

# PLUS ONE

*Written by*

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OVER BLACK:

DJ (V.O.)  
*Can I get all the single ladies up  
here? Yes, all the unmarried women  
make your way to the dance floor!*

**OVER OPENING CREDITS, WE QUICKLY CUT TO A SERIES OF WEDDINGS:**

MONTANA RANCH... The BRIDE, mid-20s, in cowboy boots, holds up the BOUQUET as a large group of GIRLS gather laughingly behind her. One friend, MEG, moves eagerly BACK AND FORTH like a LINEBACKER. The FLOWERS go up and...

RACHEL (V.O.)  
I know. We look ridiculous. It's embarrassing when you *know* you're fitting into a stereotype.

...SANTA BARBARA WINERY... Meg, now the bride, TOSSES the bouquet and Jess dives for it...

RACHEL (V.O.)  
A girl desperate to get married.

...TROPICAL ISLAND... Jess's wedding, FLOWERS go up...

RACHEL (V.O.)  
But humans are social creatures who long to love and be loved.

ON AND ON IT GOES over the years: A Banquet Hall, A Backyard Reception... as the GROUP OF SINGLE GIRLS grows SMALLER, MORE AGGRESSIVE. Until TWO remain: ALI and RACHEL, now mid-30's.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Yes, I opened it up to all humankind to justify *plowing each other over in a bouquet toss*. It's not like we actually think this "passing of the torch" can magically sway the fates towards our own Happy Ever After... *But just in case it can, we'll take a bitch out for it.*

...ON A YACHT... the peonies ARC THROUGH THE AIR... Ali and Rachel share a COMPETITIVE SMIRK and both FIERCELY JUMP UP, arms OUTSTRETCHED:

RACHEL (V.O.)  
And fuck if I was letting *Happiness Ever After* slip through my hands.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HOUSE - BACKYARD - EVENING

A BANNER reads, "We're Engaged!" A COCKTAIL PARTY with a jubilant GROUP OF COUPLES in their mid-30s. The groom-to-be, MIKE, raises his glass to his beaming fiancée, ALI. RACHEL, our heartfelt heroine, stands by, listening.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
*Okay, but next time I got it.*

MIKE  
 I'd like to make a very special toast. To drinking! Cheers!

ALI  
 (teasingly swats him)  
 That's your toast? Can we work on that before the wedding?

Mike PLANTS a KISS on Ali as everyone APPLAUDS. Rachel smiles sentimentally at her boyfriend, TODD, and kisses him, too.

ALI (CONTD)  
 Okay, I'll say a little something.  
 (someone "Woo's!")  
 Thank you, I didn't even do it yet!  
 (more laughter)  
 I'm so excited to get married, not just because I LOVE this man but ALSO: *thank God I never have to DATE again... At least I hope.*

MIKE  
 (off her pointed look)  
 Why are you staring at me? I don't want you to date again.

ALI  
 Just don't die or cheat, please. I don't want to go back out there.  
 (raises glass, sing-songy)  
*Rach and Todd, you two are next!*

Rachel covers her face, mortified - as EVERYONE toasts.

TODD  
 It sounds like we're about to get murdered.

MIKE  
 (kisses Ali)  
 We'll work on *that* speech before the wedding.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

Rachel, Ali and the YOUNG MARRIED MOMS (including JESS - 33, a hopelessly optimistic blonde and MEG - 33, too tired to fucking mince words) dote on Jess' BABY while the guys GRILL.

JESS

Rach, nurse question: *my boobs are constantly leaking*. Is that normal?

MEG

Hey, she's not at work, leave her be! ...Although, I have a kegel inquiry for later.

RACHEL

(laughs)

No wonder the guys are all over there.

ALI

Hey, sorry about the weird shout-out to you and Todd.

RACHEL

It's fine, it's probably good for him.

MEG

Don't worry, Andy was the same way. He just needs a little nudge.

RACHEL

I hate having to nudge. I don't want to feel like I'm forcing him.

ALI

My brother once said to me, "*Girls grow up because they want to. Guys grow up because they have to.*"

RACHEL

Isn't that your brother doing a kegel stand right now?

ALI

*Ryan! Not at my engagement party! Jesus, you're 35!*

A RATTLING, BEAT-UP Pizza Delivery Car pulls UP THE DRIVEWAY alongside the HOUSE. Everyone turns to LOOK.

ALI (CONT'D) (CONTD)

*Who ordered pizza?!*

A GIRL'S HEAD pops up in THE PASSENGER SEAT. Obviously GIVING HEAD. Rachel and the other Girls exchange BEMUSED LOOKS. A mixture of horrified and used to this. *This is Summer Young.*

RACHEL  
*Summer's here.*

MEG  
Looks like she's already eaten.

GUYS  
(cheering)  
*Yeahhhh Summ-er!*

*Summer - 29, (think Rebel Wilson) our boisterous anti-hero, she ranges between the life of the party and the guest you can never get to leave - steps out of the car, announcing:*

SUMMER  
*Relax everyone, I was not giving a blowjob, you pervos... I was giving a hand job. Just kidding!! Rim job.*

ALI  
*Oh yes, Summer Young, ladies and gentlemen! Never misses an opportunity to make an entrance.*

Ali, Meg and Jess RUSH in with hugs - Rachel HANGS back.

ALI (CONTD)  
(teases Summer)  
*Hey, nice of you to show up.*

SUMMER  
*It started twenty minutes ago. Who ever shows up on time to a party?*  
(looks around)  
*Well, besides everyone you know.*

A MARRIED WOMAN leans into Rachel, *whispers*:

MARRIED WOMAN  
*Who is that?*

RACHEL  
*Those girls were all friends in their crazy college days.*

MARRIED WOMAN  
*Looks like she might still be carrying the crazy torch.*

RACHEL  
Yeah, she's... *interesting*.

MARRIED WOMAN  
(immediately understands)  
Oh, that's never a positive word.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Rachel walks in, sees Todd GRABBING a BEER. She WALKS up from behind and pinches his butt. He LAUGHS and KISSES her.

TODD  
Hey.

RACHEL  
You okay?

TODD  
Yeah.

RACHEL  
Okay, good... *Love you*.

TODD  
*Love you*.

Rachel WALKS in THE BATHROOM, SEES a huge framed ENGAGEMENT PHOTO of a euphoric Ali and Mike; the caption: "LAUGHING EVER AFTER." *Sighs*. LOOKS at herself in the MIRROR.

SUMMER (O.S.)  
Rachel! Just the one I've been looking for...

Rachel TURNS around, *surprised*.

RACHEL  
(overly-polite)  
Oh, hi, how are you?

SUMMER  
(re: engagement photo)  
Doesn't it look like he secretly blasted one and she just realized?

RACHEL  
Or, they're just... *in love*?

SUMMER  
I guess it's up for interpretation.  
Can I ask you a quick favor?

Summer walks INSIDE THE BATHROOM - *super awkward*.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
*Okay - in here?*

SUMMER  
You're a vagina expert, right?

RACHEL  
A gynecology nurse but okay.

SUMMER  
Perfect. So, I know we're not that close but recently I partook in some shenanigans of the "intimate variety"...  
(jiggles eyebrows)  
*If you know what I mean.*

RACHEL  
Yes, no need for an eyebrow jiggle.

SUMMER  
And we couldn't find the condom after. I realized my wonder down-under swallowed it like a snack.

RACHEL  
You think it's still inside you?  
That could be really dangerous.  
Women get Toxic Shock Syndrome that way. How long has it been in there?

SUMMER  
Well, I got a ride from Manhattan Beach and there was traffic and I stopped to get a coffee along the way so maybe since yesterday.

RACHEL  
What?!

SUMMER  
I was hoping it would fall out but apparently it's lost at sea.

RACHEL  
You haven't been able to retrieve it manually?

SUMMER  
No way, I'd rather get Toxic Shock.

RACHEL

You haven't even *tried*? You're a successful attorney but you can't remove a condom?

SUMMER

I have really short fingers, that's just a fact about me. And also - it feels supremely gross in there. It's like hugging tonsils. I don't know how you do it. I can't even look at a diagram of one - *Agh!*  
*With like the little arrows pointing to "urethra,"*  
(flails squeamishly)  
And there's so many flaps FLAPPING around *willy nilly*. Makes me wanna DIE. Could you please do it?

RACHEL

You want me to get it out *here*? I don't even have gloves.

SUMMER

I'm not picky.

RACHEL

*I am...* How do you get yourself into these situations? Last time I saw you, you had just had hotel sex on your period and the maid called the police because she thought there'd been a homicide.

SUMMER

Yep. The whodunit was a vagina.  
(shrugs, indifferent)  
That's just the singles world.

RACHEL

Alright, I'll do it. If we can just please never speak of this again.

SUMMER

Thank you! You won't regret it. Or, you might- I dunno why I said that.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Summer LIES BACK on the bed in a DRESS, FEET SPREAD. Rachel PULLS on dish-washing GLOVES.



SUMMER

So this has actually happened a few times. Do you think I have like a vacuum-sealed Vee? Or is this more of an over-thrust sitch?

RACHEL

It tends to happen if the guy has trouble keeping an erection in you.

SUMMER

(beat)

This hasn't happened that often.

RACHEL

Probably just shhh. Okay, you're going to feel a bit of *pressure*...

Both girls BRACE THEMSELVES for what's about to happen - Rachel tentatively REACHES UP Summer's DRESS and into...

SUMMER

(winces)

Yeppp. This is not how I pictured my first lesbianac experience.

(beat, then)

Let me know if you find anything else up there.

(whispers, sing-songy)

...Like AIDS.

RACHEL

(pulls hand out)

You know what, I don't - I can't do this. I don't feel comfortable.

SUMMER

I'm sorry, I'll be quiet. Really!

(can't resist)

But when I was a small child, I sat on my brother's GI Joe and we never saw it again so keep an eye out.

*Too much.* Rachel STANDS UP, GOES to throw out the GLOVES.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

No, come back! I joke when I'm nervous! Please, help me!

RACHEL

I am gonna help you help yourself. You're gonna do this.

SUMMER  
*That's not helpful.*

RACHEL  
 You should be in touch with your body.

SUMMER  
 I am in touch with my body! I just don't like to be in touch with it on the inside.

RACHEL  
 I'll talk you through it. Squat like this.

Rachel demonstrates - POWER SQUATS, making scissor-fingers.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 It's like cutting ribbon. Open, close, open, close.

SUMMER  
 I don't wanna cut ribbon. Please.  
 (tries it, nauseated)  
 AHHHHH, *I'm never having safe sex again! This is the worst thing that's ever happened to me.*

RACHEL  
 You're just touching your own vagina. It's not the worst thing.

Summer WHIMPERS, hyperventilating. A QUICK KNOCK on the door, Ali POKES her head in - eyes go HUGE, *shuts the door again.*

RACHEL (CONTD)  
 Keep going, you can do it. *Deep cleansing breath in. Breathe out.*

SUMMER  
*Deep cleansing breath in. This is a nightm--Holy shit, I got it! I got the sucker!*  
 (waves it around)  
 Oh my god, I feel so empowered.

Suddenly the CONDOM WHIPS out of Summer's hand and SMACKS onto Rachel's silk shirt. Summer FREEZES, mid-celebration.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 I deeply apologize.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - LATER

GUESTS hug GOODBYE. Rachel self-consciously WIPES at her shirt, exchanging HUGS with Ali, Jess and Meg.

RACHEL  
(to Ali)  
Great engagement party!  
Congratulations again.

As Todd PULLS his SUV up, Jess *whispers to Rachel*:

JESS  
Yours will happen when it's right.

MEG  
Just remember - a little nudge.

RACHEL  
Okay, I'll keep you posted. Love  
you, girls.

Jess and Meg GET IN their CARS, husbands at the wheel, and drive off. Summer WALKS out with a BEER, looks around.

SUMMER  
(hugs Ali goodbye)  
Man, it hit 9pm and every married  
person just ran out of here.

ALI  
(smiles, knows it's lame)  
It's a long drive.

SUMMER  
Don't act refined. Let's not forget  
I knew you when you were slutty.

ALI  
(jokes back)  
Hey, don't forget I knew you when  
you weren't.  
(to Todd)  
Don't worry, Todd: *Rachel was  
always a good girl.*

SUMMER  
*Sadly.*

RACHEL  
As always it was an experience  
seeing you.

Rachel gives Summer a rushed HUG and JUMPS into Todd's SUV.

SUMMER

Wait wait - can I ride with you  
guys? The other girls bailed.

RACHEL

(glances at Todd)  
I was thinking it'd be *romantic* to  
stop by Channel Islands on the way-

SUMMER

Great, always wanted to see the  
Channel Islands!

TODD

(calls out)  
Absolutely, more the merrier.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Summer SLEEPS in the back, SNORING lightly, her BARE FEET  
wedged between them in the FRONT CENTER CONSOLE. Rachel  
STARES OUT her window, debating her way in with Todd.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That was fun.

TODD

Yeah.

SILENCE...

TODD

Do you--

RACHEL

So--

TODD (CONTD)

Sorry, what?

RACHEL

What were you gonna say?

TODD

Is the highway to the right  
or left?

RACHEL

So, do you think that'll be  
us soon?

TODD

(beat)  
I think it's to the right.

He TURNS right. Sure enough, there's the HIGHWAY.

RACHEL  
(grins)  
So, is that a yes?

TODD  
(smiles but warning)  
Baaaabe.

RACHEL  
(playfully)  
What?

TODD  
Look, I understand we just came  
from an engagement party, it's  
natural you're feeling pressure.

RACHEL  
No...  
(relents)  
Okay, maybe I do a little. But  
don't you?

TODD  
No. And you shouldn't either. Don't  
let everyone freak you out.

RACHEL  
(smiles knowingly)  
Right, I know.  
(then, considers)  
Although, you saying that kind of  
freaks me out more. You don't feel  
pressure at all?  
(as he shakes his head)  
Man, I wish I was a guy.

TODD  
Every couple moves at their own  
pace. We gotta do things on our  
timeline.

RACHEL  
(relaxing again)  
Yeah, no, absolutely, I agree. As  
long as you're moving forward.  
(then)  
But, so - we do have a timeline?

Todd winces - STARES AHEAD. He's not trying to be coy but  
this conversation freaks him the fuck out.

TODD  
You know I'm not a big planner.

RACHEL

So, there's no timeline...

(nods to herself, then)

I feel like we're just kinda floating. We've been together three years and we've never even taken a real trip, we don't live together-

TODD

(getting heated)

--*You said you didn't want to live together unless we were engaged.*

RACHEL

Because I thought we'd eventually be engaged! I think there comes a time to shit or get off the pot.

TODD

That sounds great, who wouldn't sign up for shit?

RACHEL

If you don't want to get married, I think I should know.

TODD

*Ok, I might not wanna get married.*

RACHEL

What?

TODD

(backpeddles, repeatedly  
clears throat)

Not now at least. I don't know.  
Maybe not ever.

RACHEL

(jokes)

What's happening with your voice right now? It's like you can't take off running so your vocal chords did.

TODD

I'm just not sure I can give you what you want. I know you want a husband and you deserve that.

RACHEL

I don't just want "a husband," I'm kind of partial to you. *But clearly you want off the pot, so.*

TODD  
(clears throat, softly)  
Yeah. I might not be the guy. Maybe  
this isn't right.

RACHEL  
*Wait... did we just break up?*

TODD  
(still processing)  
I dunno - we might have. I guess  
this is happening... you were  
pushing and-

RACHEL  
*--What?! I was just lightly  
nudging! I over-nudged!*

TODD  
I wish I was that guy that wants a  
family, believe me I've tried to  
be. But it wouldn't be fair to  
either of us to force it.

He BREAKS, coming to a DEAD STOP on the highway. MILES of  
TRAFFIC ahead. The SIGN reads: Los Angeles: 108 Miles.

RACHEL  
*This is when you pick to break up?  
The beginning of a long car ride?*

TODD  
*I didn't plan to. It just happened!*  
(gently)  
I'm sorry. I love you and I don't  
want to lose you from my life.  
Maybe we could still be friends.

RACHEL  
Fuck your friendship.

A long SILENCE.

SUMMER  
(clears throat in back)  
So, does this mean no Channel  
Islands?  
(quietly)  
...Just wanted to be clear.

INT. SUV - LATER

Todd PUMPS GAS on the driver's side.

Rachel STARES OFF, heartbroken but too proud to show it. She literally sucks the emotion back in, WIPES away her TEARS. Summer NOISILY snacks IN THE BACK, leans FORWARD, offers:

SUMMER

Chex mix?  
(Rachel shakes head)  
Should we drive off and leave him?

RACHEL

(smiles in spite of  
herself, looks)  
He took the keys.

SUMMER

I know some people might take this  
as a bad thing but I think you  
should be happy. I say  
congratulations! He set you free.

RACHEL

Thank you.

SUMMER

Seriously, it's so much better to  
be single because then spontaneous  
things happen, ya know? Ask me what  
I'm doing later.

RACHEL

*Summer, I don't-*

SUMMER

--Whatever the hell I want, that's  
what I'm doing. Maybe I'm having  
bacon and eggs in Nevada, maybe I'm  
dry humping in the back of an  
Acura. Yowzer! No one saw that  
coming. Go out with me, you'll see.

RACHEL

I'll keep that in mind.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She SITS on the floor, *reeling*. Stares at her iPhone.

Then JUMPS to her feet, goes TO THE KITCHEN, drags a CHAIR to  
the FRIDGE, opens the CABINET above it and STOWS her PHONE  
INSIDE. *Out of reach from temptation.*

She gets DOWN, puts the CHAIR away. Walks INTO HER BEDROOM,  
FLOPS down on her BED.



And then, she hears the MUFFLED RINGING of her CELL PHONE.

She RACES *like a crazy person back to THE KITCHEN*. GRABS the CHAIR, PUTS it by the fridge, JUMPS up, GRASPS frantically... Looks at her cell with *raw overwhelming hope*: *Just her MOM.*

The TOP SHELF she's gripping for balance UNHINGES and she TUMBLES to the floor. Looks at the *now dangling shelf*:

RACHEL

Really? Are you kidding me?!

INT. HIGHLAND MEDICAL GROUP - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Rachel, trying to muscle through the day, assists DR. DOYLE as he gives a FEMALE PATIENT, mid-30s, a check-up.

FEMALE PATIENT

I wanted to get a little more information about freezing my eggs. I'm not ready to pull the trigger but I just wanna circle the idea.

DR. DOYLE

Cryo-preservation is a very common, effective procedure. Although, it *is* invasive and doesn't provide guarantees. However, you're 35. I don't like to speak in absolutes but you're reaching the proverbial fertility cliff so you should consider not waiting much longer.

RACHEL

(bursts in with)

*But how much longer would you say?*  
(off their reaction)

Sorry.

DR. DOYLE

(continues, to Patient)

My rule always is: now is better than later when it comes to fertility. By this age, the ovaries are already less able to release eggs and there's far fewer viable ones within that.

Rachel grows NAUSEOUS, grips the desk for support.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, I'm not doing well. I'll be fine. Please continue.

She LIMPS over and SPLASHES water on her FACE at the sink.

INT. HIGHLAND MEDICAL GROUP - LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

Rachel changes wearily into STREET CLOTHES from SCRUBS. Her cell RINGS: Meg. She FORWARDS it to Voicemail. We see there's 15 Missed Calls. She puts her phone away, then reconsiders - pulls it back out and sends a text...

INT. MEG AND ANDY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Ali, Jess and Meg look out the WINDOW at Rachel ARRIVING.

JESS

She must be so devastated. What should we say?

MEG

I feel awful. I told her to nudge.

Rachel WALKS in, determined.

RACHEL

Grab your purses, we're going out!

ALI

What, wait, are you okay?

JESS

Yeah, I thought we were doing a "hang out and talk," night.

RACHEL

You guys, I'm fine, really. You can unfreeze your faces. No part of me wants to sit around wallowing.

JESS

Isn't wallowing the best part?

RACHEL

I'd rather throw myself back out there. If Todd's not the one for me, then it frees me to find the one who is. I'm actually relieved it at least happened now and not later. But I need your help, those men aren't gonna meet themselves.

MEG

Wow, well, alright - let's do this.

JESS  
Yeah, we should go dancing.

ALI  
Wait, now? I'm not dressed for  
this. I have hot yoga tomorrow.  
There's a lot of moving parts!

MEG  
Pop a button, the train is moving.  
(calls out)  
*Andy, we're going to pick up men!*  
*Things could get crazy! Be jealous!*

ANDY (O.S.)  
(not jealous)  
Alright. Have fun!

JESS  
Ooh! Should we text Summer? She's  
great at meeting guys.

RACHEL  
Ehhh. I'm sure she's busy munching  
on a Pizza Man. Let's just us go.

The girls LOOK at Ali, EXPECTANTLY. She relents...

ALI  
Alright...  
(unbuttons top button)  
The clubs won't know what hit 'em!

INT. SLS HOTEL - CENTRO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Pretentious, random crowd. Half empty. The Girls DANCE in a  
BORED CIRCLE. Too many CARDIGANS between them to BLEND IN.

MEG  
(clears throat)  
Does this feel really monotonous to  
anyone else?

Rachel watches TWO YOUNG CHICKS approach CUTE GUYS.

RACHEL  
I don't think a girl should *have* to  
approach a guy. If a man's  
interested, he'll come to us.

JESS  
Totally agreed. It's evolutionary.

MEG

We should stick to our best move.  
Hovering behind cute guys until  
they notice us.

RACHEL

Is anyone coming?

ALI

(looks around)

Nope.

MEG

What the hell? This is our best  
move.

RACHEL

(eyes Youngens)

Apparently some girls have come up  
with new moves.

They PLOP DOWN at a COCKTAIL TABLE, discouraged.

ALI

Maybe we're too big a group for a  
guy to approach. I could go home.  
Take one for the team to help.

JESS

No way. I'm a new Mom. If I have to  
stay, you have to stay.

RACHEL

Maybe we need to open our bodies up  
more to invite guys in.

Rachel and Meg FACE OUTWARDS in their BAR STOOLS.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)

I feel like a weirdo.

MEG

Yeah, this was a bad idea. Abort  
mission.

JESS

One's coming, guys, one's coming!

A couple MEDIOCRE GUYS approach.

GUY

Hi ladies.

RACHEL

Hi.

Meg YAWNS, stops herself.

MEG

Sorry, that wasn't directed at you.

ALI

(yawns)

Ah! Those things are contagious.

JESS

(wipes yawn tears away)

What are your guys' names?

Jess isn't aware she's begun LACTATING through her BRA. The Guys NOTICE - *their EYES keep DROPPING down to Jess' shirt.*

GUY

I'm... Uh... Mike.

JESS

(excitedly, re: Ali)

Oh! That's her fiancé's name!

RACHEL

Jess, your boobs are happening.

JESS

(looks down, realizing)

Geez. Can you hand me some napkins?

These things are like Old Faithful.

The Guy, bewildered, hands Jess a stack of NAPKINS. She REACHES inside her BLOUSE, BLOTTING madly at her BREASTS.

RACHEL

(to second guy)

So, what's your name?

The SECOND GUY is too busy STARING at Meg... who is RESTING her CHIN on her HAND, NODDING OFF with her MOUTH partly ajar.

The hefty BAR OWNER, 40's, barrels over, CLAPPING at Meg.

OWNER

Alright, get outta here!

MEG

Hmmm?

OWNER

Come on, drunkie, get up.

MEG  
Huh? What? Why?

The Owner starts escorting Meg out. The GIRLS follow.

RACHEL  
She's not drunk.

OWNER  
If you pass out, you have to leave.

RACHEL  
Wait, she didn't pass out, she just  
fell asleep for a second.

MEG  
Yeah, sorry, I'm just exhausted.

OWNER  
(suddenly sympathetic)  
Oh! You're just sleepy? Why didn't  
you say so? End of a long week?

MEG  
(relieved)  
Yes! Really long. I have toddlers.

OWNER  
Go home! People are trying to have  
fun and you're bringing the whole  
place down.

The girls are USHERED outside TO THE CURB.

MEG  
Rude.

ALI  
Well, since we're out here, we  
might as well...

Ali excitedly HAILS a CAB. Rachel TAKES one last LOOK inside  
at the YOUNG CHICKS chatting up GUYS to her *sadsack friends*.

RACHEL  
FYI, your lactating, tired asses  
are the world's worst wingwomen.

MEG  
In our defense, we were terrible at  
this when we were single, we're  
just worse now.

RACHEL  
(hugs goodbye, pouts)  
You guys aren't gonna dump me now  
that you're moving onto new life  
stages, right?

JESS  
No way. Maybe we could set you up?

RACHEL  
Sure, do you know anyone good?!  
(off their hesitation,  
less hopeful)  
...That seems promising.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Rachel talks to a handsome BLIND DATE at a table.

RACHEL  
So Jess says you're a writer for  
animated shows? That's so cute.

BLIND DATE #1  
Yeah, I also write for porn.

RACHEL  
Oh, really? That's... *interesting*.  
Those are two different worlds.

BLIND DATE #1  
Yeah, sometimes I go from the set  
of some crazy orgy scene to the  
Disney lot. Takes my brain a  
minute to catch up.

BLIND DATE #2.

BLIND DATE #2  
I love adventure sports. I'm going  
white water rafting this weekend.

RACHEL  
Oh, I've always-

BLIND DATE #2  
--Yeah, I don't waste time saying I  
want to do something. Everyone  
talks. I make it happen. Istanbul,  
Cape Town, you name it.

RACHEL  
That's great. I love that philos-

BLIND DATE #2  
 (shows list on iPhone)  
 --See this, I keep a running list  
 of everything I want to do. I do  
 what everyone *says* they want to do.

BLIND DATE #3. He's a combustible mix of Red-Bull, Tourette's  
 and schizophrenia. The Barista takes their order.

BLIND DATE #3  
 I want a latte!

BARISTA  
 What kind of milk would you like?

BLIND DATE #3  
 I dunno! I don't do this stuff!

BARISTA  
 ...Nonfat? Two percent?

BLIND DATE #3  
 (hands flailing)  
 Fine? Whatever?!

RACHEL  
 (alarmed, slowly)  
 Why are you yelling?

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rachel comes home, FLIPS through the MAIL, sees Ali and  
 Mike's SAVE THE DATE. She wistfully posts it on her fridge.

Sees the DANGLING TOP SHELF *mocking* her. She finds a HAMMER  
 in a drawer, pulls off its sticker. STANDS atop a CHAIR...  
 And HAMMERS the dangling SCREW. The shelf falls off entirely.

RACHEL  
 You suck! Die!

INT. RACHEL'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel EATS DINNER with her MOM, 65, *well-meaning but from a  
 different era*, and her DAD, *the strong, silent, husky type*.

DAD  
 How is the clinic?

RACHEL  
 It's fine. A daily slap in the  
 face. The usual.



MOM

Well, it's only been a month. Give it time. You know, I read Happy Hour is a great place to meet men.

DAD

(teases)

Oh, you better have just been reading that!

RACHEL

Great - I'm getting advice from my parents who haven't been single in forty years. Unfortunately, unless I wanna go solo, I don't have any single girlfriends left to go with.

MOM

You don't know any single girls?

RACHEL

I know one single girl... but she's nuts. We have nothing in common.

DAD

If she's single, you have one thing in common.

RACHEL

I think I'm better off going solo.

MOM

Actually, that reminds me, have you gotten any emails lately?

RACHEL

In general? Yes, I do get emails.

MOM

From OkCupid.

RACHEL

No, I told you, I don't want to sign up for online dating.

MOM

A lot of people do it nowadays. Not just weirdos anymore.

RACHEL

I'd just like to meet someone the old fashioned way like you and Dad.

MOM  
We signed you up.

RACHEL  
You what?

MOMENTS LATER, Rachel looks in HORROR at the parent-made online dating profile on their DELL DESKTOP COMPUTER.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(reads aloud the third-  
grade level writing)  
*Hello. My name is Rachel and my  
favorite show is Gossip Girl.*  
(to Mom)  
What! That is not my favorite show!

DAD  
You fill up our DVR with it.

RACHEL  
I programmed a series recording six  
years ago, I moved on!  
(reading aloud faster)  
*I was a cheerleader in high school.*  
(to parents)  
Seriously?! What is wrong with you?

DAD  
Hey, I married a cheerleader.

RACHEL  
*I work in LA but can commute for  
love.*  
(to parents)  
We are deleting this immediately.  
How long has this been up?

MOM  
A couple weeks. Wait, look, you do  
have responses! I don't know why  
you didn't get these.

The Mom opens a message from a SHIRTLESS GUY doing a selfie.  
**Username: Smellthis.**

MOM (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
*"Wanna go halvesies on a baby?"*  
(mutters)  
Oh, that's, well, hmmm... I guess  
there's still some weirdos.

Rachel clicks to DELETE PROFILE. It prompts for a PASSWORD.

RACHEL

What's the password? It was already logged in.

MOM

Let me think. *I tried to do something I would never forget.*

The Mom TYPES something in. WRONG PASSWORD. She puts on READING GLASSES, tries again. WRONG PASSWORD.

MOM (CONT'D) (CONTD)

I forgot.

RACHEL

Okay, let's see if we can reset the password and have it sent to the email. Wait, Mom - my email is Rachel81 - why would you think it's Rachel82? You know my birth year!

DAD

Sorry, that one's my fault - geez, 81? You're older than I remembered.

MOM

Well, that explains why you haven't been getting the messages. Maybe this is a blessing. *Look, here's one from HaveANiceDave!*

The Mom opens the MESSAGE from HaveANiceDave. He's a menacing HELL'S ANGEL. The message says: **Wanna play?**

MOM (CONT'D) (CONTD)

*Happy Hour is a great place. I've heard great things.*

INT. HAPPY HOUR BAR - EVENING

Bustling. Everyone in ANIMATED CONVERSATIONS. Except Rachel, who is STANDING AWKWARDLY against a wall, unable to LOOK UP from her PHONE - making herself inadvertently unapproachable.

GUY (O.S.)

Hey gorgeous.

Rachel LOOKS UP, *hopeful.*

GUY (CONTD)

Oh, sorry, that was to my girlfriend.

Some GORGEOUS GIRL sweeps past. Rachel's cell RINGS. Her Mom.

RACHEL

(hushed, into phone)

I've been here an hour and haven't made eye contact with anyone. I feel like the weird guy that lurks in bushes.

MOM (ON PHONE)

Just start a conversation.

RACHEL

I dunno how! I've never had to do this before.

MOM (ON PHONE)

Just ask someone for the time.

RACHEL

No one still asks for the time. We all have phones. It's too obvious.

MOM

Isn't that the point to be obvious? You're not on a covert op.

RACHEL

No, Mom, girls have to be cool. Crap! *Someone just heard me say "Mom."* Gotta go.

Rachel HANGS up. She LOOKS around, *takes a deep breath* - ZEROES in on a CUTE HIPSTER, 30's, sitting at the bar by himself. She musters up ALL HER COURAGE - WALKS UP...

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)

Hi, is this seat taken?

She smiles BRAVELY. *This is her ONE BIG SHOT.* He GLANCES up.

HIPSTER

Yeah.

He COVERS the chair protectively. She RUNS away MORTIFIED.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel SETS OUT an ASSEMBLY LINE of cupcakes, ice cream, pizza and chips. Her cell RINGS. She hesitates ANSWERING.

FACETIME: Jess' FACE appears in a ROOM full of COUPLES.

RACHEL  
I'm super busy in a downward  
spiral, what's up?

JESS (ON PHONE)  
Are you okay? We're doing a little  
game night if you wanna come.

RACHEL  
Thanks but the idea of hanging out  
with all couples right now sounds  
like a great thing to write about  
in my suicide note.

The room behind Jess erupts in JOYFUL LAUGHTER.

RACHEL (CONTD)  
Can you take me off Facetime?

JESS (ON PHONE)  
(fiddles, walks away for  
privacy)  
I don't know how.  
(continues)  
*We're not that couple-y.*

RACHEL  
Jess, we used to say the same thing  
to Ali when she was single. It was  
a lie. We were that couple-y. And  
then the single person always  
throws off the numbers in the team  
game count and it's a whole thing.

Ali appears beside Jess.

ALI (ON PHONE)  
Hey, Mike and I wanted you to know  
you can still have a Plus One to  
the wedding so you don't have to  
come solo if you don't want.

RACHEL  
Thank you, that's nice of you guys  
but who am I gonna take to an out-  
of-town wedding? It's not as easy  
to meet someone as I hoped.

Rachel's CALL WAITING beeps. She looks at her PHONE. Freaks.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
Ohmygod, it's Todd! WhatdoIdo?!

JESS (ON PHONE)  
Answer it!

RACHEL  
What do you think he wants?! What  
if he wants to get back together?!

JESS (ON PHONE)  
Would you?! Ohmygod!

RACHEL  
I dunno! Maybe he's having a hard  
time too and realizes he *does* want  
to spend the rest of our lives  
together! Ah! I have to go!

Rachel CLICKS over to Todd's call.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
*Hello?*

TODD (ON PHONE)  
Hey - am I catching you at a bad  
time?

RACHEL  
No. Just in time, actually.

TODD (ON PHONE)  
(not sure what that means)  
Okay, good. I know I'm probably the  
last person you want to hear from  
right now but- *this is hard to say-*

RACHEL  
--No, please, this is a safe place  
for anything you have to say...

TODD (ON PHONE)  
Ali and Mike said I could bring  
someone to their wedding so that it  
won't be uncomfortable or anything.

RACHEL  
Except that.

TODD (ON PHONE)  
What?

RACHEL  
I said, "*perfect.*" Perfect. That's  
definitely perfect! They also said  
that to me.

TODD (ON PHONE)

(relieved)

Yeah, it was nice of them but I didn't want it to be weird when you and I saw each other. So, you're bringing a date, too?

RACHEL

Yeah. I was actually gonna make the same call to you so this takes the awkwardness away. Neither one has to feel like we got left behind.

TODD (ON PHONE)

Yeah, watching the other one move on first would be hard.

RACHEL

Oh yeah and feeling like you may be alone forever - *do not have to worry about that*. I am all set.

TODD (ON PHONE)

You and I are the lucky two, then. It's not normally this easy.

RACHEL

Yeah, at first I said to Ali, "*Who is going to go with me to an out-of-town wedding?*" But you shoulda seen the second I walked into a bar. It was like, "*Stand back everyone, geez. It's a Plus One, not a Plus Five.*"

TODD (ON PHONE)

I don't doubt it.

RACHEL

See you there.

She HANGS UP, deflated - FACES OFF with the CUPCAKE. But this is not the SOBSTORY OF A WEAKLING. *This is the swelling, rallying BATTLECRY of ANYONE who's ever had their HEART BROKEN AND CAME BACK SWINGING.* She SWIPES all the JUNK FOOD into the MOTHERFUCKING TRASH, picks up her CELL, *DIALS:*

SUMMER (ON PHONE)

Hello?

RACHEL

Summer, hi, it's Rachel! Do you wanna go out?

SILENCE. Rachel waits expectantly...

SUMMER (ON PHONE)  
Get ready... to FUCKING rumble.

CLICK. Summer hangs up.

RACHEL  
Now? ...*Hello?*

She LOOKS at her PHONE, unsure - *should I call back...?*

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Rachel PUTS on LIPGLOSS, hears *TIRES SQUEALING...* She LOOKS OUT her window to see a Prius KNOCK over her TRASH BIN... *immediately regretting her decision.*

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel OPENS the door. Summer HOLDS UP an open WINE BOTTLE.

SUMMER  
Pregame! Drinking before we go real-drinking.

RACHEL  
Hi. Thanks for agreeing to...

Summer heads INTO THE KITCHEN for GLASSES. *Instantly at home.*

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(watching her, confused)  
*...go out on such short notice.*

SUMMER  
Hell yeah, this is gonna be fun! I always had a feeling about us. Like we should be closer. I felt like we had a moment back at the party.

RACHEL  
I don't know if I'd call that a moment.

SUMMER  
*It was a moment.*

RACHEL  
Not sure...



SUMMER

What are you, the Moment Police?

Summer PULLS the cork out with her teeth, POURS.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

(continues)

When people settle down, they leave the Crazy Girls behind. I have a long history of girlfriends bailing on me.

RACHEL

I know how that goes.

SUMMER

Yeah, when you're my friend, I don't half-ass it. I'd kill for you.

RACHEL

That's nice.

SUMMER

Seriously, name a person you need offed, I'll do it.

RACHEL

That won't be necessary but thank you...?

Summer hands her a glass to CLINK.

RACHEL (CONTD)

Salud.

SUMMER

To being single, seeing double and drinking triple.

(long sip)

Can you believe we're the last two single girls left in the group?

RACHEL

I really can't.

SUMMER

(faux-whisper)

Give it six months - *the first round of divorces will start.*

RACHEL

(offended)

Ohh!

Summer SIZES UP Rachel's boho-chic flowy OUTFIT. Summer looks like a VEGAS PERFORMER.

SUMMER

So, what's the plan here? Do you need to get ready?

RACHEL

I am ready.

SUMMER

Like this?

RACHEL

Like what?

SUMMER

I've just never seen someone wear a sweater to a club before.

RACHEL

But it's off the shoulder.

SUMMER

Right, no, I saw that, it's just relying very heavily on your face to attract guys.

RACHEL

And shoulder.

SUMMER

True, a lot of guys are going to come running for that shoulder, I didn't think about that.

(heads towards bedroom)

Alright, I got this.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Summer FLIPS quickly through a RACK of CLOTHES.

SUMMER

*Where's all the slutty clothes?!*

RACHEL

I don't dress that way. And I want to attract the right kind of guy.

SUMMER

When's the last time you were single?

RACHEL

I was in a long relationship before Todd so... I guess I haven't been single for like a decade?

SUMMER

And that's the last time we listen to your opinion then. There's no such thing as too slutty or too many sequins. Look at me, I look like a firework. I am on point.

Summer pulls out a GREEN SEQUINED FAIRY COSTUME.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

(makes a TRUMPET noise)

Hello you, we've got a contender!

RACHEL

No way. That's a Halloween costume.

Summer reluctantly PUTS it back, continues SEARCHING.

SUMMER

I'm not used to working in such bleak conditions. *Wait a second... Just when you were ready to give up, from out of the shadows, a champion emerges.*

Summer HANDS Rachel a tennis skort and hooker heels.

RACHEL

I can't wear an Adidas tennis skort and heels to a bar.

SUMMER

That's a skort?

(looks, laughs)

Oh shit! Who wears skorts? Oh well, no one can tell.

RACHEL

I can tell.

SUMMER

You're not dressing for you. You're dressing for guys. And trust me, men aren't looking at your skirt, they're trying to look up it.

(re: flowy sweater)

If you wanna wear maternity clothes - you gotta look fuckable first. You're a nurse, you know this.

Rachel reluctantly REMOVES her SWEATER to CHANGE.

RACHEL  
(smiles wryly)  
I can't tell if you know what  
you're talking about but you sound  
so confident, it confuses my brain.

SUMMER  
And thus, why I'm a star lawyer AND  
wingwoman. *I specialize in getting*  
*people off. Working pro-boner.*

RACHEL  
Is that on your business card?  
Well... clearly my way of meeting  
guys hasn't been working so I  
appreciate your help.

SUMMER  
You know what they say, *a friend in*  
*need - makes me feel needed.* Now  
that Ali's engaged, you're the last  
one who still wants to go out.

Rachel pulls on the skort. Summer plays MUSIC on her PHONE.

RACHEL  
Is this makeover theme music?

SUMMER  
I was thinking, if we're gonna be  
hanging out, maybe we could come up  
with a quick little dance routine.  
(does a "boob roll" dance)  
Just to have in our arsenal.

RACHEL  
*We're not doing a choreographed*  
*dance at a bar.*

SUMMER  
Alright - *too soon, I get it.* We'll  
save that for another night.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Rachel FIDGETS with her SKORT, insecure. Summer NOTICES.

RACHEL  
I feel dumb.

SUMMER

You look hot, own it. Although, that skort is really gonna throw men. *"Is it a skirt? What's this unforeseen flap?"* It's like the original cock-block. *"Better luck next time, bud."*

RACHEL

(sighs, empowered)

Well, I guess if Todd can move on, so can I, right?

Summer OFFERS a PULL off her FLASK. Rachel DECLINES.

SUMMER

So, what happened with you guys, anyway? You seemed pretty happy up until your relationship imploded.

RACHEL

(holds breath,  
uncomfortable)

I don't want to talk about it.  
Tonight is about meeting new guys.

SUMMER

Okay. Totally get it.

RACHEL

We were just, first of all, very boring together. He never wanted to do anything active, he just wanted to watch sports all the time. He hasn't washed his sheets in 2014. It took it ending for me to realize just how unhappy I was. I so wanted him to be The One that I didn't want to see why we weren't right... But I don't want to talk about it.

SUMMER

(overwhelmed)

Sorry I asked.

RACHEL

He's 35 and not ready for marriage?  
*Maybe it's time to grow up.*

SUMMER

I don't want to get married.

RACHEL

Really? Do you want kids?

SUMMER  
Not on purpose.

RACHEL  
Well, at least you're honest about it. You didn't lead someone on for years thinking you do... *But, eh, I don't want to talk about it.*

As the cab PULLS UP to THE CHURCHILL BAR:

SUMMER  
Okay, I don't want to stop you from "not talking" about it but we're here - *are you okay?*

RACHEL  
Course.

SUMMER  
Because you should never party angry...

RACHEL  
I'm not partying angry, I'm partying with a vengeance.

INT. CHURCHILL - NIGHT

Summer WEAVES through the CROWD, HI-FIVING GUYS. Rachel walks behind, embarrassed - *is it too late to back out now?*

A few CUTE GUYS hi-five Rachel... *Maybe this won't be so bad.*

SUMMER  
We should probably state our type so that there's no overlap in who we go for. I don't want to steal someone you're interested in.

RACHEL  
(amused by her confidence)  
Well, I love broad shoulders, ya know, a man's man. And a sense of humor is number one. Kind. Not cheesy. Intelligent. Good job. I prefer if he lives close but I'm not picky. Um, hmm, what else, I'm attracted to dark hair. I dunno, what do you look for?

SUMMER  
A penis.

RACHEL

Got it.

Summer notices a GUY IN A RED SOX CAP talking to his BUDDIES.

SUMMER

So, what about that guy?

RACHEL

He's cute.

SUMMER

Let's go talk to him.

RACHEL

No! Wait, hold on, shouldn't he come to us?

SUMMER

If you want to catch a fish, you can't just wait for one to swim up to your hook.

RACHEL

I'm shy, I can't just go start a conversation. Can't we just hover near him until he notices us?

SUMMER

Oh, you have Pretty Girl Syndrome. You're not used to working for it. You're a lazy florist.

RACHEL

I am not... *What's a lazy florist?*

SUMMER

It's a lazy handjob. Ya know, like a bored, sad handy?

(imitates slow handjob)

*"Are you there yet, are you there yet?"*

(speeds up handjob)

No one's happy in that equation. You need to go after it. Be aggressive.

(sexually bites lip)

*"Yeah, you like that, big boy?!"*  
*Attack that fucker.*

RACHEL

People are watching! Stop!

SUMMER

I could be rolling dice, no one can be too sure.

RACHEL

Alright, I'll be less lazy. I'd just like to meet one great guy.

SUMMER

That's another problem, standards are too high. This is LA. Shoot for good.

RACHEL

I don't want to marry good.

SUMMER

That's your other problem, don't talk about marriage.

Summer notices a HANDSOME MAN ordering a drink at THE BAR.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

Alright, Wild Salmon straight ahead. You're up. Go catch him.

RACHEL

Now?!

SUMMER

No, we'll circle back tomorrow...  
*Of course now.*

Summer PUSHES Rachel into him. He turns - sees her, *smiles*.

RACHEL

Oh, um, hi, uh. I was just looking for a drink.

MAN

You've come to the right place.

RACHEL

Sorry, I don't come to these places often.

MAN

You don't come here often? Is that a reverse pick-up line?

RACHEL

No! Sorry, I just-



MAN

I'm just teasing you. So you're not a bar girl?

RACHEL

Not really. I'm trying to be. To be totally honest, I'm looking for a date to a wedding coming up. Not MY wedding, of course... *Well, hopefully eventually my wedding.*

Summer makes a time-out sign, WEDGES herself BETWEEN them.

SUMMER

Time out! Never talk about the future. Even one drink from now is too far ahead for guys. The only reason this guy's still standing here is because you're just pretty enough to have sex with once but he's already crossed you off as Crazypants. Look, we'll start over, this was just a dry run.

MAN

You know I can still hear you, right? You didn't just freeze time.

Summer IGNORES him, TURNS Rachel towards the CROWD.

SUMMER

Clearly, you have some making up for lost time. Try, try again.

QUICK CLIPS OF NOSE DIVES WITH VARIOUS GUYS:

ATTEMPT #1

GUY #1

Can I buy you a drink?

RACHEL

Oh no thank you, I'm just drinking water for now.

Guy #1 looks away, immediately losing interest.

ATTEMPT #2

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)

I just want to put it out there, I'm not looking to just hook up. I'm looking for something serious.

GUY #2  
 (to Bartender)  
 Hey, this girl wants something  
 serious!  
 (to Rachel)  
 So, tequila then?

ATTEMPT #3

RACHEL  
 I actually just broke up with  
 someone. But I'm doing great,  
 hardly hate-stalking him on  
 Facebook at all. Just kidding.  
 (off Summer's look)  
*I said just kidding!*

Guy #3 looks terrified.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT

Summer and Rachel walk.

SUMMER  
 Alright, a bar is clearly too  
 advanced for you, I didn't realize.  
 We need to take you to a place  
 where you don't need skills, where  
no one can fail... *The clubs.*

They approach a BOUNCER.

INT. H2O NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

It's a MOB SCENE. RAP MUSIC. FOAM PARTY. A DRUNK GIRL dances  
 on a TABLE, SPRAYS a CHAMPAGNE - her thong around her KNEES.

LIL WAYNE SONG  
 I'MA OWN THAT PUSSY, I WISH I COULD  
 FUCK EVERY GIRL IN THE WORLD.

The CROWD sings along. Summer immediately BOBS to the RHYTHM  
 but Rachel stands FROZEN - could not look more out of place.

A LATIN LOVER sidles up, NODS at Rachel.

LATIN LOVER  
 (yells over the music)  
 Sup, ma?

RACHEL  
 I'm sorry?

LATIN LOVER

Huh?

RACHEL

What?

A GREASY CREEPER in Affliction garb starts GRINDING on her.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)

(waves him off her ass)

Um, hi, hello there, no thank you.

(to Summer)

Not happening.

Rachel turns to EXIT. Summer GRABS her, guides her towards:

SUMMER

C'mon, let's get a drink. No more water. You're hydrated enough. When you don't drink, guys think you're uptight. I thought everyone knew that but apparently I was wrong. Follow my lead, I can be like your Cyrano de Cognac.

Summer elbows up to THE BAR. She turns to GUYS beside them.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

Hello, gentlemen. I'm Summer and this is my friend, Rochelle. She doesn't speak English. She's just here to observe American culture.

COOL GUY

(barely notices)

Cool.

SUMMER

We're doing fireball shots - speed round if you want in.

Cool Guy's INTEREST has been piqued. He MOTIONS to THE BARTENDER to add to his tab.

COOL GUY

We got this.

MOMENTS LATER, Cool and The Gang are doing shots out of Summer's CLEAVAGE, CHEERING. She SHAKES her breasts in victory. A BLUR of alcohol and sticky, sexy bad decisions.

RACHEL

*What are you doing?*

SUMMER  
Breaking the ice!

One of the GUYS studies Rachel's OUTFIT.

GUY  
Is that a real tennis skirt?

RACHEL  
(mortified)  
Oh, uh...

GUY  
It's hot.

*And just like that, Rachel's confidence boosts.*

RACHEL  
(grins)  
Really?

There's a FIREBALL SHOT in Summer's CLEAVAGE for Rachel.

SUMMER  
*Finders keepers...*

Rachel STARES at it skeptically... the deal with the devil.

RACHEL  
I'm retracing all the steps I've  
taken in my life that lead me to  
this moment...  
(moment of truth)  
Fuck it.

*Rachel DIVES FACE-FIRST into Summer's BREASTS. Stops...*

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(muffled)  
My mouth doesn't open wide enough.

SUMMER  
It does if you force it.  
(pushing her head down)  
Atta girl, breathe through your  
nose.

RACHEL  
Stop jiggling, you're smothering me  
to death!

Rachel finally gets THE SHOT between her LIPS, knocks her  
HEAD BACK. Almost like a champ...?

Until she COUGHS like a DROWNING VICTIM, *not cool at all*, barely keeps it down -- but then PUTS her HANDS up in VICTORY. And SLAMS the SHOT GLASS on the BAR.

An AWESOME HIP HOP ANTHEM song comes on. Summer excitedly LEADS Rachel out to THE DANCE FLOOR.

A COUPLE GUYS instantly put them in a TRAIN. The four of them bumping and grinding. Rachel is starting to LET LOOSE.

Her GUY holds her close from behind, HANDS guiding her HIPS - *and she's trying her best to enjoy herself...*

But he keeps SWEATING on her. She wipes her cheek. *He's BREATHING on her, puts his LIPS on her NECK.*

She BOBS at a further and further ANGLE to avoid HIS SWEAT.

Meanwhile, Summer is HARDCORE ROCKING with her Guy; she BENDS OVER and he looks like he's DRY-FUCKING her from behind.

SUMMER'S GUY  
(he turns to Rachel)  
Can you hold my drink?

RACHEL  
(surprised, polite)  
Sure.

Rachel DOUBLE FISTS, both drinks spilling, as she now DANCES at FULL-TILT to avoid HER SWEATY GUY. *But she's going to have fun if it FUCKING KILLS her.*

Some GIRL gives them all a DIRTY LOOK. Rachel gives a DIRTY LOOK back... *and then sees what the Girl is looking at:*

On the OTHER SIDE of the DANCE TRAIN, Summer's Guy has his HAND *twiddling* inside Summer's PANTS, FINGERING HER.

Rachel. Is. HORRIFIED. Summer's Guy sees her LOOKING, gives a THUMBS UP with his free hand.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
*That's what you wanted me to hold  
your drink for?!*

Rachel SHOVES the DRINK BACK at him. Pulls Summer AWAY.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(hushed)  
*Maybe less ice should be broken!*

SUMMER  
You should be less uptight.

RACHEL  
You should be more... *tight!!*

Summer puts her HANDS on Rachel's SHOULDERS, coaching:

SUMMER  
We just need someone to fuck the  
rigid out of you!

RACHEL  
I don't want to fuck the rigid out  
of me. I like the rigid in me.

They NOTICE the FINGERER is now freak-dancing with another  
GIRL, her leg HOISTED around his hip, his HAND UP HER SKIRT.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
Ahh!! He's back for more! He's  
double-dipping!

SUMMER  
...at least I was the first dip.

RACHEL  
Not if he triple-dipped?!

The Greasy Affliction Creeper returns, WRAPS his ARMS around  
Rachel's WAIST, LICKS her ear. She LOOKS at him in disgust.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
Lick me again, I will destroy you.

He WOBBLES, puts his ARMS UP like a d-bag looking to start a  
fight. He BACKS INTO Summer and puts his ARMS up to her, too.

CREEPER  
You want these nuts, bizitch?

Summer KNEES him in the CROTCH. He FALLS BACKWARDS. Clubbers  
GASP. Rachel LOOKS at Summer in SHOCK and *then...*

EXT. H20 NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Both girls HURRY onto the street, LAUGHING.

RACHEL  
Holy shit, you weren't kidding  
about taking someone out for me.

SUMMER  
I guess those aren't the kind of  
guys you're looking for.

RACHEL

Yeah, I can't quite picture us rolling up to Ali's wedding with the Douple-Dipper and the guy you kicked in the crotch. But I have to admit I actually had a little fun letting loose. Or sort of loose.

SUMMER

Good. I don't care about finding someone for the wedding but I'm glad to have a girlfriend again.

RACHEL

Well, maybe we could put your ice-breaking-skills to better use if we *start thinking outside the bar.*

EXT. REDONDO BEACH YACHT CLUB - DAY

Rachel and Summer walk up. Mussy, hangover sunglasses.

SUMMER

I have a giant wedgy making its way to the front right now. Will you stand guard, I'm going in.

RACHEL

No, just leave it, stop.  
(calls out)  
So sorry we're late.

SUMMER

We had one of those nights.

Meg, Jess and Ali RISE from their table to GREET them.

ALI

Hello!  
(surprised, amused)  
Did you guys go out together last night?

RACHEL

(defensive, embarrassed)  
Well, she wasn't busy, so.

SUMMER

It was only a matter of time til these two forces converged. Rachel and Summer tagteaming dudes?

RACHEL  
It wasn't a big deal-

SUMMER  
--It was like lightening. You can  
imagine. We're pretty much best  
friends now.

RACHEL  
(corrects her)  
*Friends.*

SUMMER  
The best kind.

ALI  
(loving this)  
I can see that.

They all sit, look at their menus.

MEG  
Probably going to order light since  
we're having that early dinner.

Ali and Jess nod in agreement. Rachel notices, hurt.

RACHEL  
What are you guys doing tonight?

MEG  
Just doing like a triple date  
thing. Probably just dinner and a  
movie night, nothing that exciting.

RACHEL  
Aww, I loved those nights...  
(bummed)  
It's not with Todd's new girl, is  
it?

ALI  
No, and I really don't think he has  
a "*new girl*." He's just bringing  
some random date so he's not solo.

RACHEL  
How is it so easy for him? I can't  
just ask a random guy to spend a  
weekend at a wedding in Tahoe. I'd  
need to actually like him.



SUMMER

I keep telling her, if she had no standards, this would be a lot easier.

JESS

Did you meet anyone last night?

RACHEL

Not thinking a lot of successful relationships start at H2O Club.

ALI

They might end there, though.

MEG

Yeah, I was gonna say, bars are not a good place to look. If it starts as a hazy drunken thing, it's gonna end that way.

RACHEL

You guys went to a bar with me!

MEG

That's because we haven't come up with any better ideas.

RACHEL

Where'd you meet your husbands, again?

MEG

College.

JESS

Fender bender.

ALI

I just had to walk out of my room and he was sitting on the couch.

RACHEL

I hate all of you. None of that is helpful.

JESS

Are there any guys at your work?

RACHEL

I work with vaginas all day. The only men I meet are sleeping with those vaginas.

SUMMER

I own my own firm. But I am a member of The Bar - which is just a weekly group of lawyers that drink.

RACHEL

*That sounds good...! Are there men?*

SUMMER

Yeah, mostly men. I've pretty much slept with all the non-old ones. One was a bit of a choker but not in a Boston Strangler way. You can still take your shot if you want.

RACHEL

I'll pass but thank you. Alright, there's still a couple months 'til the wedding. There's gotta be some place where all the good guys in LA are hiding. If you guys were looking for the love of your lives now, where would you start?

*And as they all put their heads together, we BEGIN...*

### **THE "THINKING OUTSIDE THE BAR" MONTAGE**

INT. WHOLE FOODS - DAY

Rachel and Summer stake out a spot AT THE SALAD BAR. Summer keeps SNEAKING BITES of hard-boiled eggs while they wait.

A CUTE GUY walks over, picks up a to-go carton. Despite Rachel's bashfulness, a successful CHAT begins.

A SECURITY GUARD taps both girls on the shoulders. Summer tries to SWALLOW the stolen evidence. MOMENTS LATER, the girls get ESCORTED out by TWO GUARDS...

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Summer and Rachel dressed as DINOSAURS at a COSTUME PARTY. Rachel awkwardly tries to eat chips and salsa with her T-Rex claws. Looks around - it's a COUPLES PARTY. Sad.

INT. HIGHLAND MEDICAL GROUP - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

A WOMAN gives birth. Rachel tries to stay awake, *exhausted*. Dr. Doyle shoots her a look and she SNAPS out of it.

EXT. / INT. BEL AIR ESTATE - DAY

They WALK INSIDE. It's breath-taking: *Beautiful view, beautiful people, ample champagne.*

Rachel and Summer chat up two SUCCESSFUL-LOOKING MEN. Summer is telling an ANIMATED STORY, re-enacting the "lazy-florist" gesture as everyone LAUGHS.

Until she SLAPS the red wine glass out of Rachel's hand and it SPLATTERS across an ENORMOUS PAINTING OF THE FEMALE HOST.

The FEMALE HOST, standing beside it, looks at them in fury.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel gets out of the shower, wipes the mist off the mirror. Stares at her eye wrinkles. Stretches her eye skin to make it disappear. Fuck, oh well. She combs her hair.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY

Rachel, upset, drives as Summer sits on the passenger side. Summer NOTICES they've PULLED alongside two CUTE GUYS.

Summer excitedly GRABS THE WHEEL and twists it to the right, BUMPING into the back of the guys' BUMPER. Rachel's furious.

The TWO GUYS get out. Summer's GRIN disappears when she SEES... one of the guys is a GIRL with a PIXIE HAIRCUT. The guy's WIFE. Rachel PUTS her HEAD against the STEERING WHEEL.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Rachel FLOPS onto the COUCH, *defeated*, beside Summer.

RACHEL

I can't keep doing this. I'm running out of steam. And slutty outfits.

SUMMER

If it's such a big deal to find a date to the wedding, why don't you just ask my choker lawyer friend?

RACHEL

It's not about finding a date for the wedding. I mean, it is.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONTD)  
But I'd just like to find my  
partner already. Someone I can love  
and will help fix my stupid shelf.

Rachel nods towards the BROKEN SHELF. Summer shrugs it off:

SUMMER  
You don't need a guy for that.

MINUTES LATER, Summer STANDS on the CHAIR with a screwdriver,  
while Rachel HOISTS up Summer's ass.

SUMMER (CONTD)  
You got me? It doesn't feel like  
you got me. Really get under there.

RACHEL  
I *am* under there. My fingers keep  
slipping into your butt crack. It's  
like a sinkhole.

SUMMER  
That's not my butt crack... Joking.  
(looks at shelf)  
This needs to be screwed not  
hammered, you dummy. Don't you know  
when to screw?

RACHEL  
Story of my life.

SUMMER  
You know what? *You should do this*.

Summer GETS down, HANDS Rachel the screwdriver.

RACHEL  
What? No...

SUMMER  
You made me remove my condom so I'm  
making you fix your shelf...

RACHEL  
My empowerment is boring.

Rachel reluctantly CLIMBS up, starts SCREWING the shelf.

RACHEL (CONTD)  
Hey, this isn't so bad.

SUMMER  
See? Who needs a guy to D.I.Y.? You  
always remember your first screw.

RACHEL

(sighs)

I just feel like if I'm putting all my energy into finding someone and failing, who's to say I'm ever going to find someone? How does anyone find anyone?

SUMMER

Of course you will. Look at you. I'm not worried about you.

RACHEL

Thank you... but I feel like a dime a' dozen here. Every time I look in the mirror, all I see is another wrinkle. I feel like I'm on a downward spiral and there's nothing I can do to stop it and my chances of finding a guy are slipping away along with it. I know that probably sounds really superficial and vain but that's how I feel.

SUMMER

I just think it sounds false. It sounds like someone who put her self-esteem her whole life in how she looks and you can't do that. Because beauty is so intangible, it requires you rely on someone else to tell you you're beautiful. I learned long ago I can't rely on that. You gotta feel confident because you're a motherfuckin' badass, end of story.

Rachel FINISHES - gives Summer the SCREWDRIVER, steps down.

RACHEL

I wish I had your confidence. I guess getting dumped really kills the ego. Makes me feel unlovable. But hey at least I can fix a shelf.

Rachel plops down on a barstool.

SUMMER

(lightbulb moment)

Are you fucking kidding me? Are you fuck-ing kidd-ing me? Is that what this is? *We have a mother-fucking confidence issue on our hands?*

RACHEL  
You're scaring me.

SUMMER  
You're the coolest person I know.  
Maybe not the coolest. But you  
*could be* if you loosened up more.

RACHEL  
I'm almost flattered?

SUMMER  
All this time I thought the problem  
was that you were socially awkward.

RACHEL  
Shy is a better word.

SUMMER  
But it turns out what we needed to  
fix was on the inside.

RACHEL  
How do you do that?

SUMMER  
Can't. Confidence can't be taught.  
*...but there is one age old trick.*  
Fake it 'til you're making it.

RACHEL  
Not the saying, but okay.

SUMMER  
I told you I'm a world class wing  
woman and I'll get you a date. Our  
training has reached its final  
course. A Master Class in Flirting.  
(fans hand where Rachel is  
already seated)  
*Welcome, have a seat anywhere.*

RACHEL  
I'm already sitting. And I know how  
to flirt. I haven't been living  
under a rock; I've had boyfriends.

SUMMER  
(professor voice)  
*Oh, hello there, Sally Snoo. It  
looks like we have our first  
flirting volunteer.*

RACHEL

Also, my name's still Rachel.

SUMMER

Alright, why don't I show you how it's done?

(hand to chin, listening position)

*What's that? You like hiking? Hmm cuz' I got Twin Peaks right here.*

RACHEL

I'm never saying anything remotely like that.

SUMMER

*Excuse me sir, I have a boner to pick with you.*

RACHEL

No. Adamant no.

SUMMER

Alright, I know what will make you more comfortable.

Summer HEADS into Rachel's BEDROOM.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Summer returns in a DUDE OUTFIT. A fedora, scarf. SLOWLY makes her WAY to Rachel. LEANS her ELBOW against THE WALL. Akon's "Smack That" on the STEREO.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

*"I feel you creepin'. I can see it from my shadow."* Evening. Name's Kevin.

RACHEL

In case you're wondering, I do not feel more comfortable.

SUMMER

Do you want to beat out the dime 'a dozens or not?

Rachel SIGHS... suddenly gives SEX EYES.

RACHEL

Hello Kevin.

Summer is pleasantly surprised... STARES back, *TESTING* her.

SUMMER

Good.

*Neither one backs down. Summer moves CLOSER and CLOSER.*

SUMMER (CONTD)

Good... Good... GOOD...

Until she's NOSE to NOSE. *Are they about to kiss?*

SUMMER (CONTD)

(finally relents)

Impressive, you got some natural game. Didn't see that coming. But what's your finishing move? ABC. Always Be Closing. You've got your drink, you've reeled him in...

Summer - As Kevin - starts BOBBING to the MUSIC.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

*But can you dance, dance, like it's the last, last night of your life, life.*

RACHEL

*We're still not doing a choreographed dance, Summer.*

SUMMER

Dancing is your mating call and it's all about getting as close to the ground as possible.

(dances, Kevin voice)

*"Smack that, all on the floor. Smack that, gimme some more. Smack that, til you get sore..."*

RACHEL

(dodging body parts)

Why does Kevin have such big boobs?

SUMMER

Bun dip, graze the ground, boom and bounce it up. You watching this?

RACHEL

I can't not watch this.

(then)

Alright, fine, you wanna see how it's done? I'll outdance your ass.

Rachel JUMPS UP, uses her iced coffee as a prop, SIPPING seductively, as she sensually moves her body.



RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 Straw sip. Bring the hips, slow,  
 slow, fast. Hand through the hair.

SUMMER  
*Oh fuck! Alright! Challenge  
 accepted!*

Summer BATTLES back, not to be outdone. HANDS on the FLOOR,  
 SHAKING her ASS. Rachel WATCHES her, then REMOVES her jacket,  
 WHIPS it around her head, DANCE BATTLING BACK.

They stop taking turns, growing more competitive - now  
 OVERLAPPING each other. *Sidestepping. Booty Bobbing.* Two very  
 different physicalities in a DANCE-OFF.

Summer TWERKS. Rachel slides her back down the wall. No  
 longer acknowledging each other. Trying to out-sex the other.

REVERSE ANGLE: FROM OUTSIDE THE OPEN WINDOW, we see Rachel  
 and Summer tearing it up.

And below, two BOYS, 12, on BICYCLES, *stare up in awe.*

BOY  
*See? I knew that's what girls do  
 when we're not around...*

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

Summer DRIVES with Rachel in the passenger seat. Pumped.

SUMMER  
 Alright, we're firing on all  
 cylinders. I think you're finally  
 ready to return to the bars.

RACHEL  
 I thought we ruled those out.

SUMMER  
 We're not going blind this time. I  
 signed you up for Tinder when you  
 weren't looking.

RACHEL  
 What?! Why does everyone keep  
 signing me up for online dating?

SUMMER

(points at Rachel's phone)  
This gives a list of eligibles in  
the area so you can vet him ahead  
of time. Pick a guy, any guy.

Rachel SCROLLS through TINDER. FLIPPING through PROFILES.

RACHEL

(keeps left swiping "no")  
Left swipe. Left swipe. See, my  
kind of guy isn't gonna be on here,  
I can promise y-  
(then)  
Oh, Chris is cute. *An architect...*

SUMMER

(looks)  
Looks too much like your ex. Next.

RACHEL

I know but that's kinda comforting.  
Like, if you can't have one...

SUMMER

That doesn't sound *super healthy*  
but whatever. Message him,  
Tinderella.

INT. LIBRARY RESTAURANT & PIANO BAR - NIGHT

They're SURROUNDED by a group of handsome eligible BACHELORS,  
successfully hitting on them, including Architect-CHRIS.

RACHEL

Do you guys like hiking?

CHRIS

Yeah, I live right by Runyon Canyon  
actually.

He introduces ZACK, the chubby stoner beside him, to Summer.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (CONTD)

This is my roommate, Zack.

SUMMER

(shakes Zack's hand)  
How do you do?

CHRIS

(to Rachel)  
Can I get you a drink?

RACHEL

Sure.

Rachel gives an excited SMILE to Summer, *following Chris*.

SUMMER

(proud, like Mr. Miyagi)

The student surpasses the Master.

Zack LOOKS hard at Summer.

ZACK

Holy shit. Are you Adele?

SUMMER

Yeah.

ZACK

Ohmygod, what?! That's incredible!

SUMMER

Yeah.

ZACK

Wait, could you sing Happy Birthday  
to our buddy, Pete?

SUMMER

Please. I won an Academy Award for  
my voice, I don't just flail it  
around for free.

(then)

Twenty bucks.

(points to pianist)

Can I get a C sharp on the ivories?

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY RESTAURANT & PIANO BAR - MINUTES LATER

Summer BELTS OUT an ADELE BIRTHDAY REMIX to a table of GUYS.  
She's ROLLING over THE TABLE, onto birthday boy PETE'S LAP.

SUMMER

(serenading)

Happy Rolling In the Deep... to  
Pete. Nevermind I'll find someone  
like you... to Pete.

The Guys are all loving it, HOLLERING. Rachel has a moment of  
PRIDE watching her.

GUYS  
Yeah, man!!! Pete!!

CHRIS  
(teases Rachel)  
You should sing backup on vocals.

RACHEL  
This is all her. I can't sing  
publicly. Or anywhere else, really.

Summer plucks SPARKLERS off the BIRTHDAY CAKE, starts WAVING them around in CIRQUE DU SOLEIL RHYTHM to the PIANO MUSIC.

RACHEL (CONTD)  
But this I got.

Rachel GRABS a COWBOY HAT off the wall, puts it ON, and both girls take to the FLOOR, spontaneously breaking into a side-stepping, booty bopping dance EN TANDEM. This is a high point for their friendship. Finally truly bonding.

RACHEL (CONTD)  
*Being single is awesome. Why didn't  
I do this long ago?!*

SUMMER  
You're on fire!

RACHEL  
(gives her finger-guns)  
Goddamn right I am!

Not yet realizing... she actually is on fire from Summer's SPARKLERS. The back of Rachel's SHIRT ignites in FLAMES.

SUMMER  
Ah! Stop, drop and roll!

Rachel SCREAMS in terror, DROPS to the ground, frantically ROLLING around as PEOPLE scurry out of the way. Summer runs and grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER and runs back.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
*I got it! Everybody stand back!*

Summer SPRAYS her down in an overpowering white cannon. Rachel LAYS THERE, *extinguished, burnt, wet*. Everyone STARES.

Surprisingly, Rachel POPS UP, laughing. The whole bar CHEERS.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 (puts hands up in victory)  
 We'll be here all night, ladies and gentlemen! I accept tips. Both kinds.

The BOUNCER starts guiding them out.

BOUNCER  
*No, you don't.*

EXT. LIBRARY BAR - NIGHT

The Bouncer KICKS them out onto THE STREET.

BOUNCER  
 Sorry, we can't have you two settin' fire to each other. You're a lawsuit waiting to happen.

He TAKES back the COWBOY HAT. The girls begin WALKING off.

SUMMER  
 Fine, see if I host my birthday there.

RACHEL  
 Why am I starting to feel like we get kicked out of places more often than we leave willingly?

SUMMER  
 Sorry about that.

RACHEL  
 Nah, no harm no foul, right? There's other places.

Summer NOTICES the BACK of Rachel's HAIR. GASPS IN HORROR.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 What? ...What's wrong?

Rachel FEELS the back of her hair. *There's a GIANT BURNT PIECE MISSING.*

RACHEL (PRELAP) (CONTD)  
*There are no other places! Harm and foul!!*

INT. DIVE BAR - BATHROOM - LATER

Sticky, hole-in-the-wall. Rachel stares in the FOGGY MIRROR, horrificed. Summer holds SCISSORS, about to give a HAIRCUT.

SUMMER

Just hold still, we're gonna  
straighten this right out. You'll  
hardly be able to tell.

Summer CUTS. Rachel's LOVELY HAIR falls to the floor.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

You might be able to tell.

RACHEL

You gave me a mom cut!!!

DRUNK RANDOM GIRL

I think it looks cute.

DRUNK RANDOM GIRL #2

It really frames your face!

DRUNK RANDOM GIRL

You might just - is it uneven?

DRUNK RANDOM GIRL #2

You're just drunk.

DRUNK RANDOM GIRL

(wobbly, blinks)

Oh. It looks perfect.

RACHEL

(fights back tears)

Fuck, that's it. Now I have the Mom-  
cut without the motherhood.

SUMMER

See, bright side.

RACHEL

That's not the bright side.

SUMMER

It will grow back after a few...  
years.

Rachel LOCKS herself in a STALL. Summer KNOCKS.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

Rachel? Rach? Are you pooping?

RACHEL  
No, geez! I'm crying!

Summer PEERS through the CRACK.

SUMMER  
So you are.

RACHEL  
I'm even sitting on this with no seat cover! I'm finally un-rigid like you wanted!

SUMMER  
That's gross, I wouldn't do that. They make those toilets outta crushed dreams and Hepatitis B. And three percent porcelain.

RACHEL  
(hopeless)  
What am I doing? I don't want to be doing this.

Rachel SITS on THE TOILET, SCROLLING through Facebook on her PHONE. Summer notes the IRRITATED GIRLS waiting in LINE.

SUMMER  
There's a line forming. Can we have this existential crisis elsewhere?

RACHEL  
(scoffs)  
*Oh look, Todd checked into a bar down the street. Glad to see he's having the time of his life!*

Rachel EMERGES. An anxious DRUNK GIRL runs in after.

SUMMER  
Look, we'll go home. We'll regroup.

RACHEL  
I've been trying to outrun the grieving process like I could somehow outsmart it. I'd be further along if I had actually just taken the time to grieve. I miss him.

SUMMER  
No, you hate him, remember?

RACHEL

I hate him because I miss him. I'll never be able to replace him.

SUMMER

That's just the burnt hair talking.

RACHEL

I'm gonna go to that bar. I'm gonna beg him to come back.

Summer YANKS Rachel's phone away.

SUMMER

No! You can't say all this shit about him and then unsay it. You said he was wrong for you and he's boring and that you were just avoiding acknowledging that while you were dating because you so wanted him to be The One.

RACHEL

Well, I didn't realize you were gonna be so good at quoting. And break-ups are complicated. We say a lot of things we don't mean.

SUMMER

You did mean it!

RACHEL

So what if I did! I've lowered my standards now! I'm gonna die alone!

SUMMER

I'm not letting you go see him. There are better options out there. Un-boring ones!

RACHEL

*Too bad, I'm quicker than you!*

Rachel makes a MAD DASH but Summer TACKLES her to the GROUND.

DRUNK GIRL

Girl fight!

SUMMER

I'm going to drag you through this heartbreak the easy way or the hard way. Your choice.



RACHEL  
Is there a third choice?

SUMMER  
What's it gonna be?

RACHEL  
Fine, we can do the healthy, right  
thing but I'm not gonna act happy.  
And I'm partying angry.

Rachel GETS UP and WALKS OUT, determined.

INT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel and Summer SIT DOWN at the bar. Rachel, messy, burnt,  
wet and partying angry, hands a CREDIT CARD to the BARTENDER.

RACHEL  
How many drinks does this buy me?

BARTENDER  
It's a credit card. So, infinite.

RACHEL  
Perfect. We'll start with that.  
Please provide me with a round of  
things stat.

BARTENDER  
A round of things?

RACHEL  
Stat. Staturday.

SUMMER  
I should at least be buying the  
drinks.

RACHEL  
You are. That's your credit card.  
It fell out of your booby trap when  
you tackled me.

Summer looks into her CLEAVAGE - no credit card.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(explains to bartender)  
I'm having a bad hair decade  
because of her. She owes me.

THE BARTENDER nods, sets out four clear shots.

Rachel sets to work DOWNING them - making an AWFUL FACE after each one. She SHAKES her face in agony like a WET DOG.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
Holy shit kabobs! What was that?

BARTENDER  
Seltzer water.

RACHEL  
No...?!

BARTENDER  
(smiles)  
It was Don Julio.

RACHEL  
Oh thank God, I thought for a second I was a wimp. But now I know I'm a baller. Shot caller!  
(wiggles)  
Ooh, it's kicking in. I feel WARM.

SUMMER  
Alright baller, you may need to slow down.  
(to bartender)  
Can you give me the strongest thing you have so I can handle her?

BARTENDER  
(confidentially, pulls out bottle)  
We have a 90-year-old bottle of absinthe that is banned in Europe and the US. It's one hundred and forty eight proof. You can see the absinthium floating in there, that's the grand wormwood. You shouldn't have with any other alcohol. One shot will get you more fucked up than you've ever been.

SUMMER  
You are underestimating how fucked up I've ever been.

The Bartender smiles, pours a shot of Absinthe for Summer. And Rachel laughingly *SNATCHES* it.

RACHEL  
Yoink!  
(downs it)  
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONTD)  
Absinthe makes the heart grow  
fonder.

BARTENDER  
...Or you could do it after  
pounding four shots of tequila.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

A BAND plays. Rachel PUSHES her way to THE STAGE, wasted.  
Summer JOINS her, YELLING over the MUSIC.

SUMMER  
How are you doing?

Rachel THROWS her BRA at the GRUNGY SINGER.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(*that answers that*)  
Okay.

They SIT down. Rachel looks at the THONGS on the ceiling.

RACHEL  
Look at all the underwear up there!

SUMMER  
Let's not give away all your  
clothes.

Rachel UNBUTTONS her PANTS, *giggling*. Summer RE-BUTTONS them.  
They WRESTLE as Rachel keeps trying to WIGGLE out of them.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
No, nope, not happening. Keep the  
party in the pants.

RACHEL  
*I can not be held down!!*

SUMMER  
What happened to being TIGHT?

RACHEL  
(blinks very slowly)  
What good has it done it good?

SUMMER  
That wasn't a sentence.

RACHEL  
(dry-heave swallows)  
Fuck sentences.

SUMMER

You really want to take your pants off right now? You think that's a good idea?

RACHEL

Bun free!

SUMMER

Alright, screw it, you jump I jump. This is a terrible idea, I'd just like to say that up front...

Summer starts to UNZIP her own PANTS. Rachel excitedly TAKES off her PANTS, ROARING WITH LAUGHTER. Throws the pants victoriously at the THONG CEILING.

RACHEL

Dance off, pants off.

The BAND is not sure what to make of this. A RANDOM GUY pulls out his CELL to RECORD this magic. Rachel looks at Summer's granny panties. LAUGHS heartily.

RACHEL (CONTD)

Your underwear is rachety!

SUMMER

It's laundry day. Mind your business. Your vagina's dangling out of your thong right now.

Rachel laughs, then SNEEZES in her hand. Realizes in horror she puked a little.

RACHEL

I vomited.

She SEARCHES frantically for napkins. WORLD WHIRLING and TILTING *dizzily*. And that's when they notice a TODD LOOK-ALIKE enter THE BAR.

SUMMER

That guy kinda looks like Todd. Maybe he's your next rebound.

RACHEL

Yeah!

The LOOK-ALIKE gets closer. Their smiles FADE.

SUMMER

That is Todd, isn't it?

RACHEL

Yeah.

They now see he's with a PRETTY GIRL, 25. Even in Rachel's drunk state, *her heart freezes.*

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)

Is that his girlfriend?

Todd TAKES the girl's HAND, not NOTICING them yet. *TIME SLOWS. SOUND DULLS. LIKE A DRILL TEARING THROUGH HER.*

SUMMER

Well, just when I thought we'd hit  
Zero Dark Thirty... Zero Dark  
Forty, motherfuckers.

RACHEL

Guess I don't need to track him  
down anymore.

Todd suddenly LOCKS EYES with Rachel. Rachel reacts by GRABBING the NEAREST RANDOM GUY and PULLING him into a *LONG KISS*. She PULLS away to find *Todd standing there.*

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)

Oh, hi, didn't see you there.

TODD

Hey, how are you?

RACHEL

I'm groovin. This is my special  
someone.

The RANDOM GUY shakes Todd's HAND.

GUY

Hola, lo siento.

The Guy CLEARS THE BOTTLES and we realize he's THE BUSBOY.

RACHEL

Um.

Rachel *RUNS OFF* in her underwear. Summer and Todd both WATCH.

TODD

Is she okay? I feel awful.

SUMMER

Ah, she's fine.

TODD  
She looks pretty upset.

We see Rachel SOBBING, chest heaving, in the corner.

SUMMER  
Rachel? Nah, she's having the time  
of her life.

TODD  
(dubious)  
Really?

SUMMER  
Yeah, guys worry too much about  
girls. They don't realize how  
resilient we are.

And with that, Summer GRABS both pair of pants and *WALKS OFF*.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(passing Todd's girl)  
Look out, his Herpes lasts a lot  
longer than he will.

The Girl DOUBLE-TAKES at Todd. Summer CONTINUES OVER to  
Rachel, puts her ARM around her.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
Come on, never leave a wingman  
behind. Haven't you ever seen Top  
Gun?

And Summer GUIDES Rachel out.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT

Summer keeps a SLURRINGLY-DRUNK Rachel propped up, now with  
PANTS ON, as Summer PAYS for HOT DOGS from a STREET VENDOR.

RACHEL  
(to Vendor and Summer)  
I just lost my favorite bra and  
possibly my dignity forever to  
Youtube. But I did have my first  
kiss with someone new in three  
years. While holding vomit in my  
hand.

SUMMER  
(looks)  
You might still be.  
(then)  
(MORE)

SUMMER (CONTD)

At least you got it out of the way  
so now the pressure's off.

They SIT DOWN to EAT on the curb.

RACHEL

(giggles, nonsensical)

I'm going to count to ten and then  
tell you how crazed you are.

(singing)

*These foolish games...*

SUMMER

Not sure why this is happening.

RACHEL

Mmm bop.

SUMMER

I'm beginning to understand why you  
don't sing publicly.

RACHEL

I didn't get a good look at her but  
I didn't like her essence. What'd  
you think?

SUMMER

Hated her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(Tinder finger swipes air)

Agreed. Definitely, a left swiper.  
Now I have to hide in a Porta-Potty  
to secretly cry while they dance.

SUMMER

What the hell Porta-Potty are you  
hiding in?

RACHEL

*At Ali's wedding.* And I hate Porta-  
Potties. A lot of times I secretly  
pee outside rather than go in  
there. But secretly of course.

SUMMER

Well, I hope secretly.

RACHEL

How'd he find someone so easily? He  
wasn't even looking.

(fake chipper)

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONTD)

So of course "that's when it happens! Ha-ha-ha!"

SUMMER

We'll poison him, it'll be fine.

RACHEL

It used to be so easy, I feel like.  
I just bopped from relationship to  
relationship like a deer in the...  
*Clearing? What's the word?*

SUMMER

Meadow?

RACHEL

Yeah. No one tells you someone shot  
Bambi's Dad.

SUMMER

I think you forgot what you were  
talking about.

RACHEL

No, I was bopping. But now I find  
out the bop stops here.

SUMMER

You've got plenty of bopping ahead.

RACHEL

Last one standing has a rotten egg.  
(proud of herself)  
*Biological clock joke.*

SUMMER

No, I got that. It both depressed  
and grossed me out. You gotta stop  
putting pressure on yourself.

RACHEL

I feel pressure. I don't know where  
else to put it. I feel like I'm  
watching the window to everything I  
ever imagined for myself closing.  
And it sucks, to be clear.

SUMMER

You can't go out just trying to  
meet guys or you'll always wind up  
disappointed at the end of the  
night if it doesn't happen.

(MORE)



SUMMER (CONTD)

*You have to go out wanting to have a good time with your friend. Then you never lose.*

Rachel lets this SINK IN. She's wasted so it takes awhile.

RACHEL

You're pretty cool, Summer Young. I don't know what I'd do without you.

SUMMER

I don't know what I'd do without me either. Not much, I guess.

RACHEL

I mean it. You're a true friend.

SUMMER

Hey, what's a wingman for? I take you under my wing. I'm the wind beneath you so you can fly higher than an eagle.

RACHEL

*"Did you ever know that you're my hero? You're everything I wish I could be."*

(shakes head, smiles)

I loved Beaches.

SUMMER

I watched the fuck out of Beaches. Bette Midler knows what's up with female friendship.

RACHEL

Will you be my date to the wedding?

SUMMER

Ah, you're just drunk asking.

RACHEL

No, the sober part and the absinthe part are both in agreement. They shook hands, it was a whole thing.

SUMMER

(touched)

Are you sure? You have one person to take and you're taking me?

RACHEL

Yeah, it could be fun.

SUMMER

Let's show everyone what they're missing.

(fist bump explosion)

*Plus One just got Plus Sized.*

(cringes, realizing)

You still have vomit in your hand.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rachel's PHONE BUZZES. She stirs... SEES Summer asleep beside her - sprawled across ninety percent of the bed. Rachel is HANGING OFF the edge. Rachel slowly looks at her PHONE...

And SCREAMS. Summer JUMPS into STANDING POSITION.

SUMMER

What? I can do it!

RACHEL

Chris messaged me through Tinder!

SUMMER

(returns to sleep mode)

Oh. Who's Chris?

RACHEL

From last night. How cute is this:  
He said, "*I had a good time talking to you but you ran out of there like your hair was on fire before I could get your number.*"

SUMMER

Mmm, that's nice.

Summer resumes SNOOZE POSITION, pulls the COMFORTER over her. Rachel texts back and her PHONE instantly RINGS. She SCREAMS.

SUMMER (CONTD)

Less screaming...

RACHEL

(calmly, into cell)

Hello?

CHRIS (ON PHONE)

Hi, it's Chris.

RACHEL

Hey!

Summer puts a PILLOW over her HEAD to block out the sound.

CHRIS (ON PHONE)  
 Call me old-fashioned but I didn't want to have a conversation with you over the internet. I actually wanted to talk to you.

RACHEL  
*It's nice.*

CHRIS (ON PHONE)  
 I wanted to invite you to this 90's themed party my friend is hosting.

RACHEL  
 I would love that! Maybe we could even invite your roommate and Summer and make it a double date?

CHRIS  
 It's a double date. Call you later.

Rachel HANGS up, PULLS back the COMFORTER, JUMPING around.

RACHEL  
 We're going on a double date! When you stop looking, it *does* happen!

SUMMER  
 Sounds like the world-class wing-woman strikes again. Don't put too much pressure on this. Okay, I'll catch you on the flip.

Summer PULLS the COVERS back over her to sleep.

EXT. L BAR - NIGHT

Rachel - *smoking hot* in a lacy black Madonna-dress and Summer - a *sensation* in violet crushed velvet - WALK UP THE STEPS into the 90's THEMED PARTY...

RACHEL  
 (whispers, to Summer)  
 I have to tell you a secret. You look beautiful.

SUMMER  
 (shocked, emotional)  
 Awww. *Ohmy--*

Summer trips on her LONG DRESS, plummets straight down. She never gets compliments like this and it truly KNOCKED her off her BALANCE. She JUMPS back up as they walk into...

INT. L BAR - SAME

A world of high-waisted PARACHUTE PANTS and blue-jean JACKETS, grunge FLANNELS and scrunchies galore. Chris and Zack STAND at THE BAR in neon TRACK SUITS. Summer CONFERS with Rachel as they approach.

SUMMER

Frank wanted me to come, right?  
He's not going to be surprised or  
anything I'm here?

RACHEL

He knows you'll be here.

SUMMER

He *knows* or he *wanted*? I just need  
to know where I'm starting from.

RACHEL

We don't have a confidence issue on  
our hands, do we?

SUMMER

Course not. I just don't go on a  
lot of official dates. In public.

RACHEL

Well, luckily for you, I may suck  
at being single but when it comes  
to dating...

(wipes dust off shoulder)

I happen to be a bit of an *expert*.

SUMMER

Ooh, is this where the training  
changes? Are you gonna turn me into  
a real lady, Richard Gere?

RACHEL

I'm just saying, if you like him,  
maybe I can help. You treat a guy  
you want to date differently than  
you do a one night stand.

SUMMER

I don't want to have to change who  
I am to get some guy to like me.

RACHEL

Hey, you made me change.

SUMMER

Yeah, but that was necessary. You were wearing sweaters to clubs.

RACHEL

It was off the shoulder!

(then)

I'm just suggesting *slight edits*. Like I understand you're sexually liberated but make him work for it a bit. And maybe don't always say every inappropriate thought the instant it pops in your head.

SUMMER

Okay, maximum capacity of edits.

RACHEL

I'd just like to see you happy.

SUMMER

I am happy.

RACHEL

But don't you want a boyfriend?

SUMMER

(relents)

Alright, I'll try. No promises.

The ladies APPROACH the Guys just as *BOYZ II MEN's "I'LL MAKE LOVE TO YOU,"* starts.

CHRIS

Hey ladies.

(to Rachel)

Would you like to dance?

RACHEL

Would love to.

Zack LOOKS at Summer with a little more HESITATION.

ZACK

Good to see you again.

SUMMER

Good to be seen by you again.

ZACK

You're not gonna set me on fire with sparklers, are you?

SUMMER  
Never can tell.

They all start SLOW DANCING. Rachel and Chris' CHEMISTRY is off the charts, instantly comfortable.

RACHEL AND CHRIS  
(jokingly mouth lyrics)  
*Close your eyes, make a wish, and  
blow out the candlelight...*

Zack and Summer are much less comfortable together.

SUMMER  
So um, you said you're from  
California originally?

ZACK  
Yeah.

SUMMER  
What part?  
(then, dropping act)  
*Do you wanna do shots?*

ZACK  
Very much.

MONTAGE OF QUICK CUTS:

Summer and Zack TAKING SHOTS... *Loosening up.*

Rachel and Chris JOIN THEM. *Loosening up more.*

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, all four have their ARMS around each other, LAUGHING, doing knee-high kicks. Very loose now.

Zack SPINS Summer around the DANCE FLOOR.

Summer SPINS back into Chris' ARMS this time.

Rachel and Summer jokingly SLOW DANCE... While the boys TWO-STEP together - *the boys REALIZE what they're doing* - STOP.

All four DANCE in a HUDDLE. THE LIGHTS COME ON FOR LAST CALL.

SUMMER  
Ah! Is that what you look like!

ZACK  
(looks at himself)  
Crap! I thought I was good looking!

RACHEL  
 (to DJ)  
 Come on, one last song!  
 (pouts)  
 I don't want the night to be over.

CHRIS  
 Do you girls wanna come back to our  
 place for a drink?

RACHEL  
 Oh, I don't know...

SUMMER  
 We would. We love night caps.

RACHEL  
 Really?  
 (considers)  
 Okay, yeah! Just don't murder or  
 rape us!

CHRIS  
 (jokes to Summer)  
 Is she always this demanding?

SUMMER  
 (faux-whisper, to Rachel)  
 Yeah, speak for yourself!

INT. CHRIS' PLACE - ZACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Late night JAM SESSION. Chris and Zack PLAY *Bon Jovi's*  
"LIVIN' ON A PRAYER," on the GUITAR on the bed.

Summer ROCKS the DRUMS. Everyone except Rachel SHOUT-SINGS.

EVERYONE  
*She says we gotta hold on to what  
 we got. It doesn't make a  
 difference if we make it or not. We  
 got each other and that's a lot for  
 love. Ohhhh!! We're halfway there!  
 Whoaaa, livin' on a prayer!!*

Chris gives her a FIST-MICROPHONE but Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL  
 I don't sing, remember?!

Chris, while still PLAYING, LEANS over and kisses Rachel.  
 They start MAKING OUT as he continues STRUMMING.

BIRTHDAY BOY PETE, opens the door, woken up.

PETE  
Hey assholes, I'm trying to sleep.

He LEAVES. The ROOM goes silent... *then bursts into LAUGHTER.*

CHRIS  
(to Rachel)  
Would you like a tour?

He LEADS Rachel out. Summer FLOPS onto her back on THE BED, SIGHING drunkenly. Zack LOOKS her over beside him, sizing up his wingman duties. He POUNDS his whiskey drink.

INT. CHRIS' PLACE - CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris GIVES Rachel CLOTHES to sleep in: Boxers and a tshirt.

RACHEL  
I hope you don't think this means  
you're getting lucky.

CHRIS  
I wouldn't dream of it.

She FACES AWAY to SLIP out of her DRESS and PUT on his SHIRT.

CHRIS (CONT'D (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
Okay, I could dream of it a little.

MEANWHILE, Zack LOOKS for SWEATPANTS that might fit Summer.

ZACK  
Do you think this might fit?

SUMMER  
I sleep naked.

THE BATHROOM, the girls REMOVE their MAKE-UP.

RACHEL  
How's it going?

SUMMER  
Good. He's pale, pudgy and too high  
to fight me off - totally my type.

RACHEL  
(laughs)  
Okay, good. But if you want us to  
leave, if you get bored or anything-



SUMMER

--Relax. I'm having fun. Seems like you and Chris are hitting it off?

RACHEL

We are! I don't want to jinx it but I feel like he might be THE GUY.

SUMMER

You're not saying that, right?

RACHEL

No, no, you taught me well. And I'm going to keep tonight a PG slumber party. *You too, right?*

SUMMER

(unhappily)

First time for everything.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - LATER

Rachel and Chris LAY on top of THE BED playing CONNECT FOUR and quietly TALKING. It's flirtatious and sweet.

CHRIS

So, what made you decide to work in Obstetrics? Is that how you pronounce it? I think it's the first time in my life I've ever used that word.

RACHEL

(laughs)

Yes. As cheesy as it sounds, births and pregnancy always seemed magical to me. When I was like, four, I used to hide in my room and pretend I was giving birth.

CHRIS

You were an odd child.

RACHEL

Super odd.

CHRIS

Are you ready to start a family of your own?

RACHEL  
 (coyly laughs)  
 Ahh, I feel like this is a trick question.

CHRIS  
 No, it's not.

RACHEL  
 Aren't we supposed to stick to safe topics on a first date?

He LOOKS at the CLOCK: 3:01 AM.

CHRIS  
 This date has lasted long enough to count as two. We may even be beginning our third by now.

RACHEL  
 Is this your way of trying to get me to put out?

CHRIS  
 (laughs, deflects back)  
 Okay, you don't need to talk about how many kids you want to have... Although you should tell me how many you ALREADY have.

She GIGGLES. He *kisses* her sweetly. When Rachel pulls away:

RACHEL  
 It's too bad Summer and Zack didn't get along better. I hope they're not bored.

They HEAR the BEDBOARD next door POUNDING against THE WALL - and Summer's MOAN of pleasure. Rachel and Chris die LAUGHING.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 Oh my god. Our wingmen are doing better than we are!

CHRIS  
 Yeah, how is it we're playing Connect Four and they're playing Connect Two?

Rachel SHAKES her head to herself - *Summer did not listen*.

INT. CHRIS' PLACE - MORNING

Rachel CHANGES back into her puffy Madonna dress. Summer ENTERS in her wrinkled crushed velvet dress, sparkly stilleto heels, mascara smeared and crazy bed-head.

SUMMER

Morning, sunshine. There are twenty guys in the living room right now watching football.

RACHEL

Nooooo.

SUMMER

Yup, ya thinking what I'm thinking?

RACHEL

What?

SUMMER

Boner Headquarters.

RACHEL

No, I'm never thinking that...  
Crap, Chris mentioned something about this last night but I figured there's no way guys really show up at ten AM on a Sunday.

SUMMER

Apparently, men are very punctual when it comes to kick off.

RACHEL

I can't believe I have to meet all his friends *like this*.

SUMMER

Well, there's no other way out so there's only one way to handle it. Motherfuckin' own it.

Rachel SLIPS on her HEELS, steeling herself for:

INT. CHRIS' PLACE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Rachel and Summer walk out - a hilarious spectacle. The BRIGHTEST SUNLIGHT imaginable shines through the window, *making their slutty evening attire look even more ridiculous.*

SUMMER  
 (bellows)  
*This is normal, right?!*

THE ROOM full of GUYS, 30's, look over, erupt in CHEERS.

GUYS  
 Heyyyyyy!

RACHEL  
 (jokes)  
 So, this is where all the guys in  
 LA are?

Chris JUMPS up from his sofa chair, KISSES Rachel.

CHRIS  
 You guys can hang out if you want.  
 You don't have to go.

RACHEL  
 (grins)  
 I can't watch football with all  
 your friends in this outfit.

CHRIS  
 You can wear my clothes.

RACHEL  
 (touched)  
 We should probably get going but  
 thank you. That's sweet of you to  
 offer. Call me?

Rachel KISSES him sweetly on the nose. Zack PUTS his BONG  
 down and gives Summer a quick HUG GOODBYE.

SUMMER  
 Get in there. Hug like you mean it.

She PULLS him into her boobs in a LONG, ENGULFING HUG. Pulls  
 TWO MORE GUYS into the embrace.

SUMMER (CONTD)  
 Group hug. Yes, this feels right.

EXT. FULLER AVE - MORNING

Rachel walks downhill beside Summer, who is holding her HEELS  
 in one hand and a PUSH-UP BRA in the other, PASSING PARADES  
 OF HIKERS on their way up to the RUNYON CANYON ENTRANCE.

RACHEL  
 (laughingly mortified)  
 Did you notice last night that they  
 live at the bottom of Runyon?

SUMMER  
 Who knew when I'm normally asleep,  
so many people are up doing this?

RACHEL  
 (masks her face, *bemoans*)  
 I do, I know people who hike this  
 on weekends...

FEMALE PATIENT (O.S.)  
 Hi Nurse Rachel!

RACHEL  
 Oh God.  
 (calls out)  
 Hi Sara. How are the twins?

FEMALE PATIENT (O.S.)  
 Great!

She double-takes at Rachel's OUTFIT, pushing her stroller.

RACHEL  
 Well, this has to be the most  
 public walk of shame ever.

SUMMER  
 No shame in this game. Stride of  
 pride, baby! People should be  
 jealous! We clearly had more fun  
 than these losers did last night.

A CAR HONKS at them.

PERVO (O.S.)  
 Hey baby!

SUMMER  
 (looks around)  
 Who did that?  
 (points, friendly)  
 Hello!

RACHEL  
 (bemused)  
 You're unflappable.

SUMMER

That's what Zack said last night.  
So, what happened with Chris? Did  
you let him touch your hot pocket?

RACHEL

*No! And I thought you were gonna  
try to be good, too.*

SUMMER

I did try and realized it wasn't  
for me. But hey, if you can't be  
good, *be good at it.*

RACHEL

Well, maybe we can become double  
date partners in crime.

*This makes Summer very happy. They wait at a STOP SIGN.*

SUMMER

Yeah! I'd like that.

(then)

We probably shouldn't wait at this  
corner too long. It looks like  
we're selling ass.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rachel WALKS in, LEANS against the door. *Happy.*

Her cell BUZZES. Chris: *"You left a bobby pin here. It seems  
important. I think we should arrange a time to meet asap."*

She grins, TEXTS back. Full-fledged crush mode has begun.

INT. SUMMER'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER EVENING

Summer answers her phone, happily.

SUMMER

Hi! Yes. Dial three to come up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. / EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Rachel, in a Dodgers hat and shirt, OPENS her DOOR to Chris.  
She KISSES him hello.

RACHEL

Hi!

CHRIS

You look great.

RACHEL

Aw, thank you. Shall we go?

They walk out as...

INT. SUMMER'S APARTMENT - SAME

Summer opens her door to the PIZZA DELIVERY GUY (the DRIVER from the opening blowjob). She takes the large PIZZA BOX.

SUMMER

Got the game on if you wanna watch?

DRIVER

Thanks but you're my first delivery. I almost got fired last time. I gotta get going.

SUMMER

Alright, no worries.

She hands him CASH, shuts the DOOR. Goes to her COUCH, looks at her CELL - pondering, a little lonely. DIALS.

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - SAME

Chris OPENS his CAR DOOR for Rachel, her CELL RINGS: Summer. She FORWARDS to Voicemail. She SLIDES in and they ZOOM OFF.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGHLAND MEDICAL GROUP - LOCKER ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Rachel CHANGES from SCRUBS into a dress. Dr. Doyle sees her.

DOCTOR DOYLE

You have a hop in your step lately. Things going better?

RACHEL

Yep. Thank you.

She DIGS her RINGING CELL out of her LOCKER: Summer.

RACHEL (CONTD)  
(into phone)  
Hey!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SUMMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Summer comes home from work, drops her briefcase, kicks off her heels and skirt. Walks to fridge in her spanx.

SUMMER  
Hey, I'm finally getting you! How's it going?

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
Sorry, I know I've been MIA. Chris and I've been hanging out pretty much nonstop since Saturday. He's making dinner for us tonight.

SUMMER  
Oh, okay. I was just seeing if you want to go out. I had a balls day at work and need to wash it down with a cocktail.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
Aw, sorry, I wish I could.

SUMMER  
So, it's going well?

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
It's going great. It's the World Series right now so a lot of that. Somehow I keep finding these major sports fans but it's been nice.

SUMMER  
Oh, that's great. Okay, well, I've just been going through withdrawals. I'm used to hearing from you every day.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
*Yeah, it's weird.* We gotta hang out soon. Have you talked to Zack?

BACK AT THE HOSPITAL, Rachel SHUTS her locker, waves bye to Dr. Doyle and HEADS out to THE HALLWAY to leave.



SUMMER (ON PHONE)

Nah, I messaged him a picture of my face but never heard back.

RACHEL

Aw, he sucks.

SUMMER (ON PHONE)

Eh, maybe I was too "flappable."  
Alright, well, give me a call later? I was gonna book the room for the wedding.

RACHEL

The room?

SUMMER (ON PHONE)

Yeah, do you wanna share? Since I'm your date, I guarantee to put out.

RACHEL

Awww, you don't have to be my date anymore. Chris actually wants to come.

SUMMER (ON PHONE)

You're dumping me?

RACHEL

No, come on. Obviously, the plan was to find guys. Maybe Zack will want to go?

SUMMER (ON PHONE)

Yeah. Thanks but no spanx.

RACHEL

What's wrong? It's not like this changes anything. We're both still going to the wedding either way.

SUMMER (ON PHONE)

Yeah, I know... Just be careful you're not mistaking a rebound for the love of your life.

RACHEL

(offended, polite)

Why are... do you not want me to move on?

SUMMER (ON PHONE)

I'm just saying slow your roll.

RACHEL

It's funny that *you're* telling *me* to slow down... but I will. I'm keeping my feet on the ground, I promise. And I will definitely see you on Saturday for your birthday. We'll get our fix then.

INT. CHRIS' PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chris COOKS Rachel dinner while she happily enjoys a glass of wine. Zack WALKS in, POURS himself a bowl of CEREAL.

RACHEL

(lightly goading)

Zack! Hi! I was just talking to Summer. When are we doing another double date?

ZACK

Oh, yeah, not happening.

The third roomie, Pete, WALKS in, GRABS a BEER, taunts Zack:

PETE

Hey Zack... I know what you did last "Summer."

RACHEL

(continues, to Zack)

But we had so much fun last time.

PETE

Summer lovin', havin' some fun.

RACHEL

(re: Pete's song, to Zack)

See?

ZACK

*You two had fun.* I was taking one for the team. But I'm not slaying the dragon twice.

RACHEL

(offended)

That's nice.

CHRIS

Yeah, take it easy, man.

As Zack takes a bite of his cereal, walking out with Pete:

PETE (O.S.)  
 So, what do you like to do in the  
 Summer? Maybe you can get a Summer  
 Hummer?

RACHEL  
 (to Chris)  
 I thought she was the one taking  
 one for the team.

They SMILE and KISS. They take their plates of food to THE TV  
 ROOM to watch the game. Rachel TEXTS Summer: "*You're cool.*"

INT. SUMMER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Summer, depressed, sees the TEXT, smiles. *All will be okay...*

INT. SEÑOR FRED'S - NIGHT

Summer WALKS up to the HOSTESS STAND, CARRYING a covered CAKE  
 and GOODIE BAG of party favors. She's on her CELL.

SUMMER  
 (into phone)  
 No, it's totally cool. I  
 understand. You'll be missed. *Okay,*  
*Jess, I gotta go. I'm walking in.*  
 (to hostess)  
 Hello! I'm the birthday girl!  
 Summer Young. Party of nine I  
 believe! Actually eight now.

HOSTESS  
 We just have a four-top right now.

SUMMER  
 Oh no, I specifically made a  
 reservation. There's a lot of  
 ladies getting crazy tonight.

HOSTESS  
 Okay, well do you want to hang out  
 at the four-top until the rest of  
 your party arrives?

SUMMER  
 That's fine but it's gonna be soon.  
 Can I get a couple pitchers of  
 margs for the table?

HOSTESS  
 You got it.

Summer SITS, BOBBING to the music, *excited*.

Her phone BUZZES. **A TEXT FROM MEG:** *"Andy and I are sick. Fucking kids."* ...Hmm, that's a bummer but okay...

MINUTES LATER, Summer DRINKS the MARGS alone. LOOKS HOPEFULLY over at every NEW PERSON that WALKS in.

She WEARS a shot glass NECKLACE, Dirty Thirty birthday CROWN. Her BIRTHDAY CAKE sits UNTOUCHED. The WAITRESS comes up.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything to eat?

SUMMER

Not yet. I should probably wait.

Summer's TEXT BUZZES. She SMILES KNOWINGLY to the Waitress.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

People are always running late in this town.

WAITRESS

Totally. No problem.

The Waitress LEAVES as Summer CHECKS her PHONE.

**A TEXT FROM ALI:** *"Wedding planning disaster. I'm so, so sorry I can't make it."*

She stares at it, *confused*. TEARS WELL as she starts SCROLLING through her phone, seeing more rejections. Facebook posts, text messages. *"Stuck at work."* *"Running late - where are you going after?"* Some names we recognize, some we don't.

But then her phone RINGS - Rachel. She LIGHTS UP.

SUMMER

(ecstatic)

Hey! Are you close?

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

Hey there, Birthday Girl!!!

SUMMER

I am so glad to hear from you.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)

Of course! So, I had that dinner with Chris' parents and it's going really long and I can't sneak away, it would be rude.

(MORE)

RACHEL (ON PHONE) (CONTD)  
 I'm so beyond sorry I can't make it  
 BUT please have the best time, and  
 I owe you a drink soon, okay?

SUMMER  
 I didn't know you were even meeting  
 his parents already.

*The Waitress COMES OVER with good news.*

WAITRESS  
 The eight-top opened up if you'd  
 like to move!

The WORLD goes MUTE. Just the THUDDING of Summer's HEART.  
*Pound, pound, pound.* She PUTS the PHONE down, gathering her  
strength, LOOKS UP at the Waitress.

SUMMER  
 (subdued)  
 My friends got the wrong Señor  
 Fred's so I'll just close out...

WAITRESS  
 We're the only Señor Fred's.

SUMMER  
 Yeah, there was a hilarious mix up.  
 My friends, apparently - they're  
 planning a huge surprise party for  
 me. So, I better go.

WAITRESS  
 They didn't know you were planning  
 this? That's so weird. I mean, they  
 just let you wait here so sad and  
 alone like you have no friends?

SUMMER  
Just give me the damn check, lady.

The Waitress pulls the CHECKHOLDER from her APRON, SETS it  
 down and LEAVES. Summer PUTS DOWN her credit card.

She looks around at all the HAPPY TABLES, then COVERS her  
 FACE, *doing her best to fight back tears.*

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 Fuck. This.

She PUTS the STRAW directly in the MARG PITCHER to DRINK.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(quietly calls out)  
*I can't take this to go, right?*  
(to herself)  
No matter.

Then just CHUGS right out of it.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel and Chris HUG his PARENTS goodbye.

RACHEL  
It was so nice to meet you. I wish  
you were in town longer.

CHRIS' MOM  
Us too. We'll see you next time.

CHRIS' DAD  
You be good to this one, Chris.  
She's a keeper.

CHRIS  
I'm trying. Bye guys, have a safe  
flight. Love you.

Rachel SHUTS the door. She and Chris LOOK at each other, big exhale. *That went well.*

RACHEL  
They are so lovely.

They get comfy on the COUCH, Chris TURNS on the TV.

RACHEL (CONTD)  
(looks at her phone)  
Summer hasn't responded to my  
texts. I feel terrible.

CHRIS  
She's probably having too good a  
time to text back.

RACHEL  
Yeah, there were so many people  
coming, I'm sure she doesn't even  
notice if one's missing.

The DOORBELL rings twice.

RACHEL (CONTD)  
Do you think they left something?

Rachel goes to OPEN THE DOOR.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(sing-songy)  
Who is it?

SUMMER (O.S.)  
Tis' I!

Rachel OPENS the DOOR. A very drunk Summer STANDS THERE.

RACHEL  
Summer?

SUMMER  
Evening.

RACHEL  
(surprised but polite)  
What's going on?

SUMMER  
You said you owe me a drink soon,  
so I thought: *why not pop over now?*

Summer PASSES Rachel, SEES Chris on THE COUCH.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(pissed)  
Oh, well, isn't this cozy rosy.

CHRIS  
Hey Summer...? Happy Birthday.

Summer SNUGGLES under the BLANKET beside Chris.

SUMMER  
What are we watching, TBS? Good  
call, this is much more fun than  
Señor Fred's.

RACHEL  
I told you his parents were in  
town.

SUMMER  
Yes, I appreciate you calling me at  
my birthday party to say you can't  
attend my birthday party. I believe  
they call that: *phoning it in*.

RACHEL  
Can I get you some water or  
something? Maybe some toast?

SUMMER

No, no. Don't let me trouble you.  
 (whispers)  
*I don't want to impede Operation:  
Marry Anyone.*

Rachel EYES Chris - *realizes Summer is a ticking time bomb  
 and NEEDS to get her OUT.*

RACHEL

Come in the kitchen with me, I'd  
 like to give you toast.

SUMMER

I don't want your toast.

RACHEL

I think you need toast.

SUMMER

I don't want your toast because the  
 second I have some, and think "oh,  
*look, this toast might actually be  
 cool; I think I like this toast!*  
*It's not a big talker but you can  
 tell it's a really good listener.*  
 Maybe I can finally let my guard  
 down with this golden brown  
 cruncher," you yank the toast  
 friendship out from under me.

RACHEL

I assure you that's not going to  
 happen.

SUMMER

Really? Can I just hang out here  
 eating toast for as long as I want?

Summer KICKS off her HEELS. SMILES when Rachel GIVES an  
involuntary wince. *Proving Summer's point.*

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

No. Because you don't really care  
 about coating my stomach or my  
 wellbeing or me in general and you  
 never did, did you?

RACHEL

Maybe we should talk when you have  
 less Margarita on your shirt.



SUMMER

Why bother talking later? We both know this relationship is past its expiration. You're a super turd. There's one of you in every 7/11 toilet.

RACHEL

Okay, I am not a super turd.

SUMMER

Yeah, you're just a dime'a'dozen LA girl who used me to meet men and dropped me the second you did.

RACHEL

Wow, are you kidding?

SUMMER

Not kidding. Not even the slightest bit of irony escapes my lips.

Summer DIGS her HAND into the POPCORN BOWL for a BITE, *spilling. Trying to piss Rachel off and SUCCEEDING.*

RACHEL

You're the last person anyone would use to meet men. *You terrify them.*

SUMMER

Ooh, that means a lot coming from a faded homecoming queen clinging onto the last rung.

(then)

No offense, Chris.

CHRIS

I think I'm gonna make a phone call to anyone right now.

(sweetly to Rachel)

I'll be outside.

Chris HURRIES out.

RACHEL

(hushed, to Summer)

You want me to stay single forever? Is that what would make you happy? So we can keep doing body shots at bars?

SUMMER

I want you to be my friend. I want you to not prioritize Rando McGee over me on my birthday!

RACHEL

His parents were in town!

SUMMER

Who cares! You just met this guy! He does the same boring shit your ex did and you're so blind you're making the same mistake again. He's not The One! He just fits the bill.

RACHEL

How dare you, you don't know that. You are so high and mighty but I've never met someone so delusional! You know the reason all girls bail on you? Because you're so fucking abrasive you scare everyone away. Who would just show up like this?

Summer GETS UP, tries to SHOVE her FEET in her HEELS, fails.

SUMMER

Sorry but I'm Texan - what you see is what you get with us. With a splash of flash.

RACHEL

You lived in Texas for one year.

SUMMER

It was a formative year. And maybe I could reign it in a bit. But I like that about myself.

She GIVES UP getting her HEELS on, CARRIES them to THE DOOR.

RACHEL

You hide behind that. It's bullshit. You're afraid of compromising yourself in any way because what if you acted like a normal person and someone didn't like you then?

SUMMER

I'm so sorry you had to lower yourself to hanging out with me. I just wanted to be your friend. Stupid me, I mistook it as mutual.

(MORE)

SUMMER (CONTD)

(opens the door)

Ya know, one day you're gonna need a friend. And not a bullshit one - *Because life has a way of ripping the rug out from under you when you get smug that you have it all planned out* - and you're gonna realize the one person who was willing to be your support system, who would've picked you up day or night and said "*fuck the world, let's go get drunk,*" just walked out the door.

Summer PASSES Chris standing outside.

SUMMER (CONT'D) (CONTD)

(nicely, to Chris)

See you at the wedding?

CHRIS

(petrified)

Sure? Have a good night?

Summer WALKS away.

EXT. ENCHANTED FOREST WEDDING - SUNSET

LANTERNS hang from TREE branches. A SIX-PIECE-BAND plays. WAITERS with trays of CHAMPAGNE greet the WEDDING GUESTS.

Meg and Andy, Jess, her baby and HUSBAND, HOOF it UPHILL.

MEG

(jokes)

Such a shame Ali and Mike couldn't afford a nice wedding.

ANDY

How much do you bet at least one person gets wasted and lost in the forest tonight?

MEG

How much do I bet it's you?

They SPOT Rachel and Chris at the top. Jess SQUEALS.

JESS

Rach! We're coming!

Jess' HUSBAND shushes her, embarrassed she's YELLING.

JESS (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 (whisper-yells)  
*You two look cutttttte!*

They GREET each other with HUGS.

MEG  
 Chris, we've heard so much about  
 you.

JESS  
 (whispers, clapping)  
 Welcome back to game night.

RACHEL  
 Okay no clapping - let's try to  
 play it a little cool.

They REACH the CEREMONY SITE, a CLEARING with rows of  
 benches. Rachel SEES Todd already seated, NO DATE at his  
 side. She SITS, making sure to get EXTRA COZY with Chris.

MINUTES LATER: Summer sits down nearby. Rachel gives a PEACE-  
 MAKING FACE but Summer LOOKS AWAY coldly.

The Band begins "CANON IN D MAJOR." The GUESTS all turn in  
 their SEATS for the *first sight of the bride*. Mike's face  
 MELTS WITH EMOTION as soon as he sees Ali.

Chris SQUEEZES Rachel's hand, KISSES her cheek... *the  
 assurance she wanted so badly at the engagement party but now  
 it's her turn to seem politely distant. She glances at Todd.*

EXT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Post-dinner, everyone WATCHES Ali and Mike have their First  
 Dance. Rachel and Chris sit at THE MARRIED TABLE.

Rachel can't help GLANCING OVER at THE SINGLES TABLE.  
 Everyone has NAPKINS on their heads for hats. Todd is  
 CHATTING UP two PRETTY GIRLS, 20'S. *Fuck, it still hurts.*

Summer is SEATED beside Todd, POUNDING the TABLE to the MUSIC  
 with a couple college-aged GUYS, *having a raucous good time.*

RACHEL  
 I guess that's the singles table?

CHRIS  
 I guess, I dunno?

RACHEL  
Just looks more fun than I would've  
thought.

CHRIS  
Our table's fun, too.

She looks at the UNEXCITING COUPLES at their TABLE. Meg, Jess  
and their husbands have never looked more boring and tired.

JESS  
So, Todd, we hear *Rachel met the  
parents.*

RACHEL  
(corrects her)  
*Chris.*

JESS  
(mortified, covers mouth)  
Ah! I'm so sorry. Force of habit.

CHRIS  
That's okay.  
(puts arm around Rachel)  
Yeah, they loved her, as you can  
imagine.

Rachel smiles, SHIFTING uncomfortably under the WEIGHT of his  
ARM. She LOOKS at the DANCE FLOOR. Ali does a dorky cute move  
and Mike matches her step for step.

RACHEL  
(changes subject)  
They really found the right person.

CHRIS  
(whispers)  
If things go well, next time it  
could be us.

RACHEL  
(half-hearted)  
Yeah, if things go well.

Chris starts to STAND, pretending to CLINK his GLASS for a  
SPEECH. She STOPS him, PUSHING away his knife.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
(hushed, embarrassed)  
Don't.

CHRIS  
*I was just kidding.*

RACHEL  
I know, I'm just - I was afraid you  
were going to.

CHRIS  
You okay?

RACHEL  
(trying to normalize)  
Yeah, thank you, sorry. Thank you  
for being here.

She KISSES him. The DJ puts on a RAP SONG, opening up the  
DANCE FLOOR.

DJ (O.S.)  
Alright, bringing it back to the  
old school. Get your bodies on the  
floor, party people. I wanna see  
your feet move.

Rachel excitedly *pulls Chris out to dance.*

RACHEL  
*Come on... I know they're not  
playing Boyz II Men but...*

CHRIS  
No, no, I can't dance to this.

RACHEL  
No one can. Come on! Please.

Rachel DRAGS him to the DANCE FLOOR where GUESTS of all ages  
are now dancing. Chris BOBS his HEAD, white-boy dancing.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
Loosen up! It's fun!

She SHAKES HER BOOTY on Chris. Trying to have fun.

Todd watches them, *looks down, looks again.* By all accounts  
she's getting what she wants. *So, why doesn't she seem happy?*

In the center of the floor: Summer is DANCING her ass off. A  
SCRAWNY COLLEGE KID cabbage patches his way over to Summer.

SUMMER  
Oh, you think you can handle this?

SCRAWNY COLLEGE KID  
The question is: can you handle  
this?

SUMMER  
 (jokingly points at boobs)  
 Hey, keep your eyes down here,  
 please. Show some respect.

A DANCE CIRCLE forms around them by other WEDDING GUESTS.  
*Clapping, contagious rhythm... the life of the party.* Rachel  
 tries to EDGE INTO Summer's DANCE CIRCLE.

RACHEL  
 Hey!

Summer puts her BACK to her. Rachel HOVERS nearby.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 This is fun, right?!

Summer WAVES her HANDS in the AIR, BACK-SMACKING Rachel in  
 the FACE. Rachel *recovers, tries edging back in again.*

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 Wanted to talk at some point!

Summer BUMPS her AWAY with her ASS. Rachel *returns to Chris.*

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 Maybe we'll wait for a slow song.

Rachel GUIDES Chris towards THE BAR. In line, Rachel turns to  
 LOOK BACK at the dance floor.

CHRIS  
 You still upset about Summer?

RACHEL  
 (shrugs - yes)  
 She's upset with me...

CHRIS  
 I think she just doesn't want you  
 to be happy.

RACHEL  
 (winces, disagreeing)  
 The thing is, I kinda need her to  
 be happy.

CHRIS  
 (wraps arms around her)  
 That's my job from now on.

RACHEL  
(gently)  
I can't believe I'm saying this  
but: *too soon.*

CHRIS  
What?

RACHEL  
All the comments about us getting  
married... maybe we should wait til  
we get past the month mark.

CHRIS  
On our first date, you wanted to  
know my last name to see how it  
sounded with "Rachel."

RACHEL  
I was partly being silly.

CHRIS  
Were you, though? Okay, is there  
anything else I can do for you?

RACHEL  
What?

CHRIS  
I dunno, I feel like you're telling  
me everything else to do tonight.  
What to say, how to dance, when to  
kiss you *but only if your ex is  
looking, of course.*

She prepares to fire back... *but then realizes he's right.*

RACHEL  
I'm sorry. I think I invited you  
into a weird evening.

CHRIS  
(deep exhale)  
It's okay, I knew what I was  
getting into. You just got out of a  
serious relationship. I liked you  
so I was willing to take what you  
could give. Even if it was just a  
rebound.

RACHEL  
I don't want this to be a rebound.  
I don't know what's wrong with me.



She looks so forlorn, he can't help *HUGGING HER*.

CHRIS

Hey, it's okay. Maybe we both moved a bit too quickly. It happens.

(looks at bar)

I feel weird getting a drink now. I don't know why we're still in line.

RACHEL

Why?

CHRIS

If I'm leaving.

RACHEL

You don't have to leave. Stay.

CHRIS

(gently)

I've never met someone so sure of what she wants and have no idea at the same time.

He KISSES her FOREHEAD goodbye.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Summer EMERGES from the PORTA-POTTY. Rachel is WAITING.

RACHEL

Was it gross in there?

SUMMER

Plenty of room for you to cry.

RACHEL

I want to say sorry-

DJ (V.O)

Alright, it's that time of night, ladies. The new bride is going to pass the torch to whoever the next betrothed-to-be will be. So single ladies, make your way to the dance floor, it's the bouquet toss!

Ali POPS out of another PORTABLE BATHROOM.

ALI

I'm late! I'm late! You ladies are going up there, right? This is your big chance!

(MORE)

ALI (CONTD)  
(sotto, to Rachel)  
I'll throw it left of center.

RACHEL  
I don't need to-

Meg and Jess WAVE THEM ON from their TABLE.

MEG  
Come on, girls! It's a tradition!

Rachel and Summer get PUSHED by GUESTS to the CENTER.

RACHEL  
(whispers, to Summer)  
So, it turns out you were right.  
Chris and I moved too quickly. We  
actually just ended things.

SUMMER  
Oh, I'm sorry.

RACHEL  
It's fine. But the good news is...  
maybe we could go out again?

SUMMER  
Because you're single? That's so  
flattering, thank you for thinking  
of me! I can't wait to be your  
friend until you meet another man.  
BFF-UYM. Best Friends Forever -  
Until You're Married. We should get  
necklaces made.

Ali STANDS on the DANCE FLOOR, her BACK to the SMALL  
GATHERING OF SINGLE GIRLS. Ali prepares to TOSS the BOUQUET.  
Notices Rachel usher Summer to the side to speak.

ALI  
Girls! I'm throwing the bouquet!

RACHEL  
Why am I a bad guy for wanting to  
meet someone?

SUMMER  
All our friends put each other in  
the backseat once they meet a guy.  
And you're all okay with that. But  
I'm single so I'm always in the  
backseat.

(MORE)

SUMMER (CONTD)

And I hoped if I was there for you during every low point, that maybe I wouldn't get put in the backseat this time.

ALI (O.S.)

*Hello? Rachel?*

RACHEL

You have to understand. Your lifestyle's different when you're single. I mean, you wanna be out doing shots, which is great but I don't feel like I can invite you to movie night with the boyfriend.

SUMMER

I like movies, too! I'm not always doing shots! I am a huge Meg Ryan fan! Ya know, I was hoping you'd say you actually changed. You're so afraid of winding up alone. Well guess what, you just did.

Summer WALKS away. Ali STOMPS over and THRUSTS the bouquet into Rachel's arms.

ALI

YAY! You caught it!

Rachel STARES at it. Then GIVES it back - *to Ali's shock.*

RACHEL

No thank you.

GIRLS scramble for the bouquet. Rachel LOOKS for Summer who is GRABBING HER COAT to leave with the SCRAWNY COLLEGE KID.

RACHEL (CONTD)

*Summer?! Summer?!*

SCRAWNY COLLEGE KID

That girl's calling your name.

SUMMER

She's just announcing the season.  
Do you wanna hook up or not?

Summer picks up SPEED down THE PATH. Scrawny HURRIES up.

RACHEL

Summer, slow down. I'm not going to chase you.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONTD)  
 (hurries up)  
 I'm not chasing you!

Rachel BREAKS into a RUN, leaving the lit area. A SUITED ESCORT with a FLASHLIGHT *tries to guide her down the path*.

ESCORT  
 Here. I'll lead the way.

Rachel ZOOMS past him, NAVIGATING her way down the DARK HILL. Her HIGH HEELS sticking in the MUD. Summer RUSHES around the BEND with Scrawny, OUT OF SIGHT.

RACHEL  
 Summer, can you just wait? I can't see out here.

Rachel SLIPS, SLIDES down the MUDDY MOUNTAIN.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 Oh shit, oh shit, this is happening! I'm free falling to my death! Hellllllp!

She TUMBLES to an immediate STOP. Shortest free fall ever. She CLIMBS to her FEET, COVERED in MUD.

EXT. PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Rachel REACHES the BOTTOM to see a SHUTTLE leaving. Summer is GONE. Another DRIVER stands outside his SHUTTLE, *smoking*.

RACHEL  
 Can I get a ride back to the hotel?

TODD (O.S.)  
 Rachel.

She SPINS around. Her ex is standing there. A couple DRUNK IN-LAWS stumble LAUGHINGLY past them onto THE SHUTTLE.

TODD (CONT'D) (CONTD)  
 Are you leaving already?

RACHEL  
 Yeah.

TODD  
 Would your date mind if I got in the same shuttle as you?

RACHEL

*I might mind.* Where's your date tonight?

TODD

Decided to fly solo.

(confides, sincerely)

Ya know, I've never felt so jealous as seeing you with that guy.

RACHEL

Well, you seem to be having plenty of fun flying solo. So, I'm sure that feeling will pass.

TODD

I don't know what you think you know but I've been an alcoholic wreck since we broke up.

RACHEL

You have?

TODD

And you look like you're upset, too. I dunno. Maybe we just needed this to put things in perspective.

RACHEL

What do you mean?

TODD

I miss you. A lot. I screwed up. I got scared and I know that now.

RACHEL

You want to get back together?

TODD

I'd like to try to work on the things you talked about. If you'll let me.

RACHEL

Wow. *I've wanted to hear that so badly for so long...* but I think I'm finally realizing I need to be single for awhile.

Rachel CLIMBS into the SHUTTLE, leaving him behind.

INT. RADISSON HOTEL - SUMMER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Summer and Scrawny MAKE OUT in BED. She ROLLS off him.

SUMMER

I'm sorry. I think I lost my  
libido... *Fucking Rachel.*

SCRAWNY COLLEGE KID

(into it)

You lost your libido *fucking*  
Rachel?

SUMMER

I lost my libido - period - fucking  
Rachel. Period.

SCRAWNY COLLEGE KID

What kind of period?

SUMMER

Please go.

Scrawny begrudgingly PULLS on his SHIRT, leaves. Summer  
STARES up at the CEILING in bed, bummed. She hears HONKING.

RACHEL (O.S.)

(on mic, ala a D.J.)

*Adele! Remix!*

**"Rolling in the Deep"** INSTRUMENTAL begins on a stereo. Summer  
GOES to HER WINDOW, sees... Rachel using the shuttle PA  
SYSTEM microphone, HOISTING a lit birthday cake above her.

RACHEL (CONT'D) (CONTD)

(sings)

*There's a fire, starting in my  
hair. Reaching a fever pitch. And  
finding my underwear. Happy Rolling  
in the Deep, to Summer.*

RANDOM HOTEL GUEST (O.S.)

*Shut up!!*

SUMMER

No one's mistaking you for Adele,  
Rachel.

RACHEL

I'll sing until you come down.

SUMMER

Go ahead.

SHUTTLE DRIVER

*Please don't.*

RACHEL

This is my worst nightmare, just to be clear. But I'll continue... I'm continuing...?

She TIMIDLY starts Adele's "***Someone Like You.***" Slowly getting into it - the other DRUNK PASSENGERS on the SHUTTLE join in.

RACHEL (CONTD)

*Old friend, why are you so shy?  
Ain't like you to hold back or hide  
from the light. I hate to turn up  
out of the blue uninvited. But I  
couldn't stay away, I couldn't  
fight it. I'd hoped you'd see my  
face and that you'd be reminded.  
That for me, it isn't over.  
Nevermind, I'll find someone like  
you. To Summer.*

Summer DISAPPEARS from THE WINDOW. Rachel STOPS.

DRUNK PASSENGER

(still singing)

*I wish nothing but the best for  
youuuuuu, too.*

(stops, embarrassed)

You can't just stop mid-song  
without warning.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Never leave a wingman behind,  
remember?!

AFTER A LONG BEAT, Summer OPENS her DOOR.

SUMMER

Yeah, well you did. And I got taken  
by the Germans and held as a P.O.W.  
So thanks for that.

Rachel SETS DOWN the CAKE. Slowly approaches. The Shuttle DRIVER happily shuts the door and drives off.

RACHEL

Never again. I want the rug to get  
ripped out from under you so I can  
be there.

(realizes)

I think I messed that up.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONTD)

I meant, *if it does happen* - and I hope it doesn't - I'll be there to pick you up. I'm sorry I wasn't before. When Todd and I broke up, all of our friends were marrying off and having babies and I couldn't help feeling like I was getting left behind. I thought if I could just find a guy, I'd be *okay*. I didn't realize what I really needed was a friend...

SUMMER

Go on.

RACHEL

I wish I could be more like you, I wish I didn't so badly want to find The One. But I don't think I can change that about myself. But I can stop trying to force it on some ridiculous timetable.

SUMMER

The reason I say I don't want to get married isn't because I'm above it. It's because... *who is going to marry me?*

RACHEL

Are you fuck-ing kidd-ing me?

Rachel SHOVES her. Summer stumbles back.

SUMMER

Hey! Why'd you do that?

RACHEL

We have a motherfucking confidence issue on our hands? No way. You burnt off my hair, wrecked my car, got us kicked out of a bar, a Whole Foods and the entire neighborhood of Bel Air. And I can't think of a time I had more fun. I like who I am *better* with you.

SUMMER

(finally relents)

Yeah, I get that a lot. I was just kidding, anyway. Please, *no one can tie this down*.

(nods over)

(MORE)



SUMMER (CONTD)

So... does that cake have sparklers  
or what are we dealing with here?

RACHEL

Definitely not.

Summer PULLS her into a GIANT HUG. AND AS THE CAMERA PULLS  
FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY...

SUMMER

You wanna come in?

RACHEL

Yeah, maybe we could watch the fuck  
out of some "Beaches" or something.

SUMMER

People probably think we're  
lesbians now.

RACHEL

Anyone that's seen your comings and  
goings knows that's not the case.

SUMMER

Good point. *A lot of comings.* We do  
have a pretty good "*ho-mance*"  
going, though.

And they WALK INSIDE.

FADE TO BLACK.