

VERVE

my psycho ex-girlfriend

by

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EXT. NC STATE CAMPUS - NIGHT - 2005

DRUNK STUDENTS litter the campus, stumbling from party to party. Laughing, hooking up, and otherwise making bad choices on their parents' dime.

EXT. PANGBORN FRESHMAN DORM - NIGHT

ANNIE, 18, baby-faced freshman, fumbles for her key card at the door. She's dressed like a drunk pageant queen: ugly satin prom dress, cheap plastic tiara, and a sash that reads "MOST CELLULITE ON UPPER ARMS" across her chest.

There's RUSTLING in the bushes beside her.

JOHN HAYES (HAYES) jumps out. He's 18, wearing a speedo, and his naked torso is smeared with condiments. Mustard, ketchup, we hope that's peanut butter. "PLEDGE PUSSY" scrawled in sharpie across his forehead.

Annie SCREAMS, dousing him in the face with her cup.

ANNIE
AHHH! RAPE! RAPE!

HAYES
Ow my eyes! Stinging! I'm not
raping you, you psycho!

ANNIE
I'm the psycho? You're the one
hiding in the bushes in your
underwear, perv!

HAYES
I'm not a perv. I *live* here.

ANNIE
Then where are your keys? Let me
see your student ID card.

HAYES
They took everything.

ANNIE
Who?

Hayes looks around, fear. Then, whispering--

HAYES
Chi Omega Brothers.

She takes him in, assessing. A flicker of recognition.

ANNIE

You're in my poly sci class. What happened to you?

HAYES

Bad things. I... can't tell you. I've already said too much. Please let me in. They said they'd be back.

Annie goes back to digging in her wallet for her key.

ANNIE

Greek assholes. I'm rushing Delta Gamma. They told us we can't shave until Bid Day. *Anything*.

HAYES

Oof. I heard Delt's are total cunts.

ANNIE

Such cunts! Who do they think they are, y'know? Spoiled waspy bitches. Fuck them.

HAYES

Yeah. The Omegas are total dicks. They took all my clothes and my wallet and dropped me off three miles from campus.

Beat. Annie sighs.

ANNIE

I hope I get in.

HAYES

I know. Me too.

She swipes her key, holds the door for him. His arm is covered in huge red welts under the smeared peanut butter. She stares at it, disgusted. He follows her gaze.

HAYES (CONT'D)

It's not contagious. I have a peanut allergy.

ANNIE

Do you like need a hospital or something?

He turns to show her where the frat guys have stabbed him in the ass with his epi pen.

HAYES

They gave me epinephrine. Swelling
should go down soon.

ANNIE

If you promise not to sexually
assault me, I have some Benadryl
and Hot Pockets in my room.

HAYES

Cool.
(as they walk in)
That was beer you threw on me,
right?

ANNIE

(nope)
Yes.

INT. ANNIE'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Annie and Hayes sit on crappy dorm furniture, eating Hot
Pockets. Talking and laughing. Happy, college-y music plays.

AND OVER HAPPY, COLLEGE-Y MUSIC WE WATCH:

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

SORORITY GIRLS host a "Dog Adoption." Signs advertise "\$10 a
Bitch." Annie and OTHER PLEDGES sit in dog collars on the
grass, barking.

Hayes jogs by in a GROUP OF GUY PLEDGES wearing make-up,
women's lingerie and high heels. He waves to Annie-- tweaks
his ankle and almost falls.

Annie smiles, waves back. A SORORITY SISTER smacks her on the
nose with a rolled-up newspaper.

INT. CHI OMEGA KEGGER - NIGHT

FRAT GUYS and SORORITY GIRLS party. CLOSE ON: Hayes and Annie
talking in a corner. An empty beer can hits him in the face.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: He's naked, holding an open trash bag
covering his parts. PLEDGES are naked, human trash cans.

Annie and her PLEDGE SISTERS, in bikinis, hold trays of Jello
shots. Black sharpie circles all over their bodies, marked
"fat."

Annie and Hayes sneak Jello shots. He leans over, gives her a sloppy, drunken kiss. She's ecstatic.

INT. POLY SCI CLASS - DAY

Hayes sleeps behind dark sunglasses. THE PROFESSOR calls on him. Annie nudges him awake, whispers the answer. He mouths, "thank you." Back to sleep. She stares at him, goofy smile.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Snow falls outside. Hayes and Annie leave with their coffees. He grabs her hand as they walk. Her eyes light up.

INT. HAYES' DORM ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Four extremely hairy legs.

Annie and Hayes make out on his twin bed. In between kisses, Annie quizzes him from a study guide.

ANNIE

What type of congressional committee allows members to develop expertise to handle complex issues?

HAYES

(on her neck)

Pass.

ANNIE

Standing committees. How do special interest groups of today differ from those in late 19th century?

HAYES

(down her chest)

Pass.

ANNIE

(laughing)

I know something you won't pass. This class.

He starts to pull her shirt off. She stops him, embarrassed. Gets up quickly. He looks at her. Surprised.

HAYES

Wait, you're not a... are you?

Yes.

ANNIE
What? No! Are... you?

Yes.

HAYES
Ppffth! No.

ANNIE
I'm just nervous... about tomorrow.
Bid Day and everything. I should
probably get my beauty sleep. Ha.

HAYES
You're already beautiful.

Annie blushes. We feel her heart swell and burst.

ANNIE
Whatever. See you tomorrow.

She walks to the door. Pause. Decision time. She flips the light off instead-- a black light glows. She takes off her shirt. Major armpit hair. She stands, awkward. Hayes walks over. Picks her up, carrying her to his tiny twin bed. She laughs. He kisses her. It's sweet.

INT. HAYES' DORM ROOM - MORNING

Hayes wakes up, no Annie. A note scribbled on his notebook:
"Beat you to the Hill if you keep skipping class!" He smiles.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Bid Day. Campus is covered in Greek signage. Hayes walks to class, texting Annie, "Good luc--"

TWO CHI OMEGA BROTHERS jump out from the bushes, tackling him to the ground. He SHRIEKS! ONE BROTHER, TOM, punches him in the balls. The OTHER throws a green Chi Omega sweatshirt over him. They walk away, laughing.

Hayes wheezes in pain on the ground. Smiles.

INT. MAIL ROOM - SAME

Annie stands by her mailbox. GIRLY SQUEALS! She looks up. TWO PLEDGES with very hairy legs, hold pink razors with the Delta Gamma insignia. Jumping and hugging each other.

Deep breath. Annie opens her mailbox. Empty.

INT. CHI OMEGA FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Hayes parties with his new BROTHERS. His cell rings-- Annie. He's about to answer, but Tom grabs his phone away.

TOM
That the wife calling?

HAYES
She's not my wife.

Tom pretends to talk on the phone. Imitating Annie.

TOM
Are there girls there? I know
there's girls over there. You
better not be talking to any of
those fucking whores.

Everyone LAUGHS. Tom tosses the phone to another BROTHER.

OMEGA BROTHER
(whiny)
What are weee? Are we exclusive?
Are you hooking up with other
girls? I don't fucking care, but
just tell me.
(crazy)
TELL ME RIGHT NOW!

HAYES
No! I'm not... hooking up with any
other girls.

TOM
And *that* right there is your
problem. Look around you. A week
ago if you'd even said hi to these
girls, they'd have stabbed you in
the neck with their sorority pins.
You're Chi Omega now. A whole new
class of legs just opened up for
you. You wife up now, your freshman
year? You'll regret it forever.

Hayes looks around at all THE HOT SORORITY CHICKS. A SEXY
GIRL motions for him to do a keg stand.

His phone RINGS again: Annie. They all stare at him, waiting.
Beat. He hits ignore. ROWDY CHEERS! Tom grins, slapping Hayes
on the back.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's all about upward mobility.

INT. ANNIE'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Annie hangs up. Hits redial. Two Hot Pockets beside her, and a six pack of beer. Three empties strewn on the floor.

Much angrier music plays now, like that Alanis Morissette song that scared the shit out of every guy, ever.

AND OVER SCARY, ANGRY MUSIC, WE WATCH...

INT. CHI OMEGA FRAT HOUSE - MORNING

Hayes wakes up on the couch, Hot Keg Girl next to him. He sits up, rubbing his head. Pulls out his phone. 10 MISSED CALLS. 8 TEXT MESSAGES. ALL ANNIE.

He scrolls through, reading. Alarmed. They're progressively angrier. And drunker. The last one ALL CAPS. "AND YOU'RE A LYING ASSHOLE WHO USES PEOPLE AND..." Whoa.

INT. POLY SCI CLASS - DAY

Annie stares at the back of Hayes' head. Class ends. He jumps up, hurries out. She tries to catch him. He's gone.

EVERY TIME WE SEE ANNIE NOW, SHE'S A LITTLE DARKER. DARKER HAIR, PALE MAKE-UP, BLACK CLOTHES...

INT. HAYES' DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Annie knocks on the door. His ROOMMATE answers, shaking his head no. She sees Hayes through the crack in the door, hiding on his bed.

INT. DORM PARTY - NIGHT

Hayes parties with FRIENDS. His arm around A HOT GIRL. Someone shoves him in the back, spilling his beer. He turns. Annie-- and she's wasted.

She SCREAMS at him, waving a half-empty vodka bottle. PEOPLE STARE, LAUGHING AND MOCKING HER. Hayes, embarrassed, joins in making fun of her. She runs off, humiliated. Crying.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Quiet. Only a handful of STUDENTS. Hayes works on his laptop.

He goes into the bathroom, leaving his stuff. When he returns, on his computer screen: "SAVE CHANGES TO POLY SCI FINAL?" He hesitates, huh? Then hits YES.

EXT. HAYES' CAR - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Hayes makes out with A DIFFERENT HOT GIRL. He looks up. Annie stands across the street, drenched. Watching.

INT. HAYES' DORM ROOM - MORNING

Hayes stumbles out the door, barefoot, carrying his shower caddy. He steps in something. Looks down.

A DEAD PIGEON. Maggots. He hops on one foot, SHRIEKING!

INT. POLY SCI CLASS - DAY

Class ends. Annie brushes past Hayes, won't make eye contact. He watches her, regretful, like he might even say something.

The Professor passes back his paper. A GIANT RED F. "See me."
A large section in the middle circled in red: "FUCK YOU. FUCK THIS CLASS. BLOW ME."

INT. HAYES' DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. The door opens. Light from the hallway illuminating Hayes and a BLONDE BIMBO drunkenly sucking each other's faces.

ANNIE (O.S.)
 Hello John.

Hayes and Bimbo SHRIEK! He flips on the light. Annie sits, cross-legged on the floor.

SHE'S TOTALLY GOTH NOW. Her hair short, dyed black. Pale make-up, red lips, black clothes. Two unlit candles beside her.

HAYES
 What the fuck?! What are you doing?
 How did you get in my room?

ANNIE
 I have powers now. I'm a Wiccan.

BIMBO
 That's not cool. You can't say
 Wigger anymore. It's racist.

ANNIE

Not a Wigger, you moron. A Wiccan.
A witch. I can harness the power of
nature's vibrations to--

BIMBO

Weren't you in my pledge class?
Amy, right? Aww. Sadsies you didn't
get in. But we don't let witches
into sororities. That's so weird.

ANNIE

You can't avoid me forever, John.

HAYES

What? I'm not avoiding you! I've
just been really busy with classes
and the fraternity.

ANNIE

You can't just pretend I don't
exist. Not after the special gift I
gave you.

HAYES

Gift? Okay, I don't remember
getting-- did you leave it at the
door? Because my roommate probably
took it. He's a douche like that.
Was it food? If it was food, he
definitely ate it--
(then, realizing)
Ohhhh. Right. That.

ANNIE

We made love. We. Made. Love.

He shuffles, embarrassed. Uncomfortable. Bimbo laughs.

BIMBO

Eww! She said made love. Who says
that? Oh my god, grandmas!

ANNIE

And now that you got what you
wanted from me, you've just moved
onto the next sexual cohort.

BIMBO

Whoa. Hold up. Did you just call me
a co-whore? You're the witch slut
who makes love everywhere.

Annie reaches for a small, ornate metal box.

ANNIE

I brought you something. It's everything that reminds me of you.

CLOSE ON INSIDE: Hot Pockets wrappers, a dried flower, Benadryl, a picture of Hayes and Annie, his eyes burned out.

BIMBO

Oh my god. That's so sad. You're like a sad little witch stalker.

ANNIE

I'm here to perform an ancient Wiccan cleansing ritual to restore the light you've stolen from me.

Annie pulls a small container of lighter fluid from her bag. Squirts some into the box. A FEW DROPS GET ON A PILE OF DIRTY CLOTHES. She strikes a match.

HAYES

Okay that's, you're not actually allowed to have candles in the dorms. My RA's pretty strict on that.

(as she lights candles)

Okay, now you're just blatantly disregarding dorm regulations.

She starts CHANTING. Spreads her arms wide... knocking over a candle. IT IGNITES THE CLOTHES PILE.

ANNIE

Oh shit.

HAYES

See?! That's exactly why those rules are in place!

They scramble to snuff it out. Bimbo grabs a towel.

HAYES (CONT'D)

No! I cleaned up jungle juice with--

THE TOWEL CATCHES FIRE. Bimbo throws it on the bed-- which ignites into a fireball. They all SHRIEK!

HAYES (CONT'D)

I spilled some on my sheets too!

This fire's quickly getting out of hand. SMOKE ALARM! SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRESHMAN DORM - NIGHT

Ambulances. Fire engines. Police. STUDENTS in various stages of undress huddle outside, filming with their phones. FIREMEN spray water through Hayes' window. Black smoke pours out.

Hayes and Bimbo give statements to POLICE OFFICERS.

BIMBO

Then she was all, *"we made love..."*

Annie walks by with SCHOOL OFFICIALS. Crying. She looks over.

ANNIE

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME?!

HAYES

YOU ARE A PSYCHO!

She cries harder as they usher her into a Health Center van. Hayes turns to the Officer, worried.

HAYES (CONT'D)

She broke into my room and set it on fire! I mean, this girl clearly has serious mental problems.

OFFICER

She'll be placed on psychiatric leave pending an investigation. I'm sure she won't bother you anymore.

As the van drives past, Annie taps on the window, yelling something. Hard to hear, but it sounds like--

ANNIE

(muffled)

I WILL DESTROY YOUR LIFE, LIKE
YOU'VE DESTROYED MINE!

Hayes turns to the Officer, panicked.

HAYES

Did you hear that? She can't say things like that, can she? That's a threat!

OFFICER

I wouldn't worry too much. These things tend to lose steam once the person has a little distance from the situation.

An animalistic, terrifying SCREAM that goes on way too long.

ANNIE (O.S.)
 JOOOHHNNN!!! NOTHING WILL KEEP ME
 FROM YOU!

Hayes looks back at the Officer. Who won't make eye contact.

OFFICER
 Of course, it's always smart to
 travel in groups. And it doesn't
 hurt to carry pepper spray.

OFF HER HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEKS AND HIS HORRIFIED FACE WE...

FADE OUT.

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER

CLOSE ON: HAYES' HORRIFIED FACE. MORE HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEKS.

Only these screams belong to a FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL, MADDIE,
 and her THREE-YEAR-OLD SISTER, ELOISE.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY - PRESENT

Hayes holds a huge diamond ring in his hand. Tom, his frat
 brother, older and heavier now, puts a hand on his shoulder.

TOM
 Are you breathing? Unclench your
 asshole, it helps.

Tom's kids chase each other through the store. SHRIEKING.
 EMPLOYEES and SHOPPERS give disapproving glares.

TOM (CONT'D)
 GIRLS! ARE THOSE INSIDE VOICES?
 DADDY SAID INSIDE VOICES!

HAYES
 I can't believe something so small
 costs so much.

TOM
 Just your manhood, your soul, then
 pretty much all your childhood
 hopes and dreams, one by one. But
 can you really put a price on fam--
 (turns to girls)
 DAMMIT! GIRLS! That is a *decorative*
fountain. Not a pool. Out! OUT.
 (MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

So you're finally gonna lock Trish down?

HAYES

Her parents fly into town this week. I'll ask her dad first--

TOM

What if he says no?

HAYES

Why would he say no?

TOM

Because he hates your guts. Can't blame the guy. You've been boning his daughter for like seven years now with little to no commitment.

HAYES

I was getting my career in place. I have a *time line*. And I'd hardly call it no commitment. We live together for crying out loud.

NEIL

No paperwork. Nothing legally binding. You have an out.

Hayes holds up the ring. Annoyed.

HAYES

Does this look like an out?

He hands it back to the SALESMAN. Deep breath.

HAYES (CONT'D)

I'll take it. Wrap it up.

TOM

So what's the plan?

HAYES

I don't know. I'll think of something.

TOM

You'll think of something? Are you out of your fucking mind? This is *all* they talk about. *Oh my gawd, how'd he do it? Where were you? What did he saaay? What were you wearing?* That shit follows you for the rest of your life.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

And you're just going to wing it?
Not smart. Just a heads up,
apparently both of you have to be
completely sober when it goes down.
And not just like "I could still
drive" sober.

HAYES

Okay, I'll take her out to dinner
and put it in her champagne glass
or something.

Tom makes a LOUD BUZZER NOISE.

TOM

Wrong. She could swallow it.

HAYES

That's ridic-- she's not going to
swallow it.

TOM

Eloise swallowed two My Little Pony
hairbrushes last week. Didn't pass
'em for three days. Had to look
every single time. It was like CSI:
My Toilet up in there. You think
you're ready for all this?

He gestures to his girls, fighting. Maddie pulls Eloise's
hair. She SHRIEKS, bites Maddie's arm. Tom calls over.

TOM (CONT'D)

Girls who pull their sister's hair
don't get ice cream!

(off her wails)

Fine! They don't get sprinkles!

(louder wails)

Fine, sprinkles! Do you have to go
pee-pees? Eloise, PEE-PEES? No?
Then why are you holding your front
bum?

HAYES

Yeah. We're not having kids.

TOM

Ha! That's what I thought. Then Liz
went to a baby shower at work.

(imitating her)

*Janet's having twins! You should
see the little shoes she got.
Shoesies for the twinsies.*

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Two months later, boom. Pregnant.
Oh you're having kids, my friend.

HAYES

No. Trish knows I'm focused on my
career. She is too. She gets it.
She's never even mentioned kids.

TOM

To you. I'm telling you, once that
tiny finger-handcuff goes on, all
bets are off.

Hayes' CELL BUZZES. TRISH. He sends it to voicemail.

The Salesman comes back with the box. Hayes stares at it.
Maddie walks up. Leans her head on Tom's shoulder. Awww,
she's adora-

TOM (CONT'D)

Spit it out. Spit it-- Madeline
Rose. Spit it out.

She spits a candy-covered bracelet into Tom's open hand. He
wipes it on his shirt, sets it down. They stare in horror.

TOM (CONT'D)

What? Oh come on. The gummy worms
wiped right off.

EXT. HAYES AND TRISH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hayes walks up to his front door-- keys dangle from the lock.
He pushes the door open. Empty. Quiet.

HAYES

Babe? Hello?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Small window curtains rustle in the night breeze. He frowns,
walks over to the open window, shuts and locks it.

HAYES

Trish?

He walks out, turning down the hallway and-- runs directly
into TRISH, (28, beautiful, a guy's girl). Her hands and
clothes completely covered in red...

They SHRIEK! She pulls her ear buds out. BUZZ OF LOUD MUSIC.

HAYES (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

TRISH
Painting! What are you doing?! You
scared the hell out of me!

HAYES
You left your keys in the door
again. This is the city. Anyone
could just walk in here.

Quick kiss hello. She runs her paintbrush under the sink. Red
paint swirls down the drain.

TRISH
I know, sorry. You're home later
than usual. I thought we were
working on having more quality time
together? Dinners?

He turns away, opens the fridge. Nervous.

HAYES
No we are. I'm sorry. I got caught
up at work.

TRISH
You weren't answering your cell, so
I called you at the office. Stacy
said you left over an hour ago?

He winces-- shit. Eyes landing on a beer.

HAYES
Work... *drinks*. Just trying to drum
up some last minute support for
this bill. You know how it is.

TRISH
Get what you needed?

He looks at her. Beat. Smiles.

HAYES
I think so.

She dries her hands. He follows her into their bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doubles as Trish's makeshift art studio. Supplies scattered,
paintings in various stages sit on easels around the room.

A small sculpture of wires and metal on their bed. Hayes picks it up.

HAYES

Wow. New piece? I like it. Very Steve Jobs meets Banksy.

He rubs his chin lightly, as he inspects it. Trish laughs, grabbing his hand, pulling him in for a kiss.

TRISH

Awww. You're so cute when you're lying to me. You have a tell, y'know. I thought politicians were supposed to be smarmier.

HAYES

What?! I'm not... what tell? And who says smarmy?

TRISH

It's not one of mine. Trevor made it for me in his Robotics class. I'm not exactly sure what it is. Some kind of electromagnetic--

HAYES

Girl repellant. That's what it is.

He tosses it back on the bed. Trish laughs.

TRISH

That's not nice. He always knocks on the door after school, asking for you. I don't think he has many friends. He's lonely. And I don't think his dad's around much either.

HAYES

Yeah, well. I'm not exactly the best role model for a kid.

Hayes pulls her in for a kiss, then smacks her butt as she walks into the bathroom. She smirks. Sounds of water running.

TRISH (O.S.)

Speaking of fathers, don't forget my parents are coming into town Thursday on their way to the condo. We're having dinner.

Hayes pulls the ring box out of his briefcase. Quickly slips it into his sock drawer.

HAYES
(pretending)
Ugh! Was that this week?

TRISH (O.S.)
Yes! Hayes. You know it was. I've
told you a million times.

He rethinks the sock drawer. Pulls the box back out. Hides it
in on a shelf in the back of his closet. Better.

HAYES
Work is really crazy right now.

TRISH (O.S.)
Work is *always* really crazy.

On second thought, closet's no good. He grabs it, spinning
around, looking for a better place.

HAYES
Yesss, but if my education bill
passes Committee, it could be
Buckley's platform for re-election.
That happens and I've got Director
locked up.

TRISH (O.S.)
You are so scared of my dad.

HAYES
Please. I am not scared of your
dad.

TRISH (O.S.)
You can address the Speaker of the
House, and you are scared to talk
to my father.

HAYES
The Speaker of the House didn't get
drunk at your brother's wedding and
tell me I wasn't good enough to
marry his daughter.

He shoves it under the mattress. Bounces up and down-- can he
feel it?

TRISH (O.S.)
He didn't say you weren't good
enough to *marry* me.
(beat)
He said you weren't good enough to
date me.

HAYES
Oh, even better.

She laughs.

TRISH (O.S.)
Babe, you know he's just old
school. He thinks you're trying to
get the milk for free.

HAYES
Oh come on. You know you're the
only cow I want.

Fuck it. He pulls the box out from the mattress, shoves it
back in his briefcase. Just in time... Trish walks out in
very skimpy, very sexy lingerie. His jaw drops.

TRISH
Who are you calling cow?

HAYES
Whoa.

She twirls around, showing him every angle.

TRISH
I did a little shopping today.

HAYES
Very, very little.

TRISH
I've got to get you home somehow.

She starts dancing. Trying to be sexy. It's not. He laughs.

HAYES
Your horribly awkward dance moves
aren't even ruining this for me.

TRISH
What? I've got great moves!

She turns, shaking her butt. A small tatoo on her back shows.

HAYES
Aww, honey. It shows off your
cheesy tramp stamp. I'm young and
rebellious and nothing says it like
the Chinese symbol for tree!

She laughs, smacking him playfully.

TRISH

Okay, smartass. We all make some bad decisions in college.

They laugh. She pushes him back onto the bed, kissing. They roll on top of the sculpture. Hayes pulls it out from under them, throws it on the floor. Grabs for her again. She shrieks, giggling.

EXT. HAYES AND TRISH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Hayes and Trish walk out. Their neighbor, TREVOR, (14) scrawny, nerdy, but future Google CEO, sits on the stoop.

TRISH

Hey Trev.

They walk past him to their car. Trevor jumps up, following.

TREVOR

Hey Mr. H! How did you like my electromagnetic sensor replica? It's primary application is manipulation over nonferrous metal--

HAYES

Yeah, it was great. Shouldn't you be in school already?

They get in the car. Trevor hovers outside Hayes' window.

TREVOR

I usually like to wait until after first bell, when the students are safely seated with a teacher present. Yep, sadly it's not all cyber-bullying these days! Still gotta dodge a few lunch trays, ha! No, but I usually eat lunch outside in the parking lot also.

Hayes starts to pull away. Calls out the window.

HAYES

Sounds good! See ya.

Trish looks at him. Frowns.

HAYES (CONT'D)

What?

TRISH

Would it kill you to be a little nicer to him? Give him like five minutes of your time?

HAYES

Okay. After I come home from the ulcer-inducing, high-pressure world of drafting laws that potentially impact millions of Americans, I will spend time with the random neighbor kid who has his own parents. Will that make you happy?

She laughs, rolling her eyes.

TRISH

Yes. Thank you.
(pats his leg)
Think of it as good practice.

He glances at her. Alarmed. Good practice?

EXT. LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - CAPITOL HILL - DAY

The Congressional office buildings in the Capitol Complex.
The central nervous system of the nation's power players.

Hayes walks toward the building. STACY, (20s), Asian, his ambitious, type A assistant, falls into step.

STACY

Sign this, and this.
(he signs as they walk)
Your nine o'clock with Bowden was moved, so I added a ten minute with a lobbyist from Bristol who called this morning. I have the statutory regs you asked for on--
(beat)
Why are you smiling like that?
Please stop. It's very disconcerting.

HAYES

Can't I just smile in the morning?

STACY

I've seen it twice. Once when Coffman's budget proposal got voted down, and once when McCauley tripped over the bagel cart and fell in the hallway.

He laughs. Pulls out the ring box from his briefcase. Cracks it open. Stacy stares at the diamond, silent. Hayes frowns.

HAYES

You don't like it. It's too small.

STACY

No! It's exquisite. I'm just surprised that you...

She trails off, looking for the right words. He laughs.

HAYES

Have a personal life?

STACY

I mean I assumed one existed, but I envisioned it involving bean bag furniture and things molding in your refrigerator.

HAYES

Rule number one of politics Stacy? Keep your private life private. That's how you stay out of trouble.

They pass a group of AIDES. One GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG GUY calls over to Hayes. Snarky.

SNARKY AIDE

Hey John. Catch me on Hannity last night? Ratings were through the roof. I think my byline even used the word expert.

HAYES

I did. Looking a little puffy. Maybe cut out the gluten. You getting enough sleep these days?

SNARKY AIDE

What can I say? Your mom's an animal. Been texting me all morning. I don't think it's gonna work out though.

The group SNICKERS. Hayes smiles, unfazed.

HAYES

That's good. Mom jokes. I like that. With approval ratings like Rochfort's it's good for you guys to have a sense of humor. It's fun.

SNARKY AIDE

We'll see those numbers once he's Chairman of Appropriations. If you ask nicely, I might even put in a good word for you. You push that education bill of yours through and you should give us a call.

HAYES

Oh yeah? Maybe I'll do that.

Hayes and Stacy get on the elevator. She looks at him.

STACY

You're not really taking a meeting with Rochfort? He and Buckley are across the aisle on everything. And his own staff calls him the tiny Hitler. He's a complete sociopath.

HAYES

He's also most likely going to be chairman of the Appropriations Committee. Which means he's the sociopath that determines where the money goes. And rule number two of politics? Keep your options open. It's all about upward mobility.

The elevator doors close.

INT. CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

A steady hum of activity. STAFFERS field phone calls, LEGISLATIVE AIDES scurry around. Campaign posters champion re-electing JIM BUCKLEY FOR CONGRESS. The elevator doors open.

Hayes and Stacy step off, immediately swept up in the frenzy of morning activity. FEMALE STAFFERS glance appreciatively as Hayes passes. He smiles at them all-- a charmer. They swoon.

NEIL, (30s) Hayes' brilliant but socially awkward co-worker, accosts them. Frantic.

NEIL

Did you see Rochfort's attack ad last night? Brutal! They brought up the oil draws. It's gonna bury us.

HAYES

Relax. Voters respond to honesty and integrity. Not salacious, mud-slinging and finger-pointing.

NEIL

Wrong. Our polls have proven that to be 100% false. Why are you smiling like that?

(turning to Stacy)

Why is he smiling like that? Is someone getting fired? Oh shit, who's getting fired?

HAYES

No one's getting fired.

NEIL

Then stop all the creepy smiling!

STACY

He's proposing to his girlfriend.

Neil blinks, surprised.

NEIL

I didn't know you and Tracy were that serious.

HAYES

Trish. And that's because I, unlike everyone else in this office, know how to separate my personal life from my professional life. You two could take some lessons from me. I'm like a legislative ninja. I strike before you even know what--

He stops in his tracks. Staring straight ahead. Neil and Stacy look at him. Each other. Waiting. Neil waves a hand in front of his face.

NEIL

I think he's having a stroke.

(slow, in his face)

Are you having a stroke?

Hayes stands frozen, in horror. Across the room, waiting outside his office is...

ANNIE.

Gone is the goth 18 year old. She's stunning, poised, dressed impeccably. She looks over and sees him. Gets up, smiling.

ANNIE

Hello, John.

STACY
 (leaning in)
 Lobbyist from Bristol-Meyer. Your
 nine o'clock. Annie--

HAYES
 Dawson.

Annie walks over, extends her hand. Tiny beat. He takes it.

ANNIE
 Great to see you.

HAYES
 You're a lobbyist.

ANNIE
 Yes, well, I was actually
 completely out of politics for
 years. I thought for good! But then
 a great opportunity presented
 itself that I just couldn't pass
 up. So here I am. I guess I've just
 been waiting for the right moment
 to make my move.
 (beat, smile)
 Back to the Hill, I mean.

HAYES
 Great. That's... great. Wow. Annie.
 It's been a looong time.

She smiles.

ANNIE
 Funny. Feels like *just yesterday*.

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - DAY

On his door: JOHN HAYES, LEGISLATIVE ASSISTANT. Annie closes
 it behind them. Hayes looks up, moves to open it.

HAYES
 Oh you can leave it op--

She blocks him. Smiles.

ANNIE
 So should we address the 18 ton
 elephant in the room first?

HAYES
 Elephant? What elephant?

ANNIE

(amused)

You don't find it just a teensy bit awkward?

HAYES

Awkward? What do you-- awkward how? It's great to see you.

ANNIE

Oh come on. Freshman year?

HAYES

(pretending to think)

Freshman year, freshman year. That was a million tears ago, right? I have trouble remembering yesterday! Nothing really sticks out...

ANNIE

Cut the bullshit, John. I practically stalked you, then had a meltdown and left school after threatening your life.

HAYES

Pffftthh, *that*? Those things happen. I barely even remember it.

She laughs.

ANNIE

Wow, I really did a number on you, didn't I? Listen, I just want a chance to clear the air.

HAYES

You mean clear the air as part of a ritual, or...

She points at him playfully.

ANNIE

So you *do* remember. Ugh, yes, my Wiccan phase. That's embarrassing. The black hair was a poor choice. Took me two years just to get back to my normal color! Anyway, look, let me say, it was a really difficult time for me back then. My parents were going through a very contentious divorce, and I was really lost. I needed something, or *someone*, to project my anger onto.

HAYES

You did seem a teensy bit... angry.

ANNIE

I completely went off the deep end!
It's okay. You can admit it.

HAYES

Okay. You were fucking scary.

She laughs. Hayes starts to soften, relax.

ANNIE

But it ended up being the best thing that could have happened to me. I was forced to really deal with my issues and get the counseling I needed. I transferred to Georgetown Law, and now here I am. Actually, I should really be thanking you.

HAYES

Well, you are very welco--

ANNIE

If you hadn't been such a narcissistic, lying prick I'd have a poly sci degree from NC State, working my ass off just to get to junior LA with a series of unpaid internships and menial, soul-crushing assistant jobs.

He stares at her. She just described his resume. She grins.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god John, I'm kidding. Wow.
This is too easy.

He laughs, slightly uncomfortable.

HAYES

Ha! Got me... there.

ANNIE

I'm hoping we can just leave the past in the past. It was a long time ago. And quite frankly, it's pretty embarrassing.

She smiles. He pauses, not sure.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Come on. I'm sure you made some mistakes when you were in college you'd rather no one find out about.

He studies her. Her smile so sincere. He relaxes.

HAYES

There is a little weekend in TJ senior year I'd rather forget about. Wow. I gotta say, I'm a little relieved. I mean, you show up after all this time and I just thought...

ANNIE

You thought, "Ahh! The bitch is here to kill me!"

HAYES

I was going to say try to ruin me professionally, but yes.

They share an easy laugh. She shakes a fist, mock anger.

ANNIE

Revenge! It will be mine!

HAYES

The psycho is back!

She stops laughing abruptly. Her face darkening.

ANNIE

That's a real trigger word for me. So if you could refrain from using that offensive label.

He pauses, then laughs. Not falling for it this time.

HAYES

Sure thing, *psycho*!

She glares. Cold. Scary. Her hands clenched.

ANNIE

Are we going to have a problem?

HAYES

What? No! I'm sorry. I thought you were doing that thing again, like the internships... no of course.

Her hands relax, smile returns.

ANNIE

Great. I'm glad we sorted that out. I just wouldn't want something so silly to eclipse the really important work that Bristol-Meyer is doing with Quercetin.

(handing him a brief)

It's completely eradicating uterine cancer cells in mice. This is a game-changer.

He already knows where this is headed. Cautiously.

HAYES

Then it should have no problem sailing through FDA approval.

ANNIE

Which we both know can take up to fifteen years, best case scenario. These people don't have fifteen years, John. You know that.

HAYES

And you know as well as I do, fast-tracking drugs is a political fucking mine field.

ANNIE

We're talking Compassionate Care Use. Exempting stage four patients from drug formulary restrictions. We could really use Buckley's support on this.

He leafs through-- more for show. He's been down this road.

HAYES

Look, we're all on your side. It's a noble bill. But you're still in the clinical trial phase--

ANNIE

But take into account the measured response, you'll see the preliminary numbers certainly warrant accelerated approval.

He flashes her the trademark charming smile.

HAYES

Listen. Annie. We are totally slammed right now, between the campaign, and our education bill.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

But I will look this over, and if his schedule opens up, I'll try and get you some face time. Okay?

He tosses the brief on his desk. Dismissive. Annie's face darkens for a split second. But he catches it. Then, she smiles brightly.

ANNIE

Great. Thanks so much, John.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Stacy works at her desk. Annie walks out, shakes Hayes' hand.

ANNIE

Again, I just want to apologize for any unnecessary distress I may have caused you back then.

HAYES

No need. We were both kids.

ANNIE

I guess you can never underestimate the bad decisions an overly emotional eighteen year-old girl can make, right?

HAYES

I know I definitely made some bad choic--

ANNIE

And the sexual predators out there ready to exploit their fragile innocence.

She stares at him. Hard. Stacy walks over, hands him papers.

STACY

H.RES 371 was placed on Senate Legislative Calendar under General Orders. I drafted some initial key points for your review. And you have David Addington from Heritage Foundation on line one.

She goes back to her desk, deftly juggling phone lines and paperwork. Annie watches, impressed.

ANNIE

Wow. Where do I get one of those?
Whatever you do, don't let her get
away from you. Great assistants are
so hard to find, don't you think?

He's still on the last comment. Not really listening.

HAYES

Yeah, Stacy's great. Real quick,
who was the sexual predator--

ANNIE

I'm really glad we talked, John.
I'll wait to hear from you.
(then, dark)
Don't blow me off this time. I'm
warning you.

She glares at him. He's taken aback. She laughs.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm kidding! You really need to
lighten up. See you soon.

She turns, walks off down the hall. He calls after her.

HAYES

Was I the sexual predator in that
scenario?

She doesn't turn around. Hayes watches her go. Unsettled.

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Neil makes coffee. Hayes walks in, shaking his head.

HAYES

That woman is still a lunatic.

NEIL

Ugh. Did Baines leave the cream
cheese out all night again?
(out the door)
Some of us like our bagels without
salmonella poisoning Margaret!

HAYES

No. *Annie Dawson*. I dated her in
college. Until she went completely
insane. Stalking me, breaking into
my dorm room. I mean, this chick
was fucking nuts.

Neil starts to butter a bagel, nods knowingly.

NEIL

Aren't they all? I had a girlfriend that used to accuse me of cheating on her all the time. She would go through my phone, she stole my password and hacked into my email.

(beat)

Okay, that was me. I did those things. Which is a clear invasion of her privacy, but she *was* cheating on me. Of course, we were never "officially" together by society's limited definition. But who can ever decipher women's mixed signals?

HAYES

No, you don't understand. I mean Annie is *legitimately* crazy. Like boil the bunny, EEE! EEE! EEE!

He grabs Neil's butter knife, mimes the Psycho shower stabbing scene.

ANNIE (O.S.)

John?

He jumps. The knife CLATTERS to the floor. Annie stands in the doorway. They freeze, not sure how much she heard.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I forgot to give you my card.

She hands it to Hayes. He's shaken.

HAYES

Great, thanks.

Annie turns to Neil, smiles.

ANNIE

Neil Sherman, right? Excellent work on that transportation bill. The increase on civil penalties for auto recalls? Very impressive. I have a couple friends in the DOT, I'd love to introduce you to. We should have lunch.

Neil stutters, nervous. Knocks over his coffee mug. Bends to pick it up, hits his head on the counter. Hayes rolls his eyes.

NEIL

I'm fine. Doesn't even hurt. Yes, I think lunch would be agreeable.

ANNIE

Great. I'll be in touch.

She walks out. Neil composes himself, shrugs at Hayes.

NEIL

She seems fine to me.

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Quiet now. Everyone gone for the evening. Hayes works at his desk, engrossed. Stacy walks in.

STACY

You said to remind you when it was ten of six. And then again at 6:30.

He looks up, surprised.

HAYES

It's six thirty already?

STACY

No, when I came in at six-thirty you grunted. I assumed that meant seven.

HAYES

(laughing)

Thanks. You should knock off too.

She frowns at him, skeptic. He flashes her that smile.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Right after you summarize that land development briefing for me.

She rolls her eyes, nods, thought so. Walks out.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dark, empty. Only a few cars. Hayes' footsteps ECHO.

INT. HAYES' CAR - NIGHT

He slides in. Throws his briefcase on the passenger seat. Starts the car, and turns to back up...

Annie stands directly behind his car.

He lets out a small, startled YELP. Slams on the brakes. She walks over to his driver's side window. Leans in.

ANNIE
Sorry. Did I scare you?

He laughs, uncertain.

HAYES
No... it's fine. Still here? You're working late.

ANNIE
Just had a little unfinished business. But now my car won't start.

EXT. ANNIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Hayes stands over the open hood, inspecting the engine. Annie sits inside. He reaches for the battery, calls out to her.

HAYES
Don't start it until I tell--

SHE REVS THE ENGINE. It COUGHS AND SPUTTERS, SPARKING. Hayes jumps back. Annie calls out the window, innocent.

ANNIE
Sorry! I thought you said start it!

He stares at her a beat. Closes the hood.

HAYES
I don't think it's your battery. I'm not sure I can do anything tonight. There's a metro stop a few blocks away...

He checks his watch. It's late, and dark. He sighs.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Or I could drop you somewhere?

ANNIE
Would you mind? That'd be great.

INT. HAYES' CAR - NIGHT

They drive in silence. He turns on the radio. The Police.

SONG ON RADIO

"Every breath you take, every move
you make, I'll be watching you..."

He quickly turns the station. A sad break-up song.

SAD SONG

"And I will alwaaays love you..."

HAYES

Never anything good on.

He turns it off. A CALL COMES THROUGH THE BLUETOOTH. Trish.
He glances at Annie. Her eyes glued to her iPad. Beat. He
answers--

HAYES (CONT'D)

I know. I'm sorry. I'm almost home.

TRISH (O.S.)

So Jen can get us tickets to this
underground supper club thing.
Apparently these are like the new
rage. You show up in some secret
location and they have some insane
guest chef make dinner. But no one
knows who until you get there, and
you have to have a password or
something.

HAYES

Uh huh. Let's talk about it when I
get ho--

TRISH (O.S.)

I was thinking that's where we
could take my parents tomorrow
night? Something cool and
different. But then, you know my
dad, he hates everything different.
And apparently these tickets are
really expensive. So I dunno, maybe
we'll just go on a date night. Have
a little wine, or a lot of wine,
(sexier voice)
and then come home and have some...

He fumbles to cut her off--

HAYES

Okay! You're breaking up. Let's
talk at home.

He hangs up quickly. Awkward beat. Glances at Annie.

HAYES (CONT'D)
My... fiancée. Well, she will be--

Annie gives a tight smile. Gesturing ahead.

ANNIE
It's just the next turn up here.

EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Hayes turns onto a street in a sketchy area. Boarded-up rowhomes. DARK FIGURES linger on the corners, smoking cigarettes. Dogs BARK. Hayes takes it in.

HAYES
You live here?

ANNIE
Oh, no. I have an appointment.
Right here's good.

He pulls over. She gathers her things, getting out.

HAYES
You sure this is...

ANNIE
Perfect. Thanks again, John. Night.

She shuts the door, starts to walk away. Something on the floor of the car catches his eye.

HAYES
Annie!

She turns. Walks back over, leaning down in the window.

HAYES (CONT'D)
You dropped this.

He hands her a tube of lipstick. She takes it, smiling.

ANNIE
Oops. Must've fallen out. Wouldn't want you to have to explain *that* to Trish.

HAYES
No problem.

He watches her through the rearview. She disappears inside a dilapidated building.

He looks over at the passenger seat, his phone wedged into the crack. Huh? He reaches over to grab it--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey honey. You got a light?

He jumps back, startled. A PROSTITUTE leans in the window. He shakes his head.

HAYES

Sorry.

PROSTITUTE

You lookin' for a date?

HAYES

Just dropping somebody off.

PROSTITUTE

Shame. You got some cute dimples, sugar.

Hayes gives a smile, laughing.

HAYES

Maybe next time.

He drives off.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Hayes and Tom play one on one. Tom, out-of-shape, laughs.

TOM

Arson Annie? What's that crazy bitch up to?

MADDIE

Awww! You said a bad word! I'm telling mommy!

They look over to the playground. Tom's kids play, their backpack leashes tied to each other. One hangs upside down.

TOM

Narc! And stop dangling your sister! Pull her up! *PULL HER UP.*
(to Hayes)
She still smoking hot?

HAYES

What? No. I don't know! She's still bat-shit crazy.
(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

I had a police escort my entire freshman year because of her.

TOM

Wasn't Ralph just campus security?

HAYES

He carried a taser.

TOM

Pussy.

HAYES

Pussy?! She *knew* Trish's name. I never said it. She already knew.

Hayes drives to the basket, scoring easily over Tom.

TOM

So she googled you. Big deal. Come on. You never checked up on an ex on Facebook before? Remember Mindy Keough sophomore year? Four kids, lives in Denver. *Fat as shit now.*

(wheezing, hands on knees)

I dodged... a... bullet there.

HAYES

Annie is the reason I never had any serious relationships until Trish. I was terrified they'd go totally fucking nuts on me like she did.

TOM

Let me tell you something. All women are fucking nuts. Some are just better at hiding it. *"Of course you can have Taco Tuesdays with the guys. I love your friends!"* Then they spring it on you when you're too emotionally invested to leave them. *"Maybe you should spend a little less time shoving your fat face with guacamole and a little more time thinking about my feelings dickbag."* That's just how relationships work, man.

HAYES

No. I have a bad feeling about her-- showing up all of a sudden out of the blue. Annie was brilliant.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

Like *scary* smart. She's planning something. To get back at me.

TOM

So, let me get this straight. You think this chick, you boned for a few months in college, *ten years ago*, has just been biding her time until she can get revenge on you for dumping her? I mean you're a good-looking dude and all, but come on. That's a stretch.

Hayes steals the ball, shoots a three-pointer. It swishes in.

HAYES

You didn't know her like I did.

INT. LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Hayes walks his usual path through the building. Only this time, no Stacy. As he passes, the same female staffers give him weird looks. Sideways glances. Won't make eye contact.

He smiles at ONE ASSISTANT. She scowls-- picks up the phone, swiveling her chair away. That's weird. He shrugs it off.

As he rounds the corner to Stacy's desk--

HAYES

Stacy, I need the...

She's not there. He looks around, surprised.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Stacy?

MUFFLED TALKING in the break room.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Hayes walks in. A group of FEMALE ASSISTANTS huddle around someone. They scatter, revealing Stacy in the middle.

HAYES

Hey. I need the notes from yesterday's land development hearing.

Stacy composes herself. Takes a deep breath.

STACY
I'll be right there.

HAYES
Okay, because I really need to go
over your briefs.

A GIRL SNORTS into her coffee. Hayes blinks, what'd I say?

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - DAY

Stacy walks in. Hayes doesn't look up. Busy at his desk.

HAYES
I want to go over talking points
for the TJ fundraiser tomorrow. And
call James, see if we can get on
the Senator's schedule next week--

He looks up. Stacy is just standing there. He stops. Sighs.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Okay. What's going on? Did you
break up with a boyfriend or
something?

STACY
Boyfriend? I don't have a
boyfriend. I haven't formed any
meaningful personal relationships
since I've started this job. I
Skyped in with my family last
Christmas.

HAYES
Trust me. You'll thank me later
when you're the youngest Supreme
Court Justice on the bench. So
what, then? Oh.
(beat)
Is it... a woman thing?

STACY
Yes. I believe it is a woman thing.
For women everywhere in subordinate
positions.

Stacy takes a deep breath. Then, rehearsed--

STACY (CONT'D)
Sir, I find your drive and ambition
to be inspiring.
(MORE)

STACY (CONT'D)

And yes, at times I may even be guilty of a little hero worship-- which may have led you to believe that I would be receptive to your... *proposition*. And I admit, (quieter) I entertained it at first. And yes, when I first started working for you, I may have even fantasized about it after a few white wines--

HAYES

Stacy. We have a *really* busy morning. So can you skip this weird part and please just tell me what this is about?

She pauses. Not sure if he's bluffing.

STACY

The... text you sent me last night.

He thinks for a moment.

HAYES

About scheduling a haircut? Fine, I can just do it myself. No big deal. Okay? Better? Can we move on?

She shakes her head.

STACY

Not the one about the haircut sir. The one with the picture of your... (whisper) *genitalia*.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

AN INTERN scurries past Hayes' door, carrying files.

HAYES (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK?!

She jumps, startled. Dropping her papers all over the ground.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A select group of AIDES and HIGH-LEVEL STAFF huddle around two phones, studying a picture. Conferring in hushed tones. Hayes paces around the room. One TECH GUY looks up.

TECH GUY
Definitely came from his phone.

CHIEF-OF-STAFF ALLEN BURNS sighs. Looks at Hayes.

ALLEN
You're sure you didn't send the text. Maybe you had a few too many last night and forgot?

HAYES
Give me a fucking break, Allen! I did not forget sending a picture of my...
(gesturing to phone)
and *that* is not even mine! C'mon, obviously I was hacked.

Allen looks at Tech Guy. He nods, it's possible. Hayes throws up his hands.

HAYES (CONT'D)
I did not send her a picture of my penis!
(out the door)
Stacy! You know I would not send--

Allen motions to the door. A STAFFER quickly closes it.

ALLEN
From this point on, you will have no more contact with Miss Yang.

HAYES
What?! But I *need* her!

Everyone's heads snap up. Look over. Hayes rolls his eyes.

HAYES (CONT'D)
In a completely, non-sexual way!

Allen points to AN AIDE.

ALLEN
Find Mr. Hayes a new assistant.

The aide scurries out. Hayes slumps in a chair.

HAYES
This is ridiculous. That is not my penis!

A NERDY AIDE looks up from the phone-- a thought.

NERDY AIDE

Perhaps we could get a control picture? For comparison. A side by side analysis could demonstrate lack of authenticity.

Heads nod as they contemplate this option. Hayes stares, incredulous. Then, in disbelief--

HAYES

I am not taking a picture of my dick for analysis!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Did someone say dick pic? Those happen to be my specialty.

AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 50s, strides in. All business, an air of authority. Everyone straightens up.

ALLEN

John, Geri Waldron. She's our public relations consultant. She's advising on how to handle this... situation.

HAYES

What situation?! *I didn't send the text.*

GERI

Whether or not you sent that text is completely irrelevant.

Geri takes the phone from Tech Guy. Looks at the picture. Tilts her head sideways, squints. Her eyebrows raise.

HAYES

(flustered)

Well I didn't. It's not me. That's not even... true to scale. And how is that *possibly* irrelevant?!

GERI

This picture leaks, and you will be tried and convicted in the court of public opinion before you can say TMZ. No one cares about facts anymore, Mr. Hayes. What you have here is a campaign-killer.

Allen sighs. Rubbing his temples. Just what he needs.

ALLEN

Options?

GERI

We get in front of it. Break the story ourselves. Issue a statement. I have a couple journalists who can be persuaded to spin it our way. He apologizes, enrolls in sex addiction therapy, works the charity circuit hard for a few months, boom. Redemption. Everyone loves a come-back story.

Allen considers this. Hayes shakes his head.

HAYES

Absolutely not. I'm proposing to my girlfriend! I'm having dinner with her parents tonight for crying out loud!

GERI

Even better. A united front plays exceptionally well with the male over 40 demographic.

HAYES

I'm pretty sure her father's not in that fucking demographic. I'm not admitting to being a sex addict on national television. Allen, come on. It's me. You know me.

Allen looks to Geri. Beat.

ALLEN

Or?

GERI

Or, we lock it down. Full containment mode. It does not leave this room, do you understand? Not the Congressman, not your girlfriend, not even your mother. We transfer Ms. Yang to a more suitable office for the time being, and strongly... *encourage* her to sign an NDA.

Allen looks at Hayes. Deciding. Then, nods at his aides.

ALLEN

Alright, let's get it done.

Everyone springs into action, leaves. Geri turns to Hayes.

GERI

And you, Mr. Hayes. Keep your head down and be a good boy. Got that?

HAYES

I'm telling you, this is a mistake.

She smirks. Not buying it.

GERI

Some mistakes can be very costly.

She leaves. Allen turns to Hayes-- just the two of them now.

ALLEN

No bullshit now, John. Is there anything I need to know? Any skeletons in your closet going to cause problems for us?

HAYES

No. Allen, you *know* me. I'm telling you! There's no one--

LOUD LAUGHTER in the hallway. Hayes watches through the glass as Annie walks down the hall-- laughing and talking with TWO FEMALE STAFFERS. She glances up. Gives Hayes a small wave.

He stares a beat. Then back to Allen.

HAYES (CONT'D)

--that will cause a problem for me.

ALLEN

There better not be.

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Hayes reads through Annie's brief. Piles of research materials on his desk. He googles "ANNIE DAWSON." Scrolls through pictures and articles on her. His phone buzzes.

HAYES

Yeah?

Silence. He hangs up. Back to reading. "Annie Dawson graduates Magna Cum Laude," "Georgetown Graduate receives prestigious RFK Fellowship..." Phone buzzes again.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Yes?

More silence. He sighs. Gets up and walks out of his office.

INT. ASSISTANT DESK - NIGHT

His completely frazzled, panicked NEW ASSISTANT, GEORGE, 20s, sits at Stacy's old desk. Hayes frowns, annoyed.

HAYES

George. Are you trying to reach me again?

GEORGE

Sorry Mr. Hayes! Still having a little trouble learning the phone system. But I will work it out. Don't worry.

(leafing through messages)

Um, Trish called? Said change of plans for dinner with her parents tonight. It's at seven. Here's the address and all the information. She said you'll need a number--

He hands Hayes a slip of paper. Hayes pockets it, waves him off.

HAYES

I got it. Listen, I need you to find everything you can for me on Annie Dawson. She's a lobbyist for Bristol Meyer. Can you do that?

GEORGE

Yes! I will get right on--

George knocks his Red Bull over, spilling it onto his desk. He grabs for it, knocking a pile of papers on the floor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I will dry these out. They're not even that wet.

He holds up a piece of paper. It tears in half, sopping.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I can... tape that. I'll tape that.

Hayes walks back into his office. SOUND OF SOMETHING CRASHING. He sighs.

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

That was... nothing! It's fine!
It... will be fine!

INT. ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Hayes waits for the elevators. CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY (60s, ex Navy guy) and HIS STAFFERS walk up, engrossed in conversation. Congressman nods at Hayes.

CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY
John, how are we looking?

HAYES
Sir. I think there'll be some initial resistance to cutting mandatory pay step-increases for teachers, but our after-care funding initiative should win major support.

CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY
Excellent. And don't think I haven't noticed all the extra hours you've been putting in lately. I know everything that goes on around here.

HAYES
Ha! Right. Just doing my job.

As the doors open, Annie rounds the corner at the end of the hallway. Calls down to them--

ANNIE
Oh, hold the elevator please!

Hayes ushers them all on, quickly. Makes a show of hitting the button-- really pushing the door closed button.

STAFFER
You're hitting the door closed.
That's the wrong button, you're hitting the wrong--

The doors start to shut. A well-manicured hand slips into the crack. They BING open. Annie steps on, smiling. Winks at Hayes.

ANNIE
Almost got away from me.

HAYES
I kept pushing the button. Must be broken.

She looks at him. Cold.

ANNIE
You're going down.

HAYES
And what the hell is that supposed
to mean?

Everyone looks up at him, startled. Eyebrows raise. Annie
points to the elevator button-- lit up. Unfazed.

ANNIE
Garage. Me too.

He's flustered, nervous. Wipes his brow. Buckley notices.

CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY
Everything okay, John?

HAYES
Oh, yes sir. Just a... hectic day.

ANNIE
(sympathetic face)
Lotta *balls* in the air today?

She holds his gaze for a moment, then turns to Buckley.
Extends her hand, bright smile.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Congressman, Annie Dawson. John and
I actually--

HAYES
Dated in college! Just to get that
out there first. Officially, *on the
record*. Ha! Nothing weird about it.
I mean I wouldn't even really call
it *dating*. More like just drunk
hook ups--
(realizing)
But we were so young. Just two kids
making out! We didn't even know
what we were doing back then,
sexually speaking. Not that I
know... a lot now. Just your
standard stuff. Nothing freaky or
inappropriate. At alllll...

Long uncomfortable beat. Annie smiles.

ANNIE
Right. I was *going* to say John and
I were just discussing setting up a
meeting with you.
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But yes, we did date in college.
Briefly. And he's absolutely right.
He had no idea what he was doing--
sexually speaking.

They all LAUGH LOUDLY. Appreciative. Buckley whistles.

CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY

She's got your number John. Better
watch out for this one. She sounds
like a firecracker.

HAYES

Well she has been known to light
things on fire, I will say that.

He looks at her, pointed. She holds his gaze, doesn't flinch.

ANNIE

I guess you could say I just don't
let things go too easily.

(beat, to Buckley)

Which is why I'd love to talk with
you about some of the advancements
Bristol-Meyer is making with cancer
research. It's going to be huge.

Hayes scoffs. Rolls his eyes at the Congressman.

HAYES

If you mean huge as in 40 million
dollar lawsuit like Vioxx huge,
then yes, I'd agree with you.

Tense beat. Annie glares. The doors BING open.

CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY

Well I'll look forward to hearing a
little more about it. Set it up
John. If you'll excuse me, I'm late
for a dinner. Ms. Dawson, it was a
pleasure.

ANNIE

Oh believe me, sir. The pleasure is
all mine.

The Congressman and his staffers leave. Annie gives Hayes a
cold smile.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Looks like his schedule just opened
up. Enjoy your dinner.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dark, empty. Hayes walks up to his car. Stops short, stunned. He bends down, inspecting TWO COMPLETELY FLAT TIRES. Fingers two long slash marks.

HAYES
What the hell?

FOOTSTEPS behind him. Beat. He whirls around sharply, jumps up-- keys poised like a weapon.

WOMAN
AHHH!

He startles a YOUNG WOMAN walking to her car. She jumps, terrified. Drops her shopping bags. He hurries over to her.

HAYES
I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, I thought--

WOMAN
What is wrong with you!

HAYES
Here, let me...

He tries to help gather her stuff. Inadvertently brushes her chest. She pushes him off, hits him with her bag.

WOMAN
Asshole.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - INDEPENDENCE AVE - NIGHT

Friday rush hour. Hayes tries to hail a cab. They all whiz past, full. He checks his phone. 7:28.

HAYES
Shit.

Texts Trish: *"Almost there, bad traffic, 5 min away."*
Finally, a cab pulls up. He jumps in.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

CAB DRIVER eyes him in the rearview, waiting. Hayes fumbles in his pocket for the paper George gave him.

HAYES
Oh, uh--
(reading)
(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)
717 Monroe. And fifty bucks if you
can get me there in under 10.

He turns back to working on his phone, as the cab pulls away.

EXT. 717 MONROE AVENUE - LATER

They pull up to a desolate warehouse district. Dark. Seedy.
Cab stops in an empty parking lot. Hayes looks out, frowns.

HAYES
This can't be right. It's supposed
to be a restaurant--

CAB DRIVER
You sure you got the right address?

Across the parking lot, A GOOD-LOOKING, WELL-DRESSED COUPLE
walk into a boarded-up building. He rolls his eyes.

HAYES
Great. Nevermind, this is it. It's
some secret underground dinner
thing. I don't know.

CAB DRIVER
(under his breath)
Yuppies.

He pays the cab driver. Walks toward the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

LOUD ECHO of the heavy door as it shuts behind him. A long
corridor opens up to a large, stale space. One rotary phone
on a folding table.

HAYES
Oh for crying out loud.

He pulls the crumpled paper out of his pocket. A ten digit
number on it. He dials-- waiting the obnoxious amount of time
for the numbers to spin around. Finally, IT RINGS.

A DOOR OPENS on the opposite side of the room, startling him.
A LARGE BOUNCER stands inside. Hayes rolls his eyes, laughs.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Really? You guys take this whole
speakeasy thing pretty seriously.

Bouncer doesn't respond. Slips a purple bracelet on his wrist, as Hayes walks past him into the room.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Swanky decor, white couches, candles. A sharp contrast to the cold, industrial exterior. Good-Looking Couple sits on a couch, giggling. Kissing. A tray of tiny pastries and shots set out on the bar. Hayes takes it in, impressed. Pops a pastry in his mouth.

HAYES

Wow. Nice. You'd never even know this place was here.

GOOD-LOOKING GUY

That's the idea.

HAYES

I suppose so. You guys know who the chef is tonight? Have they started serving? I know I'm late--

Good-looking Girl giggles.

GOOD-LOOKING GIRL

You're cute.

HAYES

Oh...kay. I'm meeting my girlfriend here, so is there another room we all go into, or--

She walks over. Traces her finger on his chest, suggestive. Bites her lip.

HOT GIRL

I could be your girlfriend tonight.

Hayes glances at Good-Looking Guy, who seems unfazed by her display. He moves away. Awkward.

HAYES

Ha, yes. That would be... weird and uncomfortable. For everyone. Especially my girlfriend's parents. Who are actually here-- so is it through these doors right here then? I'm already late so I don't wanna hold up dinner...

They LAUGH like it's the funniest thing they've ever heard.

He walks over to a door on the opposite side of the room, hand on the doorknob. Chuckles at them, amused.

HAYES (CONT'D)
I wish I had a little of what you
guys are on.

GOOD-LOOKING GUY
You just did.

They laugh again. Girl gestures to the pastries. Hayes freezes. What the--? He opens the heavy, soundproof door...

That leads from their VIP lounge to the ALL OUT RAVE.

INT. UNDERGROUND EDM CLUB - NIGHT

A DJ IN AN ELEVATED BOOTH spins chest-thumping electronic beats. Hundreds of bodies pulse under swirling neon lights on the enormous dance floor.

Hayes smacks his lips together, suddenly feeling weird...

HAYES
Oh shit.`

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - SAME

Quiet, upscale. Jazz plays. Soft clink of silverware and polite conversation. Trish sits with her parents, LARRY and SUSAN, 60s, reserved Manhattanites.

Trish checks her watch again. 7:54. Half-hearted smile.

TRISH
He probably got held up at work.
Things are really busy for him
right now. We should just order.

Her mother smiles, letting her off the hook.

SUSAN
I'm sure he'll be here any minute.

Larry grumbles into his wine glass. Annoyed.

LARRY
Seems like we're always waiting on
this joker.

Susan shoots him a warning glare.

SUSAN

Larry.

LARRY

What? Oh, I forgot. I'm not allowed to comment on my daughter's morally-questionable lifestyle.

TRISH

Mom. You promised he'd be good.

LARRY

I said I'll keep my mouth shut, and I will. When, or if, he finally shows up. If my only daughter is content to live in sin with her boyfriend like two self-absorbed, childless yuppies, who am I to say anything? I only raised her.

Trish rolls her eyes. An old argument.

TRISH

Dad! No one's living in sin, or doing anything morally-questionable. For god sakes.

INT. UNDERGROUND EDM CLUB - NIGHT

Hayes, totally rolling now, dances with abandon, absorbed in the music. Shirt unbuttoned, sweating, eyes closed.

SOMEONE dances with him, arms around him, bodies close. Mouths closer. They're KISSING NOW... He opens his eyes...

ANNIE.

He startles. Pulls away, blinking. BUT IT'S NOT HER. The GIRL dances away into the crowd. He rubs his head. Confused.

HIS PHONE BUZZES. Trish. *OH SHIT*.

HAYES

Uh oh. Oh no, okay. Not good.

He looks up, addresses everyone in ear shot.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Hey guys... shhhhh!

No one pays attention. Dancing in their own worlds. He takes a deep breath... then GIGGLES HYSTERICALLY. Composes himself.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Okay, no really. Everyone, shhh.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

Plates of food on the table. Trish sits, phone to her ear.

TRISH
I'm just a little worried now--

LOUD ELECTRONIC MUSIC BLASTS THROUGH THE PHONE. Everyone's heads snap up in the restaurant, look over at their table.

INT. TRISH'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TRISH DRIVING. Larry in the front seat. Angry faces.

A small tinfoil swan of left-overs appears beside Larry's headrest. Larry brushes at his face. It disappears. Trish glares into the rearview, mouths, "Stop. It."

Beat. The swan reappears. Lightly nudges Larry's cheek.

Larry whips around, grabs the swan violently. Throws it out the window into traffic. CARS BEEP!

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Hayes and Susan in the backseat. Hayes stifles insane giggling. Points to Susan, "she did it."

INT. HAYES AND TRISH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Trish storms in. Stomps around, slamming doors, ripping her jacket off, throwing her purse. Hayes follows, watches her.

HAYES
Be honest. You're mad.

She turns on him. Furious.

TRISH
Are you insane?! I knew you were freaking out about seeing my dad, but this? This is just... I don't even know what to say about this! What the fuck Hayes?!

HAYES
I told you-- I thought it was your dinner club thing! I didn't know it was a rave! I had the wrong address and if you would just let me expla--

She's not listening. Kicks off her shoes, taking off jewelry.

TRISH

I just feel like you're trying to tell me something here. Am I that stupid girlfriend who's not getting the signs? Maybe my dad's right. What are we even doing? Where are we going with this? *Us*?

HAYES

What?! Where are we going? I'll show you... look what I was gonna do. Look what I have! Right here...

He runs over to his briefcase. Pulls out the ring box. Gets down on one knee. Wobbles a little, rights himself. She stares. Hand to her mouth.

TRISH

Oh. My--

He smiles, waiting for it...

TRISH (CONT'D)

(angry)

Gooooood!! ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW?

He panics, fumbling to put it away.

HAYES

You're right! Bad timing! I can see that now! That was a mistake! Just... forget you saw that, but know that's in your future. At some point. When you've cooled off--

She lets out AN EXASPERATED SHRIEK. Storms off to their bedroom. He tries to follow, she whirls around sharply--

TRISH

If you try to come in this bedroom I will kick you right in the balls. Sleep on the fucking couch!

HAYES

(after her)

Trish, I love you. And that's not the E talking!

(giggles)

No, but seriously, it's not. Babe?

She slams the door. Lights off. HIS ARMS GLOW IN THE DARK.

INT. HAYES AND TRISH'S APARTMENT - DAY

OBNOXIOUS SOUND OF THE BLENDER. Hayes startles awake. He's on the couch, in Trish's fuzzy pink robe, nothing underneath. Matted hair. Drool crusted. He GROANS, rubs his head.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He stumbles in. Trish, in her yoga clothes, sticks fruit in the blender. Glares at him.

HAYES

Hey.

(off her silence)

You're pissed. I know. But if you would just let me expla--

She turns the blender on HIGH, drowning him out. Then--

HAYES (CONT'D)

Just give me two minutes. Okay.

Yesterday work was really crazy,

(off her eye roll)

I know, I know. So I was already running late, and by the time I got to my car, I had two flat tires--

ANNIE (O.S.)

Yikes. Sounds like maybe you ran over something you shouldn't have.

Annie, in her yoga clothes, comes out of the powder room. Walks over to the kitchen counter. She picks up a large knife, resumes chopping fruit next to Trish.

Hayes stares, stunned. Annie smirks.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Nice robe.

HAYES

(pulling robe tightly)

What the fuck is she doing here?!

TRISH

Hayes! Oh my god, what's the matter with you?

ANNIE

(laughing)

No, it's okay. I've been hounding him at work all week.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure he thinks I'm here to talk shop on a Saturday. Relax, I come in peace. Smoothie? You look like you could use it.

(beat)

Rough night?

TRISH

I'd say. Please ignore him. He's coming down off of drugs.

HAYES

Trish! What?! Don't say that! That's not true.

TRISH

It is true. He went to some underground dance club last night and "accidentally" took ecstasy instead of meeting my parents for dinner.

HAYES

Trish! She's kidding. I didn't take... that didn't happen.

He glares at Trish, "knock it off." She smirks, takes a sip of smoothie. Turns to Annie. Impressed.

TRISH

This is delicious. What's in it?

ANNIE

My secret recipe. I'd tell you...
(pointing huge knife)
but then I'd have to kill you.

They LAUGH like old friends. Hayes stares, horrified.

TRISH

Apparently we take the same yoga class. I went to buy a smoothie afterwards, and some asshole had stolen my wallet out of my gym bag.

ANNIE

You can't trust anyone these days. People are so shady.

TRISH

Right? So Annie was in line behind me, we got to talking and realized you two work together. Small world, right?

ANNIE

Imagine my surprise, John. What are the odds it would be *your* fiancée--

TRISH

(sharply)

Oh. We're not engaged.

Tense beat. Annie looks at Hayes. Eyebrows raised.

ANNIE

Oh, but I thought you said--

(off the awkward silence)

Anyway, whatever. Well listen, I should get going. Trish, such a great morning.

Trish and Annie hug. Hayes rolls his eyes.

HAYES

Oh, okay so we're hugging friends now.

ANNIE

And I'll call you about the Corcoran. I'm sure we can set something up. It will be great.

TRISH

That would be so amazing.

They walk out. Hayes reacts.

HAYES

Wait, what? Call you? No calling, why is there calling?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trish walks Annie to the front door. As she's leaving--

TRISH

Turns out Annie's a big art buff. She has a friend who chairs the Corcoran Ball, and she thinks he'd be up for auctioning some of my pieces!

HAYES

Big art buff? Wow, that's funny, you never mentioned that before, Annie. Like, ever.

ANNIE

Well John, that's because you knew me when I was eighteen. I've also stopped eating ramen noodles and buying my clothes at Goodwill, but I haven't mentioned that either.

Trish and Annie laugh, roll their eyes. Hayes mock laughs.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

And Trish, make sure you cancel all the cards in your wallet.

(at Hayes)

You don't want your personal information getting in the wrong hands. You never know what people can do with it these days.

She smiles, leaves. Trish shuts the door, frowns at Hayes.

TRISH

God, you were rude. What is going on with you? Honestly, are you having some kind of nervous breakdown I need to know about?

HAYES

Okay, look. We need to have a serious talk. I have to tell you something. I didn't want to worry you before. But now...

He grabs her hands. Pulling her into a chair. Deep breath.

TRISH

(freaking out)

Worry me with what? Just say it!

HAYES

I don't just know Annie from work. She's... my psycho ex-girlfriend from college who stalked me. She showed up this week out of the blue, and I think she's back to finish what she started.

TRISH

Oh my god!

He pulls her in for a hug. Comforting her. Petting her head.

HAYES

Shhh, I know. I'd just feel safer if you weren't out alone until I can get a restraining order. She obviously knows your routine--

She pushes him off, smacks him hard on the arm.

TRISH

I thought you were going to tell me you had frigging cancer! Don't do that! Asshole!

She storms out.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He follows her around, as she cleans up.

HAYES

Did you hear what I said?

TRISH

Yes. And she already told me you guys hung out for like a minute in college, forever ago. Big deal. You don't see me freaking out every time I run into my ex at the gym.

HAYES

Hung out for a min... did she also mention *she tried to kill me?! And what ex do you see at the gym? That douchebag sculptor guy with the lame ponytail? Please.*

TRISH

(rolling her eyes)

Yes *Doug*. And give me a break. She tried to kill you?

HAYES

In a secondary way, yes! She had to leave school. She vowed to come back and destroy my life. And she's back to make good on the threat.

TRISH

By making me a smoothie?

HAYES

That was just to *get in here!* She slashed my tires! You heard her.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

"Looks like you ran over something you shouldn't have."

TRISH

Yeah. Like a *nail*.

HAYES

Who do you think gave George the wrong address for the dinner? That was *her*. When she was in my car the other night, she heard you talking about the dinner club thing and--

Trish turns on him, confused.

TRISH

George? Who's George? What happened to Stacy? And when was Annie in your car?

Hayes stutters, flustered. Rubs his chin lightly.

HAYES

Stacy's... on vacation. It was at work, Annie's car was dead... it doesn't matter-- the point is, *she* was crazy. I'm telling you.

TRISH

What happened exactly?

HAYES

We met freshman year of college. We had the same major, she was really cool, and super hot--

(off her look)

Skipping ahead. We hung out for a few months during Rush. Then I got into my fraternity, and she just went nuts. Like a *total psycho*.

TRISH

Uh huh. And did you sleep with her?

(off his guilty look)

And *after* you slept with her, did you call her again?

HAYES

Did I call her on the phone? Of course. I'm sure I did. It was a long time ago. The exact details are fuzzy. But I don't see what this has to do with--

TRISH

So you sleep with this poor girl, never call her again, break her heart, and she got upset. I hate when guys do that. You lead us on, treat us like shit, and when we get upset, we're the crazy ones. So typical.

HAYES

She was crazy. She burned down my dorm.

Trish turns, surprised.

TRISH

She burned down your dorm?

HAYES

There was an incident with a candle... my clothes had very bad smoke damage. Okay, okay, okay. Fine! So she just happens to show up at my work out of the blue? It's all just a big coincidence?

TRISH

Hmmm. How strange that another political science major would end up working at the epicenter of American politics. You're right.

(picking up phone)

Should we call the police now?

HAYES

Well, when you frame it like that, in that condescending tone, than it sounds ridiculous.

TRISH

Maybe you should apologize to her.

HAYES

Apolo-- for what?! *She* stole your wallet. She set me up last night! *She's insane.*

TRISH

You're the only one acting insane. I'm pretty sure she's not stalking you. She got a call from her boyfriend while she was here. Some long-distance thing. He lives in Canada or something.

HAYES

Oh please! An out-of-town boyfriend? How convenient. Was it like this?

He picks up his cell phone, pretending.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes? Mr. President? Oh look, Trish, the President is calling me! You are so naive! It's so obvious what she's doing. Trying to gain your trust. Haven't you seen Fatal Attraction? I would be a little more concerned if I were you. The girlfriend always gets murdered.

TRISH

I can't talk to you when you're coming down from your high.

HAYES

I am not coming down-- Trish. The Corcoran is the biggest art gala in the country. They don't just display random art from nobodies.

As soon as it's out, he regrets it.

TRISH

Glad to know you think I'm such a nobody.

She storms out. He calls after her.

HAYES

Babe! You know what I mean-- I don't think you're a nobody, *other* people do! Okay that's not what I meant... honey? See? She's already coming between us! She's psycho!

TRISH (O.S.)

You're psycho!

THE BEDROOM DOOR SLAMS. Hayes GROANS. Takes a sip of smoothie, then spits it out, realizing.

INT. LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Hayes walks to the elevators. Spots Annie and Neil talking closely at the end of the hallway. He hides, watching.

They step onto the elevators. Hayes bolts up the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

He takes the stairs two at a time. Gets to the sixth floor. Opens the door slowly, peeking out.

They're talking in front of Neil's office.

Hayes creeps out the door-- sliding down against the wall. Hides behind an American flag. Peeks out. Annie looks over...

He drops to the ground on all fours. Crawls behind a desk. STAFFERS notice, stare. He snakes his way on the floor, past legs at desks, closer. He peeks around a corner...

Annie laughs. Touching Neil's arm. Hayes strains to hear.

ANNIE

I had a really lovely time.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Sir?

Hayes lets out a STARTLED CRY. Looks up.

George stands over top of him. Everyone turns and stares, watching him on the ground. Annie and Neil look over. Beat.

Hayes picks an invisible contact off the ground. Stands up.

HAYES

Found it! Lost a contact. I'm good.
Got it, everyone. Thanks. I got it.

GEORGE

Sir, the Clerk called. Your hearing
is on the docket for--

He COUGHS LOUDLY to drown George out. When he's done--

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The hearing is on the docket for
today at--

MORE HIDEOUSLY LOUD COUGHING. George waits.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

On the docket for today at--

RIDICULOUS COUGHING. George finally YELLS over the hacking.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
THE HEARING IS ON THE DOCKET FOR
TODAY AT 4:30!

A STAFFER walks past. Frowns at Hayes.

STAFFER
If you're sick, you really
shouldn't bring it into the office.

Hayes picks up his briefcase, run-walks into an office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He draws the blinds, peeking through. Annie kisses Neil on the cheek. Looks up at Hayes, winks. Hayes lets out a small GASP, letting the blinds go.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
John?

He lets out a STARTLED SHRIEK!

REVERSE TO REVEAL: A FRUMPY, CHUBBY WOMAN, MARGARET, The Chief-of-Staff and TWO AIDES in the middle of a meeting. They all stare. Allen frowns.

ALLEN
(pointed)
Everything alright, John?

He straightens up. Adjusting. Charming smile.

HAYES
Yes! Yep. Everything's great!
I just came in to--
(looking at desk)
Borrow some pens.

He grabs a handful. Knocking a merry-go-round horse figurine off Margaret's desk. It breaks. He picks it up.

HAYES (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry... about, here let me--

He tries to balance it back together. Over and over.

HAYES (CONT'D)
This little sucker just doesn't
want to stay put, does it?! Ha ha!
Get on there.

ALLEN

I understand they set the committee hearing for this afternoon. You're all set? I don't have to worry that you're to have any... *issues*.

HAYES

Nope! I am all over it. Good to go. Y'know, Margaret? I'll just go ahead and glue this for you in my office.

He grabs a handful of things off her desk. Hurries out.

EXT. THOMAS JOHNSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The TJ school fundraiser. Carnival atmosphere: games, rides, food. Congressman Buckley addresses constituents, stumping for the parent vote.

CONGRESSMAN BUCKLEY

--and no one cares more about the safety and well-being of your children, which is why your support is so important today. This piece of legislation will bring desperately-needed funds to after school programs and...

Hayes stands off to the side. Spots Neil playing at a game booth. Shooting the water pistol with KIDS. He walks over.

HAYES

So. Couldn't help but notice you with Annie this morning.

Neil startles, nervous. Busted.

NEIL

Oh. Yes. We bumped into each other and had coffee. Just discussing the Highway Trust Fund. She had some questions.

HAYES

Uh huh. Uh huh. And you don't think that's just a teensy bit odd? That you just "bumped into her" and she had some burning interest in transportation bills?

NEIL
Well, bolstering efficient and
reliable freight networks is quite
a hot button topic if I do say so--

Hayes slaps the booth. Neil jumps. PEOPLE look over.

HAYES
(whisper-shout)
No one cares about freight networks
Neil! Don't you see what's going
on? She's *using* you to get to me.

Neil rolls his eyes. Chuckles.

NEIL
She said you would do this.

HAYES
Do what?!

NEIL
Freak out even if we just had
coffee.

HAYES
(freaking out)
I AM NOT FREAKING OUT!

NEIL
People change after college. Look
at me. I used to be extremely
awkward and socially inappropriate.
I found Annie to be quite pleasant.
In fact, I'm thinking of... asking
her out on a proper date. She
mentioned she's engaged in some
kind of long-distance situation
with a fellow in the Niagra Falls
region, but--

HAYES
The fake Canadian boyfriend?!
Please! Neil. You honestly believe
she's into you? Really? *Really*.

Neil flinches, stung.

NEIL
I'm not classically handsome like
yourself, if that's what you're
referring to. But some women prefer
to be *intellectually* stimulated
over hyper-masculine--

HAYES

You bring toilet paper from home in a Ziplock bag!

NEIL

That's just good hygiene!
You know what I think this is about? You can't stand the idea that someone else besides the great John Hayes, might be getting a little well-deserved attention around the office for a change.

HAYES

Did Annie say that? She's trying to turn you against me.

Neil rolls his eyes. Then, sharply--

NEIL

Just remember, you're not the only serious contender for Director.

Neil turns, squirting Hayes in the crotch with his water gun.

HAYES

Okay, real mature, Neil.

Neil storms off. A hand on Hayes' back--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

John?

He startles! Whips around, knocking Margaret's drink out of her hand. Ice tea drips down her blouse.

HAYES

Margaret! God! I'm so sorry...

He wipes at her shirt. Pointless. She stares.

MARGARET

I was just wondering about my horse? It's a family heirloom.

HAYES

Yes! Stop by my office later.

He spots Annie walking through the crowd.

HAYES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I have to go...

He hurries after Annie...

INTO THE CROWD

Hayes follows her at a distance, watching. She chit chats with people. Buys a bag of caramel corn.

A SMALL COUNTRY BAND PLAYS A SLOW SONG. She watches PEOPLE dance, smiling. Hayes lingers behind her. Without turning to look at him--

ANNIE

So are you going to keep following me around all afternoon like some weird stalker, or are you going to tell me what you want?

He steps out, flustered. Busted.

HAYES

I'm not following... I'm *working*.
I'm *supposed* to be here.

ANNIE

And I'm a concerned voter,
interested in what the Congressman
has to say on issues facing our
public schools.

She glances at his wet crotch. Eyebrows raise.

HAYES

That's not... that's water... I
just want you to know, I know what
you're doing.

She shoves a handful of popcorn in her mouth.

ANNIE

Eating popcorn?

HAYES

Cut the bullshit. You better--

He grabs her arm. Rougher than he means. Her popcorn spills.
OTHER PEOPLE NOTICE, LOW GASPS. He looks around at the
concerned faces. Eases his grip on her arm. Smiles.

HAYES (CONT'D)

(for their benefit)

You better give me this dance. Ha!
Come here, you!

He pulls her into the crowd of people dancing. Annie lets him pull her into his chest. Stilted, tense. Awkward.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm not exactly sure what it is yet in any *specific manner*. All the moving parts. But I know there's a general overall sense of mal-intent on your part.

ANNIE

What are you talking about? I thought we squashed this.

HAYES

Yeah, and bad things just seem to keep happening to me ever since you showed up. My phone gets hacked, and I lose my assistant--

ANNIE

What? What happened to Stacy?

HAYES

Right. Then my tires get slashed, someone mysteriously changes my dinner plans to a rave. And you just *happen* to run into my girlfriend when her wallet goes missing.

ANNIE

Wow. Hacked your phone, slashed your tires *and* stole Trish's wallet? I've been very busy.

He spins her around sharply. She almost loses her balance.

HAYES

It seems everywhere I go, *there you are*.

She shakes her head. Smiling.

ANNIE

Amazing. You are *still* just as egotistical as you were in college. Maybe, just maybe, you're seeing me everywhere around Capitol Hill, because I'm working for my clients. Who are trying to cure cancer-- not that you bothered to read the materials I gave you.

HAYES

Actually, I did read it. And it fails to establish an endpoint to even *support* traditional approval.

Annie's eyebrows raise. Mildly impressed. Cocks her head.

ANNIE

True. But you can establish a *surrogate* endpoint, if it's considered reasonably likely to predict a clinical benefit.

(beat)

Which, it *is*.

She STOMPS on his foot. He winces in pain. She smiles.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Oops, sorry.

HAYES

No problem.

He twirls her around again. Jerky. She almost trips. Glares.

HAYES (CONT'D)

But in order to justify *that*, you'd have to show that the effect of the intervention on the surrogate endpoint predicts the effect on the clinical outcome.

(beat)

Which, it *doesn't*. Admit it. You're back to ruin me.

ANNIE

And why would I want to do that?

He looks at her.

HAYES

Because... you're still obsessed with me.

Beat. She stops dancing. They stare at each other. Then--

SHE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. The loud, shoulder-shaking kind. Hayes waits. She can't catch her breath. He rolls his eyes.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Okay. Alright. It's not *that* hilarious.

She's SNORTING now. PEOPLE stare. He smiles at them-- nothing to see here. Pulls her closer, dances her away. Then, low--

HAYES (CONT'D)

Okay, it was either you were still obsessed with me or you hate me. I wasn't sure which one until this moment. But it's clear now, from your reaction, it was hate.

Annie wipes her eyes. Shakes her head.

ANNIE

Give me a break. Plenty of assholes take girls' virginities and never call them again. It's not like you're the first guy to ever do that.

He's surprised. Pulls back, looking at her. Confused.

HAYES

Virginity? But you said--

ANNIE

Oh come on, you knew.

HAYES

I didn't.

Genuine. He holds her gaze a beat. Stutters.

HAYES (CONT'D)

If I knew, I never would have, I mean I could have been more...

The song ends. He's still holding her. She leans in, like she's going to... kiss him? Whispers into his ear instead--

ANNIE

Don't flatter yourself. You never even cross my mind.

Her lips brush his cheek.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Good luck today at the hearing.

HAYES

Annie...

She walks off. Leaving him, staring after her. Confused.

INT. LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

We follow George through the office. Hurrying down the hall.

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - DAY

HAYES POV: He looks up to see George walk in, breathless.

GEORGE

I have copies of all the signature
pages for...

He stops, frozen. Staring. We can't quite read his expression yet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I... think something's happening.

Staying on George's face--

HAYES (O.S.)

Damn right something's happening
George. My bill's about to pass
Committee, and when it does, I'll
be the youngest Legislative
Director on Capitol--

George shakes his head.

GEORGE

No. I mean, I think something's
happening to your face. Something
very bad.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Red, blotchy circles raising on one side of Hayes' face. Lips bloated. Eye starting to swell shut. He reaches up, feeling. SHRIEKS!

He jumps up, runs into the small bathroom in his office. MORE SHRIEKS! George runs in after him. Cringes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Wow. I don't want to scare you, but
your face is really swelling at an
alarming rate. Just twenty seconds
ago you still had a clearly defined
nose. But now...

HAYES

I'm having an allergic reaction!
But I didn't even eat...

(touching his cheek)

The popcorn had peanuts. Bitch!

George stares in horror.

GEORGE
It just looks so bad. So, so bad.

Hayes checks his watch. 3:57.

HAYES
Shit! Okay, okay. It will be okay--

GEORGE
I'm not sure it will. I think you
should go to the hospital. Like
now. There's something oozing out--

HAYES
Find me some Benadryl! GO!

GEORGE
Yes! Right away. Where would I find-

HAYES
JUST GET SOME!

GEORGE
On it!

He runs out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

George bursts out of the office, running right into the Chief-of-Staff, hand on the doorknob.

ALLEN
He in?

GEORGE
NO! DO NOT GO IN THERE!

Heads snap up. Everyone looks over. Allen frowns.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(collecting himself)
He's... in the bathroom. You know,
taking care of business. Bit of a
nervous stomach, that guy. He'll be
fine. I'm just running to get him
some Pepto now.

ALLEN
He's aware the hearing starts in
thirty minutes?

GEORGE

He knows! He will be ready on time,
sir. Good to go.

ALLEN

Make sure that he is.

Allen walks off. George waits for him to turn the corner,
sprints down the hallway in the opposite direction.

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

Hayes holds wet paper towels to his face, trying to stop the swelling. Band-aid on a gunshot wound.

HAYES

Fuck fuck fuck.
(imitating Annie)
*I don't even think about you. So
stupid!*

SOUND OF HIS OFFICE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING. He calls out--

HAYES (CONT'D)

Did you get it?

MARGARET (O.S.)

Yes.

HAYES

Margaret? Oh. Listen, uh, it's not
a really good time right now. I'll
have to get back to you--

He wads up more paper towels, running them under cold water.

ON MARGARET

She's wearing her overcoat. Drapes herself across his desk...
slides off. Knocks over papers. Jumps up, gathering them.
Repositions herself, trying to pose sexy.

MARGARET

I mean, I wasn't certain at first.
Sure, there've been rumors flying
around the office. But you know
that water cooler talk-- I didn't
actually *believe* them. But then
when you came into my office so...
sweaty and breathless. Making up an
excuse just to see me--

HAYES (O.S.)
 (can't hear over the
 running water)
 Yep! uh huh. Sounds good then.

She unbuttons the top button. Then another. Then re-buttons.

MARGARET
 And today, when your hand brushed
 my breast. "*Stop by the office.*"
 I'm getting your signals loud and
 clear.

HAYES (O.S.)
 (turning off the water)
 What's that?

He walks out, holding the paper towels to his face. Margaret
 stands there, leg out a la Angelina Jolie. He blinks.

HAYES (CONT'D)
 Margaret?

She lets her coat drop. Just undies. And they are *not* sexy.
 Lots of support in these undergarments. He drops his hand
 holding the paper towels.

HAYES (CONT'D)
 Holy shi--

She sees his grotesque, distorted face and SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF-OF-STAFF ALLEN BURN'S OFFICE - SAME

Allen, Buckley and staffers talk around a conference table.
 MARGARET'S SCREAM CUT SHORT. They all look up. What the hell
 was that?

INT. HAYES' OFFICE - DAY

George runs back in, carrying pills. Stops, frozen. Hayes has
 his hand clamped around Margaret's open mouth. She stands in
 her undies, eyes wide. George tiptoes backward...

GEORGE
 Oh. I'll... come back?

HAYES
 Give me those!

Before George can react, Hayes grabs the pills and downs them. George just stares at Margaret, frozen.

MARGARET
Stop looking, pervert!

He looks away, just as she gets in his line of sight again,
going for her coat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I said *stop looking!*

GEORGE
I don't know what's happening right now!

MARGARET
What's wrong with your face?!

HAYES
Everyone calm down! I'm just having an allergic reaction. But the Benadryl should kick in now--

GEORGE
Oh, um. That... wasn't Bendryl. I couldn't find any.

HAYES
What? What the fuck was it then?

GEORGE
Three Klonapin.

HAYES
Why would you give me Klonapin!

GEORGE
They were for *me!* I don't think you understand how stressful this job is...
(holding chest)
I feel like I'm having an angina attack. Can men have those?

He lays down with his feet up the wall. Deep Lamaze breaths.

HAYES
What the fuck am I supposed to do?
(checking his watch)
The hearing is in twenty minutes!

GEORGE
I know! I can't take this pressure!

HAYES

FUCK!

Margaret grabs her purse, pulling out a compact.

MARGARET

Okay, look. All you have to do is sit there quietly and don't say anything. Don't draw attention to yourself. I'll give you a little... *powder* for your face. And you'll just be very... very relaxed. Don't worry. It'll be fine. You'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Committee Hearing. Buckley stands at a podium before a SMALL GROUP OF SELECT CONGRESSMAN, presenting Hayes' bill.

BUCKLEY

--and that includes budget cuts of ten million over a period of...

HAYES' POV: One by one, faces look over, registering confusion. Then shock. Then what the fuck is wrong with that guy?

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Margaret and George on either side of Hayes, helping steady him. His face caked with foundation and still swollen. A goofy grin.

They discreetly help him over to a chair. His feet dragging slightly on the carpet behind him. He flops down... starts to tilt to the side... George uses a hip to lean him upright.

GEORGE

Woops, there ya go, sir. All good.

Allen stares at him. Leans over, through gritted teeth--

ALLEN

What in the hell is going on?

Hayes sits up straight. Adjusts his tie. Very serious.

HAYES

(whisper)

I... saw Margaret's boobies.

Allen stares, dumbfounded. Looks at George.

GEORGE

So he may be having a *slight*
reaction to some medicine I gave
him...

He passes out face first on the table with a THUD.

INT. HAYES AND TRISH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hayes inspects his face in the mirror. Fading red marks. A
bruise from hitting the table on his forehead.

Trish walks in with groceries, pauses, surprised. It's icy.

TRISH

You're home early.

He grabs some bags, helps her unpack. Turns away.

HAYES

Allen sent me home. He said I
seemed really stressed out and
thought I could use some rest.

TRISH

So I'm not the only one that
notices.

HAYES

Look, I know. I've been a little
crazy lately. I've just had a lot
on my mind with work and... things.
Can you forget what a jackass I've
been?

TRISH

No.

HAYES

Fair enough. How about now?

He starts doing weird dance moves to make her laugh. He looks
insane. She struggles not to smile. Then breaks, laughing. He
pulls her in, holding her.

HAYES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. For everything. Your
parents. For that stupid proposal.
I don't know what I was thinking, I
must have been on drugs...

TRISH

Ha ha. Yeah. Not the best timing. I wanted to talk about it but things just felt so off between us and--

He lets her go, laughing. Back to the groceries.

HAYES

No, I get it. Please let's just forget it happened. You're right. The timing is way off. Things are crazy for both of us right now with work and everything. I say we just put a pin in that, and let things go back to normal for a little bit. Right?

She stares at him. A flicker of disappointment. Not what she wanted to hear. Covers it with a smile.

TRISH

Right.

He hugs her, starts kissing her neck.

HAYES

So what are we possibly going to do to fill our free time tonight?

She pulls back. Smiling. Excited.

TRISH

I actually have to work tonight.
(bursting)
Annie called. They're taking two of my pieces for the Corcoran!

He blinks.

HAYES

(flat)
Oh. Wow.

TRISH

She had to pull a lot of strings to get me in--

HAYES

I'm sure she did.

TRISH

Hayes. This is major. You just promised things were going to go back to normal.

(MORE)

TRISH (CONT'D)

Please don't do anything that could ruin this for me.

HAYES

No, that's great. I won't.

TRISH

Promise me you'll stop all the craziness about Annie. She's not out to get you.

HAYES

Okay.

TRISH

Hayes.

HAYES

What? I promise.

EXT. HAYES AND TRISH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hayes waits outside. Tom drives up in a bright yellow mini-cooper. His girls sit in the back, watching a movie on their iPads, earbuds in. Hayes gets in, annoyed.

HAYES

You brought the girls?

TOM

Am I supposed to just leave them home alone? Yeah, that's good parenting. Anyway it's fine, watch.

(calling out)

Girls! A unicorn! See? I just stick Frozen on and they don't blink. That little fucking snowman's the best babysitter I've ever had.

HAYES

You bring a bright yellow mini-cooper on a stake-out?

TOM

Oh, sorry I didn't bring the appropriate vehicle to stalk your ex-girlfriend. It's grocery day. Liz needed the minivan. What do you want from me?

HAYES

We are not stalking my ex-girlfriend.

(MORE)

HAYES (CONT'D)

(off his look)

In the *traditional sense*. I just realized I've been going about this all wrong. I've been playing defense this whole time. Sitting around waiting to see what Annie's gonna do. Like trying to sabotage things with Trish--

Tom snorts, laughing.

TOM

I hear you're doing a good job of that all by yourself. Trish told Liz you proposed to her on E. That's what you took away from our talk?

HAYES

I did not propose on E, it was a misunderstanding. But that's what I'm talking about! *That was Annie*. And yesterday with the peanuts. She's just been fucking with me. Not anymore. Time to go on the offensive.

TOM

(nodding)

Break into her place. Fuck her shit up. Send a message.

HAYES

What the hell is wrong with you? I mean *find some dirt on her*. I know she's planning something with Trish and this Corcoran thing. I just don't know what her angle is yet. So I've got to arm myself with an insurance policy. And everyone's got secrets in this town. I just have to find hers.

TOM

So what's the game plan?

HAYES

I googled her office. We'll drive around until she comes out, then follow her.

Hayes pulls a Google-Earth printout from his briefcase.

TOM

That's your big plan? A tiny picture of her office from space? What is this, amateur hour? Stalking's not like when we were young. Everything's online now. You got to cyberhack her shit.

Hayes perks up. An idea.

HAYES

Make a left up here.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Trevor sits outside, on his laptop, eating lunch. Tom and Hayes pull into the parking lot. Hayes leans out the window.

HAYES

Hey Trev!

Trevor looks up. Walks over to the car, laptop under his arm. Looking at everyone, confused.

TREVOR

Hey Mr. H?

HAYES

How's that electromagnetic thingamiggy coming along?

TREVOR

Oh excellent. I've actually incorporated the molecular--

HAYES

Neat! Listen, could we pick your brain for a sec? My friend here--

He leans back, motions to Tom-- who waves. Big smile.

TOM

Heeey buddy!

HAYES

--is trying to surprise his wife with a birthday party. And he needs to get into her email and stuff. For... planning purposes.

TOM

Nothing weird! Just want to get a look at her schedule.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Maybe her friends' contact info.
Some bank statements...

HAYES

It's a secret, but not like those
inappropriate secrets that adults
should *not* have with kids. Am I
making it sound weird? It's not--

TOM

I think we're making it too
complicated. It's just two adult
males needing help from a young boy
like yourself to throw a party...

Trevor stares at them.

TREVOR

If you need me to hack into
someone's personal accounts for you
Mr. H, it's no problem.

Uncomfortable beat. Hayes and Tom exchange looks. Tom shrugs.

HAYES

Okay, get in.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Trevor, squished between the girls' two car seats, furiously
types on his computer in the backseat. Hayes swivels around.

HAYES

So what do you need? Birthday? I
think it was like June, or maybe
Decem--

TREVOR

I'm already in. Email, bank
account, schedule...

TOM

No way. No fucking way. That is
amazing. And completely terrifying.

HAYES

Let me see.

He grabs the computer from Trevor.

TOM

No one is safe nowadays. All those Hacktivists, sitting in their moms' basements jerking off, downloading NSA files and... hey could you raise my credit score?

TREVOR

I can do pretty much anything. Once I rerouted iPhone video of that douchebag Gavin Bryant pissing himself at a party, and played it over the Jumbotron at a Wizard's game.

TOM

(bangs the steering wheel)
Classic!

Hayes scans her schedule. Sees something.

HAYES

This. North Avenue. Apartment 16. She had me drop her off here the other night for an "appointment." Super fucked-up shady place. That's where we find it.

EXT. NORTH AVENUE - LATER

They roll slowly down the street. This place is not highlighted on the tourist maps. Trevor looks out the window.

TREVOR

We're the only white people here.

TOM

Don't be racist Trevor. It's 2015.

They roll past a group of BLACK GUYS on the corner, who stare at them. SOUND OF DOORS LOCKING. Hayes sees the prostitute from the other night smoking a cigarette against a building.

HAYES

Hey I know her. Pull up.

Tom pulls up. The prostitute strolls over. Leans down in the window. Smiles at Hayes.

PROSTITUTE

Dimples. I knew you'd be back for somma Roneet. You brought your friend? \$20 for you, \$50 for him.
(MORE)

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

(sees Trevor)

Roneet don't do virgins, honey.

HAYES

No, we're not here for that--

TOM

Wait, why am I fifty and he's only twenty?

RONEET

I charge by the pound, tubby. More work.

TREVOR

I'm... not a virgin. I've had plenty of... intercourse.

Tom calls over his shoulder into the backseat--

TOM

Trevor, I'll handle this. FYI, people who've had it don't call it intercourse. Tubby? Don't let the midsection fool you, Roneet. I'm surprisingly agile. I'll give you \$35, and throw in a \$15 handy for the virgin.

TREVOR

I'm *not* a virgin. But just to be clear, when you say "handy," are you referring to--

RONEET

Deal. Pull around back.

HAYES

NO! No pulling around back. Everyone knock it off! No one's getting any handies, or anything! Roneet. I just need information. You know this woman? You saw me drop her off here the other night.

He shows her a picture of Annie on his phone. Roneet nods.

RONEET

Yeah, I know her. She go to Lil' Leroy's place sometimes.

HAYES

Who's Lil' Leroy?

RONEET
Hundred bucks.

 HAYES
A hundred bucks?!

 TOM
That is a little steep Roneet.

 RONEET
Call the cops. You want the
information or not? You don't see
me coming to your place of business
tryin' to negotiate your shit.

Hayes sighs. Pulls out his wallet.

 HAYES
I've only got fifty.

 RONEET
Then you halfway there.

He rolls his eyes, looks back at Tom and Trevor.

 HAYES
What's everybody got?

Everyone digs into their wallets, pooling resources.

 TREVOR
I have a roll of quarters for the
bus.

 TOM
I have a fiver and a subway
sandwich card.
 (off their looks)
One more punch and you get a free
six inch.

Tom pours a handful of money and change into Roneet's
hands... as a cop car pulls up behind them. Lights swirling.
One BLEEP of the siren.

 HAYES
Shit. Shit! Everyone stay calm, no
one say a word. Just let me handle
this.

TWO OFFICERS get out, walk over to the car. Before they can
speak, Trevor leans up, panicked--

TREVOR

I am here against my will! These men abducted me from school and tried to buy me a handy! But I'm a virgin!

Hayes and Tom stare at him, really? Tom rolls his eyes.

TOM

Virgins.

ANCHORWOMAN (PRE-LAP)

"John Hayes, Legislative Aide for Congressman Jim Buckley, was arrested yesterday afternoon on charges of solicitation and abduction of a minor. This was not his first brush with the law. He spent time in a Tijuana prison in 2008, charged with possession of marijuana, fireworks, and a donkey stolen from a neighboring farm."

INT. CHIEF-OF-STAFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Staff scurries around in full-on crisis mode. PHONES RING OFF THE HOOK. Allen, Geri and Hayes crowd around a TV.

ON SCREEN: A MUG SHOT. A college-age Hayes, drunk, wearing a sombrero and a drawn-on, handle-bar mustache.

They all stare at him.

GERI

And what the fuck am I supposed to do with that? You just single-handedly alienated the entire Latino population of DC with that little get-up.

HAYES

I was twenty-one for crying out loud! It was a fraternity prank! And this is just local news--

She flips the station to the national news.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)

--and this graphic text sent to his assistant, Stacy Yang.

A blurred-out text of a penis flashes across the TV.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
 Amber Hanley, a congressional staffer, came forward this morning with accusations Mr. Hayes also tried to accost her in an underground parking garage.

HAYES
 Who the hell is Amber Han--

ON SCREEN: GRAINY SURVEILLANCE VIDEO of Hayes jumping out from behind his car, scaring the young woman in the parking lot.

AMBER (ON SCREEN)
 He was hiding behind his car, waiting. He grabbed my breast, then I think he tried to flash his penis--

Geri turns the TV off. Looks at him for an explanation.

HAYES
 I had a flat tire! I thought *she* was coming to jump *me*! Allen, I can explain everything--

Allen sits, stone-faced. Grim.

ALLEN
 Margaret filed a sexual harassment claim against you this morning.

HAYES
 Margaret! I should be filing one against her! She tried to harass me! Okay, look, I... lied to you before. There *is* someone in my past who is causing problems. Annie--

ALLEN
 Dawson. The woman you're stalking?

HAYES
 No! What? *She's* stalking *me*.

ALLEN
 You hacked into her personal accounts. You followed her to a client's residence, jeopardizing a pro bono case she's working on. Your computer's entire internet history is filled with pages about her. You had your assistant prepare a dossier on her for chrissakes!

He tosses a huge file on the desk. It lands with a thump.
Hayes looks at it. Beat.

HAYES
I'll admit, it looks bad. But
Allen, you *know* me--

ALLEN
I'm not so sure I do John.

INT. ELEVATORS - DAY

Hayes holds a box of his personal belongings. Waiting.
Staffers stare, whisper. The doors BING open.

George stands there. Beat. Hayes scowls at him.

HAYES
The file was the *one* thing you got
right? Seriously?

INT. HAYES AND TRISH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hayes walks in, dejected. Trish, eyes red, puffy face, packs
a suitcase. He takes in the scene.

HAYES
Trish.

TRISH
Don't say it. It was the psycho ex.
You know what? I actually believe
you.

HAYES
You do? Babe, thank g--

TRISH
Yes. There is a psycho ex alright.
(beat)
It's just you.

HAYES
Me?! That's ridiculous! Trish, I
wasn't allowed to tell you what was
going on at work--

She snorts. Throwing stuff in her bag.

TRISH
And work *is* your number one
priority, right?

HAYES

Exactly!

(realizing)

No! I mean, you're also my number one priority... Just listen, Annie hacked into my phone and sent those pictures to my assi--

TRISH

Trevor hacked your phone!

HAYES

What? Trevor? But why would he--

TRISH

I don't know! Apparently he's been coming in here when we're not home. His parents said he has a crush on me, and weird, misplaced aggression towards you. They found my wallet in his room. That sculpture he gave me even had some kind of nanny cam in it-- I don't know. He's obviously a very disturbed kid.

Hayes absorbs this. Shakes it off--

HAYES

Okay, fine. That part may be true, but Annie still--

TRISH

Annie, Annie, Annie is *all* you talk about! You promised me you'd stop all the craziness about her. What is going on? Do you still have feelings for her?

HAYES

Feelings? That's---

He stutters, starts to rub his chin... stops himself.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Of course not.

She gives him a sad smile.

TRISH

(re his tell)

Well I guess the good news is you're becoming a better politician.

She opens the door, wheeling her suitcase behind her.

HAYES

Trish. Don't go--

TRISH

I can't keep waiting for you. To get your career in place. To get your shit together. For the perfect timing. There's no perfect time, Hayes. *There's just time.* And it's passing me by while I wait around for you to feel ready. I'll have my brother come by for the rest of my stuff. Don't be here.

She leaves. He walks out into the hallway after her. A door across the hall cracks open. Trevor stares out, watching the scene. Creepy smile. Mouths, "Fuck you." Hayes gasps!

INT. BLUE MOON CAFE - DAY

Hayes, casual clothes, waits at a table. He looks up at the door, nervous smile. Congressman Buckley walks in, sits down. A WAITER walks up with a menu. Buckley waves him off.

BUCKLEY

We won't be here long enough.

HAYES

Sir, thanks for meeting me. I know I let you down. But it was a horrible misunderstanding--

BUCKLEY

I think I understand things pretty clearly.

HAYES

But sir, I never sent graphic texts or tried to solicit a prosti--

BUCKLEY

(waving him off)

I don't care about that bullshit. Everyone's sexting someone these days. I saw a picture of a girl's hooah on my son's phone this morning. He's fourteen. I would have gone to bat for you on that.

(beat)

Did you take a meeting with Bill Rochfort's office?

Hayes stutters, flustered. Busted.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
I warned you. I know everything
that goes on in my office.

HAYES
I... was just trying to--

BUCKLEY
Hedge your bets?
(off his guilty look)
Listen, I've been in this town a
long time, nothing surprises me
anymore. But the one thing I can't
compromise is loyalty. There's
something to be said for sticking
it out with someone to the very
end. Not just until they've
outlived their usefulness to you.

HAYES
Sir. You're right. I made a
mistake. Just give me one more
chance to prove myself--

Buckley shakes his head, getting up.

BUCKLEY
You'll land on your feet, I'm sure
about that. You're gonna make a
great politician someday, John.

HAYES
(deflated)
Thank you, sir.

BUCKLEY
I just don't necessarily mean that
as a compliment.

He walks out. Hayes watches him go.

EXT. THE NATIONAL BUILDING MUSEUM - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

THE CORCORAN BALL. A prestigious gala where the nation's
elite rub elbows to raise money for the arts.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hayes, in a tux, looks at himself in the mirror. He holds the
ring box. Deep breath.

INT. THE NATIONAL BUILDING MUSEUM - NIGHT

A grand ballroom. IMPORTANT GUESTS in black-tie mingle. Sculptures and paintings to be auctioned adorn the walls.

Hayes scans the crowd. Looking for--

STACY (O.S.)

Sir?

He turns. Stacy, hair down, looking relaxed and beautiful, holds a cocktail.

HAYES

Stacy? Wow, you look... wow.

STACY

Yeah, thanks. Amazing what a little sunlight can do for a girl.

HAYES

I ran you pretty ragged, huh?

STACY

Yeah you did. But... I wanted to apologize to you.

HAYES

For what? Stacy, I'm the one who should apologize. My personal crap basically got you fired--

STACY

No, that was definitely your fault. I mean I'm sorry for slashing your tires and changing your appointment to a rave. I was *really* pissed.

HAYES

What? You--

STACY

I busted my ass for you for two years, no vacations, no sick days. Fueled purely on caffeine and high levels of stress. And you just let them fire me? I mean, that's a dick move even for you. Buuut, if that didn't happen, I never would have met Charlie. We're backpacking through Italy this summer--

She nods to a GOOD-LOOKING GUY IN GLASSES, admiring some art.

STACY (CONT'D)

So anyway, I guess things worked out for the best after all. Oh... except for you. I heard you got fired. I'd hug you, but the nondisclosure agreement they forced me to sign prohibits me from having any physical contact with you. Good luck, sir.

She walks back over to her boyfriend. He stares, stunned.

Then, catches sight of Trish. She looks beautiful in an evening gown, standing with Tom and LIZ, his wife. He starts to walk over...

But Annie joins them. If Trish looks beautiful, she looks drop-dead gorgeous. She's talking with A HANDSOME GUY, ponytail and scruffy beard. They all LAUGH at something he says.

Ponytail rubs Trish's back. She smiles. Hayes storms over, furious. They all react, surprised to see him.

HAYES

(to Annie)

So *this* was your plan, huh? Of course it was. I can't believe I didn't see it.

Annie blinks, confused.

ANNIE

John--?

TRISH

Hayes, what are you doing here?

HAYES

You invited Trish's douchebag ex-boyfriend so what, you could try to get them back together? Put the final nail in the coffin? Getting me fired wasn't enough?

Ponytail Guy, Trish's ex, DOUG, puts a hand on his shoulder.

DOUG

Let's keep our voice down, John.

Hayes smacks it off.

HAYES

(loud)

You keep it down, *Doug*. Nice ponytail.

TOM

Whoa, buddy. Pump the brakes. We're all just here tonight to support Trish, okay? This is her big night.

AT THE FRONT OF THE BALLROOM

The HOST of the evening taps the mic.

HOST

Good evening. I'd like to welcome everyone to the 58th annual Corcoran Ball. This evening, we are pleased to have Honorary Patron His Excellency Francois Delattre Ambassador of France to the United States and Madame Delattre...

(APPLAUSE)

We have some wonderful pieces up for auction tonight...

BACK TO THE GROUP

TRISH

Hayes, you should leave.

HAYES

I'm not going anywhere until she admits what she's been doing. You may have fooled everyone else but not me. You invited Doug here to--

TRISH

I invited Doug, okay?

(off his look)

I wanted people around me tonight who would actually support me.

HAYES

You don't think I support you?! Then what have I been doing for the past six months while you quit teaching and tried to make this stupid art thing work out! HUH?!

PEOPLE overhear the commotion, turn to look. Whispers. Sideways glances.

TRISH

Yeah, you were super supportive. A real saint about it.

HAYES

That came out wrong! You know what I mean. This is *her* fault! Annie has been out to get me since *day one*. She's trying to ruin my life because *she's totally obsessed with me*! Why doesn't anyone believe...

A GOOD-LOOKING MAN carrying two champagne glasses, walks over. Hands one to Annie. Takes in the tense scene. Beat.

GUY

Everything okay here?

ANNIE

John, this is my *boyfriend*, Zander. He just flew in from Toronto.

Hayes looks at him. Surprised. Thrown.

HAYES

Boyfriend? From Canada?

ZANDER

Well, originally from Montauk, but my job transferred--

Hayes shakes his head. Unfazed.

HAYES

Come on! How do we know he's really her boyfriend?! He could be anyone, she could have hired an actor.

TRISH

Don't be ridiculous!

HAYES

(to Annie)

You almost had me. *You almost had me*. With that virgin sob story. That was a nice touch, by the way. Definitely threw me off.

ANNIE

John, you're obviously very upset. I know things are a little difficult at work right now--

HAYES
WELL I WONDER WHY!

More stares, whispers. CONCERNED GUESTS pull their phones out, dialing...

HAYES (CONT'D)
 Y'see, Sandy--

ZANDER
 It's Zander, actually--

HAYES
 No one cares. Annie and I go way back. Back to college. Freshman year.

ZANDER
 Oh, well that's cool... right?

HAYES
 Yeah, it was. It was cool. *Until she went totally nuts.* Stalking me. Doing insane things like leaving dead birds in front of my dorm room...

Annie looks at him, confused. Shakes her head.

ANNIE
 What are you talking about?! I never left a dead bird--

MUFFLED LAUGHTER. They all look over to Tom.

TOM
 That was me and Murph. The bird? Yeah. We did that.

Hayes blinks, momentarily flustered. Waves it off.

HAYES
 So what. She did plenty of other crazy, fucked up things. Like hacking into my computer and typing over my final. I almost lost an internship because of you!

Tom clears his throat. They all look over again.

TOM
 Yeaah. Us again. The computer thing.
 (off his look)
 (MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

What? You were a *freshman pledge*!
We did messed up shit to all you
guys. You were definitely our
favorite though. You freaked out
over everything! Super spazzy.
That's what we called you behind
your back-- Super Spaz.

Annie glares at Hayes. But he refuses to back down.

HAYES

Okay, okay. Well... what about
this! Did I imagine this?!

Hayes takes out his phone. Pulls up THE OLD YOUTUBE VIDEO OF
ANNIE AND HAYES IN COLLEGE THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE. Plays it.

Annie, horrified, watches herself on screen.

YOUNG ANNIE (ON SCREEN)

WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME!

YOUNG HAYES (ON SCREEN)

YOU ARE A *PSYCHO*!

People around them laugh, uncomfortable. Sideways glances at
Annie. Zander turns to her. Clearly weirded out.

ZANDER

You set a dorm on fire?

HAYES

Yes! *Yes she did*. Because she was
my *stalker*. And now you show up at
my work after all this time, and
suddenly my entire life goes to
shit and it's all just some big
coincidence?

ANNIE

I'm a lobbyist! You work on the
Hill! I am not stalking you, you
idiot! *I'm working*. And I was an
eighteen-year-old, naive girl! You
slept with me and never called me
again! *You were my first. My first*
everything, my first love.

Beat. Hayes absorbs this. Stunned.

HAYES

I was your first... love?

Annie flushes, hadn't meant to go that far. Hayes looks at her, and for a split second, she is that baby-faced freshman girl again. Vulnerable. Innocent. She recovers--

ANNIE

Yes! And a selfish fucking dick!

DOUG

John, I think you need a moment for some quiet self-reflection. There's a ton of big, messy emotions flying around this room right now...

Doug puts a hand on Hayes, trying to guide him away. Hayes grabs the auction paddle out of Doug's hand, smacks him on the arm with it.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Your unprovoked aggression is really just an indicator that you're hurting.

Hayes smacks him on the cheek with the paddle. MORE REACTION from the crowd. GASPS of shock!

TRISH

Hayes! What is the matter with you?

DOUG

I should really warn you before you go any further, that I study Bokato, Cambodian martial ar--

Hayes tries to smack him again. Doug grabs the paddle, and with lightening speed, hits him under the chin, then jabs him in the stomach with it.

Hayes doubles over, falling backward. KNOCKING OVER A SCULPTURE. IT SHATTERS. SCREAMS AND GASPS!

THE ENTIRE BALLROOM TURNS. Staring at them in horror.

He lies on the ground, wheezing. Annie looks around at all the shocked, disgusted faces. She rushes out.

HAYES

Annie...

Trish turns, storms out the opposite way.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Trish...

He looks back and forth-- unsure what to do...

OFFICER (O.S.)
I know. Decisions, right? Here.
I'll make this one easy.

The same cop that busted Hayes with the prostitute, OFFICER HENSLEY, stands over top of him.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
You have the right to remain
silent, oh bla bla. You remember
this part. It's where you cried
last time.

INT. JAIL - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Hayes sits, head in his hands, amidst DRUNKS and PETTY CRIMINALS. Officer Hensley walks up.

OFFICER HENSLEY
You made bail. Again.

SOUND OF HIGH HEELS ECHO. Hayes looks up, hopeful...

Eloise, princess pajamas and dress-up heels traipses down the hallway. Tom carries a sleeping Maddie on his shoulder.

Hayes glares. Storms to a corner of his cell. Sulks.

HAYES
I refuse. Can I refuse bail from
this prick?

TOM
Oh come on. This is *my* fault?

HAYES
YES!

TOM
You're the one who Black-Swanned
yourself.

HAYES
What the hell are you taking about?

TOM
It's been you the whole time.
You were using this Annie bullshit
as a crutch. You've been scrambling
for a reason to get out of
proposing to Trish ever since you
bought that ring. Admit it.

HAYES

I had no idea it was you that did that stuff in college! And how would I know about Trevor-- that little sociopath!

TOM

Come on. You've been dragging your feet forever. You had *seven years* to propose to Trish. Marriage? Kids? It's *always* freaked you out. You've never wanted it.

HAYES

You're fucking miserable! All you do is complain about how horrible everything is. Can't imagine why I'm not chomping at the bit.

TOM

Yeah, but miserable *in a good way*. At night when these little dickheads are asleep, and I snuggle up on the couch with Liz's fat ass to watch some Shark Tank-- I'm happy, man. Like, deeply happy. You know, until they all wake up and shit starts all over again. But for those brief moments, I wouldn't want it any other way. Be honest, did you really want that with Trish? Really, deep down?

HAYES

(unconvincing)

Yes.

TOM

Nah. You wanted the Christmas card. The cookie-cutter politician's wife to bring to all your snobby DC functions and make you look good. You were never in it for her. You were always in it for you.

Hayes stares at him, as this sinks in.

HAYES

I... Black-Swanned myself?

TOM

You are emaciated, lesbo, ballerina-Natalie Portman up in this bitch right now.

Hayes takes it in. Realizing.

HAYES
I'm Natalie Portman.

AN OLD DRUNK GUY stirs from the corner.

DRUNK GUY
I'm Sammy Davis, Jr.!

He does a ridiculous tap dance move and falls over.

TOM
All I know is, I saw you put more effort into busting Annie than I ever saw you put into your relationship with Trish. Talking about her non-stop, following her around, acting all crazy... if I didn't know better, I'd say that's a guy who still had feelings for someone. You better stop dicking around, and figure out what you really want. If you're lucky enough to find the right person, it's amaz-

LIZ (O.S.)
DAMNIT TOM, GET YOUR STUPID, LOSER FRIEND AND LET'S GO!

Tom looks at Hayes. Sighs.

TOM
We're pregnant again. Yaaaay.

LIZ (O.S.)
Oh, are "WE" pregnant Tom? I didn't realize "we" were gonna gain forty pounds in our ass and have non-stop radiating heartburn. I'm so glad "we're" in this together. Asshole!

Beat.

TOM
We're also a little hormonal.

LIZ (O.S.)
Say "we" one more time. ONE MORE TIME. I dare you.

TOM
Okay, everyone heard mommy, time to go.

The girls eyeball PROSTITUTES in a cell. Wide-eyed.

MADDIE

They have princesses here!

TOM

Yep, let's go. No, Eloise, do not high-five the pimps...

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Annie walks up to her building, keys out. From behind her--

HAYES (O.S.)

Annie...

She whirls around, punching Hayes in the throat, followed by a swift kick to the balls. He SCREAMS IN PAIN!

HAYES (CONT'D)

It's me!!

He falls to the ground, dropping flowers and a paper bag. Clutches his throat.

ANNIE

John? What the fuck are you doing here?

HAYES

(gasping)

I just... wanted to talk to you.

ANNIE

So you hide outside my apartment like a fucking murderer?

HAYES

(on the ground)

You definitely recognized it was me before the kick to the balls...

ANNIE

So? I could have maced you. I still might. What do you want.

HAYES

I want to... apologize.

ANNIE

For which part? Humiliating me in front of every important person in Washington DC?

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Causing my boyfriend to "reevaluate where we're headed?" Or stalling an important piece of legislation with your ridiculous bullshit? Hmm? What exactly are you sorry for? Dick.

She stomps all over the flowers on the ground.

HAYES

Okay, I am *also* sorry for all those things. Although again, the bill is not really--

(off her look)

important right now. Annie, what I came to say was... back in college, I didn't treat you very well--

ANNIE

Oh my god, this again? I've told you a million times. I don't care. *It wasn't a big deal.*

HAYES

It was a big deal. It was a big deal to an eighteen year old girl. And honestly? It was a big deal to me too. It was... I mean, you were my first too. And I messed it up. I was careless with your feelings. And I know it was a long time ago, but I want you to know, I'm sorry. I wish I had been better for you. You deserved it.

He means it. And we can see it means something to her. She's disarmed. Conflicted. Before she can respond--

A SHORT SIREN BLEEP. A cop car pulls up. Officer Hensley. Again. He gets out, walks over.

OFFICER

Ma'am, we had a call about a woman screaming out here--

(sees Hayes)

Again? Really? You literally *just* left. I haven't even processed your paperwork yet.

HAYES

I know. Definitely looks bad. But this is just a misunderstanding. Everything's fine. Right Annie?

Officer Hensley looks to her. She pauses, considering...

HAYES (CONT'D)
Annie? Right? Tell them.

OFFICER HENSLEY
Is this man stalking you? I can
take him in right now.

She sighs.

ANNIE
It's okay. It's just *my psycho ex-*
boyfriend. And he's leaving. Now.

OFFICER HENSLEY
Really? Blink once if you're under
duress.

ANNIE
No, I'm o--

OFFICER HENSLEY
Was that a blink?

He moves to take Hayes in. Annie stops him.

ANNIE
No, really. It's fine. I'm okay. As
much as I love the idea of him in
prison... he's not a dangerous
criminal. He's just an asshole. And
unfortunately that's not a crime.

Officer Hensley rolls his eyes. Then, to Hayes--

OFFICER HENSLEY
I don't want to see you again
tonight. I mean it.

HAYES
You will not.

OFFICER HENSLEY
I will not hesitate to tase you
next time. Even if the situation
does not call for it.

HAYES
Understood. I'm done. All done. You
will not see me again. Thank you,
Officer.

They get back in the cruiser, leave. Annie turns to him.

ANNIE

Now can you please leave me alone?
I'm sure Trish won't be thrilled to
find out you're here.

HAYES

Trish and I... we're not... I mean,
that's over now.

Annie looks at him, surprised.

ANNIE

Oh. Well, sorry to hear that. Can't
say I'm surprised. And quite
frankly, I think she can do better.

He laughs.

HAYES

You're probably right. And if I'm
being totally honest, it's been
over for awhile, I just didn't have
the balls to do the right thing.
And it wasn't fair to her. See, my
freshman year of college, I met
this amazing girl, and I fucked it
all up. And I've never been able to
get her completely out of my mind.
She was... my first love. I just
wasn't smart enough to recognize it
at the time.

She rolls her eyes.

ANNIE

That's ridiculous. It was ten years
ago. We were kids.

He picks up the brown bag he brought off the ground.

HAYES

And ten years ago, I missed a very
important date with you. I'm hoping
you'll let me make it up now.

He pulls out a box of Hot Pockets.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Can I have one more chance? I
promise I won't fuck it up this
time.

She scoffs. He takes her hand.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Annie. If you tell me you don't have any feelings for me somewhere in there, I will walk away and leave you alone for good. But if there's even a tiny--

ANNIE

I have no feelings for you, John.

He searches her face. No emotion, resolute. He nods.

HAYES

Okay. Wow. Was not expecting that. I... I'm sorry I bothered you. I'll go... goodbye Annie.

He turns, walking away slowly.

Slower... slower... barely even moving at this point.

She rolls her eyes. He turns, calling over his shoulder--

HAYES (CONT'D)

Really? Because this was kinda the point where I figured you'd stop me. Once I turn the block, there's a lot of street noise so I wouldn't want to miss you calling out--

ANNIE

YOU'RE INFURIATING! You're a selfish, work-obsessed narcissist with co-dependency issues!

HAYES

See? You get me. You always have. Please just have dinner with me. One dinner. If you hate it, I promise I'll leave you alone.

Beat. She sighs.

ANNIE

Fine. But I'm not eating those disgusting hot pockets. You're taking me somewhere expensive. Very expensive.

HAYES

Wherever you want to go.

She walks over to meet him. They turn down the street. He smiles.

HAYES (CONT'D)

One thing.

ANNIE

What?

HAYES

Be honest. You were fucking with me a little bit. Just a little.

ANNIE

I was not.

HAYES

It's okay. I get it. I deserved it.

ANNIE

I was not fucking with you.

HAYES

The peanut thing. That was on purpose. Right? Come on...

ANNIE

Of course not! How would I even remember something like that?

HAYES

Really? You *really* didn't remember.

Beat. She fidgets...

ANNIE

Maybe I remembered *something* about an allergy or--

HAYES

I KNEW IT!!

ANNIE

But I wasn't 100% sure!

HAYES

So you *were* fucking with me!

Beat.

ANNIE

A teeny, *tiny* bit.

(off his look)

But I didn't have to do much-- you were already so freaked out every time you saw me, all I did was let you *think* I was up to something.

HAYES
And meeting Trish?

She fidgets, uncomfortable.

ANNIE
I guess I was just... curious. Who
you ended up with.

HAYES
(teasing)
Psycho.

She bristles, angry--

ANNIE
Oh and kidnapping a teenager to
hack into my personal accounts, or
following me to--

HE GRABS HER, KISSING HER.

It's been ten years in the making... They part, she catches
her breath. He smiles.

HAYES
So we're both a little psycho.

He grabs her hand as they walk, she yanks it away. Pissed.

ANNIE
What you did was waaaay more
psycho.

He pulls her in, wrapping his arms around her. She elbows him
in the gut, a slight grin.

He smiles, wheezing. Not gonna be easy... but it will be fun.

They continue this push-pull game down the street, as we...

FADE OUT.