

HOOKING UP

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

AMANDA, mid-twenties, red hair and a healthy dose of cynicism, sits in the reception area of a mid-sized office. It's got that young tech company look.

She tries not to stare at the receptionist behind the desk, about 14 months pregnant, but she gets caught.

In walks BRIAN, 30's, some bro-y dude in a bad shirt. Her hand briefly shakes, but she shoves it in her pocket.

BRIAN

Amanda?

He gestures for her to follow him. They walk through the office and he points out a few things. None of the employees look up from their computer screens. He brings her into a small conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Things seem easy between them. Casual chitchat.

AMANDA

Nice ping pong table.

BRIAN

The culture here is very important to us. I know it sounds like a cliché, but we work hard, we play hard.

AMANDA

I respect that.

He jots something down in the little notebook in front of him.

BRIAN

We also like to joke around a lot. Sometimes the jokes here can get a little bawdy. We don't currently have a lot of females on staff. We're working to correct that. Let me ask you this, are you easily offended, Amanda?

AMANDA

Fuck no.

He laughs.

BRIAN

Okay. I like that. That plays here.

He makes another small note, wipes some sweat from his face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you had to erase one state from the U.S. permanently, which state would you pick and why?

She briefly hesitates.

AMANDA

Oh, sorry, is that a real question? Wait, does everyone die? That's horrible. What's the least populated state? I don't know, I guess if I had to I'd pick Florida, because I feel like a lot of weird stuff is happening there all the time.

BRIAN

Interesting. I'd pick Kentucky.

AMANDA

Yeah, I guess Kentucky is kind of lame or something...

BRIAN

My Dad lives there.

AMANDA

Oh.

A moment of discomfort.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Are you going to ask me what kind of animal I'd be next? Because I'd be a Husky. Because they're loyal and they're team players. Boom.

She notices that his fly is down, and tries hard not to stare.

BRIAN

So it's a temporary position, but there's a possibility that we'd have something else after the three months is up...

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I see here that you're a Wheaton
girl... I'm class of '01.

AMANDA
Wow. Cool. Small world.

BRIAN
I actually was a founding member of
The Quitter Socks.

She shakes her head. Keeps looking down at his crotch
situation.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Improv group. We were pretty big.

AMANDA
Oh. Right. I don't think they were
still there when I was there.

He scans her resume for another moment.

BRIAN
So you had a couple impressive
internships, then you worked in
advertising for a year -

AMANDA
- Almost two years.

BRIAN
Okay. Two years. And that's
followed by a two year gap. Do you
mind if I ask what happened there?

AMANDA
Yes, I moved.

He waits for her to continue.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I was in Pennsylvania. The job
market where I was wasn't... great.
I worked at Blockbuster and I also
did some temp work. I didn't think
it was worth mentioning on my
resume as I don't believe it's
representative of what --

BRIAN
Pennsylvania? What the hell were
you doing in Pennsylvania?

AMANDA

I was dealing with some personal stuff.

Her unwillingness to volunteer more information doesn't go over well. He makes a note. She notices.

BRIAN

Personal stuff?

AMANDA

Yes... What are you writing over there?

BRIAN

We have a lot of applicants for this position. I'm gonna be doing interviews all week. Not to be rude, but if I don't write something down you all start to kind of blur together.

AMANDA

Do you mind if I ask how many applicants there are?

BRIAN

226.

Her jaw drops.

AMANDA

For this job? Really?

He writes another note.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I mean, not that this is a shitty job or something. Don't write that down.

She stammers as he writes more notes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I would love to have this job. Please don't write that last part down. I mean, write down the part where I really want the job but not that part where it sounded like I thought it was shitty.

More notes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'll stop saying shitty. Sorry. Can
we start over?

She looks down at his unzipped fly again. This time he catches her. He hastily zips himself back up and in the process drops his notebook.

They both look down at it. It's a sketch of two people having sex and it definitely looks like it might be him and her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Oh. My. God.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Parked in a scuzzy backyard is just about the worst-looking food truck you've ever seen. It sits up on some two by fours and evidently hasn't been driven in a while.

Standing, talking to the STRINGY-LOOKING GUY selling it, is JOSH, late twenties, disheveled good looks.

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE
So, like I mentioned in the ad, I
sold off a lot of the actual
kitchen equipment previous to this,
and that is reflected in the price.

On the truck, the word "SHAVED" next to a suggestive airbrushed portrait of a woman in a hula skirt. It's a shave ice and dumplings truck. Or it was. There are practically flies coming off of it.

JOSH
Sorry things didn't work out for
you.

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE
What? No. The truck was great. That
thing fucking prints money. I just
lost my passion for Hawaiian
deserts. In addition to that I also
technically had my driver's license
taken away from me for uh, an
ongoing amount of time as sort of a
temporary situation I'm in
whereupon it was infringing upon my
business model, as such.

JOSH
Mind if I?

He gestures to the truck.

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE

Go nuts.

A deep breath. He steps in and it's pretty fucking gross.

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE (CONT'D)

I can give you the number of a guy that will help you get set up. He can get you the equipment real cheap. He's a buddy of mine. So that'll be like, nothing.

JOSH

Nothing?

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE

Practically nothing.

JOSH

So... in terms of "wiggle room"...

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE

Like I said, I'm pretty firm on the price. I can't go any lower than that at this time.

Josh does some math in his head.

Reluctantly,

JOSH

I'm definitely interested but I'm gonna need a little time. I'll call you.

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE

I like your car...

JOSH

Yeah. Me too.

He looks over at his car. Some old boat of a car.

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE

I'm just saying.

JOSH

Listen, I'm gonna call you.

STRINGY LOOKING DUDE

Let me know.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

An unimpressive suburban restaurant. The sign says, "TEE-TEE'S" and underneath in smaller print, "HOME OF THE 12 MINUTE BIRTHDAY SONG".

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Some cheap-dining P.J. O'Chuckles type bullshit place. Business is slow. This is where Josh works. In the background we see three waiters reluctantly serenading a table of teenagers.

JOSH
Hey Becky! Becky --

BECKY
Goddammit. What is it, Josh?

BECKY, Josh's manager, 40's, not unattractive but a little too much makeup, clothes a little too tight, and perpetually flustered.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Are you working today?

JOSH
No. I was just stopping in to look at the schedule... and I kind of wanted to talk to you about that...
.If you have a minute...

BECKY
I don't. Is there something I can do for you?

JOSH
Yeah, it's about the schedule.

BECKY
Uchhhhhhhh. I'm not redoing it. If you need to switch with someone then switch with someone. I'm not your mom. Work it out.

She continues, talking to no one in particular,

BECKY (CONT'D)
I'm so tired of all you people always harping at me, whine whine whine whine. Ughhhh.

JOSH
No, it's just, you only put me on
for like 20 hours this week.

BECKY
Uh-huh.

JOSH
I told you that I need to be
getting more like, full-time house.

BECKY
I will take that into
consideration.

She won't.

JOSH
I've been working here for nine
years.

BECKY
Yes, Josh, and you make a lot more
money than a lot of people who work
here.

He fights the urge to scream at her. He can't afford to lose
the job.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Well, if there isn't anything else
I really have to get back to work.

JOSH
(through his teeth)
Thanks, Becky.

BECKY
See you tomorrow, Josh.

As she walks away, he calls after her,

JOSH
I'm not on the schedule tomorrow.

BECKY
What-fucking-ever, Josh.

In the background, the waiters are still singing to the
snickering teens.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE - DAY

Josh stares at a slice of pizza.

JOSH

I don't know why we always come
here. This pizza is shitty.

He's talking to his best friend, GARRET, dark hair, non-threatening boyish looks, and a touch of neuroses.

GARRET

What's wrong with the pizza? We
come here because it's cheap and
it's close to the beach.

Josh takes the rest of his slice and slaps it on the table
face down.

GARRET (CONT'D)

Come on! Was that really necessary?

JOSH

Sorry. The pizza is fine... I might
still eat it.

GARRET

Did you talk to Becky?

Josh responds to this with a "jerk off" gesture finishing
with a flourish and a fart sound.

GARRET (CONT'D)

Sorry man.

JOSH

Eh, what can you do?

GARRET

Maybe you should try to seduce her.
Then you can tell *her* what's up.

JOSH

Sleep with Becky? Please. I'd
rather make love to a microwaved
bagel.

Garret looks grossed out.

JOSH (CONT'D)

It would probably be more dynamic.
She's uptight.

He peels up the slice of pizza, the cheese still stuck to the table.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Besides, I think you're grossly overestimating my powers of seduction.

GARRET
You've got more game than me.

JOSH
Yes, but only in the way that zero, is, uh, greater than a negative number.

Garret does not disagree.

Josh throws the slice at Garret's feet and he is immediately swarmed by a bunch of disgusting seagulls.

GARRET
Grow up. Seriously.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Garret carefully lays his towel on the sand. Josh sits down directly on the sand with his towel thrown around his neck and starts rooting around in Garret's backpack.

GARRET
I hate sand. You know it's like 24% seagull shit, right?

JOSH
That's not true.

GARRET
It is. Or maybe it's 18%. I read it somewhere.

Josh finds a bottle of water and starts drinking it.

JOSH
I think they poop in the ocean. They like to go over open water.

GARRET
Wouldn't that shit still get washed ashore and mix in with the sand?

JOSH

Nah man, the ocean's nature's filter.

GARRET

I'm pretty sure they shit wherever they want to shit. They're birds. It's part of the freedom of being a bird. Hence the expression, 'free as a bird'.

JOSH

That's what freedom is for you? Shitting anywhere and everywhere?

Garret starts rifling through his backpack. He's looking for his bottle of water. He looks over at Josh, drinking it.

GARRET

I'm just saying I would consider it one of the perks of being a bird.

JOSH

After flying?

Garret grabs a bottle of sunscreen from his bag and starts carefully applying it.

GARRET

Of course after flying. Flying is number one, but pooping freely is probably number two.

JOSH

Pooping is number two.

GARRET

You're an idiot.

He offers the sunscreen to Josh, who declines it.

JOSH

Are you seeing what I'm seeing?

GARRET

What?

JOSH

Check out that girl.

They both look. There is a cute redhead standing in the ocean waist-deep.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What do you think her deal is?

GARRET
I don't know.

JOSH
She's just standing there.

GARRET
You know how girls are. Sometimes
they just like to stand in the
water.

JOSH
What?

GARRET
They don't like to go in too deep
because they're scared of sharks.

JOSH
You're scared of sharks.

GARRET
As we all should be. They're God's
murder machines. I'll tell you what
she's doing. She's probably
standing there looking for her
boyfriend.

JOSH
Nah, something is up. I'm gonna go
investigate.

As he's walking away,

GARRET
You're a real American hero.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The cute redhead is of course, Amanda. She looks nervous.
Josh shouts over to her as he wades his way towards her.

JOSH
Hi!

AMANDA
(annoyed)
Hello.

She takes a step back.

He takes another stride towards her and she takes another step back.

JOSH
How come you're doing that?

AMANDA
Doing what?

JOSH
Every time I take a step closer to you, you take a step back.

AMANDA
I'm not doing that.

JOSH
Yes you are.

He takes another step forward, she takes another step back.

JOSH (CONT'D)
See. There. You're doing it. Are you scared of me?

AMANDA
No. I just really love having lots of personal space. They say the average person needs about three cubic feet of personal space to be comfortable but I've always felt like I needed a little more.

He steps towards her, she steps back again.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
A lot more.

JOSH
That's funny.

AMANDA
It's true.

JOSH
Are you scared of sharks?

AMANDA
What? No. Why?

JOSH
No reason.

She stands there with her arms crossed. He's facing her, but she's facing the shore only occasionally glancing in his direction.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What's your story?

AMANDA
I'm just out here enjoying this beautiful day.

JOSH
You look terrified. Something is definitely up. Are you here with anyone?

AMANDA
My friend. She ran to go get an iced coffee. I don't know what happened to her.

Every time a wave comes she gets a scared look on her face and rises up on her tippy toes and braces herself as they pass over her.

He steps towards her again. She steps back again.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Stop doing that!

The left side of his mouth curls up. He's amused.

JOSH
Are you naked under there?

AMANDA
What? No. Go away.

He starts laughing.

JOSH
Wow. You are definitely naked under there.

He cranes his neck around trying to steal a peak.

AMANDA
Stop that!

He takes a step backward in a gesture of politeness.

JOSH
(laughing)
What happened?

AMANDA

I was trying to body surf and there was this big wave and it just ripped the bottom of my bathing suit right off me. I'm kind of panicking here. Basically I'm feeling a little exposed and not super friendly right now, okay? BYE. Forever. Thaaanks.

Scrambling,

JOSH

I can help you.

AMANDA

How?

JOSH

I'll give you my swim trunks. They have a draw string. I'll let you have them.

She makes the most disgusted face.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Wow, fine. Forget it. I was trying to be a gentleman, but I guess I'll just leave you out here. For the record, this is why chivalry is dead.

He turns to leave. She panics.

AMANDA

No, don't go. Please.

JOSH

So you want 'em?

AMANDA

Yes.

JOSH

Yes what?

AMANDA

Uch. Yes please? Can I please wear your disgusting swim trunks?

JOSH

That's better.

AMANDA

But then what will you wear?

JOSH

You wear my trunks, and I'll have my buddy over there bring me my towel and I'll wear that.

AMANDA

Why don't I just wear the towel?

JOSH

Fine. You can take the towel.

AMANDA

No wait, I think I want the trunks.

JOSH

Okay.

He takes his trunks off, swirls them around in the water, and gives them to her. She squirms into them and ties them tight.

He shouts and gestures to Garret for his towel. There is some confusion and a lot of pointing but they work it out.

Garret trudges out holding the towel overhead.

GARRET

What do you need your towel for?
It's going to get all wet out here.

JOSH

What? Are you writing a book? Just hand me my frigging towel, please.

GARRET

You're very welcome.

He turns to Amanda.

GARRET (CONT'D)

Hello.

She timidly waves back. The three of them stand in the water awkwardly.

JOSH

Thanks for the towel, Garret.

Something strange is going on, but Garret can't place it.

GARRET

I'm gonna go now.

Everybody nods in agreement. He heads back to shore.

They manage the swap - he's got the towel wrapped around his waist and she's wearing his trunks.

JOSH

All right, let's do this.

They start making their way back to shore.

BOOM! A big WAVE comes and knocks him over. He loses the towel and we get a flash of his BARE ASS as he tumbles head over heels.

He re-emerges part way clutching the towel in front of his junk,

JOSH (CONT'D)

The wet towel. It just got so heavy. I couldn't hold onto it.

AMANDA

I saw everything.

He wraps himself up again and stands up. He turns his head and her BATHING SUIT BOTTOMS are dangling from his ear. She goes to grab them but he pulls them off first.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Let's trade.

He holds up her little bikini bottoms. She tries to snatch them back.

JOSH

Nah. I think these'll look great on me. They'll really highlight my junk.

Amanda is not amused by this.

AMANDA

Funny guy.

He hands her back her suit. They wriggle around and change under water. They both keep looking over trying to catch glimpses of the other's exposed parts.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You didn't actually see anything, did you?

JOSH
(lying)
Noooo.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Back on the shore, everyone's sitting around. Josh takes a swig of his water and offers Amanda some. A slight hesitation before she accepts and takes a sip.

Her friend, STACY, blonde, put-together, walks over to them, drinking a coffee.

AMANDA
Stacy! Holy shit! Where the shit
were you?!

STACY
There was this street performer and
I don't know what you'd call it,
but he had this uh, instrument,
that he made --

AMANDA
Stop right there. Sounds terrible.
Don't care.

STACY
What did I miss?

Stacy acknowledges the dudes.

AMANDA
Stacy, this is Josh, and I'm sorry,
your name is...

GARRET
Garret.

AMANDA
Hi Garret, this is Stacy.

Stacy shakes their hands.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Does anyone feel like grabbing a
drink? I could go for a drink.

INT. BAR - AN HOUR LATER

Amanda, and Josh sit on one side of a booth. Stacy and Garret sit on the other.

STACY

(to Amanda)

You wore his swim trunks? I don't know, that kind of grosses me out.

AMANDA

I know, right?

JOSH

It's really not that gross. You people are a buncha germaphobes. You know, the only way to make your immune system stronger is to constantly test it.

GARRET

I guess that explains your hobo-caliber constitution.

JOSH

Exactly!

GARRET

(to Josh)

Would you wear my swim trunks?

JOSH

Absolutely not.

GARRET

Well there you go.

JOSH

Completely different.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The WAITRESS brings over a second round of drinks for Josh and Amanda while Josh delivers the punchline of a terrible joke.

JOSH (CONT'D)

So he says, I can't believe I blew 50 bucks back there!

Silence.

STACY

Is that the whole joke? Is there more?

JOSH

Yes that is the whole joke. And no there is not more of it.

Nothing.

GARRET

I thought it was really funny, and I would have laughed, but that's my second time hearing it today.

AMANDA

It was all right.

JOSH

I've got more. But I should warn you, that was probably my best joke.

AMANDA

I don't think that's gonna be necessary.

She smiles, despite herself.

AT LEAST ANOTHER HOUR LATER

Josh gestures to the waitress for another round of drinks. A nearly full drink in front of her, Stacy shakes her head. She's still presumably nursing her first drink.

Garret smiles at her and she smiles back at him weakly. She looks across the table at her friend, who doesn't seem to notice.

On the more lively side of the table, drinks have been flowing, the conversation getting deeper. Amanda and Josh look pretty cozy...

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(to Josh)

... I thought about going back to grad school. Sure. Everyone else was doing it.

JOSH

Yeah, I thought I'd go back. That was the plan. I thought I'd work for a year, save some money, but it's been a few years, and honestly I really haven't been able to save any money. It's rough.

AMANDA

Tell me about it! I work in fucking retail. Part-time! I sell lotion at the mall and I make garbage money.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I wish you could get paid for going on job interviews. I'd be loaded.

Josh shakes his head in commiseration.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I was a history major because I liked studying history but knowing a lot about wars isn't really a job skill. Vocational school seems smart. Like maybe I can learn how to be an ultrasound tech. That seems like an all right job. It's straight forward, you know?

JOSH

Yeah. Some real job. Those commercials always get me. I'm like, I *should* be an HVAC technician! Right?

AMANDA

This is embarrassing, but I don't really know what that is. What is that?

JOSH

I don't know. Something with air conditioning?

AMANDA

Well what did you go to school for?

JOSH

I was an English major. I thought I was maybe going to teach, but the thing is, I hate school? Like I really hate it. I can't imagine spending my life in one. That wound up being a real problem.

AMANDA

Oh my God I *hate* school.

JOSH

School sucks.

AMANDA

Fuck school!

They toast to that.

GARRET
(to Stacy)
I thought school was okay. I liked
school.

STACY
What?

She hasn't been paying attention. He struggles to engage her.
The bar is getting darker as the afternoon slips into night.

GARRET
Did you like school?

STACY
Uh, yeah, I guess it was fine.

GARRET
Cool. I think so too.

On the other side of the table,

AMANDA
So what do you do when you're not
rescuing girls at the beach?

JOSH
I dance alone to Ginuwine's "The
Pony" and upload it to YouTube.
Mostly.

AMANDA
Does that pay well?

JOSH
Oh, you meant like, what do I do
for money? Right. I cook in a
restaurant.

AMANDA
Wow, you're a chef?

JOSH
Nononononoo. I'm a line cook. A
champion burger flipper.

AMANDA
Oh cool.

They laugh and take a drink.

JOSH

I think maybe one of my friends works in a job in their chosen field. Like doing what they studied. One.

AMANDA

Can you set me up with him? He sounds great.

JOSH

He's a maggot farmer.

AMANDA

Really?

JOSH

No. I lied. He's a butt doctor. And he's hideous. And he smells like a paper mill. And one of his thumbs looks like a hot dog. But not the other one.

AMANDA

Ooh, a doctor.

JOSH

You're the all-time worst.

She stops to size him up.

AMANDA

Don't let it go to your head, but you've got a decent face.

JOSH

Decent? This old thing?

He points to his face.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Oh no, I tried but I think it went right to my head.

AMANDA

Pfffff.

Back on the other side, Garret is turned towards Stacy but she faces forward and stares down at her vodka cranberry playing with the straw.

GARRET

I like your hair.

STACY

What?

GARRET

Nothing. I uh, how's your drink?

STACY

It's fine.

GARRET

That's cool. This beer is pretty good. I think it's a uh, local brewery. Craft beer if you will. Good stuff.

STACY

Oh.

She looks around the room a bit avoiding both Garret and the increasingly intimate situation unfolding across the table.

Amanda and Josh are now so close they are practically on top of each other. The flirting has reached epic heights.

AMANDA

Do you have health insurance?

JOSH

Ha! Health insurance. That's rich!

AMANDA

Yeah, I actually started wearing my seat belt.

They both crack up at this. Amanda smacks the table.

JOSH

Let's be farmers! We'll work the land.

AMANDA

Let's be beekeepers!!

JOSH

I look great with mesh covering my face.

AMANDA

It's a really good look. Super hot.

The waitress walks by and Amanda grabs her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Can I get my check?

WAITRESS

It's already been taken care of.

This gets everyone's attention.

AMANDA

(to Josh)

Smooth. When you went to the bathroom?

JOSH

De nada.

STACY

Wow. Thanks Josh.

Stacy mistakenly thinks that Josh has picked up the tab for the whole table.

WAITRESS

He only paid for hers.

The waitress gestures to Amanda.

STACY

Oh.

GARRET

Here, let me get yours.

STACY

No, no. I'll pay for my drink. Really.

GARRET

It would be my pleasure.

STACY

No thank you.

The waitress is growing impatient.

WAITRESS

So, separate checks?

STACY

Yes please.

The waitress walks off.

They've gotten a little silly at this point. It's partially the booze and partially exhaustion with the subject matter. Apparently, they were both in need of a laugh.

AMANDA
I guess it's probably time to go.

JOSH
I like you Amanda.

AMANDA
I like you too, Joe.

JOSH
It's Josh.

AMANDA
Yeah, Josh. What did I say?

JOSH
Hey, uhhh... Do you wanna... this
is crazy, but do you wanna get out
of here?

AMANDA
Like "get out of here" get out of
here?

JOSH
Sure.

He's throwing it out there. A shot in the dark. Amanda pauses
for a moment to consider this.

AMANDA
You know what? Yeah, I think I do.
I do wanna get out of here. With
you.

JOSH
That is great news. I am very happy
to hear that.

He winks at her. She winks back at him. It's silly.

They suddenly remember their two friends, Stacy and Garret,
who are still sitting across the table from them, witness to
the whole thing.

AMANDA
How are you guys doing?

Stacy is playing with her phone.

GARRET
We're great.

AMANDA
(to Stacy)
I think I'm going to get a ride
home from JOSH.

She emphasizes his name this time to show that she actually knows it. This gets a chuckle out of him. These two. Stacy and Garret are just uncomfortable.

STACY
Umm. I'll probably just go now.

GARRET
(to Josh)
Hey, can I still get a ride home?

Shit.

AMANDA
(pleading, hopeful)
Heyyy Stace, maybe you could give
Garret a ride home?

STACY
What? Oh sure. Yeah. Fine.

She turns and addresses Garret,

STACY (CONT'D)
Do you live around here?

GARRET
Yeah. I'm just off Prospect. Just
up the hill. It's pretty close.

STACY
Is that Redondo?

GARRET
Yeah.

STACY
That's fine.

GARRET
I could give you gas money.

STACY
No. It's fine.

GARRET
Thank you so m--

She turns back to Amanda,

STACY

Are you sure you're going to be all right?

AMANDA

I'm fine. Really.

STACY

I think I'm just going to use the ladies room before I go.

She stands up and grabs her bag.

STACY (CONT'D)

(insistent)

Hey, Amanda, why don't you come with me?

Amanda gets up and follows Stacy. The guys just look at each other.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda fixes herself in the mirror while Stacy reasons with her.

STACY

You don't even know this guy. You just met him like four hours ago.

AMANDA

I'm fine with it.

STACY

That guy?

AMANDA

I dunno. There's something about him that I find... let's say, refreshing.

STACY

Refreshing?

AMANDA

I don't care. He's funny. He's cute. And I need this. I do. I really need this. You know I do.

STACY

You don't *need* anything. At least not anything that guy is going to give you...

(MORE)

STACY (CONT'D)

I know you feel like you bombed that interview today, but I'm sure it wasn't as bad as you think, and even if it was, this isn't going to fix that.

AMANDA

It wasn't that bad? He drew a picture of us doing it.

STACY

You don't know that it was you.

AMANDA

The left boob was bigger than the right one.

STACY

That's incredibly common.

AMANDA

C'mon!

STACY

That just means he liked you. Maybe?

AMANDA

Please, I'm not even thinking about that stupid interview. I'm over it. Don't. Care. I just want to have some fun. I'm crawling out of my skin. Maybe my body isn't a temple. Maybe my body is more like, a monkey cage at the zoo, and I'm fine with that.

STACY

Interviews are tough, but you can't take it personally.

AMANDA

(irritated)

Got it.

STACY

I'm sorry. I'll stop lecturing you. And I'll have my phone on me. If you need me. Just call and I'll come get you. Anytime. Okay?

AMANDA

You're the best.

STACY

It's just, it wouldn't kill you to think things through a little more. Don't you want to meet someone? Like a real relationship? It's been a few years since -

She stops her.

AMANDA

You know what? It wouldn't kill you to stop over-thinking everything. And please don't analyze me. I'm fine.

Still worried,

STACY

You will call me, right? If you need me?

AMANDA

I promise. But I won't need you. I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself.

STACY

Come here.

Stacy pulls Amanda to her and embraces her in the bathroom. This is what best friends do.

STACY (CONT'D)

His friend seems kind of weird.

AMANDA

Sorry about that.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Everyone says their goodbyes. Garret and Stacy get into Stacy's car and Amanda and Josh get into Josh's car.

INT. JOSH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Amanda stares out the window of Josh's car.

JOSH

What are you doing?

AMANDA

Waiting for them to leave.

JOSH

Why?

Her eyes follow the other car as it pulls away. She spins around, grabs Josh's face and plants a big fat kiss on him. They furiously make out for about fifteen seconds.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Oh... *hello*.

AMANDA

(breathless)

Hi. What's your last name?

JOSH

Fulton. What's yours?

AMANDA

You're not going to internet stalk me are you?

JOSH

What the hell?!

AMANDA

It's Kelley. Drive. Let's get out of here. Before I change my mind.

He starts the car.

JOSH

So where do you live?

AMANDA

Uh... why?

JOSH

Because I thought that's where we were going?

AMANDA

We can't go there.

JOSH

Why not?

AMANDA

I live with my sister.

JOSH

That's cool. I'd like to meet your sister. I have roommates too.

AMANDA

No. She's like married with 2 kids. I can't bring some random dude back there. It was part of the deal when I moved in with her. She thinks it's "confusing" for the kids to have to meet people they're never going to see again. Let's just go to your place.

JOSH

First, thanks for calling me "some random dude". Second, we can't go back to my place either. My roommates also have kids...

She nods.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I am one of them.

AMANDA

Ohhh.... You live at home.

JOSH

(rambling)

Yes. I live with my parents... I didn't, but I do right now... I moved out. Then I moved back in. It's only temporary... And if you want me to just take you home now, I'd understand. You can just tell me. It's fine.

AMANDA

No. Easy there. I mean, I can't imagine living with my parents. Like I can't. Fucking. Imagine. Holy shit. I don't even know how they live with each other. Seriously. But uh, I don't know what I'd do if I wasn't living at my sister's house right now. I'd be totally screwed.

She puts her hand on his arm.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So I don't, like, think less of you, for whatever that's worth. I don't think you're a piece of shit. If that's what you were worried about.

JOSH

Thanks for being cool. That was so uncomfortable. Shit. That must be what it's like to have to tell someone you have herpes.

She shoots him a concerned look.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Which I do not have. For the record.

AMANDA

You're really setting a mood here. I'm just going to rip my clothes off right now if that's cool with you.

JOSH

Yes. That would be fine.

She ignores him, still thinking.

AMANDA

What are we gonna do?

JOSH

I don't know. We could... just... do it in my car?

AMANDA

In your car? Are you kidding me? I'm not doing you in your car. I'm not fifteen anymore.

JOSH

You were probably so hot when you were fifteen.

AMANDA

Fucking excuse me?

He shrugs.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Despite what you may think of me, I am a lady and as a lady, I require a bed and a door that locks.

JOSH

My car doors lock.

AMANDA

You're gross.

JOSH

Does that mean you changed your mind and you don't want to do me?

AMANDA

No. I still want to mess around.

JOSH

Yeah, I was pretty sure you wanted me. It's the way you look at me. Those hungry eyes.

AMANDA

(saracastic)

You are a delight.

JOSH

You love it. Back to the matter at hand. What if we went to like a...

AMANDA

...hotel? Ooooh. Nice.

JOSH

Yeah, how about a hotel, motel. How about a motel?

AMANDA

Let's do this.

He takes a left and they drive off toward a motel.

INT. STACY'S CAR - EVENING

Stacy drives her little red VW Jetta and Garret sits in the passenger seat.

The atmosphere reeks of awkwardness. They both sit there silently for a few moments. Stacy concentrates on the road. Garret taps his hands on his thighs and stares around.

There are little paper flowers lining the front of her dashboard, and more of them against the back window.

GARRET

Nice flowers. Do you make those?

STACY

Yeah, I'm pretty into crafting.

GARRET

Cool. That's nice. Hobbies are great.

He sees her iPod in the cup holder and grabs it.

STACY
What are you doing?

GARRET
Flipping through your iPod.

STACY
Well stop it.

GARRET
Why?

STACY
Because it's rude.

GARRET
There's really only a couple
questionable choices in here. You
don't have that much to be
embarrassed about. It's really not
that bad.

STACY
I'm so glad I was able to impress
you.

GARRET
I didn't say I was impressed.

STACY
Just give it back.

She tries to grab the iPod but he pulls it back out of her reach. She lunges over --

KACHUNK! KACHUNK!

Stacy slams on her breaks and brings the car to a screeching halt in the middle of the road.

STACY (CONT'D)
Oh no! Did you see what it was?
Shit!

GARRET
Shit.

STACY
Shit.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Amanda and Josh pull into the parking lot of the cheap motel. The place looks rough. UNSAVORY CHARACTERS loiter in the parking lot littered with fast food bags and empty bottles.

JOSH

Where's your phone? What was the second cheapest one on that list?

AMANDA

This was the second cheapest one. I thought it was like ordering a bottle of wine at a restaurant.

They sit and look at the place, taking the scene in. They twist their faces around in disgust.

JOSH

We can go somewhere else.

AMANDA

This is fine.

JOSH

Is it?

AMANDA

Sure. I mean, boning in a seedy motel, that's like a thing.

JOSH

It is.

AMANDA

Yeah, it's hot and dirty.

JOSH

I love hot and dirty.

He turns off the car.

AMANDA

How many people do you think have died here?

JOSH

Less than twenty? I'll specifically request a room that no one died in.

AMANDA

Maybe the rooms look better on the inside than this place looks on the outside.

JOSH
Yeah, maybe.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Garret and Stacy stand in front of the car and look down at a dead squirrel. The headlights shine on them, illuminating the sad scene at their feet. Stacy sobs.

STACY
I've never killed anything before.

Garret puts his arm around her shoulders and pulls her in. He speaks softly.

GARRET
Hey, hey. It's okay. It's sad but it happens. It least it wasn't someone's pet like a cat or a dog.

STACY
I'm always so careful.

GARRET
This was my fault.

STACY
What if it's a mom squirrel and she was bringing food to her baby squirrels and now they're hungry and cold just crying out for her?

GARRET
Probably that's true.

She looks at him. Stricken. He backtracks.

GARRET (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I was just trying to make you laugh.

STACY
It's not funny.

GARRET
I know. I know. I think maybe you should stop looking at it. Come on, let's get back in the car.

She turns and he thinks that worked, then she turns back.

STACY
Maybe we should bury him.

They examine the mess.

GARRET

I think that in the state that he
or *she* is in, that's going to prove
difficult. At least the
transportation of the, uh, body.

STACY

So we're just going to leave him
here?

She looks at him with huge sad eyes. He looks back and forth
between the gory mess and her beautiful face. This is a tough
one.

GARRET

I... Can try... To pick it up. If
that's what you want. Do you have a
towel in your car? Gloves? A
shovel? Anything?

He's fighting the urge to throw up.

STACY

No. I also don't know where we can
bury him. I'm pretty sure it would
violate my lease to bury something
in the yard. I don't know what to
do.

She loses it. Racked with tears.

GARRET

It's okay. We can... have a moment
of silence. We'll just take a
minute here and have a quiet
respectful moment of observation,
for the deceased.

STACY

I think that would be good.

They bow their heads and stand for a moment. Garret looks
around awkwardly, unsure of how long the moment should last.

Someone drives by blasting a cheesy club song. He looks over
at Stacy who is trying hard to hold it together, choking back
tears.

She turns and drapes herself over his shoulder and cries
softly. He rubs her back and speaks gently, practically into
her hair,

GARRET
(whispering)
Hey. It's all right. Everything is
going to be all right.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The motel door swings open, revealing the room.

Josh and Amanda step in and survey the place. Two beds, with shitty floral bedspreads. Dingey carpet. A crappy painting on the wall - a generic landscape with a stain running across it. The room is sad in the way a lot of motel rooms are sad.

Amanda crinkles her nose as she sniffs the air,

AMANDA
That is a unique smell. I can
honestly say I have never smelled
that before in my life.

JOSH
You reach a point where you think
you've smelled all the smells; that
there's nothing new to smell, and
then you smell something new. But
it's never a good smell. This is
not a good smell.

Amanda pulls a small perfume bottle out of her purse and starts spraying it liberally. She puts her hands on her hips and Josh scrunches up his face.

AMANDA
That is not mixing well, is it?

JOSH
No. Would not consider it an
improvement.

AMANDA
Whatever. You wanna do this?

JOSH
Hell yes I do.

He rushes over to kiss her and picks her up. While making out, he kicks his shoes off, stumbles, and DROPS her.

CRASH! She hits the floor.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Holy shit! Are you all right?

From the floor,

AMANDA
Fu-huh-u-hu-uh-hu-hhhhhhhk.

JOSH
Here.

He helps her up. She stands in front of him rubbing her butt.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I am so sorry. I don't know what happened.

AMANDA
You dropped me.

JOSH
Yeahhh... (exaggerated exhale)

AMANDA
My ass really hurts.

JOSH
Maybe I should take a look.

He looks.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

AMANDA
What?!

JOSH
I think I cracked it.

AMANDA
Woof. Nice corny dad joke.

JOSH
Seriously, are you all right?

AMANDA
Yeah. I'm fine. I'll be sore tomorrow.

JOSH
I was hoping it would be for a different reason.

AMANDA
Eww.

JOSH

What? I thought this was supposed to be dirty hotel sex?

AMANDA

You're right. Say something else dirty.

JOSH

Uhhh... I dunno. Now I'm embarrassed. You say something dirty.

AMANDA

Fine. Bla bla bla your penis.

JOSH

Good enough for me.

He grabs her again, picks her up and places her ASS firmly on the DESK.

She is into it. She runs her hands through his hair and pulls his face deep into hers as they passionately MAKE OUT.

He reaches behind his back and takes her SHOES off and throws them across the room. He reaches up her skirt and pulls off her DRAWERS and tosses them on the floor.

He picks her up again and carries her over to the BED. They both have presence of mind enough to tear the nasty motel bedspread off and throw it on the floor.

He lays her down on the sheets and climbs on top of her. They continue to kiss as he fumbles with his BELT and rips it out of his shorts with flair. He UNZIPS his pants.

He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his wallet, splitting his concentration between the two tasks, keeping the momentum going - her eyes are closed and he's kissing her.

He pulls a CONDOM out of his wallet and carefully tears the foil open with his teeth. He is removing the contents with his right hand while running his left hand through her hair.

His hand gets STUCK ON SOMETHING in her hair. OUCH! She opens her eyes and looks over to see what the problem is.

AMANDA

What is that?

JOSH

I don't know, it's sticky.

She starts panicking.

AMANDA

What is that? What the fuck is that?! Get it out!

He pulls the object out trying not to pull out too much of her hair along with it.

JOSH

It's just a band aid.

AMANDA

EW! What do you mean, "just a band aid"? Gross. Why are you still holding it?

Why is he still holding it? He realizes how disgusting it is and shakes his hand out flicking the band aid away.

Amanda jumps up from the bed.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That was disgusting. This place is disgusting. Everything is sticky. There's like a film.

JOSH

Uhhhh..I have a blanket in my car. Why don't I run out and grab that?

AMANDA

It's not like, a "sex blanket" is it?

JOSH

What the hell is a sex blanket?

AMANDA

I don't know. You live with your parents, you probably do people in your car all the time.

JOSH

Be nice. It's just a blanket I keep in my car, in case of emergencies.

AMANDA

Just in case your car breaks down and you freeze to death in Southern California.

JOSH

Do you want me to get the blanket?

AMANDA

Yes. Please get the blanket. It has to be cleaner than this bed. If it doesn't have Hep C all over it, it's cleaner than this bed.

JOSH

Okay. Cool. I will be right back. Don't go anywhere.

He grabs her and kisses her again, in an effort to keep the passion going. He runs out of the room.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Amanda washes her hands and examines herself in the mirror. She hears the door open and close so she steps back out expecting to see Josh but instead we see...

MOTEL ROOM

Some random SKETCHY LOOKING DUDE is in the room, standing by the air conditioning unit peeking through the curtain out into the parking lot.

AMANDA

WHOAREYOUPLEASEDONTKILLME.

He barely acknowledges her.

TWEAKER

Oh hey.

AMANDA

(scared and shakey)

I'm here with a big, strong-looking dude and he's going to be back in about one second, so you should probably go.

She glances briefly at her underwear on the floor and looks back at the guy. He's very jittery and she's terrified.

TWEAKER

Listen, I just need to hang out here for a minute. It's not a big deal. Just chill out.

AMANDA

I'm gonna call the cops.

She looks over to her PURSE on the chair, which is several feet away, and closer to the intruder. He follows her gaze.

TWEAKER

You don't want to do that.

Josh steps back in the room.

JOSH

I got the sex blank --

He sees our unexpected visitor.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(to the tweaker)

Who the fuck are you?

TWEAKER

I'm Greg.

JOSH

Let me rephrase that. Why the fuck are you here in my room, Greg?

TWEAKER

(to Amanda)

This is the "*big, strong-looking dude*"? Really?

She shrugs.

TWEAKER (CONT'D)

I just need to hang out here for a minute. Calm down.

JOSH

You need to get the fuck out.

TWEAKER

Your girlfriend said it was cool.

JOSH

What?

AMANDA

I didn't say that! I didn't say that.

TWEAKER

Damn, you guys are way uptight.

JOSH

We're just not in the mood to hang out right now, okay Greg?

TWEAKER

Ohhhhh.... I get it. You guys were about to screw. Listen, do what you gotta do. It's cool. I don't mind.

JOSH

We are not having sex with you in the room.

TWEAKER

Whatever.

AMANDA

Get him out of here.

JOSH

Listen, I don't know what your deal is, but you have to get out of here. Right now.

TWEAKER

I'll be out of your hair in five minutes. Chillllll.

Through the blinds they can see COP CAR LIGHTS FLASHING outside the window. Amanda starts freaking out.

AMANDA

Oh my God! Am I a hostage?

JOSH

No one is a hostage. Listen buddy, I don't know what kind of trouble you're in, but you need to leave. You need to leave now. You can't hide out here.

TWEAKER

I think I can.

JOSH

Well, you can't.

TWEAKER

Well I think... I can --

He pulls something out of his pocket. Amanda screams.

AMANDA

Oh my God! He has a letter opener!

TWEAKER

It's a knife.

JOSH
It looks like a letter opener.

TWEAKER
Well let's see how you feel about
it when I fucking stab you with it.

AMANDA
Oh shit. Shit. I am a hostage!

The tweaker waves the letter opener in a threatening manner. In all fairness, it does look pretty pointy. Josh steps towards him and the guy lunges at him forcing him to step back.

JOSH
All right, all right. You can hang
out here for five minutes. Five
minutes. But then you have to go.
And that is final.

He is trying to sound as firm as possible.

JOSH (CONT'D)
And no one is having sex.

AMANDA
Way to put your foot down.

The tweaker shrugs. Amanda holds her hand up to the side of her mouth and, in a loud-whisper voice,

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Maybe you should try over-powering
him.

TWEAKER
I can hear you. I'm right here.
Also, you were covering the wrong
side of your mouth. You're supposed
to cover the side that faces me.

AMANDA
Right.

They all stand around with their arms crossed uncomfortably waiting this out.

TWEAKER
Do you guys have any Cool Ranch
Doritos?

The commotion outside seems to die down. Tweaker Greg peers out the window and jumps back as the DOOR IS KICKED IN!

TWO COPS rush into the room brandishing their fire arms and yelling.

COP #1
Against the fucking wall you
scumbags!

AMANDA
We are not with him.

The SECOND COP steps on her underwear, shakes it off his foot, and looks at her.

COP #2
Did you hear my partner? Against
the fucking wall sweetheart.

AMANDA
Which wall?

They look around the room. There isn't really a good wall to stand against with the way the furniture is configured. It's a small room.

COP #1
Then get on the fucking floor, and
don't be smart with me.

They get down on the disgusting floor. Amanda dry heaves a bit. Josh mouths an apology to her.

From the ground we hear,

COP #1 (CONT'D)
Crybaby, is that you?

AMANDA
Steve?

Josh mouths *"who the fuck is Steve"*?

EXT. GARRET'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Garret stands in his open door way, Stacy stands opposite him on his front porch with her keys in her hand.

GARRET
Thanks so much for the ride.

STACY
Sure, it was sort of on my way.

They both look down.

GARRET

I really am sorry about the squirrel.

STACY

It's just so awful.

GARRET

I take full responsibility for what happened. From what I can tell you are a more than capable driver... An excellent driver... In case you were worried about that.

STACY

Thanks.

He doesn't step inside and she doesn't walk away.

GARRET

(tentatively)

Hey, do you wanna like, come in or something? Just hang out?

STACY

Hmmm... Just to hang out, right? Because honestly I don't really feel like going home right now. I just don't.

GARRET

So come in.

STACY

But I'm definitely not going to sleep with you. Or even touch your penis, at all. Like not even a little bit. And that is a promise. Just to get that out of the way.

GARRET

No, of course, we can just hang out. Really.

STACY

Guys always say that.

GARRET

I don't know what guys say. I can't speak to that. I can only tell you that I'm not looking to creep you out. We could go to a diner or something, if you feel weird about going in my apartment.

(MORE)

GARRET (CONT'D)
I'm just kind of wired right now
and I think you are too.

STACY
You're not a serial killer, are
you?

GARRET
What is it entrapment if I don't
tell you? Have you ever actually
screened anyone out that way? Some
guy who's just like, "you got me".

STACY
That wasn't a "no".

GARRET
Tell you what. I'll wait out here.
You go in and take a look around.
If it looks like a serial killer's
apartment you can go.

She walks in and looks around. She comes back out.

GARRET (CONT'D)
So? How did it look.

STACY
Normal. It looked like where
someone normal would live.

GARRET
Shall we?

She considers, then concedes.

STACY
Do you have anything to drink?

GARRET
Almost always.

STACY
Maybe just for a few minutes, then.

As she steps in,

STACY (CONT'D)
I am 100% not going to sleep with
you.

GARRET
Yeah man, just a couple of friends
hanging out, getting acquainted.

She looks at him suspiciously.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cop #1, Steve, takes the cuffs off Amanda and Josh. His partner has wrestled the tweaker to the ground and now tasers him for good measure.

COP #1 AKA STEVE

Hey crybaby, you're hanging out in some classy places these days.

AMANDA

Are there any laws against telling you to fuck off when you're in uniform?

STEVE

You still working at the mall?

AMANDA

Jesus Steve, can we please go?

Josh looks around the parking lot. A lady of the evening winks at him. He frowns.

STEVE

What, no thanks for rescuing you?

AMANDA

I'm sorry, thanks Steve. And thanks for pretending like you didn't recognize me until after you'd already made me get on the floor. That was really cool.

STEVE

I could drag you in and make you give a statement.

AMANDA

Are you going to do that?

STEVE

No.

AMANDA

Then can we go?

STEVE

(to Josh)

You look real familiar.

He ponders this for a moment.

AMANDA

Steve?

STEVE

Well, I'm sorry for the inconvenience. You two have a lovely evening. I don't know what you guys were doing here, and I don't wanna know, but I'd recommend going home now.

JOSH

What did the guy do?

They look over at Tweaker Greg in the backseat of the squad car. Cop #2 is in the car on the radio.

STEVE

That guy there? That guy's a real nasty piece of work. You guys should consider yourselves lucky that this night is ending as well as it is.

He shakes his head.

STEVE (CONT'D)

A nasty piece of work.

He shakes his head again and walks back to his car.

INT. FROZEN YOGURT PLACE - NIGHT

Josh and Amanda are on line making frozen yogurt sundaes. Amanda is like a fucking expert at this. Josh dumps stuff in the cup without even looking.

JOSH

So what's the deal with the cop?
You like dated that guy?

AMANDA

Something like that. I don't want to talk about it. It was stupid.

JOSH

Why does he keep calling you --

AMANDA

-- I really really don't want to talk about it.

JOSH
He seems like kind of an asshole.

AMANDA
There was a lot of things about
that situation back there that made
it less-than ideal.

JOSH
Fair enough.

INT. JOSH'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Frozen yogurts in hand.

AMANDA
Your yogurt is melting.

JOSH
Yeah, I'm not really that into
yogurt... See, normally I'd put a
bunch of candy on it to sort of
drown out the yogurt, but I was
trying to impress you, so I put a
bunch of fruit in it, and I kind of
hate fruit.

AMANDA
Nobody hates fruit.

JOSH
Name one good fruit.

AMANDA
All of them.

JOSH
You don't even believe that.

AMANDA
Fine, weirdo. Maybe not all of
them, but whatever, so why did you
want to get frozen yogurt if you
don't like yogurt or fruit?

JOSH
I just... didn't want you to leave
yet.

A refreshing little hit of honesty.

JOSH (CONT'D)

And I know how much girls love yogurt.

AMANDA

I really do though.

She eats a few more bites of her yogurt while he kind of stirs his around. He takes a bite of his yogurt and promptly spits it out and throws the spoon in disdainfully.

JOSH

I've never been in cuffs before.

AMANDA

Me neither. They were so cold and hard.

JOSH

A *nasty piece of work*. What do you think that means?

AMANDA

I know! I keep thinking about that - "*nasty piece of work*". I wanted to ask him what he meant by that, but not as much as I wanted him to go away. It's crazy though. We're probably lucky to be alive.

JOSH

When that guy pulled out that knife --

AMANDA

- letter opener.

JOSH

When that guy pulled out that letter opener, shit got real.

AMANDA

You were really brave.

JOSH

Thank you. That means a lot to me.

AMANDA

I totally felt like if shit went down you'd probably kick his ass.

She reaches over and grabs his hand.

JOSH
That is so sweet of you.

AMANDA
It's how I feel.

JOSH
How about when the cops busted the door down! BOOM!

AMANDA
Oh my God, I know! That was so crazy. I was like, is this really happening? And it was.

JOSH
And then your little boyfriend was acting all tough, but he had a gun and backup. If I had a gun and backup it would have been a completely different story.

AMANDA
I'm sure.

JOSH
You must have been so scared.

AMANDA
I was. I was.

JOSH
My heart is pounding.

AMANDA
I feel like my heart is going to explode.

She takes his hand and puts it on her chest, right in between her breasts.

JOSH
Are you at all turned on right now?

AMANDA
I am SO turned on right now. It's ridiculous. I mean, I feel like I almost died tonight.

JOSH
We should just celebrate the fact that we're alive. By partaking in each other's bodies.

AMANDA
Ha. Weird. Yes.

JOSH
Please just do me in my car. Pretty
please. I am literally begging.

AMANDA
Fine.

JOSH
Really?

AMANDA
Yeah. Yeah. Fuck it. Let's do this.

JOSH
I know a place where we can park.

AMANDA
You would.

JOSH
What?

AMANDA
Just drive.

He claps his hands together and starts the car.

We see the tail lights of the car as they speed away, with
renewed determination.

INT. GARRET'S LIVING ROOM

Garret and Stacy sit in his living room - she's in a chair
and he's on the couch. She just looks around the room while
he struggles to strike up a conversation.

GARRET
Seen any good movies lately?

STACY
No. Not really.

GARRET
Do you like movies?

STACY
Uh-huh.

GARRET
Cool. Me too.

He taps his hands on his thighs while she nervously chews on her cuticles.

Stacy notices Garret's somewhat manicured hair style.

STACY

Do you, uh, put something in your hair to get it to look like that?

GARRET

Look like what? I comb it I guess. I mean, I shampoo it, if that's what you mean.

STACY

Huh.

Pause.

GARRET

So what did you see in here that made you think I wasn't a murderer?

STACY

Well, you have a lot of family pictures, and it's kind of messy --

GARRET

- It is not messy.

STACY

It's a little messy. And you have a tapestry on your wall, which is kind of a lame college thing to do and not something I think a serial killer would have.

GARRET

What would you have been looking for?

STACY

I dunno, like, rows of unmarked VHS tapes or something like that.

GARRET

I'm just glad you didn't find all those heads I stashed in the freezer. Guess how many heads I can fit in that freezer?

STACY

Maybe 7?

GARRET

Yes. That's what I thought too, but to be honest with you, I have a hard time getting more than five in there. Unless I want them all to fall out every single time I open the door.

STACY

Do you always let girls snoop around your apartment?

GARRET

I've got nothing to hide.

INT. JOSH'S CAR - NIGHT

Josh and Amanda are hot and heavy in the backseat. They make out frantically, like teenagers.

AMANDA

This backseat is gloriously huge.

JOSH

This car is kind of a classic.

AMANDA

Yeah... kind of.

They kiss and fumble around. He reaches up her skirt.

JOSH

Where are your panties?

AMANDA

I left them in the motel. I didn't want to put them back on. I was worried I'd get crabs from the carpet.

JOSH

Smart move.

He takes her shirt off and then starts to unzip his pants. Amanda interrupts him.

AMANDA

Aren't you going to take your shirt off?

JOSH

We're in a car.

AMANDA
You took my shirt off.

JOSH
I did.

AMANDA
Are you going to at least take your shoes off?

JOSH
I wasn't planning on it. Do you want me to take my shoes off? I can take my shoes off.

AMANDA
I guess I don't really care.

They kiss some more. Something's off. Something's missing.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Do you want to put some music on? I feel like we should have some music on.

JOSH
Oh yeah. Let me take care of that.

Josh gets out of the car and gets back in the drivers' seat. He grabs a stack of loose CD's from a storage compartment in his console and starts shuffling through them.

He grabs one and goes to put it in, but the car is turned off, so he has to turn the car back on. Every passing second feels like a frustrating eternity.

He again attempts to put the CD in, but there's already a disc in there, so he has to eject that one first, then put in the new one. His patience is being severely tested.

Amanda looks on from the back nervously. The CD starts playing. It's the band Squeeze. Kind of a weird choice.

AMANDA
Squeeze?

JOSH
What?

AMANDA
No, it's fine.

JOSH

Girls saying the word "fine" is like nails on a chalkboard to me.

AMANDA

I didn't mean anything by it. Leave it. Whatever does it for you.

JOSH

This doesn't "do it" for me. I'm not even trying to make a statement like that. You know what? I'm gonna change it.

AMANDA

Don't.

JOSH

No. I'm changing it. It'll just be another second.

He starts furiously flipping through the book again.

AMANDA

Would it be weird if I put my shirt back on?

JOSH

Don't! Hold on, I will be right there.

Josh turns and leans into the backseat to kiss her.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Unless I mean, do you wanna put your shirt back on?

AMANDA

I just think maybe I'd be more comfortable.

She reaches to grab her shirt and knocks her purse over. A GIANT BAG OF METH falls out of her purse.

JOSH

Hey Heisenberg, what's with the giant bag of meth?

AMANDA

The fuck! That dude must have stashed it in my purse while I was in the bathroom. Shit. I really hate that guy.

JOSH

Well, crap. We gotta get rid of it.
Now. No, we have to take it to the
cops I guess? Turn it in.

AMANDA

Or I'll just throw it out the
window.

JOSH

What if an animal eats it? Like
some raccoon eats all that meth and
then goes on a rampage?

AMANDA

Fine, I'll just throw it in the
garbage.

JOSH

You can't just throw a giant bag of
drugs in the garbage.

AMANDA

Why not?

JOSH

What if a baby finds it?

AMANDA

Why is there a baby in the
garbage?!?

JOSH

I. don't. know!! These drugs are
tearing us apart. We have to get
rid of them. We have to go to the
police.

She looks at him lustily.

AMANDA

Can we do it *tomorrow*?

JOSH

Absolutely!

AMANDA

That easy? I really thought --

RAP RAP RAP!

There's rap on the window and a flashlight pointing in.

JOSH AND AMANDA

SHIT!

Amanda hops on top of the bag of drugs and sits on them uncomfortably.

Josh reaches over and manually rolls down the window while Amanda struggles to make herself look at ease.

STEVE

Evening perverts. Oh hey! You two.
Fancy meeting you here.

JOSH

Oh hi, Officer.

Amanda waves a grudging hello, keeping her arms close to her body.

STEVE

You two creeps do realize this is a
public place, right?

AMANDA

What are you doing here?

STEVE

What are *YOU* doing here? What is
this?

AMANDA

Are you fucking stalking me, Steve?

STEVE

Don't flatter yourself.

AMANDA

Well it's kind of weird running
into you again.

STEVE

I don't know Amanda, maybe you're
trying to get *my* attention, and
that's why you keep doing trashy
illegal shit where you know I'm
going to catch you.

AMANDA

Fuck off.

STEVE

I should write you a ticket. Acting
like a complete whore in public.

JOSH
Hey, is that necessary guy?

STEVE
(to Amanda)
This guy? Really? Honestly Mandy,
what are you doing?

STEVE (CONT'D)
(to Josh)
I can't shake the feeling that
we've met before.

AMANDA
Oh just leave him alone. If you're
going to write me a ticket then
please just write it so we can go.

STEVE
You also realize that homeless
gentleman over there has been
watching you guys?

Josh looks in the direction the cop nodded towards. A crazy-faced homeless man nearby is eyeing the car and smiling maniacally. It's unsettling.

JOSH
That I did not realize.

AMANDA
That is regrettable.

STEVE
I'm gonna be honest with you. You
guys look a little old for this
shit.

JOSH
We know!

STEVE
Well let's just consider this one a
warning.

AMANDA
Thank you soooo much for your
kindness great and powerful Steve.

STEVE
Hey crybaby, If I were you, I'd put
my clothes back on.

She flips him off and he walks away.

JOSH

I really do not like that guy.

Amanda pulls the giant bag of meth out from underneath her ass.

AMANDA

That was tense. Damn. These drugs are so pointy.

JOSH

Holy shit. I totally forgot about the drugs! Fuck.

AMANDA

Really? Really? Wow. Incredible.

INT. GARRET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Garret and Stacy still sit in his living room. He's got music on, but nobody looks comfortable.

GARRET

Do you wanna watch TV?

STACY

Not really. I mean, if you want to. Sure.

GARRET

Maybe like a movie?

She just shrugs.

GARRET (CONT'D)

Hear any good jokes lately?

STACY

No.

GARRET

Anyone ever tell you you're really quiet?

STACY

I just don't like to initiate conversations.

GARRET

Or participate in them?

STACY

That way I only have to talk to people who really want to talk to me.

GARRET

You must be a lot of fun at parties.

STACY

Right.

GARRET

I bet babies always cry when you hold them.

STACY

That's not even funny, because it's true.

GARRET

I know it is.

STACY

They like instantly start crying. And it sucks, because when someone is like, "*do you want to hold the baby?*" You can't just be like, "*Nope.*" You have to hold the baby. It's like being afraid of dogs; people pretend to understand but really they just think there's something wrong with you.

He laughs a little bit and she gets self-conscious.

STACY (CONT'D)

Maybe it's a quantity/ quality thing. Maybe the conversations I do have are of a much better quality. Did you consider that?

GARRET

Maybe. But if everyone did the same thing, no one would ever talk.

STACY

Or maybe they would only talk when they had something really important to say.

GARRET

Huh.

STACY

Or maybe I just have really poor social skills.

GARRET

It's worth exploring.

STACY

I just don't know how everyone always knows what to say.

GARRET

I just talk until I get sick of the sound of my own voice. It takes like 17 hours. Then I go to sleep, wake up, and do it all over again.

She looks at him quizzically.

GARRET (CONT'D)

You relax. I'll just talk for the both of us. You want a drink?

STACY

Yes. Please.

GARRET

I have beers, or I might have some vodka or something in the freezer, but I don't know if I have anything to mix it with.

STACY

A beer would be fine. Thank you.

He walks into his kitchen, we hear the fridge open and close. He returns with the two beers. He opens one and hands it to her.

STACY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

They both take a swig. She actually seems a little bit more relaxed.

STACY (CONT'D)

What kind of guy is Josh?

GARRET

He's great. You don't have to worry about her. I mean, I know how he acts sometimes, but he's really a pretty decent guy.

STACY

What about you? What kind of guy are you?

GARRET

Me? I'm the nicest guy I know.

STACY

I hear nice guys finish last.

GARRET

Sometimes it feels that way.

They go back to their drinks.

STACY

I'm sorry I lost it before. I feel embarrassed now. Carrying on like that.

GARRET

I was worried you were going to ask me to say something.

STACY

What do you mean?

GARRET

Like give a eulogy or something. I was trying to think of one really fast just in case.

She smiles.

STACY

I would actually love to hear that.

GARRET

I don't remember what I'd thought of. It wasn't very good.

STACY

That's okay. I don't know what you're supposed to say in a situation like that.

GARRET

I barely knew the guy.

STACY

He was impulsive. And daring.

GARRET
He had a real devil-may-care
attitude.

They both giggle.

STACY
(serious)
It's still sad though.

GARRET
Yes. Of course.

EXT. JOSH'S CAR - NIGHT

Josh and Amanda are now fully clothed, sitting on the trunk of his car, bouncing pebbles off a metal flag pole like petulant children.

JOSH
I am an adult man and all I have
are motherfucking teenage problems.

AMANDA
What about debt? I feel like that's
an adult problem. I always feel
like a grown-ass person whenever
I'm thinking about how much debt
I'm drowning in.

JOSH
True.

AMANDA
And what about this giant bag of
drugs?

She picks up the bag of meth.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I never had a bag of drugs like
this in high school. If I did I'd
be dead now. And you'd be talking
to a ghost.

JOSH
We've gotta get rid of those drugs.

AMANDA
No way. I'm definitely not going to
the police station now. If I have
to see that guy again tonight I'm
gonna fucking lose it. For real.

JOSH
I still can't believe you dated
that asshole.

AMANDA
Easy. I only went out with him a
couple times. And then I totally
blew him off.

JOSH
Ewww.

AMANDA
No, I blew him off, like I stopped
seeing him.

JOSH
Good.

AMANDA
I told him I was deploying.

JOSH
What? Like in the Army? You were in
the Army?

AMANDA
I was lying.

JOSH
Oh. Right.

Beat.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Well, you only dated him a couple
of times, so at least you didn't
sleep with him.

AMANDA
(lying)
Rrrright...

Changing the subject,

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I can't believe I got busted trying
to get it on in a car. I feel like
such a skank. That is exactly why I
don't do people in cars.

JOSH
Sorry, I thought it was late enough
that it would be fine.

She shrugs.

JOSH (CONT'D)

It used to be so much easier to do this, like, hook up with people. Not that I was hooking up with people all the time, but it was so much easier back in the day.

AMANDA

I know what you mean.

Josh looks at her a little funny.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

On the plus side, I never have to share the bed.

JOSH

That's a plus for you?

AMANDA

I've never been a good sleeper. I wake up a lot. I've got a restless disposition. Lots of tossing and turning. I'm lucky if I get six hours a night. That's a good night for me.

JOSH

I sleep great. I could nap right now. All I'd have to do is close my eyes. But I won't, because I'm driving and that would be incredibly dangerous.

AMANDA

That's a gift.

JOSH

I actually hate sleeping alone.

AMANDA

When you have a nightmare, do you crawl into bed with your parents?

JOSH

Hey now.

AMANDA

Sorry. Cheap shot.

JOSH

I sleep with my dog.

AMANDA

That's cute. But also kind of gross.

JOSH

I don't know why everyone says that. She's a very clean dog.

Amanda just sits there while Josh drives.

AMANDA

It's getting late. Maybe you should just drop me off.

JOSH

Yeah, sometimes you gotta know when to fold 'em.

They both hop off the car.

INT. GARRET'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Stacy is now sitting on the couch with Garret. She's at the opposite end of the couch, but this is progress. He's still yammering away.

GARRET

So out of nowhere her dog just bites my leg and I'm trying to play it off like I didn't even notice, like it's not a big deal, right? But then I start bleeding, just bleeding, right through my jeans. Profusely. And she's all, "Oh my god. You're bleeding." And I'm just trying to play it off, like "huh, am I?"

STACY

You probably should have just walked away.

GARRET

I absolutely should have walked away. No question. But I thought I still had a shot, you know?

STACY

People put way too much stock in their dog's opinions. Like they have some special intuition to see into your soul. They don't.

GARRET

Everyone's always, "My dog is so smart, my dog is a genius." He's not. He's very, very stupid. I don't care if he's a seeing eye dog who says "I love you" - he still looks in a mirror and thinks it's another dog. Is that something geniuses do? Really?

They both laugh for a second.

STACY

Can I show you something?

He nods. Sure.

She lifts her shirt. Under her shirt is a tank top, tucked tight into her jeans. She yanks it out and lifts it up. Where her belly button should be it's smooth, flat, shiny - scar tissue.

GARRET

You're a robot! I knew it.

STACY

When I was twelve I got hit by a car.

GARRET

Jesus, I'm such an idiot. I'm so sorry.

STACY

I was riding my bike to Amanda's house and someone just ran me over and drove away. I had all this internal damage. And then I got an infection. I wound up spending almost a year in bed, in and out of the hospital. I watched ALOT of tv.

GARRET

We can go back and bury the squirrel. I can drive.

STACY

No, it's okay... When I went back to school everyone else seemed so much older, you know? I felt like this baby. So much happens so fast in middle school.

(MORE)

STACY (CONT'D)

I left and came back and everyone was dating and I felt like I was so far behind... I was so self-conscious.

GARRET

I was the shortest kid in my class until I grew six inches senior year. So everyone thought I was a baby, that and this baby face, but I guess that's not really the same.

STACY

Hey, you're a nice guy.

GARRET

Girls sure are always saying that. See also: Un-bang-able.

STACY

You're a nice guy. I'm not going to be sad for you because you didn't get your penis touched more in high school, because, you know, child soldiers and stuff, but you are a nice guy, and any girl who thinks that a guy being "nice" somehow makes him less desirable is probably terrible.

GARRET

So you desire me?

STACY

I didn't say that. I definitely didn't say that.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S CAR - SAME

Amanda sees Stacy's Jetta parked on the street.

AMANDA

Holy shit. Stacy's car. Is that Garret's place? Tell me that's not Garret's place.

JOSH

Ha! Good for him.

AMANDA

You've got to be fucking kidding me. That scandalous wench!

JOSH

Ha!

AMANDA

Oh, we are definitely still doing it!

JOSH

Yeah? Girls are crazy.

AMANDA

This night's not over yet.

JOSH

Is that an order?

AMANDA

Kind of. Yes.

JOSH

I love your enthusiasm right now.
It's scary but also so hot.

The wheels are spinning.

AMANDA

What are we gonna do? Where can we go?

JOSH

This is great. I have an idea...
You definitely still want to do me?

AMANDA

Do girls wear black leggings to the airport?

JOSH

I have no idea. Do they?

AMANDA

Yes. They do.

JOSH

Like yoga pants?

AMANDA

Yes. Whatever. Just drive.

He turns the car around and drives.

Speeding, they look up at a yellow streetlight. He pushes the pedal to the floor, motoring through it.

At the exact same time, both Amanda and Josh kiss their fingertips and slap the roof of the car, naturally, as if it were a reflex.

He smiles at her, and she just sort of squints back at him, almost suspiciously, spooked by their shared behavior.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tee-tee's. Josh's place of employment.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Josh unlocks the door to the restaurant.

AMANDA

Why didn't you think of this before?

JOSH

I dunno. Fear for my job?

AMANDA

Why? You think we'll get caught?

JOSH

No, it's fine. Just don't steal anything.

AMANDA

Does eating stuff count as stealing?

JOSH

Are you hungry?

AMANDA

Always at least a little.

JOSH

You want sweet or savory?

AMANDA

Sweet.

INT. RESTAURANT WALK-IN - NIGHT

They're sitting in the walk-in and she's eating a creme brulee with a spoon. He's got a bottle of something.

AMANDA

This is so good, did you make this?

JOSH

No. They order them from somewhere.

AMANDA

Well it's really good.

JOSH

There's a chocolate torte that's pretty sick too.

She's tucked into the dessert and he's just stares at her.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You know what I like about you?

AMANDA

What?

JOSH

You're a good sport.

AMANDA

Right back at ya' pal. Switch?

They trade. He grabs the dessert and she takes a healthy swig out of the bottle.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Isn't this that place with the twelve minute birthday song?

JOSH

Yup. 'Tee-tee's. Home of the twelve minute birthday song.'

She laughs.

JOSH (CONT'D)

It's really only like a ten minute birthday song. There's two minutes in the middle that's just a series of claps... But I hear that's actually the hardest part to learn.

AMANDA

That is fascinating.

JOSH
Can I ask you a question?

AMANDA
Shoot.

JOSH
I feel... like we're getting along really well. It's like, as difficult as this night has been, it's also been really, on another level, uh, easy?

AMANDA
That's really more of a statement, Josh.

JOSH
So is this just like an animal lust thing for you then, cool kid?

AMANDA
What if it is?

He keeps staring at her. He puts his plate down.

JOSH
You are super gorgeous.

She locks eyes with him.

AMANDA
Thanks.

They stay on each other's eyes for a moment, then he leans in and kisses her, sweet and soft.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
In here?

He shrugs.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'm a little cold.

JOSH
Of course you are, you're a girl. You have icy girls' blood. Let's go downstairs.

INT. RESTAURANT DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

They rush down the STAIRS. Josh is in front. He holds her hand, leads her.

It opens up, revealing,

A WOMAN, Josh's manager, Becky, on all fours - bra, no shirt, skirt hiked up, GETTING IT FROM BEHIND from some BUSBOY.

Josh SCREAMS like a woman.

JOSH

Holy shit, I am so sorry.

Josh spins around and is confronted by,

BARE MAN ASS. A second BUSBOY, turned around, half-bent over doing a line of blow. There are open bottles around. This is a hell of a party.

Josh, still holding onto Amanda's hand, runs back up the stairs dragging her with him. Josh's boss calls after him.

They whisper to each other loudly,

JOSH (CONT'D)

Well shit.

AMANDA

Who was that?

Amanda laughs and covers her mouth with her hand to choke the sound. She is on the verge of hysterics. Josh looks shocked.

JOSH

That was my manager.

Becky emerges at the top of the stairs. She's buttoning her shirt as she steps into the room.

BECKY

Hello Josh.

JOSH

Oh, hi Becky.

BECKY

I'd like to apologize for what you saw down there.

Josh stares down at his feet. He can't look her in the eye.

JOSH
I didn't really see anything. There
was a lot going on. I'll just leave
now.

BECKY
What were you doing here, anyway?
Who's that with you?

JOSH
(stammering)
Uhhh....

BECKY
It's not important. Not right now.
Here's what I need, Josh. I need to
know that this can stay between us.

A light bulb goes off in Josh's head and he decides to seize
this opportunity.

JOSH
I need to be full time. I need 40
hours. Every week.

BECKY
Fine. Done.

Holy shit, it worked.

JOSH
And I need a raise?

BECKY
How much?

JOSH
I want a buck more an hour.

She pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

BECKY
I can do that.

JOSH
Awesome.

She takes a drag of her cigarette.

BECKY
Josh?

JOSH
Yeah?

BECKY
I would have given you two.

Shit.

JOSH
I want two.

She clicks her tongue, chastising him.

BECKY
Don't get greedy, Josh.

JOSH
I am bad at negotiating.

BECKY
Here...

She rifles through her wallet and pulls out some bills.

BECKY (CONT'D)
...I've got 180 dollars. Take it.

He takes it.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Great. That means we're friends
now. And friends don't tell each
other's secrets.

She stares him down.

JOSH
Got it.

BECKY
Josh?

JOSH
Yeah?

BECKY
Get the fuck out of here. And stop
stealing food. Your girlfriend has
creme brulee all over her face.

There actually is some food on her face.

AMANDA
It's not *all* over my face. That is
an exaggeration.

She sheepishly wipes her face.

BECKY
Goodbye Josh.

She raises her eyebrows and shoots him a very impatient look.

JOSH
Sorry. Bye.

As they walk back to the car,

JOSH (CONT'D)
Can you be super quiet? I can just
sneak you into my mom's place.

AMANDA
Pffffff. That sounds like my
nightmare. No way.

JOSH
What else what else what else???
What about a car wash?

AMANDA
A car wash? Those only last like 15
seconds.

JOSH
I can do that.

AMANDA
Shut up. There's a 24 hour bowling
alley. The bathroom there is pretty
clean.

JOSH
Oh yeah?

AMANDA
What? Chill out... uh.... Wait!
Stacy is at Garret's. So her room
is empty. We can just go her place.
I'll have her roommate let us in.

JOSH
What time is it?

AMANDA
It's fine. Her roommate loves me.
Let's go.

INT. GARRET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy and Garret sit comfortably close, just shy of actual physical contact.

STACY

I'm so jealous. That sounds so great. I always wanted brothers and sisters.

GARRET

Nah, they're over-rated. I'm jealous of you. Only child? Sounds like a great deal to me.

STACY

I don't know. I always thought, maybe I'd be different, if I had a sister or something. I think I was kind of a lonely kid.

GARRET

I think that's normal.

He reaches over and almost touches her, then feigns and puts his hand on the couch in between them instead.

She's suddenly embarrassed by her openness. She looks at her watch.

STACY

Look at me. I can't believe it's this late. You probably can't wait to get rid of me. Can I just, use your bathroom?

GARRET

Yeah, go for it.

Is she leaving? Shit. Garret sits panicking trying to think of some way to keep her from going. He's in the middle of a mumbly inaudible pep talk when Stacy comes running out of the bathroom.

STACY

Ha! You liar!

She holds up a small fancy looking jar of some sort. Garret recognizes it instantly. Shit.

STACY (CONT'D)

Not only do you use hair product, but you use, a thirty-six dollar hair product.

(MORE)

STACY (CONT'D)

It still has the price sticker on it. I don't use thirty-six dollar products. That is crazy.

GARRET

Did you go through my medicine cabinet?

STACY

You gave me permission!

GARRET

(yelling)

Of course I use hair products! And yes, I use a thirty-six dollar texturing paste. You know what? It smells incredible. Incredible.

He's completely unapologetic.

GARRET (CONT'D)

No one's hair just looks like this. No one wakes up and just looks this awesome. No one.

STACY

Wow.

GARRET

You know what? I use fancy conditioner too. Guess how much that costs?

STACY

How much?

GARRET

Twenty-eight dollars! And it's in a teeny tiny bottle. And I love it. I love the way it makes my hair soft and shiny. I love it.

Stacy is shocked into laughter. And then Garret starts laughing. They laugh until they are almost in tears.

After they calm down and collect themselves,

GARRET (CONT'D)

Wanna go through the rest of my stuff?

EXT. STACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amanda bangs on the door. She's probably still a little drunk.

JOSH
I don't think anyone's home. I
don't see a car.

AMANDA
Then we're just going to have to
break in.

AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

JOSH
That window is open a crack. Give
me a boost so I can pry it open.

She boosts him up, but halfway through realizes how ridiculous that is.

They switch and then he boosts her up. She tries to pry at the window while he tries to hold her steady.

AMANDA
I can't get it. My hands aren't
strong enough. I just have these
weird chubby little kid hands. Ah!

JOSH
Damnit. Let me try.

They go back to her giving him a very precarious boost up. He manages to slide it open, but then she drops him.

He backs up, gets a running start, and throws himself at the window, accidentally busting through the screen. He hangs for a moment before he clumsily pulls himself through.

An OLD NEIGHBOR LADY walking her dog takes notice.

AMANDA
(to the neighbor)
Mind your business.

Amanda tries to jump to the window but she just immediately falls. Horrible attempt.

She reaches up and he tries to pull her in.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Fucking shit. You're ripping my arm
out of the socket.

He lets her go.

JOSH
Here, I'll come back out.

He jumps back out and boosts her in.

AMANDA
Now jump back in.

He tries to get a running start and jump again but this time he can't lift himself.

JOSH
I think I used up all my arm strength. These things are like noodles now. I can't do it!

AMANDA
Stop dicking around and get in here! It looks like we're breaking in.

JOSH
Actually, it looks like we're taking turns breaking in.

Josh gears up again to get another running start and manages to hang on to the window.

He starts pulling himself in but gets stuck halfway. Amanda tries to yank him in.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Agh! You're ripping my skin. I think I got fatter, just in like the last minute.

A flashlight shines directly at them.

STEVE
Really? Really?

Josh drops back to the ground. Amanda climbs out of the window.

AMANDA
This is a classic misunderstanding.

JOSH
You have got to be fucking kidding me.

AMANDA

My friend lives here. I'll call her. She can clear this up.

She dials her phone. No answer.

STEVE

What is the matter with you two?

JOSH

I'm a little bit fat and it's a very small window.

STEVE

(to Amanda)

Why didn't you just go around and open the door for him?

AMANDA

Obviously because I didn't think of that!

JOSH

Where was this guy ten minutes ago? Am I right?

STEVE

Your name's Joshua.

JOSH

What's your point?

STEVE

It took me a little bit, but I remembered. We went to high school together. You were a grade below me.

JOSH

I guess I sort of remember you.

STEVE

I think you do remember me, Joshua.

JOSH

Stop saying my name like that.

STEVE

What's the problem, Joshua?

JOSH

Fine. I remember you. So what? We weren't friends in high school.

STEVE

That's right. We weren't. You know why? Because you were a fat loser.

JOSH

Enough.

STEVE

What do you do for a living Joshua?

JOSH

I'm done. I'm not having this conversation with you.

STEVE

What do you do now? Besides sleep with easy targets.

JOSH

Don't say another word.

STEVE

Or what?

JOSH

Can I ask you a question?

STEVE

Go right ahead.

JOSH

If I was to say, hit you in your face, would you arrest me, or call a bunch of your cop friends and have them kick my ass?

STEVE

Would that stop you?

JOSH

I don't suppose it would.

AMANDA

This is ridiculous. Knock it off. Both of you.

STEVE

This has nothing to do with you, slutsville.

JOSH

That's it. Outside. Now.

STEVE
We're already outside.

JOSH
Perfect!

The two guys pace around, and size each other up despite Amanda's continued protestations.

STEVE
Have you ever been in a fight
before, Joshua?

Fucking with him,

JOSH
I thought this was a dance-off.

STEVE
It's a fight.

JOSH
A dance fight?

STEVE
Funny guy. You know what's going to
be funny? When I beat the shit out
of you in front of your beautiful,
slutty girlfriend.

JOSH
Shut the fuck up, Steve.

STEVE
I'm doing you a favor here. I wish
someone would have warned me before
I wasted my time with that skank.

JOSH
SHUT. THE. FUCK. UP. STEVE.

Steve cackles.

STEVE
You did a little P90X and now you
think you can kick my ass?
Adorable.

Josh throws a serious punch, but Steve catches his fist and holds it. The two start wrestling and Steve wrestles Josh to the ground and pins him down.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Why don't you just give up?

Through his teeth,

JOSH

Oh my god, I hate you so much right now.

Josh is a ball of rage. He musters a burst of energy and after a little grappling, he manages to throw Steve over and gets on top of him.

He SMACKS him once across the face and starts choking him.

He SMACKS him again. Amanda squawks as she tries to pry him off.

Steve lets out a huge FART. Really rips it.

Josh jumps up in disgust. Amanda is shocked.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What the fuck dude?

Steve starts cracking up.

STEVE

You should see the look on your face, man! Classic!

JOSH

The fuck is wrong with you? Stop laughing you creep.

STEVE

(cackling)

You know it's bad when you can smell it outside. Oh boy!

JOSH

You're a real dick.

STEVE

Lighten up.

JOSH

You know what? Maybe I don't have my shit together right now, but you know what I just realized? At least I'm not you. I get to wake up every day and I'm not you. And that's something.

Steve is still cackling.

STEVE

Ouch.

He fake pouts.

AMANDA

C'mon. Let's go.

JOSH

FINE!

AMANDA

Why are you yelling at me?

JOSH

I DON'T KNOW!

AMANDA

Well stop it!

JOSH

I'M SORRY!

He collects himself.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm sorry. I'm just having a difficult time winding down right now.

He takes a deep breath.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I've never been in a fight before.

AMANDA

I'm not sure that counts.

Steve stands up and dusts himself off.

STEVE

Careful man. If you sleep with her she'll probably cry after. She does that.

A reflex reaction, she WHACKS him across the face with her purse.

The GIANT BAG OF METH falls to the ground. They all stare at it.

AMANDA

Pffffffffffffff.... About that....

STEVE

Yeah... You guys are probably going to need to come down to the station with me.

AMANDA

Yup.

Amanda and Josh nod their heads in agreement.

INT. GARRET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy and Garret walk around his apartment. She inspects the place, scouring the shelves, examining random items. Her phone rests on the coffee table, the notification light blinking, but she doesn't notice.

She grabs a skateboard.

STACY

A skateboard? Really?

GARRET

I don't really use it anymore.

STACY

Did you ever?

GARRET

Sure. When I was a teenager.

STACY

I can't really picture that. To be honest with you, I thought this was going to be more exciting.

She's getting bored. His stuff is boring. Lots of technical books and Ikea furniture.

In the hallway, she comes across a locked door.

STACY (CONT'D)

What's in there?

GARRET

That would be my office.

STACY

You have an office? Fancy. Can I go in there?

GARRET

It's a mess.

STACY
I don't mind.

Garret looks nervous.

GARRET
You have to promise not to laugh at me.

STACY
See? Now I'm intrigued.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Josh and Amanda sit in neighboring jail cells separated by a thin wall.

JOSH
We don't have to talk about it.

AMANDA
I'm divorced.

JOSH
Divorced? How the fuck old are you?

AMANDA
Wow. Thanks!

JOSH
Sorry, I just -

AMANDA
I got married young. And I moved away for a few years.

JOSH
Why?

AMANDA
It seemed like a good idea at the time... And then when it didn't work out I just felt like a failure. I felt like an idiot. I still feel so embarrassed.

JOSH
That's stupid.

AMANDA
No, your tattoo is stupid. And that's forever.

JOSH

Touche'. Well, give it like five more years and you'll probably know way more divorced people.

AMANDA

I think it's like, if I can make one decision that bad, I feel like I can't trust any of my decisions.

JOSH

Realistically, you probably are going to make, I dunno, a million more bad decisions. What's the alternative? Make no decisions?

AMANDA

Steve was the first guy I dated after getting divorced. And I did cry in front of him. It was so fucking lame. I just never spoke to him again. It was either that or move and start over in a new town with a new name.

JOSH

Seems extreme.

She gets choked up a little bit. He can't see her, but he can hear her starting to cry. He's genuinely concerned.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Amanda?

She can't stop it. Tears start rolling down her cheeks.

AMANDA

Oh God. It's happening again. Fuck. This is mortifying. I could die right now. I'm like a big gross mess. This isn't me. I swear.

He pulls a crumpled handkerchief out of his pocket and hands it to her. She shakes it out, looks at it.

Through tears,

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This is disgusting.

JOSH

Then give it back to me. If you keep crying I'm probably going to start crying.

AMANDA

What? Why?

JOSH

I dunno. I'm very easily moved. I just have to see someone crying and that's usually enough for me. I love a good cry. I'll watch, like, Beaches or whatever. Toy Story 3. I don't care. Love it. There's nothing wrong with enjoying the full range of human emotion.

AMANDA

You are such a weirdo.

JOSH

I think emotional maturity is second only to actual maturity, and in the immortal words of Meatloaf, one out of two ain't bad.

She's still struggling to reign in her tears.

AMANDA

He definitely didn't say tha --

JOSH

Great. A Meatloaf expert. So... there's an idea I have, it's stupid though, I haven't told anyone. It's just something I've been thinking about for a while.

AMANDA

The suspense is killing me.

She blows her nose into the handkerchief.

JOSH

Well, I hate my job, but I sort of like cooking. And I think I'm pretty good at it. I don't wanna really be a "chef" or anything, but I think I'd like to open a small place. An egg sandwich place?

AMANDA

Egg sandwiches? Just egg sandwiches?

JOSH

Yeah. Like 35 different egg sandwiches.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

I mean, I only have like 28 right now, but I feel like 35 is a good number.

He continues, excited but serious,

JOSH (CONT'D)

I mean, I think egg sandwiches are great at all times of the day. I eat them for lunch, dinner, whatever, but I understand that the greatest demand for them is in the morning.

AMANDA

You're serious about this.

JOSH

Yeah. I am. Hearing it out loud just now, I really think I am. Just like a simple concept, but with good execution.

AMANDA

Hash browns?

JOSH

Maybe. I don't know. I just feel like egg sandwiches are the perfect food, and that people might appreciate a place that had a lot of egg sandwich options.

She laughs.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Don't laugh at me.

AMANDA

I'm not. I like it. I actually think it's a great idea. I really do. You should do it.

They both smile, but they're still down, feeling defeated.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I really wanted tonight to work, you know?

JOSH

I know. I did too. It's okay. We tried.

AMANDA

We tried. Pfff. What's that worth? I've been doing a lot of trying lately. It's starting to feel like that's all I do. Lots of trying.

JOSH

It's not that bad.

AMANDA

It is. I really needed this. I can't take it anymore. I've had forty job interviews. Do you know how many that is? How much crappy small talk? Forty. That's how many times I didn't get picked. You don't know what that's like. You don't understand.

JOSH

I don't understand?

She shakes her head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

So you're divorced. So you live with your sister and your job sucks and you're dealing with near-constant rejection.

AMANDA

Are you going somewhere with this?

JOSH

So your job sucks. So what? My job sucks. I felt like shit this morning but you know what? Right now I feel pretty fucking good. I do. When I woke up today I didn't know any of this shit was going to happen. And I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow. And you don't know what's going to happen tomorrow. Maybe it's going to be something good.

AMANDA

Maybe it'll be something shitty.

JOSH

Maybe. All I know is I met you today and that was really good.

This hangs in the air a moment.

AMANDA

It might not be the best time for me, for a relationship. Maybe I just need this time, to work on me.

JOSH

Bull-shit. Don't punish yourself for not having the life you think you're supposed to have.

AMANDA

That's adorable. Did you read that on a pillow?

JOSH

It's like, even when life sucks, it's still kind of awesome and amazing and worth being excited about.

AMANDA

You should take your own advice.

JOSH

You might be right.

AMANDA

For what it's worth, I like hanging out with you, all right?

She reaches and curls her hand around the bars. He does the same and they touch finger tips.

Someone at the station yells over to them,

POLICE STATION GUY

Amanda Kelley?

AMANDA

Yes?

POLICE STATION GUY

Come on, follow me.

He opens her cell. She looks at Josh.

AMANDA

I'll be right back. I got this.
Like one minute.

She runs back and gives him a quick kiss, before following the impatient officer.

INT. GARRET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stacy and Garret push open the door to his office revealing...

A SCALE MODEL roughly the size of a ping-pong table. There's grass and trees and small buildings and tiny cars. It's beautiful.

STACY

Oh. My. God.

She walks around the table and takes a closer look.

STACY (CONT'D)

Wait, are those dinosaurs? Holy shit. What is this? Don't tell me this is --

GARRET

It's just a scale model of Jurassic Park.

She really lights up now. We see a new side of her.

STACY

What do you mean, "just a scale model of Jurassic Park"? This is awesome! This is the best thing I've ever seen. This is seriously so amazing. You made this?

GARRET

It's just a hobby.

STACY

Can I touch it?

GARRET

Of course. Go for it.

She picks up and plays with the various parts.

STACY

These tiny cars are perfect. Did you paint them? Oh look, you have the raptor enclosure. And the goat! You have the goat!

GARRET

I've been working on it for a while.

STACY

How long?

GARRET

I don't know. In my spare time, for the last 18 months.

STACY

18 months?! That is such a long time. You are completely insane. I love it. I absolutely love it.

GARRET

That is surprising and great.

STACY

On the count of three, who's your favorite character. One, two, three

GARRET

Muldoon!

STACY

Muldoon!

She keeps playing with the elaborate set-up.

GARRET

It still needs a lot of work.

STACY

How much did this cost?

GARRET

That's not really a number that I'm comfortable divulging.

STACY

Well it's beautiful. Absolutely beautiful.

GARRET

You are.

She kisses him. A quick peck on the lips. They pull back and look at each other.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Amanda's scary sister KATHLEEN, (Amanda in ten years), stands in front of the station lecturing her while Josh stands sheepishly at her side.

KATHLEEN

You are unbelievably lucky. Do you know how lucky you are? Good thing your sister is a lawyer.

AMANDA

They weren't my drugs. I wasn't lying about that. I'm just having a really bad night.

KATHLEEN

What is going on with you? I don't know what goes through your head. Who's this loser?

He's looking pretty disheveled and dirt-baggy by this point in the night.

AMANDA

Kathleen, Josh. Josh, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

I don't know what to say. I'm speechless.

She pauses. She's bitchy, but also actually worried.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Well, I had to drop the kids off at mom's because I didn't want to bring my children to A POLICE STATION in the middle of the night so now I have to go get them. This is how you thank me? For everything I do for you?

JOSH

We can go pick them up if you want.

KATHLEEN

Seriously, who the fuck is this guy? I'm about to kill him. I'm going to hit him with my car.

Amanda gives Josh the "you should probably stay out of this" signal.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Amanda? Go home.

She looks directly at Josh, then back at Amanda.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

And maybe spend some time examining
your life choices. I love you.
Goodbye.

She turns to Josh.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

And you? I don't ever want to see
your jackass face again. It was
nice meeting you. Goodbye.

She walks away, leaving them standing in the parking lot.

JOSH

She seems pretty pissed.

AMANDA

She'll get over it. Or kick me out.
Whatever. Things could be worse.

JOSH

Yeah, I guess so. You could still
be sitting in a jail cell with no
drawers on. Glamorous.

AMANDA

You're stupid.

JOSH

Your mom is stupid.

AMANDA

You live with your mom.

JOSH

No I don't. I live with your mom. I
kicked your dad out.

AMANDA

You're so corny.

JOSH

Sorry.

AMANDA

Hey jerk - kiss me.

He half-heartedly kisses her.

JOSH

Well, it's officially pretty late.

AMANDA

I was just kidding about you being corny.

JOSH

I know, I'm just tired.

AMANDA

I'm tired too. And I wasn't kidding, you're really corny. But it's kind of working for me.

JOSH

Hey, maybe we should just call it a night.

Amanda looks disappointed. Josh sounds beat.

AMANDA

Oh, okay.

JOSH

Hell, no one could say we didn't try.

AMANDA

I guess so...

She props her head up with her hand and thinks for a sec.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

No. Wait. Fuck that.

JOSH

Huh?

AMANDA

Fuck that. Fuck quitting. Everyone gets laid tonight but us? Fuck. That.

JOSH

What do you want me to do?

AMANDA

We have to do this. I'm not ready to just give up. I don't want it to end like this.

JOSH

I don't either, but we don't have a ton of options here.

AMANDA

I feel shitty. I don't like this.

Josh stands up and helps her up.

JOSH

It's okay, Amanda. It's just one night of our lives.

AMANDA

What are you like Mr. Maturity now?

He grabs his keys out of his pocket.

JOSH

We don't have to turn this into some symbolic thing. It is what it is.

AMANDA

It is what it is? Why do people say that? It doesn't mean anything. It's stupid. Tell me what it means?

He shakes his head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Wait, my mom!

JOSH

What?

The wheels start spinning...

AMANDA

She lives like 40 minutes away. My sisters house is going to be empty for the next, hour and twenty minutes, at least. You can do me in my room. Let's go there. Now. Let's go.

JOSH

Now?

AMANDA

Come on. One more shot at this thing. And then we can give up.

JOSH

Okay. I'm in.

AMANDA
 Fuck! The car! The car is still
 parked near Stacy's place...

She looks at her watch,

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 Two miles away.

JOSH
 Shit.

AMANDA
 We need to run.

JOSH
 Run?

AMANDA
 Yes. RUN.

She takes off. She is much faster than him.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Their feet hit the pavement hard.

Amanda has a good lead on Josh who struggles to keep up.

He's breathing really heavy and starts flagging.

He's stops to catch his breath and leans over and holds up
 the "one minute" finger.

AMANDA
 What are you doing?

He runs a few more steps, then stops and holds up the "one
 minute" finger again.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 C'mon, you can do this.

JOSH
 I think I'm dying. You are in
 fantastic shape by the way.

AMANDA
 Thank you. We're almost there.
 Let's go.

JOSH
 I just need a minute.

In a fit of exasperation, she flashes him her boobs.

That did the trick. He runs with renewed purpose, like a veritable action star.

INT. GARRET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Garret and Stacy are full-on MAKING OUT. Clothes are being ripped off. Garret looks positively stunned.

Stacy stops for a second. A moment of hesitation? No. She simply turns and locks the door. Jackpot.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh and Amanda are in Amanda's bed. In contrast to their fiery/ trashy make-outs earlier, they're being very tender with each other. Amanda's room is girly and pretty. There's soft music playing and she even lit a candle. It's romantic.

Their bodies move slowly under the sheets. Everything is going perfect...

Until all of a sudden, it's not...

AMANDA

Hey, hold up. What do you think you're doing?

JOSH

Uh, doing you? What's the problem? Did you get your period or something? Because I completely don't care.

AMANDA

Ew. No. Gross. I mean, aren't you going to put a thing on? You know, a *condom*.

JOSH

Funny story. I don't have one.

AMANDA

What do you mean you don't have one?

JOSH

I had one in my wallet, but it's on the bed in that nasty motel.

AMANDA

Don't you have another one?

JOSH

How many condoms do you think I carry on me?

AMANDA

I don't know.

JOSH

One. That's how many.

AMANDA

Oh. So what was your plan here?

JOSH

I don't know. Your stomach? Your boobs? I was going to ask what your preference was, like a little gentleman.

AMANDA

Wow. No. That is a terrible idea.

JOSH

You're not like, on something?

She shakes her head no.

AMANDA

Why didn't you just stop and buy some?

JOSH

Because I'm an idiot.

AMANDA

Shit!

JOSH

Maybe I could use like... saran wrap or something.

AMANDA

Gross. People don't do that in real life.

She looks at him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Tell me you've never done that.

JOSH
I've never done that.

They roll onto their backs and stare up at the ceiling. The same music that sounded romantic moments ago now sounds sad.

INT. GARRET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Garret can't believe his luck. Stacy drops her jeans and now stands, wearing mismatched cotton bra and panties. She wasn't lying when she said she didn't plan this, but she still manages to look incredibly sexy. He's frozen, almost, but she pulls him towards her, grabbing him by his waistband.

She undoes the top button of his shorts and kisses him deeply. Next, she leans in and whispers something in his ear.

The look on his face is shock and amazement.

He opens his mouth, stuttering, grasping at words but she simply covers his mouth with her hand, letting him know that she's running this show.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh and Amanda lay in bed staring up at the ceiling, defeated and exhausted.

JOSH
Do you want me to go back out and run to a gas station?

AMANDA
I don't know, my sister is probably going to be home soon.

More staring. And frustrated sighs.

JOSH
Fuck. I am so pissed at myself right now. Fuck!

AMANDA
Don't be like that.

Optimistic.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
We could still fool around a little...

JOSH

Hey, I mean, we're both tired. It
is what it --

She shushes him placing one finger on his lips.

She starts kissing down his body and disappears. We see
Josh's face. He looks very pleased at first, then confused.

He looks down. Amanda has fallen asleep on his stomach. He
looks down at her peaceful visage and decides to just let her
sleep. He's nearly wiped out himself.

He leans back on the pillow and closes his eyes.

INT. GARRET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Garret and Stacy are straight up BANGING.

Garret bites his lip. He's concentrating hard as Stacy
writhes underneath him.

She grows impatient with him and rolls him over, under the
table, and takes charge. Now on top, she gasps.

Stacy is crouched over a bit under the Jurassic Park table.
She arches, moans - she's loud and he loves it. He lays there
in awe of her struggling to keep up.

In the throws of passion, she hits her head against the
underside of the table and a tree falls off and lands to the
side. They both turn their heads.

STACY

Nice fucking model.

She means it. She laughs and goes back to the business of
doing him. Garret is astonished.

They are the happiest people on Earth.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Both are sleeping peacefully, Amanda draped across his leg,
resting her head on his stomach, sort of like a dog.
Suddenly, what must be headlights flash across the window
accompanied by the sound of tires on gravel.

Amanda wakes with a start.

AMANDA

Fuck!

She jumps up and starts pulling on her clothes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
We have to get up.

JOSH
What is the big deal?

She throws his pants at him.

AMANDA
C'mon. You can't be here. My sister
will flip her shit. I promised not
to bring random guys into her
house.

JOSH
I'm not random. She met me.

AMANDA
Yeah, and she thinks you're a huge
scumbag. We need to get you out of
here.

Sleepy and dazed he starts to sit up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Faster!

Josh stands up, left foot first, then right, but his leg does something funny. It sort of folds under him, he looks like a baby horse taking it's first steps. A look of fear and confusion plays across his face as he crumples to the ground.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Oh my God. Are you okay?

JOSH
My leg is asleep.

He hits his leg.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I can't feel it.

AMANDA
Well it needs to wake up. Now.

JOSH
Maybe if your bones weren't made
out of lead...

Girls love to hear how heavy they are. She glares at him.

AMANDA

I'm going to pretend you didn't
just say that.

Grouchy, he pulls himself and his dead leg into a sitting position on the bed, and shoves his dummy leg into his jeans.

She laughs at him.

JOSH

Don't laugh at me.

He rubs his eyes. She gives him a kiss and helps him with his shirt.

She kneels in front of him to help him with his pants. The DOOR KNOB turns and her sister, Kathleen, walks in, baby in her arms, holding the hand of another small sleepy child.

She sees her sister on the floor kneeling in front of Josh, pants half-removed, and quick covers the baby's eyes. Josh SCREAMS like a woman. Chaos.

KATHLEEN

Oh my god. I'm going to throw up. I
think I'm throwing up.

AMANDA

It's not what it looks like.

JOSH

I am so sorry.

The kids are crying. Flustered, Kathleen hurries out pulling the door closed behind her.

Amanda and Josh stare at each other, mortified.

INT. GARRET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stacy and Garret are racked out exhausted under the table, the good kind of exhausted.

Garret puts a tiny plastic dinosaur on Stacy's stomach and she laughs. He smiles at her. They kiss. Everything's warm and fuzzy.

STACY

Do you maybe want to...

Again? Sheesh. He looks at her and exhales deeply, wipes the sweat from his brow.

GARRET

Yeah, just give me a minute.

EXT. SWINGSET - NIGHT

Amanda and Josh sit on a swingset in Amanda's sister's backyard. The first light of dawn is creeping over the horizon.

JOSH

Was your sister super mad?

AMANDA

Not really. I told her the whole story. The whole night. I know she seems kind of intense, but she's actually really amazing. If I'm anything like her in ten years I'd be doing alright.

JOSH

You're gonna be fine. Better than fine.

AMANDA

Shit. I can't believe I fell asleep.

JOSH

You didn't even do anything weird. You're a very peaceful sleeper. Like a beautiful little angel.

AMANDA

I don't want to talk about it.

JOSH

I mean, you said my name like five times.

AMANDA

I did not.

JOSH

Fine, you didn't.

They swing a little. They both look tired, but content.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Fuck it. Tonight was great!

AMANDA

Oh yeah?

JOSH

Yeah. I had a great time. Looking back, I wouldn't change a thing.

AMANDA

Not one thing?

JOSH

Not one thing.

AMANDA

What about the condom?

JOSH

I would have stopped and bought a condom. Definitely would have done that. Other than that, wouldn't have changed a thing.

AMANDA

What about when you dropped me?

JOSH

Two things. I would have changed two things.

AMANDA

I feel like I could probably think of like, four more things.

JOSH

Hindsight's 20/20.

She laughs.

AMANDA

Hey Josh?

JOSH

Yeah?

AMANDA

What's stopping you? The egg sandwich place?

JOSH

Money. I'm close. No, I'm not. Maybe next year.

AMANDA

I think you should do it. I think you should sell 97 egg sandwiches. Find a way. I think it's a really good idea.

JOSH
I'm gonna try.

He suddenly seems nervous,

JOSH (CONT'D)
Would you want to... maybe... go
out with me sometime?

AMANDA
What? Like a date.

JOSH
Yeah, like a real date. I wanna
take you out. I'll buy you dinner.
I don't know if you heard, but I
have \$180 burning a hole in my
pocket.

Without hesitation,

AMANDA
That would be great. I'd love to.

JOSH
Can I get your number?

AMANDA
Oh yeah, of course.

JOSH
You know, I feel good about this.

He makes a gesture sort of pointing back and forth between
the two of them. Amanda nods. She looks very tired.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I really do. I don't know what it
is, but I just feel really positive
right now, you know?

She doesn't respond.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Amanda?

She has improbably fallen asleep on the swing with her face
resting against the chain holding up the swing.

He reaches over to her to wake her. He touches her shoulder
ever-so-gently.

She wakes with a start and loses her balance and falls
awkwardly to the ground. She looks up at him terrified.

AMANDA

You didn't see my, uh, stuff, girl
stuff, just then, did you?

JOSH

No. I maybe saw it for like a
second. Half a second.

AMANDA

Why wouldn't you just lie to me? Oh
God. I could die.

He helps her up.

JOSH

It's really not a big deal. I
already saw your vagina once today.
At the beach.

AMANDA

Un-fucking-believable. You said you
didn't see anything.

JOSH

Well, I did.

AMANDA

I asked you! You dirty liar.

JOSH

I was being polite. Which is really
hard, when you keep showing me your
vagina.

AMANDA

Stop saying that!

He's cracking himself up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I just don't usually like to flash
my shit around.

JOSH

You have nothing to be ashamed of.
You have a lovely vagina.

AMANDA

Go away now. Now.

JOSH

I really didn't see anything.
Mostly just like the outside.

She starts pushing him in the direction of his car.

AMANDA

Okay. That's enough. Bye Josh. Good night.

JOSH

I'll call you?

AMANDA

Yes. Fine.

JOSH

We should do this again.

AMANDA

Ha!

Josh starts to walk away, but he only gets a few steps before he doubles back.

He grabs Amanda and KISSES her deeply. The way all girls want to be kissed.

He leaves her dazed and breathless and walks back to his car looking extremely self-satisfied.

INT. GARRET'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Stacy pulls on her clothes. She picks up a programming manual on the floor and turns it over in her hand.

STACY

Where do you work, anyway?

GARRET

El Segundo. ABN Solutions.

STACY

Really?! Wait, really? That's so weird. Amanda interviewed there today. Well, yesterday.

GARRET

Small world.

STACY

Maybe you could put in a good word for her or something?

GARRET

No one really listens to me.

She looks at him really sweet, the way girls do when they're trying to manipulate somebody.

STACY

Maybe you could say something anyway. She's really smart and great. I promise. She just needs someone to give her a chance.

He thinks about it.

STACY (CONT'D)

She's my best friend in the world.

GARRET

Yes. Sure. Of course. I'll shoot an email out today.

She starts clapping, super excited. There's not much he wouldn't do for her at this point.

EXT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY

Josh has the food truck up and running and all spiffed up. Well, relatively spiffed up. "EGG SAMMY'S" is printed on the side.

Amanda runs up in some kind of pencil-skirty office attire. She leans into the window and kisses him.

AMANDA

Holy shit - congratulations! It looks amazing-ish. You picking me up in this bad boy tonight?

JOSH

Well, it's my car now. So yes. Hope you like smelling like eggs.

AMANDA

I love it.

JOSH

It has doors. That lock.

AMANDA

Mmmm.... health codes. Have you had any real customers yet?

JOSH

Nah. Just those two assholes.

Amanda looks over and sees Garret and Stacy sitting on the curb eating sandwiches/ staring into each other's eyes.

AMANDA
Those two make me physically ill.

JOSH
I think it's cute.

AMANDA
You would.

Garret and Stacy giggle.

JOSH
They should make a baby. They
should make five babies.

He hands her a little paper basket.

JOSH (CONT'D)
It's called "the Amanda".

She looks at it, skeptical.

AMANDA
What is this?

JOSH
Classic American egg sandwich.
Bacon, egg and cheese on an English
muffin.

AMANDA
I don't get it. What the hell does
that have to do with me?

JOSH
There's a catch. I only use the top
part of the muffin.

AMANDA
No bottom?

JOSH
No bottom.

She examines it. Tries to pick it up.

AMANDA
There is absolutely no way to eat
this.

He turns around to grab her a fork.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Maybe if I try to like, "taco"
it...

She folds it and manages to take a bite. Bright yellow egg yolk squirts down her shirt.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Shitshitshitshitshit. Fuck! My
interview is in like twenty
minutes. Kill me.

She's going to have a meltdown. She tries to wipe the yolk off with her hands, but winds up just smearing ketchup on top of the mess.

JOSH
Here, switch shirts with me.

She looks at his shirt. A worn black t-shirt with a patriotic bald eagle motif. He whips it off and turns it inside out.

They switch shirts. He tucks his shirt into her pants and puts her blazer back on. It kind of works.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You look great.

AMANDA
Do I look normal?

A full blown anxiety attack creeps up on her.

JOSH
Hey... calm down kid. It's your
third interview. They already know
what you look like. It doesn't
matter what you wear, they already
love you. Or they're morons.

It's not working. She's freaking out.

Stacy comes over, steadies her hands on Amanda's shoulders.

STACY
Amanda? You are a person. You are
my favorite person. This is just
some job. You're not looking for
fulfillment or an identity or
whatever, just a job. At the end of
the day, you're still going to be
you. And I'm going to be here.
Okay? You just need to pay your
bills. That's it. You can do this.

Amanda regains her composure. Meanwhile, Josh is getting choked up. He really is a very emotional guy.

STACY (CONT'D)
You've got this.

AMANDA
I got this.

She takes a deep breath and walks off, to her interview.

FADE OUT.