

THE KILLING SPREE

By

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INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

JAY, (27, friendly and responsible), is driving. His girlfriend CAITLIN, (26, attractive) rides shotgun. They ride in silence. The kind of silence that is earned. Silence that only exists when two souls are in love.

CAITLIN

Jay. I'm seeing someone.

JAY

(playing along) Yeah? Me too. You thinking Orgy? Partner swap? Little Chinese Fire Drill action?

CAITLIN

Jay, please don't make a joke right now. I'm seeing someone.

JAY

(confused)

You mean like a therapist?

CAITLIN

No, Jay, I'm seeing someone...else. I wanted to tell you sooner but...

This is hard for her. More silence. Panic rising.

JAY

Wait, wait. Are you telling me that you are banging another dude? Is that what is happening right now?

CAITLIN

Jay --

JAY

Are you sleeping with someone else?

CAITLIN

That's not the point. The point is -

JAY

WHO IS IT?

Jay looks like he's about to lose his biscuits.

JAY (CONT'D)

(Very calm) Who. Is. It.

Long pause.

JAY (CONT'D)
(Not calm at all) Look, Caitlin, up until about three minutes ago I still thought you were moving in. I honestly was kinda hoping to marry you. I love you.

Jay takes a moment to collect himself.

JAY (CONT'D)
So, would you please tell me who you have been fucking on the side while I've been planning our lives together? (long pause) If you don't say a name in five seconds, I'm gonna wreck the car into something.

5, 4, 3, 2...Jay puts on his seatbelt while staring at her and begins slowly turning the wheel.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

CAITLIN (O.S.)
JAY!!!

The Prius CRUSHES itself into a pole.

JAY (O.S.)
Ugh. Ugh.

INT. PRIUS - NIGHT

The airbags have been DEPLOYED. Jay looks rattled and a little busted up. His forehead is BLEEDING. Caitlin is TOTALLY FINE.

CAITLIN
Jay! Are you crazy?! You could have killed us!

JAY
Who is it?

CAITLIN
(sighs)
It's no one in particular. I don't know why I said that, but you didn't let me explain myself. For the past few months I've been trying to act like I was single to see if it felt more comfortable.
(MORE)

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

We've been growing apart, you can't deny that. I wasn't sure what I wanted, so I told myself to see some other people. See what that was like, then reevaluate us. Does that make sense? I'm so sorry Jay, but I can't do this anymore. I can't be in a relationship with anyone right now. Please say something.

Jay closes his eyes. Like he's focusing on the perfect thing to say to win her back. But instead, he promptly passes out into the deployed airbag.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - 40 MINUTES LATER

Jay is on a stretcher and being wheeled into an ambulance by a PARAMEDIC. He is in a neck brace and thus can only look straight ahead. Caitlin walks alongside as a crowd gathers to see the accident.

JAY

I don't believe this. The shit you just pulled, and I'm the one going to the hospital. Look at you, not even a scratch. Do you have a headache?

He's clearly woozy from the crash. She touches his arm. Slightly confused.

CAITLIN

What do you mean?

JAY

I'm asking if the impact from the collision has at least given you a headache.

CAITLIN

I'm sorry Jay, I'm not sure what else to say...I look at you and you have no doubts about me, but I just don't feel the same anymore. I can't help the way I feel.

JAY

Does your head hurt?

CAITLIN

Jay--

JAY

Does your head hurt? Tell me you have a headache. Do you have a headache?

CAITLIN

Jay, I'm trying to explain myself to you.

JAY

(sternly) Please just say you have a headache.

CAITLIN

OK fine! I have a headache. There, are you happy?

JAY

Do you actually have a headache?

CAITLIN

No.

Caitlin walks away as the paramedic loads Jay into the ambulance. The doors close.

JAY (O.S.)

FUUUUUUUCKKK YOUUUUUUU

As Jay's long, muffled "FUCK YOU" is still being screamed from inside the ambulance.

TITLE CARD: THE KILLING SPREE

SMASH CUT TO:

ECU on a web browser. iTunes opens and the mouse double clicks "Nothing Compares 2 U" by Sinéad O'Connor. The pitiful song begins to play as the OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

Now Safari is opened. A few taps of the keyboard as F-A-C-E is being typed into the browser. Enter.

FACEBOOK.COM

The mouse stops inside the "search" box. Click. A blinking cursor. The sounds of typing. C-A-I-T-L-I-N. "Caitlin Pratt" is highlighted in blue. 88 mutual friends. Click.

CAITLIN's Facebook profile.

Hardcore facebook stalking ensues. Photos, status updates, info, likes, etc. Now photo after photo of Jay and Caitlin as a happy couple.

The mouse clicks on a photo album entitled "Spring Break." We begin blasting through photos until we stop on a bikini shot of Caitlin. We stare at this photo for an uncomfortable amount of time.

A new tab opens.

PORNHUB.COM

The search box is filled with "skinny blonde spring break." We scroll down to some of the options presented, then back up to the search box. Those words are then deleted and replaced with a weirdly specific description. "skinny blonde with reassuring smile, playful eyes, not too tan but not pale." NO RESULTS.

Back to Facebook. Jay clicks on his own profile. He looks DEEPLY UNHAPPY in his profile picture.

Jay updates his status, types in a quote: "tomorrow is just another lonely day" - Ben Harper.

We go through a few more pictures of a bleak few months, until we HOLD on a tagged photo of Jay at dinner looking like a DOWNER while everyone else couldn't seem happier. The picture comes to life. END CREDITS.

SUPER: TWO PATHETIC MONTHS POST-BREAKUP

INT - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Meet Jay's crew. On Jay's side of the table - DICKIE (27, fast-talker) and WES (27, very attractive, and very dumb). Seated across from them are DAVE (27, ex-frat dog, dependable) and his girlfriend MAGGIE (25, cool).

DICKIE

What's the over-under on number of words spoken by Jay tonight?

WES

Ten words.

DAVE

You kidding? I'll take the under.
What about you, Mags?

Two girls walk past the table. Dickie flashes them a quick smile and tracks them as they saddle up to the bar.

MAGGIE

You three haven't shut up all night, no one else could get a word in anyways.

WES

Please don't defend him. Dickie, over / under?

DICKIE

Over. You guys are forgetting about his exchange with the waitress. (Counting off) 'I'll. Have. A. Side. Salad. Cause. I'm. A. Giant. Fucking. Pussy'...that's eleven words.

Dickie stands up and motions to the two girls who just walked in.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get us some drinks. Wes, come with me.

They make their way to the bar, leaving Jay alone with Dave and Maggie.

DAVE

Alright, what's wrong?

JAY

Nothing. I'm good. Just kinda tired.

DAVE

You've been sitting here thinking about Caitlin all night haven't you?

JAY

Yep. The entire night. I can't stop looking at her facebook photos on my phone. It's taking over my life.

He holds up his iPhone with Caitlin's Facebook profile on his screen.

MAGGIE

That sucks.

DAVE

The internet age has been a giant step backwards for heartbroken dudes, huh.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Used to be, when our folks were young, you just lost the girl's number and you never saw them again. Now, there are pictures of these broads everywhere.

MAGGIE

Don't say "broads."

JAY

I stare at her pictures and concoct these insane scenarios that always end with her in some weird sex party on a yacht or in a grotto or something.

MAGGIE

(genuine) Aww, you gotta stop. Maybe you should defriend her?

DAVE

Don't do that. That looks terrible. You realize you're losing this breakup right? Caitlin is out there running around, having a good ol time. What are you doing? Sitting here like a little bitch.

MAGGIE

Dave!

DAVE

No, I'm being serious. This has gotta stop...Tonight. Maggie, don't take this the wrong way, but you can't come out with us tonight. We're going out as a pack of dudes and getting Jay laid.

MAGGIE

You promised we were going to stay in tonight. You can't be hungover for brunch with my mom.

DAVE

Duty calls, babe.

Maggie doesn't say anything, but she is pissed.

JAY

Appreciate the thought, but I'm not going out.

DICKIE (O.S.)
Bull shit!

Dickie and Wes return with beers.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Johnny Cashmere's having a ripper
tonight. It's going to get real
weird. You're coming.

JAY
I'm going home and I'm going to
bed, ok. Don't give me shit. Not up
for debate.

It's obvious he's not going to budge.

DAVE
(To Maggie) I was just kidding
about going out. Let's just go home
and watch a movie. Be fresh for
brunch.

Dave tries to kiss Maggie.

MAGGIE
Ew, get away from me.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

POV from the street through the window of a house - Caitlin is making herself some dinner. PULL OUT to reveal we're seeing it from Jay's eyes. He's in his car, idling for a minute outside. His face looks pained before he drives off.

INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jay sits in front of his laptop. We HOLD on a framed photo of Jay, Dave, Dickie and Wes at their high school graduation. Tucked into the corner is a picture of Caitlin.

He's going through pictures of her on Facebook. Looking at his phone, we see a series of text messages he's previously sent to Caitlin - 'what was the name of that restaurant in Palm Springs? Such a great night...', and 'do you still go houseboating?'. All of which she has NOT responded to.

He begins typing up another text, "I miss you" but thinks better of it and puts his phone away. Jay kills the lights and crawls into bed with his laptop.

Back to Facebook.

We stop on a photo of Caitlin standing with KOBE BRYANT. She is wearing khakis, a polo, and has credentials around her neck. They are in the Lakers' locker room immediately following a game.

Jay rolls over to go to bed as the picture comes to life and we fade into...

INT. LOS ANGELES LAKERS' LOCKER ROOM - JAY'S NIGHTMARE

Kobe Bryant and Caitlin begin passionately KISSING EACH OTHER.

Then DWIGHT HOWARD and RON ARTEST come out of the shower, with only tiny towels covering their HAMMERS.

They join in the action. Artest takes off Caitlin's shirt as Howard begins kissing her neck.

Next, a couple of ROOKIES wander in. This is slowly turning into an ORGY.

Head Coach MIKE BROWN sits to the side with a clipboard taking notes and recording on video. All of a sudden he looks up angrily and THROWS the clipboard to the ground as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay wakes up in a cold sweat from the nightmare. He looks over at the glare from his laptop, still open to the picture of Caitlin and Kobe. Jay closes the computer and stares up at the ceiling. It's going to be (another) long night.

CUT TO:

INT. WORK PLACE, ESTABLISHING

Jay walks through the doors of his office lobby, dragging his bag behind him. He is greeted by the male RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

'Morning, Jay.

JAY

'Morning, Barry.

BARRY

You catch that Laker game last night?

Jay puts his head down and continues to the elevators.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S CUBICLE - MORNING

CLOSE on his computer as Jay browses gmail. To the left, we see Caitlin is on g-chat.

The mouse hovers over her name and the icon expands. Status message reads, "**sore from yoga.**" Jay sighs, resigned. He clicks the box to write her a message.

He types, "**Dear Caitlin. You are a dirty, rotten whore. I hope your soreness is not from yoga but from a gang rape. Also, I never told you this but I hate your mom and dad. Burn in hell...Nevermind. I didn't mean that. I'm so sorry. You're perfect, I love you.**" He then highlights it, and deletes the text.

A gchat pops up from Dave, as he closes the box to Caitlin. "**Stop thinking about Caitlin! I'm starting to think you have PTSD**".

He doesn't respond. Instead, he takes out his phone and goes to the photo library, opening an album of "Caitlin" pics. He stops at a TOPLESS photo of Caitlin, smiling bashfully at the camera. He stares at the photo for a while. We can't tell what he's thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. CAITLIN'S KITCHEN (FLASHBACK)

As some upbeat Van Morrison plays, Jay and Caitlin laugh while attempting to bake.

JAY
You're all filthy.

Caitlin takes a step back.

CAITLIN
(smiling)
Oh yeah?

She takes off her shirt, standing topless in front of him.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
How about now?

They start making out and --

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL, JAY'S OFFICE (PRESENT)

Jay is sitting on the toilet, MASTURBATING and CRYING while starting at the picture.

BARRY

Uhh, Jay is that you? Are you ok in there? One of the interns said they heard someone crying.

Jay just closes his eyes. Another lost day.

INT. O'BRIENS - NEXT NIGHT

The guys and Maggie sit in a booth at a local watering hole, a couple empty car bombs in front of them. Dave comes back from the bar with five fresh beers.

The rest of the crew nods to him. Dave nods back.

DAVE

Ok, look Jay. We brought you out tonight for a reason, and if this feels like an intervention, that's because it's exactly what it is.

DICKIE

We know your heart's broken. It sucks. But it's officially time to move on. Phase 1 is over. That was the "you're embarrassing yourself and all of us", phase.

WES

The jig is up.

DICKIE

It's time for phase 2 to finally kick in. You've gotta bang other chicks.

WES

Fuck somebody dude!

DAVE

Wes is right - if you don't start sleeping with other girls you're never going to get over this.

JAY
I'm not ready.

DICKIE
I'm going to ask you a question.
Answer honestly: how many girls
have you slept with in your life?

JAY
I don't know, I've never really
thought about it or added up my
total...

MAGGIE
Dude. We all know your total.

DAVE
We've known each other our whole
lives Jay, we all know the answer.

JAY
Then why are you asking me if you
already know the answer?! (everyone
stares at him). Ok, fine. Three
girls.

WES
That's not a high number.

DAVE
I slept with 3 girls my first week
of college. (To Maggie) Sorry.

MAGGIE
(shrugs)
So did I.

DICKIE
Humor us...who did you lose your
virginity to?

JAY
Sydney Sherman.

DICKIE
Right. And how long did you end up
dating her, all told?

JAY
Seven years.

DICKIE

Yep. Then you broke up sophomore year, and two weeks later you started dating...

JAY

Beth.

DAVE

Who you dated for the rest of college plus one year after we moved out here.

DICKIE

Until you inevitably broke up. Then you were single for a total of one month until you met the C word.

WES

He means both 'Caitlin' and 'Cunt'. But for the same person.

JAY

Ok, ok, point taken. But I don't know if I'm ready to just jump in --

WES

You're ready. You can't keep going at this pace.

DAVE

Maggie, back us up here.

MAGGIE

Honestly, I think you've got to get back out there. It's really boring hanging out with you now when you're all mopey. (beat) Sorry.

JAY

I'm trying, guys, I really am.

DICKIE

Are you though? She's not gonna come back.

The guys all look to Maggie as if she has the definitive answer. She shrugs.

MAGGIE

She's not. Sorry Jay.

JAY

Yeah but she might - she didn't leave me for somebody else, she broke up with me because she didn't want to be in relationship with anyone. Once she figures out her issues, I feel like she could realize what we had and come back.

MAGGIE

That's...probably not going to happen.

DICKIE

It's over, bro.

WES

Over.

DAVE

Listen, the last thing I'd ever do in my entire life is take relationship advice from 'Of Mice and Men' over here, but they're right. You've gotta *get angry!*

WES

You know what I used to do when I got crushed by Samantha? Whenever I would start thinking about her and the rotten things she did to my heart, I'd put on DMX's "Ruff Ryder's Anthem" and cruise the town. Just get in that murderous frame of mind.

DAVE

Samantha, that girl who worked at Robek's? You dated her for like a week.

MAGGIE

Didn't you break up with her?

DICKIE

You know what you need to do? (to Wes and Dave) You know what he needs to do? Killing Spree.

On the brink of a revelation.

DAVE

He's right.

JAY
A killing spree?

DICKIE
It's an old strategy made famous by Cherokee warriors. Essentially, you need to bang literally every single girl in a 5 mile radius, with reckless abandon. Like in the movie "Kids".

MAGGIE
Ok first of all, gross. But second of all I actually read an article about this, that the best way to get over someone is to have a bunch of meaningless hook-ups.

WES
Everyone knows this.

DICKIE
What separates a killing spree from just going out and trying to get laid is that the spree has the single-minded goal of getting over a chick. It's about your numbers, plain and simple. The more girls you take down the less you think about Caitlin.

JAY
I don't know, I don't think I can do that. Just thinking about being with another girl makes me physically ill.

The gang stares.

JAY (CONT'D)
I mean, I'll give it a shot or whatever.

GROUP
YEAH! Good enough for me.

They all clink their beers.

DICKIE
Ok, look, Wes and I are going to work the room a bit for you, get you a good hand of cards to play with.

WES
Let's get out there and wheel some
broads.

A Top 40 rap monster kicks in and we -

CUT TO:

INT. O'BRIENS - LATER

Dickie and Wes are running game on a group of hipster girls.
Jay is on the sidelines, clutching a whiskey.

DICKIE
Hold up - (to GIRL 1) - you really
remind me of someone. I can't put
my finger on it but it's someone
obvious. I'm serious, it's actually
really bothering me. Do people ever
say you look like anyone?

HOT HIPSTER 1
Hmm, I don't know...sometimes, I
guess?

DICKIE
Wait. I got it. "Full House".

Off her confused look.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
You look just like that girl from
Full House.

She is confused. Stephanie Tanner? Uncle Jessie's wife?

DICKIE (CONT'D)
(to Wes)
The annoying neighbor. What was her
name?

WES
Kimmy Gibler!

DICKIE
Yes! Bingo! You look exactly like
Kimmy. Gibler.

The girl playfully hits Dickie on the shoulder kinda like "oh
hehe, stop it I don't look like Kimmy Gibler."

DICKIE (CONT'D)
(playful)
Hey! It's not my fault! It's a
compliment, right Jay?

Jay perks up, tries to get involved. The girls are staring at him.

JAY
More like Uncle Joey, right?
Hehe...(acting it out) Cut. It.
Out. Right? Cut. It. Out. Cut. It.
Out.

He starts making scissors in the air towards one of the girls.

HOT HIPSTER 2
Ew, no. Seriously, cut it out. (To
her friends) Umm, come with me to
the bathroom?

HOT HIPSTER 1
(to Dickie)
Sorry...find me later? Your friend
is out of control.

They leave.

DICKIE
Umm, dude? What the shit?

WES
That was our best Kimmy Gibler!
It's a classic! It works every
time.

Jay looks genuinely hurt.

JAY
I told you I can't do this. I'm an
idiot, I'm a fucking idiot...

He is spiraling fast.

DICKIE
Ok, no biggie. (Pointing to the
girl next to them at the bar) Try
something out on this girl. We're
here for back up if you need it but
just keep it light, keep it fun,
keep it no-tears.

JAY

Ok.

WES

Swing away.

Jay turns to the girl whose back is towards him. This is HARPER, mid-20's, gorgeous. He takes a step but then backs up *quick*.

JAY

I can't. Abort. She's way too hot.

DICKIE

There is no such thing dude. Tell you what - Wes and I will get over there, soften up the audience for you, ok? Give us one minute. Wes, you good?

WES

10-4.

Wes and Dickie break off. We stay with Jay as he stands at the bar by himself, trying to play it cool.

He spots a CO-ED standing by herself and approaches.

JAY

Excuse me. You look just like Kimmy Gibler.

CO-ED

If my boyfriend sees you talking to me, he's going to kick your ass.

CUT TO:

INT. O'BRIEN'S - BOOTH, SAME

Dave and Maggie are sipping their drinks, watching the activity.

DAVE

C'mon, let's get out there, shake a leg.

Maggie yawns.

MAGGIE

Can we actually just go home? I'm kinda tired.

DAVE

You can go, I'll meet you at my place in like an hour? I wanna hang.

MAGGIE

Ugh, no that's so annoying. I have to feel my way around the back of the house and go in through the glass door because you don't have a key, then I get woken up by your roommates when they come in banging around like two year-olds.

DAVE

You love two year-olds!

She just looks at him.

MAGGIE

This would be so much easier if we had our own place...It sucks that we both have roommates.

DAVE

I know - one day, I promise.

MAGGIE

One day?

DAVE

(He's done this before)
I still like living with my friends. I don't want to feel like I'm missing out on things. Especially with Jay going through this shit.

MAGGIE

Ok, whatever, I'm going to take a cab back to my place then. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Maggie gets up and gets out of there quick.

DAVE

Wait -- ah, shit.

We hear some laughter from off screen, where Dickie and Wes are entertaining the girls. We see Jay at the bar still, by himself.

WES (O.S)
(yelling)
Yo Jay. Jay. Come here bro.

Jay walks up. Wes is standing with Harper. Dickie and a group of girls are behind them lining up shots.

WES (CONT'D)
Jay, this is Harper. She was just telling me that she did a semester at sea in college. (winking) Just like you did. (to Harper) He never shuts up about it.

HARPER
Where were you? Caribbean?

JAY
...Yes?

He looks to Wes for help.

WES
Right, well I hear a Jaegerbomb being poured with my name on it. You kids stay here and keep it PG-13, ok?

Harper laughs.

HARPER
Ok so, what? Did you do a semester at sea or not?

JAY
I definitely did not. I don't know why they said that. I'm not sure I even have any idea what that is or what it entails. I think that was just my 'in' to get you to talk to me.

HARPER
(laughing)
It's like studying abroad but the whole thing's on a boat. And you spend a week in each country as you sail around. It's really awesome.

JAY
Whoa. That actually does sound awesome.

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

I studied abroad in Scotland and I just remember the people really loved Burger King but didn't like Americans...but yours sounds a lot better. Like a semester long spring break.

HARPER

It really is - it's basically one huge party. It got super weird at the end because everybody had hooked up with everyone else, and no one knew how to feel about that. Feelings got hurt. Standard college drama.

Is there a connection here?

JAY

(awkwardly)

So does that mean you like *hooking up with people*?

HARPER

What?

He's been out of the game too long.

JAY

Nevermind. That was the Jaeger talking. Why wouldn't you like hooking up with people? Dumb question...

HARPER

(joking)

Well, I don't like it, I love it.

She smiles and takes a sip of her drink. That was his cue. He leans in for the KISS.

HARPER (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?? Did you just divebomb me?

JAY

(beyond embarrassed)

Sorry.

Long weird pause. She's just staring at him like, bro you need help.

JAY (CONT'D)
I just got out of a long
relationship.

HARPER
Yeah no shit.

She turns and walks away.

Jay looks to Dickie and Wes, still with the other girls.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - 2AM

Jay opens his computer and starts bumming around on facebook.

Through the walls he can hear girls laughing. Dickie and Wes clearly brought some girls back, which makes him feel even more alone.

Jay checks out his news feed, then goes to his wall, a link takes him to Maggie's page. Looking at her wall, he see's a picture she posted and checks out the 10 "likes" on the page. The first one stops him cold. "Caitlin Pratt" likes this.

JAY
(into the glow of the
screen)
Well isn't this magical.

He clicks her name to see her profile, and his eyes go WIDE.

JAY (CONT'D)
NO.

Caitlin's profile pic, recently changed, is her and a dude Jay has never seen before. He expands the photo. Caitlin and this asshole out on a hike, smiling and happy as can be. He goes back to her main profile page and sure enough.

ZOOM IN:

CAITLIN PRATT IS IN A RELATIONSHIP

Jay is floored. Steam coming from his ears. He bombs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dickie, Wes, and the two girls are playing strip beer pong. The two girls are on one side of the table, totally TOPLESS.

We pan around to the other side of the table. Wes in his boxers and Dickie is COMPLETELY NAKED with only his hand covering his bird.

Wes takes a shot and hits the final cup.

DICKIE

That's game, ladies. Pants off.

The girls look at each other and giggle. They start taking off their pants as Jay STORMS IN.

JAY

SHE IS NOW IN A FUCKING
RELATIONSHIP!

DICKIE

Um, we're kind of in the middle of something here pal. Who is in a relationship?

JAY

Caitlin. I'm ready. Let's start this killing spree ASAP. Teach me.

He slaps himself in the face.

JAY (CONT'D)

LET'S! FUCKING! GO!

Dickie and Wes get quiet. The girls are weirded out.

WES

Ok. Training starts tomorrow, first thing. Now...can you go back in your room please?

EXT. BACKYARD - NEXT MORNING

On the back porch, Dickie and Wes have set up a 'war room' for the Killing Spree. They have props. A chalkboard, venn-Diagrams, stacks of paper, etc. They've also built two large boards. One says 'Kill Count' and the other says 'Extra Board'.

They stand at attention in front of the chalkboard, dead serious. Jay sits in front of them with a notebook.

DICKIE

Alright, so here's the deal. As last night has taught us, you've been out of the game for a long time. You're not going to get laid just by running around trying to haphazardly make out with every girl you talk to. You'll see, getting laid can be easy, but it's not that easy.

WES

I'm great looking, and even I strike out sometimes.

JAY

Yeah but you're dumb as rocks.

WES

Right.

DICKIE

(to Jay)

For you, this is going to be about premeditation, learning the skills of the trade and turning training into instinct.

Jay is nodding along.

WES

The goal is to turn you into a cold blooded fuck machine. Is this for an emotional connection with a potential soul mate? No.

DICKIE

This is about the calming beauty of numbers and mathematics.

JAY

Sounds...nice.

DICKIE

And to track your progress, we have your "kill count". Every time you sleep with someone, the count increases. Remember: more kills, less Caitlin. That is your mantra. Say it with me: more kills equals less Caitlin.

JAY

More kills, less Caitlin.

WES

By the time this is over, you'll
have bodies in the dirt from here
to West Covina.

JAY

Got it.

WES

And the "extra board" here is to
store information on your potential
targets.

DICKIE

Right. Let's begin. Any questions
before we get started?

JAY

Yeah. How did you guys get all this
school equipment?

Behind Dickie, Wes begins writing on the chalkboard: "4 Areas
Of Focus". An epic pump up song kicks in to accompany the
training. Think Redford schooling Brad Pitt in "Spy Game."

DICKIE

The 4 areas that we're going to
focus on are: Interpersonal Skills,
Technology, The Long Con, and
Winning Time. We're going to start
off with Interpersonal.

Wes writes "Interpersonal Skills" on the chalkboard.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The guys are posted up by some jars of tea and coffee
paraphernalia.

DICKIE (CONT'D.)

Obviously the hardest part at first
is going to be initial contact, and
starting the conversation. The
simple step of going to talk to a
girl has been crippling for many an
otherwise normal man.

WES

Girls are wary of guys always
trying to hit on them, but also
kind of excited for it to happen.

DICKIE

Once you get past her first wall
it's actually not so hard to close
on a phone number. That's why
premeditation is so important. You
need to have a conversation ready
at all times.

JAY

Makes sense.

We see a hot girl get her coffee and head over to the milk
and sugar.

DICKIE

So, three steps. Make Contact.
Charm her. Get the number.

WES

(Nodding at the hot girl)
Here we go.

JAY

What? No. How?

DICKIE

When she walks out the door, follow
her out and tell her she dropped
this.

He hands Jay a five dollar bill.

WES

Most likely she'll say it's not
hers.

DICKIE

So then you hit her with something
witty. Turn on the charm, and say
"how about I trade you the five
dollars for your number."

Jay does a couple quick jumps and stretches his neck, getting
ready.

JAY

Ok.

DICKIE

And smile when you say it. Always
smile. If you don't smile, you'll
come off like a creep.

Hot girl is making her way out the door.

WES

GO!

Jay goes out the door. We watch the whole thing play out through the window from Dickie and Wes's POV. Initial contact. Hands her the bill. The hot girl kinda smiles. But then she loses the smile, hands the bill back to Jay and walks off.

Jay returns to the guys.

JAY

I just made a fool of myself. She basically told me to fuck off.

WES

Who cares? This is just practice.

DICKIE

Nobody scores every time. It's like baseball - if you go 3 for 10 for your career, you're in the hall of fame. But we're not leaving until you get a number. Smile more.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Jay tries to hand a hot blonde a \$5 bill.

BLONDE

Fuck off, idiot.

Jay sighs, resigned to a long afternoon.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jay sits at the bar with Dickie and Wes.

DICKIE

The other aspect of Interpersonal is what some call 'the old school'. It's about body language, reading cues, doing quick algorithms in your head to determine chances of success. And by success we mean?

JAY

Uh. Getting laid?

WES

Bingo.

We see an attractive girl sitting alone at the bar, smiling and playing with her hair, chatting with the bartender.

WES (CONT'D)

Want to take a shot at her?

JAY

Yeah I can try.

Wes slams the bar, loud. People look.

DICKIE

WRONG!

WES

She's engaged, dude. Look again.

We watch the girl.

DICKIE (V.O.)

She's wearing a rock. I checked as soon as we walked in. So did Wes. You need to survey a room as soon as you walk in. Knowing who is ready to party is at least 85% of the battle.

JAY

(eager to learn)

Right, got it. Rookie mistake. What about these girls, they look like they're ready to have some fun.

Jay points to the other side of the restaurant, where a group of 4 girls finish their dinner and have cocktails.

WES

Hmm yeah, tough because they're a big group. But not impossible.

DICKIE

A few ground rules for approaching a group - before you go anywhere near the situation, know who the target is and don't waver. Once you bet on a horse you ride it all the way. Second, you can't just try to run game while her friends look on. No one likes an audience, so incorporate everyone. You've gotta be creative. Like try this one.

He motions for a waitress. She comes over.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Hi. Can you do me a favor? See the girl with blonde hair at the booth over there? Next to the girl in that old lady hat?

Next to the attractive blonde is a girl wearing one of those floppy hats.

WAITRESS
(laughing)
Yeah?

DICKIE
Yeah, will you bring her a Shirley Temple and tell her it's from my friend Jay here? \$20 should cover a Shirley Temple?

CUT TO the waitress delivering the drink and pointing to Jay. All four girls look over in his direction. He just smiles and gives a little salute. The girl smiles.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Now, we just let it marinate for a second here.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Dickie, Wes, and Jay sit at a table, still going over the training.

WES
And obviously the more comfortable you get, the more confident you will become. And with confidence comes creativity. And ultimately more creative ways to pick up and sleep with women.

Jay is scanning the bar for potential suspects. He sees one.

DICKIE
Go get her...

Jay heads to a girl on the dance floor and does an intentionally awkward move, endearing and harmless. She smiles but turns back to her friends. Jay returns to the guys and shrugs, smiling.

We can see even this is a step in the right direction - he's learning to handle the rejection without taking it personally.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jay still at it, working the \$5 dollar bill trick. He makes contact with a girl and hands her the bill, but again she hands it right back to him.

We see a quick cut of him trying again, with a different girl. This time, the girl just takes the money and leaves. For a moment Jay stands there confused. Dickie and Wes love it.

Jay approaches a girl. Step one. Jay makes contact, hands her the bill. He's smiling. They're talking. Step two. He's charming her, she's laughing. Then, finally, step three, Jay takes out his phone and enters her digits. Wes and Dickie look at each and bump fists.

INT. BOOKSTORE / COFFEE PLACE - DAY

Jay, Dickie, Wes and Dave are at a trendy bookstore/coffee shop, sitting around a table drinking coffee. Dave texting, looking annoyed.

DICKIE (TO DAVE)

So what's going on with you and Maggie? You guys cool?

DAVE

Yeah, we're fine. She was pissed about the other night, but I smoothed it over. (beat) I'm pretty sure she wants to move in together. Actually I know she does.

JAY

Why, what'd she say?

DAVE

She literally said, "Dave, I want to move in together."

WES

Whoa, heavy.

JAY

What are you gonna do?

DAVE

I don't know. Fuck! I'm not ready to graduate. I like living with my mates and blacking out. I can't miss out on that shit. Especially with this Killing Spree in effect.

JAY

But you don't even hook up with other girls.

DAVE

It's not about that. It's about being able to be out until sunrise, and do weird drugs. Look, I obviously love her and I'm 99% going to marry her. But moving in with her is just one step closer to marriage which is one step closer to children, and that scares the fuck outta me.

WES

But wait, when you say she wants to move in, you mean she's going to come live with us?

They just look at him. Suddenly, Jay's eyes go WIDE.

JAY

Don't look now, but the girl ordering coffee at the counter, that's the girl I tried to make out with at the bar a few weeks ago.

DICKIE

Huh. She's hotter than I remember.

JAY

I think I'm gonna give this a shot again. What do I do?

WES

Well you better do something fast, cause she's leaving.

We see HARPER, coffee in hand, exist the coffee shop and enters the bookstore area.

JAY

I'm going. Gimme a \$5 bill.

WES

Wait - just so you know, if you
blow it, I'm taking a crack at her.

Jay exits and sneakily follows Harper around the store for a good minute or two. It's kinda creepy. He posts up behind a book display and kneels down so as not to be seen. Jay is staring at Harper between stacks of books. He psyches himself up, and goes for it.

Harper is flipping through a book as Jay is honing in. He's twenty feet from her. Ten feet from her. Five feet from her, when a bookstore employee approaches him. Jay stops dead in his tracks, intercepted.

BOOKSTORE EMPLOYEE

(way too enthusiastic) Hi! Can I
help you find anything?

JAY

(aggressive) No thanks.

Jay side steps him and just as he's about to engage Harper, her phone rings.

HARPER

(into her phone) Hey Mom.

This mission wasn't meant to be. Jay gives up. He turns around and meanders his way through the bookstore back to his friends. Jay is approaching the door to the coffee shop when SMASH... Jay literally collides with a random girl. Her stuff goes flying everywhere. It's a yard sale.

She's on her knees collecting her things. She looks up and IT'S HARPER.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You should be more careful.

JAY

Sorry.

Harper continues to gather her things. Jay isn't helping. He's just standing there.

JAY (CONT'D)

You tried to make out with me at
the bar.

Harper looks up. She stares at Jay for a second until her stone expression gives and she cracks the smallest of smiles.

HARPER

Well, well, well. If it isn't Mister I just got out of a long relationship. What are you doing, scrounging around the bookstore looking for girls to divebomb?

JAY

Oh come on, cut me some slack. (jokingly) I just got out of long relationship. But I am sorry about that. So this is me apologizing.

HARPER

It's ok. Strangers try to make out with me all the time. I'm totally used to it by now.

JAY

I'm sure you are. I'm Jay by the way. In case you forgot.

They shake hands.

HARPER

Harper.

JAY

So, do you live around here or something?

HARPER

Yeah, right up the street. The apartment is tiny, but at least the rent is real expensive.

JAY

(laughing)

That's what's great about Venice. Shitty apartments, tons of bums, expensive rent.

HARPER

That's what it's all about, I guess.

Awkward pause as both of them smile at each other.

JAY

So listen - let me properly apologize for the other night by taking you out sometime, how does that sound?

HARPER
I'll think about it.

JAY
Fair enough. Sleep on it. But just
fyi, the dress code for dates with
me is formal. So you might want to
make sure you have a good pair of
Spanx handy. Can I grab your
number?

She playfully hits him on the shoulder.

HARPER
Here give me your phone.

Harper enters her number.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Here you go. Text me tomorrow.

She walks off. We see from Dickie, Dave and Wes' POV as he
walks back with the number. They're impressed.

EXT. BACKYARD

Wes and Dickie are standing up by the board. Under the first
section, 'Interpersonal Skills', we see a few bullet points
("creative conversations", "reading the room", etc.). Wes has
just started a new section: "Tech."

DICKIE
So once you get a girl's number, a
great technological gateway drug,
as far as wheeling chicks, is
texting. Some people truly have it
down to a science. Girls will
literally slide out of their seats
just from reading a couple eloquent
lines.

WES
I've seen it fucking happen.

DICKIE
Others, they give off a strong
rapey vibe. You accidentally hit a
couple capital letters and a
playful 'come over' turns into an
abusive COME OVER!!!

WES

There are a couple ground rules to help you get started. (writing)
Number 1: No emoticons.

JAY

Really? I thought girls loved those things?

DICKIE

Frankie Muniz sends emoticons. It's literally the whackest move out there.

JAY

Got it.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - NEW LOCATION

DICKIE

Number 2: keep it individual. Never send out a group text, too hard to cover your tracks and makes you seem as sleazy as you are actually trying to be. Oh and tangentially, here's some advice on targets: At the end of the day, there are 3 types of girls.

As Dickie speaks, we see the different scenarios play out as fantasies, with Jay in each scene:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jay is sitting at a table, dressed to the nines, with a beautiful, Victoria's Secret-level girl. They're laughing and toasting champagne flutes.

DICKIE (V.O.)

One. The girls you really need to wine and dine. These are quality, 5 diamond, Zagat rated smokeshows. If you land one of these then god bless, hang on for dear life.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

We see Jay and the model walk in the front door holding hands.

They are confronted with Dickie, Wes and Dave, drunk, wearing hockey helmets and playing indoor living room hockey. The girl freaks and leaves. Jay hangs his head in shame.

DICKIE (V.O.)

Girls of this caliber don't need to be picked up at some bar by a bro who lives with three roommates in a shithole.

CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The whole crew (Dickie, Wes, Dave, Maggie) is standing around a table with empty Margherita yards in front of them. Dickie and Wes are entertaining a group of girls. Everyone is laughing and having a good time.

Off to the side, Jay is three-point-stance'ing a girl by the jukebox, smiling and nodding along as the girl tells a long story. She stops for a second to take a sip of her drink. When she looks up, Jay goes in for the kiss and they start making out.

DICKIE (V.O.)

Second, there are girls that you can just meet up with, with your friends and her friends, like at a bar or a party or something. They're usually a little more...morally flexible. They require about 30 minutes of 1-on-1 time at some point in the night, so do your research and have some lines handy and then just listen.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S ROOM

Jukebox girl is on top of Jay, riding him. We hear a "Gong" and see the kill count board go to "1."

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - CLOSING TIME

It's late, and everyone is drunk. Dave and Maggie are asleep in a corner.

Jay is sitting at a table, drunkenly watching the dance floor. A girl (solid 6) is dancing by herself, making eyes at him.

Jay stands up and walks over to the girl. He shakes her hand and we see him mouth, "Hi, I'm Jay. Want to get out of here?" She nods and they walk out, arm in arm.

DICKIE (V.O.)

Number 3. There are the girls that you can pluck right out of the bar with little to no effort. Obviously, these are the chicks with low self esteem and daddy issues. (beat) This is the category you might want to target at the moment.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Jay in bed with girl from the club, getting his clothes and getting out of there. Gong sounds. #2.

CUT TO:

INT. DIFFERENT GIRL'S ROOM - DIFFERENT NIGHT

Jay is going to pound town with a different girl. Gong sounds. #3

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE LOUNGE - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

The guys are at a quieter, high-end lounge. A Cougar pickup joint.

DICKIE

Actually, there is a fourth kind of woman. The 45-year old divorcee.

WES

These girls will fuck anything.

Jay nods and walks over to a COUGAR sitting at the bar.

JAY

Hey there. Just wanted to say, you are stunning.

COUGAR
How old are you, small fry?

JAY
(intimidated)
Uh...27?

COUGAR
Listen, I'm not here to babysit.
Why don't you try the AMC Cineplex,
I think there's a new "Twilight"
movie coming out.

JAY
Oh. Ok.

COUGAR
Seriously, get the fuck away from
me.

CUT TO:

INT. BEER GARDEN - NEXT DAY

The mates are laughing.

DICKIE
Ok, maybe better to stick to your
age bracket at this point.

WES
Just keep working on your stroke in
the minors. After a while you'll be
able to move up to The Show.

JAY
What about that girl Harper? What's
my approach there?

DICKIE
I've seen Harper, and she's the
'wine and dine' type. You need to
take her out first if you want a
shot at banging her. But as we were
just telling you, texting is the
best way to facilitate that. She is
going to be your first "long con".

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

They're back at the board. "Long Con" written behind them. There is a picture of Harper already up there. Jay is taking notes.

DICKIE

Do the research, get the intel, and carry out the mission. This is going to be your biggest challenge, but we're behind you 100%. The payoff at the end of this is going to be some evil, rotten, Keyser Soze shit. Trust us.

JAY

I do. Harper is the white whale.

WES

Oh, come on. She's not that fat.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The guys sip their drinks quietly. A big group of guys and girls are at the bar, behind Jay.

WES

Well?

JAY (WITHOUT LOOKING AT THE GROUP)

Looks like the brunette in the spaghetti straps is engaged, but no wedding band yet. Fully in love with black jeans. So she's a pass.

Sure enough, the Brunette in question snuggles up to a guy in black jeans who just walked in.

JAY (CONT'D)

The other girls are all single and looking to get it.

WES

You're doing great, kid.

Jay smiles. He's getting the hang of this. He starts to rise from his chair.

JAY

Now let's go run some game.

INT. RESTAURANT / LOUNGE - ANOTHER NIGHT

Jay, Dickie, Wes, Maggie and Dave are having dinner. Jay looks serious, like he's focused only on girls. He's locked in on a table a little ways down from them, where some girls are having a few cocktails. The waiter puts down a Shirley Temple in front of one of the girls, and points over to Jay. The girl looks and smiles. Jay smiles back.

DAVE

He's learning, huh? Wow.

MAGGIE

Yeah, Jay, you're making a lot of progress here. Can't say you're the chattiest dinner companion now, though..

DICKIE

Hey come on Maggie, cut the kid some slack. Let him get a couple kills under his belt before he goes back to being your dinner party clown.

DAVE

Yeah, babe. Have a heart.

JAY

Excuse me.

Jay gets up and we follow him over to the girl's table.

JAY (CONT'D)

So how come you haven't touched the Shirley Temple? I would have sworn that was your favorite.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

(smiling)

How many roofies did you put in it?

JAY

How many? Obviously you're not super familiar with roofies. Those things are expensive, I could only afford one. (smiling) Hi, I'm Jay.

From our group's point of view we watch Jay shake hands with Shirley Temple, then expertly make his way around the table, charming her friends as well.

Jay waves over Dickie and Wes.

DAVE
Attaboy. Helping out the mates.

Dickie and Wes stand up and smooth themselves out to head over to Jay.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(to Maggie, a little bummed)
Who needs 'em, am I right?

MAGGIE
Awww, do you want to go run game on some random broads?

DAVE
(scoffing)
Psssh no. That's what LOSERS do.
Real cool men go home and watch House Hunters with their girlfriends.

Maggie kisses him on the cheek. He steals one more jealous glance over to the guys, who are knee-deep in delightful flirting.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Jay kisses the Shirley Temple girl goodbye. Gong sounds. #5.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The "Kill Count" and "Extra Board" now shows several weeks of training.

Dickie, Wes, Dave, and Jay sit around the backyard casually drinking some beers.

JAY
Is there anything on the lesson plan today? What are we-

WES
(interrupting, looking at his phone)
Shhhhhhhh dude shut the fuck up.
Give me a second.

The guys watch him bang out a text, waiting.

DICKIE

Status?

WES

He's a minute out.

DICKIE

Great. Ok, Jay, we've got a guest lecturer for class today. Johnny Cashmere is coming over.

DAVE

The Menace of Venice? I'm not sure I want him around the house when the sun is out. Why is he coming?

WES

He has bulletproof internet game. The Mark Zuckerberf of pulling trim.

DICKIE

And he's coming over for the sole purpose of helping Jay pull off the Long Con with Harper.

From inside the house, some ruckus is made, like pots and pans falling.

JOHNNY CASHMERE (O.S.)

Hot shit new shit!! What's up you fucking squids!

Dave rolls his eyes.

WES

What's up Johnny, how you doing?

JOHNNY CASHMERE

Just closing mad deals and banging mad pussy.

JAY

Hey, John.

JOHNNY CASHMERE

What's up, slugger. Wes filled me on what's up with this Harper girl - I'm going to a model party in a couple hours so want to make this snappy.

DICKIE

Jay, your facebook gives off the impression you're still fully consumed with your ex-girlfriend. She is gonna sniff that out real quick. Johnny, tell him your secrets.

JOHNNY CASHMERE

Basically, I have a legit specialty. To put it bluntly, I've adapted to the times and maximized my web presence and enhanced my personal brand. To put it even more bluntly, I manipulate the internet to bang chicks in a less-than-truthful way.

JAY

Ok...

JOHNNY CASHMERE

Let me show you what this can do for you and your long con. Wes, handle the computer for your boy.

Cashmere motions for a laptop, Dickie brings it right over and hands it to Wes.

JOHNNY CASHMERE (CONT'D)

Facebook is best for a farm system of prospects to recruit. In the old days, to get pictures of girls in bikinis, or learn their favorite music, you'd have to be a close friend, or be in the CIA. Now you just go on facebook.

Wes starts pulling up examples of random girls on facebook as Johnny talks.

JOHNNY CASHMERE (CONT'D)

You can get a great sense of hook up potential for girls you barely know. For example, this girl right here - relationship status 'single', but there are a lot of pictures with her and this hard. Look at the time stamp on this one - 1 month ago. That means this girl just got out of a long term relationship and is vulnerable.

DICKIE
Ripe for the kill.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
Exactly Dickie. And of course there are more obvious photo tells. You meet a girl at work, you see her in professional clothes, not smiling. But her profile shows her wearing those weird jean cutoff shorts with the high waist, and a neon pink tank top. Homegirl loves to do drugs and party.

JAY
Interesting.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
But of course I'm being a little too detailed, because I know that today you're not browsing, you're buying.

DAVE
Harper is the target.

JAY
Yeah. She's so hot it makes me want to puke.

DAVE
Can we pull up her facebook page?

JAY
I'm not friends with her yet, unfortunately. And she knows how to work the privacy settings.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
Ok - so let's just go over the general ground rules to get you ready.

Wes begins writing. "1. Stability and / or Responsibility."

JAY
Stability?

JOHNNY CASHMERE

Harper may be the type of girl that is going to check you out on facebook and want to be reassured that you have a steady job, a car, a working shower, some clean clothes. You're responsible and while you like to cut loose, your priorities are professional and personal success.

JAY

What else would I want to convey? That seems like the only option.

DICKIE

Not in LA dude. A lot of people here are children.

JOHNNY CASHMERE

Some girls are getting out of relationships or are recent college graduates, or are just free spirits, and they want to see a fellow flower child. So once again, you adjust your profile accordingly depending on the digital vibe Harper gives off.

DICKIE

Example. Right now, I'm really trying to hook up with this girl who works at Baby Blues. This is her pic -

We see a girl sitting in a field, wearing a floppy hat and holding a guitar.

He pulls up his profile.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

So for my profile photo I've got this instagram thing of me when we ate mushrooms in Joshua Tree. I'm wearing a bandana. And for the banner shot, it's a black and white pic of a young Cat Stevens. Boom.

Wes writes "2. Popularity".

JOHNNY CASHMERE

Wanna take a crack at this, Dave?

DAVE

Yeah this is day one stuff - you can't trust a loner.

JOHNNY CASHMERE

Exactly. You need pictures of you with buddies, somewhere near the forefront of the page. What type of pictures is up to you - try not to make them all bar shots like this -

He shows the group a picture of themselves, all wearing collared shirts and holding beers, clearly at a bar.

JAY

Understood.

JOHNNY CASHMERE

You get the idea - you want to show Harper that you're a popular guy, well liked by at least a few people out there. Next lesson-

"3. Cultural fluency".

JOHNNY CASHMERE (CONT'D)

Girls in their 20's, these girls are whip smart and up on their shtick. Blogs, tumblrs and buzzfeed lists. To stay on top of it all and to contribute something takes a lot of effort. You've gotta show them that you've got your finger on the pulse. Hit 'em with something that says, "I can teach you something about what's going on." But going hand in hand with Cultural fluency is Intellectual fluency.

"4. Intellectual Fluency".

JOHNNY CASHMERE (CONT'D)

Girls don't want to date a moron. No offense Wes.

WES

Huh?

JOHNNY CASHMERE

I have a few go to's to make me seem a little more "educated". Main one is a quote from Charles Bukowski. "

(MORE)

JOHNNY CASHMERE (CONT'D)
You have to die a few times before
you can really live." Ask me if I
know what that means or if I give a
fuck. But put something like that
shit on your profile and Harper
will think you're a genius.

DAVE
I've never even heard of Charles
Bukowski. That's great.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
Work on the profile and the status
messages and everything else is
cream cheese. And when you start
compiling intel on her, keep it
somewhere.

WES
That's what these boards are for.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
Um...yeah ok. On that note, I'm out
pussies! Don't let your meat loaf!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The bar is thinning out. It should be clear it's late in the
night. There are a few girls hanging around, but the guys
make their way over to a booth. Jay surveys the scene.

DICKIE
It's time for the last lesson, Jay.

JAY
Really? Holy shit.

WES
This one is easy.

DICKIE
Real easy. We call this lesson,
"winning time".

DAVE
Ah, yes, the hour before last call,
until sunrise.

DICKIE
Jay, if you ever just need to get
laid, just to get one out of your
system, you play the odds and stay
out real late.

WES

Girls hanging around after the bars close are only out for one reason - to howl at the moon.

DICKIE

And that's what Winning Time is all about...WINNING. It's Reggie Miller's time to score 12 points in the final minute. It's the end of the game when chalking one up in the 'win' column is the only priority.

WES

When all else fails (he fumbles in his pocket, taking out a baggie), you employ the last resort. Give them cocaine. Winning time!

Jay laughs. The others don't.

JAY

Give them coke?

DICKIE

Show them drugs and they'll show you the promised land. But a word of warning: these are the girls that carry disease. You definitely need to put a hat on your dick for these situations.

WES

It can get real dark.

JAY

Roger that.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Various scenes of Jay employing all the techniques and hooking up with girls. Lots of sex. Every time he sleeps with someone the gong sounds and the kill count goes up by one.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - MORNING

Dickie, Wes and Dave are at the kitchen table eating breakfast before work. We hear footsteps and Jay emerges with a girl. Short skirt, bright blue tank top and her "going out" purse over her shoulder.

Jay walks her to the door, gives her a long kiss.

JAY
I'll call ya.

He shuts the door behind her, turns to his boys and raises his hands as if he just scored a playoff goal.

DAVE
Who. The. Fuck. Was. That???

JAY
I'm not just trying to sound cool here, but I don't know her name.

DAVE
Seriously Jay. Thank you.

When Jay gets laid, it's like they all get laid. Everyone is fired up.

Jay walks over to the Kill Count. Picks up the mallet and sounds the gong. He then proceeds to change the placard to "15" indicating his fifteenth "kill."

Jay pours a bowl of cereal and joins his pals at the table.

JAY
You guys realize I haven't thought about Caitlin once in, I can't even remember when.

DICKIE
That's great.

WES
Whatever happened with the Harper girl?

DAVE
The long con?

JAY
(mouth full) Yeah - she was out of town for awhile.

DICKIE

You gotta text her today. See if--

JAY

(cutting him off) I already did.
Texted her this morning. I'm taking
her out on Thursday.

WES

You texted her this morning? Even
with Night At The Roxbury in your
bed?

JAY

Yep.

DICKIE

This kid is unstoppable.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

Jay and Harper are strolling the infamous boardwalk in
Venice. Harper is carrying a stuffed animal dinosaur, won at
some carnival game at the Santa Monica Pier.

HARPER

Look, I'm just saying the life of a
Brontosaurus is less hectic. They
basically hang out all day, they
eat plants and trees, so they don't
have to hunt. It just seems like a
nice relaxing life. Imagine how
stressful being a T-Rex would be?

JAY

You win. The Brontosauaus is
officially my new favorite dinosaur.
Forever.

They pass an old and very destitute bum standing against a
wall and itching himself profusely. Jay drops a few bucks in
his cup.

JAY (CONT'D)

I always give cash to this guy. A
few weeks ago I saw him sitting out
front of Starbucks, drinking a pink
frappachino. With whipped cream.

HARPER

He has expensive taste. He's not a businessman, he's a *business*, man. You know, I've never given money to a bum. Is that mean?

JAY

Kinda.

HARPER

I've always wanted to. Can I do it today?

JAY

Let's do it right now.

HARPER

Ok, help me pick the right bum.

JAY

(pointing) How bout this one?

HARPER

It's so on.

They approach the bum.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Hi. Here ya go.

She smiles sweetly and holds out a five dollar bill. She looks over to Jay excitedly kinda like "look I'm doing it." The bum stares at her, confused.

BUM

(annoyed) What?

HARPER

Here ya go. This is for you.

She holds her hand outstretched for about ten seconds. The bum's confusion turns to frustration.

BUM

(annoyed) Why are you handing me a five dollar bill?

HARPER

(confused) Uh. I just thought maybe you could use it?

BUM

Get away from me. (beat) I'm not homeless you fuckin idiot!!!

Harper is embarrassed and does the only thing she can think of. She laughs right in his face and then just runs away.

Jay is staring at the non-bum.

NON-BUM
I went to Vassar.

Jay turns and runs after Harper, who is standing about 30 yards away laughing hysterically. When he gets to her she hugs him and hides her head laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jay and Harper are at dinner. He's teaching her the rules of sake bombing. The chopsticks are on top of their pint glasses with a shot of sake on top. They do the chant, then pound the table then chug their sake bomb.

JAY
I can't believe you've never done this before. You've never given money to a bum, you've never done a sake bomb. What ARE you?

HARPER
(tipsy) I'm kinda drunk.

She giggles like an idiot. Jay smiles.

JAY
You have really nice collar bones.

HARPER
(looking down) I've definitely never been told that before. Thank you. For some reason that's the nicest compliment I've ever heard.

They stare at each other for a pregnant pause.

Jay takes a drink from his glass of water and chews his ice.

JAY
(mouth full) Wanna know something wierd? I love the sound of chewing.

Harper looks at him skeptically.

JAY (CONT'D)
It's by far my favorite sound.

Harper takes a drink from Jay's glass and chews a piece of ice.

HARPER
(chewing ice) Come here. I'll give
you the goods.

She leans across the table. Jay leans across to meet her. the side of her jaw is against Jay's ear, chewing while Jay listens.

JAY
One more time.

She gets another piece of ice. Same thing, his ear up against her jaw. Jay pulls away and KISSES her. Right at the table.

JAY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I couldn't wait till later.
Also, I watched Good Will Hunting
yesterday, which may have had some
influence on that move.

She smiles and gets another piece of ice.

HARPER
Let's do one more.

They kiss again.

CUT TO:

INT. A HOUSE - NIGHT

We're staring at an empty apartment when the door busts open. Jay and Harper stumble into her apartment making out like drunk teens. They fall to the couch.

Harper straddles Jay as they continue to make out.

Jay attempts to remove her shirt.

HARPER
(shutting him down) Whoa. Not
tonight buddy. Clothes stay on.

She goes back to kissing Jay. They're both very into it. Jay's hands are wandering.

JAY
Do you have a condom?

HARPER

(laughing) Are you serious? I tell you my clothes are staying on and you ask if I have condoms. No, I don't have condoms.

She goes back to kissing Jay. He pulls a wrestling move and switches positions. Jay is now on top of Harper. They're ferociously making out.

Jay begins initial descent. He's making his way down. He's no longer visible on screen.

Harper smacks his head.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Excuse me??

She thinks this is hilarious.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Let's recap here. I basically tell you there's no way we're having sex tonight. Then you ask for condoms. Then I reiterate, what I just told you, and now you're trying to go down on me. You think I'm gonna fall for that? It's the oldest trick in the book, dude.

Jay's staring up at Harper, head basically in her crotch. He smiles. Harper laughs.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Get up here.

They lie next to each other for a moment.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You're funny. I like you.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THE HOUSE, A FEW DAYS LATER

ECU of Harper's Facebook page. Wall posts, status updates, and interests are followed up with tagged photos.

WES (O.S.)

Jay, you know where my weed is? Oh, here it is.

Wes enters the room.

JAY

(nodding to computer)

Yo, what's a good, recent novel I
can list on my page? Harper
accepted the ole friend request.
Looks like she is really into
contemporary fiction. Franzen,
Junot Diaz...

Wes looks at him.

WES

Uhhhh....

JAY

Yeah good point.

Dave and Dickie enter with a few beers.

JAY (CONT'D)

I'm taking the Cashmere approach
here and polishing up my profile.
But look at Harper. Christ. She is
on point.

He looks up to find Dickie staring at him.

JAY (CONT'D)

What?

DICKIE

Jay, don't try to pull the wool
over my eyes. What was rule number
one?

JAY

No girlfriend. I'm not--

DICKIE

Right. You're sitting here in your
little rat hole. Bombing through
pics and picturing yourself dating
this girl. I know you too well.

JAY

No man. I promise. She's the long
con. This is research right now.
I'm compiling intel so I can sleep
with her, and get her up on the
extra board and be done with it. I
promise.

DICKIE
OK. Fine. I believe you. Just
remember, we're watching you.

WES
Don't try to pull the window over
our eyes bro.

JAY
I...won't?

The guys are exiting Jay's room. Right before Dave shuts the door.

WES
(pointing at Jay) No girlfriend
Fuck Boy.

An upbeat songs kicks in.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, SANTA MONICA - AFTERNOON

Jay's on his lunch break, walking around.

GIRL (O.S.)
Jay?

Jay stops and turns around. It's CAITLIN.

They stare at each other for a few seconds then awkwardly hug.

CAITLIN
(excitedly) Oh my God.

JAY
Caitlin, whoa. Uh, hi.

More awkward staring.

JAY (CONT'D)
So how've you been?

CAITLIN
Been OK. Ya know. My birthday was
last week, so I did some birthday
stuff. Other than that,
everything's pretty much the same.
How are you?

JAY

Your birthday? Hmm, I completely forgot about that. Sorry, I would have texted you. (proud for actually not remembering). Hmm, sorry about that.

CAITLIN

Oh, it's fine I know you're busy and everything. How's work going?

JAY

Really good. On my lunch break!

CAITLIN

That's great. Listen, do you maybe want to grab a drink sometime? I'd love to catch up... Somewhere, you know, that's not the side of the road. I hate the way we left things...

She smiles.

JAY

Um sure, maybe next month? Well...

Jay hugs her.

JAY (CONT'D)

It was great seeing you.

He peels away and continues his stroll down Main Street, in a great mood.

Caitlin turns, walks off, but stops, turns and watches Jay as he walks away. Hoping he'll turn around too.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - SUNDOWN

Dickie is driving. Jay rides shotgun. Wes, Dave and Maggie are in the back. Mid conversation.

DICKIE

Wait, where the fuck is this place?
I hate the hills.

Jay grabs his iPhone and checks the GPS.

JAY

Keep going. Relax.

Wes puts his head out the window like a dog.

DAVE

What are you doing?

WES

(head out the window) I get car sick. You know that.

JAY

(to Dickie) Make a left at the stop sign. Ok Maggie, back to what we were talking about earlier. This girl Harper is coming tonight.

MAGGIE

I know, I know. The long con. You want to bang her, and need my help. I got it. But, you think me becoming besties with her will make her want to sleep with you? I don't see the logic here guys.

DICKIE

It's a subliminal tactic Maggie. Art of war type shit. She'll see Jay in his element. With his close friends. Being the fun party guy, who also has a job. They'll get drunk. Have fun. She'll realize he's a catch, and then he'll take her down.

MAGGIE

Romantic.

JAY

She's tough though. Not easily "conned" so to speak. That's why I'm requesting your services.

DAVE

We're counting on you babe.

WES

(head still out the window) Yeah, we're counting on you.

MAGGIE

OK, OK, I'm on it. I'll pump your tires. Let her know you're a good guy, blah, blah, blah. Happy to support the cause.

JAY

I love you. Can you just make sure you get her alone early? Ya know, solid one on one "just us girls talking" type shit. Locate any exploitable weaknesses?

MAGGIE

(kinda laughing) You sound like a rapist. (to the rest of the group) You guys created a monster.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LATER

Various shots of a house party. Over the raucous party sound we see Jay as he hugs Harper. They make their way through the throng of people. Hold on a guy passed out face down on the couch. Jay and Harper take note and laugh.

They walk over to a table in the kitchen where Dave and Wes are seated, playing a drinking game.

JAY

Guys, this is Harper. (To Harper) You met Wes at the bar a few months ago. Do me a favor and don't start liking him. Once you get past the looks there's not much there. This is Dave.

Dave half stands up and they shake hands, right as Dickie approaches with an 18 pack of beers.

DICKIE

(not noticing Harper) It's insane how much pussy is at this house right now.

Harper just kinda stares at Dickie smiling.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

(realizing) Pardon my language.
(kissing her on the cheek) Good to see you again. Want a beer?

He hands her a can of beer then administers beers to the rest of the group.

DAVE

Should we shotgun these before
Maggie gets out of the bathroom?
For old time's sake?

JAY

You say for old time's sake as a
way of remembering something
pleasant from the past. We
shotgunned beers last weekend.

DAVE

Let's not get into semantics OK?
Let's just hurry up and do this
before my girlfriend gets back and
yells at me.

Harper is the first to puncture a hole in her can.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Whoa, you're in too? I love it.

HARPER

(smiling) For old time's sake.

SMASH. The rest of the group uses their keys to cut holes in
the can and they proceed to SHOTGUN their beers.

DAVE

(way too loud) Ahh!!! College!!! No
parents!!!

He high fives Harper.

Maggie is back from the bathroom and joins the group.

MAGGIE

The line for the bathroom is the
longest thing I've ever seen in my
life. I couldn't wait any more.
(noticing Harper) Oh my God, hi,
you must be Harper.

JAY

Harper, this is Maggie. Dave's
girlfriend.

They shake hands.

HARPER

(pointing at Dave) He just
shotgunned a beer.

Dickie and Wes love this. Everyone laughs at Dave for getting burned by the new girl.

MAGGIE

(laughing) He wishes he was still in college so bad it's ridiculous. Lemme guess, soon as he was done he screamed "College! No parents!" (beat) Actually, will you be my wingman for this insane bathroom line?

HARPER

Absolutely.

DICKIE

(fake coughing) Long con. (cough cough) Long fucking con.

Harper gives him a weird look but shakes it off.

As they're walking away, almost out of earshot we can hear Maggie say to Harper.

MAGGIE

It's weird, he's always trying to shotgun beers behind my back as if I'll get mad at him or something.

Harper lets out a nice laugh.

Quick cuts of the party as it turns into a full blown rager:

- Our entire group shotguns another beer.
- Harper and Maggie take a shot and are laughing as if they're best friends.
- The entire party has formed a dance circle in the middle of the living room.
- Jay twirls Harper in the middle of the circle.
- Maggie doing a keg stand. Dave is holding her up counting out her time.
- Wes is power-lifting two cases of beer as a bored crowd looks on.
- A random dude is aggressively making out with a drunk chick as Dickie and Wes watch, applauding. The guy makes an attempt to put his hand down her pants. She lets him and the crowd ERUPTS!

DICKIE
 Yes! I told you! Pay up,
 motherfuckers!!

- A random guy hands Dickie a stack of bills.
- A game of chicken. Jay is on Dickie's shoulders. Standing in front of them is Harper on the shoulders of a random girl as Jay and Harper wrestle.
- A drunk partier pours a beer on his head.
- Two people are racing to see who can finish a beer bong first. The entire party cheers them on.
- the drunk partier from earlier is passed out. He's getting sharpie'd. Someone has written "teabag me" on his forehead.
- Back to the chicken match. Only it's no longer a chicken match. It's a make-out match. Jay and Harper (both still on shoulders) are making out, while Dickie and the random girl are on the bottom making out with each other.

End Montage. Fade out, then back in.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LATER ON

The party is over and the house is DESTROYED. The camera pans the house until we get to the living room.

Jay, Harper, Dave, Maggie, Dickie and Wes are sitting around a table casually drinking beers and passing around a joint.

JAY
 That was the most fun I've had in a long time.

HARPER
 That was the most fun I've had in my entire life.

They look at each other, smiling.

MAGGIE
 How are we getting home by the way?

JAY
 I'll robe it home.

Dickie, Wes and Dave laugh.

DAVE
 Yes!

HARPER
What is "robe it home" mean?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - TEN MINUTES LATER

Jay is driving. He's also wearing a bath robe. Harper rides shotgun. The rest of the group is stuffed in the back-seat.

JAY
Harper, no judgment here. Sometimes driving home when you've been a little overserved is inevitable in LA. Like tonight. Whoever is driving wears the robe in case we get pulled over. This way if-- I don't believe this. Holy fuck. We're getting pulled over.

HARPER
Fuck.

Jay pulls the car to the side of the street. Dickie hands him a handful of change.

DICKIE
Here, put these in your mouth.

JAY
No dude.

He knocks the coins out of his hand as the cop is approaching the window.

COP
License and regis-- (noticing the robe) What's going on with that outfit, son? Have you been drinking?

JAY
Oh, no sir. Quite the opposite actually. I was just in bed sleeping, I have work tomorrow. I received a call from my friend Wes back there.

Wes waves to the cop.

JAY (CONT'D)

They were out partying and were having a hard time finding a cab and were considering driving home intoxicated. Instead of letting my friends drive home drunk, I woke up and came and got them. Hence the robe.

Jay flashes a real full of shit smile. Long pregnant pause as the cop thinks.

COP

Well, I pulled you over cause I saw some feet sticking out of the back window. But it's very responsible of you to do this for your friends. Get these clowns home safely. You're a good friend. And get some sleep for Chrissakes.

JAY

Will do officer. Have a good night.

Jay pulls away. NO one says a word for a few seconds. Then the car breaks out in laughter. Jay turns the music up to full blast.

HARPER

(laughing)

You guys are assholes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARPER'S HOUSE

Jay pulls up to her house.

HARPER (O.S.)

This is me right here.

Harper gets out and goes over to Jay's window. A moment of awkward silence.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Uh, do you want to come up?

The second she finishes her sentence everyone cheers and beings razzing Harper and Jay.

DICKIE

Get some!

DAVE
Yeah, get some!

Harper is embarrassed but can't stop laughing.

Maggie, moving up to sit shotgun, calls out to Harper.

MAGGIE
I had so much fun tonight. Let's
have a girls night soon.

HARPER
Can we please do that? (to the
boys) Bye guys. Thanks for an
awesome night.

Jay and Harper walk up to Harper's door. Meanwhile, at the car, Dickie opens the trunk and puts on his own robe.

INT. HARPER'S BEDROOM - LATER

The aftermath of some energetic, first-time sex. There is giggling and sheets moving, and Harper's face comes into view, blowing hair out of her eyes. Jay comes up for air a second later.

JAY
My god, woman, you know what you're
doing. That was fun.

HARPER
Glad it was for one of us.

JAY
Wait, what?

Harper tries to keep a straight face, but can't hold out.

HARPER
(smiling)
Too soon to joke about that?

JAY
Extremely so. This is the first
time my dick's been inside of you!

They're both laughing.

HARPER
Ok, good to know.

She leans over to give him a kiss on the cheek.

HARPER (CONT'D)
I'm going to go get ready for bed,
you want a glass of water or
something?

JAY
Um, no. I'm good.

HARPER
K, be back in a minute.

He forces a smile but something's bothering him. He stares at the ceiling for a second, then gets up to check out Harper's stuff.

As we stay on Jay's uneasy face, we hear previous chastisement from his friends playing in his head: "no girlfriend, fuck boy", "you're a pussy", "no girlfriend, no girlfriend, NO GIRLFRIEND!".

Jay picks up a book from her shelf. "Love Is A Dog From Hell", by Charles Bukowski.

JAY
(shouting to Harper)
You like Charles Bukowski?!

HARPER (O.S.)
Yeah he's great! One of the best LA
writers. Why, you like him?

JAY
A friend of mine is really into his
writing...he's got a few good
quotes and stuff, I guess...Hey I'm
going to help myself to that glass
of water ok?

HARPER (O.S.)
Yeah you earned it, knock yourself
out.

INT. HARPER'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jay is chugging water at the sink.

HARPER (O.S.)
Everything ok?

Harper comes up from behind and stands next to him, taking a sip.

JAY

Yeah...Listen, I think I'm going to get going, get out of your hair.

A beat.

HARPER

Oh, yeah ok, sure.

JAY

I'm just not feeling that well. Probably heartburn. Nothing a dozen Tums can't fix...I'll call you?

HARPER

Are you asking yourself that?

JAY

Sorry, I meant, I'll call you. Just, gotta run.

HARPER

Alright...sounds good?

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE STREET - LATER

Jay is walking home, fast. He's flicking through his phone, trying anyone he can think of. A couple rings.

DAVE (O.S.)

(through phone, voicemail)

You've reached Dave, sorry I can't come to the ph--

Jay hangs up. Fuck. Tries another.

WES (O.S.)

(through phone)

Hi! You've reached Wes at Cardiff Giant. If this is an emerg--

Jay hangs up. One more.

JOHNNY CASHMERE (O.S.)

Yo, King Jay! You still out?! Come to this Condo I'm at. Low hanging fruit everywhere. I'll text--

CLICK. Jay sighs. Guess he's just going home to sleep it off.

INT. THE HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Jay is home alone, lying on the couch. He's on his laptop, checking out twitter and facebook. He types in Harper's name and checks out her profile. On her wall, it says, "Harper Jensen is now friends with 4 people." Jay clicks to expand it. The list is Dave, Wes, Dickie, Maggie. He sighs. It appears sleeping with her and being done with her is getting harder and harder.

He's checking out her pictures, and the mates loudly enter the house.

DAVE

(to Dickie)

To the surprise of literally no one, you sound like a fucking fool, again.

The gang notices Jay.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Yo Jay-Bone! How'd last night end up?

DICKIE

Bro, Harper is awesome.

WES

Did you get your dick wet?

DAVE

She's fun as fuck dude.

DICKIE

Did you at least finger blast her?

JAY

Ok, ok, I get the point. You guys like Harper, christ.

MAGGIE

She really is cool, Jay, well done.

JAY

Who cares if she's cool?

DAVE

So does that mean no sex? I mean it would have been a long shot, you'll have more opportunities with her...

JAY

What does that mean? Look guys I'm glad you liked hanging out with her, but she's just for the kill count. She's 'long-con' experience, that's all. And yeah, for the record, we had sex, and I've been sitting here all day waiting for you guys to get home so we can add her to the Extra Board and ring the fucking gong and now it's all ruined because you guys all want to date her at the same time and I'm here with my dick in my hands looking to get my numbers up and I guess from here on out I'm doing it alone? Is that it? What the fuck?

Silence from the group.

MAGGIE

Ooookay.

JAY (STANDING UP)

Just forget it.

DICKIE

No no no - guys, we're proud of Jay, right? Fuckfest 2012 is still going strong! Let's clap it up!

Dave and Wes look at each other, shrug, and start clapping.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Go get that board, baby, let's put Harper on that bad boy!

Jay brings the board out from his room, but he's not happy about it. He writes 'Harper' at the top of the Extra Board, and swats at the gong with no effort, then changes the Kill Count to "18".

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Ok, good, we've got that out of the way. Now let's just watch some TV and relax, huh? By the way, Harper was telling us about this Teriyoke Bar idea. Apparently you sing karaoke while the audience squirts you with teriyaki sauce. How--

JAY

Jesus Christ! You tell me just to bang this girl and now you can't shut up about her!

A beat as everyone looks to each other.

WES

Jay, there's no harm in liking this chick. We all had fun hanging out with her.

JAY

That's not the point! The point is this is not about finding a "soul mate", remember! Random sluts! You taught me that.

MAGGIE

So what if you want to date her? You're over Caitlin right?

Jay shakes his head and heads for the door.

JAY

I'm going out. Alone. And I'm going to bang some hot piece of ace and add another kill. I'll see you later.

SLAM.

Everyone kind of looks at Maggie.

MAGGIE

What did I say?

WES

You. Are. Terrible.

INT. DIVE BAR - EARLY EVENING

It's a Sunday night and the scene is bleak. A few boozebags are scattered around watching sports, and some locals down shots. Dubstep music is playing to an empty dance floor, making things worse.

Jay fiddles with his drink alone at the bar, looking around for potential targets. He makes eye contact with a real WOOF, drinking alone. Gotta have at least 5 years on Jay but looks like it's 15. Jay looks down at his glass and takes down his drink in one gulp before heading over for the kill. The woman tracks him during the entire long walk over.

JAY

You know, I was over at the other
end of the bar, and --

WOOF

(interrupting)

Hi.

JAY

Yeah, hi. Anyway, I was over there
and thinking you really remind me
of someone. And then I got it,
"Full House". You ever -

WOOF

(interrupting, again)

I'm Liz.

JAY

Oh, ok. I'm Jay. So do people ever
tell you that? It's someone from
Full House...

LIZ

What do you mean? Like the TV Show?
I don't really get it...

JAY

Just forget it.

This isn't going anywhere.

LIZ

(trying to be flirtatious)

Do you want to buy me a drink?

Jay thinks for second. Closes his eyes. Let's just cut to
winning time and hurry this shit up.

JAY

How about we get out of here and
party a bit? I've got some coke
burning a hole in my pocket.

Liz is taken aback, just stares at him. He gives his best
phony smile. Finally she smiles back and -

CUT TO:

INT - BATHROOM - LATER

Jay is going at Liz doggystyle in a bathroom stall. It's
gruesome.

LIZ
 (moaning)
 C'mon, hoss. Pull my hair. Grab
 that shit.

JAY
 (just trying to get this
 over with)
 Give me a sec, here. Just, stay
 still for a sec, I can't get any
 traction, this is going to take
 forever.

LIZ
 Yeah baby, last all night. (real
 throaty) I'm gonna cum all over
 your dick!

JAY
 Oh fuck.

LIZ
 (misunderstanding,
 thinking he's into it
 too)
 Yeah! FUCK!

JAY
 FUCK.

LIZ
 FUUUUCKKKKK!

JAY
 (puts his head on her
 back, resigned to his
 fate)
 I regret this immediately.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Jay's walking home from the bar, feeling like shit.

As he's walking, disgusted with himself, his phone starts
 buzzing. He takes it out of his pocket and see's an incoming
 call from Harper. His face lights up.

JAY
 There she is, Miss California 2012!

Intercut with Harper.

HARPER
(Laughing)
Hey, man.

JAY
What's going on? Can't even go a
full day without hearing my voice?

HARPER
Yeah, something like that. Was just
checking in to see how the hospital
was - I'm assuming your appendix
burst or something the way you shot
out of here?

JAY
Yeah, sorry about that...

HARPER
Well I was thinking you could make
it up to me tonight. I've got a bad
case of Mr. Scary, I need to do
something.

JAY
Mr. Scary?

HARPER
You know, when you get that life
anxiety on Sunday nights after
boozing for the weekend? You feel
that stress about what you're doing
with your life and get real
depressed? In college we called it
Mr. Scary, coming to visit.

JAY
(laughing)
I love that. I think I met Mrs.
Scary tonight too.

HARPER
What's that?

JAY
Nothing, just saying I love that
expression. I'm definitely taking
that and claiming I came up with
it, and that you say it because you
know me. Cool?

HARPER
Not even your roommates will
believe that, so go ahead.
(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)
But in the meantime, wanna come
over and watch a movie or
something?

JAY
Yes. Very much so.

RELATIONSHIP MONTAGE

CUT TO:

Jay and Harper watching a movie.

CUT TO:

ECU of Harper's phone. We navigate through Instagram. She has a 'notification'; "@yesthatJAY" is now following you." She follows him back.

CUT TO:

Jay and Harper at the beach, getting a surf lesson. Harper gets the hang of it right away - Jay can't 'pop up' on the board even on dry land.

CUT TO:

Pictures from a facebook album, "The Summer of Yes." Jay and Harper with wet suits on, smiling, standing behind two huge surf boards; a picture taken of themselves, arm outstretched, at the sunset.

CUT TO:

At a Dodgers game. We hear a ton of boos and see Jay first, creeping lower into his seat wishing he were invisible. We see Harper, decked out in San Francisco Giants gear, getting yelled at mercilessly.

CUT TO:

Jay is in his room, retiring the Kill Count and Extra Board. As he puts it in the back of his closet the roommates watch, paying tribute. When he closes the closet door on that chapter, they bring it in for a group hug.

CUT TO:

We see the beach at nighttime and hear hooting and hollering as Jay, Harper, Maggie and Dave run into the ocean naked for a midnight skinny dip.

CUT TO:

Jay is smoking weed on the couch with Maggie, watching Harper and Dave go head to head on Fifa 2012 for xbox.

END MONTAGE

INT. THE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Harper and Dave are finishing their game. Dickie and Wes enter.

WES (O.S.)
I got next!

They sit on the couch next to Jay and Maggie.

JAY
Actually, we should go soon.
Reservation is for 7:30.

DICKIE
Double date night? Classy shit.

MAGGIE
You know it.

DAVE
Alright, we're going to cut this game short, but I want you to know it's only because we're going to dinner, not because you're beating me. I'm always best after the 80th minute.

HARPER
Whatever you say.

JAY
(to Wes and Dave)
Hold down the fort while we're gone.

HARPER
Bye guys.

DICKIE
Yeah, see ya.

Maggie, Dave, Jay, and Harper leave. Wes and Dickie sit on the couch in silence.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Well, fuck us I guess.

WES

Yep.

DICKIE

Christ, at a certain point, we're going to need to get girlfriends or something ourselves, huh?

WES

My mom asks me once a week if I'm seeing anyone yet.

DICKIE

Mine too.

WES

Are we turning into a couple of jokes?

DICKIE

Maybe.

Silence.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The two couples are sitting around a table, mid-dinner and mid-conversation.

DAVE

So the group of us are in our first grade homeroom, and Ms. Sullivan is doing a spelling bee, right?

JAY

She was hot.

MAGGIE

You were six.

JAY

Doesn't make it less true.

DAVE

Anyway, so Ms. Sullivan goes around and says, 'say what your father does for his job, then spell the word and give the definition.' So I say, my dad is a banker, b-a-n-k-e-r, he keeps people's money safe. Jay says, my dad is a doctor, and so on.

HARPER

Ok.

DAVE

So it's Wes's turn and he says, 'my dad is a lawyer. L-o-y-e-r'. Ms. Sullivan stops him and goes, no Wes that's not right, lawyer is spelled l-a-w-y-e-r. Take out a pencil and sheet of paper and practice spelling lawyer 25 times and at the end of class we're going to come back to you and make sure you can spell it correctly. So finally, she gets to Dickie, and Dickie says, my dad is a bookie, b-o-o-k-i-e, and he's giving 5-2 odds that the moron in back still won't know how to spell lawyer at the end of class.

Everyone laughs.

JAY

And that's literally how we all became friends.

DAVE

Exactly - Wes clocked Dickie in the face and they've been joined at the hip ever since.

HARPER

Wait, his dad is a bookie?

JAY

Nah that's just part of the joke, babe. Dickie was quick like that even in first grade.

CAITLIN (O.S.)

Maggie?! Oh my god hey guys!

Sure enough, Caitlin comes up to the table, all smiles. We see that Caitlin notices Harper right away.

MAGGIE

Hey, Caitlin...

DAVE

Hey there.

Hugs all around. Jay half-rises to greet her.

CAITLIN
I didn't know you guys were going
to be here. We're over there for
Alyssa's birthday.

A group of girls waves over.

JAY
Oh, cool.

CAITLIN
Jay we should still get that drink
sometime. Our last hang out was way
too brief.

JAY
I know, I know. Work's been crazy.
Um, Caitlin, this is Harper.

HARPER
Hi. Nice to meet you.

CAITLIN
You too. (awkward) Ok, well.
Anyways, it was nice seeing you
guys. And nice meeting you, Harper.

Caitlin walks back to her group of friends.

HARPER
She looks better in pictures.

Everyone looks at Harper, surprised. She smiles.

HARPER (CONT'D)
What, you think I haven't facebook
stalked Jay's ex?

JAY
That was a touch awkward.

DAVE
Awwwwwwwwk. Warrrrrrrrrd.

MAGGIE
Anyone wanna come pee with me?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Harper and Maggie are staring at themselves in the mirror.

HARPER
Can I ask you a kinda weird
question?

MAGGIE
Of course.

HARPER
Do you think Jay is over Caitlin?

MAGGIE
(thinking)
I do. Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Jay are at the table while the girls are in the
bathroom.

DAVE
Yeah dude, shit is getting real.
It's to the point where we argue
about it everyday. I got that
ultimatum.

JAY
Wait, seriously?

DAVE
She said if we don't move in
together by the end of the summer,
it's over. She wants to know I feel
the same way about the future.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

HARPER
So you don't think he's just like
passing time with me and secretly
hoping to get back together with
her?

MAGGIE
No way.

HARPER

Jesus. I'm sorry to even ask you all this, I so don't want to be that girl.

MAGGIE

You have nothing to worry about. I promise.

HARPER

Ok good, cause I really like him. Like a lot.

MAGGIE

No, I know. He's crazy about you too. He talks about you non-stop.

Harper gives Maggie a hug.

HARPER

Thank you so much for this.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

DAVE

I'm too afraid to grow up. Honestly, if I could break up with her I would. I love hanging with the mates. But I'm in love with her, there's nothing I can do about it. (beat) I don't know what to do, bro.

JAY

Sounds to me like you know exactly what to do.

INT. JAY'S ROOM - LATER

Home from the double date, Jay and Harper are in good spirits as they fall to the bed.

Jay's on top of Harper, kissing her but also just lying there, not really making a bid.

JAY

(between kisses)

That was a lot of fun tonight. And I think that waitress wanted to bang me. Hard.

Harper laughs in between kisses.

HARPER

I think she was more into me,
actually.

Jay stops.

JAY

Real talk for a sec? Can we
actually just go to sleep? Not sure
Jay Jr. is up for it tonight.

HARPER

(laughing, relieved)
I don't want to hook up either!
Nice!

JAY

Figure this is the good part of
being in a relationship, right? You
can get a good night's sleep
without feeling like you're blowing
an opportunity.

HARPER

I don't know if I see it in the
same romantic terms, but yes, I
agree. I still get to sleep with
you, but without having to put out.
It's a win-win.

JAY

(getting up)
Alright, I'm going to go take out
my contacts. I want to be asleep in
10 minutes so fine by me if you
don't want to wash your face.

Harper laughs as he leaves the room.

HARPER

Can I get a t-shirt and boxers to
sleep in?

JAY (O.S.)

Check the bin in my closet, it's
clean stuff.

Harper goes to the closet and opens the door, taking off her
shirt to put on one of Jay's T-Shirts. Looking through the
laundry basket, she's sees the Kill Count and Extra Board.

Pushing some other stuff out of the way, she can see a couple of the first entries. Girls names ("Lizzy", "Shannon") and some pictures and notes. Confused, she starts pulling the board out of the closet.

HARPER

Uh, Jay, what is this stalker board you have in your closet?

JAY (O.S.)

What? What did you say?

Now able to see the entire board, Harper sees her name and picture on it as well.

Jay walks back into the room brushing his teeth, and stops when he sees the board.

JAY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

HARPER

Jay, what the fuck is this? What is this creepy weird fucking list of chicks?

Jay has nothing.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Jay? Why do you have something in your closet with a lot of random chicks on it, and what looks like a bunch of personal information. AND OH YEAH ME. I'M ON THE FUCKIN BOARD!

JAY

Ok, yeah this looks really bad, but it's not as stalker-y or whatever as you think. It was a thing Dickie and Wes suggested, to get over my old girlfriend.

HARPER

Like a vision board or something? What?

JAY

No, not exactly, although...that's actually not a bad idea at all, for someone else in the future...

HARPER

I think I better go.

She stands to leave, putting back on her shirt.

JAY
Harper, stop -

HARPER
This is so fucked.

She heads out the bedroom door, Jay is following behind.

JAY
Look, when Caitlin broke up with me, I was really depressed, ok? As you saw me the first night we met, I was a mess. I didn't know what I was doing out at bars and I was acting like an idiot at work.

Harper stops at the front door, willing to listen.

JAY (CONT'D)
My friends, the jackasses that they are, they suggested this. We called it a "Killing Spree." I guess the idea was for me to sleep with random chicks with no emotional attachment, in order for me to get Caitlin off my mind.

HARPER
You guess?

JAY
No, that's what it was.

HARPER
Did it work?

JAY
Yes! I am totally over Caitlin, you know that! You saw it tonight. I don't give a FUCK about her. I'm really happy with you, Harper.

HARPER
(skeptical) So sleeping with anonymous girls fixed you?

JAY
The whole thing worked, it wasn't really about sleeping with girls, it was about being a better guy...

HARPER

Don't change the topic like that!
You slept with a lot of girls,
yeah?

JAY

Yes.

HARPER

And I was one of them?

JAY

Yeah.

Pause.

HARPER

At the top of the board, it said,
"Kill Count: 19." Did you have sex
with 19 girls since Caitlin? Really
dude?

JAY

It was a dark time, I was not in a
good place, and they were all one
night things. But Harper, the
killing spree --

HARPER

Stop saying killing spree!

JAY

Ok. The random hooking up made me
the kind of guy that was able to
ask for YOUR number, take YOU to
dinner, and be charming and happy
enough for YOU to tolerate
dating...at least until about like
10 minutes ago...

HARPER

I'm going to ask one more question.
Just be honest.

JAY

I will, of course.

HARPER

Am I #19?

Fuck. Jay breathes deep.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Am I the last person you slept with
Jay?

Silence.

JAY
No. But no one else meant a thing.
And I didn't know that we would
turn into this.

Harper scoffs and turns to leave.

HARPER
Fuck you.

Jay is left alone on his front steps, at a loss for what to
do now.

FADE TO BLACK

While the screen is still dark, we hear some rustling and
some seemingly random clacking sound. The synthesizer then
hits and we're listening to the opening of "Ruff Ryder's
Anthem", by DMX.

FADE IN:

INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jay is cruising around by himself. He is wearing a robe.

He stops for a beat outside Harper's place. No lights are on.
He drives off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAWN

Hold on a long shot of the guys' house. The sun is coming up.
Jay's car pulls into the driveway, he gets out and slowly
slinks into the house.

As the door slams a brief time lapse occurs. The sun coming
up and down and up and down, signifying the passing of
several days.

FADE OUT.

INT. THE HOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jay sits on the couch staring at the TV, remote in one hand, bottle of beer in the other. He hasn't shaved in about a week and for the most part just looks kinda dirty.

Dave and Maggie are readying to leave for a lovers getaway. A pair of packed bags are waiting by the front door.

DAVE (O.S.)
Our reservation at Sea Grass is for
7pm, so we gotta get on the road
babe.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
I know. Be ready in one minute.

DAVE (O.S.)
Wait till you see our room. Daddy
booked us in the Rain Man suite.

Jay continues to sit on the couch listening. Sounds of kissing can be heard. He is stewing.

He storms off screen. Pounding footsteps are heard as Jay marches through the house. He promptly returns to the living room with the Extra Board and Kill Count underneath his arm.

He reassembles the props to look exactly like they did earlier on. Jay takes a step back to admire his work, but doesn't notice Dave standing behind him, observing.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Jay turns around but doesn't respond.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You should shave that rat beard.
You look creepy. (beat) OK, we're
outta here. Be back Sunday night.

Dave slings the bags over his shoulder

DAVE (CONT'D)
Don't wait up!

Maggie says goodbye and they are gone.

Jay goes back to staring at the Extra Board. He's going down the list of names.

Jay pulls out his phone to send a text, but his text history with Harper pops up. ZOOM on a text that reads "Dave and Maggie want us to go wine tasting in Santa Barbara in two weeks. You in?" Harper responded "I'm so in :-)"

Jay erases his entire text history with Harper, then goes back to staring at the Extra Board.

Dickie and Wes barge through the front door.

DICKIE

Whoa. What's going on here? The
Extra Board is back out?

JAY

I was about to go to a dark place
fellas, but not letting that happen
again. This is my fate now.

Jay looks deep into Dickie and Wes's eyes.

JAY (CONT'D)

(dead serious) we're going out
tonight. We're going to black out.
And we're going to get laid.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The MISSION IMPOSSIBLE theme song plays, as Jay sits at his laptop. He's up to something.

Jay retrieves paper from his printer and we...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S CAR

Dave and Maggie are en route to Santa Barbara. They drive in pleasant silence. Out of nowhere...

DAVE

Babe, am I a good boyfriend?

Maggie looks over and smiles.

MAGGIE

Is this a trick question?

DAVE

I mean, I guess I am in the sense that I've never cheated on you. And I don't, like, beat you or anything. But I know deep down you've always wanted more outta me.

MAGGIE

This is weird. Are you about to break up with me?

DAVE

What? No! I'm telling you that I love you. And that I'm going to be better. I promise.

She holds Dave's hand.

MAGGIE

I love you too. Look, yeah, we argue sometimes. What couple doesn't? But yes, you are a great boyfriend. I promise.

DAVE

I'm trying to be. (beat) One more question.

Maggie looks over.

DAVE (CONT'D)

When we get home, can we start looking for places to live? Just me and you? I'm tired of living in a shitbox.

Maggie's face lights up, touched.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Dickie and Wes drink beers on the couch. Jay enters the living room, and hands them each a sheet of paper.

WES

The fuck is this?

DICKIE

Boarding passes?

JAY

Yeah. Spirit Air is running a special. Nineteen dollar tickets to Vegas.

DICKIE

I'm not going to Vegas, bro.

JAY

No one's going to Vegas. We're going to LAX. Thought you were a big picture guy. There's no other place on the planet with a larger collection of hot women confined to such a small area. It'll be like shooting fish in a barrel. If you can't find a girl to bang at the airport, I suggest you turn your dick in.

DICKIE

That's the dumbest fucking idea ever.

WES

I gotta say I agree with the man. This is the type of shit I usually say.

JAY

Fine. I'll go alone.

DICKIE

Fine.

Jay takes this all very personal.

JAY

No, no, no. You guys aren't backing out of this. We're going to the airport.

DICKIE

Are you fuckin delusional? Get a grip, dude.

JAY

Delusional!? Delusional??!!?? I wasn't going to bring this up, but this whole mess is both of your fault, and there's no way you guys are leaving me in the cold. Talk about delusional!

DICKIE
(raising voice) Our fault? What
exactly is OUR fault?

This is now a full blown argument.

JAY
This whole thing with Harper is
YOUR fault. I had a great thing,
and now I have nothing. And it's
because of YOU. And YOU. Yeah, I've
always been the relationship guy.
And that was fine with me. I liked
it that way. Then you two started
making me feel inadequate about it.
Like I needed to be doing what you
guys do. (mocking) Getting numbers,
wheeling bitches. Misery loves
company huh? And you guys tricked
me when I was at my lowest to
thinking I should be like you. Fuck
you for that. The last thing I'd
ever want to be is like either of
you. You guys are fucking pathetic.

Jay walks away, out of the house.

DICKIE
You're gonna wish you could take
all that back.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INT'L. AIRPORT - SECURITY LINE

Jay and JOHNNY CASHMERE are standing in the security line,
waiting to go through the metal detector.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
This is a great fucking idea, dude.
Best I've heard in a LONG time.

JAY
(uninterested) Thanks.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - CONTINUOUS

The guys saddle up to the bar and scope the scene. Or lack
thereof. It's a few couples. Two male pilots taking shots.
And a seemingly attractive girl asleep at the end of the bar
wearing a tempur-pedic travel neck pillow.

CASHMERE
Jesus Christ, this place is fuckin
dead.

JAY
(to the bartender) Two car bombs
please.

BARTENDER
Car bombs? Ha! This ain't the
Saddle Ranch pal.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
Just give us two beers.

JAY
And do me a favor? Can you or a
waitress bring a Shirley Temple
over to that girl there?

The guys get their beers and settle in. We see a waitress
bring a Shirley Temple over to the girl asleep in her neck
pillow. The waitress nudges her but the girl won't wake up.

CUT TO about three beers later. The scene has obviously not
picked up. The guys look miserable.

JOHNNY CASHMERE
I knew this was a bad idea. Let's
just go to Q's and pick up college
chicks.

HOLD on the girl still sleeping at the bar. The Shirley
Temple still sitting in front of her, untouched.

JAY
You go. I'm gonna stay and see how
this plays out.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - LATER

Jay is boarding an airplane. He's going to Vegas alone.

CUT TO a plane as it flies over the Las Vegas strip and lands
on the runway.

A fun song kicks in and we are assaulted with rapid fire
shots of Las Vegas.

-The scintillating Strip.

- High rollers winning money.
- Gorgeous women dancing at a night club.
- Gorgeous women at a hotel pool party.
- Gorgeous women everywhere.

It's an onslaught of Las Vegas and all its epic glory. Then we PULL BACK to reveal that Jay is standing in the Las Vegas airport watching a "Visit Las Vegas" commercial.

INT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT

The Vegas airport, on the other hand, is a disgusting and very sad shit hole.

As Jay takes in the pathetic scene unfolding before him, he sees a row of 90 year old women, all with oxygen tanks attached to their noses, playing penny slot machines.

A 65 year-old PIMP walks past Jay with a very overweight prostitute on his arm.

GROUPS of Chinese tourists are everywhere.

This is a sad scene and Jay knows it.

JAY
(sotto) What the fuck am I doing?

He sits down and fishes out his phone.

He calls Wes but gets voicemail. He tires calling Dickie as well.

JAY (CONT'D)
(leaving a message) Dickie, Wes.
It's me. Listen, to say I'm sorry
is an understatement. You're
right, I would give anything to
take back what I said. I didn't
mean any of it. Please call me
back. I need your help. (beat) I'm
in Las Vegas.

EXT. LAX ARRIVALS - NIGHT

Jay waits anxiously, pacing back and forth. Dickie and Wes pull up in their car.

WES

(from passenger seat)

We know, we know, you were wrong,
we were right. You're sorry, we're
sorry too. Get in the fucking car,
we don't have much time.

JAY

Ok, great.

INT. DICKIE'S CAR

Jay gets in the back. We see the car is already full of
stuff.

JAY

What's all this?

DICKIE

What I think Wes was trying to say
was that we feel a little
responsible for this situation too.
We've been part of the problem, so
now we've done our part to be part
of the solution.

WES

We put together a little "get your
girlfriend back" kit. We've got:

Holds up Chocolates.

WES (CONT'D)

Truffles from Jin Patisserie. I was
looking through your instagram feed
and saw you two lovebirds having a
cup of hot chocolate there like two
months ago. Boom.

Holds up a T-Shirt that reads, "Venice: Where Art Meets
Crime".

JAY

That's that shirt from the
boardwalk.

DICKIE

Right. The day we were all at the
beer garden, Harper and I had a
real good laugh about it. This is
going to show her we're all behind
ya.

Jay picks up a painting.

JAY

Holy shit, how the fuck did you guys get this? This is from that house on Millwood.

WES

We knocked on the door and asked.

DICKIE

You've got chocolates, a corny gift, and an epic piece of local art. You're ready to go. Now, as driver, may I ask where that may be?

JAY

One second...

Jay pulls out his phone and starts doing some serious recon. He pulls up Harper's facebook page.

JAY (CONT'D)

Ok, looks like she's at an after work Yoga Class on Lincoln, right by the Whole Foods. I fucking love you, Zuckerberg!

WES

Shit.

DICKIE

Why 'shit'? That's awesome. Grand romantic gesture, son!

JAY

Thanks, guys.

The guys smile.

WES

You're very welcome.

JAY

Can you just swing by the house first real quick? Got one more thing to pick up to make this kit complete.

INT. YOGA WORKS CLASS - LATER

A yoga class is in session. Harper is a couple rows back, in the zone.

Suddenly, there is a loud CRASH from outside the door that makes everyone look up and stop what they're doing.

INT. YOGA WORKS FRONT DESK - SAME TIME

Jay is tussling with the woman at the front desk.

WOMAN

(grabbing onto him)

Hey asshole! You can't go into the class unless you're signed up!

Jay is desperately trying to get by her, but she's putting up a fight.

CUT TO:

INT. YOGA WORKS CLASS - SAME TIME

HARPER

What the shit?

Jay suddenly comes banging through the door.

He dusts himself off and sees the whole class staring at him.

JAY

Hi.

He spots Harper.

JAY (CONT'D)

Harper! (to Instructor, who is staring daggers) I'm really sorry to interrupt the class here. Judging by how fit you are, and by the strength of the woman at the desk, this stuff really works. I should probably try it sometime. But right now I'm hoping you guys can help me out a bit.

He gets his stuff together.

JAY (CONT'D)

Harper - Dickie and Wes helped me get a bunch of stuff to impress you so that you'd come back to me. We got you chocolates and some other stuff I think you're really going to like. But before that, I need to show you something you'll be less enthused about.

That's when we see that Jay has brought the Kill Count and Extra Board. He sets it up in front of the class. He looks to Harper.

JAY (CONT'D)

This is the kill count and extras board from my room.

RANDOM WOMAN FROM CLASS #1

Hey, back up a second slick, you lost the rest of us at 'Dickie and Wes'.

RANDOM WOMAN #2

If you're going to interrupt our class the least you could do is catch us up here.

HARPER

Jay, just leave, please...

JAY

Just give me two minutes. Ok, so...everybody...I'm Jay. Basically, it's like this: I got my heart broken by an evil bitch about 10 months back. When that happened, I really didn't know what I was doing. I didn't know how to talk to girls or, really, even know how to leave the house. So, my best friends decided to intervene and teach me how to pick up chicks, which is documented here.

We see Harper looking at the boards, along with the rest of the class. Her look is impenetrable.

RANDOM #3

What are these four groups - Interpersonal Skills, Technology, The Long Con, and Winning Time?

JAY

I'm glad you asked - these are the four areas for a guy to work on to impress girls.

HARPER

Look, you really don't need to do this -

JAY

These were the disciplines which I learned to become proficient in -- interpersonal skills are just like, picking up chicks. On the street, at bars; just knowing how to talk to 'em. (charming smile) You guys can be pretty intimidating, after all.

Some of the group chuckles. Harper looks around, seeing the class warming to him.

JAY (CONT'D)

Technology was used to impress girls after the initial pick-up. As I'm sure everyone in this class has done, you meet someone but before you fully commit to a date or to anything further, you try to check them out online. See if they're a psycho, a loser, a pervert. Make sure they look at least a little normal, that they bathe regularly. See if any interests line up, like if they're huge "Game of Thrones" fans and which character they like best.

RANDOM WOMAN AND RANDOM MAN

(same time)

The Direwolves!

The class looks at them as they blush at each other. Love connection right here in yoga?

JAY

There you go! So this area of study is basically, how to put your best foot forward online. Since you know the opposite sex is going to check your facebook page and instagram and all that, give them the best of you, digitally. For Harper --

Crowd looks at her. She gives an awkward wave.

JAY (CONT'D)

I knew I needed to have a blue-chip web presence. She loves Venice and swears it's the best neighborhood on earth. I also knew from the first time we met that she went to Yale and was for sure a lot smarter than me. So I made my banner pic a picture of the Venice Canals around Christmas time and posted some David Foster Wallace quote that made me sound a little more intelligent.

HARPER

And you didn't have a problem being completely dishonest about who you were?

JAY

Was I though? Yeah I didn't want you to think that right off the bat I'm a complete bozo, but we all hide a few things from people until we know them better. Like, you (points to woman who spoke earlier), anything you don't want people to know right away when you meet them?

RANDOM #3

(shrugs)

I have two kids? I usually don't tell men that the first time we meet.

GIRL IN BACK

I never finished college. I try to keep that to myself.

ANOTHER CLASSMEMBER

I used to date one of my roommates, and still live with him!

GUY CLASSMEMBER

I used to be a camera guy for Girls Gone Wild until I was indicted!

JAY

There you have it. I knew you'd find out I liked to hang out with my friends and party;

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)
it is part of who I am. But when first getting to know each other, I wanted to show my better qualities. Now the 4th area is Winning Time, which is just knowing how to close the night. Whether it's the right time to say, "want to get out of here?", or knowing how to take the party to a more private part of the bar , it's just sealing the deal.

A pause as the class takes this in.

JAY (CONT'D)
Any questions?

RANDOM GIRL #4
Yes - you see that girl fourth from bottom on the kill count board?

JAY
Yeah?

RANDOM GIRL #4
Um. That's me.

Jay looks at her blankly.

JAY
Are you sure?

RANDOM GIRL #4
I mean, it's a picture of me. So, yes? I'm Sarah - we met at Shellback's?

Jay looks to Harper, who just shakes her head.

JAY
Oh, ok. Hi Sarah.

SARAH
We hooked up like four months ago. You thought I dropped \$5 on the ground?

HARPER
Jesus Christ.

JAY
Right, of course. Sarah, sorry I didn't call you back. Turns out a little later I met this girl here who is the love of my life.

SARAH

It's ok.

JAY

Ok. You look great, by the way. Any other questions?

HARPER

Yes. How about the Long Con?

RANDOM #3

That sounds bad.

JAY

It may sound bad, but it's the best compliment a girl can get. The Long Con is a strategy for keeping tabs on a girl that is going to take a while to win over. Harper was my first long con. I knew I couldn't take her home in one night - she's better looking than me, has a lot of self-respect, and is just...kind of literally perfect. In order to hook up with her I needed time and I couldn't afford to make mistakes.

HARPER

A mistake like fucking someone else after me?

CLASS (IN UNISON)

DAMN.

JAY

Yes, a mistake like that. That's all it was. Harper - I knew from the first time we met; well, maybe second time we met, that you were special. You are pretty much everything I want in another person, and it scared me that I found you so soon after breaking up with a horrible bitch.

The music starts to swell as the class is getting moved by the speech, hoping for a triumphant reconciliation.

JAY (CONT'D)

It made me doubt myself for a second and I screwed up. But, when I slept with that other girl;

(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

yes, it was awful and yes I regretted it instantaneously; but at that point I didn't know you and I were serious. I didn't know I had a chance at something real with you. All I knew at that point was hooking up with a girl and not talking to her afterward. It freaked me out I didn't want to leave right away. I thought I was moving on to the next one. But I couldn't move on. I just wanted to be with you. And I still only want you. If you give me another chance I'll show you I'm yours, faithfully, forever.

He looks to her. She looks at him. The class looks to both of them. The Game of Thrones fans look at each other. Sarah scrutinizes the picture of herself on the board. Tension builds as it looks like Harper is about to say something. Jay's eyes get big in anticipation. And we --

CUT TO BLACK

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. MAGGIE AND DAVE'S NEW HOUSE - NIGHT

We're in the kitchen with Maggie and Jay. Maggie is making a salad and Jay is just lingering with a glass of wine.

JAY

I've gotta say, I'm really impressed with this place. You guys did well.

MAGGIE

Thank you, thank you.

JAY

Really, I don't know how you managed to get Dave to throw out all his shit.

On cue, Dave enters and grabs a bunch of plates.

DAVE

What about me?

MAGGIE

He was just complimenting your lovely girlfriend on her ability to override your decor choices.

DAVE

Whoa whoa whoa. Girlfriend? I thought the deal was that if I move in with you, we're just roommates and I can start hooking up with other chicks?

MAGGIE

Oh yeah? If that's the case you ain't eating any of this Chicken Pomodoro 'cause I don't cook for platonic roommates, pal.

DAVE

Dammit, you got me.

They kiss. It's adorable. Jay looks on wistfully. Is it wistful? What happened with Harper?

JAY

You guys are too much. All grownns up, hosting dinner parties and shit. Serious question: do we have to listen to classical music while we eat? Do we have to let the wine breathe for an hour for the tannins?

MAGGIE

Oh fuck off and grab some silverware. Help Dave set the table.

Dave and Jay exit the kitchen and head into the dining room / foyer. Just then, the door opens. In walks Harper, Wes, and Dickie.

DAVE

Hey hey, there she is!

DICKIE

What am I, chopped liver?

JAY

Hey beautiful.

HARPER

Hey, sorry we're a bit late.

They Kiss.

JAY

No worries. Gave me more time to
admire their new digs.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Is that Harper? Harper come in the
kitchen I have gossip!

HARPER

I'll be back in a sec, anyone want
a drink?

DICKIE

Wait - there are 8 seats set.
Either I'm retarded or did you guys
invite two more people to this
thing? What's going on?

Harper and Jay share a look.

HARPER

Relax. I invited two friends over.
You and Wes are gonna love em.

WES

Hot?

HARPER

Yeah. Hopefully your "interpersonal
skills" are sharp.

She rolls her eyes and heads to the kitchen. The door bell
rings almost instantly. Dave opens to two girls.

DAVE

Hey, Harper's friends? Amanda and
Claire?

AMANDA & CLAIRE

Hi.

INT. MAGGIE AND DAVE'S NEW HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Everyone is now sitting at the table, drinking and eating
dinner.

AMANDA

So, Dickie huh? That's clever.

DICKIE

What do you mean by clever?

AMANDA

That's your real name? Like on your birth certificate?

DICKIE

Yep.

AMANDA

Lemme see your I.D.

DICKIE

Ok fine, my real name is Dean, but I hate it and never tell anyone that. So, don't blow my cover.

AMANDA

Dean's kinda cute. I'm not calling you Dickie. Only Dean.

They smile at each other.

CLAIRE

(to Wes) You look like someone. Do you ever get that? Amanda, doesn't he look like someone? It's been bothering me. Wait a minute. I got it. Perfect Strangers. What was the foreign guy's name? Amanda, what was the goofy foreign guy's name from Perfect Strangers?

AMANDA

Balky!

CLAIRE

(to Wes) Yep! You look EXACTLY like Balky!

Dickie and Wes look at each other.

DICKIE

Harper told you to say that.

AMANDA

Say what?

DICKIE

Harper! Did you tell them to say Wes looked like Balky? You did.

HARPER

Huh? Who's Balky?

DICKIE

I know for a fact you're lying.

DING DING DING. Maggie is tapping her fork against her glass.

MAGGIE

I've always wanted to interrupt a dinner by ding'ing my wine glass. But I actually do want to thank everyone for coming to the first of MANY grown up dinner parties at our new casa. I wouldn't trade this for the world. So everyone please raise their glasses. Here's to THIS.

EVERYONE

To this!

We FREEZE FRAME on the group mid toast, and that photo is then uploaded to Instagram with the caption "first adult dinner party at our new place." We admire the group for a sec when a second comment is posted from @daveylegend: "adult-themed? I didn't get the memo it was XXX." From @wesleypipes: "key party!!!".

THE END

As the END CREDITS ROLL, we see real life Instagram pictures of the cast and crew out on the town, getting bombed, laughing behind the scenes, etc.