

HERM
Mother fucker!

MAX
Fuck you, Greg Maddux! So I would only
be there a week, tops.

HERM
When?

MAX
I don't know I was thinking as soon
as possible.

HERM
I'll let you come...

MAX
FUCK YEAH LET'S GET A SHOT.

HERM
Wait. I'll let you come if you tell me
what the art piece is about.

MAX
NO, HERM! For the hundredth time, no!
Do I ask you how you get your girlfriend
off?

HERM
Max, what the fuck?

MAX
Sorry. Do I ask how you how you get off?

HERM
What?

MAX
It's that intimate to me and more.
It's conceptual art, dude. The only thing
I've got is the idea/concept! if
I don't protect the blueprint, anyone
could construct it.

HERM
But you must have told the government
arts people, how else did you get the
grant?

MAX
And if they tell spill the shit I'll

sue the shit out of them and then
I'll have enough money to execute the
one I'm meant to do.

HERM

I'm not living with someone who doesn't
trust me.

MAX

Don't be gay. I'll tell you when we
get to New York. And I'll make a fool
of myself for you in New York, I'll be
your letter of introduction.

HERM

I'm going to be working sixteen hour days.
I won't even take showers, I can't be
partying, dude. I can't live with you.

MAX

Can't be partying? Is that what-?

Herm doesn't respond. Just looks his perpetually drunk friend
in the eye.

MAX

(cont'd)

Well.

Max heads back inside. Herm takes a step to follow, then
stops. Not going to give in.

Max comes back outside.

MAX

I would appreciate it if you took me
and my brother to your house after
this. My car's run out of gas, but
it's legally parked.

DODGER FAN

(to Pad's fan)

Aura le, vato! Shouldn't you be
in the kitchen washing dishes?

Padre Fan crosses, gets in this rich white man's face.

PADRE FAN

You're mouth's loose as your wife's
hound dog cunt.

Padre Fan pantomimes a very loose vagina.

DODGER FAN
 (to Herm)
 What the fuck did he just say?

MAX
 Something about Elvis Presley?

Huge cheers. A Dodger hits a home run. Dodger fans go wild.
 Herm and Max hugs strangers.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

SARA and her best friend, MARLESE, push a cart through a grocery store. As they speak, they load up the cart, take turns pushing the cart.

SARA
 He left his g-mail logged in when he left. It made me twenty minutes late to the audition.

MARLESE
 How did the audition go?

SARA
 Pretty classy. It was for...

SARA takes a bottle of Dewar's whiskey off the shelf.

SARA (cont'd)
 Dewar's whiskey. I dance with these dudes in beekeeper suits, old music, like the Christina Aguilera video.
 (she puts the bottle back)
 But I thought it was my g-mail until it was too late. And it was all there. She's picking him up at the airport, his rebound's planned, he's boxed me out, I mean if she's picking him up,-

MARLESE
 What's boxing out?

SARA
 You know, like in basketball?

A handsome GUY walks past them. Marlese and SARA are well aware of him, but he gives them nary a glance.

SARA (cont'd)
 (re: the guy)
 A lot of gay guys in East Hollywood.

MARLESE

I think you're assuming a lot, here.
Were the rest of the emails, did they
seem like two people talking who were...

SARA

What do you mean? Like erotic, like did
they talk about... no, I mean, not overtly.
But there were like twenty emails over
two weeks - she helped him find his
apartment, right in her neighborhood,
of course. It's like... I feel like I've
been cheated on.

MARLESE

But you broke up with him.

SARA

People don't know that.

MARLESE

Did he bring up the fact he was secretly
single in any emails?

SARA

No, but in the last few days he
started putting "xo xo" on the end
of his emails, and on the last
one she just put "xx."

MARLESE

That's nothing.

SARA

Nothing? Those are kisses and hugs.
But I looked her up on myspace.

MARLESE

Is she really cute?

SARA

No, but I wish she wasn't as cute as
she is.

MARLESE

I'm impressed you were only twenty
minutes late to that audition. Should
we get some hummus?

SARA

Pay attention to this! Why don't you
care?

MARLESE

Because you broke into his email and you read something you never needed to read because you're breaking up with him and both you and him can do whatever you want.

SARA's not even going to deal with that. Marlese puts the hummus into the cart. SARA takes it out.

SARA

No, don't get this one. Get that one. Or I could make my hummus.

SARA starts pushing the cart again.

MARLESE

And Herm's a lot harder to get pissed off at than the other guys in your life, you know. In the past, you're like, "I caught Joe kissing John the other day, or Dad doesn't want me to come for Christmas, or I think I saw Wolf smoking heroin last night, I don't know, I was drunk."

SARA

Herm's just as messed up as all of them.

SARA loads gimmicky cleaning products into the cart.

SARA (cont'd)

And he signs off the last email, "coffee on me once we get home. Home? It's home, now? And he's buying her drinks?"

MARLESE

It's just coffee.

SARA

No. He's going to kiss her. In person.

MARLESE

Aren't you getting coffee with Ryan this week? And what about Wolf's thing tonight?

SARA

We're getting coffee during the day. Not at night. And not after an airport pickup. This changes everything. That's sex.

MARLESE

How? This changes nothing. The change was made. You broke up with him. I know you're keeping it a secret until he's out of town, which is a separate issue I have, but do you not want him to have a friend to pick him up at the airport? Are you unhappy he has a friend out there?

SARA stops the cart in it's tracks. Marlese stops, turns to SARA.

SARA

You're Herm's friend. You're on his side.

SARA speeds off to the cash register, blasting the cart by Marlese.

MARLESE

Hey!

SARA speeds up. Marlese runs, catches up, gets in front of the cart. SARA stops.

MARLESE

Later, I'll talk to Herm, and how he's getting to his place from the airport will come up in conversation. If he brings her up to me, then they're just friends.

SARA

Her name is Sandy.

MARLESE

And if he lies about it, I'll tell you.

SARA

You don't have to do that.

MARLESE

What are the chances you let him get away with this one?

MARLESE and SARA notice that the REGISTER CLERK (black), and the BAG-BOY (white), both struggling M.C.'s, are staring at them rather than doing their jobs.

REGISTER CLERK

(to SARA)

Hey, um, excuse me, miss - were you the girl in that Jay-Z video?

BAG-BOY

When you come out the green cake and go
"yeah, that's right?"

SARA really doesn't want to tell them it was her.

MARLESE

Yes. That's right.

INT. THE APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

CHET is sweeping the patio, lit cigarette in the non-broom hand. MAX is sleeping on the couch. Herm is in the kitchen, cleaning up, when SARA and MARLESE come in with groceries.

Herm comes out of the kitchen to watch SARA wake up Max by dropping a plastic jug of orange juice on his crotch.

MAX

You cunt!

They start wrestling like brother and sister. Marlese notices that Herm is jealous, goes to him with open arms. Marlese and Herm dispel sexual tension by exaggerating the fact that it's there.

MARLESE

(their version of a joke hello)

Hey, baby.

HERM

I've missed you soooo much. Here, let me help you.

He takes the bags, they go to the kitchen as Max continues to wrestle with SARA.

IN THE KITCHEN

MAX (voice)

Ow! Stay off my balls!

SARA (voice)

You hit me in the boob!

MAX (voice)

You win, you win!

Herm can't hide that he's pissed.

MARLESE

Williamsburg, that's such a great location.

HERM

Yeah, when anyone tells me their favorite place to get, I don't know, breakfast sandwiches, or beers and stuff, depending on what time it is, it's always around where I'm going to be staying. And fall is my favorite season, and in New York, fall is like, it's the best there, -

MARLESE
Autumn in New York.

HERM
Yeah, that'll be me, over there.

MARLESE
The movie. Autumn in New York, the movie.

HERM
Right. Man, can't wait to get over there.

MARLESE
Me too. I was just there for Fashion Week, and it felt like I wanted it to be home.

HERM
We could be neighbors. And you know, for fashion weeks or whatever, you're totally welcome to stay at my place. I mean, it's gonna' be really small, but you could have the bed. I would sleep on the floor. And everything. You'd have enough space to, you know, arrange your purses and stuff... your wares.

Herm takes out his wallet, which is hip.

HERM
(re: the wallet)
My favorite birthday present, by the way.
Really. I think the stuff you make is really special.

MARLESE
Oh, yeah. Glad you use it.

HERM
And stay with me, I mean if you don't have anywhere else to stay and you're desperate.

MARLESE
Yeah, no, I'm really thankful, usually I sleep stacked up on three other girls, and no one goes out to eat with me.

So yeah. I mean, if I go back, that would be great.

HERM
Great.

MARLESE
So... do you have a ride from the airport... tomorrow? Because that can be hard.

HERM
No. no. Just going to cab it.

SARA (voice)
Marlese? Marlese!

They go out there. Max is sound asleep again.

SARA (cont'd)
We need to figure out what to do after this.

HERM
Why? The neighbors don't bang on the walls until one. And I have a flight at seven thirty in the morning. You want to go out?

SARA is treating Herm frigidly, deliberately.

SARA
You can go to sleep whenever, but we should take Chet out, show him a good time, don't you think?

CHET
I had a fake I.D., but I threw it out.

SARA
There's a party at the loft on First, again. With bands and stuff.

HERM
I'm not going out, but you guys can do whatever you want.

HERM walks towards the bedroom.

SARA
Chet wants to know what your show is about.

HERM
Oh. It's nothing. Just a web-series.

Low budget. Thriller, I guess. Well,
horror, I guess. Genre.

SARA
No, no. Tell him what it's about.

HERM
Basically, it's a modern retelling of
the vampire story.

SARA
Tell him about the twist.

HERM
No. I'm not allowed to.

SARA
Oh, come on, this is all in the trailer.
Let's put the trailer on.

HERM
I packed it. And I have to finish packing.
Excuse me.

Herm goes into bedroom.

SARA
So what happens, is that this guy,
the Vampire guy, you know totally
charming, debonair, seduces girls,
gets them drunk, all that, but
instead of biting them, and sucking
their blood, he just takes them back
to his loft and has really wild,
kinky sex with them.

Herm walks out, SARA stops talking. They all look at him.
Herm picks up his sweatshirt, walks back into room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Herm eavesdrops on the other room behind a closed door.

SARA
And the next day, girl wakes up, is
brushing her teeth and then she frowns...
looks down... and she's got this tingling...
in her vagina. Then, the tingling becomes
like this discombobulating, throbbing
sensation, it's so bad she turns white
in the face, and has to sit down, but
just when you think, oh, lame, he's just
an STD vampire, we see the look
of horror on the roommates face because

all of a sudden...

He can't hear anymore. Herm comes back in the room.

INT. MIDDLE ROOM - DAY

HERM

(directed almost exclusively to SARA)

Look, I know it's crap, I know I'm
shit, but Francis Ford Coppola's
first movie was a soft core porn,
and I know a bunch of editors who
were assistants for fifteen years
before they got to cut show like
this. And I'm twenty-four, and doing
crap at twenty-four, it's better
helping someone do crap at twenty-four.
So like, I'm not ashamed. I shouldn't
be.

Herm realizes he's over-reacting. SARA is very pleased by
this over-reaction. He walks to the kitchen.

HERM (cont'd)

Does anybody need anything? I'm going
to get a water then I'm going to finish
packing.

Herm gets a bottle of water, comes back, and everyone's still
staring at him. He goes back into his room.

INT. BEDROOM

He starts packing again. distracted.

CHET

Hey, can I borrow a pair of jeans?
Mine are covered in softball field.

HERM

Sure. Let me look. Jeans?

He opens up his suitcase, looks through it.

CHET

Sorry to make you unpack. I only
packed these.

HERM

How long are you visiting?

CHET

I didn't check any baggage.

HERM
So... how long are you visiting?

CHET
I'm not sure.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SARA
Max.

Max is dead asleep on the couch. SARA pulls his cheeks to make him smile.

SARA
See? He's asleep. Tell me.

MARLESE
He said she's just a friend from college.
She works for the Metropolitan Opera.
He just called it the Met, but it's the...

SARA
I know what the Met means.

MARLESE
What matters is that he told me about
Sandy, and he wouldn't have told me
about Sandy if he wanted to kiss Sandy.
He just wouldn't. So don't worry.

Chet comes out of the bedroom, wearing Herm's jeans.

CHET
These fit, right?

MARLESE
Yeah. really well.

SARA walks by him and into the bedroom.

MARLESE (cont'd)
What are you doing, SARA?

SARA
Nothing.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Herm is packing. Music is on.

SARA
What's up?

HERM
Nothing. Almost finished.

SARA
You're taking a lot of stuff. That's nice of, uh, Sandy to pick you up.

HERM
What?

SARA
Marlese told me you had a ride. Some college friend?

Herm's eyes widen. He thinks about this for a moment.

HERM
SARA, did I forget to log-off gmail?

SARA
What?

HERM
I did, didn't I. You read my emails.

SARA
What? No. Marlese told me.

HERM
You broke into my email, SARA.

SARA
No, I didn't. How can you just assume that?

HERM
Because I didn't tell Marlese I had a ride.

SARA
Why did you lie to Marlese?

HERM
I didn't lie.

SARA
What? But...

SARA storms out...

INT. MIDDLE ROOM - DAY

Marlese barely avoids the door slamming in her face. She'd

been listening on the other side.

SARA
Did you lie to me?

MARLESE
No. Well...

SARA
Why did you lie to me?

MARLESE
I didn't want you to get upset.

SARA
I'm not upset! What did he tell you?

MARLESE
SARA, you're blowing this way out
of proportion.

SARA
No.

SARA becomes aware that Chet is a yard away from her, taken
aback by her outburst.

SARA
(cont'd)
I'm just wondering why everyone's
lying to me. Not you, Chet.

SARA opens the bedroom door, finds Herm has been listening
on other side.

HERM
Why is Marlese a liar?

SARA
What did you tell Marlese?

HERM
About what?

SARA
About how you're getting home - about
how you're getting to your apartment
from the airport in New York.

HERM
Jesus... okay. I have a friend from
college named Sandy, in New York.
A total friend. A platonic friend.
Never has a single neuron in my brain

said hey, this or that reminds me of Sandy, let's get a nice erection going. And my friend, Sandy, has offered, kindly, to give me a ride home from the airport.

SARA
(scoffs)
Home...
(points, accusatory)
Why didn't you tell Marlese?

HERM
I didn't want Marlese to tell you and have you flip out, which, if you listen to yourself, was the right thing to do.

SARA
I'm not flipping out! I just want to know why my friends are lying to me.

HERM
How did Marlese lie to you if I didn't tell her anything?

MARLESE
Because SARA asked me to ask you how you were getting a ride home from the airport... to see if you would tell me about Sandy...

HERM
Because she knew about Sandy because you broke into my email.

MARLESE
And I told SARA that you did tell me about Sandy... because I didn't want her to think you were hiding something... and over-react.

HERM
SARA? Over-react?

SARA
Fuck you. Fuck both of you. You both lied to me. All I did was read an email that was already there.

HERM
I was just trying to keep the peace.

MARLESE
It's just that we know you so well,

SARA. We know that if certain things come up, you're not going to deal with them with a clear mind.

HERM

The rational part of your brain goes...

Herm makes a bird with his hand and flies it out the window. Marlese laughs at this. Herm laughs, too.

SARA walks out the door.

HERM

SARA..

Herm follows her out, catches her a glimpse of her sprint around a corner, hears the sound of running footsteps down the stairs.

Herm comes back in.

HERM

Well. She's running. Shit!

Herm runs back to the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SARA is at the bottom of the stairs, sprints a way down the street. We see Herm scramble out of the front doors. He spots her at the end of the street, makes a bee-line for his love, and falls down the stairs, spectacularly.

SARA glances back to see him fall. Stops in her tracks, sprints back to him.

She helps him up. He's groggy, bumped on the forehead, but pretty much okay. The fall kicked all the anger out, and they engage with each other peacefully.

HERM

I don't know how, but I kicked myself in the balls on the way down.

SARA laughs a little.

HERM

Where were you going, anyway?

SARA

The grocery store.

(Herm looks at her, incredulous.)

I don't like it when people gang up on me.

HERM

Well, I'm sorry. But it's nice to see you show some emotion for once. Show that you care. Me, me leaving, this is the biggest rupture of my life, and you've been treating it like it's just a hassle.

SARA

I'm throwing you a party.

HERM

A party? A party? Okay, you're purposely doing this, you're personally not making a big deal of this, just to fuck with me.

SARA

Fuck with you? I don't understand how...

HERM

I don't understand if you really care!

SARA

Yeah... well... you're the one that's leaving, not me. It's your decision that this is over, and I'm not going to, you know, make you feel bad, -

HERM

I asked you to marry me, and you dumped me! Now you're worried about making me feel bad?

SARA

That was the most bullshit proposal ever! You get a job out of nowhere, you take it before I even know about it, even though it moves you across the country, but as an afterthought you ask me to tag along, and when I say no, that's when the proposal happens? Like marriage is the deal sweetener? Yeah, that's a good way to start a marriage! That's the way I dreamed it would be.

HERM

I'm sorry. I'm sorry that's how you saw it.

SARA

And all this stuff about me not feeling, you can shove that up
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
 your ass because just because I
 don't cry all the time, and get all
 feely all the time, and try to make
 you feel sorry for me, that doesn't
 mean - You know, the people that
 don't show their feelings as easy
 as you do, well, those are the
 ones...

She starts crying. Sobbing. Herm tries to hug her, but she
 sheds him like he's a linebacker trying to tackle her.

SARA (CONT'D)
 And fuck you for telling me I don't
 care. For calling me cold. Don't
 ever say that again...

Herm tries again. And this time she lets him completely,
 totally, in.

A long hug without words.

SARA (cont'd)
 Don't ever say that again, okay?

HERM
 (sings)
 I don't understand, if you really care.
 (talks)
 Oh, shit. I did. I quoted the lyrics
 to a Lisa Loeb song, just then.
 (sings)
 I don't understand, if you really care
 I'm only hearing negative...
 (talks)

HERM
 No, no, no, yeah...

SARA
 No, no, no, yeah...

They laugh a bit.

INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Max is up, playing a song on his guitar and singing as Herm
 and SARA walk back in. SARA goes to the kitchen, Herm goes to
 Max.

MAX
 I should tell you, I invited a couple
 extra people to the party?

HERM
 A couple? Who?

MAX

This guy Jim knows, that was on the other team. He got in a fight with the umpire, that got pretty emotional, but ended okay. They were all over each other, hugging, apologizing. it was like they had sex or something. So I invited them both to the party. I didn't want to see them say goodbye, it would have been disgusting.

HERM

Okay.

MAX

Okay? You know, if they have girlfriends, too, they'll probably, you know, bring them, but I don't know.

HERM

Okay.

MAX

Okay? I should have told you sooner then. Just thought you'd be pissed.

Herm sits down next to Max, talks so SARA can't hear in the other room. Chet's taking a nap now.

HERM

No man, I'm happy. Nothing could make me unhappy, now. SARA and I, we talked, or she talked, finally.

MAX

Really? So are you staying?

HERM

No.

MAX

Are you coming back on a white horse in six months?

HERM

I never wasn't going to do that.

Max smiles, nods dismissively.

HERM

You think that's a bad idea?

MAX

I didn't say that.

HERM
No, You did.

MAX
You know, you both were perfectly sane people before you met each other. Do you remember that? Sanity?

HERM
(defensive)
This isn't about that. You're not about that right now, I can tell. This is about me not letting you stay in my apartment. I'm sorry, man. I just can't.

Max gives him the finger, starts playing the guitar.

Herm gets up, goes to the kitchen, Max starts singing.

IN THE KITCHEN

SARA and Marlese are having a serious conversation as Herm walks in.

SARA (CONT'D)
I just want to be able to talk about making pita bread right now, okay? That's it. okay?

They stop what they are doing to stare at Herm.

HERM
Can I help?

SARA
No.

MARLESE
No.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TED and DANIELLE walk out of the car. TED is the MARINE from softball, DANIELLE is his girlfriend, in Law School. Ted has the cast on.

DANIELLE
I just think, I think that if it's true do you really think that they should be pretending like this is okay? Shouldn't he have moved out already and shouldn't
(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
she be feeling guilty like cutting
herself or something?

TED is smoking.

TED
You think she's supposed to be
cutting herself? Would you cut
yourself?

DANIELLE
If what?

TED
If I got an email saying you
couldn't do long-distance anymore,
and I got hurt, or blown up or
something, would you cut yourself?

She stops.

DANIELLE
You think I'm going to break up
with you? And that you're going to
get...?

She's temporarily inconsolable. Turns to a wall.

TED
Baby... baby, come on. I was just
fishing. You know how insecure I
get. I'm like the girl, with us. I
need validation.

No response from her. So he gets close behind her, holds her
hips, whispers in her ear until she turns around, and they
make out passionately. He grabs her ass, reaches under her
dress.

DANIELLE
(grabs his hand, resists)
We're late.

TED
So what?

DANIELLE
I mean, we're late to the party.

TED
Why'd you say, "you mean?"

DANIELLE
Why do you think that matters?

She starts walking. He stops her.

TED
Wait. You're late?

DANIELLE
What do you mean I'm late? We're late.

TED
Of course, of course we're late.

DANIELLE
To the party!

He just looks at her.

DANIELLE
What?

TED
Why did you say, "I mean", before you said, "we're late."

DANIELLE
Why should that mean anything?

TED
I'm an interrogator. This is what I do. You want to what I do, I wait for people to say, "I mean", before they say something. And if the "I mean", means what I think it does, then this... this is one of the most sacred moments of my life.

DANIELLE
Are you sure?

TED
We... you and I... are late?

Danielle smiles.

DANIELLE
That doesn't mean anything yet. Not for sure.

He kisses her. Pure bliss.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET - NIGHT

JACK, the young adman, and his sexy girlfriend, JULES, walk hurriedly, smoking.

They both talk really fast, grind teeth. Intense.

JULES

We're late. I hate being late.
I hate people who are late and I
hate myself when I'm late.

JACK

We're not that late. And we're
quitting smoking.

JULES

Yeah, yeah, yeah. That just means
you steal my cigarettes.

JACK

I hate your girly light cigarettes.

JULES

Then quit smoking.

JACK

I can't quit smoking with you
around. I wish there was a hat, or
a shirt I could wear, that said,
"if I am smoking, please kick me in
the balls as hard as you can." If
someone sold that shirt, I would
buy it. But I couldn't wear it
to work. I'd need it most at work,
Fucking advertising.

JULES

That would take actual balls.

She grabs his cigarette, tosses it to the ground.

JACK

What's that supposed to mean? Give me
your cigarettes.

JULES

What happened to you quitting?

JACK
Just give them to me.

She hands him the pack. He takes it, tosses it in the street, and it lands under a car.

JULES
What the hell was that?

JACK
We're not smoking anymore. I feel like we're the leper couple. Outside looking in. We're like Tiny Tim looking in on the happy family. Where are you going?

She goes out in the street, kneeling down, looking for the cigs. Not very elegant, for a lady in skirt and heels.

JACK (cont'd)
See? Look at you. Would you look at you?
Your knees are touching street.
We're pathetic!

Jules has the cigarettes.

JULES
These are your artsy friends. They all smoke anyway.

She takes one out, hands it to him. One for herself.

JACK
We'll quit tomorrow then.

JULES
(points to a building)
It's right up there.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

TED and DANIELLE have walked up the stairs as Jules and Jim get off the elevator right outside the apartment.

JACK
Okay, if a freaking war hero is late, then I don't feel bad anymore.

Ted's so dazed from the "late" news he doesn't respond.

JACK (cont'd)
Ted, I'm Jack, we were softball opponents. I also peeled you off my friend in the brawl.

TED

Oh, yeah. Jack. Hey, man. This is
Danielle. These are her friends.

The door opens. It's Herm.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The four outside come in to a lively cocktail party.
Seventeen people. electronic music on. Movie on the t.v.
Sound, food, and laughs.

ON THE BALCONY

HERM is talking to UMPIRE.

UMPIRE

He said some very hurtful things.

HERM

I know, but you punched him in the face.
And he's in there, pouting, and it's
fucking with my party. So please, for
my selfishness, please go talk to him..
Oh, Jim and Ted are here.

HERM walks in to greet the new arrivals as MAX heads outside
carefully with three martinis.

MAX

Jim and Ted and their but you already
know that's why you're heading inside
okay..

Max walks out.

MAX

Pia, are you hitting on my little brother?

Max serves them.

PIA

Yeah. he actually listens.

MAX

The reason why he listens is because he's
gay, so if he doesn't want to go to yours
and take advantage of you, don't come
crying to me, okay?

MARLESE

You're such an asshole, Max.

Max heads back inside.

PIA
Is that true?

CHET
Yeah. Total asshole.

MARLESE
I think she means, is that true?

CHET
Oh. yeah, I'm pretty much gay, yeah.

UMPIRE finishes his cigarette, heads inside..

Approaches Dale, who has a swollen jaw, who is talking to Holly, a lovely asian girl.

DALE
So what do you do, Holly?

HOLLY
Oh, you know, I paint, I do yoga,
I travel..

DALE
No, no. I mean, what do you do?

UMPIRE
I'm sorry, if I could just have a minute.

HOLLY
No problem.

Holly walks away.

UMPIRE
I just.. wanted to apologize for
elevating things to a physical level
today.

DALE
It's cool, dude. Forget about it.
We made our piece on the field.

They shake hands.

I'm gonna' get a drink. You want
some grease?

UMPIRE
Some what?

DALE

You know, grease. A dirty martini.

UMPIRE
No. I'm fine.

Dale walks away.

Herm walks up to Umpire. He'd been watching.

HERM
Hey. Thank you. I appreciate that.

UMPIRE
You ever heard someone call a dirty martini, grease?

HERM
No. That's retarded.

JIM
Hey, Herm! Come do a shot with us.

HERM
No fucking way!

Jim runs over, grabs him, pulls him into the kitchen, where SARA is prepping some more appetizers, Jules helps. A shot awaits. TED and DANIELLE also there. MAX is also there.

DALE
Don't get too fucked up, we got to go in tomorrow.

JIM
What are you talking about?

DALE
Oh. Boss wants me in tomorrow. You don't have to come in? Fuck, I'm jealous.

Dale walks out. Jim checks his blackberry.

JIM
Freaking cokehead prick.

MAX
He has blow? I mean he's on coke?

JIM
Yeah. Dude never stops. He'll be dead by forty but he's kicking my ass at work.

HERM

You invited him.

JIM
He invited himself!

MAX
You sure you don't want to do one?

DANIELLE
Yeah. I'm fine.

Ted puts his arm around her.

HERM
(to SARA)
You're taking one?

SARA
Of course.

JIM
To the opportunity of a lifetime!

HERM
It's not the opportunity of a lifetime,
it's just an opportunity.

TED
You're editing a feature film.
That's fucking cool, so shut up.
Cheers.

The four take shots.

JIM
I need a smoke.

MAX
Can I bum one?

JULES
(to SARA)
I'll take those.

TED
I think..

DANIELLE
Are you all right?

TED
No.

Ted hurries out, Danielle follows him.

SARA and HERM are left alone together.

HERM
So... this is great! I mean, this is
going great, right?

He starts making another drink.

SARA
Yeah. It's great. Everyone came.

HERM
Yeah, and um, I feel like we've, you
know, been through, that we can have
a good time tonight.

SARA
I know what you mean, yeah.

She goes to the oven to take out more dishes.

HERM
Here, I'll take those.

He takes them out, heads out...

SARA is left alone, sad, when a drunk person comes in, and
she TURNS IT BACK ON.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

TED has just thrown up. DANIELLE comes in.

TED
(brushing teeth)
There was a new toothbrush in the
medicine cabinet. I'll pay them for
it.

DANIELLE
Are you okay?

Puts the toothbrush down.

TED
I haven't thrown up since Fallujah.
No, I'm not okay. Ever since you
were late I'm like, I mean I'm
ecstatic, but, I feel like, I can't
feel my legs and I felt like I was
going to have a panic attack, maybe
I did, maybe I am having a panic
attack...

DANIELLE

It's all right... We're all right...

She strokes his forehead.

TED

I've just been dreading going back...
dreading leaving you alone after
the wedding as it was...

DANIELLE

I won't be alone...

TED

And now I'm leaving you... and you're
going to have our baby and I won't
be there, and I might die and I'm
leaving...

DANIELLE

It's okay... it's going to be okay...
You're going to be fine... and we
still have to test, we're not sure
yet...

TED

I'm sure. I'm sure we're going to
have a baby. I mean, I hope so.
I can feel it. Are you happy about
it?

DANIELLE

Yes. But, calm down.

TED

Good, good. And we'll figure this out...

She jumps up, wraps her legs around him, kisses him.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Pia finishes a shot with Marlese.

(WE NEED A CONVO WITH HERM AND SARA WHERE SARA SAYS SHE TALKS
ABOUT THE MOVIE TO PUNISH HIM FOR LEAVING.)

PIA

My grandpa called me... the day I was
born he bought a case of French wine...
Bordeaux... that he would bring to my
wedding... it was this big dream of his.
And he called me today and told me...
that the wine had gone bad... it was sour
like my dried up womb...