

PERFECT MATCH

by
Morgan Schechter & Eric Pearson

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DARKNESS. Then, a CRASHING sound.

INT. DAPHNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We find DAPHNE (28) and COLIN (28), both attractive and both drunk. Daphne is fiery "I'm the greatest" drunk, and Colin is woozy "if I'm not getting sex then I'm passing out" drunk.

Who is drunker? *Impossible to tell.*

Colin sits/leans on the bed, dodging the small items (make-up, picture frames, etc.) that Daphne is THROWING at him.

COLIN
You're breaking your own stuff!

DAPHNE
I don't give a SHIT!

She FLINGS a candle at him, CLEANING OUT her bedside table.

COLIN
Listen...
(takes him a second)
...Daphne, I said from the very beginning that you're too good for me, that you deserve better...

DAPHNE
Better than misspelled texts at 3 AM asking me if my PUDDY is wet!? Believe me, I know that! I KNOW!

COLIN
Well...then...I dunno.

Long pause. Daphne stares at him. SIGHS.

DAPHNE
Jesus you're pathetic.
(takes off her shirt)
You're so unbelievably lucky that I'm as horny as I am.

Colin grins. Sex confirmed.

She SLAPS him across the face. HARD.

COLIN
OW!

DAPHNE
(shoves him onto the bed)
Don't you DARE smile at me!

CUT TO:

INT. DAPHNE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Loud, fast-paced, sloppy, drunken SEX. At least, Daphne and Colin seem to agree on one thing.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Daphne STUMBLES into the bathroom, CLOSES the door.

She lifts the toilet seat like she's about to puke...but nothing comes. A few DRY HEAVES.

She gives up, slumps back against the wall.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Daphne is asleep against the wall. Looks uncomfortable.

She SHAKES awake. Looks around, confused.

INT. DAPHNE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne, now in her bathrobe, stares daggers at Colin, who is sleeping peacefully spread across her entire bed.

She pokes him with her foot. Nothing. She leans in close to him like she's going to whisper...but WOLF-WHISTLES instead.

Colin JOLTS UP, awake and immediately hung over.

 DAPHNE
C'mon. Out.

 COLIN
Wha...it's like 5:30...
(Daphne says nothing)
How am I supposed to get home?

 DAPHNE
Same way you got here: I don't care.

INT. RANDOM GIRL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Two sleeping bodies entangled in bedsheets. One is HENRY (28), a perfect balance between rugged & pretty, handsome & average, muscular & skinny, and so on. The other is RANDOM GIRL (28), pretty in a delicate sort of way.

Henry STIRS awake. Winces. He's also hung over.

His movement wakes her up. He smiles at her.

HENRY
Good morning.

She stares at him for a few seconds, big wide eyes, and then begins to CRY softly. Henry looks concerned.

HENRY (cont'd)
What's the matter?

She rolls over, now facing away from him, as her soft CRYING escalates to average volume CRYING.

Henry is lost. He reaches over to comfort her.

HENRY (cont'd)
Are you okay...?

She SLAPS his hand away, and the tone of her CRYING morphs into that of defensive anger.

HENRY (cont'd)
Is it something I did?

Her defensive angry CRYING shifts to hopeless, lonely CRYING.

Henry has no idea what to do, so he does what any guy would do: he gets up and begins getting dressed.

Her CRYING climaxes in an all-encompassing woe-is-me mood.

HENRY (cont'd)
Okay, so...I'm...gonna go.

He's halfway out the door when-

RANDOM GIRL
(through tears)
Wait.
(he turns)
Don't you want to get breakfast?

Henry's face.

INT. THE APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Still in her bathrobe, Daphne is sprawled across the couch in an awkward, tangled, ass-up sleeping position.

The apartment is sparkling clean. Like, immaculate.

Henry STAGGERS through the door. He sees Daphne. CHUCKLES.

Henry leaves the living room, opens a door to:

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A similar layout to Daphne's bedroom, except with a more masculine design scheme.

If it wasn't clear before, these two are roommates.

Henry strips off his shirt, tosses it. He picks up a new shirt, smells it, and then puts it on before returning to-

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry approaches the couch where Daphne remains asleep.

He sees that she left the vacuum cleaner out and plugged in.

So Henry picks up the vacuum wand, places it next to Daphne's cheek, before POWERING UP the vacuum cleaner.

Daphne wakes the fuck up, her cheek stuck in the wand like a fish on a fishing hook. She quickly KNOCKS it away.

Henry SHUTS OFF the vacuum, smirking at Daphne's scowl.

HENRY
C'mon, up. I left my credit card at
the bar.

DAPHNE
Why didn't you pick it up on the way
home?

HENRY
Saturday. Brunch. I'm paying.

DAPHNE
Fine.

Daphne gets up, heads into her bedroom. Henry waits.

HENRY
Place looks great. Tell-tale sign of
a physically satisfying yet
emotionally destructive orgasm.

DAPHNE (O.S.)
It's cheaper than hiring a maid.

HENRY
Someone new or one of the alternates?

DAPHNE (O.S.)
Colin.

HENRY
Colin!? Wow, nine lives on that guy.

DAPHNE (O.S.)
Yeah, what about you? You have a
nice night with Angela?

 HENRY
I did, thank you very much. Angela's
very sweet, I'll probably be seeing
her again this week.

 DAPHNE (O.S.)
Wait, so you're saying that this
Angela has serious potential?

 HENRY
I think Angela is jam-packed with
serious girlfriend potential.

Daphne returns to the living room, now wearing a cute and
casual outfit and carrying her purse.

 DAPHNE
I'm so happy for you. Also, her name
was Meredith.

 HENRY
...Really?

 DAPHNE
Nice try, though. Valiant effort.

Henry heads to the front door. Daphne makes a quick detour
to the kitchen and opens the freezer.

 HENRY
Amazing. I can't meet a girl worth
remembering, and you can't get rid of
a guy that you would rather forget.

 DAPHNE
Mmm-hmmm.

She pulls a handful of ice out of the freezer and CRAMS IT
down the back of his pants.

 DAPHNE (cont'd)
For the vacuum.

Henry YELPS, does a little jig, trying to shake out the ice.

 HENRY
Damn skinny jeans!

INT. GOAL ON MELROSE - NOONISH

A cool sports bar with booths on each side and tables in the middle. The walls are lined with massive flat screen TVs, covering literally every possible sight-line in the bar.

Every single TV is playing the USC football game.

Henry and Daphne sit at a table, finishing up brunch.

RINGTONE. Daphne checks her iphone.

 DAPHNE

Nice, I got out of having to go to
Santa Fe!

 HENRY

What's in Santa Fe?

 DAPHNE

Convention for work.

 HENRY

Some pro-active regional expansion?

 DAPHNE

Lots of low-hanging fruit out there.

 HENRY

Now you're thinking outside the box.

[note: Henry and Daphne only speak about their jobs in
cliched or ludicrous business jargon. It's their thing.]

 DAPHNE

Doing my best to manage expectations,
but I think I can really spearhead a
sustainable competitive advantage.

 HENRY

It's definitely in your wheelhouse,
just run it up the flagpole and see
where the pushback is.

 DAPHNE

(sighs)

Only 347 paychecks away from retiring
to my beachside post-modern stilt
house in Bali.

 HENRY

That's the dream.

 DAPHNE

I have to pee just thinking about all
the mojitos I'm going to drink.

Daphne gets up, head to the bathroom.

Henry wipes the last of his eggs up with some bread. Checks out a girl walking by. Chews. Then-

-something catches his eye. Something on every TV set...

EVERY TV: A commercial for Charm.com, a dating website. It is structured like the eHarmony ads where a happy couple gives a testimonial about their personal success story.

EVERY TV: DREW & STACY (both 28) clutch each other and smile offensively into the camera.

DREW (V.O.)
The first time I saw Stacy, it was
like a volcano. An eruption of love
in my heart, and I knew right away.

Henry's eyes BUG OUT. He COUGHS on his un-swallowed food.

EVERY TV: Drew & Stacy continue their sales pitch.

STACY (V.O.)
I was hesitant about online dating,
but my friends convinced me to try
Charm's five free matches program.
Drew was my very first match. He
called me, and we talked on the phone
until like four in the morning.

DREW (V.O.)
(mushy GIGGLING)
I remember that, we were both late
for work the next day!

Henry springs into action, charging towards the bathrooms in the back. He jostles his way through people.

EVERY TV: The FOUNDER (50s) of Charm.com takes center stage.

FOUNDER (V.O.)
At Charm.com, our "Perfect Match"
system epitomizes the reliability of
compatibility. Sign up now and view
your first five matches for free!

Henry breaks through the crowd. Arriving at the entrances for the bathrooms, he finds-

-Daphne staring at the TVs. White as a ghost.

EVERY TV: Drew & Stacy return for one last endorsement. Stacy holds up her left hand to flaunt an engagement ring.

DREW & STACY (V.O.)
Charm.com! Find your forever!

Daphne continues to stare at the TVs as one commercial fades into another. Eventually, her gaze finds-

-Henry. His look says a lot of things: I'm sorry, don't freak out, it'll be okay, stuff like that.

They hold eye contact for a beat, and then-

-Daphne SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

Total silence in the bar as everyone is now looking at them.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - DAY

Henry drives. Daphne stresses out next to him. Pause.

HENRY
Maybe you should-

DAPHNE
Do NOT tell me to do anything except
be completely outraged right now!

HENRY
I'm just saying, that-

DAPHNE
Henry, that was Drew! **MY** Drew! The
guy that wrote me sonnets and told me
that we'd have beautiful children,
all while somehow managing to bang
eight skanks behind my back...and now
he thinks he's getting MARRIED!?

Pause. Henry mulls it over. Daphne whips out her iphone.

HENRY
Well, let's not jump to conclusions.
Drew was always an opportunist, I
wouldn't put it past him to take a
paycheck in exchange for posing as
some dating site success story.
(pause)
You can always stalk him on facebook.

DAPHNE
(already there)
Status engaged!

As Henry stops for a red light, Daphne shoves her iphone into his face, showing him a photo of Drew and his new fiance.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
TO THAT BITCH FROM THE COMMERCIAL!

HENRY
They look happy.

DAPHNE
HENRY!! How is this possible!?

HENRY
Charm.com?

DAPHNE
And this poor girl!

HENRY
You mean the bitch?

DAPHNE
This poor clueless girl that he's
conned into thinking that he is
worthy of being a husband.

HENRY
She's in for a rude awakening.

DAPHNE
I've got to save her.

HENRY
(pause)
You mean you've got to ruin him?

Daphne starts to protest. Instead:

DAPHNE
The two aren't mutually exclusive.

HENRY
(points to her iphone)
And look who's having his bachelor
party tonight at Crazy Girls.

The car behind Henry honks, annoyed. Light's been green.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE - DAY

An establishing shot of a very nice house in Eagle Rock.

MARCY (V.O.)
So it's settled...

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - SAME

EVAN (28) and MARCY (28) sit at the kitchen table, surrounded by an array of wedding gifts. They are newly-weds, but Marcy appears to be more comfortable than Evan with this transition into adulthood.

MARCY
...we'll exchange the six-slice
toaster oven.

Evan mopes. He was attached to that six-slice toaster oven.

MARCY (cont'd)
Next up...

She puts another gift on the table. It is:

MARCY (cont'd)
...the banana hammock. I don't think
there's much of an argument here.

EVAN
Oh, no question. Keep it.

MARCY
(rubs temples)
Evan...

EVAN
Baby, where am I supposed to put my
bananas!?

MARCY
You don't even like bananas!

EVAN
Surely you jest!

MARCY
You buy a bunch of like eight
bananas, eat one, and then let the
rest rot for three weeks before I
finally throw them out!

EVAN
(seriously debating here)
It's not just for bananas, it can be
any kind of fruit hammock! I can put
my grapes in it, if I want.

MARCY
Stop being immature.

EVAN
(sits back, aghast)
I am trying to keep us ahead of the
fruit storage curve here, Marcy, and
personally I think that you noting
the grapes in the banana hammock
innuendo makes YOU immature.

RINGTONE. A preposterous pop song that any person over 14
years old should be ashamed to have on his phone.

Evan's cheeks go red as Marcy twists her face into a scowl.

Evan answers his phone, speaks in whispers.

EVAN (cont'd)
Hey...I can't right now. It doesn't
matter what I'm doing, I just can't.
Like, "emergency emergency" or
"toilet-clogged emergency?" Really?
(looks at Marcy)
Fine, I'll meet you. What do you
mean you're here?

A car horn HONKS outside the house.

Evan sheepishly ends the call, looks to Marcy.

MARCY
What are your jagoff friends making
you do now?

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S CAR - EVENING

Henry drives. Daphne's in shotgun. Evan's in back.

EVAN
Drew? The same Drew that yelled out
"Oh Daphne" during sex, and then
apologized thinking that he'd called
out the wrong name?

DAPHNE
(sour)
Yes. That Drew.

Henry holds up a small digital video camera.

HENRY
So now we're going to crash his
bachelor party and obtain evidence of
what an adulterous muffhound he is.

EVAN
Why?

DAPHNE
To save the poor bride-to-be from
making the worst mistake of her life.

EVAN
(disappointed)
Oh.

HENRY
To ruin Drew's life.

EVAN
Yes! Life-ruining's the best.

DAPHNE
Why must you two focus on the
malicious side of this?

HENRY
Punishing evil is just way sexier
than rescuing the virtuous.

EVAN
I agree with that, and I understand
why this is an emergency, but I don't
see why you needed to bring me along.

Daphne and Henry exchange a look.

DAPHNE
You're part of the team.

HENRY
Yeah, just because you got married
doesn't mean you're free from your
obligations to the team.

EVAN
Fine. But you two owe me a banana
hammock. And Williams Sonoma too,
not some bogus CB2 shit.

INT. CRAZY GIRLS - NIGHT

Men of all ages gather to watch women of one specific age
group dance semi-nude. Neon lights, poles, and the general
sense that everything has a thin layer of filth on it.

Daphne, Henry, & Evan enter. A stripper walks by.

STRIPPER
Hi Henry.

HENRY
Hi Jonine.

Looks from Daphne and Evan.

HENRY (cont'd)
Friend of a friend.

DAPHNE
Oh my God. There he is!

ATTENTION ON: A roped off area where a group of young men are partying most hearty.

In the center is Drew, the ex-boyfriend/target.

 DAPHNE (cont'd)
Don't let him see us!

They slink over to an empty table with an angle on the bachelor party. Henry covertly pulls out the camera.

 HENRY
Let's get some footage.

Henry points the camera at the bachelor party.

CAMERA POV: Strippers entertain Drew's posse. The posse urges the strippers to pay more attention to Drew, but Drew politely declines. Not ideal blackmail footage.

Daphne, Henry, & Evan watch this.

 EVAN
Does Drew have a twin brother?

 HENRY
Yeah, he's not acting very scummy.

 DAPHNE
Maybe he needs a little nudge.

 HENRY
That's an idea.

Henry whips out his wallet and retrieves a surprisingly large wad of cash.

 DAPHNE
Are you about to do what I think
you're about to do?

 HENRY
Do you think I'm about to buy Drew at
least a handjob in the back room?

 DAPHNE
You're such a good friend. Really, I
mean that. From the heart.

 HENRY
How does Drew feel about Asians?

 DAPHNE
Two of the eight girls that he
cheated on me with were Asian.

Henry flags down SUKI (21), an Asian stripper.

HENRY
Hi. Our friend is over there, and we
wanted to comp him for the "deluxe
package." How about one thousand,
including tip?

Suki looks to Drew, back to Henry.

SUKI
No problem, sweetie.

HENRY
It's a surprise, so just don't let
him know we paid for it.

Suki shoots him a wink, tucks the cash, and walks away.

Henry re-aims the video camera, while Daphne & Evan lean
forward, enthralled.

CAMERA POV: Suki parts Drew's posse like the red sea,
dripping sex the entire way.

CAMERA POV: She puts one leg over Drew's lap and runs her
hands behind his neck. She whispers something in his ear.

Daphne, Henry, & Evan are on the edge of their seats.

CAMERA POV: Drew gently removes Suki's hands from his neck,
smiles and shakes his head. She tugs at his shirt, really
pressing the issue. He doesn't give in, and instead urges
her to sit down next to him.

Daphne, Henry, & Evan now just look confused.

CAMERA POV: Drew speaks to Suki. It looks like he's having a
heart-to-heart with her.

DAPHNE
What the hell is going on!?

Suki hugs Drew. Stands up and walks away.

She approaches their table with fire in her eyes.

WHACK! She SLAPS Henry across the face.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
Whoa!

SUKI
You want one too!?

DAPHNE
No no, no thank you.

SUKI
 You people are sick! Telling me to
 go deluxe on that wonderful man who's
 a week away from marrying his true
 love! You should be ashamed!

Suki storms off. As she does we barely hear her say:

SUKI (cont'd)
 I'm joining Charm.com!

The shock of the moment slowly wears off. As it does, Henry
 and Evan look to Daphne: what else can we do?

Fed-up, Daphne stands up and stomps across the club.

She BULLS her way through Drew's posse and gets in his face.
 Hoping for a good zinger, all she manages is:

DAPHNE
 AHHHHHHHHHH!

DREW
 Daphne!?

DAPHNE
 A year ago I was waiting for you to
 propose, and then I wake up from my
 appendectomy to find you screwing the
 anesthesiologist in recovery room!

DREW
 I'm sorry! She said you were going
 to be under for another half hour!

DAPHNE
 You were cocky enough to think you
 could get away with it while I was in
 the same room, and now you're turning
 down free Asian HJs in a strip club!?

DREW
 Also, what are you doing here?

DAPHNE
 You born again!? Scientologist!?
 Her dad give you a job!? Green card?
 What's different!? TELL ME!!

Daphne looks insane. Drew looks...sympathetic.

DREW
 Nothing's different, Daph. I just
 met the right girl.

DAPHNE
 On a God damn dating site!?

DREW
Kinda lame, but yeah. Initially I
signed up to get tail, but my first
match was Stacy. She's the one.
(pause)
I don't know how else to say it. I
just couldn't be happier.

Daphne softens. The pettiness of her master plan washes over
her, mostly because it didn't go the way she intended.

DAPHNE
Wow.

YOUNG COP (O.S.)
Excuse me, ma'am.

Daphne turns to see a YOUNG COP behind her.

YOUNG COP (cont'd)
You're under arrest for soliciting
prostitution.

He SLAPS some handcuffs on her.

DAPHNE
What!?

Daphne looks over the Young Cop's shoulder.

Henry & Evan are also handcuffed. Behind them a very
satisfied Suki looks on.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
How did you get here so fast?

ATTENTION ON: A group of older COPS enjoying some special
treatment in a booth across the club. Looks like they "got
here" a long time ago.

OLDER COP
Have fun at the station, Rook!

Clearly annoyed, Young Cop ushers Daphne away.

DREW
Daphne!
(she turns)
I'm sorry for everything I did. You
deserve much better than what I was.

Daphne doesn't know whether to cry or scream.

INT. POLICE STATION/OVERNIGHT CELL - NIGHT

Daphne sits on a bench next to a HOOKER (30s) that appears to be made up of cigarette butts, gristle, and horse hair.

Daphne does everything she can to avoid eye contact, but the Hooker is staring a hole through the side of her head.

HOOVER
What they'd get you for, cupcake?

DAPHNE
Soliciting prostitution. You?

HOOVER
Prostitution.
(pause)
We should get coffee sometime.

DAPHNE
That sounds great.

COP (O.S.)
Stewart, Daphne! You made bail!

DAPHNE
(jumps up)
Oh thank God.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Henry, Daphne, and Evan exit the station.

Marcy waits in her car. Her face expresses a comedic amount of discontent. Evan gets into the passenger seat.

EVAN
Hi hon.

HENRY
Thanks so much, Marcy. And don't worry, I'll pay you back for bail...

Henry is trying to open the back door.

HENRY (cont'd)
...think your child locks are on.
(nothing.)
Could you hit your child locks?

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Henry and Daphne sit on the bench. Pause.

A bus pulls up. The entire side of the bus displays an advertisement for Charm.com. "Find Your Forever!"

INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry and Daphne enter, flip on the lights.

Daphne mopes towards her bedroom.

HENRY

Hey.

She stops, turns. Henry walks over and embraces her.

She hugs back. These two really care about each other.

HENRY (cont'd)

You want to play the "Some Kind of Wonderful" drinking game?

Face buried in his shoulder, Daphne shakes her head "no."

HENRY (cont'd)

You want to go throw water balloons filled with cheap cologne at people waiting to get into the VIP clubs?

Again, she shakes her head "no."

HENRY (cont'd)

You want to get a milkshake, maybe go to war?

With her head still buried in his chest, she nods yes.

HENRY (cont'd)

(patting her back)

Alright.

INT. CAFE 50'S - NIGHT

Henry and Daphne sit at a booth in this retro diner. The walls are plastered with old timey Americana.

Each drinking a specialty milkshake, Henry and Daphne are in the middle of playing the military board game Stratego.

DAPHNE

(makes her move)

Attack.

HENRY

Colonel.

DAPHNE
Beats my Lieutenant.

Daphne removes her piece from the board. Pause.

 DAPHNE (cont'd)
Have you considered online dating?

 HENRY
(SCOFFS)
Online dating's for losers.

 DAPHNE
Drew just found the love of his life
on a dating website.

 HENRY
Yeah, and Drew's a loser. Attack.

 DAPHNE
Bomb.

 HENRY
Miner.

 DAPHNE
Nice one.

She removes her piece from the board.

 HENRY
Safe to assume that you're
considering online dating.

 DAPHNE
I need to try something different.

 HENRY
Why?

 DAPHNE
Henry, we're not traveling in the
best social circles when it comes to
finding anyone serious. All those
meat market bars, come on. Attack.

 HENRY
Marshall.

 DAPHNE
Spy.

 HENRY
God...DAMN you.

He removes his piece from the board.

DAPHNE
I mean, do you think that your dating
life is "healthy?"

 HENRY
Maybe not healthy, but at least
functional. Entertaining.

 DAPHNE
That's being generous.

 HENRY
And those sites are just a quick-fix
for people that are scared of being
alone. Attack.

 DAPHNE
Scout.
 (removes piece from board)
You know, the more you argue against
this the more I think it could work.
Being alone sucks. If there really
is some compatibility system that can
match you with the best people from a
big database, then why not take
advantage of it?

 HENRY
Daphne, it's paying for the
opportunity to date someone.

 DAPHNE
That Charm.com commercial said the
first five matches were free.

 HENRY
 (not convinced)
Still seems like loser shit to me.

 DAPHNE
Well, I'm going to do it.

 HENRY
Good luck with that.

 DAPHNE
You're going to do it with me.

 HENRY
Not a chance.

 DAPHNE
For the team!

HENRY

I reserve my right to abstain from participating in anything that I feel will hinder the team in the long run.

Daphne frowns. Henry doesn't back down.

DAPHNE

Friendly wager?

HENRY

(intrigued)

I do love a friendly wager, friend.

DAPHNE

How about this: we go out tomorrow night. If you can't meet one girl that you want to take out on a date, like a REAL date, then you back me up on this online dating experiment.

HENRY

And if I do meet a worthy girl?

DAPHNE

Designated driver for a month.

HENRY

Okay, then. You're on.

They shake hands. Daphne makes her move in the game.

DAPHNE

Attack. Your flag is mine!

Henry looks down at the board, dumbfounded.

HENRY

Sonofabitch! Every time!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A decently large and fairly hip watering hole. The place is 80% packed with young twenty-somethings ranging from passable to pretty damn attractive.

Moving through the crowd, past the meatheads chugging pints, past the group of hot girls with the one fat friend, past the hipsters playing "who has the lowest V-neck?" we find-

-Daphne and Henry arriving at the bar. They are both dressed up, but not overdoing it.

DAPHNE

So we're clear on the rules, right?

HENRY

Yeah, simple. Find a girl that I'm willing to go on a real date with.

DAPHNE

On the honor system! No masquerading some airhead as a real contender.

HENRY

I always adhere to the honor system.

Daphne looks Henry over, full up and down.

DAPHNE

I'm surprised you wore that outfit with so much on the line.

HENRY

That's a dirty play, trying to undercut my confidence! In fact, get out of here! Can't expect me work my magic with you hanging off my cuff.

DAPHNE

Break a leg, Mindfreak.

Daphne disappears into the fray. As Henry surveys the scene he bumps into-

-RICK (27), a decent guy for a total douchebag. He'll buy you a drink, but make you listen to him brag about "chowing box" while you drink it. An acquaintance that isn't quite worth the effort to break up with.

RICK

Henry! "Ahn-ree!" Mon petite cheri!

Rick gives him a pound, then an one-stiff-back-slap hug.

HENRY

Rick. How's it going, man?

RICK

Chillin' homie, you know, doing my thing. Good to see you out, it's been a minute. What's the occasion?

HENRY

Nothing really.

RICK

Celebratin'? Soul-matin'?
(jiggles eyebrows)
Procreatin'?

HENRY

All of the above?

Rick checks his cell phone for no reason.

RICK
Right on. C'mon, shots, I'm buying.

Rick throws two fingers towards the bartender.

Rick (cont'd)
Did I see Daphne here with you?
(Henry nods)
You gotta hook me up, man, that girl
is fiiiiiiiiiiiiine.

HENRY
Not happening.

RICK
(good-natured)
Don't be like that, baby, I'm not
asking for much. I'll just pop in
when you guys are talking, ask to be
introduced, you give me your vouch,
and I'll do the rest.

HENRY
Sorry, man. I'm not going to help
you run a pick-up routine on Daphne.

RICK
Henry. C'mon, bros before hos.

HENRY
Yeah, but Daphne's the bro here.

RICK
You're saying I'm the ho!?

HENRY
You're the ho.

RICK
That's cold.

The bartender brings over the two shots.

HENRY
Sorry, bro.

Henry pounds the shot without waiting for Rick.

A HOT GIRL appears from the depths of the party, eyes Henry.

HOT GIRL
Hey Rick. You going to introduce me
to your friend?

Henry gives Rick a smile, wink, and pat on the shoulder.

HENRY
I can introduce myself.

ACROSS THE ROOM:

Daphne gets her drink from the bar and turns directly into-
-BETHANY (28). She is Daphne's friend....?

DAPHNE
Bethany!

BETHANY
(nervous)
Daphne.

Daphne then notices:

DAPHNE
Kelly...Agata...Sandra.

Three other maybe friends sit in a booth behind Bethany.

BETHANY
What're you doing here?

DAPHNE
I'm here with my room mate Henry,
what about you guys?

KELLY
(the dumb one)
Just having a girls night out.

Ouch. Daphne wasn't invited.

BETHANY
We would've called you, but we didn't
think you'd be into it.

DAPHNE
You didn't think I'd be into drinking
at this bar I'm at?

BETHANY
You understand, right?

Off Daphne - a little wounded.

EXT. BAR - MUCH LATER

Daphne stands by the valet. She is looking at-

-Henry making out with Rick's friend. The valet pulls up
with the girl's car, and they stop kissing.

Henry tells her to wait one minute, and walks over to Daphne.

HENRY
I do love a friendly wager.

DAPHNE
She really has potential, huh?

HENRY
I don't know if she's "the one" or anything, but there's definitely some more investigating to be done.

DAPHNE
(aggravated in defeat)
Fine.

HENRY
Hey, you know who I saw inside? Your friend Bethany from work.

DAPHNE
I saw her, too. She was having a "girl's night out."

HENRY
Ouch. Maybe you should have joined that Cardio Barre class with them.

DAPHNE
I fart in the general direction of their cardio barre.

HENRY
Chin up, Daph.

DAPHNE
Piss off.

Henry gets into Rick's friend's car. They pull away.

Daphne's left alone. SIGH. The valet pulls up with her car.

INT. DAPHNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Daphne gets in. She readjusts the seat and fastens her seatbelt. She's about to put the car in drive when-

-the passenger door OPENS. Henry gets in.

Long pause as Daphne stares an explanation out of him.

HENRY
(ashamed)
She was playing the Black Eyed Peas in her car.

DAPHNE
Oh man...repugnant.

 HENRY
It's more of a deterrent than HPV.
 (fastens seatbelt)
Well. Sign me up, I guess.

INT. THE APARTMENT - EVENING

Evan sits at the kitchen table, grinning his ass off.

 EVAN
Online dating? Both of you?

Sitting across the table, Henry & Daphne nod. Evan LAUGHS.

 EVAN (cont'd)
What a couple of losers!

Henry looks to Daphne, like "see!?"

 EVAN (cont'd)
So what do you need me for?

 DAPHNE
To monitor the application process.

 HENRY
Daphne thinks I'm going to
purposefully sabotage my own profile
to ruin the entire experiment.

 EVAN
That sounds like something you'd do.

 DAPHNE
Just keep us honest. For the team.

 EVAN
No problem. Let's do this.

BEGIN "APPLICATION" MONTAGE:

The camera remains stationary, displaying the P.O.V. of a laptop placed on the kitchen table. We cut in between Evan & Henry, and Evan & Daphne filling out Charm.com's application.

DAPHNE & EVAN: Daphne types. Evan clearly disagrees.

 EVAN (cont'd)
Oh get serious.

 DAPHNE
What?

EVAN
When was the last time you "enjoyed a
candlelit dinner?"

Daphne sulks, then deletes.

HENRY & EVAN: Henry types. Evan looks on.

EVAN (cont'd)
The last book you read was "Eat,
Pray, Love?"

HENRY
Uh-huh.

EVAN
Have you experienced vaginal dryness
since menopause kicked in?

DAPHNE & EVAN: Daphne types. Evan makes a noise.

DAPHNE
You don't think that my body type is
athletic!?

EVAN
I think I'd say voluptuous.

DAPHNE
Gross, don't look at my
voluptuousness.

HENRY & EVAN: Henry types. Evan stops him.

EVAN
You don't make that much money.

HENRY
Yeah I do.

EVAN
No you don't.

HENRY
Yeah. I do.

DAPHNE & EVAN: Daphne and Evan continue to argue.

DAPHNE
Well maybe I don't want to attract a
guy that's into "voluptuous."

EVAN
You mean like every guy in the world?

Daphne glares at him.

HENRY & EVAN: Evan examines Henry's 2009 tax returns.

EVAN (cont'd)
 Wow...WOW!
 (looks to Henry)
 Why do you live like this?

HENRY
 Quality of life.
 (then:)
 Don't mention it to Daphne, though.

DAPHNE & EVAN: Well...no one at the moment. The chairs are empty and all we hear is heavy BREATHING/GRUNTING.

After a few beats, Evan stands up into frame, sweaty and out of breath. Daphne follows him a second later.

EVAN
 Just because you can do more push-ups
 than me doesn't mean...

DAPHNE
 I'M PUTTING ATHLETIC!

HENRY & EVAN: Henry types. Evan shakes his head, "no."

HENRY
 But I kinda like Michael Buble.

Evan shakes his head. Definitive "No."

INSERT PHOTO: Henry smiling with a plastic cup of beer.

EVAN (V.O.)
 Too fratty.

INSERT PHOTO: Daphne wearing a tight skirt and boasting some serious cleavage.

EVAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Too slutty.

INSERT PHOTO: Henry looking sharp in a designer suit.

EVAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 When do you ever wear suits?

INSERT PHOTO: Daphne dressed up for Halloween. She is Carrie, dowsed in blood in a prom dress.

EVAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 You look insane.

INSERT PHOTO: Henry and Daphne laughing on the couch.

EVAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Perfect, just cut out Daphne.

INSERT PHOTO: The same photo.

EVAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Perfect, just cut out Henry.

END "APPLICATION" MONTAGE.

Evan grabs his keys.

EVAN (cont'd)
Thanks guys. This has been really
reaffirming to my marriage.

...and he's gone. Henry and Daphne are left alone with their
laptops open, waiting for them to take the next step.

DAPHNE
We should probably establish some
ground rules for this experiment.

HENRY
What do you have in mind?

DAPHNE
Well, I think we should go on dates
simultaneously. Moral support.

HENRY
And then designate a rendezvous point
after the dates disappoint us.

DAPHNE
I don't like your attitude. But I
like the idea of a rendezvous point.

HENRY
So we'll go one date at a time all
the way through the five matches.

DAPHNE
Unless one of those matches is an
actual match.

HENRY
But if that actual match later turns
out to be a dud, then we just pick up
where we left off?

DAPHNE
You're so negative. But correct.
(pause)
Also, I think...no sex with anyone
outside the experiment until we've
exhausted all five matches.

HENRY
That makes sense.

DAPHNE
(surprised)
Wow. I expected you to put up more
of a fight on that one.

HENRY
Psssh, I'm a sexual camel, you'll be
clawing at the walls way before I do.

DAPHNE
Yeah, I'm sure.

Pause. They look at the laptops.

HENRY
We should probably get started.

DAPHNE
I'm scared.

HENRY
I'm happy to bail out.

DAPHNE
No no, let's do this thing.

They each sit down at their respective laptops.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
Okay. Match number one.

HENRY
Hit it.

They type. Look.

DAPHNE
Mark.

HENRY
Jennifer.

They continue looking. They each concede a little.

DAPHNE	HENRY
He's kinda cute.	Not bad.

EXT. STREET CORNER - EVENING

A city block with a decent amount of pedestrian traffic.

There is a new-wave Asian restaurant and a classic Italian restaurant on one side of the street, and a dark, cool-looking piano bar across the street.

A cab pulls up. Henry and Daphne get out, both wearing "date clothes." Henry pays the cabbie, who drives off.

DAPHNE

Okay. So you're meeting Jennifer in new-wave Asia, and I'm meeting Mark in Italian.

HENRY

And if everything sucks, then we meet at Piano bar afterwards.

DAPHNE

That's the plan.

Pause.

HENRY

Have I already mentioned how stupid and illogical it is for this website to promote five perfect matches when the word "perfect" blatantly implies a singularity?

DAPHNE

You hadn't, but I was counting down the seconds until you did.

HENRY

Right. See ya.

Henry walks into the new-wave Asian restaurant.

Daphne pulls out a pocket mirror, checks her make-up.

Suddenly, Henry walks back out.

HENRY (cont'd)

Jennifer must be at Italian because Mark is waiting for you in there.

INT. NEW-WAVE ASIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

MARK (29.9) SPEAKS into his blackberry. His hair exhibits rock solid architecture and his suit exudes power.

Daphne approaches with an open mind and a smile.

DAPHNE

Hi, Mark?

Mark holds up his finger: "gimme a sec."

Daphne's mind-door closes a little bit.

After BARKING into his blackberry for a few more beats, Mark finally hangs up.

MARK
Sorry about that.

He gives Daphne an unearned kiss on the cheek.

MARK (cont'd)
Work stuff.

DAPHNE
It's okay. You're in banking, right?

MARK
Corporate finance. I do mergers and acquisitions.
(leans in, cool)
There was 40 million dollars hanging in the balance on that phone call.

DAPHNE
(tries a joke)
40 million, that's it? What, is like a bait shop absorbing a worm farm?

Mark is taken aback, and then CHUCKLES.

MARK
Wow. You have a lot to learn about the financial shark tank. Don't worry, babe, I'll give you a little crash course over dinner.

Daphne's face drops. She went searching for a sense of humor and found a condescending lecture on corporate finance.

The Host arrives with menus.

HOST
Follow me.

The Host leads them through the restaurant. Daphne is already checking her peripheral vision, as though she'll find some hidden escape route.

The Host brings them to a small table in the back.

MARK
Nope. No, this won't do.

HOST
Won't...do?

MARK

This table. Sticking us way in the back here? Come on, we're the type of clientele you want to show off.

(looks around)

What about that table?

HOST

...Other customers are already dining there, sir.

Mark leans in, whispers to the Host.

HOST (cont'd)

I'm sorry, sir. I can't do that.

MARK

(exasperated SIGH)

Fine. At least give us that booth.

Host nods, leads them over to the booth. He hands them their menus and gets the hell out of there.

Mark looks uncomfortable. Self-conscious.

MARK (cont'd)

This booth alright with you?

(Daphne shrugs)

Yeah, me neither. It's bullshit.

DAPHNE

Totally.

(looks around)

Oh, I see a much better table opening up towards the front.

MARK

Really?

DAPHNE

Here, you stay put. I'll go take care of the host.

Daphne stands. She walks to the front of the restaurant...

...and right out the door.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A warm, cozy atmosphere with candles and everything.

Henry sits with JENNIFER (25). She is certainly pretty, but not very opinionated and a tad stuck up.

Henry smiles. Jennifer sort of smiles.

JENNIFER
So what do you do?

HENRY
All kinds of stuff. I play football
with my friends every Saturday, I'm
learning to play the banjo...

JENNIFER
No no, I meant for work.

HENRY
Oh. I don't really like to talk
about work when I'm not at work.

JENNIFER
You don't have a job?

HENRY
No, I have a job.

JENNIFER
Well, what is it?

HENRY
Does it matter?

JENNIFER
Wow, you must really hate your job.

HENRY
No I like it alright, but I spend 40-
50 hours a week talking about work
stuff. Let's talk about you.

JENNIFER
Okay.

She says nothing. Henry comes up blank.

HENRY
So, what do you do for work?

JENNIFER
Oh, I don't work.

HENRY
At all?

JENNIFER
Nope.

HENRY
Then...how do you make money?

JENNIFER
That's what you're for.

Henry's face. The waiter arrives to take their orders.

WAITER
So, have we decided yet?

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

Daphne sits at the bar, two sips left in her cocktail.
She checks her iPhone for the time. Looks around the bar.
Daphne drains the rest of her cocktail.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne wanders into the restaurant.
She slinks down to the dining floor, scanning the tables for:
Henry and Jennifer, sitting off to the side. Henry sits
facing Daphne while Jennifer faces the other direction.
They have just begun to eat when Henry looks up to find
Daphne in his field of vision. Tries not to overreact.
Daphne gives Henry a hand signal: "How's it going?"
Henry scratches the side of his head, miming a pistol: "Want
to kill self."
Daphne motions to herself: "Want my help?"
Henry keeps his eyes on Jennifer, but nods emphatically.
Daphne takes a moment to formulate a game plan, then-
-walks right up to their table.

DAPHNE
Excuse me, sorry to interrupt, but I
think your car is being towed.

HENRY
(stands up)
Oh my God!

JENNIFER
Didn't you take a cab here?

HENRY
Oh...yeah, you're right. Silly me.

Henry sits again, shooting Daphne a "You blew it!" look.

JENNIFER
 (re: her drink)
 While you're here, can I get another
 one of these? Maybe with some
 alcohol in it this time?

Daphne stares, then looks around. Her black skirt, leggings,
 and white top are similar to the waiters' uniforms.

DAPHNE
 ...sure.

JENNIFER
 It's a Manhattan. That's whiskey,
 sweet vermouth, and bitters.

DAPHNE
 ...I'll tell the bartender.

Daphne takes the empty drink, walks off. Henry is loving it.

JENNIFER
 The service here is terrible.

HENRY
 (ideas brewing)
 Yeah, it really is.

MEANWHILE: Daphne is on her way to the bar when bald
 restaurant patron grabs her arm. Kind of uncool.

BALD PATRON
 (total prick)
 I asked for a refill on water.

Daphne stares at him. Bald Patron's FUGLY DATE seems
 impressed by his assholery.

So Daphne picks up Fugly Date's glass of water and DUMPS it
 into Bald Patron's empty glass. Fugly and Bald are stunned.

Daphne shoots them a wink and continues to the bar.

The bartender sees her, walks over.

DAPHNE
 I need a Manhattan for a bitch.

BARTENDER
 Say no more.

MOMENTS LATER: Daphne returns to Henry's table with
 Jennifer's Manhattan.

DAPHNE
 Here's your drink, Miss.
 (to Henry)
 (MORE)

DAPHNE (cont'd)
And if there's nothing else, I'll
leave you two...

Henry's face: If I have to be on this date, you do too.

 HENRY
Actually, and I *hate* to do this, but
the risotto is REALLY salty and
REALLY bland. I think I'm going to
have to send this back.

 DAPHNE
 (pause, daring him)
Are you sure you want to do that?

 HENRY
 (grinning)
Oh yeah.

Daphne holds eyes contact with him, then picks up the dish.

 DAPHNE
Very well. I'll be right back.

As Daphne moves towards the kitchen she sees:

Bald Patron complaining to the MANAGER.

Not wanting to get busted, Daphne ducks into-

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Steam, SIZZLING, and cooks shouting at each other.

Daphne makes herself small and sneaks over to the spice rack.

After a few beats, she grabs a jar of fennel, proceeds to
dump a SHIT-TON into Henry's risotto and then stirs it up.

A line cook notices her.

 LINE COOK
Hey, are you new? You're not
supposed to be back here.

 DAPHNE
Oh, sorry, I didn't know...

She begins backing towards the dining room, turning just in
time to see The Manager heading towards the kitchen!

Daphne's eyes go big, and she quickly ducks out of sight.

The Manager walks in, and she slips out behind him.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Daphne, risotto in hand, returns to the table. She places the risotto in front of Henry.

DAPHNE
Here you go, and please don't
hesitate to let me know if you need
anything else.

HENRY
(loving the role play)
Thanks so much.

As Daphne departs, she spots the Manager exiting the kitchen.

Thinking quick, Daphne scurries over to another table full of diners and sits down in an empty seat.

The diners stare at her.

DAPHNE
How ya doin'?

MEANWHILE: Henry and Jennifer start to eat.

HENRY
You were saying?

JENNIFER
Well, then I thought I'd get into
hand modeling because I have very
sexy hands.

HENRY
(chewing)
I can see...that...you...
(SWALLOWS)
...huh.

ON JENNIFER: Noticing his change in tone.

JENNIFER
Everything okay?

ON HENRY: Liquid snot is running from his nose.

HENRY
My food tastes a little...off.

ON JENNIFER: Noticing his snot.

JENNIFER
Uh, you have a little...uh.

ON HENRY: The liquid snot has now been joined by watery eyes and heavy perspiration.

HENRY
A little what?

ON JENNIFER: Totally repulsed.

JENNIFER
A little everything.

ON HENRY: An instant wreck.

AC-CHOO! Henry SNEEZES in Jennifer's face, extinguishing the charming candles on the table. Jennifer SQUEALS.

HENRY
(call out)
MISS! EXCUSE ME! MISS!

MEANWHILE: back at Daphne's table:

DAPHNE
(rushing)
...long story short, I'm technically
a priest in New Jersey. Nice meeting
you guys!

With an eye on the manager, Daphne jumps up and saunters over to Henry's table. He SNEEZES.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
Problem?

HENRY
Is there fennel in this?

DAPHNE
Why yes sir, there is.

Daphne gives Henry a non-verbal signal: "Get goin', Hoss."

Henry wipes his sopping wet brow and stands up.

HENRY
Jennifer, I'm so sorry to do this,
but I have to get to a hospital in
the next hour. I'll call...AC-CHOO!

Henry pulls out his wallet, throws down some cash for the bill, and then STUMBLES towards the exit.

Jennifer and Daphne are left alone. Pause.

JENNIFER
Thank God, that guy was SUCH a loser.

Daphne glares at Jennifer, then looks to the cash.

DAPHNE
 Cheap too. He's \$20 short, not to
 mention gratuity.

 JENNIFER
 Uck. Figures.

Jennifer reaches into her purse, pulls out a twenty dollar
 bill and a ten dollar bill.

 JENNIFER (cont'd)
 Can I get change for the ten?

Daphne notices the Manager approaching her. Pissed.

Daphne SNATCHES Jennifer's money and bolts.

 DAPHNE
 Nope, sorry!

Daphne JUKES another server and escapes unscathed.

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

Henry sits at a booth, squirting medicine up his nose.

Daphne enters and joins him. Shit-eating grin.

 HENRY
 Really, dude? Fennel?

 DAPHNE
 Really dude, "My risotto is too bland
 AND too salty?"
 (Henry SNEEZES)
 You gonna be alright?

 HENRY
 Yeah, another half hour maybe.

 DAPHNE
 (pulls out some cash)
 First round's on Jennifer.

INT. PIANO BAR - LATER

Fingers dance across the ebonies and ivories, PLAYING a slow,
 soft melody that sounds kind of familiar.

PULL BACK to reveal that Henry is the pianist. He is tipsy,
 but playing with an enchanting drunken passion.

Henry only knows how to play one song on the piano, but he
 sure loves to play it.

He sways a little, continuing to play. What IS that song he's playing? The melody is familiar, but the tempo is slowed down. An upbeat tune played as a ballad. Then-

-Daphne leans into frame. She is sitting on the piano bench next to Henry, also tipsy.

DAPHNE
(singing soft and slow)
*I won't let you doooooooooown. I will
not give you uuuuuuuuuup. Gotta have
some faith in the soooooooooound. It's
the one good thing that I've...*

HENRY
Got.

Daphne picks up the pace and Henry follows on the keys.

As the tempo picks up, it becomes clear that they are giving us a heartfelt rendition of George Michael's "Freedom."

DAPHNE
*I won't let you doooooooooown. So
please don't give me uuuuuuuuuup.
Because I would really, really
love...to stick around!*

HENRY
OH YEAH!

Henry and Daphne SPRING UP from their seats as Henry KICKS the piano bench over backwards. He POUNDS the piano keys, finally playing George Michael's "Freedom" at it's proper tempo as Daphne dances.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIANO BAR - LATER

A street performer stands on the corner, PLAYING "Freedom" on his guitar. The guitar case is open, accepting donations.

Henry and Daphne bolt out of the bar, running into and then out of the frame, past the street performer. They can't walk a straight line, let alone run one.

Pause. Henry and Daphne rush back into frame, drop a few bills into the guitar case, and quickly turn around.

This time we follow them down the street, where a Kogi Truck (suped up Korean BBQ truck) is pulling away from the curb.

HENRY
Wait! WAIT! STOP!

DAPHNE
Hold on! DON'T GO!

The truck doesn't wait for them, so they stop running, hands on their knees gasping for breath.

HENRY
Damn it! I want those sliders!

Daphne whips out her iphone. Does some research.

DAPHNE
Abbott Kinney in forty five minutes.

HENRY
Think we can make it?

DAPHNE
(super serious)
I don't think we can, Henry...I know we can.

Henry nods, confidence growing. They hail a cab. "Freedom" continues to PLAY, its source is now the cab's radio.

EXT. ABBOTT KINNEY - LATER

The Kogi Truck has parked and is opening for business.

The cab SCREECHES around the corner, GUNS IT for the truck.

INT. CAB (PARKED) - LATER

"Freedom" is still BLASTING on the radio.

Henry and Daphne are in the back seat, and JORGE (50s), the cab driver, is in the front seat.

HENRY
GO GO GO GO GO GO!

Daphne and Jorge are going head to head in a BBQ slider-eating competition. Just knockin' 'em back.

HENRY (cont'd)
C'MON DAPH, PICK UP THE PACE!

Jorge CRAMS the last slider into his mouth, CHUGS his entire soda, and SLAMS the cup down in victory.

HENRY (cont'd)
OOOH! Pathetic. Horrible showing.

DAPHNE
(gasping)
Shut up, I could take you any day.

JORGE
 ARGH! Brain freeze!

HENRY
 You're the man, Jorge!

INT. DAPHNE AND HENRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

ON TV: Daphne and Henry's ROCKBAND Avatars "Daphne and the Henrys" are being booed off the stage as the final chords of "Freedom" eek out of the game.

Reveal: Daphne and Henry themselves are passed out on the couch, holding an XBOX mic and a guitar respectively.

INT. THE APARTMENT - MORNING

Daphne is up, making coffee. Henry staggers in. Both are dressed business casual for work.

DAPHNE
 How you feeling?

HENRY
 Rough. You?

DAPHNE
 Same. And I have to get on the phone with my boss and like five potential advertisers in an hour.

HENRY
 Make sure you consolidate the collective synergy.

DAPHNE
 Don't worry, I've got some pre-buttals ready in case they try to macro-manage my cost containment.

HENRY
 You can always give 'em the ol turkey trot. And if you think you're gonna ralph, just try to visualize your post-modern beachside stilt house.

DAPHNE
 Only 344 paychecks to go.

A few hung over CHUCKLES as they each pour coffee. Drink.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
 (casual)
 Know what's funny? You tried to make out with me last night.

Henry almost spit-takes. More of a drool/dribble-take.

HENRY

No way!

DAPHNE

Scout's honor.

HENRY

You're flattering yourself!

DAPHNE

In the bathroom line. You gave me
"the look" and then hit me with full-
blown "man voice."

HENRY

(horrified)

There was NO "man voice!"

Daphne shifts into her VERY accurate impression of a man
trying to sound sexy, but actually sounding skeezy and weird.

DAPHNE

*You know Daph, I think that you're a
stone-cold stunner in that skirt...*

HENRY

(nails on a chalkboard)

Stop! Stop it! You win!

DAPHNE

Assume the position.

HENRY

Aw man, really?

DAPHNE

I took the punishment when I tried to
make out with you at my birthday, no
chance you're getting away clean.

HENRY

(relents)

Fine.

Daphne OPENS the refrigerator and retrieves an egg.

Henry winces. Waits.

SPLAT! Daphne SMASHES the egg onto Henry's forehead.

Henry stands there as yolk and shell drip down his face.

Grinning, Daphne pulls out her iphone.

DAPHNE

Say it.

HENRY

Egg on my face.

CLICK. Daphne takes a picture.

DAPHNE

Fantastic.

Henry goes to the sink, washes off his face.

DAPHNE (cont'd)

So, I did a little thinking about this experiment.

HENRY

Are we giving up?

DAPHNE

Stop asking that. We're not giving up, this is going to happen to the bitter end. I'm finding what Drew found, so help me God!

HENRY

Sheesh. Fine.

DAPHNE

But I was thinking, maybe our first date approach was too orthodox.

HENRY

A dinner date is about as bland as it can get.

DAPHNE

Exactly. So much pressure to be liked and like the other person, it's damn near impossible to be yourself.

HENRY

So you're thinking of going for an activity date?

DAPHNE

(nodding)

An Activi-date.

HENRY

Even if you dislike the person there's something else to do.

DAPHNE

The question is, what kind of activity would be best?

HENRY
Firing guns.

DAPHNE
No. Well, yes, but no. I was
thinking more like surfing lessons.

HENRY
I picture myself becoming exhausted
and pissed off.

DAPHNE
Miniature Golf?

HENRY
Lame, but getting warmer.

Daphne notices the light blinking on their home phone's
answering machine. She presses play.

EVAN (V.O.)
Yo. Marcy and I are checking out the
Orange County fair next weekend,
thought you'd want in. Three words:
World's Largest Horse.

BEEP! Henry and Daphne look at each other.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/HORSE TENT - DAY

A big horse in a tragically small pen.

Reverse angle, Henry and Daphne stare at it. Pause.

HENRY
I mean, it's pretty big.

DAPHNE
I guess. But world's largest?

HENRY
Not a chance.

DAPHNE
They should really have a government
agency that investigates "World's
Largest" claims.

HENRY
They just go around the world,
measuring horses?

DAPHNE

I guarantee that the real World's
Largest horse is wandering the hills
of Scotland or something. Not even
aware that he's in the competition.

HENRY

Sure. The dark horse.

Ba dum bum ching.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR - CONTINUOUS

Daphne and Henry exit the horse tent.

The fair is everything you'd expect: rides, clowns, games,
fried treats, carnies, livestock, BBQ, and tons of people.

DAPHNE

Where you meeting Alexis?

HENRY

By the Zipper. What about Todd?

DAPHNE

At the Gravitron.

HENRY

Our rendezvous point is the Pirate
Ship, right?

DAPHNE

Yup.

HENRY

Alright. Let's fall in love.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/GRAVITRON - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne searches the crowd until she spots-

-TODD (27). Todd is kind of a beefcake. Good looking, but a
bit too aware of how his shirt sleeves show off his biceps.

TODD

Daphne!

DAPHNE

Hi! Todd, nice to meet you.

TODD

Nice to meet you, too.

They shake hands, polite. Tiny awkward pause, then-

TODD (cont'd)
 (re: the Gravitron)
 I say we get right to it.

DAPHNE
 Hell yeah!

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/ZIPPER - SAME

Henry finds ALEXIS (26) in the crowd. She is attractive with soft, girly features. It's almost a surprise that there isn't a tiny dog poking out of her purse.

HENRY
 Alexis. Hi, how are you?

ALEXIS
 I'm good, nice to meet you.

HENRY
 (the up and down)
 You look very pretty.

ALEXIS
 (manufactured bashfulness)
 Oh...migosh, thank you. So sweet.

HENRY
 What do you want to do first? I'm obviously partial to the Zipper.

ALEXIS
 Oh no. No no no, way too scary.

HENRY
 C'mooooon, I'll hold your hand.

ALEXIS
 (ends it)
 No.

HENRY
 Okay, what about the roller coaster?

ALEXIS
 That's scary too! Plus it'll make my hair look like bride of Frankenstein. Let's go on the Ferris Wheel.

INT. THE GRAVITRON - DAY

Daphne and Todd are being whirled around at vomit-inducing speeds. They both SCREAM in delight.

INT. THE FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Henry and Alexis sit in their seats as the hydraulics slowly lift them up above the fair.

Sounds of people SQUEALING and CHEERING rise from below, reminding Henry of better rides. The Ferris Wheel sucks.

After a long, long, loooooong pause:

HENRY
Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

INT. THE ZIPPER - DAY

Daphne and Todd are now strapped into that claustrophobic cage being tossed up in the air while also being spun around individually. They are having a total fucking blast.

INT. THE FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Henry and Alexis continue their slow ride.

ALEXIS
So, you live with a girl...but you guys aren't dating?

HENRY
(suppressing a yawn)
Yeah, that's right.

INT. THE ZIPPER - DAY

The ride has stopped, and Daphne and Todd are waiting their turn to be let out of the cage.

TODD
Isn't that kinda weird?

DAPHNE
Not at all. At least, not for us.
Henry's a great roommate.

INT. THE FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Alexis is now somewhat annoyed. Suspicious.

ALEXIS
Is she pretty?

HENRY
Daphne? Sure, I guess.

ALEXIS
So, does she, like, walk around in
her underwear?

INT. THE ZIPPER - DAY

Daphne and Todd continue their conversation.

DAPHNE
I once walked in on him jerking off,
but it was more funny than
uncomfortable. He was watching this
Shakespearean porno.

TODD
"A Midsummer Night's Cream?"

DAPHNE
"MacBreast," actually.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/FERRIS WHEEL - DAY

Henry and Alexis exit the Ferris Wheel.

ALEXIS
That was FUN!

HENRY
Yeah, it was.

ALEXIS
And scary, right?

HENRY
(pause)
Right. What next? Teacups?

ALEXIS
Those are too intense.

HENRY
The teacups are too intense!?
(sighs)
Well, let's get some food. I saw a
deep-fried Oreo stand over there.

ALEXIS
Oh no, that stuff is so fattening!

HENRY
Deep-fried Snickers?

ALEXIS
Is that a joke?

HENRY

Well, if you don't want to go on any rides and you don't want any delicious carnival food...?

Alexis stops, spotting one of those caricature artists that draws a huge head version of you on roller skates or playing football or something corny like that. She SQUEALS.

ALEXIS

Oooo, I want a caricature!

Henry deflates. Soooooooooooooooooo boring.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/THE ZIPPER - DAY

Daphne & Todd exit the ride. Daphne's hair looks a little like bride of Frankenstein.

DAPHNE

Okay, I need a short break.

TODD

Me too, stomach's churning. You want to go see the World's Largest horse?

DAPHNE

Save your dollar. Let's get some fried junk to eat.

TODD

All those empty calories? Can't let you do it.

DAPHNE

(...waitaminute)
...What are you saying, Todd?

TODD

Daphne, your body is a temple. Are you going to let it crumble with age?

Daphne doesn't know where to begin being offended.

DAPHNE

Alright, Adonis. Let's see who's worshipping at your altar.

Daphne points to The High Striker (that thing where you use a giant hammer to ring the bell on top).

TODD

Oh, it's on.

They walk over to The High Striker where a Carnie SHOUTS OUT his sales pitch.

CARNIE

Step on up, you got one shot to be
top notch! Give it a rise, you just
may win a prize! Top ten feet gets
you a taste, ring the bell and you
get the whole meal!

Daphne notices a huge stuffed gorilla. "The whole meal."

DAPHNE

That monkey's kinda great.

TODD

(trying to sound heroic)
Say no more, babe.

Todd pulls out some money, pays the Carnie.

CARNIE

Alright, sir. You're our next
slammer, so pick up the hammer.

Todd picks up the hammer, gauges its weight.

He steps up to the target. Deep breath. He SWINGS and-

-BOINK! The puck rises up, but not nearly far enough. It
doesn't even reach the top ten feet.

CARNIE (cont'd)

So VERY close, sir. Care to give it
another whirl?

DAPHNE

Don't waste your money, these things
are all rigged.

TODD

No, I'm going to win you that monkey.

DAPHNE

I really don't need that monkey.

TODD

(adamant)
I-am-going-to-win-you-that-monkey!

Daphne doesn't like where this is going.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/CARICATURE ARTIST - SAME

Alexis sits perfectly still as the artist continually looks
from her back to his easel back to her.

Henry stands behind the artist. Watching. Bored.

ALEXIS
Isn't this fun?

HENRY
Mmm-hm.

CARICATURE ARTIST
Please don't talk. And sit still.

Henry SIGHS. Looks around.

HENRY
Hey, I'm going to grab a bite to eat.
I'll be right back.

ALEXIS
Okay.

CARICATURE ARTIST
What did I just tell you!?

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/HIGH STRIKER - SAME

Todd, now sweaty, SWINGS again and-

-BOINK! Another failure. He is infuriated.

TODD
DAMN IT!

Daphne stands behind him, arms crossed. She's tired of this.

TODD (cont'd)
One more time.

DAPHNE
It's REALLY okay...

TODD
No no, I got this. Just need to warm
up, get the blood pumping.

Todd drops and fires off twenty push-ups. He then SHAKES OUT his arms and neck before paying the Carnie for another go.

TODD (cont'd)
See, I've got the strength, but the
problem was I didn't have enough
momentum behind my swing.
(picks up the hammer)
I need to get all Olympian on this.

Todd begins SWINGING the hammer in circles, like the hammer throw in the Olympics except on a vertical axis.

Daphne steps back. This looks dangerous.

With SERIOUS momentum going, Todd steps forward to bring the hammer down on the target. Just as he does we hear:

C-CRACK!

Todd releases the giant hammer mid-swing and crumples to the ground in an unnaturally twisted angle. He's in pain.

TODD (cont'd)
AH! MY BACK!

FOLLOW: The giant hammer. It soars throw the air above the carnival. Time slows down.

The giant hammer begins its descent from flight, spinning end over end until-

-CRUNCH! The hammer head DEMOLISHES a padlock that's holding a black metal gate shut.

PULLING BACK we find:

A carnival-style painting of the "World's Largest Horse."

CREEEEEEEAK. The back gate of the horse cage has swung open!

The World's Largest Horse pokes its head out of the cage, intrigued by this path to freedom.

The TRAINER rushes up with a nasty looking whip, blocking the path to freedom.

TRAINER
Hey! Stay there! Stay!

HORSE-VISION: His captor. The man who locked him up in that tiny cage for months on end.

Nostrils FLARE.

The horse WHINNIES and BOLTS out of the cage-

-KNOCKING the Trainer on his ass and possibly unconscious.

One ton of equine fury CHARGES into the carnival!

Total mayhem. People run in every direction as the hulking horse-beast TEARS through the fairgrounds.

Henry stands at the deep-fried Snickers stand, paying for the treat that he's been craving so much.

He hears the sounds of chaos around him. Turns to see-

-The World's Largest Horse BARRELING towards him!

Henry's eyes are like dinner plates.

Thinking as quick as he can, Henry vaults over the counter and into the deep-fried Snickers stand.

An instant later, the horse THUNDERS past the stand.

Further down the road, we find Alexis. She is still sitting perfectly still as the artist touches up her caricature.

At the moment, she is totally unaware that the horse is GALLOPING right towards her.

The artist sees it, drops his pen, and runs like hell.

ALEXIS
(perfectly still)
Does this mean your done?

The horse closes the distance.

Alexis finally turns around, just as the horse is about to leap over her. Before Alexis can scream we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Todd lies on a stretcher, strapped in for a back injury. Now he's the one being perfectly still.

An EMT helps Alexis into the ambulance. The front of her shirt is covered in blood and she's holding a humongous ice pack against her nose.

ALEXIS
Oh my God, my face!

Todd tilts his neck to see her. Interest piqued.

TODD
Hey.

Alexis turns to him, keeping the ice pack up.

TODD (cont'd)
It'll be okay.

He extends his hand as much as he can. She takes it.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY FAIR/PARKING LOT - LATER

Henry and Daphne eat a deep-fried Snickers and a deep-fried Oreo respectively, watching as two EMTs close the rear doors to the ambulance.

Behind them, several carnies carrying lassos and restraint poles spread out, searching for the escaped horse.

Henry and Daphne just stand there, chewing. Long pause.

 DAPHNE
I dunno. She seemed really sweet and understanding when they were resetting her nose.

 HENRY
Yeah, she did actually.

 DAPHNE
Sure there's no potential there?

 HENRY
She just got Marcia-Bradied by the world's largest horse penis. I'm not a superficial guy, but it's hard to imagine French-kissing her now.

Evan and Marcy skip into the scene, super happy. Evan is holding the elusive giant stuffed gorilla.

 EVAN
Hold this, would ya?

Evan shoves the gorilla into Henry's hand.

 MARCY
We'll be back after a third go-round on the Zipper.

Marcy hangs her purse over Daphne's neck. Disrespect.

Henry and Daphne stare daggers at Evan. He winks.

 EVAN
C'mon, for the team.

Evan and Marcy rush off to the Zipper, leaving Henry and Daphne looking sour and dissatisfied.

 HENRY
He can be a real shitty teammate.

 DAPHNE
Practically useless.

INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daphne and Henry laze out on the couch watching TV after a long day of carnivaling. Daphne appears fidgety.

HENRY
You okay dude?

DAPHNE
Oh my god, I need to stop thinking about sex. Like right now.

HENRY
I knew you'd break before I did.

DAPHNE
Near death experiences always get me in the mood.

HENRY
I was the one who had to take cover behind the fried snickers, so it was really MY near death experience.

DAPHNE
Fine, it was more of a near-near death experience.

HENRY
No, you were just near my near death experience.

DAPHNE
Whatever, I'm horny.

HENRY
(shrugs)
Go take care of yourself.

DAPHNE
Yeah. Maybe. Yeah, probably later.
(turns to him)
By the way, male gender, it's pathetic how long it takes you to coax an orgasm compared to how long it takes us to do it ourselves.

HENRY
That's your fault, female gender.

DAPHNE
Our fault!?

Henry acts out the following speech with specific, almost "too real" hand gestures.

HENRY

My experience has been that you reach down there and prep the area with some general coverage. Then you find the spot and establish a rhythm, responding to both positive and negative reinforcement. I think that you can agree, "rhythm is paramount."

DAPHNE

I can, but you need to stop with the hands. You're skeeving me out.

Henry presses on, hands and all.

HENRY

Now the problem arises once that rhythm has been found. Because I'll be working my rhythm, and as I draw closer to accomplishing the mutual goal, you, female gender, move.

DAPHNE

Move?

Henry bucks his hips up into the air.

HENRY

Move! You flail suddenly, hurling me right off of the spot and demolishing any sense of rhythm! So I once again have to locate the spot, re-establish rhythm, and start all over again.

DAPHNE

So it's our fault because we move?

HENRY

In comparison to you doing it yourself, you can anticipate all the oncoming lurches of passion. So yeah, it's definitely your fault.

DAPHNE

Well, what about all of your spastic movements, male gender, that come when I'm returning the favor?

HENRY

Those're insignificant.

DAPHNE

What!?

HENRY
 Daph, when a girl is working on me,
 she's not responsible for keeping
 track of an erogenous zone that's
 this big!

Henry holds up his fingers to display the size of your
 average clitoris.

DAPHNE
 (relishes the chance for:)
 That's not what I heard.

Henry is annoyed that she nailed him with that easy zinger.

HENRY
 Walked right into that one, huh?

INT. THE APARTMENT - LATER

Henry walks towards his room past Daphne's closed door. He
 stops when he hears-

-the distinct WHIRRING of a "vibrating device" in action.

Henry smirks. Then:

HENRY
 (calling out)
 Get a new electric toothbrush, D!?

DAPHNE (O.S.)
 STOP LISTENING!!!!

Henry CRACKS UP and moves on. Pause.

DAPHNE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 GOD DAMN IT, YOU RUINED THE ILLUSION!

INT. CAFE 50'S - NIGHT

Henry and Daphne are engaged in another game of Stratego,
 each of them with their own specialty milkshake.

HENRY
 (makes his move)
 Attack.

DAPHNE
 Major.

HENRY
 Colonel.

DAPHNE

Shit.

She removes her piece from the board.

HENRY

I was thinking about what you said last night.

DAPHNE

What, that I shouldn't move when I'm having an orgasm?

HENRY

No. And I never said that. I was referring to you wanting to get laid. Truth be told, I could go for a little comfort myself.

DAPHNE

Camel needs a hump, huh?

HENRY

Well, we agreed not to sleep with anyone outside of the experiment, so I was thinking...for our next match, why don't we make it our objective to have sex on the first date?

DAPHNE

Doesn't that go against what we're trying to do here? Attack.

HENRY

Scout.

(removes his piece)

There is that argument, but going into a first date trying to determine whether or not that person is "the one" is really stressful.

DAPHNE

That's true.

HENRY

And sexual chemistry is an important part of any relationship.

DAPHNE

(starting to buy in)

It's not like we haven't each had sex on a first date before.

HENRY

Exactly. We try a new approach, and at the very worst we get to satisfy an urge or two.

DAPHNE
 (too loud)
 We should totally have sex with them!

A hush falls over the restaurant. A few partons turn an eye towards Henry and Daphne.

 HENRY
 Want to repeat that? I don't think
 those people in the back heard you.

Daphne stands up, walks over to "those people in the back."
 They look up at her.

 DAPHNE
 I said, "We should totally have sex
 with them."

She returns to her booth where Henry is LAUGHING. HIGH-FIVE.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Henry and his date ERICA (28) SLAM against the wall. They are MAKING OUT hardcore. It is frenzied.

They make out, and make out some more. Suddenly, Erica pulls away, DEEP BREATH.

 ERICA
 Wait wait wait...

Pause. She presses the button for her floor.

DING. They begin tongue fighting again.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door SWINGS open, revealing Daphne and her date MORGAN (29) similarly locked at the lips.

Morgan KICKS the door closed and they move, as a unit, towards his bedroom.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry and Erica are having sex. Erica is responding as though God himself were fucking her.

 ERICA
 OHMIGOD, YES! YES! OH, MORE!
 HARDER! FASTER! YES! YOU'RE
 INCREDIBLE, OHMIGOD! AHHHHH!
 YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

Henry is getting a little freaked out by this overwhelming positive reinforcement.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daphne and Morgan are having sex, Daphne on top.

In stark contrast to Erica's bedroom, this one is ABSOLUTELY QUIET, save for a few bedsprings SQUEAKING.

Morgan lies beneath Daphne, perfectly still. His facial expression appears to be blank. Daphne is unnerved.

 DAPHNE
Are...you okay?

 MORGAN
Amazing.

Weird. The utter lack of movement from Morgan inspires:

 DAPHNE
Can we switch positions?

 MORGAN
I'd LOVE to.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry and Erica continue to have sex, and Erica continues to belt it out to the back row.

 ERICA
YES! OHMIGOD YOU'RE SO GOOD, YOU'RE
SO HOT, MORE MORE MORE!!

Henry decides to try something. He stops. Does nothing.

 ERICA (cont'd)
OHMIGOD YEEEEESSSS! SPANK ME!

Henry rolls his eyes. Gives her a half-hearted SPANK.

 ERICA (cont'd)
OH HENRY! OH HENRY! OH HENRY!

 HENRY
(timidly)
Erica?

 ERICA
OH HENRY!

 HENRY
Erica? Excuse me!?

Suddenly she stops everything she's doing.

ERICA

What?

HENRY

Please don't say my name like that.
All I can think of is the candy bar.

ERICA

Shut up and spank me, candy boy!

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They've switched positions, and Daphne's now on the bottom.

Remarkably, Morgan is just as mummified on the top. He goes about his business in a manner that is rigid and silent.

Daphne appears pretty bored on the bottom. She looks left, looks right, semi-successfully hides a yawn.

Suddenly Morgan dismounts and lies down next to her.

It takes Daphne a second, but then she realizes:

DAPHNE

You're finished?

MORGAN

Baby...that might be the best sex of
my entire life.

Daphne's face: Really?

INT. GYM - DAY

Henry and Daphne are at the Nautilus machines. Daphne is doing leg presses. Henry is doing curls with the barbell that's attached via cable to the weights.

DAPHNE

So she was faking?

HENRY

No, no she was not faking!

DAPHNE

Sounds like she was faking, pal.

HENRY

Maybe she was, but how am I supposed
to tell what's real and what's fake
when she's performing a God damn
Broadway musical on my Johnson?

DAPHNE
I thought guys liked all that noise.

 HENRY
We do, but there's a limit. Nothing
in the world would make me as
animated as she was. Winning the
lottery on my birthday wouldn't make
me bug out like that.

 DAPHNE
You'd appreciate a little subtlety?

 HENRY
Something below porn star on PCP
would be nice. I mean, I think I'm
good, but I'm not THAT good.

 DAPHNE
She called you "Oh Henry" didn't she?

 HENRY
 (sours)
Yeah yeah.

Daphne finishes her leg presses, dismounts the machine, and
waits for Henry to finish his reps.

 DAPHNE
Well, I would have gladly switched
with you. My guy was a dead fish.

 HENRY
Ah...the elusive male dead fish.

 DAPHNE
Totally silent. AND managed to stay
relatively motionless even when he
was leading the dance.

 HENRY
Are you 100% sure that his lack of
exertion wasn't because of you?
 (Daphne looks at him)
Maybe feeling underwhelmed by what
you were bringing to the table?

 DAPHNE
Uh, well, he did say it was the best
sex of his entire life, asshole.

 HENRY
First time for everything.

Irritated, Daphne pulls the pin out of Henry's Nautilus.

With no weight on the bar, Henry overcompensates and KNOCKS himself in the face with the bar. He DROPS out of frame.

INT. GYM LOBBY - LATER

Henry, nose full of wadded up tissue, waits for Daphne outside of the locker rooms.

Rick, drenched in sweat, walks towards the men's locker room, but changes trajectory when he spots Henry.

RICK
Yo! What's up, David Thoreau!?

HENRY
Hey Rick.

RICK
Woah - what happened to your grill?

HENRY
You should see the other guy.

RICK
(ridiculously transparent)
So...who ya here with?

HENRY
Not gonna happen, man.

RICK
Oh c'mon! I saw Daphne on the treadmill, that girl jiggles in all the right places.

HENRY
You have got a one track mind, buddy.

RICK
"Simplicity simplicity simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand. Instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumbnail."

Henry realizes that he's quoting Thoreau.

HENRY
Okay, that was pretty impressive.
(Rick grins)
But it still ain't happening.

Daphne exits the women's locker room, walks right up to them.

DAPHNE
 (to Henry)
You ready?

Long...excruciating...pause. Then:

 HENRY
Daph, this is Rick. Rick, this is my
roommate Daphne.

 RICK
I'd shake your hand, but I feel like
I'm drenched in sweat right now.

 DAPHNE
I can't tell you how much I
appreciate that.

 RICK
I've been training pretty hard for
this triathlon next month.

Henry rolls his eyes.

 DAPHNE
Oh yeah? What's that, running,
biking, and swimming?

 RICK
Normally that's right, but this one
is running, biking, and then two
miles of tequila shots.

 DAPHNE
 (amused)
Sounds like my kind of race.

 RICK
Well, if you ever want to help me
train for the tequila leg...

Rick produces a business card, hands it to Daphne.

 RICK (cont'd)
...give me a call.

 DAPHNE
Maybe I will.

 RICK
A pleasure meeting you, Daphne.
 (to Henry)
Winkler.

Henry gives Rick a bitter "yeah yeah" nod as he walks to the
locker room. Henry and Daphne head for the exit.

DAPHNE
Nice guy. Is he really a triathlete?

 HENRY
More of a triath-hole.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Evan, in his pajamas, opens the door to find-
-Henry and Daphne decked out in all military cammo gear.

 HENRY DAPHNE
HAPPY BIR-! HAPPY BIR-!

 EVAN
SHH! SHHHHHHHH!
 (they shut up)
Marcy's still asleep.

 HENRY DAPHNE
 (whisper quiet) (whisper quiet)
Happy birthday. Happy birthday.

 EVAN (cont'd)
What are you guys doing here?

 HENRY
It's your birthday, so we thought
we'd surprise you with:

 DAPHNE
Paintbaaaaaaaaaaaaaaall!

 EVAN
Oh man, that's awesome. But you know
Marcy planned that birthday brunch.

 HENRY
That's why we're here now. We go get
a few hours in and make it back here
with plenty of time for the brunch.

 EVAN
You think we can do it?

 DAPHNE
 (nodding)
Paintbaaaaaaaaaaaaaaall!

Evan looks around, paranoid like a kid trying to steal ice
cream right before dinner time.

 EVAN
Okay, I'll go change.

HENRY
We got fatigues in the car for you,
let's go go go.

The three of them start scurrying down the front walk when-
-THWACK! THWACK! Evan YELPS.

He drops to the ground, hit in the calf and the back.

Henry and Daphne look at him, and then up to-

-the upstairs window, where Marcy is aiming a pimped out
paintball sniper rifle at them.

MARCY
Happy birthday Evan.

EVAN
(in pain/psyched)
...You got me a paintball gun?

MARCY
I sure did, sweetheart, but I'll be
damned if I let you sneak off now and
then miss this brunch because you
"lost track of time."

EVAN
I love you, baby.

MARCY
Right back at ya. And you two!

Marcy FIRES a few rounds at Henry and Daphne's feet, making
them do a little jig.

MARCY (cont'd)
You just signed up to help me cook.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Daphne, Henry, Evan, and Marcy sit at the dining room table
with TWO MARRIED COUPLES (early 30s). Daphne and Henry look
hilariously out of place in full military gear.

Everyone is enjoying a delicious brunch of eggs, bacon,
glazed french toast, fresh fruit, coffee, and so on.

EVAN
Thank you again, honey, everything is
just fantastic. This toast almost
tastes like it came out of a six
slice toaster.

WIFE 1
 Seriously Marce. It's perfect.

HUSBAND 1
 I'm so glad we could find a sitter, I
 would've hated to have missed this.

WIFE 2
 We know how that is!

HUSBAND 2
 I'd refer you to our's, but we need
 her available every chance we get!

Obnoxious LAUGHTER around the table. Henry and Daphne
 exchange a look.

WIFE 2
 When do you think you two will start
 trying for kids?

DAPHNE
 As soon as Evan's shipment of extra-
 strength Cialis shows up!
 (looking for laughs)
 Am I right?

Arctic, frigid, judgmental silence around the table.

UNDER THE TABLE: Henry gives Daphne an on-the-sly high-five.

With the focus now on Henry and Daphne:

WIFE 1
 So...how long have you two been an
 item?

HENRY
 Oh, gosh. What's it been? Married
 seventeen years now.

DAPHNE
 (nodding)
 Three kids.

HENRY
 And two full-grown adults, one Samoan-
 American.

DAPHNE
 Tautolu. Named after his grandpa.

MARCY
 They're not together. Just holding
 each other back.

Henry flicks a grape at Daphne's head. BOINK!

Daphne responds by SLAPPING the end of her fork, which catapults a bite of egg onto Henry's face. SPLAT.

MARCY (cont'd)
(starting to boil)
Children...

HENRY
Sorry Marcy.

DAPHNE
Sorry Marcy.

HUSBAND 1
How's the dating scene these days?

WIFE 2
You know, I used to love setting
people up, but now I feel like
everyone that I know is married.

WIFE 1
I know, right?

HENRY
We're fine. Really.

DAPHNE
Yeah, you don't have to...

EVAN
Don't worry about these two, they're
knee deep in online dating right now.

Henry and Daphne scowl at Evan, who is loving this exchange.

HUSBAND 1
Oh neat! My brother met his wife
through charm.com.

EVAN
That's what they're doing, the whole
five free matches thing.

HUSBAND 2
How's that working out for you?

HENRY
A couple of real winners out there.

HUSBAND 1
So you've met some good matches?

DAPHNE
No, Henry was referring to us.

HENRY
Yeah, Daph and I are the "couple of
winners." All the people we've met
have been...

DAPHNE
...inadmissable.

HUSBAND 1
Ah. That's too bad.

A glum aura overtakes the table.

WIFE 1
(super cheery)
Well, keep at it! I'm sure you'll
both find the right person before
it's too late.

Henry and Daphne stare. Then Daphne wipes her mouth, stands.

DAPHNE
Excuse me, need to use the little
girl's room.

As Daphne exits the dining room.

MARCY
(whispers to her)
I hid the gun.

Daphne's face: DAMN IT! Once she's gone:

WIFE 2
Are you sure you two never...?

HENRY
Me and Daph? No, no way.

WIFE 1
That's really strange because you two
have such great chemistry.

HENRY
It's impossible.
(leans forward, hushed)
I've heard her fart.

Wife 2 WHISPERS something to her husband. He CHUCKLES and
nods in agreement. Fucking secrets.

Henry narrows his eyes at them.

INT. THE APARTMENT - EVENING

Henry walks out of his bathroom after taking a shower.

In his bedroom, he pulls on an old tee shirt and walks to-

INT. THE APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daphne lays on the couch watching TV. The strange thing is that she's wearing a really sexy lace top, like lingerie style, and a pretty absurd pair of hot pants with a sassy adjective on the butt.

Also, she's elbow deep in a family sized bag of Ruffles.

HENRY

Uhhhhh...

DAPHNE

(sneers at him)

Laundry day.

HENRY

Bump into anyone in the laundry room?

DAPHNE

No, thank God. I don't think anyone could resist...

(refers to self)

...all this.

HENRY

You'd have to be inhuman.

Henry sits down on the couch next to her.

Daphne MUNCHES away on the chips, totally focused on the TV.

Henry, however, has lost control of his eyes.

They wander to Daphne's legs, which look damn good.

They wander to her boobs, which, though sporting a few potato chip crumbs, also look damn good.

They wander to her face. She is really pretty.

Daphne notices Henry looking at her. She offers him some of the chips. He takes a handful.

They MUNCH together for a few beats, then:

HENRY (cont'd)

Hey...you ever wonder why we never hooked up?

Daphne's MUNCHING ceases. Immediately. Shit just got real.

HENRY (cont'd)

(backpeddling quick)

I mean, I'm not trying to be weird.

DAPHNE
 (helping him backpeddle)
No, no. I know. It's just that...

 HENRY
Yeah, I know.

 DAPHNE
Totally.

 HENRY
Right.

 DAPHNE
Like, I have, sure. But not, like...

 HENRY
Yeah, just like, random thinking.

 DAPHNE
Right.

 HENRY
Totally.

 DAPHNE
What about you?

 HENRY
Oh. Well, like, lots of reasons. I
mean, don't get me wrong, you're hot.
Totally hot girl.

 DAPHNE
Obviously.

 HENRY
And I like to think that I'm fairly
easy on the eyes.

 DAPHNE
 (more guarded)
Sure.

 HENRY
So, physical attraction isn't the
issue here.
 (whoa)
But I'm not saying you're like
irresistible either.

 DAPHNE
Well neither are you.

 HENRY
But push came to shove, we'd probably
knock it out the park, sex-wise.
 (MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)

(gulp)

Anyway, the point is that you're my best friend. And when two people like us start...you know...it throws everything off. Because you and I are awesome, and if we ever did, it'd probably be awesome, but then it would...not be...anymore. It just seems to me that the risk is like...risky, you know?

Henry's normally cool and collected demeanor has vanished, leaving in its wake a stammering, flustered disaster.

HENRY (cont'd)

I mean, that's why, right?

DAPHNE

Sure. Yeah. I...

(thinks)

...well, also because when we first met I was dating Drew.

HENRY

Right. Drew.

DAPHNE

Drew.

Was stupid Drew the only reason they never hooked up?

Henry and Daphne sit in silence, experiencing what might be the first ever awkward moment between them. Then:

DAPHNE (cont'd)

(jumps up)

I gotta go change my laundry.

HENRY

(answers his cell phone)

Hello? Oh hey what's up?

Daphne's out the door.

Henry hangs up on his fake call. Deep EXHALE. Fuck.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne walks in, checks the two washing machines.

Fifteen minutes left on each.

She sits down. Waits. Stares.

INT. THE APARTMENT - LATER

Henry walks towards his room past Daphne's closed door. He stops when he hears-

-that distinct WHIRRING of a "vibrating device" again.
 However, this time Henry's reaction isn't comical.
 He is stone-faced. Reluctantly aroused.
 Henry leans closer to the door.
 Dry mouth. SWALLOWS. A bead of sweat. Forgets to breathe.
 Suddenly the door SWINGS OPEN revealing-
 -Daphne brushing her teeth with an electric toothbrush.
 Henry jumps back, startled.

 DAPHNE
 (mouth full of fluoride)
 What are you doing?

 HENRY
 (super quick response)
 Going to bed, nothing.

Henry disappears into his bedroom. Daphne closes her door.

INT. BEDROOMS - SPLIT SCREEN - NIGHT

Daphne and Henry lie in their respective beds, wide awake.
 They lie still. They toss. They turn.
 Nothing is working.

Henry leans over to his bedside table and retrieves a hidden bottle of Nyquil. Takes a slug.

Simultaneously, Daphne retrieves a hidden bottle of Advil PM from her bedside table. Shakes out four, downs them.

They lie back down. Wide awake.

INT. THE APARTMENT - MORNING

Daphne exits her bedroom, ready for work. She hears NOISE.

Henry's in the kitchen, wearing a suit and rinsing out his coffee cup. He picks up a portfolio bag, turns around, and almost bumps into her, hoping to make a quick exit.

 DAPHNE
 Hey.

HENRY
Hey. I made coffee.

DAPHNE
Thanks. You look spiffy.

HENRY
Thanks.
(re: portfolio)
I, uh, have some face time with big
enchiladas, gotta give it the full
court press.

DAPHNE
Don't forget to get down to brass
tacks.

They share a little smile. For a second it's not awkward.

HENRY
We still doing number four tonight?

DAPHNE
Yup. Steve.

HENRY
Christina. Meet up at Piano Bar once
it all goes to hell?

DAPHNE
That's the plan.

HENRY
Cool. Have a good day.

He's halfway out the door when:

DAPHNE
Good luck today.

HENRY
Nose to the grindstone.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Henry approaches CHRISTINA (28) sitting at a table. She's
pretty. Looks normal. Henry remains wary.

HENRY
Christina?

CHRISTINA
Hi Henry, nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

HENRY
Nice to meet you, too.

He sits, notices that there's a drink in front of him.

CHRISTINA
Oh, I thought it'd be fun to try to
guess your favorite drink.

HENRY
I see.

Henry picks up the drink, gives it a whiff.

HENRY (cont'd)
Smells like a gin and tonic, which
would be my go-to favorite, but
there's a cucumber in it.

CHRISTINA
It's Hendrick's gin. Good quality.
On the label they suggest you put a
cucumber in it instead of a lime.
Supposed to bring out the flavor.

Henry takes a sip. Pause. Takes another sip.

HENRY
This may be my new favorite drink!

CHRISTINA
Hooray!

The waiter arrives.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)
Now you can try to guess mine.

The waiter looks at Henry. On the spot.

HENRY
Uh...well, the lady will be having a
Jack and Diet Coke...?

CHRISTINA
Psssh! Not even close!
(to waiter)
I'll have a Grey Goose martini with
lemon AND olives.

The waiter leaves.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)
Jack and Diet!? What am I, a
sorority girl stripping her way
through college?

They share a LAUGH at this.

Henry's guard appears to be coming down...which suddenly makes him somewhat self-conscious. Desperate to fill the silence, he can't stop himself from saying:

HENRY
So what do you do?

CHRISTINA
Uck. I hate talking about work when
I'm not at work.

Henry's face brightens.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)
What?

HENRY
That may be the single sexiest thing
I've ever heard anyone say in my
entire life.

CHRISTINA
Wow. Wait until you hear how much I
hate talking about church and family!

Henry LAUGHS. The waiter returns with her martini.

CHRISTINA (cont'd)
Here's to never talking about work
when we don't have to.

HENRY
Done.

They CLINK glasses. Drink.

Henry is smiling. Really smiling.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We pick up on Daphne at the end of her date with STEVE (28), a good-looking gent with some fashion sense.

Dinner is over, and only scraps remain on their plates.

STEVE
I guess...if I had to choose, I'd go
with fugitive-on-the-run sex.

DAPHNE
Really!? Over behind-enemy-lines war
sex!? Where's your sense of heroism?

STEVE

Well, that's just it. For a war hero risking his life, expectations in the sack are set pretty high. If I'm an escaped prisoner then I'm just some dirtbag, no performance anxiety.

DAPHNE

Huh. You make a valid point.

STEVE

Thank you.

Smiles. Seems like it's going well. The waiter approaches.

WAITER

How are we doing here?

STEVE

Great, could I get this to go?

Steve holds up his plate, which has 1/9 of a steak and one green bean on it. Daphne raises an eyebrow.

WAITER

Of course. And you ma'am?

DAPHNE

(re: her plate)

No thank you, I'm good.

STEVE

Just throw her's in with mine.

WAITER

...No problem, sir.

The Waiter picks up the two plates.

STEVE

Oh, one second.

Steve picks up all of the remaining pieces of bread from the free bread basket and piles them onto his plate.

Daphne's face: Really?

INT. RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Steve and Daphne walk towards the exit.

As they pass the host stand, Steve looks around, sees that the coast is clear, and-

-GRABS a fistful of free dinner mints, shoving them into his doggie bag. Steve winks at Daphne.

This act of weirdness is the last straw for Daphne.

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Daphne and Steve exit. Stop. Awkward pause.

STEVE
Walk you to your car?

DAPHNE
No, it's okay. I'm right there.

STEVE
Oh. Alright.
(pause)
Well, I had a lot of fun, Daphne.
I'd love to do this again.

DAPHNE
(definitely not)
...Yyyyyeah, that sounds great. I
have your email.

STEVE
Oh...okay.

DAPHNE
(backing away)
It was nice meeting you.

STEVE
(glum)
Uh, yeah. You too. Take care.

We follow Daphne down the street until she ducks into-

INT. PIANO BAR - CONTINUOUS

Daphne walks in. Does a lap. No Henry. Hmmm.

She sits down at the bar, the bartender immediately sets a beer in front of her.

DAPHNE
Thanks.

A guy two stools away from her starts staring, waiting to make eye contact.

Daphne notices him. He raises his eyebrow: Invitation?

Daphne stares back, not in the mood. Then-

-picks her nose. Deep.

The guy gets the hint.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daphne, a little tipsy, paints her toenails while Def Leppard's "Pour Some Sugar On Me" BLASTS in the background.

Finishing up her baby toe, Daphne waddles into the kitchen.

She mixes diced strawberries into a cup of vanilla yogurt.

Pours some sugar on it.

The door OPENS. Henry walks in.

 DAPHNE

Hey.

 HENRY

Hey.

Henry looks like he's trying to hold back a big smile.

 DAPHNE

Where have you been?

 HENRY

With Christina.

 DAPHNE

You sexed number four? That wasn't the plan.

 HENRY

No, no. We were just making out and talking, you know?

Daphne's face falls.

 DAPHNE

She's a winner?

 HENRY

(reserved optimism)

Yeah. Yeah, I think she might be.

 DAPHNE

(jealous)

That's...great. I'm happy for you.

 HENRY

Don't be like that.

 DAPHNE

(no filter)

It's totally not fair!

(MORE)

DAPHNE (cont'd)
This was my idea, you were just
supposed to be my crutch until I
found a winner!

 HENRY
Ah, it all comes out.

 DAPHNE
Oh please, act like you didn't know.

 HENRY
What about your guy? Steve, right?

 DAPHNE
I mean, he seemed cool, but then he
did this really weird thing ordering
two doggie bags. For like the tiny,
TINY bit of food on my plate AND all
of the free bread. AND the free
mints at the hostess stand!

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

Daphne walks away, leaving Steve alone with his sad sack
expression and his two doggie bags.

Once she's gone, Steve turns and ambles down the street to-
-a homeless man huddled under a blanket in a nearby alley.
Steve gives him the food.

 STEVE
Here you go, man.

 HOMELESS MAN
God bless you, brother.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

 HENRY
What an asshole!

Daphne pouts.

 HENRY (cont'd)
Chin up, Daph. You still have one
more match waiting for you.

 DAPHNE
Ugh, I don't want to do that alone.

HENRY

Whoa whoa whoa, are you trying to bail right now?

DAPHNE

So what if I am?

HENRY

So I've been trying to bail this whole Goddamn time, and you wouldn't let me! You think I'm going to let you give up now?

(Daphne scowls at him)

You made your bed.

DAPHNE

I hate this bed, it's lumpy and awful and the sheets smell like failure.

HENRY

(smiles)

Get your computer, I'm taking a piss.

Daphne drags ass to her bedroom to retrieve her laptop while Henry goes to the bathroom, door open.

Daphne sets up her laptop in the living room. TYPES.

Something on the screen makes Daphne roll her eyes.

DAPHNE

(calling out)

Get this: "We've saved the best for last. Your fifth match represents the peak of compatibility for your personal profile."

HENRY (O.S.)

What a sham.

DAPHNE

(to herself)

Easy for you to say, you're practically engaged now.

Daphne CLICKS on the fifth match profile and-

-Henry pops up! Smiling back at Daphne from the picture that she was cropped out of.

Daphne stares at Henry. Eyes wide.

DAPHNE (cont'd)

(God...damn it)

My...perfect match.

FLUSH. Henry walks out of the bathroom.

Daphne quickly SHUTS the laptop.

HENRY
So what's his name?

DAPHNE
(thinking "quick")
...Jamarcus.

HENRY
He's black?

DAPHNE
No.

HENRY
A white guy named Jamarcus?

DAPHNE
Henry. That's racist.

HENRY
I really don't think it is.
(pause, reconsiders)
Wait a minute, is it racist? Now I
feel self-conscious.

DAPHNE
Yeah, I think it might be racist.

HENRY
I hate it when I'm accidentally
racist. Such a fine line to walk.

DAPHNE
I wouldn't know, I'm color blind.

HENRY
Yeah yeah. Let's see a picture.

DAPHNE
(thinking quicker)
Sorry, his general hotness sapped all
the battery power from my laptop.

HENRY
Well, I can...

RINGTONE. Henry's phone. A text message.

He checks it. Geeks out a bit. Clearly from Christina.

Daphne stares daggers at him as he finishes texting back.

HENRY (cont'd)
Sorry. Anyway, what?

DAPHNE
I'm going to bed.

She grabs her laptop, retreats to her bedroom.

 DAPHNE (cont'd)
 (as she passes)
If you say "chin up" again, I'm gonna
fuckin' clock you.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry sleeps like a baby.

INT. DAPHNE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Daphne is awake. Her laptop is in bed with her.

She's staring at Henry's charm.com profile.

She brings up the original picture with both of them in it,
laughing on the couch. They do look right together.

Off Daphne's frustration...

INT. DAPHNE AND HENRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Henry exits his room, bleary eyed, heading for the bathroom.
Notices that Daphne is gone.

EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE - CRACK OF DAWN

Daphne tosses pebbles at the window. No answer. She tosses
more pebbles.

A light goes on, and a second later a really fucking
irritated Marcy opens the window.

 MARCY
ARE YOU SERIOUS?

 DAPHNE
Hey Marcy. Sorry.
 (then:)
Is Evan here? I need to talk to him
and his cell keeps going straight to
voicemail.

Marcy almost immediately assesses that Daphne's not in the
best state of mind.

MARCY
He had to fly to Seattle for work,
but he'll be back tomorrow.

DAPHNE
(distraught)
Oh. Okay.

Daphne starts to leave. Before she gets to her car, the front door opens behind her. Marcy's standing there.

MARCY
Come in.
(Daphne turns, confused)
You're obviously upset and need
someone to talk to, so come in.

DAPHNE
But...I thought you kinda hated me?

MARCY
Why would you think that?

DAPHNE
I dunno. You're always yelling at
Evan for hanging out with Henry and
I, glaring down at us like some
frosty ice queen.

MARCY
Well, you and Henry are always
dragging Evan off to do strange and
reckless things that sometimes get
him arrested.

DAPHNE
(thrust)
I mean...I can see how an uptight and
rigid wet blanket-type might see me
as a somewhat thoughtless and self-
centered troublemaker.

MARCY
(parry)
And vice versa.

The two ladies stare each other down and then-
-smile simultaneously. Daphne and Marcy just became BFFs.
Daphne walks into the house.

DAPHNE
We should talk more often.

MARCY
I was thinking the same thing.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne and Marcy sit in the dining room with two cups of tea.

DAPHNE

It's this whole online dating thing. I burned through the first four chumps, and then come to find out that my fifth, final, and allegedly best match is Henry.

MARCY

So you had your crossover moment?

DAPHNE

Crossover moment?

MARCY

That moment when you realize that someone that you never saw as a romantic prospect might actually be the best candidate.

DAPHNE

(total loss)

How could I have missed this?

MARCY

When I first met Evan, I was dating this very forgettable stooge, and he was letting some golddigging whorebag spend all of his money.

DAPHNE

Oh right, Gillian.

MARCY

Don't even get me started.

(then)

The point is, we were just work friends. Then I switched jobs, and we started doing those weekly lunches to keep in touch. We got to know each other so well. Then one day I noticed that Evan was looking at me differently. One week later he was professing his undying love for me.

DAPHNE

And you blew him off.

MARCY

I *let him down easy* because I didn't have those feelings for him. And it messed everything up. We tried to stay friends, but started arguing all the time.

(MORE)

MARCY (cont'd)
 Suddenly all of our exchanges were
 loaded with subtext and
 miscommunication, and someone always
 left with hurt feelings. It sucked.
 A lot.

Marcy spaces out, smiling. Lost in her own happy memory.

MARCY (cont'd)
 Then I was dating this guy, totally
 decent guy. He sent me gourmet
 chocolates at work on Valentine's day
 and we were supposed to see a show
 that night. I ran home to change,
 and this fresh fruit floral
 arrangement was waiting outside my
 door. Evan knew that I don't really
 like chocolate, that I'm more of a
 fruit person. Then, boom, it hit me.

DAPHNE
 Crossover moment.

MARCY
 I started crying, holding a box of
 chocolates that I was never going to
 eat. All I could think about was how
 lunch with Evan was always the best
 part of my week. How much I missed
 it. Missed him.
 (sips her tea)
 Thirty minutes later I was at his
 front door. Thirty days later we
 were engaged.

DAPHNE
 I guess I just...Henry and I...I
 thought it would have happened by now
 if it was supposed to, you know?

MARCY
 Daphne, I once spent ten minutes
 looking for my sunglasses when they
 were on my face.

Daphne ponders that logic for a second.

MARCY (cont'd)
 The real question is whether Henry's
 had his crossover with you?

DAPHNE
 You know, the other night there was
 this weird moment on the couch. It
 was like...awkward and uncomfortable
 and unfamiliar and...

MARCY
...sexually charged?

DAPHNE
Yeah. Kinda.

MARCY
Well that's great!

DAPHNE
I think I blew it, though.
(Marcy's confused)
Between now and then he went out on a
date with this girl Christina. I
think he really likes her.

Marcy CHUCKLES. In a condescending kind of way.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
What!?

MARCY
What is Henry's favorite ice cream?

DAPHNE
Haagen Daz Vanilla Swiss Almond with
Hershey's syrup.

MARCY
Favorite movie?

DAPHNE
Easy Rider when he wants to sound
smart, but really it's Home Alone.

MARCY
And can you tell when he's upset?

DAPHNE
Yeah, he tries to distract you with
bad jokes, but gets really sensitive
if you don't laugh at them.

MARCY
This new girl? You can take her.

DAPHNE
Yeah.
(thinks about it)
Yeah!

Daphne stands up. Immediately sits down.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
You think I should do it?

MARCY
 I've known you and Henry for a while
 now, and, to me, it was never an "if"
 it was a "when."

Daphne stands up again. Confidence building.

DAPHNE
 Thank you.

Marcy just nods. Daphne makes it to the door, then:

DAPHNE (cont'd)
 What about the sex?

MARCY
 Funny you say that, the sex is what I
 worried most about in the whole
 friend to boyfriend transition.
 (dreamy voice)
 But I've never EVER been with someone
 who is so intensely grateful to be
 inside me.

DAPHNE
 Gross.

MARCY
 (glowing)
 Yeah. Gross.

INT. DAPHNE AND HENRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Daphne bursts into the apartment. Henry's not there.

EXT. DAPHNE AND HENRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Daphne whips out her phone as she hustles down the walk.

TEXT MESSAGE: To Henry: "Where you at?"

Daphne hits send.

She gets into her car. STARTS the engine.

RINGTONES. A text response.

TEXT MESSAGE: From Henry: "Cafe 50's."

Daphne PEELS OUT.

INT. CAFE 50'S - MORNING

Daphne enters. Looks around. Checks the back seating area.

There's Henry, sitting in the back corner booth.

He's with Christina. They're having a nice breakfast...and they're playing Stratego!

Daphne is frozen. Just as she decides to duck out-

-Henry spots her. Waves.

HENRY

Daph!

Busted, Daphne has to walk over to their booth.

HENRY (cont'd)

What's up, dude? Glad you're here, I want you to meet Christina.

CHRISTINA

Hi! I've heard a lot about you.

Christina extends her hand. Daphne has to shake it.

DAPHNE

Nice to meet you.

CHRISTINA

Wow, I love your belt. Where'd you get it?

DAPHNE

Oh. Thank you. Um, I think it was Urban Outfitters.

CHRISTINA

Ugh, I'm sorry. I hate admitting that I shop there.

DAPHNE

(considers this, then:)
Yeah, me too.

HENRY

Sit down, join us.

DAPHNE

Nah, I don't want to impose.

CHRISTINA

No imposition.

DAPHNE

Really I should be going. Just wanted to talk to Henry about something, but it can wait.

CHRISTINA

Before you go, he told me that you want to learn how to surf?

DAPHNE

Well, I've always been interested.

CHRISTINA

I'd love to teach you. I was a certified instructor in college. Maybe you guys can come up to the house in Malibu some weekend.

DAPHNE

...You have a house in Malibu?

CHRISTINA

Ha! I wish. My boss is a prick, so whenever he's out of town I steal the key and make myself at home.

DAPHNE

(reluctantly impressed)

That's...really cool of you.

Despite trying her absolute hardest, Daphne is having a lot of difficulty hating Christina.

Even worse, when she looks at Henry, he seems very happy to be with her. Daphne wilts a little.

DAPHNE (cont'd)

Yeah, I should get going.

CHRISTINA

It was great meeting you.

Daphne looks at Christina, then at the Stratego board.

Daphne leans in, whispers in Christina's ear.

DAPHNE

He always puts his flag behind one of the lakes in a cluster of bombs.

Christina grins. Daphne nods and splits.

Henry is left out of the inner circle. Fucking secrets.

HENRY

What was that all about?

CHRISTINA
 I think she approves of me.
 (makes her move)
 Attack.

EXT. CAFE 50'S - CONTINUOUS

Daphne bursts through the door, a ball of frustration and anxiety with no outlet for any of it.

She pulls out her iphone, dials. Waits.

DAPHNE
 Marcy, it's me. I...

MARCY (V.O.)
 Try again, Daphne. Harder.

CLICK. Marcy hung up.

Daphne looks at her phone. Huh.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Daphne sits on the couch, deep in thought. She is CHEWING gum. Aggressively. A nervous habit.

She pulls the piece of gum out, tosses it into the trash, which is littered with other well-chewed pieces.

She unwraps a fresh piece. CHEWS. Thinks.

The door OPENS. Daphne jolts, startled. Henry hustles in.

HENRY
 Heygottapiss.

He scoots towards the bathroom, CLOSES door.

Daphne is frozen for a second, then springs into action.

She SPITS OUT her gum and moves to the kitchen.

She retrieves a bottle of vodka from the freezer. She takes a gulp, but doesn't swallow. She SWISHES it like mouthwash.

Daphne SPITS OUT the vodka in the sink and then dabs a few drops on her neck like perfume. She's faking drunk.

FLUSH. Henry emerges from the bathroom, checking his phone.

HENRY (cont'd)
 So, what'd you want to talk to me
 about earlier?

Daphne takes a DEEP BREATH. Approaches him.

HENRY (cont'd)
(catches a whiff)
Have you been drinking?

Daphne goes in to kiss him! A hard charge!

Henry stops her about an inch from contact.

HENRY (cont'd)
Whoa, what are you doing?

She's still in his personal space. Idling.

HENRY (cont'd)
(stammering, unsure)
I...I'm...but, Christina.

Now she backs off. Hurt.

DAPHNE
I thought we should...

HENRY
(long pause)
Should what?

DAPHNE
Nothing. Never mind, stupid me.

She walks into the kitchen, frustrated and showing it.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
C'mon, let's do it.

Henry is still lost in the moment that just passed.

HENRY
Wait...slow down here, do what?

Daphne grabs an egg from the refrigerator. Impatient.

She SPLATS it on her own forehead and stares at Henry.

DAPHNE
Egg on my face. Take a picture.

HENRY
(worried and confused)
Daphne...

Daphne grabs a paper towel and exits the apartment.

Henry is left alone. Bewildered.

INT. LAX BAGGAGE CLAIM - MORNING

Evan waits for his luggage with passengers from the early flight. He sees his bag, goes to grab it, but-

-another guy grabs it first.

EVAN
Hey! That's my bag.

ANOTHER GUY
Nope. This is mine.

Evan quickly OPENS the top flap and yanks out a pair of zebra-print briefs.

EVAN
Oh yeah!? Are these yours!?

Everyone's looking. Evan turns the undies inside out.

EVAN (cont'd)
So you're saying these are your skid marks!? Huh!? These are your's!?

Embarrassed by proxy, Guy surrenders and hastily walks away.

EVAN (cont'd)
(strangely proud)
Yeah. I didn't THINK so.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - MORNING

Dressed for work, Henry is parked outside of LAX. Evan tosses his bag in the backseat and gets in shotgun.

EVAN
Thanks for scooping me so early.

HENRY
(preoccupied)
No problem.

Henry begins driving. Moment of silence, then:

EVAN
Hey, does jerking off count for the mile-high club? Normally I'd say no, but after this flight I'm not so sure. I mean, adrenaline was running high, you know?
(no response)
Maybe it's like a junior mile high club, like the cub scouts instead of the boy scouts. What do you think?
(MORE)

EVAN (cont'd)
(no response)
What's wrong? Henry?

HENRY
Hm? Oh, nothing.

EVAN
Everything okay with Christina? We
still going bowling tonight?

HENRY
Yeah, that's all good.
(pause)
It's Daphne.

EVAN
What about her?

HENRY
She didn't come home last night.

Long pause. Evan delivers his next line totally deadpan.

EVAN
Oh...my God. We should call the
authorities immediately.

HENRY
Don't be a dick.

EVAN
I mean, c'mon man, Daphne's spent the
night elsewhere before, she knows how
to handle herself.

HENRY
Yeah, but she's not answering my
calls and...we had a fight yesterday.

EVAN
What'd you two fight about?

HENRY
Well, it wasn't really a fight, it
was more of a heated discussion.

EVAN
Okay, what'd you two discuss?

HENRY
Nothing. It wasn't like that.

EVAN
Henry. What happened?

HENRY
I don't know! But something
happened, I do know that!

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL - MORNING

Daphne exits a first floor room with a travel toothbrush
sticking out of her mouth. She's wearing the wrinkled
"emergency work clothes" that she keeps in her car.

She shleps into the parking lot. Reaches her car. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)
Daphne?

The toothbrush DROPS. Daphne closes her eyes. Makes a wish.
She turns. It doesn't come true. There's Drew.

DREW
I thought that was you!

DAPHNE
Drew.

DREW
It's so good to see you.

DAPHNE
Yeah. I must look great.

DREW
You do! How are you?

DAPHNE
I've been better, Drew.

DREW
What are you doing here?

DAPHNE
Fumigation in the apartment.

DREW
Bummer. Is Henry around too?

DAPHNE
No.
(realizes)
Wait, what are you doing here?

DREW
I, uh, I'm staying here.

DAPHNE
Troubles at home?

DREW
You could say that. Stacy served me
with divorce papers.

Daphne does a double take.

DAPHNE
I beg your pardon.

DREW
You heard right. Turns out that she
was a rich girl con artist. Her
father was old money, old fashioned,
old everything. He restructured his
will so that she wouldn't get any
inheritance if she hadn't found a
husband before she turned 29. I was
the loophole.

(tough to admit)
We were married for one month.

Daphne processes all this information. Huge smile.

DAPHNE
So...it's a sham?

DREW
My marriage?

DAPHNE
No, online dating! It's a sham!

DREW
I guess. I definitely got shammed.

Overjoyed, Daphne jumps into Drew's arms. Big hug.

DAPHNE
Oh my God, you don't even know how
happy I am to hear that! This is the
best possible news, seriously!

Drew's a little confused, but he digs the affection.

DREW
Glad to help.

Daphne pulls away, still holding his arms.

DAPHNE
(sincere)
Thank you Drew.

DREW
Of course, babe.
(Cheshire smile)
(MORE)

DREW (cont'd)
 So, I mean, my divorce isn't
 finalized or anything, but you want
 to maybe grab a drink later?

Daphne lets go of Drew's arms. LAUGHS.

DAPHNE
 Oh no. No no no. You misunderstood
 my delight. I am thoroughly
 disgusted by you.

DREW
 Oh.

DAPHNE
 But hey...

A playful but slightly too-hard punch to Drew's chin.

DAPHNE (cont'd)
 ...chin up, huh?

Daphne walks away, a little more spring in her step.

INT. DGS ARCHITECTURE - DAY

SIGN: DGS ARCHITECTURE.

We move away from the company's logo, down the halls that
 boast a mild hustle and bustle.

Why are we here? It becomes clear when we reach:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Henry sits behind a desk in the middle of a spacious office,
 staring bleary-eyed at his computer.

He TAPS his finger on the desk, barely paying any attention
 to the skeleton layout of an office building on his computer
 screen (in the Autocad design software).

Distracted, his eyes drift to-

-the one old school 3D model in his office. Sitting on a
 piece of model beachfront property is a stilt house with a
 hilariously out of place postmodern design.

Planted on the beach is a miniature sign: "Daph's Place."

After a beat, Henry closes Autocad and brings up his ichat
 buddy list. Scans the names...

...Daphne is offline.

INT. DAPHNE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: Daphne's ichtat window. She is offline.

PULL BACK to find Daphne sitting at her cubicle in the brightly lit open air loft that serves as the headquarters for MODERN WEDDING Magazine.

The place is organized confusion. Tear sheets & taffeta abound, copy editors scurry around, and images of brides in unexpected locales line the walls.

Daphne is spacing out. In her own world. After thinking about whatever she's thinking about for a moment...

...she reaches for her Rolodex, starts FLIPPING through it.

She's interrupted by the arrival of:

BETHANY

Hey Daphne, just wanted to say those new layouts look fantastic.

DAPHNE

(distant)

Thanks.

Bethany's about to leave when Daphne shifts gears:

DAPHNE (cont'd)

You know, I've been thinking about it, and I decided that I want to give that cardio barre class a try.

BETHANY

OhmiGod, you totally should! We've got a class after work tonight.

DAPHNE

Ah, damn. Maybe next week then.

Daphne SNATCHES a card out of her Rolodex.

DAPHNE (cont'd)

I've got plans tonight.

INT. THE APARTMENT - EVENING

Henry enters. Tosses his keys.

HENRY

You home?

DAPHNE (O.S.)

In here!

Henry walks to the Daphne's bedroom door.

HENRY
Where the hell were you last ni-?

He stops short when he sees Daphne in a super hot outfit, applying some foundation.

HENRY (cont'd)
Whoa. You look great.

DAPHNE
Thanks. Yeah, sorry about the disappearing act. Just needed to clear my head, lost track of time.

HENRY
I was worried about you.

DAPHNE
That's sweet, but I'm fine.

HENRY
Okay.
(pause)
So why the fancy get-up?

DAPHNE
Got a date.

HENRY
Jamarcus the cracker?

DAPHNE
No...no, I already met up with him, we had coffee.

HENRY
What!? When did this happen, I thought we were supposed to be, you know, looping each other in?

DAPHNE
You were out with Christina, didn't seem like a good time to bug you.

HENRY
Oh. So it didn't go well?

DAPHNE
It was fine. He's cool, but...
(looks at Henry, hard)
...he was just a friend.

HENRY
I'm sorry, Daph.

DAPHNE

You know, I've been doing a lot of thinking, and I decided that I'm okay with it.

HENRY

Okay with what?

Daphne closes her foundation kit, walks right up to Henry, and hammers her point home.

DAPHNE

With being alone. I mean, not everyone in the world can find that perfect person, right? It's a mathematical impossibility. If I'm not one of the special ones and I'm meant to just casually date the in-betweeners for the rest of my life, then I'm okay with that.

HENRY

That...doesn't sound right.

DAPHNE

Maybe someday prince charming will ride up on the white stallion...

KNOCKING at the front door.

DAPHNE (cont'd)

(re: door)

...but until then.

Daphne walks past Henry, who follows her to the front door.

HENRY

Wait, who's this?

She opens the door to reveal Rick smiling on the other side!

Henry's stomach drops.

RICK

My God! You look criminally hot!

DAPHNE

Well thank you, Rick.

RICK

'Sup Kissinger?

HENRY

.....Hey Rick.

DAPHNE
Gimme one minute, I have to grab
shoes and a jacket.

 RICK
Take your time, babe.

Daphne disappears into her room, leaving Rick and Henry
staring at each other.

 RICK (cont'd)
 (creepy excited)
It's finally goin' down!

 HENRY
Yeah, you really manufactured an
opportunity for yourself.

 RICK
Not easy, my friend. But at the end
of the day, nobody can hold the
Rickster down, ya know?

Henry wants to take a shower.

 RICK (cont'd)
No hard feelings though. We're still
cool. And don't worry, bro...
 (leans in, whisper)
...I'll hit that back at my spot. I
get pretty loud when I'm layin' pipe,
wouldn't want it to be weird for you.

Henry's fists clench. White knuckles.

Daphne appears from around the corner, pulling on a jacket.

 DAPHNE
Shall we?

 RICK
Let's shall.

Rick jiggles his eyebrows at Henry, and the door CLOSES.

Henry is left alone. This doesn't feel right, either.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - EVENING

The car is parked on a residential street.

Henry sits behind the wheel, deep in thought.

George Michael's "Freedom" PLAYS on the radio.

Like a reflex, Henry TAPS his fingers on the wheel, playing the notes on an imaginary piano.

After a few beats of Henry wracking his brain-
-the passenger door OPENS. Christina gets in.

CHRISTINA
I am going to KICK YOUR ASS tonight.

HENRY
(half-hearted)
In your dreams.

She gives him a kiss. Then pulls back. Senses:

CHRISTINA
What's wrong?

HENRY
Hmmm?

CHRISTINA
I said, what's wrong?

HENRY
Nothing. Nothing at all.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Henry and Christina enter, mid-discussion.

CHRISTINA
I don't see what the big deal is.
It's not like she's marrying the guy.

HENRY
Yeah, but Rick's such a dirtbag. I
mean, he's a nice enough guy, but
he's just...not respectful.

CHRISTINA
She's a big girl, Henry, I'm sure she
can fend for herself.

HENRY
You don't understand. The last thing
that Daphne needs is a guy that
doesn't know how to treat her right.

At the bar we find Marcy and Evan. They wave.

CHRISTINA
 (mildly annoyed)
 Are those your friends?

Henry nods, leads her over to the married folk.

HENRY
 Evan, Marcy, this is Christina.

EVAN
 Hey there!

MARCY
 (surprised, unsure)
 Hi Christina.

CHRISTINA
 So nice to meet you both.

Henry steps forward to order drinks.

Marcy eyes him, and then turns to Christina.

MARCY
 So Christina, I heard that you don't
 think that Sudsy Monchik is the best
 racquetball player of all time.

Before Christina can even ask "Who is Sudsy Monchik?" Evan is
 all over her.

EVAN
 Are you SERIOUS!? The guy's a five-
 time pro world champion! He's third
 on the list of all-time tournament
 wins and still in his prime! Have
 you seen his backhand!? Have you
 EVER seen his backhand!?!?!?

With Evan accosting Christina about professional racquetball,
 Marcy pulls Henry aside for a one-on-one.

MARCY
 When Evan told me that we were
 "doubling with Henry," I thought
 you'd be bringing someone else.

HENRY
 Who else would I bring?

MARCY
 (SIGHS, to herself)
 Ooooookay, how do I do this?

After some thought, Marcy pulls out her iphone.

MARCY (cont'd)
Sign into your charm account.

HENRY
Why?

MARCY
Because I said so.

Henry signs into his charm account.

MARCY (cont'd)
Now check the one remaining match.

HENRY
But I'm not supposed to, I'm still on
number four.

Marcy stares at Henry. An intense "do my bidding" stare.

HENRY (cont'd)
Yeesh, fine.

He clicks the fifth and final match. Daphne's photo pops up.

Henry is legitimately surprised. He takes a second.

HENRY (cont'd)
...Daphne's my fifth match?

MARCY
And you're her's.

HENRY
(realizing)
So the other night...?

MARCY
Yep.

HENRY
And when she came to find me at...?

MARCY
Yep.

HENRY
And now she's on a date with the
skeevy triathole because...

MARCY
Uh-huh.

Henry looks to Christina, who is being passed the Apple Martini she ordered. Evan is still preaching at her.

HENRY
(his crossover moment)
Okay.

MARCY
'Atta baby.

She gives Henry a nod of encouragement.

Henry walks over to Christina - he's a little sad.

HENRY
Hey, can I talk to you for a minute?
She reads his face: "uh-oh." Follows him off.
Marcy joins Evan at the bar.

EVAN
What's that about?

MARCY
Henry and Daphne are in love.

EVAN
They finally figured it out?!

MARCY
Despite their best efforts not to.

EVAN
Wait, how do you know about all this?

MARCY
I'm on the team now.

They look back to Henry and Christina.

EVAN
Is he telling her now?
(Marcy nods)
Well, she can't be that upset, it's
only like their fourth date.

Masking her sadness with anger, Christina decides to BLAST
Henry in the face with her martini.

CHRISTINA
(immediately regrets it)
I'm sorry, that was excessive.

HENRY
(dripping vodka)
No, I think I deserved it.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Henry bursts out of the bowling alley, on a mission.

He blows past ERICA and MORGAN (Henry and Daphne's respective sex dates) walking in to the alley, hand in hand. Erica double takes on Henry, and then hides her face.

Meanwhile, Henry encounters disaster in the form of-

-a firetruck, lights on, blocking his car in.

Frantic, Henry beelines for a fireman.

HENRY

Hey! That's my car, I gotta get my car out!

FIREMAN

I'm sorry sir. World's Largest Horse is on the loose, just came through and took out a powerline. We're going to be here for a while.

(sniffs Henry: vodka)

And I don't think you should be driving in the state you're in.

Off Henry's face: FUUUUCK.

With no other options, Henry takes off running.

EXT. RESTAURANT VALET - SAME

Rick opens the door to his car for Daphne. She gets in

Rick struts around to the driver's side. A grinnin' perv.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Henry is running out of steam, sweating like a pig.

He stops for a brief rest, and then cuts through a park.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Henry is really fucking tired now. He looks like he might die, or at least vomit. He stops to catch his breath.

That's when he sees it-

-The World's Largest Horse, grazing by the jungle gym.

The beast catches his gaze. Mano a caballo.

HENRY
Eeeeeeeasy now.

The horse SNORTS. And then something odd happens.
It trots over to Henry and starts licking his face.
He CHUCKLES a bit.

HENRY (cont'd)
Hey there.

The horse finds an apple slice (from the martini) tucked in
Henry shirt pocket. It nibbles on the apple.

Henry strokes its mane.

HENRY (cont'd)
You must love martinis.

EXT. RICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rick helps Daphne out of his car. SHUTS the door.

DAPHNE
You understand the consequences of
lying to me about this?

RICK
I swear to God. Scouts honor.

DAPHNE
Okay. I'll come upstairs, but if you
don't show me a D-cup bra with an
authenticated George W. Bush
signature, then we've got problems.

RICK
You'll be eating those words.

Their trek to the front door is interrupted by NOISE.

CLOPPING noise, moving fast and getting closer.

Daphne and Rick turn to see-

-the world's largest horse CHARGING down the street with
Henry on his back! It is by no means a smooth ride.

DAPHNE
Is that...Henry!?

Henry is bouncing around, holding on for dear life, doing
everything in his power to stay on this horse.

As Henry gets closer to Daphne and Rick, he tries to pull back on the reins...which is really just his belt looped around the horse's neck.

HENRY
Whoooooa boy!

The world's largest horse responds poorly to this request.

The horse spins and BUCKS, LAUNCHING Henry off!

Henry soars through the air and-

-LANDS HARD on the hood of Rick's car!

Oh my God! DAPHNE RICK
WHAT THE HELL, MAN!?

The car alarm BLARES, and the world's largest horse GALLOPS off into the distance.

Daphne runs to Henry.

Annoyed, Rick TURNS OFF the car alarm.

Daphne finds Henry semi-conscious on the car's hood. All she can think to say is:

DAPHNE
Was that the world's largest horse?

HENRY
(loopy, dazed)
I named him Jamarcus.

RICK
But he's white.

DAPHNE
Rick! That's really racist!

RICK
(to himself)
Is it?

Daphne helps Henry up into a sitting position.

DAPHNE
What are you doing here?

HENRY
(shaking out the cobwebs)
I had to see you.

Long pause.

DAPHNE
Well, here I am.

 HENRY
Right. Yeah. So I guess I gotta...

Henry takes a beat to gather this thoughts.

 HENRY (cont'd)
...What you were saying earlier.
About not being the special one. You
are the special one, you know?
 (that was awkward)
What I mean is, your whole casual
being alone theory is bullshit
because the in-betweeners are so
beneath you. You deserve, like, a
topper, or whatever it is that's
better than an in-beweenener.
 (little progress, if any)
Let me start over. Christina is a
totally amazing girl.
 (Daphne scowls)
No no! That's not what I meant! I'm
only pointing how amazing she is so
that I can make an appropriate
comparison that expresses...

Henry wipes sweat off his brow. Once again, Daphne has
turned him into a flustered and rambling mess.

It's gotten so bad that he has to address it:

 HENRY (cont'd)
I'm bombing, aren't I?

 DAPHNE
I'd gong you off stage if I could.

 HENRY
 (frustrated)
Listen, the point is, or I guess my
question is...
 (gulp)
...do you think that maybe you and I
fell in love with each other and just
didn't know it right away?

It's such an obscure question, but Daphne gets it and it
makes her a little gushy inside.

She KISSES him. Hard and to the point. It rules.

The kiss lasts the perfect amount of time, right between
majestic and obnoxious. Henry is actually blushing.

HENRY (cont'd)
Thank you for doing that, I was
having a lot of trouble building up
the courage.

DAPHNE
I could tell.

A soft WHIMPERING NOISE. Confusion.

Holy shit, Rick is still here! And he's tearing up!

RICK
(deteriorating)
I'm sorry, but that was really
beautiful and, like, really
frustrating for me at the same time
because...it was so perfect, you
know? And I want that, I really want
to find that, like, one amazing girl
to be with. And I thought Daphne
might be her, but obviously she's
not, and, I dunno, it just never
seems to work out for me with any
girl long-term, and I don't know what
I'm doing wrong. It sucks!

Long pause.

HENRY
Well...first of all, you should stop
transparently trying to bang any girl
willing to entertain the idea.

DAPHNE
Yeah. And don't call a girl "babe"
or "baby" until she's let you stay
over at her place.

RICK
Oh.

Henry hops up off of the car. Holds out his hand.

HENRY
Let's get out of here.

DAPHNE
(takes his hand)
Lead the way.

Hand in hand, Henry and Daphne leave Rick alone.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Daphne turn the corner, and walk past us. We follow them down the sidewalk.

HENRY
So, my car's, like, miles away.

DAPHNE
You rode the world's largest horse
for over a mile?

HENRY
No, I picked him up at a park about
half mile away. Still pretty good
for a sweeping romantic gesture, no?

DAPHNE
Unbeatable.

HENRY
Good. Because my taint feels like it
went ten rounds with Manny Pacquiao.

DAPHNE
The night is young.

HENRY
Speaking of that, am I going to move
into your bedroom, or are you going
to move into mine?

DAPHNE
I say...we have sex in your bed,
cuddle in my bed, and sleep in
separate beds.

HENRY
God...DAMN IT! I love you.

DAPHNE
I love you too.

HENRY
Let's go to my bed.

FADE OUT.

OVER CREDITS:

INT. INTERNET CAFE - MORNING

At the counter we find Mark (the power player) and Jennifer
(the gold digger) getting their orders. Coffee & pastries.

Jennifer reaches for her purse, a hollow gesture.

MARK

Don't be ridiculous, babe. I got
this covered.

Mark pulls out his wallet and begins sifting through
(flaunting) \$100 bills for a \$12 order. Jennifer loves it.

The cashier rolls his eyes: "what a D."

PAN AWAY to find:

Christina (the almost perfect match) sitting with Steve (the
good samaritan). Christina is down-in-the-mouth.

STEVE

I'm sorry, Chris.

CHRISTINA

It just sucks, you know? I was
starting to really like him.

STEVE

Well at least you got an explanation.
My last date was going well and then
she blew me off out of nowhere.

CHRISTINA

I'd take that over what I got.

STEVE

Buck up, huh?

CHRISTINA

I hate it when you say that.

STEVE

Sorry. I'm just saying that we still
have one more match left.

Through the cafe window, we see the World's Largest Horse
GALLOP down the sidewalk.

THE END.