turn, then in 400 yards,
exit right.

Charlotte points at an "Emergency Vehicles Only" sign that divides the highway.

A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN passes in the opposite direction.

Grant accelerates and approaches an exit sign that reads "Airport," then exits.

GRANT
I've driven here before.

Grant has a "got ya" smirk on his face.

CHARLOTTE
Yet you have those stupid scars on
your wrist.

Charlotte snatches up her purse.

GPS
Sorry.

EXT. AIRPORT DROP-OFF LANE - EARLY MORNING

Grant quickly removes luggage from the trunk and wheels it to Charlotte who is straightening her clothes.

CHARLOTTE
Call me at eight to make sure that
I made it safely...

Grant nods and rushes to the back of the car.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
...but do not call me again until
after I've called you.

Grant returns to the driver side.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
After this first day of the
conference, I'm going to want to
get sleep before the interview.
This is my last interview of the
summer, wish me luck.

GRANT
Good luck.

Grant begins to sit in the car, but his head pops up and
bumps into the roof when--

CHARLOTTE
And God, don't forget to pick me up
on Sunday night at seven. Today is
Friday, Grant.

Grant nods. Again, he attempts to sit down when--

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
In fact, get here at six, and just
wait in case the plane's early.

Grant nods and plops down in the car.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
Really?

Grant slowly rolls the electric window down. It rolls
ridiculously slow, like snail masturbation slow.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
I was--

Grant rolls the window down impossibly lower than it can go.
The window SCREECHES even after it is no longer visible.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
Stop it! I'm talking to you.

GRANT
Oh, sorry. You're just not supposed
to park in these spots too long.

CHARLOTTE
I'll see you on Sunday?

GRANT
At seven.

Charlotte questions the look on his face.

GRANT
Maybe six.

CHARLOTTE
Goals for the weekend?

GRANT
Already ahead of you. I'm going to paint tomorrow, but I've got a job interview I need to rush home and get ready for this morning.

Charlotte rolls her eyes and wheels her baggage away as Grant speeds off.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - TABLE - MORNING

Grant enters, he holds open the door for an OLD LADY WITH A WALKER and nods. It takes her a while to enter. She smiles.

He pulls out his chair, sits calmly at a table with C.J. (25), a cooler version of Will Smith in his prime, who is glancing at his tablet.

GRANT
I hate that bitch, C.J. I hate her so much. I'd say that I want her plane to crash or her to be mugged and murdered, but then I wouldn't have the satisfaction of telling her that I'm leaving her.

C.J.
Uh-huh.

C.J. scrolls through items on his tablet.

GRANT
You know she made me drive there. I hate driving on the highway. Nothing on the ground should move more than 35 MPH.

A YOUNG KID does a double-take, then stops in his tracks as he oogles C.J.'s tablet. His MILF MOM pulls him away.

C.J.
It is a lot of responsibility. You deserve better. If you can't stand being in a relationship with her--

GRANT

I can stand being in a relationship
with her. Just not when we're in
the same room.

The Young Kid sneaks back around to peek at C.J.'s tablet.
His MILF Mom again finds him and pulls him away.

C.J.

Then end it.

GRANT

I will.

C.J.

You won't. And that's the root of
your problem; you're never honest
with yourself.

GRANT

Seriously, I will.

C.J.

"I will" is for blushing brides and
guys without condoms. Where's your
phone?

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

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

GRANT

Call lost. My service again, man.

C.J.

Get a new phone and a dress.

Grant stands up.

C.J. (cont'd)

I didn't mean literally.

GRANT

I'm getting a drink!

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

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

GRANT

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

C.J.

So feeling miserable is worth the writing that you don't do?

GRANT

There's also the sex.

C.J.

Your first step towards being honest with yourself. Did you ever hear back from grad schools?

GRANT

Missed all of the deadlines.

C.J.

Damn. How's your--

GRANT

Fine. Insurance doesn't cover it anymore, but I'm good now.

C.J.

Have you--

GRANT

No.

Grant and C.J. move forward in line. Grant puts his hands into his pockets.

C.J.

You know there is an alternative with this whole Charlotte situation. Remember my motto, "women are like batteries--

GRANT

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

C.J.

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

The Business Woman scoffs in disgust.

C.J. (cont'd)
Know it and live it, sugar tits.

GRANT
I'd never cheat on Charlotte. She's
too psycho. She used to do theatre.

Grant and C.J. advance in line.

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

GRANT
I'm not a liar!

C.J.
What did you tell her you were
doing this weekend? Another
interview? Found a new apartment?
Writing that memoir?

GRANT
I mean, I tell little white lies,
but I'm not a liar.

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

GRANT
What?

C.J.
Nevermind, it's an ethnic thing.
I'm saying you should embrace it. I
tell lies to others, but I'm always
honest with myself.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

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

C.J.
There you go. Show me what you got.

GRANT
Excuse me, could I--

The barista, MYA (22) curly-haired, wide-eyed, lithe, and
the most perfect gap-toothed smile turns.

GRANT (cont'd)
Mya Jimenez?

MYA
Grant Tatum? Oh my God!

Mya runs from behind the counter and nearly topples Grant with a hug.

GRANT
No way! You're back? When'd you come back?

MYA
Last month. What about you?

GRANT
Me too. I haven't seen you in--

MYA
Six or seven years!

C.J.
(through coughs)
Manners. Manners.

GRANT
Sorry. Mya, this is C.J.

Mya extends her hand for a handshake, C.J. turns it palm down, and kisses it.

C.J.
Charles James Johnson, JD.

MYA
Cool, you're a lawyer.

GRANT
(rolling eyes)
Mya and I went to high school together, but then she moved to...

MYA
D.C. Meh. What about you?

C.J.
Yeah, Grant, detail your exploits.

C.J. sneaks in peeks of Mya's butt.

GRANT

Did the college thing, thought about Peace Corps., but just went to Mexico to backpack and live with Mexico City's hill people for a while, helped out there, you know, just around. I don't really talk about it. What about you?

MYA

Well, I went to Georgetown because I thought that I wanted to study law, so I was pre-law, but by the time I finished, I was sick of all the ass-kissing idiots. No offense.

C.J.

None taken.

The line grows.

MYA

Anyway, I want to write, so I came back here to go to State. I'm going to do the bohemian sleep-on-a-mattress, barista-writer thing for a while.

GRANT

Yeah, me too.

MYA

You're going too, for writing?

GRANT

No-- I mean, writing yes, State no. I got in, in fact I got in there and a few other places, but I'm doing the sleep-on-a-mattress, manual-labor, save-up, and travel thing. It inspires me.

MYA

Nice.

ENTITLED BUSINESS MAN (O.S.)

Hey, can you hurry it up, up there?
Some of us have to work!

The line at the bar has spilled outside into the street.

MYA
Oh, sorry, sir!

Mya hugs Grant, then returns behind the bar.

GRANT
Sorry we distracted you.

Grant scrawls down his number on a napkin.

GRANT (cont'd)
We'll catch up soon, yeah?

Grant hands Mya the napkin.

MYA
Definitely.

EXT. THIRD STREET - MORNING

Grant and C.J. walk along a bustling downtown street. There are a few tourists, parents pushing strollers, meter cops, and men and women dressed for work. Many of them look at their watches and then rush, continuously in the background.

C.J.
It's not really cheating if you're planning to end it.

GRANT
It was just nice to see her.

C.J.
She hugged you with a "I'm trying to feel your penis" hug.

C.J. stops and hugs Grant. Pats his back as he finishes.

C.J. (cont'd)
Normal hug.

C.J. backs up, runs up to Grant and hugs him, thrusting his groin into Grant's.

C.J. (cont'd)
I wanna feel yo penis hug.

A CONSERVATIVE WOMAN who is walking by gasps.

GRANT
You think?

C.J.
Charlotte's not coming back 'til Sunday, right? Well, that's a date and a half away. Test the waters this weekend and decide after. What's the honor in it all?

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - MORNING - KITCHEN

Sealed paint buckets sit by the entrance. The walls are white with a few posters up. There's a mini-bar, LCD TV, clashing furniture, and bar stools. This is a bachelor pad.

Grant takes a bag of sugar from the cabinet.

C.J.
So you two dated in high school?

GRANT
I mean, it's not like I was in love with her or anything if--

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

C.J.
The point is you know her well.

GRANT
Yeah.

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

C.J.
Perfect. It'll be easy to bang her, then keep her in the wings.

GRANT
I can't reduce all of my intimate relationships to perverted desires and penile pleasures.

C.J.
You can if you stop using gay ass words like "penile pleasures" and remember the rules I taught you when you were single.

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

GRANT
All of them?

C.J.
At least the three most important.

GRANT
Never bring other girls to your
place.

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

Grant opens the door and invites Mya in.

SUPER "Rule #3"

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

Grant and Mya sit on the couch and make out.

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

C.J.
Next one?

Grant scrawls out on a sheet of paper--

INSERT ON PAPER "We need to talk"

GRANT
Umm, don't get too attached.

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ROTOSCOPED

Full moon. A car passes. Grant and Mya arrive holding hands.
He embraces, then kisses her.

SUPER "Rule #2"

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

C.J. (V.O.)
 Yep. She'll either get bored and
 push you away.

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

C.J. (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Or you'll get careless, and being
 careless means you get caught.

Mya helps Grant up and brushes off his shoulder. His heart
 heals. Mya kisses him--

Charlotte lunges with a CHAINSAW from behind a dumpster.
 Chases them.

BACK TO SCENE

GRANT
 I'm not sure I'll even need these
 if I just break up with Charlotte.

Grant sticks the pregnancy test into the solution.

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

GRANT
 Always wear a condom?

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

Grant pulls out and shakes the pregnancy test.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

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

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

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

C.J. pulls out his phone and swipes around.

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

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

SUPER "Rule #1"

C.J. (cont'd)
Keep it temporary or someone will
get hurt.

GRANT
Ah.

C.J.
Is it ready yet?

GRANT
Not yet.

Grant tapes the letter over the door's peephole.

C.J.
There. Just sent you a link to my
app. Consult and remember.

Grant pulls out his phone.

GRANT
Thanks.

C.J.
Oh, and a bonus one for you to
remember. Charlotte being the
social butterfly that she is--

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT - ROTOSCOPED

Grant and Mya stand close on stage. The lyrics to Sonny and
Cher's "I Got You Babe" appear in COMIC BOOK BUBBLES above
their heads while they smile and stare at a teleprompter.

SUPER "Rule #16"

C.J. (V.O.)
Don't go to places that your
girlfriend or her friends might go.
You'd be surprised how many guys
(MORE)

C.J. (V.O.) (cont'd)
get caught up in those kinds of
traps.

The BARMAID presses a button under the bar.

A net falls down onto Grant and Mya.

As they try to get out, a group of women dressed in Prada
and carrying pitchforks and torches approach the stage.

BACK TO SCENE

C.J.
Ready?

Grant passes the pregnancy test to C.J.

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

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

C.J.
Cool, I have to head to work.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - EVENING - MUCH LATER

Soda bottles, candy wrappers, and crumbs surround Grant who
sits on the couch playing a classic Gameboy.

His phone BEEPS and he has a text message from C.J. and TWO
MISSED CALLS.

TEXT MESSAGE "Have u moved at all since I left?"

Grant shifts positions on the couch.

HE TEXTS BACK "Yea, just sat back down. Been busy."

Another text "Nah, u just stood up and sat back down."

Another text BEEPS. It READS "How long u had to pee?"

Grant squirms on the couch and cups his groin.

He rushes to the bathroom-- a KNOCK at the front door.

Grant runs to the door, opens it and says--

GRANT
I don't want any; I'm Canadian.

Then SLAMS the door shut.

He runs toward the bathroom, then rushes back to the door.
He opens it. Mya smiles, but she's shocked and confused.

GRANT (cont'd)
Oh my God, Mya!

Grant SLAMS the door again.

Mya is even more confused.

Grant panics. Opens it again.

GRANT (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I thought you were
someone else.

MYA
Named Mya?

GRANT
Yes. How'd you get-- how do you
know where I live?

MYA
The internetz. Creepy, huh?

GRANT
Yea.

MYA
I tried calling.

GRANT
My phone service sucks. Totally
unreliable. So what's up?

MYA
I just got off, and I wasn't far
from here, so-- can I come in?

GRANT
Um...

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

MYA
You have to think about it?

Grant looks back to see PICTURES of he and Charlotte and things that clearly only a woman would own: The Complete Sex and the City Boxset spread over the coffee table, a Yoga Mat with a giant Pilates ball, and Special K cereal.

GRANT

It's just really messy and--

MYA

I won't judge-- or was the cafe one of those awkward "I just ran into an old friend that I actually didn't want to see and never want to see again" kinda things?

GRANT

No! Not at all. I was so happy to see you.

MYA

I won't be offended. I totally understand. I ran into Zack Thompson last week in Target, told him I didn't have Facebook and gave him a fake phone number.

GRANT

It's not that. It's just--

Grant squeezes his legs together.

GRANT (cont'd)

Just got off? You probably haven't eaten! There's a Deli we can walk to. Brilliant, let's go!

Grant steps out and closes the door.

MYA

I hope this isn't TMI, but I was kinda hoping to use the restroom.

GRANT

Oh. Wait here.

Grant opens the door, steps in, closes the door.

Mya waits. Grant comes back with a POPCORN BUCKET.

Mya takes the bucket.

Grants starts a nervous laugh.

MYA
I'm sorry, you're hilarious.

She pushes past him into the apartment. Just as she begins to look around--

Grant takes her hand, SPINS her around and WALTZES her through the LIVING ROOM, through the HALLWAY and to the BATHROOM DOOR while constantly turning her.

MYA (cont'd)
You're really embarrassed of something, aren't you?

GRANT
Yep. Enjoy your pee.

MYA
Never heard that before.

Mya enters the bathroom as Grant watches her. She waves and closes the door awkwardly.

Grant dashes into the LIVING ROOM, takes down all of the pictures of Charlotte and puts them under the couch. He throws the DVDs under as well.

He rolls the yoga mat up and puts it under. He hears Mya flush the toilet. Grant grabs his crotch and squirms.

He tries to put the Pilates ball under the couch.

He runs to the KITCHEN, grabs a LARGE KNIFE, stabs the ball.

It makes a loud POP. He slides the deflated ball under the COUCH and runs into the KITCHEN with the knife as

Mya comes back into the LIVING ROOM and sees him at the KITCHEN SINK with the large knife in his right hand, his crotch in the left, and his zipper down.

MYA
What the hell?

GRANT
(out of breath)
It's not what it looks like!

MYA
I'm not sure what it looks like.

GRANT

I just really have to pee.

MYA

So you were going to cut it off?

Grant tosses the knife behind him.

Mya motions toward the bathroom. Grant scurries in and waves awkwardly as he closes the door. He lets out a BOISTEROUS GROAN as urine CRASHES into the bowl.

Mya looks around the living room, walks to the bookshelf and sees books of poetry, philosophy, Nicholas Sparks books, The Girls' Guide to Astrology, and Loving Your Yoni.

Grant's torrent of pee streams off. He flushes. Sink comes on. He re-enters LIVING ROOM--

GRANT

So let's go.

EXT. POETRY LOUNGE - EVENING

Grant and Mya sit at an iron bistro table with empty sandwich wrappers and empty wine glasses.

MYA

You're going to love this place.

GRANT

Thanks for bringing me. You want another glass of wine?

Mya nods. Grant stands and makes his way to

INT. POETRY LOUNGE - BAR - EVENING

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

Most people sit at tables near a stage, a few are at the bar, and fewer are on L-shaped couches near the walls.

GRANT

Could I have two more glasses of Chianti on my card, Tatum.

SUPER "Rule #7: Always pay with cash."

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

Grant checks his phone. Barely any service. DIALS Charlotte.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
Hi, Dominos Pizza--

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
No problem, Grant.

The BARTENDER brings the wine. Grant makes his way back to

EXT. POETRY LOUNGE - EVENING

Mya is joined at the table by PROFESSOR JAGUAR CLAW (50s), a blazer wearing, serious type with a slight shade of gray in his sideburns and mustache.

He is as fit and as intimidating as you would imagine someone with the name Jaguar Claw must be.

MYA
Grant! Here he is. Professor Jaguar
Claw. The professor from State that
I mentioned you'd like earlier.

Grant almost trips a step and spills a bit of wine on Prof. Jaguar Claw's blazer.

Grant places the glasses on the table.

GRANT
I'm--

Prof. Jaguar Claw lifts his hand and looks into Grant's eyes as if to benevolently say, "No need for apologies, brother."

MYA
I was just telling him about your
time with the indigenous in the
hills of Mexico and how you got
into State, but didn't accept.
Professor Jaguar Claw is Mixtec.

Grant sweats.

MYA
The Mixtec language is so
beautiful. Could you two speak it?

Mya eagerly eyes Grant. Grant opens his mouth, but is speechless.

PROF. JAGUAR CLAW

There are many regions the Mixtec people traveled to, and most have different dialects.

GRANT

Yes, I know. It'd probably be embarrassing if we tried.

Grant takes a sip of wine.

PROF. JAGUAR CLAW

I was just about to tell Mya that I didn't recognize your name from the State applicant pool.

Grant gags on the wine.

GRANT

I applied under a pseudonym and from a different location. I read online that was a good thing to do if you were applying in the same state you did your undergrad.

PROF. JAGUAR CLAW

It's more so that there was only one person who we accepted that declined. I can't remember--

GRANT

Yep, that was me--

PROF. JAGUAR CLAW

But I believe he was from Iran--

GRANT

I'm a bit of a jokester--

PROF. JAGUAR CLAW

And the reason was that his father was taken as a political prisoner--

GRANT

Dark and exaggerated, but--

PROF. JAGUAR CLAW

And his mother was beheaded in front of he and his four young siblings.

A long beat.

Prof. Jaguar Claw shoots Grant an intense stare.

Grant downs the rest of his wine and Mya's untouched glass.

Prof. Jaguar Claw shakes his head.

PROF. JAGUAR CLAW (cont'd)
(in Mixtec, with English
subtitles)
Next time do not fly with the Eagle
when you cannot run with Coyote.

A long beat.

GRANT
Thank you.

A longer beat.

GRANT (cont'd)
(in Mixtec with English
subtitles)
Gibberish gibberish gibberish,
brother.

INT. POETRY LOUNGE - EVENING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The main lights have dimmed and red accent lighting is throughout. OLAWAHDU, THE BLACK WARRIOR POET (30s) stands on stage with a mic, and a DJ with a laptop is near the stage.

OLAWAHDU, THE BLACK WARRIOR POET
...strike down the ofay devils, /
scream bloody repentance! / Scream
hollow love! / Scream into the
blunt butt of my assault rifle!

Grant and Mya sit on an L-Shaped couches near the wall.

GRANT
I'm so sorry about the whole--

SUPER "Rule #18: Apologies are unattractive."

MYA
I know. I shouldn't have put you
through that, but I was just trying
to help. Professor JC was going to
tell you that they do accept Spring
admissions. He wanted you to send
(MORE)

MYA (cont'd)
 him a writing sample and your
 favorite poem by another poet.

GRANT
 Really? That'd be amazing. I was
 just so nervous and--

MYA
 Your first impression wasn't that
 great, but we'll see, we'll see.
 Let's just agree to be honest now?

Grant nods. The small crowd claps and the two turn their
 attention to the crowd. The POETRY HOST takes the mic--

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

The crowd snaps their fingers. A few clap.

POETRY HOST
 Now we have a regular coming up,
 she likes to switch it up between
 reading her own amazing work and
 the work of well known poets, let's
 see which one she's going to bless
 us with tonight. Join me in
 welcoming Mya J to the stage!

The crowd applauds.

MYA
 (to Grant)
 It's gonna be okay.

She walks up to the stage.

MYA (cont'd)
 I'd like to dedicate this to a
 friend who I just ran into today,
 after not seeing for years.

She points to Grant.

MYA (cont'd)
 We fell in love with poetry at the
 same time in high school when we
 had to do a project together. And
 I'd like to recite the first poem I
 ever "performed." And if you don't
 mind, after I'm done, he's going to
 (MORE)

MYA (cont'd)
 come up and do another short one.
 Right, Grant?

Grant shakes his head.

GRANT
 No, sorry, not tonight!

MYA
 We'll see, we'll see.

Grant surveys the room as everyone stares at him.

MYA
 My poem is a short one by a lady
 I'm sure you all have heard of,
 Emily Dickinson. It's untitled.

Grant sweats.

GRANT
 (whispering)
 Of course.

MYA
 Tell all the truth but tell it
 slant,/ Success in circuit lies--/
 Too bright for our infirm delight/
 The truth's superb surprise--

Grant stands up and tries to sneak outside.

MYA
 As lightning to the children eased/
 With explanation kind--/ The truth
 must dazzle gradually/ Or every man
 be blind!

The crowd snaps and claps. Grant is in the middle of the
 room when--

MYA (cont'd)
 He's already up! Let's give it up
 for Grant Tatum, everyone!

The crowd applauds.

GRANT
 No, I was just going to the
 bathroom. I wasn't--

MYA
Grant! Grant! Grant!

THE CROWD
Grant! Grant! Grant!

Grant face palms.

GRANT
I'm sorry guys, but I really have
to poop.

Jaws drop. Silence.

GRANT (cont'd)
Like, it's about to slide out.
Sorry.

Grant waddles to the bathroom in shame.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Grant and Mya walk along the streets. Girls dressed to be
eyeraped pass by, along with loads of goofy college guys.

GRANT
I didn't really have to-- you know.
Last lie, I promise.

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

SUPER "Rule #20: Never promise."

MYA
You'd suffer such horrible
embarrassment instead of just
reciting a short poem?

GRANT
I do irrational things when under
pressure.

MYA
Sorry I tried to force you. My ex
said I had a habit of trying to
manipulate and push things. I
didn't believe him then, but I've
been working on it.

GRANT
No, I'm working on it. I need to do
more stuff like that. Can I take
you somewhere?

EXT. BRIDGE OUT OF TOWN - NIGHT

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

MYA

You know the bypass would've gotten us here much faster, right?

GRANT

I like the scenic route.

MYA

Umm, it's dark and this bridge is closed off. What exactly are we-- oh God, you aren't going to do a mob hit, are you? They say gangsters pays to keep this bridge closed to dump bodies.

GRANT

Oh, so this is a date?

MYA

I like how you cleverly misdirected me, but I kinda still want a little reassurance that this night isn't gonna end up in the headlines.

Grant puts his arm around her. Mya flinches.

GRANT

Ever since they've been repairing this, I come here to think. It's the last piece of town that's the way it was when I was a kid.

MYA

I remember riding across here all the time with my dad.

Mya sits on the bridge's edge, rubs the space beside her. Grant grabs a few rocks and sits. He passes her a rock.

GRANT

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

Mya tosses in a rock.

MYA

I was such a shitty girlfriend in college.

GRANT

I'm sure you weren't that shitty.

MYA

My ex would disagree. We hated each other by the end.

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

MYA (cont'd)

I called him a few days ago to tell him thank you, that I hoped he was happy, and blah blah, but he said, 'whatever, bitch' and hung up.

GRANT

Damn.

MYA

We weren't very honest with each other, and that's so essential in relationships, ya know?

Grant tosses in a rock. Mya flinches.

GRANT

Yeah. My girlfriend-- well, ex-girlfriend, we weren't ever honest unless we were angry.

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

MYA

Yeah? Tell me about her.

GRANT

I'd rather not think about it. It got pretty dark with her.

MYA

How so?

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

GRANT

She made me feel like I didn't want to be around people anymore. Like I was nothing. Like I should be doing everything just to support her. And when I got in my accident--

MYA
Accident?

GRANT
Car. Incapacitated for a while. Did
physical therapy, totally fine now.

MYA
Oh.

GRANT
But I would just want to strangle
her, you know?

Grant pantomimes strangling Mya. Mya genuinely flinches.

MYA
How long did you guys date?

GRANT
Since college.

MYA
When'd you break up?

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

MYA
Do you still have feelings for her?

GRANT
No, but I'd--

Mya leans in and pecks Grant on the lips.

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

GRANT
Is this that manipulation your ex
referred to?

MYA
No, I just wanted to make sure you
weren't a murderer.

GRANT
So you kissed me?

MYA

A girl knows. We're all a bit damaged, but we should talk about and explore ways to get better-- with others. We shouldn't bottle it up. Live lies.

GRANT

Ain't that the truth.

EXT. MYA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

My extends her hand. Grant shakes it.

GRANT

Goodnight.

Grant starts to wave, but it's a bit high. Mya goes in for a hug, which just ends in an awkward graze of her boob.

MYA

We're not very good at this.

GRANT

Apparently. Feels like deja vu.

MYA

Yeah, like the last time I saw you before moving.

GRANT

I think we settled on a hug.

MYA

Was it a lingering one? Or quick?

GRANT

Quick one, but you might've lingered a little.

MYA

Maybe a little.

Mya gives him an "I wanna touch yo penis hug."

MYA (cont'd)

Something like that I think.

GRANT

I wanted to kiss you.

MYA
Why didn't you?

GRANT
I was awkward, nervous, your dad
was there...

ANOTHER PLANE flies above. Grant looks up.

He looks back down into Mya's eyes, kisses her. They linger.

SUPER "Rule #1: Don't get too attached."

MYA
Catch ya later, bud.

GRANT
Do you work tomorrow?

MYA
'Til six.

GRANT
See you tomorrow, pal.

MYA
We'll see, we'll see.

EXT. HULTON HOTEL - RESTAURANT - OUTDOOR SEATING - MORNING

Charlotte sits with a cleared plate, wipes her mouth with a napkin. She puts the napkin on her plate. She takes the napkin from her lap and places it on her plate. She picks up a clean napkin, dabs it in her water and dabs it around her mouth. She straightens her blouse. She lifts her glass of water and checks out her reflection, then puts it down.

CHARLOTTE
Okay, now.

Reveal the UNCOMFORTABLE WAITER to the side of Charlotte.

UNCOMFORTABLE WAITER
Thank you for the opportunity.

Charlotte flicks her wrist, shooing him.

CHARLOTTE
You're very kind.

The Uncomfortable Waiter clears Charlotte's table.

UNCOMFORTABLE WAITER
(mumbling)
Don't need your money.

CHARLOTTE
Excuse me?

UNCOMFORTABLE WAITER
Would you like desert?

CHARLOTTE
There's a reason why I just got
hired to work for a Fortune 500
company and you're a server.

UNCOMFORTABLE WAITER
I'll bring your check, ma'am.

He turns to leave.

CHARLOTTE
Actually, I'll have a slice of pie.

UNCOMFORTABLE WAITER
I'll send someone right over.

CHARLOTTE
No, I want you to serve me, server.

Uncomfortable Waiter leans in, places his HAND on the table.

UNCOMFORTABLE WAITER
My name is Lamar and giving good
blowies isn't indicative of on the
job skills, intelligence, or your
actual worth, you crazy bitch.

Charlotte takes a fork from the table and JABS it into the
Uncomfortable Waiter's hand. Blood spurts into the air.

The Uncomfortable Waiter SCREAMS.

CHARLOTTE
I'm not crazy.

NEARBY PATRONS panic, rush off the patio in fear.

One patron remains, it's the CORPORATE HIRING MANAGER.

CORPORATE HIRING MANAGER
Charlotte Lowell? The Charlotte
Lowell I just hired?

His face is aghast.

The Uncomfortable Waiter squeals in agony and THREE WAITERS rush to aid their bloody friend.

CHARLOTTE
I can explain.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

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

MONTAGE: GRANT BOXES CHARLOTTE'S BELONGINGS

- Rips all of her hangers and clothes from the closet
- Clears tampons from under the bathroom cabinet
- Pulls all of the items from under the couch that he tossed
- Clears all of the health food from kitchen cabinets
- Dances a weird jig with an invisible partner.
- Takes out a coptic bound notebook and begins to write.

END MONTAGE

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Grant pulls up the phone number to the Hulton Hotel where Charlotte is registered on his computer.

He takes out his cell phone, dials the number, and tries to press the CALL BUTTON on the touch screen, but it won't go.

He presses the button repeatedly. He throws the phone down.

GRANT
This phone is crap!!

On the floor, the phone's SCREEN lights up and it RINGS on speakerphone. Grant lays on the floor next to the phone.

INT. HULTON HOTEL - LOBBY - MORNING

The Uncomfortable Waiter fills out paperwork as Charlotte waits with two ARMED POLICE OFFICERS and her luggage.

A CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK looks on smiling as the PHONE RINGS.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
Hello. Thank you for calling the
Downtown Hulton Hotel.

INTERCUT - HOTEL LOBBY / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT
Hi, could you put me through to the
room of Charlotte Lowell.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
I'm sorry, sir, but for the privacy
of our guests we do not forward
calls to rooms. I can--

GRANT
Okay, okay. I'm sure your policy is
very important, but she's not
answering her cell, and I just want
to make sure she's okay.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
I'm sorry, sir, but for the privacy
of our guests we do not forward
calls to--

GRANT
Yep, you just said that, but what
I'm saying is, is that it's really
important. In fact, the room is on
my credit card because I booked the
room for her. If you check the
booking, I can give you the
reservation number, then you'll see
that the credit card is in my name.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
I'm sorry, sir, but for the privacy
of our guests--

Grant goes to the computer and opens a file on the desktop.

GRANT
Okay, the reservation number is
Q-X. 3-5-7. J-T-V-E-U. My name is
Grant Tatum. I booked the room
twenty one days ago with a
MasterCard. Do you need to verify
the last four digits of the card? I
can fax you a copy of my license,
anything you need.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
I'm sorry, sir, but--

GRANT
Let me ask you one question.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
Yes, sir.

GRANT
Could you look up the booking?

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
Yes, sir.

GRANT
Will you?

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
I'm sorry, sir, but for the privacy of our guests we do not forward calls to rooms. I can leave a name and a telephone number for the guest to return your call.

GRANT
My name is Grant Tatum calling for Charlotte Lowell in Room 221. Tell her to call me as soon as possible on my cell. She knows my phone number. I hate you.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK
Thank you, sir. You have a wonderful evening.

Grant angrily JAMS his finger into the END CALL button.

GRANT
Oww!

INT. HULTON HOTEL - LOBBY - MORNING

The Chipper Hotel Clerk lifts his phone. Dials an extension. It RINGS. As is does, he bobs his head to the hotel music which should be something dissonant like Richard Cheese's cover of Kanye West's "Stronger."

The Uncomfortable Waiter hands his paperwork to the two officers, and they escort Charlotte out of the building.

VOICEMAIL VOICE

Please leave a message for room two
twenty one.

CHIPPER HOTEL CLERK

Ms. Charlotte Lowell, you received
a call from a Mr. Grant Tatum. If
you would please return that call,
he is attempting to get in contact
with you and send a message that he
hates you. Thank you, and I hope
you are enjoying your stay at the
Downtown Hulton Hotel.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

CHARLOTTE

You have reached Charlotte Lowell.
Please leave a message, please.

BEEP.

GRANT

Charlotte. This is the sixth time
I've tried to call you. I don't
know why you're not answering. I
don't think we're right for each
other anymore. I know it's screwed
up to do this via voicemail, but
you'll probably be better off
without me. We can talk about it on
Sunday. Good luck with your
interview. I have a good feeling
about this time.

VOICEMAIL VOICE

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

Grant PRESSES TWO.

GRANT

Charlotte. This is the sixth--

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP.

Grant SWITCHES calls.

He picks up a random knife from the coffee table.

GRANT (cont'd)
Hello?

INT. C.J.'S OFFICE - MORNING

C.J. sits at his desk in his comfy leather chair. A fresh stack of paperwork sits un-perused on his desk.

C.J.
So how'd you enjoy last night?

INTERCUT - C.J.'S OFFICE / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT
It was amazing--

C.J.
In bed. I told you you'd like it if you tried.

GRANT
It just didn't feel right at first.

C.J.
Well, welcome to the Playa's club.

Grant puts the phone between his shoulder and ear. He begins playing Russian roulette with the knife.

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

C.J.
Why does it even matter?

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

C.J.
The girls emotionally or you physically?

GRANT
That's not the point. I won't let this get out of hand. Sunday, I'm breaking up with Charlotte. I'm Mr. Honest from here on out.

C.J. leans back with his hand under the desk.

C.J.
What inspired you?

GRANT
Who, sir. One miss Mya Jimenez.

C.J.
Did she inspire you in bed?

GRANT
Twice.

C.J.
You seeing her tonight?

GRANT
Yeah, we're gonna do something
after she gets off, any ideas? Has
the new club your DJ friend started
opened yet?

A YOUNG INTERN crawls from under C.J.'s desk.

C.J.
Yeah, it's tonight. Does she have
any girlfriends here? Thank you.

The Young Intern waves and exits.

GRANT
I hadn't asked. I'll give her--

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP. Incoming CALL from Mya.

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

Grant SWITCHES to Mya.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

Room is mostly empty, save a few old NEWSPAPER READERS.

MYA
Hi!

INTERCUT THIRD STREET CAFE / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT
Hey. Thought you had work.

MYA
I do, but it's slow now, so I
wanted to ask what you had in mind
for tonight?

Grant stops playing with knife.

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

MYA
Awesome, where is it?

GRANT
He's actually on the other line.
Hold on.

Grant SWITCHES over to C.J.

INTERCUT C.J.'S OFFICE / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT
Hey where's this club and--

Grant continues playing Russian roulette.

C.J.
Club Ecstatic at the river end of
Front Street. Remember to ask if
she has girlfriends.

GRANT
I did, hold on one sec.

C.J.
No you didn't. I can--

Grant SWITCHES to Mya.

INTERCUT THIRD STREET CAFE / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT
Okay, I'm back. It's Club Ecstatic
at the river end of Front Street.

MYA
Yea, I know.

GRANT
Oh, okay.

MYA

Tell C.J. I do have a friend that might interest him. She's wanted to get to that opening for weeks.

GRANT

What?

MYA

I think you were accidentally linking the calls.

GRANT

So you could hear him? Hold on.

Grant SWITCHES to C.J.

GRANT (cont'd)

Hey, can--

C.J. (V.O.)

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

GRANT

It's unlimited everything!

Grant SWITCHES to Mya.

GRANT

Hello?

MYA

So you've got a cheap ass cell phone plan? Oh wait-- customer. See you six-ish.

Grant SWITCHES to C.J.

INTERCUT C.J.'S OFFICE / GRANT'S APARTMENT

GRANT

That could've gone horribly wrong.

C.J.

Yeah.

A SECOND INTERN crawls from under C.J.'s desk. She wipes her chin; walks toward the door.

C.J. (cont'd)
 (to Intern)
 Thanks. I'll be sure to get you all
 recommendations by next Friday.

The Second Intern adjusts her skirt as a THIRD INTERN crawls from under the desk, wipes her lips, and places her panties on C.J.'s desk.

GRANT
 Why are you sexually abusing the
 interns again?

C.J.
 Why were you playing Russian
 roulette while on the phone?

GRANT
 Because it's the 21st century and
 people get bored.

Long Beat.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - AIRLINE COUNTER - MORNING

Charlotte, whose hair and makeup is a mess, passes an itinerary to a BORED AIRLINE ATTENDANT at the counter.

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

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

BORED AIRLINE ATTENDANT
 Let me see what I can do, ma'am.

The Bored Airline Attendant, without looking at the computer screen, types away and stares into the distance. Charlotte struggles to scrape gum with a piece of paper from her shoe.

BORED AIRLINE ATTENDANT (cont'd)
 Looks like you're in luck.

EXT. CLUB ECSTATIC - NIGHT

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

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

C.J.

Come on, man. I said dress up.

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

C.J. (cont'd)

How'd that breakup voicemail go?

GRANT

Oh, I gave up after you called.
I'll just tell Mya that I'm busy tomorrow, and break the news to Charlotte after dinner when I pick her up. She'll be happy from getting her interview, so it won't be a big deal.

C.J.

She might've met some successful old dude. Probably screwing him right now.

INT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Charlotte, with frustration spewing from her body, drags her broken, one-wheeled suitcase. It scrapes and squeals anytime it rubs across the ground.

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

CHARLOTTE

Screw you!

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Excuse me. Is there anyway I could borrow your phone? I've had a rough day and my boyfriend was supposed to pick me up, but--

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

EXT. CLUB ECSTATIC - NIGHT

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

GRANT
Of course she's coming. She just
had to get ready after work and
meet up with her friend.

C.J.
Have you seen the friend?

GRANT
No.

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

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

C.J.
Do you ever answer your phone?

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

C.J.
Well, if you paid your bills...

INT. AIRPORT - TERMINAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Charlotte returns the phone to Woman Playing Angry Birds.

CHARLOTTE
Thank you.

The Woman Playing Angry Birds nods, and immediately returns
to playing her game.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
If he ignored my call, I'm going to
kill him.

The pigs from the game LAUGH.

EXT. CLUB ECSTATIC - NIGHT

Grant spots Mya and her friend, VICKI (25): curvy and tall.

GRANT
Here they are.

C.J.
Watch how I move.

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

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

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

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

SUPER next to stylish belt "Accentuates waist"

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

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

C.J. smiles.

MYA
Hi, guys. How's it going?

GRANT
It's great.

MYA
Vicki, this is Grant and C.J..

They both shake Vicki's hand.

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

C.J.
You are damn sexy, and we're going to enjoy tonight.

VICKI
I know what you want. I'm willing to give it to you. Let's both hope you earn it.

C.J. is taken aback, but intrigued.

INT. CLUB ECSTATIC - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

C.J. and Vicki happily dance to the PUMPING TUNES amid the crowd of other dancers who are nearly synchronized.

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

GRANT

Do you want a drink?!

MYA

What?!

Grant does the blowjob motion with his mouth open.

GRANT

A drink?!

Mya stops dancing and stares at Grant.

Grant closes his mouth and corrects the motion.

GRANT (cont'd)

A drink!

MYA

(nodding)

Oh! Sure!

INT. CLUB ECSTATIC - BAR - NIGHT

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

GRANT

You look familiar.

BARTENDER

Thanks. What can I get for you?

GRANT

Jack on the rocks and a vodka
cranberry.

BARTENDER

No problem.

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

GRANT

Oh no.

SUPER "Rule #16: Don't go to places where your girlfriend or her friends might be."

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

The song changes and C.J. approaches Grant.

C.J.

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

GRANT

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

The girls start to make their way toward the two.

C.J.

Rule sixteen, homey. That them heading this way?

Grant peeks via his peripherals.

GRANT

Yeah. What do I do?

The girls get closer

C.J.

Do they know me?

GRANT

What?

C.J.

Have I met them before?

GRANT

No.

The girls begin to close in.

C.J.

Kiss me.

GRANT

What? Why? No.

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

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

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

Diana extends her arms.

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

Diana's hand freezes mid-air.

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

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

Grant breaks away from the kiss.

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

GRANT
Thanks.

C.J.
Don't be gay.

Grant goes back to the dance floor without turning around.

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

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

INT. CLUB ECSTATIC - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

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

Grant walks over, grabs Mya by the waist, and

says into her ear--

GRANT
Let's go for a walk.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

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

CHARLOTTE

I need someone I can rely on, you
know? At first, I didn't want to be
like my friends and marry rich. I
wanted someone that I could mold. I
picked a writer. I mean, his family
has money, but he wasn't a leech.
He had potential, but now he's
jobless, lives in an apartment that
his mom rents to him, and is
constantly depressed. I'm going to
tell him tonight that things are
changing or he's gonna lose his
chance at having me.

The Indifferent Cabbie turns on the radio.

Charlotte reaches from the backseat to slap his hand.

He turns it off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Grant and Mya walk along the sidewalk. The exact same
eyerapeable girls and college guys in the same clothes from
the previous night walk around in the background having the
same trivial, bro-sky conversation and gigglefest.

GRANT

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

MYA

It's okay. They're not really mine
either. I just wanted to make sure
we all had a good time.

GRANT

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

MYA

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

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

MYA
She probably will.

Grant and Mya share a laugh.

MYA (cont'd)
The fresh air is good.

GRANT
Yea. I want to sit down somewhere
and really catch up, though. Are
you hungry?

MYA
Not really and it's the weekend, so
everything is crowded.

GRANT
True.

MYA
It is a little chilly, though. It'd
be nice to go somewhere cozy.

Grant wraps his arms around Mya.

GRANT
You smell good.

MYA
Haha, thanks. Hashtag honey
cucumber melon for life!

GRANT
I know where we can go.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

She walks to the closet, opens it. It's half-empty. The
boxes on the floor are in their place. She pulls back the
flap of the top box to see a pile of her clothes inside.

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Grant and Mya laugh as they approach on the sidewalk.

MYA

Yeah, Professor JC came in earlier and I asked if you could still send him work, and he said he wouldn't hold the lounge against you.

GRANT

That's amazing! I'll give you stuff to pass to him in the morning.

MYA

Interesting--

GRANT

I didn't mean it like that I swear. On my life. I said I wouldn't lie to you, remember?

MYA

We'll see, we'll see. You said you wouldn't have any plans of being frisky tonight if I agreed to come over and watch a movie.

Grant crosses his heart.

GRANT

I'm not a creeper or anything. I can't make you do anything you don't want to do.

MYA

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

Mya looks into Grant's eyes.

MYA (cont'd)

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

GRANT

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

Grant points to the CONVENIENCE STORE two buildings down.

MYA

Ha ... ha. Always the palhaço.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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

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

The Awkward Neighbor stares at at them.

The elevator goes up two more floors.

Grant and Mya continue to makeout.

The elevator stops and the Awkward Neighbor exits.

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte pours over the bookshelf filled with gaps.

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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

MYA

Whoa.

GRANT

Ditto.

Grant takes out his keys and walks to his apartment door which is directly across from the elevator. Mya is close behind as he picks the right key.

MYA

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

GRANT
Nothing I can think of.

Mya heads back to elevator door. Presses the button.

The elevator doors open as Grant sticks the key in.

He turns to wave at Mya. She waves back.

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte stands, PISSED THE FUCK OFF.

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

Charlotte opens the door. She waves him in.

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

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

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

Grant takes a look around the room. Her suitcase is beside the door. He looks to the slightly cracked window and fire escape. He notices the open kitchen cabinets and that one of the boxes has been pulled into the living room. Her coat is on the couch.

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

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

INT. C.J.'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

Vicki MOANS.

C.J.

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte is squared off with Grant.

SUPER "Rule #12: Anticipate questions," "Rule #13: When possible, answer questions with questions," "Rule #14: Construct alibis," "Rule #15: Have a ready scapegoat," "Rule #19 Always deny, if possible, shift the blame."

GRANT

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

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

CHARLOTTE

I had to call you from a stranger's phone, and I never got your message, babe. The trip was horrible. I got the job, but then this prick of a waiter got me kicked out of the hotel and the hiring manager I interviewed with saw me and I lost it. Then Diana

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
called me and said she saw a gay
guy that looked just like you at
Club Ecstatic tonight, but when you
came in smelling like Bed Bath and
Body Works, I thought it might've
really been you. Then I saw all my
stuff in boxes. I thought you
might've come out of the closet and
cheated and--

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grant rubs Charlotte's back.

GRANT
I-- I didn't gay cheat. I just went
to that interview, and it didn't go
well because I got there late, so
I'm right there with ya.

Grant takes a look at the clock on the wall.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grant strokes Charlotte's hair.

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

CHARLOTTE
That sounds amazing. Let me change
clothes.

GRANT

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

CHARLOTTE

Eww.

GRANT

I know. That's why I really want to
get you out as soon as possible,
because it's greasy, babe, and I
know women don't like that.

Grant grabs her coat, peeps out of the peephole, and opens
the door.

GRANT (cont'd)

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

CHARLOTTE

Okay.

Charlotte walks to the elevator.

GRANT

Shit, no. You have to take the
stairs. The elevator was out when I
came up.

CHARLOTTE

It was fine when I--

GRANT

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

CHARLOTTE

Oh ... okay.

Charlotte starts down the stairs.

GRANT

Thank you, God.

The elevator DINGS. Grant SLAMS the door.

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

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

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

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Oww! Screw you, a-hole!

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

GRANT

My--

Charlotte KISSES Grant.

GRANT (cont'd)

My my my.

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

Mya KNOCKS on the door of the apartment above Grant.

A BURLY PERVERT answers the door.

BURLY PERVERT

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

MYA

Eww. Sorry, I have the wrong apartment.

BURLY PERVERT

You don't take donations??

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlotte takes Grant's hands.

CHARLOTTE

I just wanted to do that and say thanks for stepping up. I was annoyed when I realized that I left my phone in your car, and then there were all of the events of the trip, and--

GRANT

Oh! The car! Your phone was in the car.

CHARLOTTE

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

GRANT

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

CHARLOTTE

Yes, sorry, babe.

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

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

Grant lets Mya in then closes the door.

MYA

What's wrong?

GRANT

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

MYA

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

GRANT

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

Grant looks at the clock on the wall.

GRANT

... the truth is I just threw the bottle opener out of the window because I didn't want to have wine tonight. And I didn't want to have wine tonight because I thought

(MORE)

GRANT (cont'd)
something might happen. And I
didn't want anything to happen
because I really care about you,
and I've cared about you for a long
time. And last night was awesome,
and running into you yesterday was
like the best possible thing that
could've happened in my life and I
don't want to screw that up. And
the truth is--

Mya kisses Grant with one of those fairy tale princess in
love kisses.

MYA
You're not completely over your
ex-girlfriend.

GRANT
How'd you know?

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

Mya points to all of the kitchen cabinets open.

MYA (cont'd)
And those...

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

GRANT
Yea.

MYA
I understand. You guys still
haven't gotten closure yet.

GRANT
You have no idea.

MYA
Guess I'm hanging high and dry
tonight.

GRANT
As opposed to laying low and wet.

MYA
Pervert.

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

Mya kisses Grant on the cheek.

MYA
We'll see, we'll see.

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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

MYA
(scoffs)
Excuse me.

Charlotte powers by her into Grant's Building.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grant grabs his coat and opens the door to--
Charlotte who SHOVES him onto the floor.

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

GRANT
What are you talking about?

Charlotte pulls out her phone and presses the play button:

GRANT (V.O.)
Charlotte. This is the sixth--
Hello?

C.J. (V.O.)
So how'd you enjoy last night?

GRANT (V.O.)
It was amazing--

C.J. (V.O.)
In bed. I told you you'd like it if
you tried.

GRANT (V.O.)
It just didn't feel right at first.

C.J. (V.O.)
Well, welcome to the Playa's club.

Grant is frozen.

GRANT
I can explain--

CHARLOTTE
I should've known you were gay when
you bought that Yoni book. You've
lost your chance, Grant.

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

Grant looks around befuddled as the STOMPS grow fainter.

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

Grant stands up and does his jig.

INT. DINER - BOOTH - MORNING

C.J. and Vicki both stare at their respective menus across
from each other.

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

VICKI
I know. I always pay for myself.

C.J.
It's on me this time.

VICKI
No thank you.

C.J.
Interesting.

VICKI

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

C.J.

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

VICKI

Let me elaborate.

C.J.

Please do.

VICKI

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

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

ANNA

Hi, how are you two doing this morning?

C.J.

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

ANNA

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

C.J.

Thank you.

VICKI

Thank you.

ANNA

(smiling)

Do you know what you're ordering?

C.J.

Ladies first.

He motions to Vicki who picks up the menu again.

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Grant exits the bathroom fresh from a shower. He picks up his phone which is next to the clothes he has laid out.

He sends Mya a TEXT that reads, "Mind if I pop in?"

EXT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - MORNING
DREAM SEQUENCE

Grant unlocks his car door. He gets in, cranks the car, and begins to back out of his spot.

The ride is extremely bumpy. He stops the car, gets out, and looks at his SLASHED TIRES.

His phone DINGS. A TEXT from Charlotte reads, "Die."

GRANT
When did she learn German? "Die
was?"

His phone DINGS. A TEXT from Charlotte reads, "English, smart-ass."

GRANT (cont'd)
Oh, die.

Grant looks around the empty parking lot, then runs away.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Grant runs up just as the doors open. He hops on.

INT. BUS - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Grant, sitting at the front of the bus, stares out of the window. He sees Charlotte in her car with a man in a ragged trench coat in the passenger seat.

He sees her lift her phone, speak into the microphone casually, and place it back down.

Phone DINGS. A TEXT from Charlotte reads, "Look behind you."

Grant turns to see that he is on the bus alone.

He looks at Charlotte who slows down her car and moves behind the bus.

GRANT

Excuse me, sir. Why am I the only one here?

BUS DRIVER

Couldn't tell ya.

Grant pulls on the string to stop the bus.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Grant sprints from the bus into an alley.

INT. DINER - BOOTH - MORNING

Anna approaches C.J. and Vicki.

ANNA

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

C.J.

A--

VICKI

Actually, I think we're all done. C.J.?

C.J.

Yeah, if you could just bring us the check.

VICKI

Could you make that two checks?

ANNA

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

C.J.

That's no problem, Anna.

VICKI

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

SUPER "Rule #7 Always pay cash."

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

VICKI
Funny.

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

VICKI
I think you got one last night.

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

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

EXT. THIRD STREET - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Grant peeks around every corner and makes his way down Third Street. He finds a DOPPLEGANGER that is similar to his size and walks next to him in sync with his steps so that from the street it'd be impossible to see him.

The Doppelganger notices that Grant is matching his steps and takes a step backward. Grant matches.

Doppelganger puts a foot forward, shakes it, Grant mimics.

The Doppelganger starts to run, stops, and kick dances the silly jig from the mirror scene in Duck Soup and Grant mimics him in perfect step, but next to him so still as to remain invisible to the passerby.

Grant notices Charlotte peeking from an alley ahead and he turns around to run off.

EXT. DINER - MORNING

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

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

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

VICKI
Nah, I don't think so.

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

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

C.J.
Whatever.

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

VICKI
I guess we'll find out.

C.J.
We will.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Grant walks in and checks behind him every few seconds.

MYA
Are you okay?

GRANT
Yeah, it's just--

Charlotte walks up to Mya with a gun.

MYA
Who are--

BANG. BANG. BANG.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Grant sits up in bed. He reaches over to see that he doesn't
have any text messages on his phone.

GRANT
I gotta stop jerking off before I
go to sleep.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

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

CHARLOTTE

I know, you warned me.

DIANA

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

CHARLOTTE

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

DIANA

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

CHARLOTTE

You think?

DIANA

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

CHARLOTTE

It's just heartbreaking. This whole weekend has been heartbreaking.

DIANA

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

CHARLOTTE

Like Brandon Green?

DIANA

Yes. Is he permanently sterile or was that just temporary?

CHARLOTTE

It's not all Grant's fault. I couldn't do that to him. He had to have been seduced.

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

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

CHARLOTTE
If you're right--

DIANA
Then he's been using you for a good
time. He may have had no intention
of pulling his life together and
marrying you.

CHARLOTTE
You are right.

DIANA
What are you going to do about it?

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

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

C.J.
Again?

He enters the BEDROOM and walks to the bed.

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

CHARLOTTE
Did you guys use this?

C.J.
Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE
You ... Grant, did you use this?

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
Ass-to-ass fun?

C.J.
Why would Grant and I--

CHARLOTTE

Save it.

C.J. walks to Charlotte.

C.J.

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

C.J. takes it from her hand.

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

CHARLOTTE

Call him over.

C.J.

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

Charlotte lowers the KNIFE to his groin.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Grant heads toward the door.

GRANT

No problem. I'll be right over.

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

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

CHARLOTTE

If you tip him off or move ...

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

C.J.

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

CHARLOTTE

I'm not crazy!

C.J.

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

Grant enters the Apartment, walks through the LIVING ROOM.

GRANT

Yo, where are you?

C.J.

In here.

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

GRANT

Where is she? Is she still unconscious?

C.J.

No. She left.

GRANT

Left? Why didn't you stop me? These things aren't cheap, I was planning to see Mya, and-- why are you standing there like that?

C.J.

What? You mean. By the closet door.

Charlotte pokes C.J.

GRANT

Yea.

C.J.

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

GRANT

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

C.J.

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

(MORE)

C.J. (cont'd)
boss' desk. The we got breakfast
this morning.

GRANT
How is this different from any
other weekend for you?

C.J.
True.

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

C.J.
Probably.

GRANT
Anyway, Mya and I get back to my
apartment--

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

GRANT
Really? Thanks.

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

C.J.
No ... problem.

GRANT
Anyway, I get home and Charlotte is
back early.

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

GRANT
Yeah, luckily, Mya had went to grab
some wine, so I had time, but I got
her out of the house and blah blah,
but anyway, the important part.

C.J.
Mya? Who's my. ah?

GRANT

You know.

C.J.

Maybe I'm a little sick.

Charlotte pokes C.J.'s back.

C.J. (cont'd)

Nevermind. Just be care. full.

GRANT

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

C.J.

Wowza.

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

GRANT

Yea. Well she bursts in, plays the voicemail, and I break up with her. She cried, begging me not to leave her. I was like, yeah, I've got a new girlfriend and she's prettier and the sex is better, and-- well, I don't know. Charlotte did completely let go in bed. Though, she's never really restrained--

Charlotte clutches the knife tightly.

GRANT (cont'd)

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

Charlotte pushes C.J. from in front of the closet and charges at Grant.

GRANT (cont'd)

What the--

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

CHARLOTTE
There's another girl?

The two struggle, fall and roll into

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

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

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

GRANT
Calm down, you're being crazy!

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

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

Charlotte snarls, getting the knife closer to Grant.

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

GRANT
C.J.!

C.J.
I'm stuck.

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

C.J. (cont'd)
Dude, aren't you stronger than her?

Charlotte inches the knife closer to Grant's neck.

Charlotte struggles more and Grant kicks her in the groin.

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

GRANT
Just stop this!

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

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

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

Charlotte sits atop Grant and bites his finger.

Grant YELLS and SLAPS her with the other hand.

Charlotte stops. Her lip quivers.

GRANT

Oh my God. I hit a girl.

CHARLOTTE

You know, I was going to cut your balls off, but now I see that you're nothing but a huge dick.

Charlotte, tearing up, gets up, limps past Grant.

GRANT

I'm ... sorry.

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

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

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

GRANT

I hit her.

C.J.

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

GRANT

I don't think so. She was just crying. I hit her.

C.J.

Don't trust those tears. She put me in anal danger. She'll do anything.

GRANT

I'm going to invite her to dinner tonight. I'll be completely honest with her, give her her stuff, and apologize.

C.J.

Rule number six--

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

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

MONTAGE: GRANT REVERSE ENGINEERS A MEAL

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

-He sprinkles some spices onto the counter.

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

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

-He puts egg shells into the trash can.

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

END MONTAGE

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

CHARLOTTE

I brought that wine that we couldn't finish last week.

GRANT

Come in.

INT. DINNER THEATER - BURLESQUE SHOW - EVENING

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

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

Anna downs her glass of champagne with a blank expression.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Grant and Charlotte pleasantly enjoy dinner.

GRANT
I'm just glad we're getting this
all out in the air.

CHARLOTTE
Yes, I know. There's no reason we
can't be friends.

GRANT
Definitely. I'm sorry I was such a
douche.

SUPER "Rule #18 Apologies are unattractive."

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

GRANT
I didn't think I was that bad.

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

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

CHARLOTTE
We? No that was you!

GRANT
Whatever, you didn't complain.

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

GRANT
 "Better than a million hand
 jobs!"

CHARLOTTE
 "Better than a million hand
 jobs!"

Grant and Charlotte lean in close.

GRANT
 I wasn't that much of a douchebag
 to you, though. Was I?

Charlotte kisses Grant.

INT. DINNER THEATER - BURLESQUE SHOW - EVENING

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

MONTAGE: ANNA IS BORED AT BURLESQUE SHOW

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

-Anna checks the time on her phone.

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

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

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

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

END MONTAGE

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Grant pulls away from Charlotte's kiss.

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

CHARLOTTE
 But we can--

GRANT
 We've just had too much to drink.

CHARLOTTE
Drinking gives you a massive boner?

GRANT
It's best not to complicate things.

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

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

CHARLOTTE
Only when I cum.

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

Grant stands, only to stumble to the floor.

CHARLOTTE
You feeling it now, fucker?

GRANT
Whaaa?

Charlotte SMASHES a wine glass into Grant's head.

EXT. DINNER THEATER - NIGHT

C.J. and Anna exit the theater.

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

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

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

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

ANNA
There's a hotel around the corner
with fairly cheap suites. Halfsies?

C.J.
Umm, sure.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

Charlotte CACKLES.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
You thought you could cheat on your
girlfriend and get away with it?
You thought I was going to cry,
have dinner with you and it was
going to be over? We didn't even
get to have breakup sex!

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

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

GRANT
You ... you ...

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

CHARLOTTE
I may have given you a little more
than the recommended dosages, so I
wouldn't try to move much if I were
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 you. Your heart might explode--
 or-- something else might.

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 So here's part one of ruining your
 life.

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

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

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

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

CHARLOTTE
 Nothing, Mrs. T. Everything's
 great! I'm with Grant right now.
 We've been drinking and now I'm
 about to have rough, raw dog anal
 sex with him. Here he is!

Charlotte bites Grant's nipple.

GRANT
 Oww! Ugggh. It hurts.

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

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

Charlotte ends the Call.

GRANT
 Why?

CHARLOTTE

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

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

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

GRANT

No ... please ...

Charlotte flips open the computer screen.

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

CHARLOTTE

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

Tears slide down Grant's face.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

But that's not it. I sent it to C.J. too.

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

And the finale-- No way I'd let you just move on with some cheating whore.

GRANT

Mya. No, no ...

CHARLOTTE

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

Charlotte plays the video from her phone.

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

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

CHARLOTTE
Mya Jimenez. Send.

Charlotte CACKLES again. She punches Grant in the face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

ANNA
Ugh, excuse me.

Anna gets up and walks into the bathroom.

She lets out a BOISTEROUS GROAN as C.J. listens to urine
SPLASH into the toilet.

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

C.J.
Are you ready for round two?

Anna finishes her text. Smiles.

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

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

ANNA
Don't feel rushed.

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

C.J.
Oh.

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

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

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

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

C.J.
I told you so.

GRANT
Crazy.

C.J.
Can't believe I'm looking at your
pasty ass right now. Get some sun
or tan. You look like freshly dried
semen on a black skirt.

GRANT
So specific.

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

GRANT
You don't understand. She told Mya.
She called my mom. Kanye
un-followed me.

C.J.
I just came to make sure you were
okay. I'm not here to listen to a
pity party, man. I've got work to
get to. You can either lay here in
piss all day or you can do
something about it.

Grant lifts his head, drops it.

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

C.J. (cont'd)
What happened to your honesty
binge?

C.J. leaves.

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

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

MYA
Fuck you.

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

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

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

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - MORNING

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

GRANT
Mya, you have to let me explain!

Grant stumbles. Everyone stares at him, shocked.

Mya pulls out and reads from her phone.

MYA
"Hi, Mya. This is Grant's GF. Enjoy
this video."

Mya walks up to Grant, slaps him, leaves.

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

EXT. THIRD STREET - MORNING

Grant groggily chases Mya.

MYA

I left because I don't want talk.

GRANT

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

MYA

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

GRANT

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

MYA

It doesn't matter. You--

GRANT

I need--

MYA

To move on. Grow up, Grant. And don't bother bringing me that writing sample either. I want nothing to do with you.

Grant falls to his knees; Mya leaves him behind.

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

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

INT. GRANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

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

EXT. GRANT'S CAR - MORNING

Grant gets in his car.

He drives on back roads until he reaches the bridge.

He parks.

INT. GRANT'S CAR - MORNING

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

Grant takes a box cutter from the glove compartment, looks at the scars on his wrist.

He flips the box cutter around in his fingers over and over.

He extracts the blade and stares at it.

He pulls back his sleeves.

GRANT'S DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

-Grant drives on the HIGHWAY in a new SPORTS CAR.

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

-Grant lies bruised and bloody in HOSPITAL ICU.

-Grant, in a wheelchair, lifts a razor in his BATHROOM

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE

SUPER "Rule #11 Avoid regret."

He puts the box cutter back. He dials C.J. again. He gets out of the car.

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

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

GRANT
Tiffany?

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE
Yes, Grant.

GRANT
Can I talk to you for a bit?

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

GRANT

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

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

What kind of crust would you like?

GRANT

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

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

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

GRANT

My landlord is my mom. Sure.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

Damn.

GRANT

I know, I shouldn't eat that much by myself, but whatever. I'm wearing nothing but underwear and a sheet in my car right now thinking about cutting, so getting fat is my last concern.

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

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

GRANT

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

No problem.

The Shifty Man looks around. Grant ducks.

GRANT

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

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

GRANT

Yeah, tell me about it. Large Coke.

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

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

GRANT

I do, but I can't call him.

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

True. You should switch carriers.

GRANT

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

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

GRANT

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

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

DOMINOS EMPLOYEE

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

Grant looks across the bridge.

INT. C.J.'S OFFICE - MORNING

Grant, fully-dressed and cleaned up, bursts in holding his
Dominos items.

GRANT

I've got a plan!

C.J.

Looks like lunch to me.

GRANT

Shit got real.

C.J.

Did it?

GRANT

It did. Mya wouldn't talk to me, I
got evicted, my phone was
completely screwed up, and I was
seriously considering doing
something I shouldn't.

C.J.

Like bathing and getting dressed?

GRANT

I'm also pretty sure I confirmed
the rumor about the bridge near
Miller's Crossing and the mob.

C.J.

The evil that white men do.

GRANT

Whatever. I did call my mom,
apologized, and promised to pay her
back. She set me up with a temp
agency, so I should be able to get
a job soon. She said I could get
back in my apartment for a month to
get on my feet.

C.J.
That's great.

GRANT
No, what's great is how we're going
to fix this situation with
Charlotte and Mya.

C.J.
We?

GRANT
I have to do whatever it takes to
make things right. It's a little
crazy, but your role is small. I
promise.

EXT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

Grant puts a hand to Charlotte's back

GRANT (cont'd)
(Dark Knight Voice)
Follow me, bitch, and be quiet.

CHARLOTTE
Oh my God.

The two walk around to Grant's Car. Grant opens the door and
they get inside.

INT. GRANT'S CAR - NIGHT

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

CHARLOTTE
What the-- Grant?

GRANT
(Dark Knight Voice)
No, no. Who is that?

CHARLOTTE
I know this is your car!

GRANT
(Dark Knight Voice)
Oh. Well ... still--

CHARLOTTE
Stop talking like that. I know it's
you!

Charlotte reaches for the door and Grant locks them.

The car peels out of her driveway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - HIGH SPEED DRIVE - NIGHT

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

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

CHARLOTTE
What the hell are you doing?!

Grant straight-faced.

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

GRANT
Buckle up.

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

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

GRANT (cont'd)
You're going to agree to tell Mya
the truth.

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

Grant speeds through a red light at an empty intersection.

GRANT

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

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

CHARLOTTE

You're not serious.

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

You're serious! You're serious!

Grant moves back onto the correct side of the road.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

So you want me to lie to this girl?

GRANT

The truth. All of it.

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

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

CHARLOTTE

And what would that be?

Grant doubles back. The Cop Car hangs a U.

A Red light is ahead and traffic is heavy.

The Cop Car is close.

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

Charlotte squeals.

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

Grant's Car weaves through more traffic and hops on

EXT. HIGHWAY - HIGH SPEED DRIVE - NIGHT

GRANT

You've got three miles.

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

CHARLOTTE

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

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

Grant's Car moves to the center lane.

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

GRANT

Two miles.

Grant's Car veers into the rightmost lane and speeds up, then onto the side of the road to pass an 18-wheeler.

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

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

GRANT

One.

CHARLOTTE

Fine. I'll tell her the whole truth, Grant. I'll tell her that you were a shitty, selfish boyfriend. I'll tell her you live in an apartment that your mom pays for because you couldn't find a job that didn't give you anxiety after college because all you wanted to do was write your extremely shitty ass poems and stories-- so much so that you slit your wrists like a teenage girl on her first period after getting in an stupid

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
 accident. I'll tell her how you
 always lied, and sucked in bed.
 I'll tell her to be careful because
 if she ever marries you, there's a
 possibility she won't be set for
 life because you have a horrible
 relationship with your rich family.
 And yes, I will tell her that I
 lured you to dinner, drugged you,
 faked having sex with you, and sent
 it to her to get back at you for
 breaking up with me at the worst
 possible time in my life!

They exit the ramp, pass a Car parked on the shoulder, and
 zip closer to the bridge which is now in sight.

GRANT
 Swear on your racist grandparents'
 life that you'll tell her.

CHARLOTTE
 On Pop Pop and Grammy Lowell's
 life, I will tell her.

GRANT
 I told you they were racist!

CHARLOTTE
 They're not racist. I just knew
 that you thought they were racist!

GRANT
 When they came over for Christmas
 and C.J. was there, your Grammy
 asked if I had any niggertoes she
 could nibble on!

CHARLOTTE
 She meant Brazil nuts!

GRANT
 Why would she call them that?

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

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

Charlotte YANKS the emergency break.

Grant's Car comes to a screeching halt.

GRANT

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

CHARLOTTE

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

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

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

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

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

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

What the--

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

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

GRANT

So did you get the tickets?

C.J.

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

GRANT

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

C.J.

Of course.

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

INT. THIRD STREET CAFE - BAR - MORNING

SUPER "Two Friday Later"

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

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

GRANT
I believe that's mine.

Grant lowers the flowers.

Mya tosses the drink in Grant's face.

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

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

MYA
Goodbye, Grant.

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

MYA
We have nothing to talk about.

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

MYA
We'll see.

GRANT
We'll see?

MYA
Goodbye, Grant.

INT. POETRY LOUNGE - EVENING

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

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

GRANT
Is she coming?

VICKI
I tried, but I don't know.

C.J.
Good luck.

GRANT
Thanks. I think I'm up next.

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

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

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

The crowd snaps their fingers. A few clap.

POETRY HOST
So next up we have a guy who came
here once, and left everyone's jaw
on the floor when he announced he
had to number two, but he's been
dropping jaws with poems ever
since. He's a new favorite face.
Here's Grant Tatum, everyone!

Grant gets on stage.

GRANT

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

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

GRANT (cont'd)

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

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

GRANT (cont'd)

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

Grant folds the paper, recites the rest from memory.

GRANT (cont'd)

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

Grant bows.

GRANT (cont'd)

Thank you.

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

MYA

That was beautiful.

GRANT

His words, not mine.

MYA

It was a beautiful reading.

GRANT

Thank you.

MYA

You get three minutes.

EXT. POETRY LOUNGE - EVENING

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

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

... yes, I will tell her that I lured you to dinner, drugged you, faked having sex with you, and sent it to her to get back at you for breaking up with me at the worst possible time in my life!

MYA

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

GRANT

The streets are safer without her. I told you I do irrational things when under pressure. I still have to testify, so I can't really talk about it and I'm going to destroy this recording now. SO forget you heard it.

MYA

Aww-- you'd commit perjury, a felony, mind you, for my affections? That's love.

GRANT
I'm probably going to drop the
charges I have against her.

MYA
Well that's thoughtful.

GRANT
Most of what she said was true.

MYA
You're terrible in bed?

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

MYA
I'm kidding.

GRANT
I miss you. I'm writing. And I'm
applying to State in the--

Mya kisses him. Another one of the fairy tale kisses.

MYA
Let's start fresh ... again.

GRANT
(kissing)
Complete honesty this time.

MYA
(kissing)
Complete.

GRANT
(kissing)
This'll be great.

MYA
We'll see. We'll see.

INT. POETRY LOUNGE - BAR - EVENING

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

C.J.
You've been popular tonight.

VICKI
So have you.

C.J.
Oh-- yeah, I actually can't believe I didn't tell you. You owe me. You know that waitress who left me her number? Definitely for me, I hooked up with her about two weeks ago.

VICKI
Two weeks ago? Not Sunday, right?

C.J.
Yea, on Sunday.

VICKI
I hooked up with her Sunday night.

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

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

Vicki looks disgusted.

C.J.
Well, I still hit it first.

VICKI
Ugh, I got your sloppy seconds.

C.J.
She didn't wash up either, damn.

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

Their phones READ "What are you doing tonight?"

VICKI
That bitch!

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

SUPER "Six Months Later"

C.J. is getting dressed. Vicki sorts through laundry, folding and putting clothes into piles.

She lifts a lacy thong.

VICKI
Who's is this?

C.J.
I don't know. Yours?

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

Vicki rushes up to C.J.

VICKI
Explain!

C.J.
You better calm down! I'm--

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

C.J.
I never said that.

VICKI
Oh, you gonna learn--

Anna steps out of the bathroom, fresh from a shower, in a
towel.

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

INT. GRANT'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Grant, freshly groomed, in khakis and a button up, rides
next to Mya.

Grant yawns, he makes a quick glance over to Mya who turns
on the MP3 Player--

Kanye West's "Touch the Sky" (2006) BLASTS from the radio as
the two rap along.

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

GRANT
You'll be there this weekend.

MYA
Did you turn in your critical essay
to Professor JC yesterday?

GRANT
Of course. I--

GPS
In one mile, take the next exit off
of the motorway.

GRANT
Oh, this GPS always does this. Make
sure to take the exit after the one
it says.

MYA
Okay, babe.

Mya reaches over and grabs Grant's hand.

SUPER "The Unwritten Rule: Enjoy."

FADE OUT