

HE'S FUCKIN PERFECT

Written by

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EXT. COFFEE SHOP- MORNING OF A WORK DAY

A girl smokes a cigarette and types away ENGROSSED on her iPhone. This is CHARLIE (29, quick witted, cute without much effort). She finishes and throws the butt on the ground.

ANGLE on a older woman at an outside table JUDGEMENTALLY looking at Charlie. They catch eyes. Charlie smiles and picks up the cigarette to throw it in the garbage.

INSIDE THE COFFEE SHOP

Charlie walks in and up to her best friend BETSY (late 20's, fun, flighty, no filter) who's also typing on her phone.

Betsy turns to Charlie and talks through her teeth. She tries to be casual but she's smiling really big so it just looks sorta creepy.

BETSY

(gritted teeth)

Yo, play it cool but there's a cute
guy that keeps eyeing me. 2
o'clock. No, wait, 3. Ok fuck, no
it's definitely 2.

CHARLIE

Stop smiling like that, you look
creepy.

Betsy attempts to stop smiling but now her lips are pursed
strangely and it looks just as bad.

BETSY

(not moving her mouth)

How's this? 2'clock. Look now.

CHARLIE

He can't hear us, just talk
normally.

BETSY

Ok.

Charlie casually looks over.

CHARLIE

He's cute. But what's he drinking?
It's 8AM dude. What are you, 12?

ANGLE on a guy sipping a Frappuccino with whipped cream.

BETSY

Get off you high ass.

CHARLIE
That's not the saying.

Betsy looks over again. Fuck, he caught her. Wait, he's smiling. Now he's walking over.

BARISTA
Charlie!

Charlie walks to the counter for her drink as the guy approaches Betsy. The guy and Betsy talk near Charlie but you can't hear what they're saying.

She fixes her drink and looks up just as the guy and Betsy are saying goodbye. It's a weird handshake into hug with a kiss on the cheek hybrid. Awkward.

Betsy walks back up to Charlie.

CHARLIE
Talk to me.

BETSY
His name is Matt. He works as a paralegal at Hoffman and Steinberg.

CHARLIE
Perfect. Call me when you get to work.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- LATER THAT MORNING.

Charlie sits behind her computer in a small office. It's decorated pretty hip. A BANKSY print hangs on her wall.

She's on the phone with Betsy.

CHARLIE
You ready to get into it?

INT. OFFICE- CUBICLE- SAME TIME

Betsy sits in a fairly small cubicle. Various different CHIA pets are at her desk.

BETSY
Maybe don't do a check up.

WE INTERCUT THE PHONE CALL BETWEEN BOTH PLACES.

CHARLIE
Shut up.

BETSY
Ugh, fine. Tell me everything.

Charlie GOOGLES: "Matt", "Hoffman & Steinberg" and "paralegal." A list comes up.

CHARLIE
Ok, there's like 15 different
Matt's coming up at this company.
This may take a sec.

BETSY
I'm here. Waiting on eggshells.

CHARLIE
I don't, think you're using that
phrase correctly.

Charlie types more. There's an ARTFULNESS to her searching.

We see a PICTURE of Matt on GOOGLE IMAGES. She matches it
with FACEBOOK.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Jack. Mutha Fuckin. Pot.

BETSY
You're the Queen. Talk to me.

CHARLIE
Shit. His profile's private. Gotta
use my hacking skills.

BETSY
You're like "Murder She Wrote."

CHARLIE
Except for the not at all part.

Charlie's on Matt's Facebook page. She makes DISAPPOINTED
faces and sounds as she scans through pictures.

She stops on a picture, leans in to look closer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, fuckity fuck.

BETSY
What? What what what what?

CHARLIE

Well, right now I'm staring at a shirtless picture of this dude at a pool in Vegas.

BETSY

Ok...

CHARLIE

Drinking one of those huge douchey drinks with the twisty straws.

BETSY

Eesh...

CHARLIE

Standing next to Joe fucking Francis, the "Girls Gone Wild" tool, and they're in the midst of a bro-shake...

ANGLE on PICTURE of Matt and Joe Francis making DOUCHEY kissy faces. Caption beneath reads "Bro'in it out with my Bro Bro. Who wants a Bro-jito?"

BETSY

Are they making those kissy faces?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Guess you have to change his name in your phone to "Don't Answer."

BETSY

How many "Don't Answers" do you have?

CHARLIE

Me? Uh, does "Annoying" and "Don't Fucking Pick Up" count?

BETSY

Yeah.

She looks at her phone.

CHARLIE

Like, 12. But for good reasons.

BETSY

Sometimes, I just wish you weren't such an amazing cyber stalker.

CHARLIE

It's not stalking Bets. I can't help that I have these God given skills of research. It's like a super power. If you could fly, would you just be like "eh, fuck it. I'll just stay here on the ground. I think I'll walk to the store." Fuck no you wouldn't.

BETSY

It's not natural to know everything about someone beforehand.

CHARLIE

Sure it is. This is the age we live in. I'm just smarter cause I'm weeding through the bullshit for everyone.

BETSY

Yeah. Well, sometimes, when one door closes, there's, a window, you didn't, leave open, but someone, comes into it?

CHARLIE

That sounds like a rapist.

BETSY

Just trying to be helpful. Love ya.

CHARLIE

Love ya.

They hang up. Betsy sadly changes his name to "Don't Answer."

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

CLOSE up on a PAIR OF HANDS on a computer keyboard.

We HEAR..

SONG: "SHOWER SCENE SILVER SCREEN" by FELIX DA HOUSECAT.

(Why don't you go put on that song to get you in the groove?)

The hand types a name into GOOGLE. A list of websites comes up as we..

CUT TO:

CLOSE up on a DIFFERENT pair of hands, this time SEARCHING the internet on an IPHONE. A NAME is searched. All different links come up; FACEBOOK, YOUTUBE, LINKED-IN, etc. The hand SCROLLS through the links as we...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF QUICKER SHOTS; many DIFFERENT hands TYPE AWAY on computers, laptops, iPhones, Droids, Blackberries, iPads, etc. We finally settle on one person being SEARCHED and then we jump to..

A HAND moving a computer mouse to UNFRIEND a person on FACEBOOK.

We dive into different websites, searching PEOPLE, scrolling through TWITTER, FACEBOOK posts, TUMBLR accounts, MATCH, etc.

A HAND on an iPhone clicks FOLLOW to someone on TWITTER.

It's now a MONTAGE of PICTURES and VIDEOS of people from various INTERNET SITES;

CUT TO:

HANDS ABRUPTLY CLOSING A LAPTOP.

Song ends.

INT. YOGURT SHOPPE-EVENING

Charlie, Betsy, and MEG (30, level-headed, confident) TASTE various flavors at the machines. Charlie holds a bunch of different samples.

CHARLIE

Is it wrong if I just eat like 10
sample cups instead of buying it?

MEG

Wow, this shit is not fat free.

BETSY

Well not when it ends up looking
like mine. Boo-yah!

ANGLE on Betsy's yogurt. It looks like a 5 year old made it.

Tons of flavors are covered in Caramel, sprinkles, cereal, fruit, gummy bears. It's a mess.

CHARLIE
How old are you?

BETSY
Stoned.

CHARLIE
Jealous.

MEG
You guys need to stop getting high
all the time.

BETSY
(thinking)
I'm totally gonna stop when I'm
pregnant. Duh. But then, when my
kids are old enough, I'll be like
"Your father and I are going to the
store, stay here!" And then me and
my husband will sneak into the
garage, and put on old records and
roll a joint and talk about the
good old days. Before we had STUPID
kids. And bills and a mortgage. And
then my kids will be like,
"something smells funny", and
they'll come outside, and the
garage door will slowly start
opening, and I'll be like "Keith,
put the joint out!" And I'm
spraying Febreeze like crazy, but
then our kids come in and they're
like "Mommy, why does it smell like
skunk in here?" and I'm like "Get
inside the house RIGHT now!" but
meanwhile we're hiding behind the
car and our kids are like "we know
you're in here!" And the fan isn't
working and it's so hot in the
garage, and I'm like "why didn't
you buy a new fan Keith?!" and he's
getting mad at me and he's like
"you always got a million lists of
things for me to do. I'm SO SORRY I
didn't get to buying a fan for the
garage!" He can be such a dick
sometimes.

MEG
You need to stop talking.

Betsy listens like a child.

BETSY

Ok.

Charlie spots an acquaintance JANE (late 20's, pretentious, overdressed) getting in line.

JANE

Oh my gosh, Charles in Charge, how are you sweets?

CHARLIE

Jane, hey, what's up?

They hug. It's not very genuine.

JANE

(to Meg and Betsy)
Hi ladies.

MEG AND BETSY

Hey. Hi.

They don't look excited to see her. Well, Betsy just looks INCREDIBLY high. She stares and eats her yogurt slowly.

JANE

(to Charlie)
I feel like it's totes fate we bumped in. Marni was telling me about these "check ups" you do for everyone?

Jane does air quotes on "check ups". It's condescending.

CHARLIE

Oh, yeah. Well not everyone, just like close friends and stuff.

JANE

Nuts-ville. I was actually hoping mabes you could do one for me? I met this guy rece and he seems totes perf, so obvi it makes me think he's got mad bags, ya know?

Charlie tries to understand what the fuck she's saying.

CHARLE

Yeah?

JANE

So, how much do you charge?

Jane pulls her wallet out of her pretentiously MASSIVE purse.

Betsy makes FACES behind Jane's back. She thinks she's funnier than she is.

CHARLIE

Oh my gosh, no no. This is just something I do for my friends, it's really not a big deal.

JANE

Wow, so nice. Ok, so his name is Evan. He's like 30. Met him at a party. He's gorge. Totes my steez.

CHARLIE

Ah, ok. Any other info?

JANE

Uhm, he works at a youth center around here. I wasn't really listening. I think the name has "happiness" or "bright" or something in it.

CHARLIE

Cool. Well, I'll call you in a few days and let you know what I find.

Jane puts her hand on Charlie's shoulder.

JANE

Thanks so much sweets. You're cray amay. Bye lades. Joy the lofe gurt on this perf sum eve.

Jane walks away with her annoyingly perfect ass.

MEG

What the fuck did she just say?

CHARLIE

I have no idea.

BETSY

You're not gonna do it right?

CHARLIE

No, not for her. She's a chode.

MEG

You need to stop doing those. They're unhealthy. You're addicted.

CHARLIE

I'm not addicted. It's just a little screening process. Who cares? Why waste your time with someone when you don't have to?

BETSY

She's kinda right. Remember those YouTube clips she found of Jonathan? His stand-up gave me the awkward tingles.

INSERT- GRAINY INTERNET VIDEO

Man on stage in a cheesy comedy club.

JAMES

...so she says "I'm on the South Beach Diet", and I say, "Well that's perfect, cause what comes out of my body is pure protein baby. It's a win win!
(a la Soup Nazi)
No carbs for you! No carbs for you!

He mimes jerking off. Murmurs from the crowd.

BACK TO YOGURT SHOP

MEG

Weren't they from like 8 years ago though? I'm sure wouldn't want someone judging you on stuff you did years ago.

BETSY

I once let a valet guy squeeze my bare breast for free parking.

CHARLIE

I know Bets. I was there. And you actually tea bagged his face with your boobs.

EXT. PARKING LOT- FLASHBACK

A SMALL foreign Valet parker sits in the passenger seat of Betsy's car. She's leaned over with her breasts on his face.

BETSY (V.O)

Oh yeah. That was so weird.
College!

BACK TO YOGURT SHOP

CHARLIE
We weren't in college. It was like
two years ago, at your cousin's Bar
Mitzvah.

CUT TO:

EXT.-PARKING LOT- FLASHBACK

The Valet's face is almost totally OBSTRUCTED by Betsy's
breasts. His words are muffled from it.

VALET GUY
(muffled)
I should probaree tell you, parkha
is complimenhree.

WIDEN to reveal a few pre-teen boys with Yamulkas and suits
standing nearby with HUGE frozen smiles.

INT. YOGURT SHOP- PRESENT

BETSY
Oh, right. Eduardo. We still text!

Charlie and Meg stare at Betsy for a beat.

MEG
Anyway, that's life Charlie. You
get to know someone and take that
chance. It can be fun, believe it
or not.

The girls pay for their yogurt. Charlie spots an OLD couple
at a table, holding hands, eating yogurt totally in LOVE.

CHARLIE
I want what they have.

She NODS over to the couple. The girls look on wistfully for
a moment, Betsy is ESPECIALLY wistful, or high. Hard to tell.

The old man WIPES off a bit of yogurt on the woman's cheek
and KISSES her, then again, and, whoa, is he licking the
yogurt off her face? Now they're MAKING OUT, a LOT. It's
gross.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Maybe, not exactly, what that is.

MEG

For the love of God, someone get
that woman a wet-nap.

BETSY

(whiney)
I don't like that.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- DAYTIME

Charlie is logged onto a TWITTER page for her company's JEWELRY line. She types away. She runs the company's SOCIAL MEDIA.

She contemplates, then CLOSES the Twitter window. Gets on GOOGLE. Types "Evan", "Youth Center" and "Brighter."

ANGLE on an ONLINE NEWS ARTICLE titled "Future's Looking Bright" about "THE BRIGHTER FUTURE" youth center.

PICTURE at the top is a SMOKING hot guy surrounded by kids, one is SITTING in his LAP. They're in the midst of a HUGE hearty laugh. It's a little overboard.

The CAPTION beneath reads "Youth Center Events Director Evan Beckett shares a laugh with some of the kids."

CHARLIE

(to herself)
Well that was easy. Ugh, how cute
are you?

She gets into FULL on SEARCH mode. She scans through TONS of pictures, videos, etc.

Every photo seems to be more PERFECT than the next.

INSERT PICTURES FROM COMPUTER:

- He's on the beach with his perfect body.

Charlie counts his abs with her finger.

CHARLIE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Is that a fucking 8-pack?!

- He's scuba-diving and hugging a shark.

CHARLIE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Seriously?

- He's eating weird food and making a funny face.

CHARLIE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Aww.

- He's giving water to villagers in a THIRD world country.

CHARLIE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Jesus.

- He's holding like, 3 babies, at the same time.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How is he even..

- He's climbing a mountain with a Sherpa, ON HIS BACK!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ok, that's not...

- He's playing the Saxophone with passion..

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

For real?

- He's sitting with the Dalai Lama, doing YOGA.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I mean...

BACK TO OFFICE

Charlie finds a YouTube video

ANGLE on the VIDEO.

Evan sits in a chair PLAYING guitar for Youth Center kids who SURROUND him on the floor.

EVAN

I wanna dedicate this one to you
guys.

He starts playing the guitar.

SONG- "Lucky Man" by The Verve (sung by Evan)

EVAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

Happiness, more or less, it's just
a change in me. Something in my
liberty....

WIDEN to reveal Charlie in her office mesmerized. She closes the video, overwhelmed.

She's snapped out of it by a loud KNOCK at her door, although it's ajar.

TUCKER
Knock, knock.

Her boss TUCKER (mid 40's) stands in the doorway. Tucker is a Dad, but obsessed with pop culture and fashion. His outfits always look a little AWKWARD. He's wearing SKINNY JEANS.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Hey, have you heard back from US WEEKLY? Are they gonna put our two finger rings on the "Summer Must Haves" list? And did you Twitter the new contest?

Charlie's in a daze.

CHARLIE
Uhm, yeah.

TUCKER
What's with the face?

CHARLIE
I think, I found my soulmate.

TUCKER
(excited)
Ohhh, like on Jdate or something?

Tucker HUSTLES over to her couch. He's having a LOT of trouble moving in the skinny jeans.

CHARLIE
Are those women's jeans?

TUCKER
No, they're skinny. I'm fine. Go.

CHARLIE
So, I'm doing a "check up" on a guy for this acquaintance, aaaand he's perfect for me.

TUCKER
What makes you think you're perfect for each other?

CHARLIE

Well, scratch that. He's perfect.
His smile, his, face, ughhh, I
wanna date him. It's happening.
It's so fucking happening.

TUCKER

And what are you going to tell this
acquaintance?

CHARLIE

I'll figure it out. She sucks, so I
don't feel bad. She definitely
doesn't deserve him.

TUCKER

Ok, lemme see.

He AWKWARDLY walks over to her computer to look at a picture.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Damn, I'm getting a broner.

CHARLIE

(a bit disgusted)
A what?

TUCKER

I don't, I was just, ya know, I'm
straight but, I can appreciate a
hot guy, ya know? Whatever, I don't
actually have an erection. I just,
heard it somewh-forget it.

CHARLIE

Don't, say that anymore. To anyone.

He nods. He looks at the picture again.

TUCKER

Those cheekbones should be illegal.
Am I right?

She looks at him again, like "what are you even saying?"

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Well, keep me posted. You deserve
to meet someone amazing. You're a
catch.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

Tucker leaves and Charlie immediately dials her phone.

INT. MANICURE PLACE- SAME TIME

Jane sits in a pedicure chair reading OK! Magazine. She picks up her cell.

JANE
Hey hon. So? What do you think?

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- SAME TIME

CHARLIE
Bad news sweets. It's gonorrhea.

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT TIME

Charlie sits with Betsy in pajama pants and old ripped up t-shirts. Betsy is FILLING up a huge bong.

BETSY
Ok, 20 grand, you adopt, like 15 ferrets, for a year.

Betsy LIGHTS the bong up for herself.

CHARLIE
Can I tell people it's for a bet?

BETSY
(exhaling smoke)
Fuck no. And you have to like, pretend you really love them.

CHARLIE
A year? No, 20 grand is nothing. Ferrets are gross. And ferret people are super creepy. And this is like a meaty year of my life.

Betsy passes the bong to Charlie. She lights it up.

BETSY
How bout 50 grand? But then you have to wear like silk screened shirts with pictures of them on it at least once a week.

Charlie exhales.

CHARLIE
No way. All the money would go to keeping those fuckers alive.
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It'd have to be like, at least, 200
grand. After taxes, right?

Meg bursts through the front door holding trays.

MEG
Some help?

Charlie jumps up to help. Betsy looks up from the couch.

BETSY
What is it? I want it!

She CLENCHES her fists in and out like a child.

MEG
Carne Asada pizzas on flat bread.
Trying them out for a private party
I'm doing next weekend. Who loves
ya?

BETSY
You're the best ever! I just bought
the greatest Panini maker on the
planet. Will make us some?

CHARLIE
Bets, are you serious? I thought we
talked about no more infomercial
products. You don't even cook.

BETSY
The woman in the commercial made it
look SO easy. I can literally put
ANYTHING into a Panini. You're
telling me you don't want that
option?!

MEG
You need to stop.

INT. CLOSET- Six different SNUGGIES hanging up.

ANGLE on their kitchen filled with George Forman Grills,
Panini Makers, Magic bullets, ANYTHING you can imagine.

BETSY (O.S.)
It's not a big deal.

The TALKING BASS and other lame products hand on the WALL.

CHARLIE
Really? I think it's at like
intervention level.

A GAZELLE is stuffed into a corner PILED with laundry. A printed picture of TONY LITTLE with a thought bubble that says "Get off your ass and RIDE me bitch!" hangs on it.

Betsy PEELS back the foil on the trays.

BETSY

I smell a black-out food binge coming on.

MEG

That's all I can ask for. So what's up? How's work?

BETSY

Good. They used me as a model in 3 stock photos today. My boss said the company's gonna have to start paying me extra.

MEG

What were you in?

Betsy takes a bong rip and talks as she exhales.

BETSY

I did, "Girl Upset by Sexting," "Lady holding Asian baby", and "Woman Smiling over Mug of Coffee."

QUICK SHOTS of Betsy's photos flash on the screen as she explains each one.

MEG

I'd like one of those framed for my birthday.

CHARLIE

Ok, now that you're both here, I'm about to blow your minds.

The girls look over intrigued.

BETSY

I love getting my mind blown, like, so much.

CHARLIE

I found my soulmate. Jane's dude. I did a checkup and, he's fucking perfect.

BETSY

YOU found nothing wrong with him?

CHARLIE
No, he's literally perfect.

MEG
But you don't know him?

CHARLIE
But I will. Soon. Ok, so no judgement zone, would it be like creepy fatal attraction style if I try and kept him for myself?

BETSY
(excitedly)
Maybe it was fate that you came across him? It's like a modern day fairy tale!

CHARLIE
Here's the thing though. He's like into macrobiotics, and yoga, and recycling.

BETSY
You bring extra garbage to the movies just to throw it out on the floor.

CHARLIE
It just feels so good.

MEG
Ok, so it sounds like he's not perfect for you.

CHARLIE
Oh no, he is. But more like perfect, for who I want to be. Will be.

BETSY
What do you mean will be?

CHARLIE
Well, obviously I'm crazy good at finding things out about people. So I'll just use my internet talents as a little assistance, a kick start really. Just, ya know find out his likes and interests, places he frequents. Then, maybe bump into him a few times. See how it plays out. After that, it's all me.

MEG
This is bad idea.

CHARLIE
I get it Meg, ok? I get it. But listen. This guy is fucking perfect. And he's just walking around out there as we speak, living his life. Buying socks, or even getting out of the shower...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM- SOMEWHERE MAGICAL

Evan is exiting his shower, in SLO-MO, body glistening, it's sort of glowing around him.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
And I can't just sit around here now, knowing that he exists and not do shit about it!

The fantasy Evan shakes his wet hair out, it's like some sexy dreamy ad.

CUT TO:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Meg, let me just show you a picture of him. I get that you're a lez and this probably won't do anything for you, but here.

Meg leans in to look at Charlie's phone.

MEG
Ho-lee-shit. Wow. I mean, I can't say I'm turned on, but I just wanna like, high-five God or something. I didn't know humans came like that.

Betsy leans in.

BETSY
Hesus Christo!

MEG
Ok, I do have to shake off that photo. But you should listen to me. Don't do this.

CHARLIE
Blah blah blah from the girl
already in love. Betsy, you in?

BETSY
Totes town. Dot com.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- DAYTIME

Energetic music POPS in.

SWISH PAN INTO CHARLIE AT HER DESK.

Charlie's on SPEAKERPHONE talking to Betsy.

CHARLIE
Ok, so if you go into Google docs,
I started a file for us to share
info we find out. It'll mostly be
me using it, but it'd be cool if
you start following him on Twitter,
read all his posts, see his
Twitpics, that sorta thing. And
then Foresquare, Yelp, and Linked
in, just to keep up on him.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO- SAME TIME

Betsy's wearing a woman's business suit and reading glasses
while they set up a photo shoot behind her.

WE INTERCUT THE CALL BETWEEN BOTH PLACES.

BETSY
Hey, I thought of a great idea too.
Remember Doug, my friend that used
to work in law enforcement and
other stuff? I thought he could
help us with the investigating.

CHARLIE
Yeah, you need to use law
enforcement very loosely. More like
"stuff." Bets, he's super creepy
and he's totally in love with--

BETSY
(cutting her off)
Bu-bu-bu-bu, he's on the phone.

THREE WAY SPLIT SCREEN OF PHONE CALL.

INT. PARKED CAR -SAME TIME

DOUG (late 30's) regular looking dude, sits in the driver seat of his car EATING a bag of fast food.

DOUG

Hi Charlie. Listen, I get where you're coming from. I'm sittin here in a 92' Accord with a mouth full of waffle fries and an unlicensed gun in my trunk. But I wanna get this job done for you.

Charlie looks pissed and embarrassed.

CHARLIE

Hey Doug. Uh, sorry about that. Ok. Let's not, call it a job though.

DOUG

Tell me what you need from me.

CHARLIE

I think we're good right now, but we'll definitely let you know.

Doug is chewing loudly into the phone.

DOUG

Ok. I got a lot of equipment in my trunk. Nanny cams, rope, buck knives, night vision goggles, baby clothes, snow shoes, girl scout cookies, latex body suits, whatever you need.

CHARLIE

Sounds..good. Thank you.

DOUG

I wanna get inside this guy like a colonoscopy camera.

CHARLIE

Too much Doug.

DOUG

Ok, noted. But let's do this.

INT.- PHOTO STUDIO- SAME TIME

A crew guy walks up to Betsy.

CREW GUY
Hey, we're ready for you.

BETSY
Cool, thanks.

CHARLIE
What are you doing?

BETSY
I'm about to be in a shot. I'll
give you the deets later. Love ya.

DOUG
Betsy, you are my light in a world
which is so dark it can envelope a
man's soul and bleed him dry.

BETSY
(giggles light heartedly)
Doug!

Charlie looks creeped out. They hang up.

Betsy walks over to the shot. A guy dressed in a business
suit stands off to the side. The PHOTOGRAPHER (late 30's,
pretentious, luxurious hair) walks over to Betsy.

PHOTOGRAPHER
So first up, we're doing Sexual
Harassment photo # 3. This is Greg.

GREG (30's, Mid western with a warm face) walks up to Betsy
and shakes her hand. He was the guy in the suit.

GREG
Hi, I'm Greg. Guess I'll be,
sexually harassing you today?

Betsy smiles, he's cute.

BETSY
(giggly and awkward)
Yeah, well, I mean, it's not really
sexual harassment, if you're into
it right?

Greg laughs and shrugs, amused by her.

CREW GUY
Ok, places!

Greg and Betsy get in front of tall bookshelf with a chair in
front of it.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Ok, girl, stand on the chair like
you're grabbing a binder. And guy,
I want you standing beneath her,
looking up her skirt.

They get into position. It's clearly awkward and
uncomfortable. A small BORED crew looks on.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Now girl, look down at guy and let
me just see your mouth slightly
agape, shocked at what's happening.

Betsy looks down toward Greg and opens her mouth.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

And guy, let me see your eyes
peering up her skirt, but I want
your fist in your mouth.

Greg slowly looks up her skirt and hesitantly puts his fist
into his mouth.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Beautiful, and we're off!

The photographer takes TONS of shots. He's making WEIRD
sounds. A PA walks up and DABS his head with a towel.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Fabulous. That will do. Ok, let's
take a 5 to set up for the next
shot. Girl?

Betsy looks over.

BETSY

Me?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Go change, the next shot is "Woman
confused by Cordless Drill."

BETSY

Ok.

Greg and Betsy start to walk off set together.

GREG

Well that was officially weird.

BETSY

So, since you've already seen up my skirt, what's next?

GREG

Well, would you wanna grab a drink sometime?

BETSY

Like, alcohol?

GREG

Uhm, yeah, of course.

He's entertained by her sweet and flighty personality.

BETSY

Totally. Gimme your phone, I'll put my number in.

He hands over her phone, she plugs it in. They smile.

EXT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- DAYTIME

Charlie is walking toward her office. Tucker catches her.

TUCKER

Hey Charlie, I've been thinking...

CHARLIE

Ok?

TUCKER

I really feel like you should cool it on the internet searching a bit. You're such a great catch and it's just stupid to force this whole thing. You need to find someone that really fits you, you know? The old fashioned way.

CHARLIE

I've been thinking about it too, and you're right Tucker. So thank you. You're not only a good boss, but a good friend.

TUCKER

I love ya. Good talk bro.

He puts his fist out. Charlie hesitantly fist bumps.

CHARLIE
Don't, call women bro.

TUCKER
You're the best.

Charlie walks into...

HER OFFICE

She quickly sits at the computer. Pops opens a document open called "Evan Beckett."

CHARLIE
Let's do this.

INTERNET RESEARCH MONTAGE

SONG- "LEARN TO LOSE"- by HOCKEY

IN HER OFFICE

Charlie TYPES AWAY on the computer pulling up information about Evan from VARIOUS websites.

IN HER LIVING ROOM

Charlie adds to the Google Doc "INTO RAW FOODS AND JUICE CLEANSSES." She's EATING a bag of Cheetos and dip on her couch. She SLOWLY closes the bag.

INT. PET STORE - DAYTIME

Charlie looks at a "TwitPic" on her phone of Evan SAVING SEA TURTLES in Costa Rica.

WIDEN to reveal she's at a pet store, LOOKING at a tank of small TURTLES. Betsy eats a Ring Pop next to her, stoned and MESMERIZED by a tank of fish, entertained like it's the TV.

She looks at Charlie and points to the tank implying "get a load a these guys." They walk out with a TURTLE and TANK.

EXT. FOOD TRUCK

Charlie grabs lunch. She stares at the WEEKLY SPECIAL- "Bacon Cheeseburger with Grilled Onions." Moments later she angrily eats a salad.

IN HER OFFICE

Charlie looks at a FACEBOOK picture of Evan doing a CLEAN UP at a junk yard. The caption reads "Recycle Party".

OUTSIDE

Charlie approaches a GARBAGE CAN. She contemplates and then throws a bottle out in the GLASS bin instead of the trash. She's overly pleased like it was a HUGE accomplishment.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S HOUSE- NIGHT TIME

Charlie eats an apple and reads a book on Modern Art. She looks anxious. Betsy comes in the front door.

BETSY

What up?

CHARLIE

I cracked the code! This weekend, I'm meeting Evan. Level one, completed!

BETSY

Shut the FUCK up!

Charlie gets up and they yell and scream like idiots.

BETSY (CONT'D)

(re:apple)

Wait, are you smoking weed outta that? Our bong is in my room.

CHARLIE

No you asshole, I'm eating it. Like a human being.

Betsy seems confused.

BETSY

Huh. Interesting.

CHARLIE

Tryin to get my health on. Where were you?

BETSY

I met a guy. But right now you will know nothing. I wanna play this out like a normal person. No check ups.

CHARLIE
Nothing?! Ugh, you're mean.

BETSY
So what's the Evan sich?

CHARLIE
Ok, soooooo, friend of a friend of
a friend's birthday party. Fate
intervened and Evan is going. He
RSVP'd on Facebook. It was
forwarded to me. We got a mutual
friend. We are SO fucking there.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT TIME

Charlie, Betsy, and Meg are approach the door to a bar.

The girls look GREAT. Betsy airs on the side of SLUTTY.
Charlie rocks some KILLER heels. She can't walk in them.

CHARLIE
I'm not gonna lie, my feet already
hurt.

MEG
Why are you wearing them then?

BETSY
Because I'm awesome and found this
on his Twitter.
(reading)
"Girls in high heels equal sexy.
It's the dirty old man in me. I
can't help myself."

MEG
You're both idiots. I shouldn't be
supporting this, but I'm intrigued.

CHARLIE
Duh.

Meg texts on her phone.

MEG
Jill might come. She's working
late, but she'll try to swing by.

BETSY
Yay. I miss her.

The girls approach the door. Charlie takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE
Let's do this.

Charlie opens the door to the bar.

INSIDE THE BAR

WIDE SHOT- THE THREE GIRLS ENTER IN SLO-MO.

SONG: "TOO FAKE" by HOCKEY

The song begins as wind BLOWS the girls' hair in SLO-MO as they enter. It looks SEXY. SUDDENLY the door shuts as we ABRUPTLY go back to NORMAL speed. Their hair flies EVERYWHERE from the door shutting.

They make a BEE LINE to the bar. Betsy aggressively PUSHES through and makes room for the girls. Damn, she's feisty.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Shots. Tequila?

BETSY
Yes please.

Betsy orders.

MEG
I'll do Merlot.

BETSY
Who brought Mom?

CHARLIE
Seriously, you're like a soaking wet Snuggie right now.

MEG
Fine.

The hold up the shots.

CHARLIE
Here's to us, here's to those like us, and to everyone else, fuck em!

They clink and all do a shot. Charlie SCANS the bar. A small sweet smile curls up her face.

ANGLE ON- EVAN BECKETT talking with a group, looking as GORGEOUS as humanly possible. Is there a halo of light surrounding him? Angels are singing somewhere.

Charlie STARES entranced for a moment. She turns back.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(a bit frazzled)
I see him.

BETSY
Ok, what's the game plan?

CHARLIE
I don't know. I need a cigarette.

BETSY
Remember that Instagram pic of him
from Coachella? He smokes. That's
your "in."

CHARLIE
When did you get smart?

BETSY
I have my moments.

Suddenly a man comes up next to them to clean up some empty
glasses off the bar. Charlie does a double take.

CHARLIE
Doug?! What are you doing here?!

Doug holds empty glasses and eats a chicken wing.

DOUG
Just cleaning up the mess. You look
stunning Betsy. Like a delicate
mermaid without the disgusting fish
tail part.

He winks and walks away.

CHARLIE
What the fuck?

Betsy shrugs and Meg looks confused.

MEG
Anyway, I think Betsy should just
mosey on in there.
(to Betsy)
You have no shame.

Betsy shrugs like "true." The girls do one more shot. Meg
shoos hers away. Betsy takes it.

ANGLE ON- EVAN AND THE GROUP TALKING

In the BACKGROUND the girls talk, while Betsy inches up. The group starts LAUGHING. Betsy sees this as her "in" and "casually" joins the group.

For the first time, we're up close and personal with EVAN BECKETT (30, so handsome it hurts, sparkling smile) With him are ADAM (29, mid-western, Guy's guy), JACK (31, Evan's best friend, confident relaxed vibe) and another chick.

The group starts to LAUGH as Betsy POKES herself right in, laughing along with them, a little TOO big. The laughter begins to die down.

BETSY
(too excited)
Right?! I know! It's like, what?! I
think technically that's illegal!

She lean/bumps against the other girl in the group.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Hey you.

GIRL
(confused)
Hey?

BETSY
I haven't met you guys yet though.
I'm Betsy.

She outstretches her hand. Everyone shakes. She's in!

Meg and Charlie stand a few feet behind her.

CHARLIE
Holy fucking fucker, she's done it.

Betsy charms the group, being dumb and funny, her strong suit.

MEG
I gotta give it up, she's got
balls.

CHARLIE
And four shots of Tequila.

MEG
True.

BETSY
Man, I need a smoke. Hey Charlie!

Charlie and Meg see the group LOOKING at them. Betsy is mouthing "Oh my fucking God." She gives a TINY thumbs up that only the girls can see.

Charlie and Meg walk over. Charlie is having SERIOUS trouble in the heels, walking EXTRA slow, attempting to make it sexy.

CHARLIE
Hey, I'm Charlie.

EVAN
Hi, I'm Evan, nice to meet you.

He shakes her hand firmly. They smile.

ADAM
Adam, how goes it?

CHARLIE
Good!

JACK
Looks like you haven't quite mastered those heels yet, huh?

CHARLIE
(annoyed)
They're new.

JACK
Just sayin.

CHARLIE
(sarcastic)
Nice to meet you too!

JACK
Jack.

He shakes her hand, he smiles.

BETSY
Hey Charlie, were you going to go smoke? Do you have any cigarettes?

She catches on.

CHARLIE
Oh, yeah.

EVAN
Can I bum one?

CHARLIE

Sure!

EXT. BAR -MOMENTS LATER

Charlie FUMBLES to give Evan a cigarette. He pulls out a lighter and smoothly lights both his and Charlie's.

EVAN

Thanks for the cig.

CHARLIE

No problem. I'm quitting.

EVAN

Oh yeah, me too. I'm always quitting. It's my last vice. I'd like to think I live a pretty healthy lifestyle except for these little fuck-sticks.

CHARLIE

They are fuck-sticks, aren't they?

He looks down at her heels, they're high as hell.

EVAN

Those are some serious heels you're working with. They look dangerous.

She looks down at her feet.

CHARLIE

I just love sexy heels. I have too many pairs. It's so dumb, I know.

EVAN

No, they look really good on you.

They smile at each other.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

Evan finishes his smoke, stomps it out and picks it back up.

EVAN

You almost done?

Charlie throws her cigarette down as well and stomps on it.

CHARLIE

Yup!

Evan PICKS up her cigarette butt as well. Charlie makes a "fuck me" face to herself. He throws them out.

CHARLIE (CONT'D (CONT'D))
You, beat me to it. I actually,
find myself picking up other
people's cigarette butts, and
throwing them out, all the time. I
just can't help myself. I'm a
really big recycler. Have you heard
of "Freecycle"?

EVAN
Of course, I'm a member!

CHARLIE
Oh, no way! Yeah, me too. It's
just, great to trade stuff so
you're not trashing it.

EVAN
I couldn't agree more.

He opens the door for her to walk back inside.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Charlie, right?

CHARLIE
That's me!

He touches her waist slightly helping her as she walks back in. She notices.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- DAYTIME

Tucker lays on Charlie's couch reading STAR magazine. He wears a FEDORA. It looks weird. Charlie types at her computer.

TUCKER
(reading the magazine)
Sometimes I wish I was best friends
with all the "Real Housewives."

Charlie doesn't look up from what she's doing.

CHARLIE
That's really weird. They're like
the most awful human beings ever.

TUCKER

Ok, not all of them. Just like, Jill Zarin for sure, and her husband Bobby. And the British one from LA. And that crazy one from New Jersey.

CHARLIE

Which one?

Tucker thinks.

TUCKER

All of them, I guess.

CHARLIE

God, I love that show. I would literally watch every spin-off until they ran out of cities. Same with "The Bachelor." So damn good.

Tucker flips through the pages.

TUCKER

So what's up with your soulmate?

CHARLIE

Eh, nothing really. He didn't ask for my number at the bar. But he did the double name ask and totally touched my waist after he opened the door for me. I'm gonna have to do another bump in. Just trying to give it enough time so it doesn't feel too weird and planned.

TUCKER

Which it totally is.

CHARLIE

Affirmative.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR- A WEEK LATER- EARLY EVENING

Charlie drives. Her phone rings through the SPEAKER of her car, on blue-tooth.

CHARLIE

(answering)

Hey.

BETSY

Hey. Where are you?

CHARLIE
Halfway home.

BETSY
Well get ready to make a pit stop.
Evan just checked in on Foresquare
at the B-Noble on 6th street. Get
your ass there.

CHARLIE
What? Shit, like now? Ughh, I look
like crap.

BETSY
Go!

CHARLIE
Going!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT- CONTINUOUS

Charlie speeds into a spot.

INT. BOOK STORE- CONTINUOUS

Charlie GRABS a basket. She WALK-RUNS through the aisles
looking for Evan. She CHECKS a list on her phone; "Modern
Art, Raw foods, Billy Joel, Habitat for Humanity, Fiji, etc."

She SPEEDS down isles, GRABBING books, then moving on.
Suddenly she spots Evan walking down the center. She SCURRIES
around behind his back so he doesn't see her too soon.

She PRETENDS to go through books, fake reading them, not
really knowing where she ended up.

Evan does a double take SPOTTING her. He walks up to her and
she PRETENDS to be surprised.

EVAN
Hey!

CHARLIE
Oh, hey! How are ya?

EVAN
Good, fancy meeting you here.

He gives her a hug.

CHARLIE

Yeah, this is so random!

Her hand is at her side, clutching a book she grabbed.

EVAN

Whatcha got there?

He picks up her hand HOLDING the book.

ANGLE on a Science Fiction Fantasy novel with dragons and a half NAKED woman on the front. It's called "THE FIRST VIRGIN: DRAGON BLOOD."

CHARLIE

Oh, this? This is for, well, see, I have a little sister, but she's not really my little sister, it's through one of those big sister, programs. She loves, these kinda books. Thought I'd surprise her.

ANGLE on the TOTALLY inappropriate book cover. The woman's nipple shows.

EVAN

Seems a little risque, no?

She looks at it.

CHARLIE

She's...really mature. But you're right, this might be a bit much.

EVAN

That's crazy though, I have a little brother too! I'm actually the director of events for a mentoring organization. I started as a big brother years ago and just continued with them after college. It's the best job. I'm so lucky.

All of the sudden, Jack, Evan's friend approaches.

JACK

Well, well, well, look who we have here. No awkward heels?

CHARLIE

Hi.

JACK

Gettin your read on?

CHARLIE

Yeah. What do you think of these
"Idiot Guide" books?

Charlie pulls one out of her basket.

EVAN

Oh my gosh, an "Idiot's Guide to
Vegan Living"?! Are you vegan?

CHARLIE

Vegetarian, but trying. I just like
to eat clean and fresh, ya know?

In the BACKGROUND Charlie suddenly spots DOUG, eating a bagel
with lox and reading a KAMA SUTRA BOOK. She catches his eye,
and furrows her brow like "what the fuck are you doing here?"

Doug nods his head like "you got this." He points to the
COVER of the book showing a couple sexually INTERTWINED.

EVAN

Of course I know, I'm a Vegan! Wow,
it's definitely not an easy
lifestyle, but totally worth it.

Charlie snaps back to Evan.

CHARLIE

No way! Well, you'll have to give
me some tips and recipes.

EVAN

Absolutely.

He smiles at her. The deal is being sealed.

JACK

Oh my god you guys, I'm totally
vegan too! Except for cow, and
pigs, chicken, lamb, duck, veal,
lobster. Anything that was once
breathing basically. Sometimes I
like to get every animal I can
between just two pieces of bread.
Kinda like Noah's Ark in a
sandwich.

He MIMES a sandwich and takes a big delicious bite.

EVAN

You're an awful human being.

JACK
I didn't make them delicious. He
did.

Jack points to the sky, implying it's God. She rolls her eyes.

EVAN
Yo, Charlie has a little sister
through a mentoring program too,
isn't that crazy?

JACK
Oh, no shit? You gotta meet LJ,
Evan's little brother. We've known
him since he was, what?

EVAN
8. Can you believe that? He's 18
now, about to go to college. How
old is your little sister?

CHARLIE
Oh man, she's, gosh, who knows
right? It's so hard to tell their
ages sometimes.

JACK
No, not really. She's not a dog.

Charlie shoots Jack an annoyed look with her eyes.

CHARLIE
I mean, ya know. She's like in that
9-12 range.

Jack gives her a look.

EVAN
Cool. Well, we should hang out
sometime, I mean, you're adorable,
plus we have too much in common.
Maybe with our littles too?

CHARLIE
Yeah, I'd like that.

Evan looks down to his phone while Charlie gives her number.

EVAN
Oh look, you and Jack are sneaker
buddies.

ANGLE ON- Charlie and Jack's feet, they're both wearing navy
blue Converse.

CHARLIE
Yeah, I have a lot of these.

JACK
They're the best. I live in them.

CHARLIE
Me too. I was wearing them like,
before you were born.

JACK
You definitely look older than me.

CHARLIE
Shut up, I just meant, whatever.

EVAN
Well Charlie, it was really good
seeing you. Let's hang soon.

CHARLIE
Definitely. Bye you guys!

Charlie TURNS and doesn't really know which way to exit.
She's about to walk away but decides to just sort of continue
FAKE LOOKING in the same spot on the book shelf.

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S APARTMENT- LATER THAT NIGHT

Betsy sits on the couch in their living room in her PJ's,
slightly SHAKING, rolling a joint. Charlie busts in.

CHARLIE
Guess whatttttttt?!

BETSY
You saw Evan?!

CHARLIE
He asked for my number!

They yell and high five and dance around.

BETSY
I knew it! Yes, mission
accomplished. This is like, wow.
Celebratory joint!

Charlie exits real quick and comes back holding her TURTLE
and a TOOTHBRUSH, cleaning it's shell.

Betsy sits back on the couch, she was already ROLLING a joint
anyway. She's SHAKING a bit, making it difficult.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Are you cleaning Turtle?

CHARLIE
Yeah, more responsibility than I realized.

BETSY
It sucks that no one ever gets that we named him after Turtle from Entourage.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Hey Bets, why did I see Doug in the bookstore?

BETSY
I'll tell you, but you have to promise not to be mad.

CHARLIE
I don't even like that sentence.

BETSY
Ok, Evan didn't *exactly* check in on Foresquare. Doug *may* have put a tracking device on his car.

CHARLIE
Are you fucking insane!? That's illegal. He has to take it off, like immediately. Like now!

BETSY
He totally will! Promise! But let's be honest, glass is half full right now. Maybe even three fourths? Fuck, you know what? It's just a full glass and maybe you've taken a sip. But we'll just spit it back into the glass.

CHARLIE
How do you say things that make no sense, but somehow do?

Betsy shrugs. Charlie finally notices Betsy's shaking.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is happening?

Betsy LIFTS her shirt. She's wearing a tight belt around her stomach that shakes violently.

BETSY

It's an Ab-Belt. I can lose weight without doing anything. I watch "Bad Girls Club" and eat Chex Mix, and the Ab-Belt does it's work.

CHARLIE

You're deranged.

BETSY

I'm not gonna lie, it's giving me wicked headaches. I feel like I'm constantly in an earthquake, and then I'm like, shit, what if a real earthquake happens and I don't even know, cause I'm wearing the belt? Scary stuff.

Charlie's phone beeps.

CHARLIE

He texted me! He texted me!

BETSY

What's it say?

CHARLIE

(reading)

Hey Charlie, great seeing you again. So we hangin out soon or what?

Charlie gets excited.

BETSY

He totally likes you. He texted you right away! That's like, big.

CHARLIE

Ok, so let's wait just like 30 minutes and I'll text him back. Gotta play it cool, like I'm totally busy. What do I say? Keep it short, right? Do I add a smiley face? Those are lame, but, they do show interest, I like them sometimes. Or a wink? No, too soon, and it's juvenile. Or is it flirty? Fuuuuck.

BETSY

Whoa, I can't believe you're acting like this. You're normally like Miss Cool Operator.

Charlie's phone beeps again.

CHARLIE
Shit. Another text.
(reading)
"And we gotta get our little
siblings together too!"

BETSY
What's that mean?

CHARLIE
Fuck my life. I told him I had a
little sister in a mentoring
program, cause I knew he had one.
Do you think Meg's girlfriend would
let me borrow her kid?

BETSY
Maybe? But let's start by not using
the word "borrow."

CHARLIE
True. But I mean if I can just use
her for just like-

BETSY
Let's not say "use" either. How
about, "hang out"?

CHARLIE
That's a good one.

BETSY
Now text him back!

CHARLIE
Fine!

She starts to text on her phone.

INT. ROLLERINK - DAYTIME

Pre-teens SKATE around a roller rink. Meg stands with her
longtime girlfriend JILL (30's, sweet with poise) and another
woman talking near a table set with CAKE and DECORATIONS.

ANGLE on Charlie awkwardly skate/walking in on roller skates
with a present. She GRABS onto a young boy for support on her
way in. She thanks him and keeps going.

CHARLIE
Hey, hey, hey!

MEG

What are you doing here?

JILL

Charlie, how are you?

They hug.

CHARLIE

Just wanted to see Maddy and wish her happy birthday. I got her a little present.

Meg looks on suspiciously.

MEG

I don't trust this.

CHARLIE

What? Do you trust, this?

Charlie attempts to SMOOTHLY skate backward off onto the rink. It's messy. Kids and parents are YELLING at her. She tries to catch up with MADDY (11, Jill's daughter, typical pre-teen) who's skating with a boy and a girl.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey guys!

Maddy is immediately annoyed and embarrassed by her presence.

MADDY

Uhm, hey Charlie. Why aren't you hanging by my Mom and Meg?

CHARLIE

Wanted to be with the cool kids, skatin it up!

She attempts to do a spin and almost falls. She GRABS hold of Maddy's friend's HAIR for support.

GIRL

Owww!

CHARLIE

Sorry! Here, I got you a present.

ANGLE on Meg and Jill looking on.

JILL

What's she doing?

MEG
I don't know.

WIDER shot of Charlie awkwardly trying to keep up on skates.

MADDY
Can you give it to me later?

CHARLIE
Ok, sure. It's a "Twilight"
calendar! How hot is Edward?!

MADDY
(apathetic)
Cool.

Charlie fumbles back out to Meg and Jill.

MEG
What's happening?

CHARLIE
What? I wanna see Maddy more often.
Can I take her to a food truck
festival this weekend? It's
supposed to be a blast.

MEG
Who are you?

JILL
Sure. But just so you know, she's
in that middle school "adults are
embarrassing" phase.

CHARLIE
Uhm, I'm not an adult.

JILL
Ok.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR- DAYTIME

Charlie drives while Maddy sits in the passenger seat TEXTING
and listening to earphones. Charlie looks over a few times,
trying to think of something to say.

CHARLIE
So, are you excited?

Maddy looks over at her and takes out her earphones, slightly
annoyed.

MADDY

What?

CHARLIE

I said, are you excited?

MADDY

Uhm, not really. It's just food right? Believe it or not, I've eaten before.

Burn.

CHARLIE

Well, I mean, it's like tons of different food trucks, plus I think a little bit of clothing and jewelry. Maybe if you see something you like, I'll buy it for you?

MADDY

Why?

CHARLIE

What do you mean? We're hanging out. I never get to see you!

MADDY

Ok?

She goes to put her earphones back in but Charlie starts talking again.

CHARLIE

What are you listening to?

MADDY

Black Eyed Peas.

CHARLIE

Are you Ferg-a-licious?

Charlie smiles, Maddy doesn't.

MADDY

No, I just like the music. Why are we really hanging out? This is weird.

Charlie looks at her, debating.

CHARLIE

Fine Maddy, I'll give it to you straight.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I like a boy and I told him you
were my little sister in a
mentoring program. So there. Can
you just be cool and pretend?

Maddy looks at her. A small accusatory smile on her face.

MADDY
When you tell the truth, you don't
need to remember anything.

Charlie listens, she's smart.

CHARLIE
Yeah, I know, but sometimes, well,
I'm not telling you to lie, because
it's totally wrong, it's just, like
occasionally, there are instances--

MADDY
It's fine. Boys make you do crazy
things. I get it.

CHARLIE
They do, don't they?

EXT. FOOD TRUCK FESTIVAL-DAYTIME

Tons of food trucks and people mill about. Evan hangs with Jack, Adam and LJ (18) Evan's "little brother", sweet and scrawny, but very confident for his age.

JACK
What are you gonna go for?

ADAM
I'm feelin the hybrid food lately.
Maybe some Mexican Korean?

LJ
I'm goin with a lot of meaty
goodness, and some fried shit.

JACK
See, that's what I'm talkin about.

Jack and LJ go into an elaborate handshake.

LJ
This feels like an awkward first
date. You diggin this chick?

EVAN

Yeah, I am. I don't know, seemed
low pressure and fun.

ANGLE ON- Charlie and Maddy walking up to them.

Charlie suddenly feels AWKWARD. All eyes are on them. She
sort of WAVES and smiles, but they're still a bit far away.
She debates talking from the distance.

CHARLIE

(yelling)

Hey! What's up?!

Maddy looks at her.

MADDY

You're screaming. They're too far.
Keep walking.

CHARLIE

Right.

(much quieter)

Hey, what's up?

MADDY

Now you're too low. Just wait till
you get there.

Charlie nods. They get up to them.

EVAN

Charlie, this is LJ.

LJ shakes her hand.

LJ

What's up? Smile for me.

CHARLIE

What?

Maddy and Charlie look at each other. Charlie smiles.

LJ

You got some nice "mouth pegs". You
had braces? Retainer? Invisalign?

CHARLIE

No.

EVAN

LJ wants to be a dentist. He's got
a real passion for teeth.

LJ
Eyes are the window, but teeth,
they're like the invitation.

CHARLIE
This is Maddy you guys!

Evan reaches into his back pocket.

EVAN
Hey Maddy, hope this isn't weird,
but I got you a little something.
Hope you don't have this one.

He hands her a book. She looks at it, a bit disgusted. The cover of the book is TERRIFYING.

MADDY
What is this?

EVAN
It's part of the "Wings of Angel
Doom: Armageddon Enclave" series.

Maddy looks at Charlie, who pleads at Maddy with her eyes, then starts aggressively petting her head, trying to give her a signal.

MADDY
(monotone)
Oh, right. Thank you for this
amazing book.

EVAN
No problem. So we should get our
eat on?

JACK
Yeah, I'm starving.

Evan and Charlie walk together while Jack, LJ, Adam and Maddy walk in front of them. Jack seems to bond with Maddy.

EVAN
Hey you guys, hold up.

They're in front of a truck with a long line.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I think I wanna wait on this line
and get Charlie and I some of these
Vietnamese wraps. Supposed to be
awesome.

LJ
Oh yeah, they got fried noodles,
I'm in.

ADAM
I see a hybrid truck. Greek
Chinese? Fuck, I'm tryin it.

LJ stands next to Evan. Adam scurries off.

EVAN
(to Charlie)
You wanna go get us some smoothies
and I'll wait here?

CHARLIE
Sounds great.

Charlie walks off with Jack and Maddy.

JACK
So what are you lovely ladies in
the mood for?

MADDY
Uhm, burgers?

JACK
A woman after my own heart.

Maddy smiles, a bit smitten.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Charlie)
I guess not for you vegetable face.

Charlie does one of those LAUGHS like she's MENTALLY disabled. It's that LAST resort comeback. A sort of weird face and a "gur, gur, gur" thing going on. Maddy laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wow. You just did that? That's like
the last resort laugh. I didn't
even diss you, it was just a lame
joke. There's no comeback to that
laugh. You just went right from 0-
60. I can't believe you just
dropped that on me.

CHARLIE
Believe it.

They slow down at a truck. Charlie looks a little panicked.

JACK
Here's some goodness.

MADDY
Good call.

Charlie stands BEHIND them, trying to HIDE, pushing her hair in front of her face. As they get closer, the guy in the truck MARTY (foreign and good natured) recognizes her. This is an all MEAT truck.

MARTY
Charlie, I love to see you!

JACK
You know this guy?

CHARLIE
Oh, no, not really.

MARTY
You wan your double bacon cheese burger Charlie?

CHARLIE
No, no, no. It's been years!

MARTY
What you say? Is your usual! All the time, you love so much!

CHARLIE
(to Jack)
I ate meat, like, a long time ago.

MARTY
What about special Charlie Ribs? From las month, you love sauce and you get all over face like baby! Me want more ribbies!

Behind Jack's back Charlie SWIPES her hand across her neck and shakes her head "no," implying "cut it out."

MARTY (CONT'D)
Why you make motion like this?

He copies the motion Charlie just did.

JACK
(to Charlie)
Ba-ba-ba-ba-busted.

Charlie is speechless.

MADDY

It would appear so.

CHARLIE

Fine. I like meat, but, I'm trying to become a vegan. I totally want to. I'm almost there.

JACK

That's dumb. So Evan thinks you're a vegetarian? Interesting. Good way to start off.

CHARLIE

Ok, why don't you just ease up Judge Judy. And can you not go running back like a little tattletale girl?

JACK

I don't give a shit what you do, it's not my place.

EXT. PARKING LOT- A LITTLE WHILE LATER- DUSK

The gang sits in a grassy area eating their food as the sun SETS. Evan and Charlie flirt. Charlie takes a bite of her Vegan food and catches Jack's eye. He takes a huge SLOPPY bite of his greasy meaty sandwich.

JACK

(with his mouth FULL)

Oh my GOD, this is so fucking good!
I almost can't even take it.
Seriously, it's blowing my mind.
Uhhhhhh, the meaty juices!

Charlie rolls her eyes. Jack has food basically falling out of his mouth.

INT. BETSY'S CUBICLE- DAYTIME

Betsy sits at her desk on the phone with Charlie.

BETSY

You're so fucked.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE- SAME TIME

CHARLIE

Why? I've done yoga a couple times.
I looked it up, it's just like,
warmer, big deal?

WE INTERCUT THE CALL BETWEEN BOTH PLACES

BETSY

My co-worker said it was the worst
thing she's ever experienced. She
felt like she was dying.

CHARLIE

Bets, I've had sex outside on hot
days. I get it.

INT. BETSY'S CUBICLE-SAME TIME

GREG (the guy from the photo shoot) approaches wearing
overalls, rubber gloves and holding a small shovel.

BETSY

(to Charlie)

Hold on a sec.

GREG

Hey, uh, I had a lot of fun the
other night.

Betsy tries to cover the mouth of the phone. Charlie SQUINTS
and PRESSES her ear against the phone trying to hear.

BETSY

(giddy)

Yeah, me too. Good times.

GREG

So, I'm about to do a "Man Angrily
Gardening" photo, but after that,
would you wanna grab some coffee?

BETSY

I'd love to! See you in a bit.

Greg walks away. She takes her hand off the mouth piece.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Hey.

CHARLIE

What was that?

BETSY

Nothing.

CHARLIE

Fuck you, I could kinda hear. It's that dude. Just gimme his name.

BETSY

No.

CHARLIE

I hate you.

BETSY

Why? You're just gonna find out he's in the Tea Party, or has some weird sex fetish. I just wanna pretend he's normal for now and slowly learn that he's fucked up, like regular people do.

CHARLIE

At least tell me your thoughts?

BETSY

I like him. A lot. He gives me butterflies. We've only gone out to dinner and seen a movie.

CHARLIE

Sex?

BETSY

Not yet. But I bought this angled sex floor pillow, apparently it--

CHARLIE

From an infomercial?!

BETSY

(busted)

I gotta go.

EXT-YOGA STUDIO-EARLY EVENING.

Charlie and Evan approach the door to a YOGA ROOM. Evan wears shorts and a tank top. Charlie on the other hand wears LONG yoga pants, a t-shirt and makeup. Her hair is DOWN.

EVAN

I don't know if you should have worn that?

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

Most of the girls are basically in sport bras and underwear. Have you taken a Bikrim class recently?

She laughs like she's got this.

CHARLIE

It's been a little while, but it's all good in the hood. I'll just sweat more, right?

He shrugs.

EVAN

Yeah, I guess that's true.

Evan opens the door for Charlie. Her face tells all as she's HIT with a WAVE of hot dry heat.

CHARLIE

(to herself)

Mother of fuck.

WIDEN to reveal all the men and women stretching on their mats wearing almost nothing.

She starts breathing HEAVY, not walking in any farther.

EVAN

You ok?

She turns to Evan, like a deer in headlights.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Yeah yeah yeah. Just, uh, didn't eat enough protein today.

INT. YOGA STUDIO-LITTLE WHILE LATER

We slowly PAN across the class. The teacher speaks soothingly, instructing the class into positions.

We start to hear a WHEEZING sound, almost like a cat dying.

Charlie LAYS on her back on the mat. She's POURING her water bottle onto her face and chest. Her yoga pants are ROLLED all the way up to her thighs. People look over. Evan holds his pose but looks over concerned. He SITS beside her.

EVAN

(whispering)

Do you wanna leave?

Charlie's hair is all MATTED and FRIZZY from the sweat and heat. Her mascara is RUNNING down her face. She SLOWLY sits up. Her words spill out of her mouth WEAKLY.

CHARLIE

No, it's fine. It's just, so weird,
must be something I ate, I'm
normally so good at. Oh, wow...

She looks off beyond Evan in a drugged out stare.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Toby Maguire just got here. He's
with Seabiscuit. That's so sweet.

EVAN

What?

Evan looks in the direction Charlie's looking.

ANGLE on an older lady on her yoga mat, WEIRDED out by Charlie staring.

Charlie lays back down, continues pouring water on her face.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Seriously, I hate seeing you like
this. Maybe you have food
poisoning?

CHARLIE

No, no. Look.

She lifts up one leg slowly, barely moving.

EVAN

Come on, let's just go shower and
get some dinner.

Charlie slowly rolls over into the fetal position.

CHARLIE

You wanna check out that waterfall
real quick?

Suddenly she sees Doug in a corner, wearing TIGHT Yoga pants, drinking a smoothie. He's SHIRTLESS. Is it a mirage from the heat?

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Doug?

EVAN
Yeah, uhm ok. Let's just get you
out of here.

He PULLS her up and gently helps her out of the room.

INT- EVAN'S LIVING ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

Charlie and Evan are showered and cleaned up. They eat from bowls on the couch. Evan is FIXATED by the TV. Charlie has a DISTURBED look on her face at what she's watching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Every one in 700 children are born
with cleft palate. Often times it
can be very hard to look at, but
organizations are trying to help...

We hear the front door unlocking. Jack walks in, puts down his stuff, cruises into the living room. He looks at the TV.

JACK
Really dude? Cleft Palate again?
Sexy.

EVAN
I love this doc.

CHARLIE
Totally.

Jack looks at Charlie and catches her sarcasm.

EVAN
You wanna join us?

JACK
Only if I can smoke weed. It's
downers-ville USA otherwise.

EVAN
Yeah, do it. Whatever.

JACK
You game Charlie?

Charlie looks at Evan.

CHARLIE
No, I don't really smoke, weed.

INT. LIVING ROOM-LITTLE WHILE LATER

Jack sits in an arm chair on Charlie's side smoking a joint. Evan is ASLEEP.

Jack silently offers Charlie the joint. She shakes her head a little and gives him a look as if to say "I can't, wish I could." Jack REACHES for the remote.

JACK
(whispering)
Do you care if I change it?

CHARLIE
(whispering)
Not even a little.

Jack turns on "The Bachelor". Charlie looks dumbfounded, it's one of her FAVORITE guilt ridden reality shows.

JACK
(whispering)
I fucking love reality TV. It's everything amazing and awful in the world all rolled into one. I could write a disseration on it.

CHARLIE
(whispering)
I agree with every ounce of my being. I think only special people appreciate reality TV on a certain level. Don't let it go to your head.

JACK
(whispering)
Completely. It's glorious.

Jack then motions with his finger for Charlie to come CLOSER. She looks at Evan, totally passed out. She slowly leans in toward him as he holds the joint. She takes a quick hit.

Suddenly Evan slowly wakes up. Charlie quickly sits back.

EVAN
(groggy)
What are you guys watching?

JACK
The Bachelor.

EVAN
Ugh, that show's the worst.

Jack and Charlie exchange a look like "yeah right."

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT TIME

Charlie is on the Gazelle working out, sweating like crazy.

CHARLIE

I hate this. I fucking hate this.

Betsy enters

BETSY

Lookin good!

CHARLIE

Working out is so dumb. I wish I had a tape worm.

BETSY

Well, you're glowing.

CHARLIE

No, I'm sweating. I feel so deprived lately. I just want weed and meat and shopping. It's so hard being a good person!

She slows down on the Gazelle.

BETSY

I know! Can you believe people do this, like for their life?

(then)

I'm seeing Greg tonight.

CHARLIE

When do I get to meet him?

BETSY

I don't know. I don't want you researching him.

CHARLIE

I won't, jeez! I'm doing dinner with Evan and I'm like afraid to eat lately because I've finally lost some LB's.

BETSY

Well, be careful with the drinking then. You know how you get.

INT. RESTAURANT- NIGHT TIME

A waiter CLEARS Charlie and Evan's plates. Charlie's plate is almost full. She's DRUNK, sipping her drink LOUDLY. She TRIES to be funny and does an impression HOLDING her Martini glass.

CHARLIE
(terrible drunk
impression)
I'm Samantha from Sex and the City,
and I just love Cosmos.

She takes a drunken sip.

EVAN
Oh yeah?

CHARLIE
(loud whisper)
I wanna do dirty naughty things in
your penis.

EVAN
(amused)
In my penis?

CHARLIE
(drunk)
All over it.

CUT TO:

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM

Evan and Charlie stumble into the room kissing. They fall onto the bed. Charlie stops for a moment.

CHARLIE
Wait, here. I got a surprise.

She runs out of the room.

EXT. EVAN AND JACK'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Charlie DRUNKENLY runs out of the house without shoes over to her car. She pops the trunk and GRABS a small backpack.

INT.-EVAN'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Charlie jogs back in out of breath but tries to maintain SEXINESS.

She throws her backpack next to a dresser with EVAN'S TURTLE TANK. She UNZIPS a cosmetic bag with some makeup and toothbrush and SITS it on the dresser.

ANGLE on her cosmetic bag sitting next to a cup with ANOTHER toothbrush in it used to CLEAN THE TURTLE'S SHELL.

EVAN
What's going on?

Charlie grabs a couple things from the backpack and swipes the toothbrush OUT OF THE CUP AND NOT THE COSMETIC BAG.

CHARLIE
(attempting a sexy
Schwarzenegger
impression)
I'll, be back.

She runs into..

THE BATHROOM

Three QUICK CUTS:

Charlie HURRIEDLY gets unchanged. She FALLS OVER trying to get her skin tight jeans off.

Charlie dressed in sexy red panties and matching bra.

Charlie talks to herself in the mirror holding the toothbrush about to brush. It's covered in GREENISH GUNK, but she's way too drunk to realize.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
You're doin it. Sexy, matchy
underwear. Hot, butt, naked. Oh hi
there. Oh this? It's nothing.

She puts the toothbrush under water for a moment and starts brushing. She quickly makes a DISGUSTED face, SPITTING into the sink.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(whiney yell)
UGHHHHH!

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Charlie runs in, only wearing panties and a bra holding the toothbrush looking STUNNED. Evan looks at her for a moment.

EVAN

Damn girl.

She quickly looks at the dresser. Her cosmetic bag is OPEN with the toothbrush STILL inside.

CHARLIE

(frantic)

This is your turtle's! What do I do?! What do I DO?!

EVAN

Oh no. No, no, no! Shit! They carry Salmonella! Go wash your mouth out!

She quickly runs back into..

THE BATHROOM

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

Charlie WASHES her mouth out with water.

Charlie GARGLES with Listerine.

Charlie SOBS for a moment in the mirror.

Charlie SCRUBS her tongue with her toothbrush.

Charlie SPITS repeatedly.

Charlie POURS salt directly onto her tongue.

Charlie stares in the mirror, talking to herself.

CHARLIE

(convincing herself)

It's gonna be ok. It's gonna be totally fine.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE- DAY TIME

Charlie sits on an exam table, pale faced and weak.

A DOCTOR (50's, highlighted hair, wearing "cool" scrubs) reads his clipboard. He laughs to himself a little.

DOCTOR

Wow. That, is, crazy. I gotta tweet this.

The Doctor takes out his phone.

CHARLIE
What?! No! You're not tweeting
this! You're a doctor.

The Doctor scoffs like a little kid.

DOCTOR
Fine. I never have anything good to
tweet.

CHARLIE
I don't give a shit.

The Doctor suddenly seems bummed. There's silence.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I feel like you're mad now that I
won't let you tweet this and you're
not gonna give me as good of care.

DOCTOR
(totally lying)
That's not true.

There's a beat of awkward silence. They stare at each other.

CHARLIE
Fine. Tweet it.

The Doctor gets a huge smile on his face.

DOCTOR
Yes! Thank you! The surgery doctors
are gonna be so jealous. They
always tweet about weird objects
logged inside of people but this is
gonna blow them out of the water!

He holds up his phone to her face. She looks weak and
miserable.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I just take a--?

She slaps his hand down with all the energy she has.

CHARLIE
No!

DOCTOR
Ok, ok, fine. Listen, I'm not gonna
sugar coat this.
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Liquids are gonna be flying out of pretty much every orifice for about a week or so. You won't be able to eat much, and your bowel movements are gonna be at a pretty constant rate. And, not solid. Just keep super hydrated.

CHARLIE

(defeated)

Ok.

He looks at his watch.

DOCTOR

But I, actually have to go. I'm meeting the wife at "Dave and Busters." The adult arcade, you ever go? What a blast. You get a drink, you play skeeball..

Charlie shoots daggers with her eyes.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Ok, alright, I get it, not into small talk. Do you want me to tag you in the tweet?

Charlie glares at him.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM- AFTERNOON.

Charlie lays in bed, looking like death. Her phone BEEPS. She gets a text from Jack: "Who gets Salmonella?! You're an embarrassment to humanity." She smiles a little.

Her phone rings, it's Evan. She tries to shake it off for a moment. She FEELS AWFUL but tries her best to SOUND FINE.

CHARLIE

Hey!

CUT TO:

INT. YOUTH CENTER- BASKETBALL COURT

Evan stands with a whistle coaching some kids.

EVAN

Hey! How you feelin?

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN BOTH PLACES

CHARLIE
Gettin better. Probably just a
couple more days!

Charlie takes a sip of water. She looks TERRIBLE, but if you
just heard her voice you wouldn't know.

EVAN
Ok, well, I can't wait to see you
next week when you're better.

CHARLIE
Me too.

She starts silently gagging a bit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Can you hold on? I have a little
cough.

She starts a FEMININE cough and covers the phone. It turns
into CRAZY vomiting.

Evan waits on the phone. He sees a kid running down the court
with the basketball.

EVAN
You gotta actually bounce the ball
Hector!

Charlie comes back onto the phone.

CHARLIE
All better.

EVAN
Ok good. Well, just checking in.
Feel better.

CHARLIE
Thanks, you too! I mean, yeah. Bye.

She shakes her head and hangs up.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM- LATE AFTERNOON

Charlie frantically cleans. There's a knock at her door.

CHARLIE
Come in!

No one comes in. Another knock.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Come on in!

BETSY (O.S.)
Open the door.

Charlie looks confused. She opens the door and looks down.

ANGLE ON- RUMBA VACUUM CLEANER

A RUMBA vacuum cleaning robot scoots around the floor. On top of it a bowl is DUCT TAPED filled with popcorn. Betsy walks in with a remote, really pleased with herself.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Eh? It's a vacuum cleaner robot,
but I taped a bowl to it so we can
serve people snacks and shit.

She smiles proudly.

CHARLIE
I'm in the middle of cleaning, can
it help me vacuum?

BETSY
Yeah. Sort of. I don't know.

CHARLIE
I'm nervous Bets. First off, I'm
just getting over the Salmonella.

BETSY
So weird. Who thought you'd ever
say that in your life time, right?

CHARLIE
Can you not?
(then)
Also, Evan's a neat freak and he's
never been here. I always suggest
his place. Ok, we have to hide the
weed, our bong, the gossip mags,
rolling papers, junk food, and we
gotta clean. And I got some vegan
snacks. And look, I bought a
Fernand Leger print for my room.

ANGLE ON- FERNAND LEGER PRINT ON HER WALL

BETSY

Whoa, calm down. I thought you said you were gonna be yourself now?

CHARLIE

I am, pretty much. Last thing, for real. He just loves modern art and this dude's his favorite, so I just wanna blow his mind once more.

They both look at the print for a moment.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's cool. I like it.

BETSY

It is cool, but it's not you. Greg's coming tonight. If you ask him his last name, I will hurt you.

CHARLIE

Alright! Yay adult party!

Betsy gets excited and presses the remote causing the Rumba to slam into Charlie's foot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Dude!

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT TIME

Charlie SCURRIES around lighting candles, puffing couch pillows, spraying Febreze. The doorbell rings and she stops at a wall mirror to check herself one last time.

ANGLE ON DOOR OPENING- TUCKER AND HIS WIFE ALLISON.

Tucker wears cut off jean shorts and high top sneakers. ALLISON (mid 30's, cute and feminine) holds a bottle of wine.

ALLISON

Pinot Noir!

CHARLIE

Love it.

They walk in and hug and kiss.

ANGLE ON DOOR OPENING- MEG AND JILL STAND THERE.

Jill is finishing up a cell phone call, Meg holds a platter covered in foil.

CHARLIE
Tell me they're cake balls.

MEG
They're cake balls.

CHARLIE
I wanna sit on your face right now.

Jill hangs up.

JILL
Uh-uh.

Jill slaps Charlie's ass as they walk in.

ANGLE ON DOOR OPENING- GREG STAND THERE.

Greg wears khakis and holds a bag of chips.

GREG
Hey, I'm Greg, are you Charlie?

CHARLIE
I am! Great to meet you.

They shake hands. Betsy quickly scurries up to avoid further questioning.

BETSY
Hello!

ANGLE ON DOOR OPENING- JACK, EVAN AND ANOTHER GIRL.

The guys hold bottles of booze. The girl, EMILY (20's, blond, pretentious hipster) gives an aloof smile.

EVAN
Hello gorgeous!

They kiss.

CHARLIE
Hi!

Charlie's face looks slightly curious at the other girl.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

She hugs Jack.

JACK

Charlie, this is Emily Leshure.

Emily puts out her hand to shake, but NOT sideways, more with the TOP of her hand facing UP.

ANGLE on the HANDSHAKE. Emily's hand looks like DEAD FISH.

They all walk in with Emily in front. Charlie's shoots Jack a look as if to imply "Her? Really?"

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S APARTMENT- LATER THAT NIGHT

We are in the MIDST of this game night party. People are crowded around the living room being loud and rowdy. Everyone is talking OVER each other, all the regulars plus a few more.

BETSY

Ok, settle. Focus up people!

People start to quiet down. Betsy takes a shot

BETSY (CONT'D)

Ready? Go!

She starts the timer to CATCH PHRASE. Meg is the first one to go while the contraption BEEPS like a hot potato.

MEG

Ok, ok! It's like, you're beating people up.

People start screaming out words like "assault, murder." Greg begins to stand, looking HEATED.

JACK

Abuse!

MEG

Yeah, but like the act of going at someone?

GREG

Punching! Kicking! Come on, we need more God damn it!

Whoa, Greg is angry. Does he know this is just a game?

MEG

Ok, more vague! Uh, someone coming
at you! Assault, aggressive-

GREG

Attack! Attack! It's gotta be
attack!

Greg's face is fire engine RED. Is he sweating? Evan and
Charlie exchange a look. Evan smiles. He's SO laid back.

MEG

Correct. Ok, other word, in the
sea, scary animal! Teeth!

EMILY

(apathetic)
Octopus?

MEG

No, like Jaws!

EVAN

Shark!

GREG

Attack! Fuckin shark attack!

Greg is literally in Meg's face screaming at her. Betsy
thinks it's CUTE, maybe even SEXY?

MEG

Whoa. Yes!

Greg gets WAY too EXCITED he got it. He attempts a bunch of
HIGH FIVES. Meg quickly passes it to her left who is Emily.

EMILY

Uhm. It's a kind of farm animal.

CHARLIE

Cow, pigs!

JACK

Horse, chickens!

EMILY

No, like sort of like a goat or
sheep maybe?

DOUG

Llama!

Where the hell did DOUG come from?! He definitely wasn't there a moment ago.

CHARLIE

Doug?!

Back into the game.

EMILY

Right. Ok, so now, a type of Llama!

JACK

A type?!

EVAN

Tapada, Tampuli, Lanuda!

CHARLIE

(to Evan)

Are you serious? How do you know that?

EVAN

My father owned a farm.

She smiles.

CHARLIE

Of course he did.

EMILY

No, uh, shit, uhm, the first word is like, another word for a Barbie maybe? But it's spelled weird.

People are thinking. No one really speaks.

Emily looks back down at the machine, the beeping is getting LOUDER and CLOSER together.

TUCKER

A type of llama, sounds like a Barbie?

The timer runs out. Jill grabs the machine and looks.

JILL

Dalai Lama?!

People react accordingly. Charlie looks at Jack like "your girl's a fucking idiot."

INT. KITCHEN- LITTLE WHILE LATER.

Charlie makes drinks in a blender. MADNESS is heard coming from the living room. Betsy comes in, DRUNK.

BETSY
(sort of sing/rapping)
Hey, hey, hey! We want some poosay.

She dances with her eyes closed to imaginary rap music.

CHARLIE
Hey drunk, wanna get drunker?

BETSY
Shit yeah. Imma suck Greg's dick
tonight like his cum is the cure
for cancer.

CHARLIE
Wow. WOW. Can we just take a beat
on that? I can't just brush by that
comment, it's fucking insane.

BETSY
It's gonna be insane, when his dick
explodes like a champagne bottle.
Or like, when you put Mentos in
soda. You ever YouTube that? That's
totally gonna be his dick.

She mimes a gross explosion.

CHARLIE
Are you too drunk to like, talk
right now? I have thoughts I need
to share.

Betsy wavers but leans on to the counter for support.

BETSY
No no. I'm so good. Go.

CHARLIE
Thoughts on the chick Jack brought?

BETSY
Chicken head.

CHARLIE

Right? I don't get her. And she had the weakest handshake, almost like "hey, can you hold my hand for a minute, I'm sooo tired." Jack's so much better than her.

BETSY

Yeah, I guess. I don't know him so good.

CHARLIE

She's just like, a girl I know I hate. I bet she goes to those hipster places with mash-up dj's and cheap ironic beer, but she used to like blow bouncers at cheesy clubs for bottle service, ya know what I mean? She's a poser.

BETSY

Uhm, Imma shut up.

CHARLIE

What?

Betsy debates talking. She does.

BETSY

You're like, kind of a poser, with Evan?

CHARLIE

No, I'm not. I just use Internet assistance, I'm still me. Fuck, you know what? He introduced her with her first and last name, which, by the way, is so pretentious. But, I'm just gonna run into the bedroom super quick and do a check up.

BETSY

Are you fucking insane? We're throwing a party.

She starts pouring a drink from the blender, not so well.

CHARLIE

Fine.

She holds up her drink, smashed. A little spills on her head.

BETSY

Here's to getting FUCKED tonight!

Betsy DRUNKENLY looks out the kitchen window. DOUG stands right outside, eating a TACO.

BETSY (CONT'D)
(excited)
Doug!

Charlie turns and quickly opens the back door.

CHARLIE
Doug, why are you standing outside?

DOUG
I'm casing the perimeter. For your safety.

BETSY
Isn't he the best?

DOUG
I'm your bodyguard Betsy. You're my Whitney Houston.
(singing "I Will Always Love You")
Ifff I, shouldddd stay, I would, only, be in, your way-eeeeee.

Betsy is touched.

BETSY
Awww! Like from the movie!

CHARLIE
So, that's it? You're just gonna be outside our house for the night?

DOUG
Short answer, yes. Do you want a bite of my taco?

CHARLIE
No.

Doug shrugs and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT.-LIVING ROOM-LITTLE WHILE LATER

The party has died down, only a few people are left. Charlie, Betsy, Greg, Evan, Jack and Emily. Everyone looks TIRED and DRUNK. Betsy's head is in Greg's lap. She picks it up.

JACK
It's almost 3:30. Should we leave soon?

BETSY
Let's all smoke a goodbye bong.

Betsy grabs the Bong from her room. Charlie lays on Evan.

BETSY (CONT'D)
Charlie scored this weed for free last week.

Evan looks at her inquisitively.

CHARLIE
No, not for me or anything. I'm just a charmer, what can I say?

EVAN
I thought you don't smoke weed?

CHARLIE
I don't babe. Just helped Betsy get some.

Jack gives Charlie a look.

BETSY
She can charm her way into any situation, get anything she wants.

JACK
That's actually called manipulation.

He smiles at her.

MEG
For real. She's gotten out of like, 5 speeding tickets?

CHARLIE
I got a way with words. What can I say?

Evan smiles at her.

BETSY
There's only one thing Charlie could never charm her way into.

Charlie and Betsy knowingly look at each other.

CHARLIE
Cookie Bomb pie.

EVAN
What's that?

BETSY
We were OBSESSED with this bakery
in college, and the baker made this
pie that would literally make your
mouth orgasm. It was like "If These
Walls Could Talk", but more like
"If This Mouth Could Jizz."

Greg looks at her amused.

JACK
That's, disgusting.

CHARLIE
She's a real lady. Anyway, he
stopped making them for whatever
reason. It was a dark day for us. A
real dark day. I tried every
possible way to charm him. Money,
wit, goods, services, he wouldn't
have it. God damn I miss that pie.

JACK
(making air quotes)
Services huh? You blew an old man.

CHARLIE
This pie was amazing. Let's just
leave it at that and never speak of
it again.

Jack and Charlie smile and exchange a look.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM- BED TIME

Charlie is undressing while Evan kisses the back of her neck.

EVAN
That was really fun.

CHARLIE
(distant)
Yeah, it was.

Evan looks at Charlie's wall and spots the "Leger" poster.

EVAN

No shit! Fernand Leger is my favorite. And that's literally one of my favorite prints of his. "The Mechanic." Wow. I had no idea!

CHARLIE

No way?

Her face in the mirror looks slightly blue.

EVAN

What's up? You alright?

CHARLIE

Yeah....I don't know.

EVAN

Talk to me.

She takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE

Ok. Well, I just...

Evan takes off his shirt. Yup, there's his UNBELIEVABLE body. Are his ABS OILED up?! He kisses her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck. I over-think things.

EVAN

Tonight, it's all about you.

They fall on the bed kissing.

DATING MONTAGE

SONG: The Black Keys- "TIGHTEN UP"

ON A HIKE

Evan and Charlie hike together. Evan barely breaks a sweat. Charlie is beat red, sweating and clearly miserable. Every woman they pass gives Evan the once over.

AT A MUSEUM

Evan and Charlie sit next to each other watching a film presentation at a museum. It looks INCREDIBLY boring. Evan is SUPER into it. Charlie nods her head and smiles, pretending to love it as well. They hold hands and with her other hand she secretly plays SCRABBLE on her iPhone.

AT A POOL

Evan dives into a pool and does a PERFECT butterfly stroke. Charlie in a new bikini, lookin hot, smiles sexy and does a dive right after, swimming under water to him. She comes out of the water in SLO- MO, wet hair swinging like a shampoo ad, sexiness kicked up a notch.

As we settle back into NORMAL speed, we see WET, STRINGY POOL BOOGERS coming out of Charlie's nose and dragged across her cheek in one continuous string. You know we've ALL had them. She smiles at him sexily, totally OBLIVIOUS. He motions to his own face, cueing her. She finally catches the drift and dunks under water. The camera follows her as she SCREAMS underwater, mortified.

INT. EVAN AND JACK'S HOUSE- NIGHT TIME.

Charlie makes dinner and Evan sets the table. His cell rings.

EVAN

(on the phone)

Hello? Hey! Oh, really? Ok, ok. No, no, gimme 20 minutes. It's fine. Don't be silly. Ok, bye.

Charlie looks up from cooking.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Crap. I have to run out to the youth center.

CHARLIE

Is everything ok?

EVAN

Totally fine. Just a last minute thing for this field trip we're trying to coordinate.

He looks at his watch.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I'll be back in an hour or so. Sorry babe.

CHARLIE

No worries.

He pecks her lips and rushes out.

INT. EVAN AND JACK'S APARTMENT- 15 MINUTES LATER.

Charlie watches TV and types on her phone. The food simmers in the kitchen. Jack comes in the front door.

JACK
Yo. Whatcha watching?

CHARLIE
"Intervention". I'm addicted.
Ironic huh?

JACK
I love all those one word A&E
shows. Where's Evan?

CHARLIE
Had to run out to the youth center,
said he'd be back in an hour or so.
I was just making dinner.

Charlie walks over to her purse and pulls out a CD.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Hey, so I noticed your douchey "hey
look, I'm a cool hipster" record
collection and..

JACK
Whoa, whoa, whoa. I like records,
they sound better. If that makes me
naturally cool, so be it.

CHARLIE
It doesn't. But, I put some good
music on this for you cause I have
really really good taste. Hopefully
it's stuff you don't have.

JACK
Did you make me a mix cd?!

CHARLIE
Yeah, be cool.

JACK
So how much time do we have?

CHARLIE
What do you mean?

JACK
I mean, let's smoke a joint and
listen to this mix of yours.

She looks at him, thinking.

CHARLIE
I shouldn't. I can't. I don't.

JACK
But you want to.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM-SHORT TIME LATER

Charlie and Jack sit on the floor of his room while Jack rolls a joint. He has the SAME Banksy print that hangs in Charlie's office. She smiles at it. He hands her the joint and LIGHTS it. He JUMPS up and puts the CD into his computer.

JACK
Ok, let's see whatcha got.

He presses play. The music PLAYS in the background. Her phone beeps. She pulls it out from her back pocket and reads it.

CHARLIE
Evan's gonna be another 45 minutes.

JACK
Good. Ok, question. It's, kind of personal.

Charlie furrows a brow.

CHARLIE
Shoot.

Jack takes a moment, like the question is going to be a big deal.

JACK
Ok, for 15 grand, would you be willing for a whole year, to tell whoever you're with, every time you have to go to the bathroom and whether you're going to pee or shit?

She smiles, she does these too!

CHARLIE
Like announce it?

JACK

Yeah, like you're at a meeting and you have to be like "Excuse me everyone, I have to go take a shit, I'll be right back."

CHARLIE

Sure. I'd just hold it.

JACK

Not possible, you have to announce it as soon as you get the urge.

CHARLIE

Fuck no then. Too risky. And only 15 grand? That's nothing. You?

JACK

I'd do it. Dude's are gross. Plus I'm so charming I bet I could tell a chick I was gonna go take a massive dump, and she'd still fuck me right after.

CHARLIE

Oh, you think so?

JACK

I know so...So what's like, your panty dropper music?

CHARLIE

Ex-squeeze me?

JACK

You know, like those sure fire songs that turn you on, and you're like "Penis, in vagina, now."

She scoffs, then thinks, takes a hit off the joint.

CHARLIE

Uhm, shit. Probably like, some Bon Iver and, old school Motown. Otis Redding and Sam Cooke for sure.

JACK

Nice choices.

Charlie is still thinking of answers.

CHARLIE

Or you know what? The XX, their album is so fuckin sexy.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You know that song Crystallized?
Man, that song just does it for me.

JACK
That is a hot song.

Charlie suddenly feels stoned and vulnerable.

CHARLIE
Yeah, so, all of those, whatever, I
guess. So now, what about you?

JACK
I don't drop my panties.
(jokingly sexy)
I make em drop.

CHARLIE
You're dumb.

They have a moment looking at each other. Jack jumps up.

JACK
Don't move.

He runs out of the room momentarily and returns with a bag.

JACK (CONT'D)
So, your birthday is coming up.

CHARLIE
This is true. Good memory.

JACK
So, I got you a little something.
It's really more of a gift for me.

CHARLIE
I'm intrigued.

JACK
I was gonna wait, but it got here
quickly, so I've had it here. And,
I don't know, it feels like a good
time. Close your eyes.

Charlie puts her hands over her eyes. Jack pulls a box out of
the bag and places it in front of her.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ok!

She opens her eyes and OPENS it. It's none other than the
infamous COOKIE BOMB PIE. Charlie is speechless.

CHARLIE

What?! No way..I don't, know what to say. How did you...

Jack tries to be cool, but is aware it's a pretty big deal.

JACK

Don't worry about it. But now it's just a fact that I'm more charming than you. Agreed?

CHARLIE

(a bit overwhelmed)

Ok.

JACK

Good.

CHARLIE

Well, let's eat it!

JACK

What, now? Really? Don't you wanna save it or something? Isn't this like a big deal?

CHARLIE

Yeah, it is. You should enjoy it with me. Hurry, before Evan gets back.

Jack sits for a moment and then runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT.-JACK'S BEDROOM-SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE ON THE PIE. ALMOST ALL GONE AND MASHED UP. THERE ARE TWO FORKS SITTING IN IT. THEY WENT TO TOWN.

WIDEN to reveal them SITTING Indian style with the pie in between. It looks like the last shot in "Sixteen Candles" when they're sitting on the table with the cake in between.

CHARLIE

I'm so full. Can't. Breathe.

JACK

Betsy's right. I think some sort of ejaculation just happened with my mouth.

CHARLIE
I know. It's hard to describe.
(then)
That's the nicest thing anyone's
ever done for me.

JACK
Shut up!

Something is happening between them. Suddenly reality hits.

CHARLIE
Shit. We should clean up.

JACK
Right.

CHARLIE
Does Evan know you did this?

JACK
No.

CHARLIE
Is it cool if we keep it between
us? Also, cause I just cooked
dinner and blah blah...

JACK
It's fine.

CHARLIE
Cool.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

Charlie's CURLED on her side in Evan's bed. She STARES at the wall, deep in thought. Evan is fast asleep next to her.

Seeing the bed from above, you can see the LITERAL distance between them.

EXT. PARK- BIKING/RUNNING TRAIL- DAYTIME

Charlie and Betsy walk BRISKLY on a trail. Betsy has a shocked look on her face, mouth agape.

BETSY
The same pie?! Are you sure?

CHARLIE
Positive. We ate it together.

BETSY
Where was Evan?

CHARLIE
He had to run out.

BETSY
This is, I mean, fuck, I have so many questions. Thoughts?

CHARLIE
Confusion.

BETSY
Right. Totally.

CHARLIE
Can we chill for a minute? I hate walking fast, it's dumb.

They slow down and sit on a nearby bench.

BETSY
Jack's it. I've always felt it.

CHARLIE
Since when?

BETSY
Just like, in my blood, or my groin. Wherever psychic abilities come from. I know it.

CHARLIE
No, he's not.

BETSY
Charlie, don't shit on my face and tell me it's raining.

Charlie just looks at her, confused.

CHARLIE
Uhm, ok.
(then)
Evan is amazing. He's literally the perfect guy. And he likes me.

Betsy looks at her, not swayed.

BETSY
He doesn't know you.

Charlie thinks. A blond in yoga pants and a PERFECT ass jogs by. The girls both simultaneously give her the MIDDLE FINGER.

INT. CHEESY ALL AGES NIGHT CLUB- NIGHT TIME

Evan, LJ and his teenage friends sit at a VIP booth, but it's an ALL ages club so the whole scene is a bit LAME.

LJ STANDS on the seat of the booth DANCING with a couple friends. Teens sexually GRIND up on each other on a nearby dance floor. Jack stares grossed out.

Charlie approaches the table with a big smile and a small gift bag. She yells up to LJ standing on the couch.

CHARLIE

Here! I got you a little somethin
somethin.

LJ leans down.

LJ

Should I open it now?

Charlie nods. LJ opens it. It's a REALLY nice electric toothbrush.

LJ (CONT'D)

No shit!

CHARLIE

It's supposed to be the best one.
It has some crazy sonic technology
or something?

LJ

Oh, hell yeah!

LJ stands back up on the booth and DANCES around with the toothbrush excitedly, HUMPING it to the rhythm of the song.

CHARLIE

(a bit uncomfortable)
Hey, where's Evan?

JACK

He texted me, he was held up at
work. Should be here in an hour.

CHARLIE

Oh really?

She takes out her phone and looks.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Oh shit, you're right. I didn't
even feel the text.

JACK
Is it illegal that we're witnessing
this?

He motions his head towards the dance floor.

A TEEN boy LITERALLY holds a girl's leg up and grinds on her
aggressively, DRY HUMMING like nobody's business. It's gross.

CHARLIE
Wow. That poor girl definitely has
a teenage boner in a her stomach
right now. Should we get a drink?

JACK
Yes please.

AT THE BAR

The bartender hands them their drinks. Jack's is colorful
with fruits and a little umbrella in it. They act a bit
UNCOMFORTABLE with each other.

CHARLIE
What is that?

JACK
Raspberry Mojito.

He takes the umbrella out. Charlie gives him a little
judgmental smile and nod.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't give me judgy eyes. It's
fucking delicious. Try.

He moves the umbrella and gives Charlie a sip.

CHARLIE
Wow, that is yummy. It's like my
mouth just took a fresh fruit and
mint bath. Where's Emily?

JACK
She's at this Art, Installation,
opening, Vodka, sponsored thingy.

CHARLIE
Cool.

Awkward silence.

JACK
Why are we being weird?

CHARLIE
I don't know! It's so dumb.

JACK
Totally dumb. I have a great idea.

Charlie looks at him, intrigued. He reaches into his pocket and hands her something. It's a tiny pill with an imprint.

CHARLIE
Is this E?

JACK
Yeah. What could be more fun at
this club?

She looks at her strange surrounding.

CHARLIE
Evan would kill me. This is not in
the healthy lifestyle program. I,
don't do this.

JACK
Sure you don't. Our little secret?

Charlie looks down at her hand.

CHARLIE
You're a terrible influence. And
I'm a sucker for peer pressure.
It's a bad combination.

JACK
Bottom's up?

He has a devilish and flirty grin. They clink glasses and take the pills.

CUT TO:

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

SONG: "Sleepy Head" by PASSION PIT

SLOW MOTION TO FAST MOTION. Charlie and Jack are in the
CENTER of the dance floor. Their HANDS and BODIES move around
really LOST in the music.

We go from SLOW motion to FAST motion interchangeably, really feeling the state of mind they're in.

ANGLE ON LJ and a friend watching them with confused looks.

The music ABRUPTLY cuts out. We hear what's REALLY playing in the scene. Kids grind on the dance floor to DIRTY hip hop. Jack and Charlie look like weird hippies in a sea of children.

LJ and his friend look at each other. LJ shakes his head.

LJ
White people are weird.

BACK OF THE CLUB- SOMETIME LATER

Jack and Charlie sit on the ground in back of the club. Kids smoke around them. They're TUCKED in a corner in their own world smoking cigarettes.

JACK
I don't even smoke.

CHARLIE
I know, it's weird, I can chain
smoke a pack on this drug.

JACK
Me too.

Jack exhales the smoke and then takes a deep breath.

JACK (CONT'D)
Deep breaths feel so good.

Charlie takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE
Oh yeah, that's the stuff.

She takes another deep breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I love the air. I can't get enough
of it.

She closes her eyes relaxed for a moment, and then looks up at the night sky.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Life is so good, isn't it?

JACK

It really is. And we're just, at the best age. There's so much I wanna do and see.

CHARLIE

Me too. Sometimes I get scared that I'll never get to do it all.

JACK

Don't say that. We're gonna do it all.

CHARLIE

Evan's gonna be mad.

JACK

Why?

CHARLIE

Because I did drugs.

JACK

Don't think about it. All that's important right now is the air and these cigarettes. Both equally delicious.

Charlie nods her head. He's somehow calmed her down.

CHARLIE

Cool. Yeah, you're right.

She takes another drag, then starts closing one eye at a time, it looks awkward.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I don't know how to wink.

JACK

What do you mean?

CHARLIE

I look creepy. I can never do it right.

JACK

Try me.

Charlie TRIES to wink but her whole mouth sort of goes up into the wink. It looks awful.

JACK (CONT'D)
Whoa. Is that for real? That is,
terrifying. Relax your mouth.

She keeps trying. It's getting worse. They start laughing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Here, watch me.

He winks at her, effortlessly. It's hot.

CHARLIE
See, I just look like an old lady
who forgot her sunglasses.

She keeps trying as Jack watches her. He smiles, momentarily
deep in thought.

JACK
Sometimes....I don't know.

Charlie looks off into the distance.

CHARLIE
Me neither.

JACK
Ok. Sometimes, I feel like I really
know you, but then I see you around
Evan, and I get confused. You act
differently. I'm not sure who you
are.

Charlie listens intently, not sure of what to say.

CHARLIE
I got things in my head, and they
wanna come out, but I'm afraid.

Charlie looks at him. Is she ready to tell him everything?

JACK
Don't be. We only got one life, ya
know? Cigarette?

Jack has a cigarette hanging out of his mouth but PULLS OUT
two more anyway. She takes one and he LIGHTS them, realizing
he's already smoking one. He shrugs and smokes two. They look
at each other. This is the moment.

CHARLIE
So, I...

ANGLE- LJ swinging open the back door.

LJ
You guys look homeless, what are
you doing?

They look up STARTLED, broken out of their little world. LJ
walks over and we see they do look pretty gnarly. They're on
the DIRTY ground next to a TRASH can. They didn't realize.

CHARLIE
Just having a cigarette.

LJ
For 45 minutes?

Jack looks at his watch.

JACK
Shit, I didn't even realize.

LJ
Yeah, we're ready to go.

CHARLIE
Where's Evan?

LJ
Got here like 40 min ago. We're out
front.

She pulls out her phone. Sees a few texts.

CHARLIE
God damn this phone. Ok, I'm ready.

Jack and Charlie exchange one last look as they get up.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM- THE NEXT MORNING.

Charlie is rolled over on her side sleeping. She SLOWLY wakes
up, SMACKED in the face by the BRIGHT morning.

She looks at the clock. It's 8:32am. She groans. Evan SLEEPS
next to her. They're not touching, it feels distant. She
watches him sleep for a moment and starts to rub his stomach.
He slowly wakes up.

CHARLIE
Hey.

EVAN
What time is it?

CHARLIE

Early.

EVAN

How are you awake?

CHARLIE

I don't know, just woke up.

EVAN

Do you wanna talk about last night?

Charlie thinks for a moment, a bit panicked but trying to hide it.

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

EVAN

Uhm, that you did ecstasy and disappeared with Jack for like an hour?

CHARLIE

Oh. Yeah. I'm really sorry.

EVAN

It was just weird. Do you do that a lot?

CHARLIE

No, not really. It was random.

EVAN

I just feel like we're too old for that kinda shit, ya know?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I know. Sorry.

EVAN

And you'd think you'd wanna hang out with your boyfriend?

CHARLIE

I did! It just, I don't know.

EVAN

Ok.

He rolls back over and goes to sleep.

INT.-MEXICAN RESTAURANT- NIGHT TIME

Big, BOISTEROUS table filled with Charlie and her friends. Balloons at Charlie's seat. It's her birthday.

ANGLE on Tucker, his wife Allison and Betsy. Tucker is rocking a mustache and suspenders.

BETSY

What the hell is on your face? You look like a hipster fucked the Monopoly man.

TUCKER

It's a mustache. It's ironic.

ALLISON

I told him he's a dad, so it can't be ironic.

BETSY

You look like the ring master in a traveling circus of child molesters.

He snaps his suspenders.

TUCKER

(whiny)

Fuck you guys. I look cool and I should be living in Brooklyn!

ANGLE on Jack and LJ. LJ grabs Jack's beer and takes a swig.

JACK

Dude, you're 18.

LJ

So? It's a light beer. You're not even a man.

JACK

What would you drink?

LJ thinks for a moment.

LJ

I'd keep it real and just get Jameson and a splash of lime. Neat.

JACK

Who are you?

LJ takes another swig and hands it back to Jack.

ANGLE on Charlie and Betsy.

CHARLIE

Bets, I need to quickly show you a picture. Please don't be mad, it's for your own good. Because I love you.

Charlie holds her phone down so only Betsy can see. Betsy leans in. It's a photo of GREG on a Segway looking SUPER geeky wearing a helmet with others on Segways close behind.

BETSY

Charlie, are you fucking serious?

Evan suddenly stands up.

EVAN

Hey, I want to make a quick toast.

People quiet down. Charlie looks flattered but embarrassed.

EVAN (CONT'D)

I just wanted to thank everyone for coming and say that it's been great uniting all of our friends. Obviously, everyone knows what an amazing person Charlie is.

He turns to look at Charlie now.

ANGLE on Jack looking at Charlie. Charlie catches his eye for a moment.

EVAN (CONT'D)

And so loved! So, let's raise our glasses. Happy birthday Charlie, I'm so lucky to have you in my life. Cheers!

Everyone RAISES a glass. They all scream "Happy Birthday" and "Cheers" and clinks glasses. Charlie's smile seems FORCED. Evan sits back down and gives Charlie a kiss.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT- LITTLE WHILE LATER

Charlie and Evan smoke a cigarette next to a LARGE window showing all of their friends inside.

EVAN

No sexy heels tonight huh?

Charlie looks down at her feet. She's wearing flats.

CHARLIE

Nah.

EVAN

You still look beautiful.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

Evan KISSES her. In the BACKGROUND three girls are walking past. One is JANE, the acquaintance that enlisted Charlie to first look into Evan. Jane STOPS dead in her tracks.

JANE

Well hello.

Charlie and Evan turn to Jane. She doesn't look pleased.

CHARLIE

Jane, hi!

Evan looks at Charlie, who begins to look a bit panicked.

EVAN

Jane! How are you? Weird, how do you know Charlie?

JANE

(patronizing)

Charlie, you wanna take this one?

CHARLIE

We're, friends.

JANE

Interesting. Are you and Charlie dating?

EVAN

Yeah, we are.

He smiles at Charlie.

JANE

Wow.

Charlie pleads to Jane with her eyes.

INSIDE THE MEXICAN RESTAURANT

Meg looks outside and sees what's going on. She shocked.

MEG

Betsy. BETSY!

Betsy is tipsy and laughing with Greg. She turns to Meg.

BETSY

Yeah?

Meg motions outside the window with her EYES. Betsy looks and sees Jane and a couple girls with Evan and Charlie.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Fucking fuck!

MEG

What do we do?

BETSY

I don't know! Wait, I have an idea.

Betsy whips out her phone.

OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Meg and Betsy watch from inside the restaurant in SHOCK.

CHARLIE

It's my birthday Jane.

Charlie pleads at Jane with her eyes. Jane looks inside the window and sees the big party for Charlie.

JANE

Thanks for inviting me sweets.

CHARLIE

Well, it was just, small and-

JANE

(to Evan)

Has Charlie told you about her special skills?

EVAN

I don't know?

CHARLIE

(to Evan)

Let's go inside.

Charlie GRABS Evan's arm.

EVAN

What's going on?

In the BACKGROUND through the window Meg gets up and talks to Tucker. He looks outside. No one knows what to do.

JANE

Charlie is an amazing cyber stalker. Do you know what that is? Basically she can find anything about anyone using the internet, and all she really needs is a name. It's kind of creepy if you ask me, but everyone in our circle of friends knows about it. What's so weird is, after we met at that party, and I'm embarrassed to say this, I asked her to look you up because you seemed too good to be true.

EVAN

I don't understand.

JANE

And then she told me you had gonorrhea.

EVAN

What the fuck?

CHARLIE

Sorry.

JANE

And now here we are, 5 months later, and you two are a couple. Isn't that crazy?

Evan looks at Charlie confused.

EVAN

I don't, so what, you like stalked me? Found out a bunch of stuff about me?

JANE

I'm sure she took on all your likes and interests, I mean, she knows how to find them out pretty easily. Sorry, but that's karma.

Charlie looks like she's had the wind knocked out of her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday Charlie.

All of the sudden an old beat up Honda Accord comes speeding onto the sidewalk and almost HITS Jane. Everyone screams. Doug jumps out eating a big soft PRETZEL.

DOUG
Everybody freeze!

He's not holding a badge or anything, just the pretzel.

JANE
Who the fuck are you?

DOUG
I'm Doug, Charlie's bodyguard.

CHARLIE
(defeated)
No, he's not.

JANE
(to Doug)
Fuckin weirdo.

DOUG
Listen you wax figure bitch, that's
hurtful. You don't even know me!

Jane and her friends WALK away. Evan stares at Doug.

EVAN
Who is this?

CHARLIE
Betsy's friend. Doug, can you
please leave?

DOUG
Sure, sure. Do you know if there
are still quesadillas inside?

Charlie just glares at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Ok, probably, not. Happy birthday.

Doug SLOWLY gets into his car and backs off the SIDEWALK. He
HITS a car on the other side of the street trying to leave.
The ALARM goes off. His exit is taking WAY too long. It's
MESSY. They watch him in silence. He FINALLY leaves.

EVAN
So, who the fuck are you?

CHARLIE
I'm still me Evan. I just, I don't
know. It got out of hand.

EVAN
So, did you know stuff about me
before we met?

She nods her head yes. Evan is shocked.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Do we even have anything in common?

CHARLIE
Some.

EVAN
So, our whole relationship, is
based on lies then?

Her eyes well up with tears. She's trying to be strong.

CHARLIE
No.

EVAN
I'm gonna leave now. Because, I
don't know what else to say or what
to do. But I'm sorry, because it's
your birthday. But I have to.

She nods her head, some tears stream down her face. Evan
walks away.

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S APARTMENT- LATER THAT NIGHT

Charlie is curled under a blanket on the couch. Her face is
blotchy from crying. Meg, Jill, Tucker, and Allison are there.

MEG
It's gonna be ok, you know that
right?

Charlie just looks at her, like "seriously?"

ANGLE on Betsy, DRUNK, looking like a hot mess, walking into
the living room wearing Pajama Jeans and her bra.

TUCKER
What the fuck are you wearing?

A small smile curls up Charlie's face.

BETSY
Pajama jeans. They're jeans but
they're comfy like PJ's.

TUCKER

Yeah, I get that. But why? Those are for trashy fat women. And pageant moms.

MEG

You look like you should be on Maury Povich trying to figure out who your baby daddy is.

BETSY

No, they're for everyone! A skinny woman was wearing them in the commercial! It made me realize that jeans can be constricting. Can jeans do this?

Betsy starts DANCING and STRETCHING awkwardly. Charlie starts to smile a little bit.

ALLISON

Keep going girl, Charlie's smiling. Do it! Do it!

BETSY

(singing)

I'm doin it, and then guess what?
I'm gonna do it some more! Who's that girl? It's Betsy! What's she doin? She's jammin.

Betsy acts like a FOOL. Charlie seems momentarily happy. Betsy's mood suddenly changes.

BETSY (CONT'D)

Hey, wait. Wait. I don't like that picture you showed me. I forgot that I'm angry.

The other friends are a little confused.

CHARLIE

I had to show you. You're my best friend.

Betsy quickly grows pissed.

BETSY

So if I'm your best friend, why wouldn't you respect me enough after asking you like 5 times not to look into Greg? That I wanted to get to know him myself.

(MORE)

BETSY (CONT'D)

But you just couldn't fucking help yourself. THIS is why you're alone Charlie. Because of these stupid fucking check-ups, and your crazy insecurities about being rejected! Yeah, I said it.

The group sits awkwardly as Betsy unleashes. She starts walking out of the room, DRUNK, in Pajama Jeans and a bra, trying to be serious.

BETSY (CONT'D)

And by the way, Greg already TOLD me he has a Segway. And we rode on it together, AND I FUCKING LOVED IT!

Betsy leaves. Charlie's eyes well up.

CHARLIE

Great. Betsy hates me. Evan thinks I'm a freak. Jack will never talk to me again. And Jane will probably spread this like wild fire.

MEG

Fuck Jane. I will rape her life if she does anything. Betsy will get over it. You guys love each other. And things will work out with Evan and Jack. I know it.

Charlie sighs, exhausted.

CHARLIE

It's fucked, but I can't stop thinking about Jack and what he thinks of me...I just wanna go to sleep.

Charlie starts to close her eyes.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM- DAYS LATER

As Charlie CLOSES her eyes on the COUCH in the last shot, we DISSOLVE into her laying in BED in a different outfit, opening her eyes in a similar position.

WIDEN to reveal her MESSY room. She doesn't care.

DEPRESSED INTO FEELING BETTER MONTAGE

SONG: "LOST IN MY MIND" by THE HEAD AND THE HEART

Charlie sits up on her bed with her laptop. She looks MESSY and GROSS. She goes onto FACEBOOK and starts to type in Jack, but then ABRUPTLY swipes the computer off of her bed.

Charlie eats a massive cheeseburger and fries, CRYING and SNOTTING everywhere with her mouth open. She's watching "Birds of Paradise: MATING" the PLANET EARTH episode.

Charlie ZONES out at a restaurant as she barely listens to a client showing jewelry. The waitress brings a big fruity drink that REMINDS her of Jack's girly MOJITO. She smiles and momentarily WALKS AWAY from the table. She TEXTS Jack "I think about you a lot. I hope you don't hate me." She HESITATES, then quickly hits send. She waits NERVOUSLY. He texts back. "I think about you too Charlie. More than I should." And then-"But you fucked with my best friend." She's sad.

Charlie looks drained at her office. She goes on TWITTER on her computer. "WEBSITE has been BLOCKED by PARENTAL CONTROL". She tries FACEBOOK and GOOGLE, same thing. She angrily "IMS" Tucker on her computer. CHARLIE- "What's wrong with my computer?" TUCKER- "Parental blocked your favorite websites. Intervention. It's for the best." CHARLIE- "But this is my job too!" TUCKER- "Figure something out." CHARLIE- I hate you." She SHUTS her laptop and LIGHTS up a smoke at her desk.

Charlie TIDIES up her room. She takes down the "Fernand Leger" print she bought JUST for Evan. She looks a bit HAPPIER. She HANGS a picture in its place. It's a photo of TWO swans facing each other in a pond with a person giving them the MIDDLE FINGER in the foreground. She SMILES and then opens a bag of TURKEY JERKY and happily eats it.

Charlie FEEDS her turtle and finishes making a SMALL sign. She TAPES it to the TURTLE'S shell, opens BETSY's door and leaves the turtle. Betsy is on her bed. She sees TURTLE slowly walking across the floor. The sign on his shell says "PLEASE FORGIVE CHARLIE, SHES'S WRONG AND STUPID AND MISSES YOU IN HER ENTOURAGE. LOVE, TURTLE." Betsy smiles.

INT. MEG'S KITCHEN- NIGHT TIME

Charlie looks in better spirits. She's in Meg's kitchen with Jill COOKING. Jill's daughter Maddy comes in TEXTING on her phone. She looks up and sees Charlie.

MADDY

I heard what happened.
(genuinely)
Sorry.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

MADDY

You're supposed to be with Jack
anyway. You know that right?

Charlie looks at Maddy. How is she so smart?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

INT. DINER- DAYTIME

Charlie NERVOUSLY waits in a diner booth, bouncing her knee
and checking her phone.

ANGLE on Evan and LJ entering the diner. They approach
Charlie, who stands up to greet them.

CHARLIE

Awkward hug time?

Evan smiles slightly. They hug, it's genuine.

EVAN

No awkwardness.

LJ grabs Charlie and hugs her, picking her up off the ground
a little. He's strong.

CHARLIE

LJ, I didn't know you were coming!

EVAN

You gotta make right by both of us.

CHARLIE

Fair enough. How are you?

EVAN

Good. Can't complain.

CHARLIE

Do you hate me?

EVAN

I couldn't hate you if I tried.

CHARLIE

How you doin LJ?

LJ

Cray amay.

CHARLIE

Weird, is that like a saying now?

LJ

Started college. So many honeys
just prancing around. Eager,
curious, horny.

CHARLIE

Still studying to be a dentist?

LJ

Oh hell yeah. I got big plans.
After I'm a rich successful dentist
with my own practice, I'm gonna
host a dental reality show. Like
"Top Chef" but it's timed and you
gotta turn someone's gnarled out
choppers into pearly whites.

CHARLIE

I like it.

They both smile at LJ.

EVAN

Sorry I was, you know, pretty MIA
these last few months.

CHARLIE

I get it. I fucked up big time.
But, I just really want you to
know, that, I'm not some stalker.

EVAN

I know that. I just needed time. I
gotta ask though, all the stuff we
had in common, was none of it true?

CHARLIE

No! Just yoga, being a vegan, fancy
art, mentoring, spelunking..

(thinking)

Habititat for Humanity, Krav Maga,
clay-mation, Entomology, volcano
tracking, fly-fishing--

EVAN

Ok, ok, I get it!

LJ

Damn.

CHARLIE

So, are you seeing anyone?

EVAN

Actually, I am. It's new, but it's going really well. Got some trust issues because of you, but I like to think everything happens for a reason.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Me too. That's really great though. I'm happy for you.

She takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So. I have some stuff to say, and I'm scared. But it's all me, just, being super honest, so, I hope it helps a little bit.

LJ

Truth is a blossoming flower waiting to expose itself to the light of day.

CHARLIE

When did kids get all deep?

(then)

So, all this internet investigating I do, it's basically because I'm just really afraid of being rejected. Plain and simple. That someone won't like who I am once I let my guard down and become vulnerable. So, I find something wrong with them and reject them first. It was easy. Then I found you, and you were so perfect. So I just thought maybe I could become this perfect girl that you'd want. And then, it just kinda got outta hand. I never, ever wanted to hurt you. So, there. Truth. Damn, I need a cigarette.

She exhales and sits back. A little more relaxed.

EVAN

But Charlie, you can't fake your way into someone's heart. I'm not perfect. I'm fucked up. We're all fucked up. You just have to find someone that loves, all of you. Including the fucked up parts. That's what makes a person special.

Charlie nods. Takes another deep breath.

CHARLIE

Yeah, so I think I may have found that person. But, I wanted to talk to you first about it...

INT. PHARMACY- DAYTIME

Charlie browses the CARD SECTION at a pharmacy. She reads various "I'M SORRY" cards. Then "I MISS YOU". She SHUFFLES through a bunch. Finally eyes a BAT MITZVAH card. The cover says "So you're finally becoming a Woman.." She stares at it.

INT. CHARLIE'S PARKED CAR- DUSK

Charlie is LEANED against her steering wheel holding the BAT MITZVAH card from the store. She OPENS it and begins to write "Dear Jack, Where the fuck to begin.."

EXT. EVAN AND JACK'S HOUSE- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie's car PULLS up the house. She JOGS up to the porch, card in hand. She CONTEMPLATES knocking, but then LEANS down and slips it under the door. She stands up and QUICKLY walks down the steps as the door SUDDENLY opens. Jack STANDS there.

CHARLIE

Oh, hey, what? I was just, hanging out on your doorstep, not a big deal.

JACK

Uhm, hi.

He looks down and sees the card at his feet. He picks it up.

CHARLIE

So, I wrote you a letter. With a pen. Like an adult.

She starts to walk back up the steps.

JACK

Whoa. Did you use one of those calligraphy pens and dip it in an inkwell ma lady? You could have just emailed me you know?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I'm taking a little Internet break for a while.

JACK

Gotcha.

EMILY (O.S.)

Jack?

Charlie hears this and peaks inside. Emily Leshure sits on the couch. Emily gives Charlie a cold aloof smile.

CHARLIE

(sotto)

Still with the Dalai Lama huh?

JACK

(sotto)

Don't judge.

(to Emily)

Just gimme one sec.

Charlie is suddenly NERVOUS. She grabs the letter. They both hold on to it.

CHARLIE

Can I, actually, take the letter? I forgot something.

JACK

Oh hell no.

He smiles. A stand off. She finally lets go.

CHARLIE

(defeated)

Fine.

They stare at each other for a beat. Charlie leaves.

INT. BETSY'S CAR- PARKING LOT- NIGHT TIME

Betsy sits in the driver seat next to Charlie. They're smoking a joint with the windows ROLLED up.

CHARLIE

Can we never fight again? It was the worst. I'm an idiot and I should have obeyed your wishes. It was my own insecurities sneaking in. I come from a broken home, cut me some slack. I love you Bets, you're like my sister.

BETSY

I love you too. But pretty much everyone comes from divorced parents Charlie. You're almost 30 and you're finally growing up. I'm proud of you. We're over it. Moving on, how long's it been?

She takes a pull off the joint and passes it to Charlie.

CHARLIE

A week and a half.

BETSY

Read me the text again.

Charlie hits the joint and reads the text from her phone.

CHARLIE

"I read your letter. It meant more than you know. I have a lot of thoughts and questions, but ultimately I think we should be friends. What do you say?"

Betsy listens intently.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Uggghhhhhh. The worst, right?

BETSY

And you haven't responded yet? I don't know, be friends. Ask him to hang out. You should call him.

CHARLIE

Really? Like, now? Now. Noww. Nowww. It sounds weird. I'm high.

Betsy thinks.

BETSY

Me too. Let's eat first. We just hot boxed the fuck out of this car.

The girls pour out of the car as smoke billows out as if it were just on fire.

INT DINER- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie and Betsy silently STUFF their faces, high as fuck. They're BARELY taking time to breathe. Betsy takes a huge bite of a burger and washes it down with soda. She finally takes a deep breath.

BETSY (CONT'D)
I keep forgetting to breathe.

CHARLIE
Totally.

BETSY
Call him now. Ask him to hang.

Charlie takes a bite, nervously whips out her phone.

CHARLIE
It's ringing. I'm freaking out. I wanna abort.

BETSY
Be cool.

CHARLIE
Hello Jack? This is Charlie.

Charlie's voice sounds stilted and weird.

CUT TO:

INT EVAN AND JACK'S LIVING ROOM- SAME TIME

JACK
Well hello. Thought I wouldn't hear from you.

CHARLIE
Hi. It's Charlie.

Charlie makes a FACE like, "what the fuck am I saying?!"

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'd like to know if you'd like, to hang out, with me, at some point. As friends?

JACK
Of course I would! What did you
have in mind?

Charlie FREEZES. The old her would have thought of something
that she KNEW Jack would love.

CHARLIE
Uhm, I don't know. Maybe like,
order sushi and watch "The Real
Housewives of NYC"?

She looks at Betsy nervously. Jack laughs a bit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What?

JACK
That's, perfect.

CHARLIE
Cool. So, bye?

JACK
Well, do you wanna figure out when?

CHARLIE
Yes. I do.

JACK
Friday night?

Charlie mouths to Betsy "Friday night." Betsy puts her
POINTER finger into her other curled up POINTER and THUMB,
the international SEX gesture. She continues until the finger
"FINISHES".

ANGLE on a waitress staring at Betsy DISGUSTED.

CHARLIE
Sounds good. Bye.

She hangs up. Charlie is smiling like a school girl.

INT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S PLACE- NIGHT TIME

Charlie and Jack sit in the living room watching TV. All
sorts of sushi is SPRAWLED out across the coffee table.

We hear "Real Housewives of NYC" PLAYING in the background.
They're sharing a joint.

JACK

Ramona is so obnoxious but like,
sometimes I love that she has no
filter. Especially when she drinks
her Pinot.

CHARLIE

I love when she dances. It's like
she's having a seizure.

Jack looks a little NERVOUS.

JACK

Totally. Hey, so, could you pause
it for a sec?

CHARLIE

Sure.

Charlie PAUSES the TV. Jack walks to the stereo nearby. He
PLUGS in his phone, then turns off a lamp on his way back to
the couch, making it darker. Charlie is curious.

JACK

I just, wanna play you this song
real quick.

Jack presses PLAY and sits back down. The song starts:

SONG: "CRYSTALIZED" by The XX

Charlie looks a little shocked. It's her "PANTY DROPPER"
song. Jack smiles nervously.

CHARLIE

What, are you doing? Why are you
playing this?

JACK

I have to tell you something. I
lied to you. But, you should know
all about that.

CHARLIE

Shut up. Lied about what?

JACK

I can't just be your friend
Charlie.

CHARLIE

What about Emily Leshure?

JACK

She's not my girlfriend. I just, needed time to figure some stuff out. Listen, you did some fucked up shit. Kinda funny, but mostly a little insane. But along the way, I still felt like I got to know the real you anyway. And I felt very lucky. I liked you, like you. I just want you to always be you. Cause, you're awesome, and you're, you. Shit, I'm high.

CHARLIE

That's the most amazing thing any guy has ever said to me.

Jack thinks.

JACK

Which part?

CHARLIE

All of it!

She DIVES on him. He wasn't prepared, but he's EXCITED. They KISS and ROLL AROUND. It's messy, and fun, and a little fumbly, but REAL. The song gets louder in the background.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Charlie and Jack cuddle in bed. She tickles his arm.

JACK

Oh my God, I have the best idea.

He flips over on his stomach.

JACK (CONT'D)

Tickle my back now.

CHARLIE

Fine, but then it's my turn.

JACK

Deal, 30 minutes and you're done.

CHARLIE

Aw, it's cute how you think that's gonna happen.

They kiss. All of the sudden the LIGHTS go ON in the bedroom. Then back OFF. On again. Charlie looks up. There's a KNOCK on the door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

BETSY (O.S.)

Are you decent?

JACK

Never.

Betsy opens the door. Wearing Pajama jeans.

BETSY

Hey. So, I tried to wire the whole house to this new "Universal Remote" that I bought. It's not working. Like at all. Sit tight.

She shuts the door.

Charlie and Jack look at each other and laugh. The lights go OFF again. They kiss and pull up the covers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLIE AND BETSY'S HOUSE- GARAGE DOOR

We see the GARAGE DOOR going UP, then STOPPING mid way and starting to go back DOWN again. Back UP again, STOPS midway.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Jesus!

BETSY (O.S.)

Sorry!

END

The Credits roll while STOCK PHOTOS involving the entire cast flash on the screen. They're overboard and cheesy.

-Charlie smiling over a salad. -Jack angry over a big pile of bills. -Betsy confused by a cordless drill. -Evan throwing a football on the beach. - Jill scared eating popcorn. -Tucker crying while getting a haircut.- Meg changing a flat tire.