

Desperados
by
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INT. HORSE STABLES - DAY

WORKERS groom a STUNNING FEMALE HORSE, brushing her coat, untangling her mane, tying a pink ribbon through her tail. In nearby stalls, TWENTY OTHER MARES get spruced up.

WESLEY (V.O.)
So I spent the day watching footage
of racehorse breeding for this case
I'm working on.

HANDLERS lead a BLACK STALLION past the stalls. He sniffs at the mares, nonchalant, indifferent. He reaches our mare and stops. Her PROUD OWNER shows her off.

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's a painstaking process, rife
with female competition, fickle
behavior, unsatisfying sex...

HANDLERS hold our mare down. The stallion fucks her with his ENORMOUS HORSE PENIS. He finishes and is led off, trotting happily. Our mare stares after him, shame in her eyes.

WESLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and heartbreak.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

WESLEY ROBBINS, 30s, watches horse-fucking on a TV with her CO-WORKERS. Guys snicker at the size of the horse's penis. Girls look away, grossed-out. Wesley's mesmerized, pensive.

WESLEY (V.O.)
You know what I realized? Add an
excruciating dinner at a mid-priced
Italian restaurant, subtract thirty
inches and that's my love life.

EXT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wesley changes outfits, catching a glimpse of the apartment across from her. A BEAUTIFUL COUPLE spoons in their underwear on the sofa, watching American Idol. She sighs, jealous.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Let me quantify. Ten years, four
hundred eighty seven blind dates,
three rejections from eHarmony...

INT. WESLEY'S CAR - DAY

Bumper-to-bumper traffic. Wesley flips through an LA magazine, to an article with a picture of a HANDSOME GUY.

The article's title: "The Myth of the Perfect Man." She closes the magazine, annoyed.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Seven guys married to the next
person they dated right after me,
one and a half chlamydia scares...

INT. UCLA, ROYCE HALL - DAY

Wesley speeds by COUPLES IN THE THROES OF YOUNG LOVE.

WESLEY (V.O.)
And two exes who cared so little
about our break-up that they named
a pet Wesley, which is my name, but
apparently works really well for a
Golden Retriever. Or a ferret.

INT. OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM - DAY

Wesley finds a sign reads "WOMEN IN LAW PANEL DISCUSSION."
On the list, her name, WESLEY ROBBINS, CLASS OF '00.

WESLEY (V.O.)
You know those people who say you
should treat dating like a second
job? I'd like to stab their eyes
out with a three-foot horse cock.
One eye at a time.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Wesley speaks to FIFTY LAW STUDENTS.

WESLEY (V.O.)
I'm too old for this! If I stumble
across some amazing guy who wants
to get married tomorrow, fine. But
I'm making zero effort. Oh, you
don't believe me? I have, in my
possession, the phone number of a
single, handsome, rich pediatrician
who saved Knox Leon Jolie-Pitt from
vaccine-resistant Rubella, and I'm
not using it. That... is *done*.

REVERSE ANGLE ON THE LAW STUDENTS

They stare at her blankly. She snaps out of her daze.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Sorry, what was the question again?

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wesley collapses on the sofa. Turns on the TV. Flips past A CUTE OLD COUPLE on the news and a movie about KITTENS IN LOVE. Settles on an EXTREME MAKEOVER/SWAN type reality show.

ON TV: the UGLIEST WOMAN ALIVE speaks to camera.

UGLIEST WOMAN ALIVE (ON TV)
I have a turkey neck and crosseyes.
My breasts reach my bellybutton.
The first time I let a man see me
naked, he winced, as if he'd just
seen a rabbit squashed by a bus.

Wesley checks out her own breasts. Not bad. She suddenly feels a little better about herself.

ON TV: AN AVERAGE-LOOKING MAN speaks to camera.

AVERAGE LOOKING MAN
I think Lynne is beautiful the way
she is, but I want her to be happy.

TEXT ON TV identifies him as: BO, LYNNE'S HUSBAND.

WESLEY
You have a husband? What the fuck?

Wesley throws her remote on the coffee table, knocking the LA magazine on the floor. It opens to the Perfect Man article.

She stabs Perfect Man's eyes out with a pen, then rifles through her bag for a Post-it with a PHONE NUMBER ON IT.

She grabs her phone and DIALS. A MALE VOICE answers.

WESLEY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hi, Huck? This is Wesley Robbins.

HUCK (OVER PHONE)
Who?

WESLEY
Oh, she didn't tell you about me?
Amy? Amy Miller? She gave me your
number about a month ago?

HUCK
She must have forgotten to mention
it. But go ahead, shoot.

WESLEY
Shoot?

HUCK

Yeah, what can I do for you?

WESLEY

Oh... um... nothing. I think Amy wanted to... I think she thought we would like each other or something. This is stupid. Never mind.

HUCK

No, wait. Sure... I mean, why not.

WESLEY

That's okay. I think Amy's just throwing shit at the wall...

HUCK

Kinda the definition of blind dating, isn't it?

Wesley stops for a moment... she might just like him.

WESLEY

Yeah. Exactly. I've always thought you should get an "automatic out" on a blind date. You say hi, no chemistry, you say "no." Easy as that.

HUCK

No harm, no foul?

WESLEY

We don't know each other well enough to be offended.

HUCK

Well, I think first dates should be clothes shopping instead of dinner. I get to see what you look like in your underwear and you don't have to pretend you eat bread.

WESLEY

(laughing)

Maybe we should start with a drink.

INT. FOUR SEASONS BAR - NIGHT

Wesley enters. A hideous guy with EXTREMELY TINY TEETH waves. She smiles, hiding her disappointment, then realizes he's waving at someone else. Phew. Tiny Teeth steps out of the way, revealing HUCK SPENCER, 30s, at a table, perusing the menu. He's casual, sneakers and jeans. Wesley's pleased.

WESLEY

Huck?

HUCK

Hey. Nice to meet you.

WESLEY

Phew! I thought you were Tiny
Teeth Guy. Can you imagine? Our
kids would be all gums.

She hangs her handbag on her chair and sits.

HUCK

So... how do you know Amy?

WESLEY

I work for her dad's law firm. You?

HUCK

We dated a little in med school.

WESLEY

Oh right. So I guess she's doing
that thing girls do, when they get
married and try to move their old
stock... Were you at her wedding?

HUCK

No.

WESLEY

Didn't want to fly to Italy?

HUCK

No, no, I mean... no.

WESLEY

Oh, sorry, were you not invited?

HUCK

No. I'm using my "automatic out."

WESLEY

What?!

HUCK

No harm, no foul?

WESLEY

Big foul!

HUCK

But you said...

WESLEY
We were riffing!

HUCK
Riffing?

WESLEY
Yes! Witty banter? Have you never
been on a date before?

HUCK
Not in a while... Look, Leslie...

WESLEY
Wesley!

HUCK
Sorry. Wesley. Okay, let's have a
drink. Maybe I'm wrong. I didn't
mean to upset you.

WESLEY
I'm not upset. I'm just trying to
figure out what the hell your
problem is with me.

HUCK
Nothing at all. I made a mistake.

WESLEY
(indicating her dress)
It's an empire waist, it's *supposed*
to drape like that. I run five
miles a day! Feel my calves.

HUCK
You're very pretty. It's just...
I'm in a hanging-out-taking-things-
slow kinda place right now.

WESLEY
So what makes you think I'm not?

HUCK
You dropped "kids," "married" and
"wedding" in five seconds flat.

WESLEY
Not in the context of me wanting
you to father my children! God!

HUCK
Look, I'm protecting you.

WESLEY

From what?

HUCK

From false expectations. I just don't think it's right to lead on a woman of a certain age.

Wesley's mouth drops open at "a certain age" Huck winces.

HUCK (CONT'D)

I didn't mean anything by that.

WESLEY

God, get over yourself. You're just another LA loser with too much hair product who thinks he's entitled to sleep with twenty two year olds.

HUCK

You're obviously a woman who knows what she wants... and I'm not it.

WESLEY

Don't handle me! I'm not one of your five year old patients!

Wesley and Huck both stand. They shake.

HUCK

Nice to meet you.

WESLEY

Go fuck yourself.

She walks off... and SMACKS into a guy, spilling her drink. She shrieks at the cold drink down her dress, wipes herself off. Then realizes her drink is all over the guy's pants.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Oh shit. I'm so sorry.

She tries to wipe him off but the stain's right across the bulge in his crotch. Impressive, by the way. She finally breaks her awkward stare and glances up to find the MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN SHE'S EVER SEEN. This is JARED GRAYSON, 38.

JARED

Now we're both having a bad night.

WESLEY

Were you eavesdropping on my date?

JARED

I was admiring you from afar. Wondering how to get you away from that tool. I'm Jared, by the way.

WESLEY

Wesley. Have we met? You look familiar... but I can't place you.

Jared gets a funny look on his face.

JARED

I represent athletes...?

WESLEY

Hmm... No... Did you go to UCLA?

JARED

BU. High school in the valley?

WESLEY

Chicago. This is driving me crazy.

She stares, trying to remember. Jared sighs, resigned.

JARED

Do you read LA magazine?

WESLEY

Oh my god! You're the perfect man!
From that article!

JARED

I've been getting shit about this
all week. It's not me!

She finds the article in her bag. Holds it up next to Jared.

WESLEY

Right. I saw Jerry Maguire. I
know you sports guys all lie.

JARED

Not this one. Look, it's in the
article -- they blended the faces
of People's 100 best looking men
and came up with this composite.

WESLEY

So you're, actually, empirically
the perfect man?

JARED

Come on, not you too. I can't take
this abuse.

WESLEY

Awww. Is it hard to be so good-
looking?

JARED
You tell me.

WESLEY
You're very sweet.

JARED
Nope. Just honest.

Wesley smiles. He seems like a good guy.

JARED (CONT'D)
So... what do you say we salvage
the rest of your night?

INT. PILATES STUDIO - DAY

Wesley works out with her friends KAYLIE (sweet and enthusiastic) and BROOKE (irritable and cynical), both 30s.

KAYLIE
(sing-song)
Great story to tell at your
wedding!

BROOKE
Kaylie, relax. They had *one drink*.

WESLEY
You know the most amazing thing?
He said he'd call today so we could
make a plan.

BROOKE
Why is that amazing?

WESLEY
Because he actually called!

KAYLIE
Love. Him.

BROOKE
Jesus Fucking Christ.
(to Wesley)
Do not sleep with him.

WESLEY
Do you think I'm an idiot?
(a beat)
How many dates do I have to wait?

KAYLIE

It's not about a number. Just do it when it feels right.

BROOKE

Kaylie, you utter ass-hat.

WESLEY

Kaylie must know something. She's the only one of us who's married.

BROOKE

I *was* married. It's not my fault Alan went mahoola.

KAYLIE

I still think it's gonna work out.

BROOKE

Kaylie, he became an *Orthodox Jew*. If Tad asked you to wear a wig and fuck through a sheet, would *that* work out?

KAYLIE

Probably.

BROOKE

Sucker. Have fun sweeping up *payis*-hairs and breeding.

KAYLIE

Maybe not breeding...

WESLEY

Oh honey. I'm sure you'll get pregnant soon.

KAYLIE

I'm feeling pretty positive. I got these hypnosis tapes that worked for my friend. It's these calming British people telling me to relax.

BROOKE

I'm sure that'll work better than Tad getting rid of his extra testicle like your doctor advised.

WESLEY

What?! Tad has three balls?!

KAYLIE

You can't see it. One's hidden
inside the other. They found it
after he got that... thing.

BROOKE

By that thing you mean... syphilis?

Kaylie gives Brooke a dirty look.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Relax. Your husband got a disease
from fucking his assistant and now
you literally get to chop his ball
off. Do you know how many women
would kill for that opportunity?

An uncomfortable moment. Wesley intervenes.

WESLEY

So, um, Brooke. You were telling
me how many dates to wait?

BROOKE

It's not the number of dates. It's
the number of "Great Girl Moments."
And that number is five.

WESLEY

What's a Great Girl Moment?

BROOKE

You know, those times when he gets
that look in his eyes, like he
can't believe he found such a great
girl, and you're so different from
his needy, neurotic ex, and where
have you been all this time, and,
oh my god, is he falling for you?

WESLEY

But I am needy and neurotic.

BROOKE

And that will always be our secret.

EXT. PINK'S HOT DOGS - DAY

Jared and Wesley order.

WESLEY

I'll take a double chili cheese
dog, heavy on the cheese, extra
onions, large fries.

(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)
(to Jared)
You eat fries, right?

Jared's amazed. Wesley bites into her hot dog. CHA-CHING!

INT. ARCLIGHT CINEMAS - NIGHT

Jared and Wesley watch a melodramatic film. Jared cracks up at an insipid line of dialogue. Wesley whispers.

WESLEY
This is gayer than The Notebook.

JARED
(eyes lighting up)
So... we can go?

She nods. They sneak out, pissing off their row. Jared holds her hand on the way out. CHA-CHING!

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY

Jared and Wesley browse through aisles of books. She picks up a book called "HEALING YOUR INNER YOU." Jared notices.

JARED
You want me to buy that for you?

WESLEY
Do I seem like a girl who reads
self-help? I think they give you a
cat and a vibrator with this book.

Jared laughs. CHA-CHING!

INT. GRACE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A romantic dinner. Jared fidgets, uncomfortable.

JARED
It's not a big deal, but I didn't
want you to hear from someone else.
(deep breath)
I was engaged. To a girl named
Gretchen. We called off the
wedding six months ago.

WESLEY
I'm sorry, that must have been
rough. Thanks for telling me.

JARED
That's it? No big discussion?

WESLEY
I'll talk about whatever you want,
but I don't need to. I'm pretty
low maintenance when it comes to
this stuff.

Jared exhales, relieved. CHA CHING!

INT. JARED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jared and Wesley walk into his house. He takes her coat.

JARED
We need to talk.

Shit. Is he dumping her?? Wesley tries to hide her nerves.

JARED (CONT'D)
My sister's getting married two
weeks from today. I'll understand
if you don't want to go, but I just
thought it might be fun and you'd
meet my family, of course, and...

It's all Wesley can do to stop herself from squealing.

WESLEY
You want me to come to your
sister's wedding with you? And
meet your family?

JARED
I know. It's a lot. But I have an
incentive for you.

He opens the hallway closet and pulls out a garment bag. She
opens it. Inside is THE MOST AMAZING DRESS IN THE WORLD.

WESLEY
You bought me a dress?

JARED
I'm either very brave or very
stupid. You can be honest.

WESLEY
That is so nice. I'd love to.

INT. JARED'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wesley does a silent DANCE OF JOY.

INT. JARED'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wesley walks out of the bathroom, wearing the dress. She strikes a pose. Jared smiles mischievously - CHA CHING!

INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jared peels off Wesley's dress. She strategically positions her thighs under the sheets and sucks in her stomach.

INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - MORNING

THE DRESS IS NOW ON THE FLOOR, having been ripped off last night. TWO CONDOM WRAPPERS rest on the night-stand. Wesley's sound asleep, smiling. Jared's in front of the mirror, finishing his suit off with a stylish pocket square. He SEES her through the mirror as she wakes up. Turns and smiles.

JARED

Thanks for such an amazing night.

WESLEY

...you're welcome?

JARED

That came out totally wrong, huh?

WESLEY

It was a little *pay-the-hooker*.

JARED

I'm sorry, I'm an idiot. I guess I'm nervous. It's just... I really like you, Wes.

WESLEY

(blushing)

I like you too.

JARED

I have to get to the office. But I'll call you later, okay?

She nods. He kisses her -- a good one.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wesley enters, glowing. A VASE OF PINK ROSES sits on her desk. She beams, goes for the card. Before she can get it, her actively gay assistant, STEVEN, grabs the vase.

STEVEN

They're from Brendan.

WESLEY
How's the wedding planning going?

STEVEN
Nightmare! Brendan insists on releasing doves at the moment we kiss. One hundred percent they're going to shit on everyone's heads.

WESLEY
Sounds amazing...

STEVEN
Oh. My. God. You're in a sex-fog! Tell me everything!

The PHONE RINGS.

WESLEY
I'm not in a sex fog. Go answer my phone.

He looks at her skeptically and walks out to his desk. Wesley drops into her chair and spins dreamily.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - END OF DAY

Wesley's at her desk, bummed. Steven enters tentatively.

STEVEN
Maybe he's dead.

WESLEY
You're just being nice.

STEVEN
Want me to call his office?

WESLEY
No. Yes. Don't say it's me.

He dials a number. Someone answers on the other end.

STEVEN
Hi, this is Lance from HR. Can I speak to Mr. Grayson?

JARED'S ASSISTANT (ON SPEAKER)
He's not here right now. Can I take a message?

STEVEN
So... he's alive?

JARED'S ASSISTANT (ON SPEAKER)
Um, yeah. Who is this again?

STEVEN
(hanging up)
He'll call tomorrow. And if he
doesn't, I'll hunt him down and
kick him in his little twat.

Wesley nods, opens a pack of birth control pills, takes one.

WE STAY ON THE BIRTH CONTROL PILL CASE -- One pill for each
day of the week. Today's -- Monday -- is gone. The pills
are POPPED OUT, one by one. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - FOUR DAYS LATER

Wesley is near-catatonic. Steven enters, holding a stack of
messages. Wesley looks up, hopeful. Steven shakes his head.

EXT. RUNYON CANYON - DAY

Wesley hikes with Kaylie and Brooke, a fake smile plastered
on her face. They have no idea what's been going on.

KAYLIE
He bought you a dress?! It's so
romantic!! And you deserve it.
When's the last time you dated
someone for more than a few weeks?

BROOKE
2002. That guy who was making a
documentary about grass. No wait.
Pubic chest-hair guy.

KAYLIE
No, no. The other guy. The one
who had breast reduction surgery.

BROOKE
Oh right... Praying Man-tits.
Whoo, were you desperate!

Wesley BURSTS INTO GIANT, HEAVING TEARS.

WESLEY
(muffled sobbing)
I... had sex... with Jared... and
it all... went... to shit!

INT. KARAOKE BAR, STAGE - NIGHT

A drunk, sad Wesley karaokes to the Eagles' "Desperado."

WESLEY

Dessssssssperado... why don't you
come to your senses? You been out
ridin' fences, for so long now...

EXT. JARED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

"Desperado" plays on the car stereo. A crying Wesley does a
driveby, seeing if the lights are on. They are. She SOBS.

HONK!!! She nearly gets hit by a passing car. Wesley LEANS
ON HER HORN, irrationally angry.

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A mess. An infuriated Wesley holds a half-empty mimosa in
her hand. She dictates to Brooke who types on a laptop.

WESLEY

Dear Jared. How are you? I'm
fine.

BROOKE

Not fine. You're doing great. And
we don't ask him how he is. We
don't care how he is.

WESLEY

Okay. Dear Jared. In case you're
wondering, I'm doing great. Except
for the fact that five days ago,
after exactly four weeks of dating,
your penis entered my vagina for
the first time, and I haven't heard
from you since.

Kaylie, pouring tea in the kitchen, shakes her head.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Perhaps ignoring someone with whom
you've exchanged bodily fluids is
what gay men do. Or perhaps you're
just a garden-variety asshole. For
the record, your dick bends to the
left, your joke about Iraqi bikini
models wasn't funny, and I was
fantasizing about my dentist while
you were going down on me.

Kaylie enters and hands a teacup to Wesley, who hiccups.

KAYLIE

Maybe you should sober up a little.

WESLEY

I don't want to sober up! I feel energized for the first time all week! Yay alcohol!

Wesley's CELL PHONE RINGS. CALLER ID: MOM. She hits IGNORE.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I've lost my train of thought.

BROOKE

How bout: You asked me to meet your family! Do you know what kind of message that sends, you ape-fucker?

WESLEY

Yes! Good! And?

Brooke and Wesley look at each other blankly. Nothing. They turn to Kaylie.

KAYLIE

I hope you get eaten by wolves?

Wesley and Brooke consider this. Meh. They shrug.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Run over by a combine?

WESLEY

Like on a farm?

KAYLIE

My heart's not in it. I still think he's gonna call.

BROOKE

You also thought J.Lo and Chris Judd would last. And Sienna wasn't shacking with Balthazar. And Tom Hanks doesn't cheat on Rita Wilson.

KAYLIE

Tom Hanks is the last decent man in America! How dare you?!

BROOKE

That's right, baby! Get pissed! Get those creative juices flowing!

KAYLIE

Fine! I hope you get mouth-raped
by homeless heroin addicts with
dick lice and get gonorrhea of the
throat, you lying sack of hairy
fecal matter! Are we happy now?!

WESLEY

A little juvenile, don't you think?

BROOKE

It's perfect.

Brooke types frantically. Kaylie slumps on the couch, spent.

WESLEY

I hope scorpions gnaw your balls...
or something?

BROOKE

Why not? What else? Die
motherfucker die?

WESLEY

Always reliable. Sincerely yours,
Wesley.

KAYLIE

Could have been yours, Wesley.

BROOKE

I hope your dick falls off, Wesley.

WESLEY

That's the one.
(swills her drink)
I feel cleansed.

Wesley's phone RINGS. She runs for it.

KAYLIE

Maybe that's him!

Brooke shoves her -- shut up! Wesley checks Caller ID. MOM
again. She hits ignore. Then promptly bursts into tears.

WESLEY

I feel so stupid.

BROOKE

Hey! Stop that! The only thing
you should be crying about is that
you didn't take the dress home!

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)
This guy is a sociopath who fucks
with girls' heads! I bet his
sister's not even getting married.

KAYLIE
(gasping)
No!

BROOKE
You really dodged a bullet, Wes.

Wesley nods. Yes. Yes she did dodge a bullet. The phone
RINGS. Wesley pulls herself together, grabs the phone and
heads out the door. Newly resolved--

WESLEY
Send the email.

EXT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wesley walks into the courtyard, then picks up her phone.

WESLEY (ON PHONE)
Mom! You know I don't get
reception in the apartment.

She hears scratchy static and a muffled voice. Frowns.

JARED (OVER PHONE)
It's me, Jared! Can you hear me?

Wesley's shocked, but tries to hide it.

WESLEY (ON PHONE)
Jared? Oh Jared. How are you?

EXT./INT. DR. AURELIO VALDIVIESO GENERAL HOSPITAL - SAME

A ramshackle building in a low-rent strip mall. Two
PARAMEDICS lean on a PARKED AMBULANCE, smoking cigarettes.

Inside, Jared lays in a hospital bed, in traction. He looks
awful. PILAR, a sexy Mexican nurse straight out of a
telenovela, holds a rotary phone to his ear.

INTERCUT SCENES AS NEEDED

JARED
You know Ron Jones? Clippers guy?
He's my client. Got arrested at
the Ixtapa airport on Monday.

WESLEY

Oh yeah, I saw that on the news.
Who brings drugs *into* Mexico?

JARED

Don't get me started. Anyway, I
had to fly here and deal with it.

WESLEY

Wait, you're in *Mexico*?

JARED

Zihuatanejo. I was staying at a
nice place, by the way. Las
Playas. We'll go sometime.

WESLEY

You were staying there? Where are
you now?

JARED

That would be the local hospital.
I got into a car accident.

WESLEY

Oh my god. Jared. Are you okay?

JARED

Yeah. Sort of. They said it'll be
a few months of physical therapy,
after the casts come off.

EXT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Wesley is reeling. She paces, still in shock.

JARED (OVER PHONE)

I just wish I'd been able to get in
touch with you sooner... I was in
what they call a "twilight state."
You must have thought I was such a
dick. Especially after... you
know... what we did before I left.

Wesley passes by a window to her apartment. She stops in her
tracks. Inside, Kaylie and Brooke sit at the computer. In
SLOW MOTION BROOKE'S HAND moves the CURSOR toward the SEND
BUTTON. A LOOK OF HORROR passes over Wesley's face.

WESLEY

Don't be silly. I'm an adult.

She RUNS UP TO THE WINDOW and KNOCKS frenziedly, waving and
trying to get them to stop. They wave back.

The line gets STATICKY, Jared's voice muffled.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Hello? Jared?

Wesley backs away from the window so Jared can hear her, but continues making FRANTIC GESTURES, pointing to the phone.

JARED
I hear you now. What did you say?

WESLEY
I said I'm an adult! Can I help?
Let anyone know where you are?

Wesley's movements get WILDER and MORE DESPERATE. Brooke halfheartedly tries to open the window, but it's stuck.

JARED
No, they all know. That's the other thing. I hadn't updated my emergency contact info. The doctors got in touch with Gretchen, and, typical Gretchen, she called everyone but you.

Wesley MOUTHS A SCREAM, points to the laptop.

WESLEY
You were together for three years. It'll take a while for her to accept that you've moved on.

JARED
See, this is what I love about you. You're so reasonable.

WESLEY
That's me. Always reasonable!

JARED
You're probably the last normal girl in Southern California.

Wesley takes off one of her SHOES and HURLS it at the window.

JARED (CONT'D)
It's such a change for me. Jane, the girl before Gretchen? She was bipolar. She'd steam open my credit card statements to see if I was spending money on other girls. And Clara, before Jane?
(MORE)

JARED (CONT'D)
I wouldn't give her my email
password and she tried to run me
over with her car.

WESLEY
Wow. They sound crackers.

JARED
I'm a decent guy, and these girls
just didn't get it. All they did
was question my character.

WESLEY
And who wants a relationship
without trust?

JARED
Exactly. Never going there again.

Wesley picks up a ROCK and throws it at her window frame. It
veers left and CRACKS Wesley's neighbor's window instead.

JARED (CONT'D)
They're releasing me in three days.
Monday. I'll call you when I know
more. Miss you very much.

WESLEY
Miss you too.

They hang up. Wesley RACES through the courtyard.

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wesley bursts in the door.

WESLEY
Stop, stop! Don't send that email!

BROOKE
I know what you're doing!

Wesley GRABS for the laptop. Brooke HOLDS it over her head.
Kaylie tries to intervene but gets knocked across the room.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
You're hedging your bets, in
case he shows up next week--

WESLEY
Jared was hit by a truck--

BROOKE
--booty calling you drunk at
three in the morning--

WESLEY
--both legs are broken and--

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Have some self respect!

Wesley grabs the computer away, just as we hear a WHOOSH!
The "EMAIL SENT" sound reverberates from the computer.

INT. WESLEY'S CAR - LATER

Wesley drives, her phone on speaker.

PHONE VOICE
You have reached Verizon. Para
continuar en español, diga
"español" ahora. Please say
wireless services, high speed
internet, or more options.

WESLEY
High speed internet.

PHONE VOICE
I'm sorry, I didn't understand you.
Please say wireless services, high
speed internet, or more options.

WESLEY
High. Speed. Internet.

PHONE VOICE
I'm sorry, I still didn't
understand you--

WESLEY
MOTHERFUCKER!!! Get me a human
being already!

An aggressively perky HUMAN BEING comes on the phone.

HUMAN BEING
Welcome to Verizon, where our goal
is to provide you with fantastic
customer service. At Verizon, your
problem is my problem!

WESLEY
Oh really? Did you just send the
guy you're dating an email about
maggots eating his testicles?

HUMAN BEING
I save all my angry emails to
"drafts" for a day, so I can give
myself a cooling off period.

WESLEY

Aren't you clever? So can you
unsubscribe or not?

HUMAN BEING

Hang on a sec and I'll find out!

A click. Hold music. Then:

PHONE VOICE

You have reached Verizon. Para
continuar en español, diga
"español" ahora.

Wesley SCREAMS! Then picks up the phone and dials again.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Wesley sits in a tiny chair, reasoning with someone.

WESLEY

It's just, he didn't call me for
five days! One hundred and twenty
hours of obsessing and Facebooking
his exes and wondering if I make
too much noise in bed. Do you have
any idea what that's like?

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal Wesley's been speaking to a stern
nun, SISTER BEASLEY, who clears her throat, uncomfortable.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Fine, maybe not. But would it kill
you to tell me the name of his
second grade teacher?! I know you
keep records of former students.

SISTER BEASLEY

I can't help you break into Mr.
Grayson's email account.

WESLEY

I swear, I won't read the other
emails. I'll just delete mine.

SISTER BEASLEY

It's unethical and wrong.

WESLEY

How can I explain... what if you
think of Jared as... hmm... Jesus?
And Jesus is gorgeous and brilliant
and sane.

(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Jesus gives money to cancer kids
and offsets his carbon footprint.
And Jesus reads books! Real books,
with metaphors and obscure life
lessons! And you've somehow
convinced Jesus that you're not
your irrational, compulsive self.
That you're light and breezy and
easy. Like Cameron Diaz in *There's
Something About Mary*! And all that
stands between you and Jesus
enjoying eternal happiness is a
teensy violation of privacy. What
do you do?

SISTER BEASLEY

Travel back in time and stop myself
from screwing him after a month?

WESLEY

Sister Beasley!

SISTER BEASLEY

Why buy the cow, blah, blah?

WESLEY

But you're a *nun*!

SISTER BEASLEY

I discovered my true calling later
in life.

WESLEY

How late?

SISTER BEASLEY

Up until March, I was an IT tech at
Pfizer.

Sister Beasley takes pity on Wesley and checks Jared's file.

SISTER BEASLEY (CONT'D)

His teacher was Anne Marie Fox.

Wesley whips out her Blackberry, answering the security
question to get into Jared's email -- "Who was your second
grade teacher?" She types "Fox."

DING! The program opens. But... the mailbox is empty.

WESLEY

No messages? How is that possible?

SISTER BEASLEY

He probably has a computer open.
When an email disappears from the
server, it's because a program like
Outlook or Mac Mail has already
downloaded it.

WESLEY

Dude. So what do I do now?

SISTER BEASLEY

You'd have to delete it from the
actual machine.

WESLEY

But the actual machine is in a
hotel room in Mexico.

SISTER BEASLEY

Vaya con dios.

INT. HIP RESTAURANT - DAY

A morose Wesley sits with Brooke and Kaylie.

KAYLIE

Go to Mexico! Erase the email!
It's all part of the story!

WESLEY

What story?

KAYLIE

The story we tell at your wedding!

BROOKE

Or her parole hearing.

WESLEY

Though a jail term's a great excuse
for being thirtyish and single...

KAYLIE

That's the spirit, Wes. You've got
to! Jared could be your soulmate.

BROOKE

What if her "soulmate" is a serial
killer? Or a Scientologist? Or he
likes to get blowjobs from dogs?

KAYLIE

Then he's not her soulmate. Duh.
(typing in her Blackberry)
There's a flight at three!

WESLEY

I haven't been out of town in
forever. I kind of promised myself
my next trip would be with a guy.

KAYLIE

Well, it kind of will be. He just
won't know you're there.

WESLEY

Could be fun, right? A girls'
weekend?

Kaylie and Brooke exchange glances. Girls' weekend?

BROOKE

I'm signing divorce papers.

KAYLIE

I'm ovulating.

WESLEY

Are you kidding me?!

BROOKE

You don't need us there.

WESLEY

Yes I do. If you come, it's a
vacation. If you don't, it's an
act of pitiful desperation.

BROOKE

Semantics.

WESLEY

(turning from Brooke to
Kaylie and back)
I read your self-indulgent blog. I
flew to Cleveland for your wedding.
I looked at your labia with a
magnifying glass when you thought
you had herpes.

KAYLIE

You have herpes??

BROOKE

It was an ingrown hair. And emotional blackmail won't work.

WESLEY

You guys are the ones who sent the stupid email in the first place!

BROOKE

You wanted us to send it!

WESLEY

So what if I did? You're supposed to discourage that kind of behavior. But once again, your self-destructive friend had a disaster, and you glommed onto it like a couple of vultures! You were living vicariously through me, like always, because your lives are so boring! You're underminers! You have a vested interest in keeping me miserable! And I refuse to be your dancing monkey!

(a beat)

I'll pay for the tickets and the hotel.

Kaylie and Brooke look at each other, defeated.

EXT. PLANE - AFTERNOON

A PLANE bearing the AIR MEXICALI LOGO -- A GRINNING DONKEY WEARING A SOMBRERO -- ZOOMS across the sky.

EXT./INT. LAS PLAYAS RESORT - AFTERNOON

A large resort above a pristine beach, framed by palm trees. We're in a serene open air lobby with a colorful stone-tiled floor. STAFFERS in linen pass through an arched entry way.

Brooke and Kaylie stretch out on rattan armchairs. Brooke chugs a Margarita. Kaylie sips a disgusting-looking beverage out of a bottle. Wesley checks them in. Her Blackberry BUZZES WITH A TEXT: *"It's Jared. Texting from nurse's phone. Feeling better. Getting out Sun. eve maybe. Keep u posted."*

The genteel, somewhat officious hotel manager, QUINTANO, slides over some paperwork for Wesley to sign.

QUINTANO

We hope you'll enjoy your stay at Las Playas, Señora Robbins.

WESLEY

It's Señorita. I'm not married.

Quintano smiles coldly -- he doesn't like being corrected.

QUINTANO

Ramon will show you to your casita.

RAMON, the overeager bellman (portly, mustached, middle-aged), makes a move for Wesley's luggage. Wesley stops him.

WESLEY

Before we go up, could you tell me which casita Jared Grayson is in?

QUINTANO

(picking up the phone)
I'll be happy to connect you.

WESLEY

He's not there at the moment.

QUINTANO

In that case, I'll be happy to take a message for Señor Grayson.

WESLEY

I can slip a note under his door.

QUINTANO

It's our policy to protect hotel guests' room numbers.

WESLEY

Protect them from whom?

Quintano indicates a newspaper with the headline, "BANDITOS!"

QUINTANO

Hotel bandits.

WESLEY

Do I look like a hotel bandit? I'm a lawyer. An el abogado.

QUINTANO

I know what a lawyer is.

WESLEY

Not to brag, but I was number three in my class at UCLA.

QUINTANO

UCLA... isn't that a state school?

Ramon reaches for Wesley's bag again. She snatches it away, losing her grip on it. It bursts open.

Out spills a LEATHER BRA, SEX HARNESS and a ENORMOUS, FLESHY, VEINED DILDO with DISTURBINGLY REALISTIC TESTICLES.

Wesley's mortified. Brooke and Kaylie crack up at their joke.

BROOKE

I thought they'd get her at X-ray.

WESLEY

Nice. Now you can pay for your own minibar.

They laugh even harder. Wesley gathers sex toys. Brooke offers a sip of her drink to Kaylie, who shakes her head.

KAYLIE

I'm fine with my ova-cleanse.

BROOKE

Jesus, Kaylie. How long since you've eaten something *fun*?

KAYLIE

How long since *you've* eaten something fun, wink, wink?

BROOKE

I'm waiting for a specific guy.

KAYLIE

Tall, dark, handsome?

BROOKE

Ugly as shit.

KAYLIE

But... why?

BROOKE

I have to be careful. Rebound sex sets the tone for your entire post-divorce dating life. Screwing a hot guy will just make me feel anxious and depressed after. I need someone Shrek-like, who's incapable of rejecting me.

Kaylie notices ten ODD-LOOKING PEOPLE filing through the lobby and getting on a bus: AN ELDERLY MAN in a WHEELCHAIR. A GIRL in an EYE PATCH. A YOUNG MAN with a HUGE GOITER.

KAYLIE
How 'bout him?

BROOKE
Loving the goiter! But... wedding ring.

WESLEY
Who has a wedding ring?

BROOKE
If you were a dog, your ears would have just perked up.

Kaylie points out Goiter Guy. Wesley sighs.

WESLEY
Everyone really *is* married but me.

MAN (O.S.)
Wesley?

She turns. It's Huck, of the bad blind date. He's wearing a straw hat and shorts, sporting a suntan, and holding a beer.

HUCK
I thought that was you. This is an awkward coincidence, isn't it?

WESLEY
Huck. What the hell are you doing here?

HUCK
Mexico's a very popular destination for Southern California residents.

WESLEY
(asshole)
I know that. I mean, at this hotel.

HUCK
Hitting up Quintano for the employee rate.

QUINTANO
We were roommates. At Stanford.
(whispers to her)
I was number one in my class.

Quintano smirks triumphantly. Wesley ignores him.

HUCK
I've actually been meaning to call.
I feel bad about what happened that
night. ... Is this leather?

Huck bends down and picks up a leather bra. He hands it over
to Wesley, who reddens and snatches it away.

WESLEY
This isn't mine. It's this dumb
joke we've had forever.

HUCK
Hey, no judgment here.

WESLEY
Oh, now I'm not just a tragic
spinster, I'm a liar too?

HUCK
You're upset. I get it. Give me a
chance to explain.

WESLEY
Hmmm.... No.

HUCK
No?

WESLEY
I'm using my automatic out. Later.

INT. GIRLS' CASITA - MAGIC

Kaylie and Brooke stand at the window, looking at the pool/
hot tub area. They check out Huck, who pulls his shirt off.

BROOKE
Shirt's coming off.

KAYLIE
Hot! I like his puffy nipples. He
reminds me of Tom Hanks.

BROOKE
Would you stop with Tom Hanks
already? Loving Tom Hanks is like
loving beige.

Wesley sighs and plops down on the bed. Brooke glances over
and sees Wesley looking dejected. She elbows Kaylie to look.

KAYLIE
We really feel bad about the dildo.

BROOKE

It probably wasn't a great idea to draw attention to ourselves before we commit a felony. We're sorry.

WESLEY

What are we even doing here?
Jared's in the hospital, they're not going to tell us which room he's in, and even if they did...

KAYLIE

Let's call his cell phone!

WESLEY

Why?

KAYLIE

Because it's in his room! If we hear it ring, we'll know...

BROOKE

There's three hundred rooms here.

KAYLIE

It's worth a try, right?

Wesley dials Jared's number on her cell, listens. Nothing.

WESLEY

Do you hear anything?

BROOKE

Me neither.

KAYLIE

I do. Follow me.

EXT. LAS PLAYAS RESORT - NIGHT

The girls follow Kaylie through the resort's courtyard. They walk slowly past the rooms. Wesley redials when it goes to voice mail. They keep listening for the RING. Then... the faint sounds of the MISSION IMPOSSIBLE THEME SONG.

WESLEY

That's it! Mission Impossible!

BROOKE

I'll refrain from commenting on the gayosity of that ring tone.

EXT. JARED'S CASITAS - NIGHT

Inside this casita is the PHONE. The girls walk up to it ---
YES! Wesley turns to Kaylie.

WESLEY
How did you do that?

KAYLIE
I'm on these new fertility drugs.
They ramp up your senses. And they
make vinegar taste like chocolate!

BROOKE
So what does chocolate taste like?

KAYLIE
Albacore.

BROOKE
Cooked or sashimi?

WESLEY
Enough! What do we do now?

EXT. STONE PATHS - NIGHT

Tiki torches light the resort. It looks like a tropical
paradise. The girls pass by a cluster of casitas.

KAYLIE
We need a room service cart, and a
credit card to jimmy the lock.

BROOKE
Has someone been watching the
Murder, She Wrote marathons on USA?

WESLEY
Let's google it. If you can find
out how to build a bomb online, I'm
sure you can find this out too.

KAYLIE
Google "lock-jimmying methods."

BROOKE
Google "wacky television hijinks
not applicable to real life."

EXT. RESORT - CONTINUOUS

They pass a casita. Inside, the loud SOUNDS OF DONKEY SEX.
We see a couple's CONTORTED SHADOW through the curtains.

BROOKE

What. The. Fuck.

KAYLIE

They're in a position called "The Snowman." Men find it erotic because it splays the vulva.

BROOKE

Never say vulva *ever again*.

WESLEY

But you're okay with splays? And how you even know that, Kaylie?

KAYLIE

We've been peppering our love-making sessions with porn. Tad says it increases sperm motility!

BROOKE

Ah, the world-famous "watch a greasy dude pile-drive a tired old slut" fertility cure.

KAYLIE

You are very cynical, lady!

BROOKE

Hey, I approve. This way Tad can get all the strange pussy he needs in the comfort of his own home.

Wesley interrupts to stop the fight.

WESLEY

The sex with Jared was amazing.

KAYLIE

Really? He was an attentive lover?

WESLEY

Totally. He knew exactly what to do without me having to tell him. I couldn't even sleep after I was so (squealing gesture) wheeee! I had take three extra Ambien to knock myself out.

BROOKE

I hate Ambien. It makes me hallucinate.

WESLEY
Me too! What do you see?

BROOKE
Cloris Leachman fisting a clown.
You?

WESLEY
Same.

The sex sounds end. A RED-FACED MAN in a tiny towel walks out of the casita and onto the balcony. He closes the sliding door behind him, lights a cigarette, then sees the girls.

They APPLAUD. Embarrassed, he tries to re-open the sliding door, then realizes it's locked. He knocks, urgently. Hmmm.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
What if I pretended to be locked out of Jared's room? Like I was putting a room service tray outside and the door shut behind me? Maybe they'd feel bad and let me in.

BROOKE
Maybe. If you were pathetic enough.

WESLEY
Define *enough*.

INT. JARED'S CASITAS, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Wesley wears a small towel wrapped around herself, barely covering anything. Kaylie and Brooke study her.

KAYLIE
I think a different towel.

Kaylie rummages in her beach bag and pulls out a TINY TOWEL.

WESLEY
That's a wash cloth! It won't even cover my ass.

BROOKE
Exactly.

Wesley reluctantly trades.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I'm getting drunk and Kaylie's calling Tad. Meet here at ten.

Brooke trades Wesley her clothes and phone for a room service tray, then prods her through the door, to the hallway.

KAYLIE
Have fun with it!

BROOKE
Lots of energy!

SLAM! They shut the door. Wesley backs up against a wall, practicing "help, I'm locked out of my room" poses.

A YOUNG COUPLE enters the hallway, quietly carrying their SLEEPING BABY into the room.

Wesley watches them wistfully, comparing their life to hers.

WESLEY
In love with a baby. Half-naked,
breaking into my not-even-
boyfriend's hotel room. Ugh.

INT. HOTEL GIFT SHOP - NIGHT

Kaylie talks on the cell phone to Tad while browsing.

She notices the DEFORMED PEOPLE she saw earlier entering the lobby.... Only now they're not so deformed. Wheelchair lady's walking. Goiter Guy's neck looks normal.

INT. BLUE PARROT BEACH BAR - SAME

Brooke drinks a Margarita at the bar. A HOT GUY approaches.

HOT GUY
Hey, I'm Bill.

She checks him out -- tall, dark, handsome. Unacceptable.

BROOKE
No.

HOT GUY
No what?

BROOKE
I'm using something called an
"automatic out." It's a new way of
rejecting people efficiently.

INT. OUTSIDE JARED'S CASITA - NIGHT

Wesley's fallen asleep outside the door.

BELLMAN (O.S.)
Señora?

Wesley whips around to find a BELLMAN standing there.

WESLEY

I was putting the room service tray
out and the door slammed shut.

BELLMAN

Si Señora. Let me call a manager.

He takes out his walkie-talkie. Wesley panics.

WESLEY

I'm in a towel.

BELLMAN

It will just be a moment.

WESLEY

This is ridiculous!

BELLMAN

It is standard procedure, Señora.

WESLEY

Fuck *Señora* already! Do you see a
ring on my finger?! I'm one shit
date away from freezing my eggs.
I've dated every loser in the
Pacific Times Zone. I've probably
dated you! Open the fucking door!

A beat. The doorman opens the door to Jared's room for her.
Wesley composes herself and backs into the room.

INT. JARED'S CASITA - NIGHT

Male-ish stuff everywhere. JEANS draped over a chair. An
open LAPTOP COMPUTER on the table. Wesley sits on the couch,
marinating in Jared-ness. Stands and walks over to the
laptop. She plugs it in and waits for it to boot up.

She notices an open bathroom door, walks inside. She turns
on the light, sees a scale. Instinctively gets on.

She frowns, unhappy with what she sees - 125.2 POUNDS.

She takes off her earrings. Looks again. Still 125.2
POUNDS.

She sets her towel down on the sink. Gets on the scale one
last time. The number goes up to 125.4 POUNDS.

WESLEY

What the hell?

Just then, a MALE HAND REACHES INTO FRAME and lightly touches Wesley's ass. She swats at it, thinking it's a mosquito, then sees it out of the corner of her eye and SCREAMS!!!!

Wesley WHIRLS AROUND to find NOLAN, 14, in the bathroom, wearing only his underwear. He sports a huge boner and a guilty expression on his face.

NOLAN

Hi.

Wesley covers herself up with a towel and grabs a razor. She waves it in the air. Nolan backs away.

WESLEY

Who are you? Why are you in here?

NOLAN

This is my room.

WESLEY

This is my boyfriend's room! I mean, he's not technically a "boyfriend," but we're on our way!

Just then... the Mission Impossible ring tone. Wesley looks up -- the sound is coming from the casita above. Oh oh.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Shit! I'm so sorry --- they must have given me the wrong room key --

NOLAN

... but you're naked.

Wesley BOLTS out of the room, into--

INT. OUTSIDE JARED'S CASITA - CONTINUOUS

The door SLAMS behind her, shutting her little towel inside the door. Wesley, now completely naked, panics. She pulls at the towel, trying to dislodge it.

WESLEY

FUCK!!!!

Nolan's mom, DEBBIE, 38, opens her door.

DEBBIE

Could you quiet-- Hey! What were you doing in Nolan's room???!!!

INT. JARED'S CASITAS, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Wesley tears down the stairwell, naked. Debbie chases her.

DEBBIE
Stop! Cougar!

Wesley gasps, totally offended.

EXT. JARED'S CASITAS - CONTINUOUS

Wesley pokes her head out, then sees a lounge chair. She grabs a cushion off the chair and wraps it awkwardly around herself. She takes off.

Debbie runs out after her, furious.

EXT. STONE PATHS - NIGHT

Wesley sneaks down the path, past COUPLES HOLDING HANDS and strolling. She looks behind her -- she's lost Debbie.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Wesley, still covered by the chaise cushion, drives a golf cart across the course. A COUPLE MAKING OUT on the ninth hole WHOOP as she goes by. Startled, she makes a sharp left and loses the cushion.

EXT. INFINITY POOL - NIGHT

Wesley covers herself awkwardly with a golf bag from the back of the cart. She notices a palm tree in front of the pool. She rips a large leaf off of the tree and uses it instead.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

REVELERS party around a BONFIRE. Wesley blends with the palm trees on the beach. She looks up at the bar, which sits high above the beach, set on a rocky crag. SHE SPOTS KAYLIE AND BROOKE inside and waves. They don't notice.

HUCK (O.S.)
Wesley? You okay?

She turns, wraps the palm leaf around herself protectively.

WESLEY
Why can't I get rid of you? You're
like a staph infection!

She starts scaling the rocky crag, still in her palm leaf.

INT. BLUE PARROR BAR - NIGHT

Kaylie shows Brooke an internet printout about "Jose De Deus," a beatific man in long white robes.

BROOKE

A faith healer? Are you retarded?

KAYLIE

You don't get it! The goiter was just... gone. If he can do that, can't he get me pregnant?

BROOKE

Sure if by "faith healing" you mean blowing a load in your side-smile.

Kaylie makes a face. In the distance, a familiar SCREAM. Behind them, WESLEY FALLS BACKWARDS INTO THE OCEAN.

INT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Wesley SURFACES, sputtering and choking out water.

The bonfire revelers RUSH OVER TO HELP, as does Huck.

HUCK

Wesley, give me your hand.

WESLEY

Not a fucking chance.

Huck takes off his shirt and throws it to her. It lands in the water and washes away. Debbie approaches, Nolan in tow.

DEBBIE

Nolan, tell her.

NOLAN

I can't keep seeing you.

WESLEY

We're not *seeing* each other! And for the record? You have to be in your forties to be a cougar!

DEBBIE

No, you just have to be an older woman who thinks the fuzzy scrotum of a fourteen year old is erotic! And if I see you near Nolan again, I will cut your face!

EXT. STONE PATHS - LATER

Ramon drives Kaylie, Brooke and a shivering Wesley to their room. They hop out, head inside. Ramon calls after Wesley.

RAMON
Señora, you left your sweater.

WESLEY
(automatically now)
I'm not married.

RAMON
Señora does not just mean married.
It also means "woman of a certain
age."

Wesley breaks into heaving, unexpected sobs. Ramon hugs her.

EXT. CASITA BALCONY - NEXT MORNING

A TROPICAL BIRD perches on a tree, SQUAWKING. Wesley sits, drinking black coffee and willing the bird to die. She reads a newspaper. The headline reads: *BANDITOS ROBAR OTRA VEZ*. Brooke and Kaylie open the door, and walk on the patio.

KAYLIE
Good morning, sunshine! We were
wondering when you'd wake up.

WESLEY
That bird needs to be fried in a
pan of shut the fuck up.

BROOKE
Someone's not getting in the
vacation spirit.

WESLEY
Someone flashed forty hotel guests
after six days of emotional eating.

The bird SQUAWKS louder. Wesley SHAKES HER FORK, wildly.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Die!

The bird flies away. Wesley slumps in her chair.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
What the hell have I become? I'm
stalking Jared! It's pathetic.

KAYLIE

Love takes work, Wes. Sometimes that work involves behavior that would look creepy from a distance, but is, in fact, totally necessary.

BROOKE

Let's take the morning off and do something that doesn't require any brainpower. People get their best ideas when they're concentrating on something mechanical and mindless.

KAYLIE

Like washing dishes or giving head.

WESLEY

If that were true, I'd have invented the iPod in high school.

EXT. INFINITY POOL - DAY

Wesley, Kaylie and CHILDREN play in the pool. Brooke guzzles a Daiquiri at the swim-up bar and looks on with disgust.

Suddenly, a LOOMING SHADOW blocks Wesley's sun. She turns -- Quintano stands over her.

QUINTANO

I see you've recovered from last night's hijinks?

WESLEY

You heard?

QUINTANO

There were a few complaints.

WESLEY

Any requests for my phone number?

QUINTANO

It would be best if you stepped out of the pool.

WESLEY

What? Why?

Quintano gestures to Debbie, rubbing sunblock onto Nolan.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Nothing happened with her kid!

QUINTANO

You say tomato, she says statutory
rape.

An annoyed Wesley gets out of the pool and towels off. Huck
appears, clad in a wetsuit. He smiles at Wesley.

HUCK

Morning.

WESLEY

Oh you think because you've seen me
naked we're friends?

HUCK

Kind of. So can we--

WESLEY

No.

HUCK

Maybe later then.

(to Quintano)

I forgot my snorkel and I don't
have a key. You got a master?

Quintano takes a keychain off his neck and hands it to him.
Huck walks off. Wesley watches him go, having a brainstorm.

WESLEY

Funny, we were thinking of going
scuba diving too.

QUINTANO

Our boat is full.

WESLEY

Oh, too bad. I guess I'll just
stay here and molest small boys.

She smiles disarmingly. Quintano thinks about it.

QUINTANO

Have you been on many dives?

WESLEY

Define "many."

QUINTANO

I ask because it's an advanced
group. I'll be taking everyone to
one hundred feet.

WESLEY

Don't you work the front desk?

QUINTANO

I am, as you might say, a Jacinto
of All Trades.

WESLEY

Well, I'm quite comfortable in the
ocean. I'm, like, half-carp.

QUINTANO

The carp is a fresh-water fish.

WESLEY

And the currency of Sri Lanka is a
rupee.

QUINTANO

Excuse me?

WESLEY

Sorry, I thought we were making
annoying and irrelevant statements.

QUINTANO

Ha. We leave in ten minutes.

Quintano walks off. Wesley walks over to Kaylie and Brooke.

WESLEY

Didn't you guys learn to scuba on
that Australia trip?

BROOKE

Yeah... why?

WESLEY

Quintano has a master key. We can
snag it on the dive, so I can use
it to get into Jared's room.

KAYLIE

But you don't know how to dive.

WESLEY

I don't have to know -- I'll just
fake a stomach ache and lay out
while you guys do your thing.

BROOKE

I don't know if I'm comfortable
being on a boat with you.

(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)
 I still remember your panic attack
 on the Senior Cruise. "The ocean
 is scary! The ocean is too blue
 and too unstable!"

WESLEY
 Clearly I've matured since then.

EXT. DIVE BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Wesley SCREAMS, terrified, and latches onto Kaylie's arm. We
 pull back and realize its all smooth sailing. Brooke sighs.

EXT. DIVE BOAT - LATER

DIVERS put on WET SUITS, SCUBA MASKS, and FINS.

Wesley's Blackberry BUZZES. She reads it. *TEXT: "Jared
 again. May be leaving Sun. am now. Stay tuned."*

Wesley's anxiety grows. Huck approaches. She ignores him,
 and tries to spy on Quintano.

HUCK
 Hey.

WESLEY
 You're relentless. Fine. Explain.

HUCK
 I was overwhelmed, I thought you
 were coming on strong, and I'm not
 in that head-space. That said, I'm
 sure I overreacted. I've had this
 bad situation with my love life--

Wesley sees that Quintano isn't stashing his key at all --
 he's transferring it to a chain around his neck. Oh oh.

WESLEY
 Why are men such pussies? Get.
 Over. It.

Wesley walks to where Kaylie and Brooke perform an expert
 buddy check on each other's weight belts, releases and air.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
 Quintano's wearing the key around
 his neck. What do we do now?

KAYLIE
 Wait til he's distracted by a
 school of jackfish and cut it off.

Kaylie pulls a small knife out of her dive console and demonstrates.

BROOKE

How do you know what a jackfish is?

Kaylie points to a T-shirt on another diver. It says, "You don't know jackfish til you dive in Mexico!"

Quintano approaches, now wearing a miniscule Speedo and zinc oxide smeared all over his face. He leers at Brooke.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Nice marble bag.

QUINTANO

Nice turn of phrase.

He smiles lustily, then holds up his tube of zinc.

QUINTANO (CONT'D)

May I zinc your face?

BROOKE

That's a new one, but no.
Unless... you have some sort of fun
deformity? Club foot, cystic acne,
even a twitch?

QUINTANO

A touch of rheumatoid arthritis?

Brooke shakes her head no. Quintano shrugs, turns to Wesley.

QUINTANO (CONT'D)

Why aren't you in your wetsuit?

WESLEY

I'm not feeling great, I'll chill
up here. Maybe snorkel with Carlos.

CARLOS, the smarmy molesting boat captain, winks at her, then pantomimes having sex. Wesley gives him a dirty look.

QUINTANO

Toby needs a scuba buddy.

WESLEY

I'm menstruating.

QUINTANO

Toby has stage three liver cancer.
He wins.

TOBY, 80s, elderly and gray and helpless, hobbles over.

TOBY

Is this my scuba pal? I sure hope so. I've been dreaming about seeing some sting rays.

QUINTANO

This will probably be the last vacation Toby ever takes.

INT. DIVE BOAT - LATER

Kaylie and Brooke wedge a terrified Wesley into her too-small wetsuit. They demonstrate all the equipment and zip her up.

BROOKE

Equalize every six to twelve feet.

KAYLIE

Keep breathing while you're cleaning your regulator.

WESLEY

...there's so much to remember.

BROOKE

This really isn't that hard. Stupid people do it every day.

KAYLIE

And shark attacks are much rarer than you realize, if that's what you're worried about.

WESLEY

I wasn't! Until now!

Brooke shakes her head. Kaylie tries to fix the situation.

KAYLIE

Oh come on. Would we let you get in there if there were sharks? Do you know how hard it would be to find a husband with a missing limb?

Brooke smacks Kaylie on the back of the head.

BROOKE

Stop! Talking!

Toby hobbles up to Wesley.

TOBY
How's it going, friend? Thanks for
doing an old man one last favor.

The boat stops. Toby falls into Wesley's arms.

BROOKE
Fear is your enemy in the water,
Wesley. Pull it together.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Wesley and Toby hold hands and jump in. She panics.

WESLEY
I CAN'T BREATHE!!!!!!!

She notices that she's forgotten to put her regulator in her mouth. Sneaks it in before anyone notices her freak-out.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - LATER

The group, led by Quintano, swims toward a shipwrecked Spanish galleon, an enormous, coral-crusted ship now fused to the ocean floor.

Exotic fish weave in and out of the ship. Toby zips through the ocean, showing off his expert scuba maneuvers.

He gestures at his watch, irritated, then motions for Wesley to move faster and follow him inside the boat.

She shakes her head no. He swims off, furious.

Kaylie and Brooke approach. Kaylie gets out her dive knife. Brooke gestures toward Huck, telling Wesley to distract him.

Wesley swims over to Huck, who is watching eagle rays. He makes a gesture to her, which she recognizes as sign language. She signs back, surprised. We see subtitles:

HUCK
You know ASL?

WESLEY
*Took it to fulfill a language
requirement in college. You?*

HUCK
My first girlfriend was deaf.

WESLEY
*Is she the one who broke your
spirit?*

HUCK

Nah. I was just using her for the parking spots.

Wesley laughs, despite herself. Behind them, Kaylie and Brooke swim over to Quintano. Kaylie points out stingrays and makes exaggerated "Isn't this so exciting??" faces.

Brooke sneaks up behind Quintano, pulls out a dive knife, tries to fish the keychain out of the back of his wetsuit.

Meanwhile, Huck and Wesley continue to sign.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Why are you so chatty?

WESLEY

My scuba buddy abandoned me and I'm scared of being devoured by snakes.

HUCK

I see. Desperate times...

INT. SPANISH GALLEON - CONTINUOUS

Wesley follows Huck through the ship's many rooms. For a minute, she forgets why she's here and enjoys herself. She finds something cool, turns around to show it to Huck, and finds him FACE TO FACE WITH A WOLF EEL.

The wolf eel's mouth snaps, looking like it's about to bite Huck's hand off.

Wesley SCREAMS, though all we see are AIR BUBBLES COMING OUT OF HER MOUTH.

The wolf eel opens his mouth even further... then eats something off of Huck's dive knife.

Huck grabs Wesley's arm and stops her from swimming off. He demonstrates -- taking his dive knife and cutting a sea urchin in half, then hand feeding the wolf eel. Wesley watches, simultaneously freaked out and fascinated.

A few more wolf eels swim up to Huck and Wesley. Huck hands Wesley his knife and a sea urchin, and she manages to feed the wolf eel. She's excited -- it's all pretty cool.

They swim through the boat, coming out the other side, where Toby is feeding some MORAY EELS. He, however, is feeding them not sea urchins, but HOT DOGS. Huck frowns.

HUCK

What a douche. I'll be right back.

WESLEY

No! He has cancer!

Toby throws more hot dogs at the eels, who attack them with gusto. Wesley waves to Toby, attracting the attention of the moray eels.

MORAY EELS' POV: Wesley's FINGERS... which look exactly like the hot dogs.

The eels approach. Huck grabs her arm, tries to get her to swim away. Wesley shakes him off her. He signs.

HUCK

They're going to eat your fingers.

Wesley's eyes open wide. She panics -- ALL THE EELS ARE CONVERGING ON HER!

She swims away as fast as she can, back through the ship. Huck follows her. Wesley ascends, way too quickly. Huck tries to stop her, but she shakes him off.

She swims past Kaylie and Quintano, who check out fishlife, and past Brooke, who holds up the master key, triumphant.

Wesley is in too much of a panic to notice. Brooke shakes the key at her, trying to get her attention.

CHOMP! A moray eel, still hot on Wesley's blood trail, mistakes the key for food and snatches it in it's mouth.

EXT. DIVE BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Wesley surfaces, breathing heavily, and climbs on the boat. She unzips her wetsuit, not noticing that her bikini top's come off in the process. Carlos, the pervy driver, winks. She smiles weakly, then throws up all over his legs.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Debbie lays out. Nolan floats on a boogie board staring at girls. The dive boat reaches shore. Everyone walks off.

HUCK

That was stupid, going up so fast.
You could have gotten the bends.

QUINTANO

She still might have them.
Sometimes people don't develop
symptoms until a few days later.

Quintano seems way too pleased to be saying this. Wesley hops off the boat, starts walking away from the ocean.

WESLEY

I'm totally fine. I don't know why everyone's making such a big deal.

Suddenly, her eyes roll back into her head. THUMP! She passes out on the sand.

Everyone gathers around Wesley, trying to wake her up. Quintano SMACKS her a little too hard. Nolan runs over.

NOLAN

Stand back, everyone! I learned CPR at sleepaway camp!

BROOKE

I don't think that's necessary--

Nolan gives Wesley mouth to mouth. Debbie sees what appears to be Nolan and Wesley making out. She SCREAMS! Wesley opens her eyes, sees Nolan on top of her. She pushes him off.

NOLAN

Hey! I'm saving your life!

WESLEY

I'm not dying, you little perv!
I'm just a little woozy...

CRACK! As Debbie's fist connects with Wesley's face. Wesley lands in the sand, again. She moans. Nolan freaks out.

NOLAN

Fucking A, Mom! Why are you always all up in my shit?!

DEBBIE

Nolan Ryan Phillipe! Watch your mouth!

Nolan shoves past her. Debbie loses her footing, twisting her ankle in the sand. She falls, landing with a CRUNCH!

INT. RESORT INFIRMARY - DAY

Wesley and Debbie lay on side-by-side cots, each with an ice pack, Wesley's on her head, Debbie's on her foot. Awkward...

DEBBIE

I'm sorry.

WESLEY

For punching me? Or calling me a pedophile?

DEBBIE

Nolan is my baby, okay? I'm not ready to see him kissing a woman.

WESLEY

He wasn't kissing me. And if you don't leave that kid alone, he's gonna spend the rest of his life playing out all that pent up anger on a series of psycho girlfriends who remind him of his mother.

DEBBIE

You in therapy too?

WESLEY

Like you wouldn't believe.

DEBBIE

I know I'm nuts. Trust me. It's what drove my husband away. Started with me telling him he can't play golf on Sundays... And ended with him and his stripper girlfriend robbing my mom's house to subsidize their OxyContin habit.

WESLEY

Oh, Debbie. It sounds like he had his own problems.

DEBBIE

You seem nice. I guess if Nolan has to be with someone...

WESLEY

Do you want to know why I was in your son's room? I was trying to break into the room below his, where a guy I've been on six dates with is staying so I could erase a raving-kook email I sent him when I thought he was blowing me off. Oh, and I flew here to do it.

DEBBIE

Wow! You're a real wackjob.

WESLEY

I'm aware, thanks. And don't you feel better about yourself now?

DEBBIE

Kinda. Yeah.

Debbie gestures at Wesley's black eye.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

How can I make all this up to you?

WESLEY

Did your husband ever give you any tips on breaking and entering?

INT. INFINITY POOL - DAY

Bill, the man earlier rejected by Brooke, drinks a Daiquiri at the swim up bar. Goiter Guy, now all handsome and goiterless, swims up next to him. Smiles lasciviously.

GOITER GUY

Hi there.

BILL

(freaked out)

No! No! Automatic out!

Goiter Guy swims off, hurt. Nearby, Kaylie and Brooke talk to Elderly Man Formerly In A Wheelchair.

MAN FORMERLY IN A WHEELCHAIR

And then, Jose De Deus's physical body was entered by the spirit of a fifteenth century Spanish nobleman. He lay his hands upon my legs and softly said, sadness be gone. Moments later, I walked for the first time in fifteen years.

KAYLIE

Amazing!

BROOKE

Amazing that anyone believes this kaka.

KAYLIE

Sir, can your bus take us to Jose De Deus's woodside palapa?

MAN FORMERLY IN A WHEELCHAIR
No, we're traveling on to Chiapas,
to see the Virgin Mary. Her face
has appeared in a tortilla.

BROOKE
Wowzers. I hope no one eats her.

INT. NOLAN'S ROOM/EXT. NOLAN'S BALCONY - DAY

Debbie and Wesley sit on the floor, tying several pairs of
Nolan's jeans together, and creating a makeshift rope. We
notice Wesley absentmindedly rubbing her arm.

DEBBIE
So if Jared knew what you were
doing here, he'd flip out?

WESLEY
Definitely. He's not big on
deviant behavior.

DEBBIE
But when you're with him, do you
feel safe? Like are you
comfortable being exactly who you
are?

WESLEY
Of course not. I'm a festering
mound of insecurity and turmoil.

Debbie grabs the "rope." They walk onto the balcony.

DEBBIE
But don't you want to find someone
who loves all of you? Even the bad.

WESLEY
I'd rather find someone who makes
the bad go away.

DEBBIE
(yearning)
Like Clay Aiken.

WESLEY
No, not like Clay Aiken.

Debbie looks wounded, so Wesley relents.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Like Nate. On Oprah.

DEBBIE

Nate's gay.

WESLEY

And Clay is... never mind.

Debbie looks around -- coast clear -- then dangles one end of the jean rope off of the balcony. She turns to Wesley.

DEBBIE

And you're not starting to feel at all... pathetic?

WESLEY

Well, of course. But the thing is, if Jared and I end up together, this whole part of my life will be over and I'll never have to worry about this stuff again. Think of me as one of those movie cops who's three days away from retirement and has to finish one last job.

DEBBIE

Be careful. This is how restraining orders are born. Trust me, I know.

Wesley hoists herself over the balcony wall. She climbs down the jean-rope, lowering herself one flight down.

Wesley tries to SWING onto Jared's balcony. Debbie's hold on the rope LOOSENS. Wesley SLAMS into Jared's balcony wall.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Sorry! This is hard!

Debbie pulls the rope and Wesley up a bit. Wesley swings wildly, then CRASH LANDS ON JARED'S BALCONY with a THUD.

EXT. JARED'S BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Debbie quickly pulls up the jean rope and hurries back in.

Wesley tries to open the sliding glass doors. Locked. She notices a SMALL SPACE WHERE THE DOORS MEET. Looks around for something to WEDGE THE DOORS APART. Nothing.

HUCK (O.S.)

Wesley?

Wesley looks over the balcony. Three stories down is Huck. Of course.

HUCK (CONT'D)
How's the eye?

WESLEY
Could you get me a knife?

HUCK
What?

WESLEY
A knife! I'm locked out of my room
and I need to wedge my way in!

HUCK
I'll get a manager!

WESLEY
No! They already think I'm crazy!

HUCK
Who cares? You're paying them.

WESLEY
HUCK!

HUCK
Okay, okay. I'll be back soon.

He leaves. Wesley gets an idea. Tries to lift either door off its tracks. Doesn't work. She attempts to FORCE THE HANDLES DOWN. She gets a tiny bit of leverage but not enough.

She picks up an URN, tries to BREAK THE LOCK WITH IT. Nope. Frustrated, she DROPS THE URN. It lands on her TOE.

SHE YELPS. The PERSON IN THE CASITA TO THE RIGHT comes out on their balcony, having heard the noise. Wesley DROPS TO THE GROUND, not breathing. Her casita neighbor goes back in.

DOWN BELOW, Huck returns with a steak knife. He looks at it, then back up at the balcony, not sure what to do.

WESLEY
(leaning over the balcony)
Throw it.

HUCK
I don't think that's safe.

WESLEY
Just do it! Hurry up!

Huck walks back, and aims the KNIFE AT WESLEY. It HURTLES TOWARD HER. She screams and ducks. IT HITS THE DOOR.

Wesley picks it up and uses it to pry open the doors. She leans over the balcony and waves at Huck with the knife.

Huck waves back, confused but strangely charmed by her.

INT. JARED'S (REAL) CASITA, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The laptop sit open on the coffee table. Wesley walks over to it, sits down. Jared's email program is open.

She SCROLLS THROUGH THE EMAILS AND FINDS HER'S. Highlights it. Presses DELETE. And just like that... IT'S ALL OVER.

CREAK! The door to the room opens. It's a MAID, HERE TO TURN DOWN THE BED.

Wesley RUNS INTO THE CLOSET. Hides among Jared's suits. Suddenly, the noise of someone APPROACHING THE CLOSET.

The maid opens the closet, throws something in, and closes it, without seeing Wesley. LEAVES JARED'S CASITA.

Oh oh. Wesley realizes that the closet doesn't have a doorknob on the inside. She's trapped! Wesley BANGS AND PUSHES ON THE CLOSET DOOR, having a full-on MELTDOWN.

CREAK! The maid re-enters, opens the closet door and grabs a handful of hangers. Wesley wedges her shirt-sleeve into the crack of the door, keeping it open. The maid leaves.

Wesley exhales, exits the closet, goes back over to the computer, intending to close it. Something on the screen catches her eye. Saved email folders: "CONSTRUCTION." "DAD'S SURGERY." Then... the motherlode: "PERSONAL."

She stares at the screen, knowing she shouldn't snoop. Closes the computer with an emphatic thump.

As Wesley walks toward the door, she notices an extra key to the room. She snags it, then walks out.

A beat. Then... Wesley walks back in and grabs the computer.

INT. SPA - DAY

Quintano and Huck, both wearing fluffy bathrobes, are in the waiting area, sitting in cozy spa chairs. They read US Weekly and drink cucumber water.

HUCK

I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

QUINTANO
Relax. It's a *Sportsman's* facial.

HUCK
A sportsmen's facial? Like Tom
Brady teabagging Peyton Manning?

Quintano rolls his eyes and flips a page in his magazine.
Huck hits a button on his chair, which elevates his legs.

HUCK (CONT'D)
Hey, so how about Wesley all nuded-
up the other night?

QUINTANO
That one's... intense.

HUCK
She's got a rocket body on her
though, right?

QUINTANO
Don't do it.

HUCK
Don't do what?

QUINTANO
First one back should be easy.
Uncomplicated. Señora's ready to
snap.

HUCK
Señorita. Look, easy's boring.
And it's my vacation. Sitting
around, commando in a robe,
drinking cucumber juice isn't what
I came to Mexico for.

EXT. BLUE PARROT BEACH BAR - LATER

Wesley sits at a table, an iced tea in hand, Jared's computer
open in front of her. Brooke and Kaylie approach.

KAYLIE
Nice work, little felon! I never
stopped believing in you.

BROOKE
Are you reading Jared's stuff?

WESLEY
I don't know what happened to me.
It was this involuntary reflex.
(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Like how Martha Stewart flinches
when black people touch her.

KAYLIE
Any crazy ex emails? Or naked
pictures?

WESLEY
Ew, no. He's not like that.

BROOKE
Not like that? Get back to earth.
Men use the internet for two
things: stocks and porn.

WESLEY
Jared doesn't follow the market...

They share a look. Wesley opens the computer as her phone
RINGS. She looks at CALLER ID -- BLOCKED CALL. Answers.

JARED (OVER PHONE)
Me again.

WESLEY
Jared? Hi! How are you?

Wesley slams the computer shut, as if Jared can see her.

JARED
Great! The doctors said they've
never seen bones heal this fast.

WESLEY
You're a model patient! Not that
I'm surprised.

Wesley hears a BUZZING SOUND over the phone.

JARED
Sorry about the buzzsaw. They're
giving me new casts for the flight.

WESLEY
Tomorrow morning, right?

JARED
Nope! Got moved up again. Could
you pick me up from LAX at 5:30?

WESLEY
5:30 as in four hours from now?!

JARED

Seven hours. Unless you're on Mexico time for some reason.

WESLEY

(babbling)

Yeah, wouldn't that be funny, if I came to Mexico to surprise you?

JARED

It would be scary. Hold a second.

(off-screen)

No, Las Playas, not Las Ropas.

(back to Wesley)

Sorry. That was Pilar.

WESLEY

Who's Pilar?

JARED

My nurse. Really sweet girl. She volunteered to go to the hotel and pick up my stuff and she's lost.

WESLEY

(says it to the room)

She's going to your hotel? Right now? As in... right now?

The girls all panic.

JARED

Yeah. Why?

WESLEY

No reason. So, I'd love to pick you up at the airport.

(FUCK!!!)

In Los Angeles. In seven hours. I'm flattered you asked.

JARED

Us Air 5411. I'm wheels up at four. And Wes?

WESLEY

Yeah?

JARED

Wear something easily removable.

Wesley smiles to herself and hangs up the phone.

WESLEY

Oh god.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY

Wesley runs, propelled by the sheer force of her own anxiety, a cell phone to her ear. Kaylie and Brooke follow her.

WESLEY

There's only one seat left.

KAYLIE

Buy it! Go! We'll make our own way home.

BROOKE

You can't get on that plane.

WESLEY

Why not?

BROOKE

You're supposed to wait twenty four hours after you dive to fly. And look, you're rubbing your arm. That's a sign something's up.

WESLEY

No, it's a sign I was punched and fell down.

BROOKE

Okay! Enjoy paralysis.

INT. OUTSIDE JARED'S (REAL) CASITA - DAY

Wesley, Kaylie and Brooke sprint down the hallway.

WESLEY

Look, he asked me to pick him up! Don't you know what that says?

BROOKE

He's too cheap to pay for a cab?

WESLEY

He's comfortable letting me see him in a vulnerable state. He's a wounded bird, and he needs someone to fix his broken wing. And he chose me. That means...

Wesley slides the key in the lock. It OPENS.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
I am his girlfriend.

INT. JARED'S (REAL) CASITA - DAY

They enter to find TOBY EXITING THE BEDROOM, carrying Jared's watch, passport and bags of clothes. Wesley GASPS.

WESLEY
Toby? What are you doing in here?

TOBY
What are you doing in here?

WESLEY
Nothing!

TOBY
Good. Well, I'll be on my way.

Wesley nods, shell-shocked. Toby turns to go.

BROOKE
Wesley! He's the Hotel Bandito!

KAYLIE
As my idol Fran Drescher would say,
Cancer Shmancer!

Toby makes a run for the window. Brooke and Kaylie jump on him. Toby hits Brooke with his bag, shakes Kaylie off his back. Wesley leaps to action, SMACKING Toby on the head with the laptop computer. He goes down. The girls SCREAM.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Two fashion-forward Federales with heavily shellacked hair, EMILIO and RAUL, interrogate Wesley, Kaylie and Brooke.

EMILIO
Señor Toby claims you, not he, are the hotel banditos. He says he entered the room because he heard the noise of a kitten in distress.

BROOKE
This is complete horseshit.

RAUL
The hotel manager, Quintano Roos, claims that you inquired as to the location of Señor Grayson's room when you checked in. Now you come across a robbery in that very room?

KAYLIE

What a funny co-inkey-dink!

EMILIO

Perhaps Señor Grayson will be able to shed some light on this matter.

WESLEY

Don't call him! I'll explain everything. Okay, have you ever heard the term "biological clock"--

Brooke KICKS Wesley under the table. A KNOCK on the door. Raul opens it. Huck stands outside, holding a beach bag.

HUCK

Hola -- these girls dropped a bag full of tight-fitting Guess jeans and irregular Polo shirts on the way into the station.

EXT. POLICE STATION, PRESS CONFERENCE - AFTERNOON

FLASH! A PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures of the girls shaking hands with Emilio and Raul, who are wearing their new outfits - CROTCH-HUGGING JEANS AND DOUBLED POLOS WITH THE COLLARS UP.

Raul hands Wesley a CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION for capturing the hotel bandito. A LARGE CROWD, including Huck, claps. Brooke and Kaylie speak sotto to Wesley.

KAYLIE

I think Huck likes you.

WESLEY

He just feels like a jerk. Rightly, I might add.

BROOKE

Try not to fuck him right away.

The press conference ends. Huck walks up to Wesley.

HUCK

And the wheels of justice keep turning...

WESLEY

Hey. Thank you. How did you even know how to do that?

HUCK

My ex and I did a month-long road-trip around Mexico one year.

(MORE)

HUCK (CONT'D)
Clothing bribes were a good way to
get past the military roadblocks,
so I figured I'd try.

WESLEY
That was really nice of you. So...

HUCK
You need a ride back to the hotel?

WESLEY
I'm going straight to the airport.
Flying home to see my boyfriend.

Wesley walks off. He follows. Kaylie and Brooke hang back.

HUCK
Boyfriend? Wow. You work quickly.

WESLEY
That's what happens when you give
someone more than ten seconds at a
dinner table. You let the magic in.

She immediately regrets saying something so stupid.

HUCK
Well, good for you. Glad it all
worked out. Magic, huh?

WESLEY
It's a Mexican expression. *Se te
pasaron las copas, Señorita.*

HUCK
That means, "Lady, you're drunk."

WESLEY
Semantics.

HUCK
Let me take you to the airport.
This looks like a real clusterfuck.

He gestures to the cab stand, which they've reached. The
tourists are so fat that they can only fit two per cab. And
they move slowly. Wesley notices an oncoming bus.

WESLEY
I'll just take the bus.

The bus slows down to a stop. It is full of LIVESTOCK.

HUCK
Goats carry encephalitis, Norwalk
virus, Lyme disease.

Wesley ignores him. A WOMAN boards with a basket of CHICKENS.

HUCK (CONT'D)
And chickens? Forget it. E. coli,
salmonella...

WESLEY
Okay, okay. I get it. We'll take
the ride.

Wesley looks around - Kaylie and Brooke duck down a side
street, waving and laughing. Huck waves back. Wesley sighs.

INT. HUCK'S RENTED JEEP - AFTERNOON

Huck drives. Wesley scratches her legs, checks her watch.

HUCK
Are you sure you should be flying?

WESLEY
Oh god, you too? I'm fine.

HUCK
Really? Because itching is one of
the first signs of decompression
sickness. Or scabies.

WESLEY
Do you always drive this slowly?
No wonder it took you and your ex a
month to make it around Mexico.

HUCK
I'm not sure you get the point of a
road trip.

WESLEY
They invented airplanes for a
reason. And don't tell me I'm
missing out on the world's biggest
ball of twine.

HUCK
It's actually amazing. Check it
out next time you're in Darwin,
Minnesota.

Wesley rolls her eyes. Loser. She starts to rub her legs.

HUCK (CONT'D)
You're getting the bends, Wesley.
You need to go to one of those
hyperbaric chambers. Your
boyfriend will understand.

WESLEY
Trust me, he won't.

HUCK
Look, he knows you, he'll know how
much you want to be there.

WESLEY
It's complicated, okay?

Wesley rubs harder. Huck exits the highway.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Hey! What are you doing?

HUCK
I can't take you to the airport.
It's not right.

WESLEY
It's none of your business!

HUCK
Someone has to take care of you.

WESLEY
What is this, 1950? I can take
care of myself.

HUCK
Obviously not.

WESLEY
Turn the car around.

HUCK
No.

WESLEY
Do it!

HUCK
No.

WESLEY
Fine!

She grabs the wheel, TURNING IT ALL THE WAY AROUND. SCREECH!
The Jeep does a U-TURN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AND STOPS.

HUCK

What the hell are you doing?

CRASH!!! As an AMBULANCE SMASHES INTO THE FRONT RIGHT SIDE
OF THEIR CAR. They careen across the intersection.

EXT. INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

The rental car is drivable but smashed up; the ambulance has
a flat tire and a mangled bumper. A miraculously uninjured
Wesley and Huck climb out of the Jeep to inspect the damage.

WESLEY

-such a control freak fuckhead--

HUCK

Just relax.

WESLEY

The worst thing you can tell a
stressed-out person is to "relax!"

Wesley crosses her arms, in a huff. Two paramedics (who we
might recognize from page 15) appear alongside the Jeep,
surveying the damage. One touches the bruised fender.

PARAMEDIC 1

I got a cousin who can pound this
right out for you.

PARAMEDIC 2

Maybe throw on some chrome rims.

The guys examine the damage. Wesley digs through her wallet.

WESLEY

I have four hundred American
dollars. Will that cover the
damage to your vehicle?

HUCK

This is a rental. I have to wait
for the police.

PARAMEDIC 1

He is right, Señora. He will get
in big trouble if he leave now.

WESLEY

But I have to get to the airport.

A paramedic gestures to the unseen patient in the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC 1
Si, so does he. But it is not
gonna happen today.

WESLEY
You have a patient in there?

PARAMEDIC 2
Si, un Americano. Two broken legs.

PARAMEDIC 1
Better than three!

The paramedics cackle Cheech & Chong-style.

The ambulance's back doors open. Pilar wheels out a gurney --
ON WHICH IS JARED - casts on both legs and arms.

Wesley's eyes might as well fall out of their sockets.

PILAR
Here you go, Señor Grayson, you no
claustrophobic no more.

Pilar flips her lustrous hair to the side, helping him up.
She touches him a little too intimately for Wesley's taste.

JARED
Gracias, Pilar. Can you unstrap
me? Might as well try out my new
best friends.

He indicates the crutches. Pilar lets out a sexy, throaty
laugh and unstraps Jared. He attempts to balance.

Wesley runs to the front of the ambulance, where Jared can't
see her, making desperate eye contact with a baffled Huck.

JARED (CONT'D)
Hey there. Could I borrow your
phone for a second? Pilar's cell
doesn't get a signal and I need to
let my friend know I won't be
making my flight.

From behind the ambulance, Wesley reacts. Friend? Friend?!

HUCK
Sure. Want me to dial for you?

JARED
Yes, please. 323 995 7105.

Huck dials the numbers onto his phone. The name "Wesley Robbins" comes up -- Huck has her programmed in.

Huck looks at the car -- Wesley's phone is on the front seat. If he dials her number, it will ring and give her away.

HUCK

Sorry man, I just remembered I
never got the Sim card--

JARED

You don't need it in Mexico--

Jared reaches for the phone. Huck steps back, slightly.

HUCK

I wanted to program my Tivo over
the phone yesterday. It's amazing
what you can do remotely now--

JARED

I'm sure you're right, but I'd love
to see for myself--

Huck steps back again. Jared follows, but loses his balance.
HE FALLS, CRUTCHES SLAMMING ONTO THE STREET. Pilar gasps.

PILAR

Pobrecito!

The paramedics try to hoist Jared up. He waves them away.
Jared falls again, this time with a SICKENING CRUNCH.

EXT. MERCADO DE ARTESANIAS - LATER

Brooke and Kaylie wander through an outdoor flea market, past
vendors hawking cheap silver and fringed clothing.

KAYLIE

Let's buy matching sombreros and
tour the Caves of Juxtlahuaca!

BROOKE

Let's get matching lobotomies and
tattoo our sphincters!

KAYLIE

Why do you have to be so mean? You
always shoot down my good ideas.

BROOKE

Name one.

KAYLIE

Remember in 1998, when I said how great it would be if you could just pause TV shows in the middle?

BROOKE

We've been through this! TiVo was patented in 1996!

KAYLIE

That's what they *want* you to think.

BROOKE

Oh my god. Fine. Whatever. You can pick what we do this afternoon.

KAYLIE

Great. Look left.

Brooke does so. PEOPLE file into a mini-van. A placard reads, "JOSE DE DEUS DAYTRIPPERS!" She groans.

INT. HUCK'S RENTAL CAR - MAGIC HOUR

Huck and Wesley drive in silence.

WESLEY

I would be *dying* to know.

HUCK

Because you lack the ability to delay gratification.

WESLEY

How can you not even be a little interested?

HUCK

Fine. Tell me.

WESLEY

Now I don't want to.

HUCK

Okay.

WESLEY

Oh come on!

HUCK

Let me see if I can figure it out. You have a boyfriend, who, by the way, refers to you as his friend--

WESLEY

You noticed too! Do you think that's weird? It is, right?

HUCK

Depends. Does he know you tracked him to Mexico like a bounty hunter?

WESLEY

Who told you?!

HUCK

Debbie. After the police took you in. So... can I read the email?

WESLEY

What? No. I erased it.

HUCK

You must have a copy somewhere.

WESLEY

Why the hell would I keep a copy?

HUCK

So you can laugh about it one day?

WESLEY

Are you insane? I'm taking this to my grave.

HUCK

You know what's strange? You must have met this guy after our date, and that was only a month ago. That's not normally enough time to get worked up over someone, unless someone else really fucked you up.

WESLEY

And I suppose you think you're the one who fucked me up? You are so fucking arrogant. For your information, I was fucked up long before we ever met.

Huck pulls over. Wesley looks up -- they're in front of a building. The sign reads "Equalizers Scuba Center."

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I told you, I don't need a hyperbaric chamber.

HUCK
You do. Sorry.

WESLEY
Sorry doesn't sound like sorry when
you say it.

HUCK
What does it sound like?

WESLEY
Judgment.

INT. HYPERBARIC CHAMBER - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Wesley HYPERVENTILATES. The chamber is tiny and cramped.
She KNOCKS on the window of the chamber... then SCREAMS.

HYPERBARIC CHAMBER SEQUENCE:

Wesley's bored. Huck does dance moves for her. She laughs.

Wesley and Huck play hangman through the chamber.

Wesley hyperventilates again. Huck shakes his head.

They both sit with their feet up, reading the same book.

Wesley sleeps. Huck watches her.

EXT. CASA DE JOSE DE DEUS - AFTERNOON

Outside, a heap of discarded crutches and walking sticks.

INT. CASA DE JOSE DE DEUS - AFTERNOON

An unremarkable room. Brooke reads a pamphlet, bored. A
knock on the door. JOSE DE DEUS, 30s, enters. He's in
khakis and a white shirt, looking normal. Brooke's thrown.

JOSE DE DEUS
Hey there. I'm John of God.

BROOKE
And I'm Princess Alopecia of the
Goobledy Gobbledy tribe. Sorry
pal, not buying it.

Jose de Deus cracks up.

JOSE DE DEUS
That's hilarious!

Jose tries to take Brooke's pulse. She wriggles away.

BROOKE

Hey, no no no. They just put me in here to wait for my friend.

JOSE DE DEUS

Oh yeah? What's wrong with her?

BROOKE

Ummm, she's a dumbass who believes in faith healers?

Jose laughs. Brooke smiles, strangely pleased. He puts a hand on her head. She doesn't stop him.

JOSE DE DEUS

You should do stand-up. Has anyone ever told you that?

BROOKE

My ex-husband. Before the unpleasantness.

Jose raises a questioning eyebrow. Brooke sighs.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I requested that he have adult circumcision and he was so moved by the experience that he eventually became an Orthodox Jew.

JOSE DE DEUS

Sounds like a real shmendrick.

Brooke giggles. Jose presses down on Brooke's abdomen.

JOSE DE DEUS (CONT'D)

It looks like your lymphatic system isn't draining properly.

BROOKE

What does that mean?

JOSE DE DEUS

You have a blockage.

BROOKE

Where?

JOSE DE DEUS

(touching her ribcage)
In your heart.

Brooke sighs. Of course. Jose breaks into a smile.

JOSE DE DEUS (CONT'D)
 Kidding! It's in your spleen. Ha!
 You should have seen your face.

Brooke is charmed... and attracted? Jose rubs his eyes and removes his glasses with his other hand, revealing HORRIBLE CROSS-EYES. Brooke's takes Jose's hand, moves it downward.

BROOKE
 I think my blockage is... lower.

INT. HYPERBARIC CHAMBER - LATER

Huck opens the door. Wesley wakes up, sees him. She sits up, straightens out her hair, flustered. Checks her breath.

WESLEY
 What? Was I drooling?

HUCK
 No, you're a good sleeper. I kinda like you that way.

WESLEY
 Peaceful?

HUCK
 Unconscious.

EXT. TACO STAND - NIGHT

Wesley and Huck sit on colorful picnic benches, eating. Huck reads Wesley's email to Jared on her Blackberry.

HUCK
 It's...

WESLEY
 Obnoxious?

HUCK
 No, it's...

WESLEY
 Juvenile. I know.

HUCK
 If you'd let me finish...

WESLEY
 It's crazy. I'm crazy. I know, okay? I don't need to hear it....

HUCK
It's... art.

She looks at him. He rereads a line and laughs.

WESLEY
It doesn't make me seem... mad?

HUCK
Sanity's overrated. And the craftsmanship is impeccable. This could easily go viral.

WESLEY
Yeah? Is it better than "Bill Gates is sharing his fortune?"

HUCK
Better than "Chung-is-King!"

WESLEY
Come on! Better than the creepy Tom Cruise Scientology video?

HUCK
Hands down. Though the way they looped the Mission Impossible music throughout was very effective.

Wesley laughs. Huck opens a bottle of Coke and takes a sip.

WESLEY
Okay, your turn.

HUCK
My turn what?

WESLEY
I want the crazy ex-girlfriend story... and I want ugly details.

Huck smiles, looking a little uncomfortable.

HUCK
Okay. But promise me something.

WESLEY
What?

HUCK
I think you're gonna feel bad about some things you've said when I tell you, and I don't want you to.

WESLEY
I'm constitutionally incapable of
regret. Spill.

HUCK
I had a wife. Kate. She died
almost two years ago.

WESLEY
What? Oh my god.

HUCK
She had an aneurysm while she was
jogging. It was over instantly,
so, you know, bright side.

WESLEY
I'm so sorry, Huck. Jesus. That
must have been so awful.

HUCK
It was. But I'm okay. Sort of.
We don't have to talk about it.

WESLEY
We can talk about it.

HUCK
No. I just.... I'm glad you know.

A sad, awkward moment. Wesley tries to normalize.

WESLEY
So... you're starting to date?

HUCK
I thought I was... then I realized
it might be a little more
complicated than anticipated.

WESLEY
Oh no... Please tell me I wasn't
your first date back.

Huck smiles and nods.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Dude. I can't believe Amy didn't
tell me.

HUCK
I told her not to. If you're a
young widower, you tend to attract
a very specific kind of women.
(MORE)

HUCK (CONT'D)
Have you heard the term Malach ha-Mavet? It means The Angel of Death.

WESLEY
Like a foul-weather friend? Only interested in your suffering?

HUCK
More like... disturbingly turned on by your suffering.

WESLEY
Was there a lot of "You poor thing, let me touch your penis and help you heal?"

Huck smiles. Wesley cringes at her lame attempt at humor.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I don't mean to joke.

HUCK
Please joke. Everyone tiptoes around me like I'm some sort of time bomb.

WESLEY
Lucky for you, I'm missing that third eye that tells someone when they're acting like an asshole.

They both laugh.

HUCK
That's what I miss most.

WESLEY
She was funny?

HUCK
Funny like you? No. But she was in on the joke, which is equally important. One of the best parts of marriage is having someone to turn to and say, "Do you see what that moron is doing?"

WESLEY
I just realized something awful.

HUCK
What?

WESLEY
I think *I'm* that moron.

Huck laughs. Wesley smiles.

HUCK
Thanks.

WESLEY
For what?

HUCK
You're a great girl, Wes. I hope
this guy knows that.

WESLEY
He does. I think.

HUCK
So... tell me about him.

She starts talking. GERMAN TOURISTS at the next picnic table
over look down at a newspaper, confer, then tap Wesley.

TOURIST
Excuse me. This is you, ya?

THE NEWSPAPER: A picture of Wesley, Kaylie and Brooke from
the press conference. The headline reads: ¡BANDITO CAPTURADO!

WESLEY
Oh. My. God. Yes! Shit!

One of the Germans groans and hands the other fifty pesos.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Jared's gonna *see this!* And he'll
know I'm *here*. Do you know how
crazy this makes me look?!

HUCK
I highly doubt he'll see it.

WESLEY
You don't think he'll pass by one
person reading the newspaper in the
hospital tomorrow morning? See a
single newsstand?

HUCK
Eh. Most people see foreign
writing and just block it out.

WESLEY

Hmmm... like how I zone when they do Indian weddings on *Bridezillas*. But Jared's very interested in other cultures. He even subscribes to *Der Spiegel*.

HUCK

You realize that's German Hustler?

Wesley smacks him with the newspaper.

WESLEY

Focus! Do you think we have time to buy all the newspapers in town?

HUCK

We?

WESLEY

You're deep in this now, pal. Don't even think about trying to bail.

INT. EL RING ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Ranchera music, sawdust on the floor. Kaylie and Brooke sit at the bar, surrounded by a MEN IN COWBOY ATTIRE. Kaylie, already loaded, does tequila shots. Brooke tries to listen a message from Wesley on her voice mail. It goes in and out.

BROOKE

All I heard was airport, Jared, disaster. Your usual Wes message.

Kaylie clinks shot glasses with a MEXICAN COWBOY.

KAYLIE AND COWBOY

Arriba, abajo, al centro, a dentro!

She does her shot. Several men clap. She pours another.

BROOKE

Take is easy, drinky. What *happened* in there?

KAYLIE

John of God came in, looked at me, and said "automatic out." Then he left. I didn't know that was, like, an international *thing*.

BROOKE

Oh... Well, I think I might have mentioned that story to him.

KAYLIE

What do you mean? You saw him?

BROOKE

They put me in a room to wait for you and he showed up.

KAYLIE

So, wait. Did he... heal you?

BROOKE

I guess you could put it that way.

KAYLIE

Did he do invisible surgery? Or that thing where he jabs a crystal up your nostril?

BROOKE

He jabbed something up me, but it wasn't a crystal.

Brooke winks. Kaylie gasps, growing incensed.

KAYLIE

You fucked my faith healer?!

BROOKE

He's the "people's faith healer."
It says so right on the brochure.

KAYLIE

But he's celibate! All faith healers are! Just one sex act depletes their powers!

BROOKE

Then five must fuck their shit up.

KAYLIE

Do you understand how long I've been trying to get pregnant?! I've had more instruments shoved up my vagina than you've had penises!

BROOKE

Do you understand that getting pregnant won't stop Tad from cheating on you again?

KAYLIE

That's not what this is about!

BROOKE

Who cares? You don't need a
"healer." Make Tad have surgery!

KAYLIE

Because cutting your husband's
balls off worked so well for you?

BROOKE

It was his foreskin, not his balls!

KAYLIE

Forcing someone to do that is sick!

BROOKE

An uncircumcised penis is sick! It
looked like his dick was wrapped in
corned beef!

KAYLIE

You treated Alan like you treat me!
Always acting superior, talking
down to him! No wonder he escaped
the first chance he could!

BROOKE

Look, I get why you're mad. I
chose to leave my bad relationship,
and you chose to stay in yours.
And now I get to have sex with
fabulous men all over the world,
and you're stuck in a bad marriage
to someone who doesn't respect you!

KAYLIE

I'm not in a bad marriage with Tad.
I'm in a bad marriage with you!

BROOKE

Then divorce me, you simpering
vagina. As if you could!

BAM! Kaylie PUNCHES BROOKE IN THE FACE.

KAYLIE

Consider that our separation
agreement.

Brooke YELPS. The crowd CHEERS! A BAR BRAWL BREAKS OUT.

EXT. TOWN OF ZIHUATANEJO - SAME

Wesley and Huck gather newspapers, empty out vending
machines, plead with newsstand owners.

INT. DR. AURELIO VALDIVIESO GENERAL HOSPITAL - SAME

Wearing scrubs and footies, Wesley and Huck skulk through the halls to GATHER UP NEWSPAPERS. Wesley notices Jared's name on a chart outside a room. She can't help but peek in.

Inside, Jared and Pilar watch a telenovela. Pilar changes the television to a soccer game.

PILAR

I find telenovelas to be very dull.
Give me futbol any day.

Wesley gasps -- Pilar's manufacturing "Great Girl Moments" of her own! She doesn't like how cozy they look - AT ALL.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Huck and Wesley walk toward a bodega. Wesley's PHONE RINGS. A private number. She debates picking it up. Hears the sounds of men arguing in Spanish around her. Hits IGNORE. Waits. A muffled message comes up.

JARED (ON VOICE MAIL)

Me again. This is getting absurd.
I got into another car accident.
Flying out at nine tomorrow. If
you can't pick me up, don't sweat
it, because Pilar's on my flight.

The phone cuts out. She tries to call again. No signal. Turns to Huck.

WESLEY

Do you think Jared's having sex
with the slutty nurse?

HUCK

What makes you say that?

WESLEY

If that girl was giving you a
sponge-bath every day... Reaching
her hands up underneath your cast,
washing your undercarriage...

HUCK

My undercarriage? Oh. Yeah. He's
definitely having sex with her.

WESLEY

Really?!

HUCK
No. I'm kidding. Sorta.

Wesley tries voicemail again. Nothing. She's bummed. Huck reaches over and kisses her. She pushes him away.

WESLEY
What the hell?

HUCK
Now you're even.

WESLEY
We don't *know* that he cheated.
That could be my craziness talking.

HUCK
Oh, are you crazy? I hadn't noticed.

Wesley attempts a dirty look, then laughs.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Emilio and Raul, still in their new outfits, lead Kaylie and Brooke, both bruised and battered, into a holding cell.

BROOKE
I'm an American. I have rights!

EMILIO
Not in Mexico.

BROOKE
But she started it!

KAYLIE
It's true. She had nothing to do with it.

Brooke stares at Kaylie in surprise. Emilio turns to Kaylie.

EMILIO
You accept responsibility for all the damage to the premises?

Kaylie nods. Raul removes Brooke from the cell. Brooke stares at Kaylie as she walks off. Kaylie avoids eye contact.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Wesley checks her voicemail again. Huck carries a PILE OF NEWSPAPERS toward the counter.

HUCK

You know, you seem a little trapped in your own head. It might be good to have something other than your love life to focus on. A hobby.

WESLEY

Like... scrapbooking?

HUCK

I was thinking more like a volunteer-mentor-type situation.

WESLEY

So I could teach people to fire-bomb their love lives?

HUCK

You have a lot of good traits. You're very tenacious.

WESLEY

Like a dog with a bone?

HUCK

Okay. Be offended.

WESLEY

I'm not offended... it's just not true. If Jared and I don't work out, I'm calling it a day and hitting the sperm bank.

They reach the counter. The CLERK shakes his head.

CLERK

Too many. Need for customers.

WESLEY

Señor, if I want to buy these, you have to sell them. That's how capitalism works.

HUCK

Let's go. I highly doubt these particular newspapers are the ones--

A crowd gathers behind her, grumbling. CLERK waves her aside.

WESLEY

Señor, imagine I was your daughter and I desperately needed all these newspapers... or I would die.

CLERK

My daughter home with her babies.
You should have baby too and stop
running around like crazy person.

WESLEY

Maybe I already have a baby.

CLERK

Look at the shape of your breasts.
They have never fed a child.

WESLEY

Thank you!
(to Huck)
Leave the money on the counter.

HUCK

What? Why?

Wesley makes a "putting down the newspapers" motion... then runs out of the bodega with the papers in her hand. The clerk reaches under the cash register and PULLS OUT AN AIR GUN.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

Huck runs after Wesley. The clerk races after them, shooting the gun in the air. Huck yanks her down an alley, around a corner. They duck through the streets, finally coming to--

EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME

Huck and Wesley slow down. They look back. All clear. They can breathe. They look at each other. Huck begins to laugh.

HUCK

How do you get through a day
without harming yourself or others?

WESLEY

Oh please, it was an air gun.

HUCK

Is that why you screamed?

WESLEY

Trust me. That thing couldn't
shoot through the crap you put in
your hair.

She messes up his hair. He grabs her hands and holds them. Time slows down... She's ready for him to kiss her.

But he turns his head slightly at the distant sound of MUSIC - percussion, guitar - soft and melodic.

HUCK
Do you hear that?

WESLEY
Hear what?

EXT. OUTDOOR GARDEN - NIGHT

The source of the music. Twinkling lights and pink balloons hang from a orchard of orange trees, framing a makeshift dance floor and folding tables full of traditional food.

On the dance floor, a BEAUTIFUL GIRL dances to salsa music in a full-length white lace dress. She's flanked by TEN MAIDS OF HONOR and TEN CHAMBELANES, all in white satin tuxedos.

WESLEY
What's with the child bride? No wonder everyone in this country thinks I'm some shriveled crone.

HUCK
It's a Quinceanera. Like a sweet sixteen? Try to blend.

He stashes the newspapers and leads her to the dance floor. They join the swarm of people.

HUCK (CONT'D)
Tango?

WESLEY
I think this is a salsa.

HUCK
You're a salsa.

He starts to lead her in time to the music.

WESLEY
How do you know how to do this?

HUCK
It's easier to follow if you shut the fuck up.

WESLEY
I like when you talk dirty.

They dance. Seeing how good Huck is, something starts to shift for Wesley. The music ends.

Everyone on the dance floor applauds the band -- and they go into a slower cumbia. Wesley looks at Huck... are they having a moment? She gives him a "meaningful eye stare/kiss me" look, leans in, shuts her eyes...

HUCK

What are you doing?

WESLEY

What?

HUCK

Oh, so now you want me to kiss you?

WESLEY

No!

HUCK

Liar.

He kisses her.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kaylie plays cards with a TRANNY HOOKER. A DRUNK MEXICAN GRANDMOTHER curses to herself. Brooke enters.

BROOKE

I came to bail you out.

KAYLIE

Excuse me, but I'm in the middle of a card game with Mercedes.

Kaylie smiles at the tranny hooker, who waves at Brooke.

BROOKE

Look, I'm sorry. I'm an asshole. It's just... I'm so lonely and miserable without Alan.

KAYLIE

How is that my fault?

BROOKE

It's not. It's more... every time I look at you, I realize I could have saved my marriage if I'd made some compromises. Like you did when you forgave Tad for cheating. I really admire you, Kaylie.

Kaylie starts to sniffle. Her lower lip trembles.

KAYLIE
I'm a fraud!

BROOKE
What do you mean?

KAYLIE
I didn't forgive Tad. He forgave me.

BROOKE
You cheated?

KAYLIE
We were going through a rough time and I made a terrible mistake. I'm sorry I lied. I was so ashamed.

Kaylie bursts into tears. Brooke gives her a hug.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
I think I'm being punished. That's why I can't get pregnant.

BROOKE
You'll get pregnant as soon as you forgive yourself. And as soon as your husband fixes his crazy nuts.

Kaylie wavers between crying and laughing. Finally laughs. They hug.

INT. HUCK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Huck and Wesley rip off each others' clothes. She positions her thighs under the sheets and sucks in her stomach.

HUCK
Would you cut that shit out?

WESLEY
What?

HUCK
Sucking in your stomach like a famine baby. Exhale.

Wesley tries to be outraged, but can't help but laugh.

INT. HUCK'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Wesley wakes up to find Huck typing on his laptop.

HUCK
Hey you. Sleep okay?

WESLEY
Yeah. Great. You?

HUCK
Perfect.

WESLEY
What are you doing?

HUCK
Getting directions to Angangueo,
this little mining town. It has
the largest monarch butterfly
sanctuary in Mexico. They migrate
here during the winter.

WESLEY
That sounds amazing.

Wesley's Blackberry VIBRATES. She misses the call. Calls
Voice Mail. Jared's message is still there.

JARED (VOICE MAIL)
Me again. This is getting absurd.
I got into another car accident.
Flying out at nine tomorrow. If
you can't pick me up, don't sweat
it, because Pilar's on my flight.
I bought her a ticket to LA, so she
could visit her girlfriend Zoila.
They can give me a ride home, if
you can't make it. But if you can,
I'd love to see you.

Wesley hangs up, feeling like shit. What has she done??

HUCK
Do you want to come to Angangueo?

WESLEY
Oh, I wasn't asking to come.

HUCK
I know. I was asking you.

WESLEY
You don't have to do this whole
awkward morning after make-the-girl-
feel-slightly-less-slutty-by-asking-
her-for-plans-thing.

HUCK

Why is no one allowed to be nice to you without you feeling condescended to?

WESLEY

Why are you picking a fight?

HUCK

I'm not, you are. I'm sorry that you feel guilty about last night. I had a nice time.

WESLEY

I do not feel guilty.

Wesley gets out of bed and starts putting her clothes on.

HUCK

You didn't do anything wrong. You're not in an exclusive relationship. Truth is, you guys don't really know each other.

WESLEY

Of course we do.

HUCK

What's his favorite thing about you?

WESLEY

I don't know. Everything.

HUCK

At some point, he must have said, "Hey, you know what I love about you? You're..."

WESLEY

I can't remember.

HUCK

Come on. You're...

WESLEY

... "the last normal girl in Southern California."

HUCK

Wesley... You are a lot of things. You are fun and funny and outrageous and smart. But you are definitely not normal.

(MORE)

HUCK (CONT'D)

And if you want my opinion, you
should be with someone who loves
that about you.

A beat. Wesley turns to him, summoning up all her courage.

WESLEY

Someone like you?

Huck's thrown, not sure what to say.

HUCK

What are you asking me?

WESLEY

I think... what I'm saying is... if
there were a chance... of something
that extends past going to see
butterflies... I would stay.

HUCK

As in, where is this going?

WESLEY

I mean, you said you were planning
to start dating? So does that mean
lots of people... or just me?

HUCK

I don't plan on anything anymore.

Wesley nods, trying to hide how upset she is.

HUCK (CONT'D)

It's not you.

WESLEY

Please don't--

HUCK

Wes, my wedding picture is still
up. I'm still living in the house
Kate and I bought together. And
you... you're just so ready. You
want someone to come along and
sweep you off your feet. You want
someone to give you the world.

WESLEY

What's wrong with that?

HUCK

Absolutely nothing. But I already did it once. And I'm not sure I have it in me to do it again.

WESLEY

You don't think you could fall for someone?

HUCK

Maybe I could. But... I guess I don't want to.

Wesley turns away from him, hurt. Finishes dressing.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Why do you have to be in such a hurry?

WESLEY

Because I want to get there already, okay?

HUCK

Get where? There's no race. There's no finish line.

WESLEY

Yes there is.

HUCK

See, this is your whole problem.

WESLEY

No, my problem is men like you. You know what my life is? A gym class where everyone gets picked for baseball teams. You and other waffly, indecisive, terrified guys get to be captain. And I get to wait on the sidelines, hoping for one of you to notice me, pick me out of the crowd. But you don't. And let me tell you -- if you'd never been chosen to play? You'd be in a hurry too.

Wesley exits the room. A hungover Brooke and Kaylie drag their suitcases down the hallway. They spot her and gasp.

INT. IXTAPA AIRPORT - DAY

As they run up to their gate, the AIRPLANE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

WESLEY
We are so fucking fucked!

KAYLIE
There were seats on the 9 am.

WESLEY
We can't. That's Jared's flight.

BROOKE
I don't think we have much choice.

KAYLIE
We need disguises!

BROOKE
Disguises? Like big sunglasses?

KAYLIE
Sombreros and ponchos?

Wesley notices three MUSLIM WOMEN IN TRADITIONAL BURKHAS.

INT. SECOND GATE - TWO MINUTES LATER

The girls rock burkhas; the Muslim woman wear their sundresses, twirling around and doing "I feel pretty" poses for each other.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Jared and Pilar sit in the bulkhead seats, Jared's casted legs stretched out in front of him.

Wesley, clad in her burkha, walks up the aisle toward the bathroom. She wears big sunglasses to hide her face, though Jared doesn't even notice her as she walks by and steals a glance.

A FEW ROWS BACK, two more burkha-ed ladies - Brooke and Kaylie - toast their success with COCKTAILS. The passengers across the aisle stare as they toss back their drinks.

EXT./INT. LAX - DAY

The plane lands with a thump. Wesley shakes the girls awake.

ARRIVAL GATE -- The girls sprint off the plane, nearly knocking Jared over. A wheelchair is waiting for him.

BATHROOM --Kaylie and Brooke, still in their burkha, strip Wesley down and dress her while she redoes her makeup.

TERMINAL -- Pilar wheels Jared toward an elevator. Wesley, Kaylie and Brooke tear past them and down the escalator.

BAGGAGE CLAIM -- The elevator opens. Pilar wheels Jared out. He sees Wesley "walking in from outside" as if she just arrived. She's backlit and gorgeous.

JARED

A sight for sore eyes... and bones.
You look beautiful.

WESLEY

You look... like shit.

JARED

This is Pilar, my nurse.

Wesley shakes Pilar's hand and speaks under her breath.

WESLEY

You don't fool me, Nurse Pilar.

PILAR

No comprendo.

WESLEY

I think you comprendo just fine.

INT. WESLEY'S CAR - DAY

Jared shifts around, getting comfortable with all his casts.

WESLEY

So do you want to stop for food?
Or go straight to sleep?

JARED

All I've thought about since I
gained consciousness was that night
we had.
And all I want is to have another
one just like it.

He puts his hand between her legs. She giggles. Jared moves his hand higher. She clamps her legs closed.

WESLEY

Jared! I'm driving!

JARED

Tell me something. What ran
through your mind on, say, day four
when you hadn't heard from me?

WESLEY
Something like, hmmm, I wonder when
Ali Lohan's new CD is gonna drop.

INT. JARED'S HOUSE, FOYERS - DAY

Wesley helps Jared up the stairs. He squeezes her ass.

JARED
You weren't suspicious? Concerned?

WESLEY
I was very concerned for Ali. Her
recording career is riding on this.

INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jared and Wesley enter, making out. He hobbles to the bed.
She climbs on top of him.

JARED
So I think you're going to have to
do most of the work here.

WESLEY
I can manage.

JARED
I'll try to pop in from time to
time.

Wesley laughs and tries to pull his pants off, over his
casts. It's a challenge, but she gets it done.

WESLEY
That was harder than it looked.

JARED
It's exactly as hard as it looks.

WESLEY
You have... condoms?

JARED
Check our drawer.

He winks. She has no idea what he's talking about. Wesley
makes an educated guess and opens the drawer on his side.
It's full of remote controls and batteries.

JARED (CONT'D)
Don't tell me you don't remember.

WESLEY
Uh... not really.

JARED
It's on the other side of the bed.
You're probably thinking of your
other boyfriend's bedroom.

WESLEY
So... you're my boyfriend now?

JARED
Is that okay?

Wesley pauses, trying to hide how conflicted she is. She
kisses Jared, avoiding the question.

She reaches into the drawer on her side, not looking, and
pulls out the same FLESHY, VEINED DILDO that spilled out of
her suitcase.

JARED (CONT'D)
Nice! She goes for the big guns.

WESLEY
How did you-- Where--- Why do you
have this?

JARED
Ummm... what's wrong?

WESLEY
Did Quintano put you up to this?

JARED
Who's Quintano?

A furious Wesley gets up, grabs the dildo, and throws it back
in the drawer. Only then does she see the drawer's contents.
IT IS FULL OF EVERY SEX TOY IMAGINABLE.

WESLEY
Wait a minute... this is yours?

JARED
Well. Now it's ours.

WESLEY
What the hell is going on here?!

JARED
Why are you being weird? We talked
about this the night we made love.

WESLEY
No we didn't!

JARED
You said it was natural.

WESLEY
I did not! Are you crazy?!

JARED
Have you lost your mind? How can
you forget two hours of sex?

WESLEY
Huh? It took twenty minutes.

JARED
Sure, the first time. That was
just to get warmed up.

WESLEY
Wait... we had sex more than once?!

Jared indicates the TWO CONDOM WRAPPERS ON THE NIGHT-STAND.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Oh my god! It was the Ambien!

JARED
What Ambien?

WESLEY
I took three extra Ambien so I
could fall asleep! I don't
remember anything! I was probably
hallucinating the whole time!

JARED
Why didn't you tell me you were
taking *three* sleeping pills?

WESLEY
I didn't want you to think I was a
drug addict!

JARED
So basically I fucked a corpse?!

WESLEY
For all I know, you're into that
too!

Wesley dumps the contents of the drawer on the bed.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
I want you to tell me exactly what happened and which of these implements we used.

JARED
I mean... where do I start?

WESLEY
In chronological order.

Jared pushes himself up on his elbows. He picks up a scarf.

JARED
Well... first, I used this to tie you to the bed. You don't remember?

She shakes her head. He holds up a long gold chain, like a necklace, but NOT. She looks at it, puzzled and horrified.

JARED (CONT'D)
Nipple clamps. You don't remember that either?

WESLEY
No, Jared. I don't remember having MY NIPPLES CLAMPED! No wonder I've been chafing all week.

JARED
You seemed to like it.

WESLEY
I was HALLUCINATING!

JARED
Okay! Calm down!

She picks up more objects from the bed.

WESLEY
What about this? And this? And what the hell is this thing?! Is this a strap-on?!

She picks up a SMALL PLASTIC SEX TOY WITH A STRAP.

JARED
It's just another toy.

WESLEY
Why is it so small?

JARED
They come in all sizes.

WESLEY
But it's weird. Why does it have
this blunted shape?

JARED
No reason.

WESLEY
Jared! For fuck's sake!!! WHAT IS
IT?!

JARED
It's for butts! Okay?!

WESLEY
WHAT?!

JARED
It's a butt plug. So what?

WESLEY
SO WHAT?! SO?!?! WHAT?!?!?!?

JARED
Hey! Don't say that like I'm some
kind of pervert! There's a whole
world of very normal people out
there who are turned on by butt
play!

WESLEY
DO NOT say butt play! Ever!

JARED
It's a healthy part of sexuality!

WESLEY
Did we use this thing?!

JARED
I don't remember.

WESLEY
Don't lie to me! Did you put that
inside me?! Did you put that...
in my butt, you fucking freak?!

JARED
No!

WESLEY

What the fuck happened?! What did
you do with that thing?!

JARED

I didn't do anything!

WESLEY

What did you do to me?!

JARED

NOTHING! YOU! DID IT! TO ME!

A beat. Wesley SCREAMS!

WESLEY

EWEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

JARED

I'm sorry. Really. I thought we
were on the same page.

WESLEY

Of what? The big book of ass-
fucking?

JARED

Have you considered that you might
be over-reacting a tiny bit? I'm
still me.

WESLEY

I don't know who that is! I've
been calling you my boyfriend and I
don't know the first thing about
you!

JARED

You know me.

WESLEY

No, I just know the fantasy of you
that I've built up in my head. You
could be a compulsive gambler or a
meth addict or a Scientologist and
I wouldn't have a clue!

JARED

Okay.... Who told you?

WESLEY

Told me what?

JARED

It was just some classes at the
Celebrity Centre.

WESLEY

Just some... WHAT?!

JARED

I was experimenting. It was years
ago. I never even went clear.

OUT ON Wesley's horrified expression.

WESLEY-GETTING-HER-LIFE-TOGETHER/HUCK-BEING-MISERABLE MONTAGE

INT. WESLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wesley tosses dating books and post-its with phone numbers in
a trash bag, catches a glimpse of her hot neighbors massaging
each other with oil. She pointedly shuts the blinds.

INT. HUCK'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Half-unpacked. Nothing on the walls yet. Huck sits on his
couch, laptop open to an email program. He types Wesley's
name in the TO: line. Stares. Shuts the computer.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Wesley works with Sister Beasley, leading a Computer Skills
workshop. She demonstrates how to email.

EXT. AHMANSON THEATER - NIGHT

Huck and LAUREN, 22, exit. The BILLBOARD READS: "MARLEE
MATLIN in THE MIRACLE WORKER."

LAUREN

Where's the car? This
neighborhood's sketcharama.

HUCK

Around the corner. What'd you
think of the play?

LAUREN

It was okay... it was weird what
she kept doing with her hands...

HUCK

You mean ASL? Sign language?

LAUREN

What's that?

HUCK

It's how deaf people communicate.
We just sat through a whole play
about Helen Keller and you didn't
pick that up?

LAUREN

Well excuse me! I guess I'm
supposed to be a mind reader or
something.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wesley sits at dinner alone, happily reading a book. A guy
sends over drinks and his business card. She drinks the
drink, smiles at him, then sends his business card back.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Huck sits with a MARRIED COUPLE, nursing a drink. He zones
out on a CHEESY GUY sporting a v-neck sweater and copious
chest hair, trying to pick up a PLASTIC SURGERY VICTIM.

CHEESY GUY

That shirt is very becoming on
you... but if I was on you I'd be
cumming too.

Huck laughs, turns to his friends to see if they heard this
idiot. They're wrapped up in conversation and don't notice
him. Huck watches this private interchange, feeling wistful.

INT./EXT. CARDIO BARRE CLASS - DAY

Wesley works out with Kaylie, pregnant and Brooke, who wears
a skirt over her yoga pants and a wig. She scratches at it.

BROOKE

Cheapass fucking wig. I'm probably
wearing the pubic hair of a mink.

KAYLIE

If you're an Orthodox Jew now, I
think you have to stop swearing.

BROOKE

I'm not an Orthodox anything, okay?
I'm just trying this out until Alan
snaps back to reality.

WESLEY

Uh huh. So how's the sheet-sex?

BROOKE
Surprisingly erotic!

KAYLIE
So is pregnant sex. The vaginal
fluid becomes so much more viscous!

Brooke gags. Just then, JARED WALKS INTO THE CLASS.

WESLEY
You guys. *That's* Jared!

KAYLIE
What's he doing here?

WESLEY
He's the one who told me about this
class.

Jared catches Wesley's eye. She waves tentatively. He
gathers up his stuff and leaves. She rushes after him.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Are you leaving because of me?

JARED
Well... yeah. Obviously.

WESLEY
I owe you a huge apology. I made
you feel stupid for your sexual
preferences, and that wasn't cool.
We're born with our bodies and they
respond to what they respond to. I
should be more open minded.

JARED
You think I'm some kind of a freak.

WESLEY
Jared, you don't know from freak.

JARED
You're kidding, right?

A beat. Wesley takes a deep breath.

WESLEY
When you didn't call after we slept
together, I thought you were
blowing me off, and I sent you a
psychotic email.
(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)

When I found out you hadn't called me because you were hospitalized, I tried to break into your email to erase it. I went to your elementary school to get the name of your second grade teacher, so I could answer the security question. And when that didn't work, I got on a plane and flew to Mexico and broke into your hotel room and erased the email from your computer.

JARED

I'm speechless. Wesley, we'd been out maybe five times.

WESLEY

Six. Point is, I might not like "butt play," but I'm obviously no saint. I'm neurotic and obsessive and way too desperate to be loved.

JARED

The ironic thing? I would have found that email hilarious.

WESLEY

I thought you didn't like it when girls questioned your character.

JARED

Sure, under normal circumstances. But a little skepticism's healthy. Truthfully, I found your reaction kinda strange.

Just then, Pilar pokes her head out of the Cardio Barre room.

PILAR

You're missing the whole class!

She sees Wesley, hurries back in. Jared's red-faced.

JARED

It started when we got back. Ish.

WESLEY

You know what? It's fine. I'm just glad you got a girlfriend out of this debacle.

JARED

Let's call it even. Friends?

She nods. They hug. Jared squirms, uncomfortable.

JARED (CONT'D)
Sorry. I'm wearing a cod piece.

INT. HUCK'S WAITING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY

A waiting room packed with SCREAMING CHILDREN. Huck sneaks past them, and into his office, where he checks his email. Nothing. He frowns. Hits refresh. Nothing.

His cell phone RINGS. He immediately answers.

HUCK
Hello?

EXT. LAS PLAYAS RESORT, POOL - SAME

Quintano gets a cabana pedicure and talks on the phone.

QUINTANO
She write you back yet?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

HUCK
Radio silence.

QUINTANO
Drats. Well, onto the next.

HUCK
It just seems weird is all. I'm wondering if she didn't get it.

QUINTANO
You should hack into her email. See if it's in spam. I'm sure she of all people would understand.

Huck sighs. On his end, Quintano rolls his eyes.

QUINTANO (CONT'D)
It defies my better judgment to tell you this, but... go to the Verizon website.

Huck pulls it up and reads.

HUCK
Dear Verizon customer, we are sorry and embarrassed to be writing this letter. Last week was the worst operational week in our history.
(MORE)

HUCK (CONT'D)

Our server in Malaysia suffered a breakdown... resulting in the loss of four million emails.

(looking up, queasy)

Fuck me.

QUINTANO

What's the problem? Your email's gonna be restored within the hour.

HUCK

It was more than one email. Read all at once, they might make me seem... desperate.

QUINTANO

What? How many?

HUCK

Seven. In my defense, I was a little drunk for the last three.

QUINTANO

You two really are perfect for each other.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Steven shows off his wedding invitation to Huck -- a picture of he and BRENDAN in matching seersucker suits and bowties.

STEVEN

Nice, right? I'm a sucker for seer. So... what exactly are your intentions with Wesley?

HUCK

Where'd you say she was again?

STEVEN

I didn't.

Steven smiles pleasantly. Huck paces, impatient.

HUCK

I'm not gonna screw her over, okay? Tell me when she's coming back.

STEVEN

Not for a few hours. There was a problem with the insemination.

HUCK

What? She's getting inseminated?
Like, as in, to have a baby?

STEVEN

Oops. You didn't hear it from me.
213 Veteran Street. Calabasas.

INT. HUCK'S CAR - DAY

Huck dials Wesley's number as he drives. Gets voice mail.

GPS VOICE

In half a mile, turn right.

EXT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - DAY

Wesley hurries up to the building. Hears her phone ring in her handbag. Ignores it.

INT. HUCK'S CAR - DAY

Huck, growing more and more frustrated, keeps re-dialing.

INT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - DAY

Wesley signs in. Her phone rings again. She picks it up.

HUCK (OVER PHONE)

Wes! It's me, Huck.

WESLEY

Oh. Hi Huck. Can I call you back?
I have this... thing right now.

INT. HUCK'S CAR - DAY

Huck calls again. Wesley answers, now sounding annoyed.

HUCK

Did you ever get my email...s?

WESLEY (OVER PHONE)

What email...s?

HUCK

I really have to talk to you.

GPS VOICE

In a quarter mile, turn
right.

WESLEY (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)

What? Huck? I can't hear you.

HUCK
(to GPS system)
Shut up!

WESLEY (OVER PHONE)
Okay. Getting off the phone now.

Wesley tries to hang up, but accidentally presses the speaker button on the phone without realizing. It BEEPS. Her muffled voice comes over the speaker of Huck's car.

WESLEY (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
Look, there's a lot of reasons.
Loneliness. Anger. And all that
meaningless sex? It gets toxic.

HUCK
WESLEY!

We hear the noise of Wesley picking up the phone again.

WESLEY (OVER PHONE)
What are you still doing here?

HUCK
Look, I know you're feeling a
little hopeless and maybe like
you're getting older and all your
friends are having kids and you're
being left behind... but I just...
Don't give up, Wesley! Don't have
a kid with a sperm donor!

GPS VOICE
You have reached your destination.

Huck SWERVES into the parking lot. Looks up. Realizes that he's not at a hospital... he's at an Animal Husbandry Clinic.

INT. PIONEER ANIMAL HUSBANDRY CLINIC - SAME

Wesley's phone is on speaker. The mare we saw in the opening scene flails about, injured. The horse's owner, BYRON, 50s, talks to a VET. Wesley's colleagues are there as well.

WESLEY (ON PHONE)
You're an idiot.

HUCK (OVER PHONE)
What are you doing there?!

WESLEY

Figuring out why a mare who's been bred repeatedly would freak out one day and jam her hoof into a stud's testicles when he tries to mount her. Quite a conundrum.

Huck BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, out of breath.

HUCK

Well. This is... humiliating.

WESLEY

Yeah, more for me.

(to Byron, pointedly)

Anyway. I think your mare will be fine. She's probably accepted that she doesn't have some great big romantic story coming her way. And for the first time in her life, I bet she's okay with it.

BYRON

We were more wondering about our liability if the stud can't breed.

Wesley glares at him, then turns to Huck.

WESLEY

I'm obviously not having a turkey baster baby, Huck. You can go now.

HUCK

I'm not leaving til you talk to me.

Wesley crosses her arms. Waits.

HUCK (CONT'D)

When I first met you, I thought you were crazy. And the more I got to know you, the more I realized... you are crazy.

WESLEY

Wow. What a nice insult.

HUCK

Well, let's face it. You're always gonna be that person who installs keystroke monitoring software on her husband's computer and sneaks through his wallet when he's in the shower. You're impulsive and excessive and willful.

(MORE)

HUCK (CONT'D)

Not to mention dangerous to yourself and others. It's just a matter of time before I have to bail you out again.

WESLEY

So what, you came here to save me?

HUCK

I came here because I know exactly who you are. And that is exactly who I want to be with.

Wesley thinks about this, her face impassive. Then...

WESLEY

Yes.

HUCK

Yes what?

WESLEY

Just yes. Think of it as... your automatic in.

She grins. He grabs her. THEY KISS.

END CRAWL OVER CREDITS:

EXT. LAS PLAYAS RESORT, BEACH - ONE YEAR LATER

Steven and Brendan's wedding reception. They kiss. A TRAINER releases DOVES into the air. They SWOOP over the wedding guests, who shriek and cover their hair.

Kaylie and Tad play with their newborn, happy and in love.

Brooke, wearing a long-sleeved, floor-length dress, nestles in a corner with Alan. She stands up and trips. Swears. He helps her up. She smiles, surprisingly happy.

Wesley and Huck tango on the dance floor. Wesley waves to Quintano, who reluctantly brings over a tray of champagne glasses. She reaches for a drink.

Quintano notices a SPARKLING ENGAGEMENT RING on Wesley's finger at the same time we do. He glares at her, then turns on his heel and leaves. Wesley and Huck laugh and tango away.

FADE OUT.