

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE EX KIND

written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. FOUNDERS BAR - NIGHT

CASEY (mid-20s, miserable; knows she's pretty but would love some validation) looks for answers in a few empty shot glasses. She adjusts her cleavage, gently cradling her boobs.

CASEY
(to her cleavage)
Fuck Tessa Cooper's boobs. You're
not lopsided, you're just...a
variety pack. Variety rack!

She laughs before sighing, draining another shot as NOLAN the bartender (20s) swings by. He clears her shots, impressed.

NOLAN
Casey! Going for a record?

CASEY
Tonight, Noble -

NOLAN
Nolan.

CASEY
- I'm going for anything.

She spreads her arms, ready for life. Nolan grins, moving on.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Hey! That means two more.

She double-taps the counter. Nolan winks in acknowledgement and moves off just as a shadow darkens Casey's shoulder.

VOICE (O.S.)
Mind if I take this seat?

A MYSTERY MAN (mid-20s) hovers next to her. Casey clocks his sweatpants, less than thrilled at the "anything" life has provided.

CASEY
Um...sure.

MYSTERY MAN
Come here often?

CASEY
Yeah. Alone.

MYSTERY MAN

I get that. Being alone. It's a big
part of my job, actually.
(beat; she doesn't ask)
My job as an astronaut.

Casey raises an eyebrow. He extends a hand.

MYSTERY MAN (CONT'D)

Jasper.

CASEY

(unconvinced)
Jasper the astronaut.

JASPER

Jasper the astronaut. Do you have a
name?

CASEY

No.

She giggles at her own daring. Jasper shifts, retracting his
unshaken hand.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Actually - I'm Tess. Tessa Cooper.

Annoyance washes over Jasper's face but he blinks it away.

JASPER

("really?")
Tessa Cooper? How...funny. That's
my ex's name.

CASEY

(feigning shock)
Oh my godddd. No way!

JASPER

Yup. She was kind of a bitch.

CASEY

Is that a pattern? With all your
girlfriends? That your type?

JASPER

(weakly)
Depends who you ask. Right now, I'd
say I go for beautiful women with
perfectly symmetrical breasts -

Nolan swings back over with Casey's shots.

NOLAN

Hey man, what can I get you?

Jasper fumbles with the menu.

JASPER

Um...I'll take a...hm. Maybe...

Casey rolls her eyes and tips back a shot.

CASEY

(sweetly; to Nolan)

I'd love some more limes.

Nolan builds her a heaping bowl full. Casey gasps, dives in.

CASEY (CONT'D)

(through stuffed mouth)

So beautiful. So free.

NOLAN

Our IPAs are really good, same with
pilsners. I like the Bavik.

JASPER

Okay...let's...whiskey? No...a
nice...um...

NOLAN

How about another minute?

JASPER

("thank god")

Sure. Take your time.

CASEY

I thought astronauts were supposed
to be good under pressure.

JASPER

I'm good under a lot of things.

He attempts a knowing grin. Casey frowns.

CASEY

You're not an astronaut. You're
more like a roadkill remover. Or -
oh! A pet store janitor!

JASPER

You don't tell me what I am. I said
I'm an astronaut.

He moodily shuts his menu. Nolan takes that as his cue.

CASEY
I have to tell you because
you can't do anything for
yourself!

JASPER (CONT'D)
I didn't say I was anything
but an astronaut. You said
roadkill remover!

NOLAN
You two know each other?

CASEY
I don't know. Do we, Sean?

JASPER/SEAN
(feigning)
Sean? I'm Jasp-

CASEY
You're Sean. My soon-to-be ex-
boyfriend.

Sean reels from this. Casey downs her last shot and signals
for the check.

SEAN
Whoa, Casey - look, I'm sorry. When
I said Tessa's boobs were just like
those bouncy Japanese cheesecakes,
I meant it in a *bad* way! You know
what lactose does to me!

Casey glares. Sean tries again.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I know it's too little too late but
I promise to focus more on your...
(gesturing at her junk)
...body.

CASEY
You take your time. You've had
enough of mine.

Nolan reacts - "ouch" - while handing over the check. Sean
reaches for it but Casey is quicker.

SEAN
(dismayed)
I was going to get it.

CASEY
But you didn't, did you?

NOLAN
Last one's on me.

Casey touches a hand to her chest.

CASEY
A true gentleman.

She heads for the door, extra limes in hand.

SEAN
(desperate)
Will I see you at home?

Casey throws her hands up, sending limes flying.

CASEY
The night is young, as I am too.
Also.
(hiccup)
Young.

She EXITS. Sean curses under his breath, marinating in failure.

NOLAN
So...

SEAN
(snapping)
Onion rings. Okay? Just...onion
rings.

NOLAN
We're actually out of -

JASPER
Fuck it.

He STORMS OUT. Nolan shrugs, brushing limes into the trash.

ACT ONE

INT. BAR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Casey sits on a couch, streaky mascara and clumpy hair cluing us in that she's spent the last twelve hours expelling bodily fluids. She gathers the tissues blanketing her and tosses them in a trash can offered by BAR (20s, full name Barbara but she'll never admit to it).

CASEY

Sorry, Bar. I think I'm done.

BAR

Done with him? Or the Kleenex?

CASEY

(groaning)

I don't know. Both, maybe.

Bar gasps.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I know. I feel guilty already. Two and a half years down the -

BAR

Thank *god*.

She pats Casey's knee.

BAR (CONT'D)

I've waited a long time to say these words, but...Sean sucks. Ass.

CASEY

He says he wants to, but I can confirm he does not. We haven't had sex in five months!

BAR

Not literally. He sucks major metaphorical ass. He is the epitome of an emotionally detached white male aware of his privilege and thus selfish for actively denying you the sexual liberation and validation he knows you deserve but is too lazy to provide.

CASEY

...That's a type?

BAR
Oh yeah. Try half the male
population.

CASEY
What's the other half?

BAR
Rapists. Killers. Josh Groban fans.

LUKEY (O.S.)
Heyo, Grobanites in the house!

LUKEY (20s, probably from Ohio) breezes in.

LUKEY (CONT'D)
Hey, Bar! Oh, hello!

BAR
(cagily)
Hello Lucas. This is Casey. She's -

LUKEY
Oh, your high school friend, right?

BAR
I was going to say emotionally
devastated, but sure.

Lukey nods sympathetically, extending a hand to Casey.

LUKEY
Sorry to hear that, Casey. I'm
Lukey, Bar's new roommate.

Casey tries to hide her gross face as she shakes his hand.

CASEY
Emotionally devastated.

LUKEY
I'm running to the store for figs!
Need anything? Bar - good on figs?

BAR
Bye, Lucas.

He waves pleasantly and EXITS.

CASEY
He's so *nice*.

Bar's eyes slowly move 180 degrees to bug out at Casey.

BAR

Lucas is the personification of mankind's worst qualities.

CASEY

He just offered to buy you figs.

Bar nods too hard. As she speaks, she grows hot and bothered.

BAR

Yeah. He did, didn't he? Because the man always pays. It's my job to sit here and look pretty. No, I know his game. He's trying to lower my defenses, catch me off guard. So when he does make a move - slides an arm around my shoulder, whispers compliments about my militaristic ideals in my ear, moves a hand down to sexually disappoint me - I don't say no. Because. Of. *Figs*.

CASEY

You're not into him...are you...?

BAR

Ew. NO. I'm in my lesbian phase, remember? I've got Tinder.

A thousand-yard stare dawns in Casey's eyes.

CASEY

I haven't used Tinder in years. Oh god, I have to go back on Tinder.

BAR

It's awful. It'll be great.

CASEY

Maybe I should try to make it work with Sean. I don't want it to be like I gave up on us - especially with our lease up on the first.

BAR

He gave up on you by not being his best. I mean, did you or did you not break up with him at Founder's?

Casey opens her mouth.

OZI (PRE-LAP)

She didn't.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

OZI (29, fat and pragmatically zen) briskly walks a gaggle of dogs as Sean struggles to keep up.

SEAN

Really?

OZI

You said you'd been arguing the last few months?

SEAN

Yeah.

OZI

And she was unhappy with how you lost all interest in keeping the spark alive in your relationship?

SEAN

(nervous)

Right.

OZI

And she kept suggesting different options for your sex life and mental health but you never tried any of them even when you knew that it would mean the world to her?

SEAN

(deeply uncomfortable)

Sure.

OZI

And yet, she stayed. You've been through this before, you'll go through it again. Circle of life. So no, you're not broken up.

SEAN

Oh. Phew.

OZI

I mean, clean up. Make an effort. Cook dinner.

They pause to let a dog shit. Ozi stares pointedly into Sean.

OZI (CONT'D)

And don't you ever compare a woman's body to food. Pepperoni nipples? No. Taco lips? No.

Ozi shakes a finger at him like a dog.

OZI (CONT'D)
Cheesecake boobs?? NO.

Sean blushes.

INT. BAR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bar sloughs around the apartment.

BAR
(whiny; as Sean)
I'm Sean.

She knocks over a glass.

BAR (CONT'D) CASEY
(as Sean) Whoa, hey -
I'm a *man*.

BAR (CONT'D)
It's Lucas's, it's fine. Focus.
Head in the game, let me have it.

Casey takes a deep breath, centers herself.

CASEY
Sean, I think we need to talk.

BAR
STOP. No. No intro. You're too
forgiving. You need to blindsides
him or else he'll cry and give you
explanations and you'll cave.

Casey makes a face.

BAR (CONT'D)
You just will. Prove me wrong.

Bar stomps and huffs around.

BAR (CONT'D)
(as Sean)
I hate marketing but I'm too lazy
to find a new job so I take it out
on you by ignoring your needs.

CASEY
Hey, Sean. Hey. Take a seat.

BAR
(as Sean; grunting)
Testosterone recline!

She manspreads.

CASEY
Sean, you know I love you and would
do - have done - almost anything -

BAR
Stop. Stop stop stop stop stop. Do
not coddle him. Just spit it out -
"we're over" - and go find a safe
place. A simple spit and run.

Casey takes a deep breath, shaking her limbs to loosen up.

CASEY
Okay. Okay.

BAR
(as Sean)
I'm Sean, I -

CASEY
Sean. We're over.

Casey waits, uncertain. Then she runs out the front door. Bar
applauds.

BAR
Amazing. I have chills!
(beat)
You can come back now!

EXT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sean peeks around the complex as Ozi trails with his dogs.

OZI
Are we going up?

SEAN
(whispering)
Sh. Vadoma will kill me if she
sees.

OZI
Your landlady?

SEAN
More like a lady of the night.

OZI
Your landlady's a prostitute?

SEAN
No, she's an Eastern European
vampiress. She's been harassing us
to renew the lease for the past two
weeks.

Sean starts up the stairs to his apartment. Ozi follows.

OZI
Kinky.

VIHAAN (30s, hot Indian neighbor of your Aladdin dreams -
remember him) waves from across the landing. Sean throws a
half-hearted wave back.

SEAN
Ugh. We don't want your kind here.

Ozi stares at Sean in horror.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Hot people! I don't need to see
that right now. I can barely keep a
girl with this.

He gestures to himself while opening the door. Ozi tries to
enter the apartment; Sean blocks him and his gaggle of dogs.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Oh. No. You can't come in, I have
to clean.

OZI
I just walked these dogs three
miles out of their normal Wag
radius so you could kick me out?

SEAN
You said it - if she comes home to
a sparkling palace, she'll love me
again. Ipso facto e pluribus unus.

OZI
(reluctantly nodding)
Good luck.

One of the dogs BARKS in agreement.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A two-bed apartment sullied by a layer of dust, scattered trash and old mail, dirty dishes, and a roach or two.

Sean surveys the 'before' picture in front of him. He sighs.

EXT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LATER/EVENING

The sun is setting. Casey stands outside the apartment, peering up through the window into her life that was - or is?

EXT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Casey passes the pitch black laundry room. A mysterious RATTLE emanates from within. She cautiously peers inside.

CASEY

Hello...?

MYSTERIOUS OLD LADY

You have...a choice.

A finger emerges from the dark, pointing straight at Casey.

MYSTERIOUS OLD LADY (CONT'D)

You stay like the past? Or move on?

Vadoma LUNGES into the light, glaring at Casey while shaking papers in her face.

CASEY

AHHHHHHhh, Vadoma.

VADOMA

(spitting)

Time is up. Lease due tomorrow.

Casey's mouth drops as she takes the papers.

CASEY

What? No, the first is...it's...oh, fuck.

VADOMA

You, not you. *Somebody* sign, by mid of night tomorrow.

Casey gulps and nods. Vadoma retreats back into the darkness, hissing all the while.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Floors have been swept, surfaces cleared. Lit candles dot the space romantically.

Casey ENTERS, her distress fading as she sees Sean's work.

THE KITCHEN

Casey runs a finger along the top of the microwave: clean. She opens the oven to find meat and veggies roasting.

THE BATHROOM

Spotless. Casey repositions one of her lipsticks. She draws the shower curtain, skeptical, but even the tub is clean.

THE GUEST BEDROOM

Sheets have been washed, the bed is made. Sean PASSES BY, yelping when he sees Casey.

SEAN

FUCK. Holy Casey - Jesus. Sorry.
God, you scared me.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN TABLE

Casey and Sean eat in silence.

SEAN

So. How was your day?

She's lost in her head. Suddenly, BAR APPEARS BESIDE HER.

BAR

You're too forgiving...

Casey waves away this figment of her imagination.

CASEY

Eh.

SEAN

Nice. I saw Ozi.

CASEY

How is he?

SEAN

Still hustling for funds to take
off work for Survivor.

CASEY
I want to go on Survivor. I'd lose
so much weight.

SEAN
You look great.

CASEY
My arms are flabby.

SEAN
Well, you'd win.

BAR POPS UP BESIDE HIM, only visible to Casey.

BAR
Spit and run!

Casey clears her throat. Bar nods encouragingly and vanishes.

SEAN
I cleaned. Sorry it took so long to
get to it.

CASEY
It's fine.

Sean nods, awkward but satisfied. He shifts. BAR APPEARS
BETWEEN HIS LEGS, more indignant than ever.

BAR
Testosterone recline!

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Now in pajamas, Sean and Casey brush their teeth placidly.

He bumps her hips with his. She rewards him with a smile, but
it fades when he leans down to spit.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Sean reads a book. Casey sits on top of the bed, studying him
like you might a stranger or someone you love very very much.

She grabs her purse and stands. Sean looks over.

CASEY
I'm going to stay with Bar.

SEAN
What?

CASEY
I thought - thank you. For
cleaning, and dinner, and even the
role-play last night. I thought it
would - I wanted it to be enough.

SEAN
But...?

CASEY
It's not.
(beat)
I don't want to be with you
anymore.

Sean stares dumbly.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I love you. So much. But I can't
keep sitting here waiting for you
to care after all the conversations
we have that don't go anywhere -

SEAN
I'll find a new job - we can have
sex right now! -

Casey chokes out a laugh.

CASEY
But why not months ago? You *knew*
work was upsetting you and you
still refused to -

SEAN
I was depressed!

CASEY
But you didn't -

SEAN
It's not that easy when it's
happening to you. I'm trying to
build a career here and get a
promotion! I don't expect you to
understand, you can't hold a job to
save your life! You just hop from
thing to thing! What are you
building as a cashier at a flower
shop?

Casey glares at him, eyes shining. She turns and EXITS.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sean trails behind as she collects her essentials.

SEAN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry! Look, we were happy here. We can - I can get it back. Casey, come on. You're my home, Casey. If I'm not with you -

He pauses, the realization hitting him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

If I'm not with you, what's the point of even staying in LA?

(beat)

I love that you're spontaneous.

Casey faces him with a half-smile, hand on the doorknob.

CASEY

Fuck you.

She slams the door behind her. Sean stands alone in the clean apartment.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Now it's Sean's turn to look destroyed from a long night of crying. He talks ON THE PHONE while slumped on the couch.

SEAN

She just left. After two and a half years. Did I say some things I regret? Absolutely. Did I think it was over? No.

(beat)

So I'm looking - well, obviously we can't live together. This place...

(choking up)

It just has too many memories.

A beat as the other end speaks.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Not gay. No fish. I could move in - our lease is up tomorrow. So I could move in on Monday.

(beat; louder)

NOT GAY. NO FISH.

The line goes dead. Sean groans, returning to his laptop. He closes an apartment profile and clicks through other listings on Craigslist.

As Sean browses through shitty apartment pictures and selfies of prospective roommates, the roommates speak to Sean.

OLD MYSTIC

I am a homeopathic masseuse looking for a vegan water sign to create a safe space through tandem crying and intimacy training. Sending good vibes to my future partner!

Sean reacts - "nope". He CLICKS onward.

MOODY INSTA MODEL

Be cool and on brand with me. Take good candid. I'll pay rent on time if you light my vids.

The light source wobbles.

MOODY INSTA MODEL (CONT'D)

Jason! This is why I'm kicking you out, you piece of -

CLICK - next.

DOUCHEY YOUNG MAN
Michael. Future media mogul. Need
someone for my two bed. I'm good at
dishes. Cooking. And reaming ass.

SEAN
Uh. Well, just because he's gay -

DOUCHEY YOUNG GAY MAN
Yours, ideally.

Sean shuts his computer.

EXT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Casey jogs around a pile of empty wine boxes, fist pumping.

CASEY
Okay. Okay. Small breaths, chest
in, head down. If the going gets
rough...faint.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Casey walks in with her boxes to find packed boxes filling
the room. Sean ENTERS with more, jumping when he sees her.

SEAN
FUCK me Jesus.

CASEY
Sorry, sorry. Here.

She pulls out a piece of pie and hands it to him. He stares.

SEAN
Pie?

CASEY
Yeah. To...help.
(beat)
If you don't want it, I can -

She reaches to take it back. He holds it closer.

SEAN
No, I want it. I'm actually
starving - do you...maybe it's
weird. Do you want some pie? Before
we get into all this?

CASEY

Who says I didn't help myself?

She grins, revealing another slice. Sean scoffs - of course.

SEAN

I'll grab forks.

He EXITS. Casey moves a box and sits, pleased.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Out of sight, Sean exhales deeply. Once steady, he moves to the utensil drawer..

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Casey licks off the whipped cream on her pie. Mid-lick, SHE FREEZES, clocking the X-box under the TV. Her head slowly pans around the room: Chris Nolan's filmography. A raggedy stuffed bear. A paperback of The Lincoln Lawyer.

Casey drops her pie and tears into a packed box. Her jaw drops.

CASEY

What the fuck is this??

She dumps the box on the floor, dresses tumbling everywhere as Sean RE-ENTERS.

SEAN

It's your stuff.

(off Casey's stare)

What? I packed for you!

CASEY

Where am I going??

SEAN

You're leaving me. You don't stay with someone after you leave them. You have left.

CASEY

You said you were leaving! What was all that "what's the point of LA if I'm not with you" bullshit??

SEAN

I changed my mind!

CASEY
I am not leaving this apartment. I
am kicking you out.

SEAN
No.

CASEY
No??

SEAN
(more confident)
No.

CASEY
(desperate)
You don't have student loans. I am
forty thousand dollars in debt! If
I don't live here, I'm on the
street!

SEAN
And if I don't live here, I won't
have my dignity.

CASEY
Oh, so your dignity is worth more
than me being homeless?

SEAN
Since you broke up with me...yeah.
Stay with Bar.

CASEY
(darkening)
You know why I can't do that.
(off his indifference)
Sean. Come on. I'll do...anything.

SEAN
Give me another chance.

CASEY
Well...besides that.

Sean shrugs, crossing his arms.

SEAN
There's nothing you can offer me if
you're not in my life.

Casey glares at him, snatching a packed box on her way out.

SEAN (CONT'D)
But thank you for the pie!

INT. BAR'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Casey punches the couch she cried on the day before. Bar grabs Casey's phone and downloads Tinder from the App Store.

CASEY
He's a...a mealworm! I spent a
third of my account balance on that
pie. Why do I always settle for
mealworms???
(collapsing)
Oh, god. I fucked a mealworm.

She begins to tear up, overwhelmed. Bar takes a photo of Casey, winces at the result, and deletes.

BAR
Yup. You did do that.

CASEY
How do I find a new place? I work
at a *flower shop*. I have two-digits
of money. Everything at the
apartment is Sean's. I can't buy a
bed...a night stand...a zester!

Bar hesitantly looks up at Casey from the phone.

BAR
(hating each word)
You could...crash with...me...?

She grimaces at Casey. Casey grimaces back.

CASEY
I know I'm in no position to say
no, but...you remember college.

BAR
I remember a blur of cereal, vodka,
and The -

CASEY
- The Parent Trap. For *four years*.

BAR
My therapist says we're awful for
each other.

They consider this, then shrug simultaneously.

BAR (CONT'D)

You could seduce Lucas and stay in his room. Come home every night to that pale white body...those nonexistent abs...that blindingly empty smile...

CASEY

You're joking but after my last mealworm, he looks pretty -

Lukey ENTERS with groceries. Casey shuts up, embarrassed, as Bar scrolls through Casey's photos.

LUKEY

Hey guys! What's up?

BAR

Sexual domination over men.

LUKEY

(chuckling)

Nice!

He drops his groceries and EXITS. Bar shakes her head as she selects photos of Casey at a party, poolside, hiking.

BAR

Hands down, his favorite position is missionary.

CASEY

Stop it! He'll hear you!

BAR

Maybe doggy on your birthday. If you're lucky.

Lukey re-enters with a puppy-shaped balloon floating on the floor. He brings it to Casey, who accepts it with shock.

LUKEY

Look! It's so cute, I figured it has to cheer you up.

Bar dives into Casey's profile, more jealous than she'd like to admit.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ozi crawls under the entrance flap of a blanket fort, where a tipsy Sean is drinking himself into oblivion.

SEAN

Look - Ozi. If I finish this beer
in three seconds, I'm over her.

Ozi dumps a small mountain of snacks, candy, and beer as Sean
drains his can. He holds it aloft, victorious.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Aha!

OZI

Jeff Probst is going to love this
in my application video. Leaving
civilization behind following a
tragic break-up...

SEAN

(sarcastically)

Did Casey break up with you too?

OZI

I'm emotional collateral. So...if
you're over her, why are we hiding?

Sean dives into another beer.

SEAN

If we leave, she might come back
and change the locks. She's crafty,
like a sneaky little raccoon with
her tiny little hands.

OZI

Dude, she's fighting with real
raccoons for gutter real estate as
we speak.

SEAN

(guilty)

Yeah. Is it - weird that I - ?

(beat; sigh)

I've been underwater for so long.
Standing up for myself with this
place feels...big. Feels good. And
I don't want to lose that feeling.

Sean nervously takes a big swig.

OZI

You're respecting yourself more
than her. That's how it should be.

SEAN

I guess.

OZI
 Look, clearly Casey went off-book
 with the break-up, given my very
 accurate and prescient advice...but
 you said it! You're moving on.

Ozi pours two shots, hands Sean one of them.

OZI (CONT'D)
 Remember Suzie Lacopolis? Third
 grade, broke your heart when she
 gave your valentine to Chad Wayne?

SEAN
 (laughing into his beer)
 Barely.

OZI
 Fuck her - and fuck Chad Wayne too.
 Come on. Say it - fuck her!

SEAN
 (laughing)
 Fuck her!

OZI
 Drink!

They do their shots. Ozi pours another round.

OZI (CONT'D)
 And Tessa Cooper in tenth grade?

SEAN
 Oh, Tessa. I wonder where - OZI (CONT'D)
 FUCK her!

SEAN (CONT'D)
 Fuck her!

OZI
 Fuck her, cheating off your tests!

SEAN
 Yeah, FUCK her!

OZI
 DRINK!

They do. Ozi re-ups.

OZI (CONT'D)
 And college - Karen Hart?

SEAN
(wincing)
Oof. Never trust a girl with more
piercings than credit hours.

OZI
Say it with me -

OZI (CONT'D) SEAN
- FUCK HER! FUCK HER!

They slam their shots. Ozi howls at the sky. Sean follows
suit.

Ozi leans in.

OZI (CONT'D)
And Casey Carpenter?

Sean opens his mouth, then hesitates. Ozi sighs.

OZI (CONT'D)
Come on. In a year we'll be
laughing about this on my island
bought with my Survivor winnings -

SEAN
Fuck! Her!

Ozi grins, raising his beer to Sean while wipes spit off his
chin with the other hand.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Haha. You drooled. Oh - know who
drools? Casey. Every morning. I'd
wake up and she'd be there, just -
hair all over the place, like
always.

Ozi's face slowly drops as Sean grows misty.

SEAN (CONT'D)
But her face would be so peaceful.
So...happy. With a tiny little
stream of drool running off her
chin. So I'd wipe it, kiss her
hair, and put my arm around her to
fall back asleep, hoping I'd find
her in the same dream...

OZI
Sure. You're over her.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BAR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bar and Casey spoon cereal into their mouths like synchronized zombies, honed in on the TV where a young Lindsay Lohan talks to Natasha Richardson in bed.

LINDSAY LOHAN
No offense, Mom, but this
arrangement really sucks.

NATASHA RICHARDSON
I agree, it totally sucks.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Then I say we fly to Napa, see
Annie and Dad, and work this whole
thing out.

NATASHA RICHARDSON
And I say you're right.

Casey's puppy balloon drifts into her, "waking" her. Casey looks around and shakes Bar. Bar "wakes up".

BAR
Again?

CASEY
Again.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EVENING

Casey walks her fake balloon dog beside a distracted Bar, who still tweaks Casey's Tinder.

CASEY
(moaning)
I will roam this earth the rest of
my days...doomed to reside in
gutters, no pillow for my head...

Bar doesn't respond. Casey stops walking, forcing Bar to look around when she realizes Casey is no longer moving.

BAR
What? We're stopping?

CASEY
He's pooping.

The balloon dog floats happily above the ground.

BAR

Look, we're going to find you a new place, a new man, and a new perfume since 'Eau De Broke Hoe' is not doing you any favors.

Casey lights up.

CASEY

Wait. That's genius!

Bar covertly types text in the phone.

BAR

What, me?

CASEY

Yes! I can find all three of those at once. I'll crash with guys on Tinder, like a sex nomad cruising from one broken heart to the next.

BAR

Fuckmates. I like it. And to help - tada..

Bar hands Casey her phone, revealing Casey's new Tinder profile. Casey looks through, pleased until she sees the bio.

CASEY

"Not dtf but not *not* dtf"?!

BAR

Did you not just say you wanted to sleep with men for rent? Tomorrow?

CASEY

Well, don't put it like *that*. Here, read them to me.

Casey walks her puppy as Bar swipes. Each potential fuckmate speaks directly from the Tinder photos as Bar flips through.

SOUTHERN BOY

Hey y'all, Southern gent here!
Looking for new friends to play a good clean game of corn hole with.

CASEY

Good. Naive. Stupid, even -

SOUTHERN BOY
When it comes to romantic lovin', I
like to move slower than molasses
in mama's homemade -

BAR CASEY
Nope. Oh, no.

Bar SWIPES LEFT.

HIPPIE MAN
I treat the earth like Jesus: with
the utmost respect. Spreading faith
and love from the hatchback of my
'03 Subaru Forester -

CASEY
NOPE.

Bar's already SWIPING LEFT.

TROLL
(a Pepe the frog picture)
Cry emoji.

BAR
(disturbed)
Monster.

She SWIPES LEFT.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL
You are chill. You are not needy.
You are fit but can eat a burger
without it showing. You are free
each Thursday from 8 to 11pm.

BAR
You are...gone.

She SWIPES.

CASEY
Hey! I don't need to be respected,
just sheltered. And sexed.

Bar studies her fiercely. Casey wilts.

BAR
Never compromise.

Bar goes back to Tinder, SWIPING RIGHT on a grinning Vihaan.

Casey considers Bar's words. Then she gathers what dignity she has left, grabs Bar's elbow, and turns them around.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - FORT - EVENING

A small sea of empty beer vessels now surrounds Sean and Ozi, illuminated by their phone flashlights.

SEAN
(defensive)
I saw a magazine cover that said
Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston are
giving love another chance. Maybe -
(belch)
I'm Brad.

OZI
I mean, I'm not saying you're not
Brad - maybe Brad in 12 Years a
Slave - but -

TWO KNOCKS pound on the door. Ozi and Sean stare at each other, frozen.

SEAN
(terrified whisper)
She's here.

OZI
Vadoma - ?

Someone POUNDS again. Ozi nods pointedly at the door.

OZI (CONT'D)
Your apartment.

ANOTHER KNOCK. Sean gulps and takes a last swig for bravery.

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean emerges from the fort into the dark room, moving slowly toward the door. Only darkness through the peephole. He reaches out...one hand on the knob...

EXT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Casey fidgets with her keys. She raises a hand to knock again, then stops. Shakes her head. She's being stupid.

She puts her key in the door just as it SWINGS OPEN with a STRANGLED YELL from Sean.

SEAN
WHO ARE YOU - GOD, Casey, fuck!

Casey bites her lip as he regains his composure. Beyond him, a curious Ozi pokes his head out of the fort.

CASEY
I was just coming to - oh, hey,
Ozi.

Ozi stumbles over.

OZI
Hey, long time. What's new?
(beat)
I can guess. You know, I'm gonna...

He moves out through the door, muttering to Sean:

OZI (CONT'D)
You're not Brad Pitt.

Ozi breezes past Casey, who stares at Sean with confusion.

SEAN
He's - it's - I'm not.

CASEY
Oh. Well, that changes everything.

She bites her tongue, instantly regretful.

SEAN
Yeah. So...what do you want?

CASEY
I mean, my stuff is here.

SEAN
(embarrassed)
Sure. Right.

CASEY
Can I come in...?

Sean sweeps an arm inside and turns on the lights. Casey plops onto the couch. He sits on the arm and waits.

CASEY (CONT'D)
I guess - I'm just going to get to
it. Um. Look, Sean, I'm not here to
take anything back that happened
yesterday.
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)

You and I both know we were in a rut, and we couldn't get out together. But I think - and please don't roll your eyes, please - this break-up is an *opportunity*.

Sean rolls his eyes.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Think about it! There are no obligations between us now. It's an emergency exit! I climbed out of the rut. I feel - I mean, be honest. Don't you feel *free*?

Sean doesn't want to agree but clearly does.

CASEY (CONT'D)

And I know your rut was deeper than mine. I can help you all the way out of it. All the way. No one knows you better than me.

(off Sean's blank face

So I won't worry about you not supporting my emotional burdens, and you won't have to worry about disappointing me sexually!

Sean's face darkens. Casey notes this, growing desperate.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Ultimately, though, I just think this will be a really great chance for us to reconnect on a more fundamental level. Sean and Casey. Who are we? And who...can we be?

Casey very deliberately puts a hand on his leg. Sean stares at it, wheels turning.

SEAN

So...we stay friends?

He looks up at Casey. She leans in, smiling wide.

CASEY

Even better. We stay *roommates*.

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. SEAN & CASEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Casey sits alone in the living room. Sean is off in the kitchen.

CASEY
So what's this whole tent thing?

SEAN (O.S.)
Oh - I - Ozi was practicing. For Survivor.

CASEY
I don't think they get tents on Survivor. They just have to survive.

A Tinder notification pops up on Casey's phone. She opens it.

SEAN (O.S.)
(annoyed)
Pretty sure I get the name of the game, thanks.

CASEY
(curt in return)
Such a snippety drunk you are.

Sean reappears with beers. Casey looks at her phone strangely - she and Vihaan have matched! Sean thinks she's mad at him.

SEAN
(sheepish)
Sorry, Yoda. I'll drink past it.

Casey quickly stashes her phone away.

CASEY
No, you're good. Um, cheers! To us!

Sean hands her a beer. Casey clinks his bottle with hers.

CASEY (CONT'D)
To...Japanese cheesecakes.

Sean shifts uneasily.

SEAN
Emergency exits.

They both anxiously chug their respective drinks.