

THE F-WORD

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Based on the Play
"Toothpaste and Cigars"

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FADE IN:

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES in a packed house-party, mixing with the CHATTER of a few dozen GUESTS (mid-to-late 20s).

WALLACE (mid-20s), handsome but scruffy, holds a beer and stares straight ahead, amused.

WALLACE

We Are Nothing But Dancing Light In The
Restless Dream Of A Roasted Pig.

CHANTRY (mid-20s), casually adorable, steps up next to Wallace. She also holds a beer and stares straight ahead.

CHANTRY

Wet Slippery Skin Whispers.

Wallace is a little startled by Chantry, but he plays it cool, shifting his gaze straight ahead again.

WALLACE

Climb In My Car, There Are Secluded Spots
To Be Parked Under.

CHANTRY

Cheesy Excrement.

Wallace and Chantry stare at a fridge covered in hundreds of pieces of fridge-magnet poetry. Most of the word-magnets are arranged into poems, dozens of them. Among the poems they've already read out loud, Wallace spots: "CHEESY EXCREMENT".

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

I've never seen so many of these things.

WALLACE

I guess there's a bunch of sets all
lumped together.

Wallace points to another poem.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

My Forte Is Toothpaste And Cigars.

CHANTRY

It's "fort" actually.

WALLACE

Yeah, I know. Because "fort-ay" is
Italian and means forcefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

And "fort" is French and means strength.

WALLACE & CHANTRY

But everyone always says "fort-ay".

WALLACE

Yeah, but since I learned that, I still say "fort-ay", because when you say "fort" everyone thinks you're wrong. Even though that's the correct pronunciation.

CHANTRY

Me too, usually. That's so weird.

ALLAN (mid-20s), amiably brash, wanders up to them.

ALLAN

Hey, you guys've met?

CHANTRY

Sort of.

ALLAN

This is Wallace, a friend of mine from university. And this is my cousin Chantry...

Allan trails off, noticing NICOLE (mid-20s), pretty but severe, entering the kitchen and looking around.

NICOLE

Do you guys know Allan?

ALLAN

I'm Allan.

NICOLE

I'm Nicole. I'm meeting Layla here.

Allan and Nicole have some heavy-duty eye contact going.

ALLAN

I haven't seen her yet, but, uh... why don't I show you around?

Allan gestures to the living room. As she moves past him, Nicole's hand brushes Allan's stomach.

This would be a good time for Wallace and Chantry to break off and find someone else to talk to. But they stay put.

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Wallace turns to the fridge-magnets, starts composing a poem:
"THIS TURKEY SANDWICH SAT IN MY HAT ALL WINTER".

When he's done, Chantry reads it and LAUGHS. Wallace notices she has a great laugh. She moves around magnets, composing something new. Wallace discreetly checks her out.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - LATER

MONTAGE: PARTY-GUESTS drink, chat, flirt. Cigarettes get lit and stubbed out. Beer bottles get cracked open, sipped, guzzled. A COUPLE makes out in the corner. MUSIC PLAYS, but the SONG keeps switching. The party gradually thins out.

Through it all, Wallace and Chantry talk and make magnet-poems in the kitchen.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

CHILL-OUT MUSIC HUMS in the other room. The living room is a mess of empty bottles. No one else is visible.

But Wallace and Chantry haven't noticed. They're still hanging out together. Wallace pieces together a new poem:
"LAUGHING LIKE A GIANT PAINT SPLASH ON THE WALL".

CHANTRY

I guess the worst I ever had was mono. It was awful.

Wallace grabs his beer off the oven. Chantry checks out his poem and GIGGLES. She starts composing a new poem.

WALLACE

How'd you get it?

CHANTRY

Well, they call it the kissing disease...

WALLACE

Yeah.

CHANTRY

But I wasn't kissing anyone at the time.

WALLACE

Maybe it was from a salt-lick.

CHANTRY

Yeah, that's probably it.

(CONTINUED)

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Chantry shows off her new poem: "THE RESTLESS LION FALLS FROM HURRICANE HEIGHT TO BREAK HIS DAINTY TAIL". Wallace CHUCKLES.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Once when I was a kid, I fell off a bunk-bed. The top bunk.

WALLACE

Really?

CHANTRY

All I remember is this huge bang and being really uncomfortable and cold. And the next morning I woke up across the room with my face on the floor.

WALLACE

You think you knocked yourself out?

CHANTRY

I don't know. But ever since then my skull has been slightly deformed.

WALLACE

That's what I first noticed about you.

CHANTRY

Yeah, I get that a lot.

Wallace tips his head at an angle, as if studying Chantry's head. She mimics him, studying his face. She squints, noticing something. Wallace readies himself for a kiss.

Chantry pokes her finger between Wallace's eyes, where he has a small half-moon scar.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Where did you get that scar?

A bit self-conscious, Wallace is about to reply when Allan pads into the kitchen, wearing nothing but underwear.

Allan seems unaware Wallace and Chantry are there. He pours himself a glass of water at the sink and turns around.

When he sees Wallace and Chantry, Allan SHRIEKS in surprise. He flinches instinctively, dousing himself in water.

ALLAN

What are you guys still doing here?

Wallace and Chantry look out at the empty living room.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CHANTRY
Is everybody else gone?

ALLAN
Uh, yeah...

NICOLE (O.S.)
You okay out there?

Allan freezes, busted. He calls out to the other room.

ALLAN
Yeah! I... stubbed my toe!

NICOLE (O.S.)
Come back to bed and I'll kiss it better!

Allan shrugs to the amused Wallace and Chantry.

NICOLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, while you're out there, maybe you
should stub your wang too!

Allan gives Wallace and Chantry a quick, awkward nod and
hurries out to his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

WALLACE
You need to call a cab?

CHANTRY
I'm actually just a couple blocks west.

WALLACE
Me too. Want to, uh... walk?

Chantry plunks down a few word-magnets, finishing a final
poem. She swallows the last of her beer while Wallace reads
it: "SIP FROM MY GLASS OR DRINK FROM THE PITCHER."

EXT. CHANTRY'S STREET - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry amble down a quiet, tree-lined street.

CHANTRY
You're a very good conversationalist.

WALLACE
You too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

I just don't have the patience for small talk anymore. People always ask the same questions over and over again.

WALLACE

"What kind of work do you do?"

CHANTRY

"Where'd you go to school?"

WALLACE

"Whose head is that in your backpack?"

CHANTRY

"Is that vomit in my hair?"

WALLACE

"I'm no cannibal, but that guy looks delicious."

CHANTRY

That wasn't really a question.

WALLACE

No, I guess not.

They approach an old heritage-style apartment building.

CHANTRY

This is me here.

Chantry and Wallace both look up at the building.

WALLACE

Hey, so, I had fun talking with you.

CHANTRY

Me too.

WALLACE

We should, you know, talk again sometime.

CHANTRY

Yeah, we should hang out! Let me give you my number...

As Chantry goes through her purse, Wallace pulls a pen out of his pocket. They aren't looking at each other, so she doesn't see he has a pen and he doesn't see she's searching for one.

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CHANTRY (CONT'D)
Do you have a pen?

WALLACE
Yup.

She takes the pen and writes her number on his palm.

They stand there, regarding one another. Wallace prepares himself for a good-night kiss.

CHANTRY
I should get inside. I didn't expect to be out so late. My boyfriend's going to be wondering what happened to me.

Wallace does a magnificent job of suppressing his shock.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)
So, um, give me a call sometime...

WALLACE
Yeah.

Chantry gives Wallace a hug, awkward but cute. He hugs her back, still processing the revelation she has a boyfriend.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cozy apartment, hardwood floors, warm colours. Chantry sits on the couch, bites one of her nails. She handled that badly.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Chantry, you coming to bed?

Chantry looks over at the closed bedroom door. She flicks off the nearby lamp.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A long room at the top of a three-storey house divided into apartments. Shelves packed with books, lots of CDs and DVDs.

Wallace lies awake in his bed, staring at the ceiling, covers pulled up to right under his chin.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - FANTASY SEQUENCE

Chantry, wearing the same clothes from Allan's party, looking directly at the camera.

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CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

It's "fort" actually. But everyone always says "fort-ay". Because "fort-ay" is Italian and means forcefully. And "fort" is French and means boyfriend. Of course I have a boyfriend. Look at me. How could someone so kissable not have someone to kiss? They call it the kissing disease. But I wasn't kissing anyone at the time. I am now though. I'm kissing my boyfriend. He has a really big tongue.

Chantry licks her lips with kind of off-putting lewdness.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - DAY

Wallace is in the shower, thinking under the hot water. He squirts shampoo into his hands, lathers up his hair.

Suddenly it hits him. His hand. The phone number.

He carefully wipes off the shampoo, trying not to further erase the digits. But it's too late. The number is half-gone. There's a 3. Or maybe it's an 8. And either a 4 or a 7.

Wallace stares at his palm. He could try to salvage the number, but what's the point? He grabs the soap and lathers up his hands, washing away the digits.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Fluorescent lights, rows of cubicles, filing cabinets, bored CO-WORKERS. Wallace sits in his cubicle, lost in thought.

LISA (O.S.)

Wallace?

Wallace looks up. LISA (mid-30s), gym-toned, mischievous, stands at the entrance to his cubicle, watching him daydream.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm going on a coffee run. Want anything?

WALLACE

No, I'm fine, thanks.

LISA

You look like you need it.

WALLACE

Oh... thanks. Thanks a lot, Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

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LISA
Yeah, you look like shit. Are you sick?

WALLACE
Yeah.

LISA
Did you throw up?

WALLACE
Yeah, just a minute ago.

LISA
You look heavier. Have you put on weight?

WALLACE
Yes, I have. Actually, I'm pregnant.

LISA
Congratulations. So you want a coffee?

WALLACE
How about a beer?

LISA
You got it. Wallace, beer.

Lisa has a pad with coffee-orders on it and she actually writes "WALLACE = BEER" on it. She touches him on the shoulder and walks off.

INT. ANIMATION STUDIO - DAY

A cavernous loft space. Rows of high-end computers. A bright sign on an exposed brick wall: SEA TO SKY ANIMATION.

Chantry is one of several ANIMATORS, each at a computer working on a different sequence from the same ANIMATED FILM. She points-and-clicks small adjustments to her sequence and clicks PREVIEW to watch it PLAY onscreen.

In a futuristic KITCHEN, a ROBOT pours a box of NUTS N' BOLTS CEREAL, literally made of mechanical nuts and bolts, into a bowl. The Robot grabs an OIL CAN and soaks the cereal in oil.

The Robot suddenly turns to the camera, staring at Chantry as she scribbles notes on a pad, waiting for her to finish.

ROBOT
I can't believe you hung out with that guy all night and never mentioned you've got a boyfriend.

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Chantry looks up, startled. She looks around, making sure no one else heard this. She leans in closer to the screen.

CHANTRY

I wasn't trying to lead him on. It just never came up.

ROBOT

You can't bullshit a robot, Chantry. You could've made sure it came up.

The Robot SLAMS closed the fridge door...

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - ANIMATED

As the fridge door closes, it reveals a mass of word-magnets. It's now an animated version of Allan's kitchen. ANIMATED WALLACE and ANIMATED CHANTRY both compose magnet-poems.

ANIMATED CHANTRY

I've never seen so many of these things.

ANIMATED WALLACE

I guess there's a bunch of sets all lumped together.

ANIMATED CHANTRY

My boyfriend loves magnet-poems. He once bought a set and scraped off the letters so he could make up his own words.

ANIMATED WALLACE

Cool. Well... nice talking to you.

Animated Wallace smiles, polite, and walks off. He heads right for an ANIMATED GIRL in a trashy outfit.

ANIMATED WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hey, are you single?

ANIMATED GIRL

Yup.

Chantry looks at the poems she and Wallace just composed. Wallace's reads: "I AM A VERY GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST". Chantry's reads: "I HAVE A BOYFRIEND".

She looks back to see Animated Wallace furiously kissing Animated Girl, globs of spittle flying everywhere.

Robot rolls up next to Animated Chantry in the kitchen.

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ROBOT

So you're just into him as a friend, huh?

ANIMATED CHANTRY

I get it. I messed up. But now he knows.
So if he calls, he's cool with just being
friends and it's okay to hang out with
him. Right?

Robot arches an eyebrow, skeptical. The animation drains of colour and turns into a scratchy pencil-lined sketch...

INT. ANIMATION STUDIO/LOUNGE AREA - DAY

Chantry sits with a mug of tea, doodling the skeptical Robot on her sketch-pad. She gazes out the window at the rain-soaked street. Why is she obsessing about this?

GRETCHEN (mid-20s), a pierced up goth, and TABBY (mid 20s), geek-chic with stern glasses, scoot chairs up to Chantry's table, secretive, jarring her from her thoughts.

GRETCHEN

I just wanted to say it's bullshit Josh
got the project manager job over you.

TABBY

Totally. Everybody likes you better and
you're basically, like, one billion times
more organized than him.

CHANTRY

Josh got the job?

Gretchen and Tabby exchange an awkward look. Chantry hadn't heard yet. Oops.

At the other end of the loft, Chantry spots JOSH (mid-30s), cocky-slick, standing in a glass-enclosed meeting room with HOLLY (mid-40s), dressed like a rich teenager. They're going over storyboards of the robot cartoon.

TABBY

It's like sexism or something.

CHANTRY

Our boss is a woman.

TABBY

Reverse-sexism.

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GRETCHEN

I'm so pissed at myself for giving Josh that handjob after the Christmas Party.

TABBY

In your defense, you had to keep up your annual tradition of giving one of our male co-workers a handjob for Christmas.

GRETCHEN

Shut up.

CHANTRY

Holly obviously made the call she thinks is best for the company. Besides, I don't need the extra hassle and meetings and paperwork. There's always problems with the Taiwan stuff and Josh'll get stuck flying over there all the time...

GRETCHEN

Yeah, all that extra power and money and travel will really suck for him.

CHANTRY

Shut up.

TABBY

Yeah, shut up. She doesn't want the hassle and, like, paperwork, okay? She's got a great job, and a great apartment, and a great boyfriend, and great friends like me and sort of you. She doesn't need the stupid promotion. She's happy exactly the way things are. Right?

Tabby and Gretchen look at Chantry, waiting for confirmation.

CHANTRY

Right.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Wallace is next in line for tickets outside a run-down rep theatre. The marquee reads: "CHARLIE CHAPLIN DOUBLE-BILL - THE GOLD RUSH 7:00 - CITY LIGHTS 9:00".

Chantry comes up behind him, digging in her purse for her wallet. When she looks up, she notices Wallace. She hesitates, but decides to give him a nudge. He turns, surprised but clearly pleased to see her.

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CHANTRY

Hey.

WALLACE

I washed my hand.

CHANTRY

Okay.

WALLACE

That's why I never called you. I
accidentally washed off your number.

Not the greatest excuse ever and they both know it. Chantry
gestures to the CASHIER. It's Wallace's turn.

CHANTRY

You're up.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE/LOBBY - NIGHT

Chantry enters. Wallace is buying popcorn. She could slip
into the theatre, but decides to wait until he turns around.

CHANTRY

You here on your own?

WALLACE

Surprisingly none of my friends wanted to
sit through two silent films.

CHANTRY

Yeah, Paul bailed on me at the last
minute. He had to work late.

WALLACE

Paul?

CHANTRY

My boyfriend.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry sit in the half-full theatre. They share
the box of popcorn.

CHANTRY

I think it's important animators watch
silent films. Animation gets translated
around the world, so the storytelling's
got to be really visual.

(MORE)

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CHANTRY(CONT'D)

Funny dialogue's great, obviously, but it usually doesn't work in another language.

WALLACE

But someone falling and hitting their head... that's magical in every country.

The lights dim, the curtains open, the movie starts. Wallace and Chantry dig in for popcorn at the same time. Their hands touch and they quickly retract them.

They exchange a look. That was a little too cutesy and they both know it. Wallace tips the popcorn so Chantry can grab a handful, then he does the same. They turn their attention to the illuminated screen.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry walk together, the movie theatre receding behind them. The street-lights glow in a light fog.

CHANTRY

That was amazing. I can't believe I'd never seen "City Lights" before.

WALLACE

Yeah. Saddest ending to a movie ever.

CHANTRY

You thought it was sad?

WALLACE

Well... yeah. I mean, the blind girl gets her sight back at the end. And she sees it's him and he's not rich, he's just this little tramp...

CHANTRY

And they end up together.

WALLACE

No, they're both happy and they recognize each other, but they both know it's not going to be.

CHANTRY

No no no, she sees it's him and it wasn't a millionaire at all. It was this funny little man who couldn't afford her operation. And he ended up sending himself to the poorhouse for her. And she owes him everything and she loves him.

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WALLACE

Really? I saw pity in her eyes and sadness in his.

CHANTRY

I didn't see it that way at all.

They walk down the street, quiet, thinking.

EXT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Chantry and Wallace stand outside Chantry's apartment.

CHANTRY

So... running into you wasn't, you know, totally horrible.

WALLACE

Yeah, I could stomach your presence. I mean, I felt nauseous. But it was like a mild flu, not salmonella poisoning.

CHANTRY

Well, I look forward to randomly encountering you again in the future.

WALLACE

Me too. Or, uh, we could... non-randomly encounter each other.

CHANTRY

Like at a pre-arranged venue at a pre-arranged time?

WALLACE

Yeah.

Chantry digs her sketch-pad out of her bag, scrawls out her number on a blank page, rips it out, hands it to Wallace.

Awkward pause. Do they hug, shake hands, what?

CHANTRY

Hey, um, you never told me how you got your scar.

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CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Oh, uh... I used to ski-race. So a friend and I were carrying these racing gates and my friend ducked under this rope fence and one of his ski-poles got caught on the rope and it pulled like a bow and arrow and flew through the air and hit me right between the eyes. Bled all over the snow, had to get a bunch of stitches.

CHANTRY

You could've lost an eye!

WALLACE

I know!

Chantry gives Wallace a look. He's not sure what it means.

She heads up the walk to her building. Wallace checks out the page with her number. On the other side is the drawing of the skeptical Robot, staring at him, eyebrow arched.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Allan sits at the table, Nicole on his lap, making out.

NICOLE

I love you so much I want to rip off your arms and legs and carry you around in my purse everywhere I go.

ALLAN

I love you so much I want to grind up your organs and muscles and bones and spread you on toast.

NICOLE

I love you so much I want to cut you open and scoop out your insides and wear your skin around town like an Allan-suit.

They kiss, deep and sloppy. Finally, Nicole breaks the kiss and hops off Allan's lap.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Bye Wallace.

Wallace has been sitting there the whole time, obviously super-uncomfortable. He gives Nicole a polite wave as she leaves the kitchen.

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CONTINUED:

WALLACE

So, things are going well with Nicole.

Allan takes a steaming pan of nachos out of the oven, drenched in cheese and salsa, brings them to the table.

ALLAN

Dude, I just had sex and I'm about to eat nachos. This could be the greatest moment of my life, unless you screw it up with whatever you're about to say.

Allan picks up a chip dripping with melted cheese, ready to suck it back. It's the perfect nacho chip.

WALLACE

It's about your cousin Chantry.

ALLAN

Fuck.

Allan tosses the chip back on the pan, disgusted.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

Allan fingers his congealing nachos, listening to Wallace.

WALLACE

So when I accidentally washed my hand I was, like, okay, this is a sign not to call her. But then we ran into each other at the movie and I was, like, okay, maybe that's a sign I should... what?

Allan stares at Wallace.

ALLAN

You look like a grown man, but you're actually a twelve year-old girl.

WALLACE

Eat my balls, Allan.

ALLAN

You totally fucked my sex-nacho high!

WALLACE

I knew I shouldn't have said anything.

ALLAN

She's my cousin, dude, it's like incest.

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CONTINUED:

WALLACE

She's not my cousin.

ALLAN

Yeah, but you're like my brother, so it's like my brother asking my advice on how to incestuously bang my cousin.

WALLACE

I'm not trying to... she has a boyfriend.

ALLAN

Yeah. He's been coming over for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and my mom's birthday for the past five years.

WALLACE

That's my point. Since I know she's in a serious long-term relationship, it's okay to be friends. Right?

Allan pushes away the nachos, appetite gone.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

A baked potato sits on a plate. Chantry holds a bottle of maple syrup. She pours syrup all over the potato, drenching it in sticky brown goo.

Chantry eats a forkful of the syrup-soaked potato. She chews, considering. It's disgusting. She swallows with difficulty.

She stares down at the syrup-covered mess. The phone RINGS.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - AT THAT MOMENT

Wallace paces back and forth, holding his phone. It's RINGING on the other line. It picks up.

CHANTRY (PHONE)

Hello?

WALLACE

Hey, it's Wallace.

CHANTRY (PHONE)

Wallace? Wallace who?

WALLACE

From the clinic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY (PHONE)

Oh right. Are my results in?

WALLACE

Yes. You have the clap. And your nipples
are about to fall off.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - AT THAT MOMENT

Chantry stands at the counter, holding the cordless phone.
The syrup-soaked potato sits in front of her.

CHANTRY

So, I just did something disgusting.

WALLACE (PHONE)

Did it involve doing things to donkeys
you should only do to people?

CHANTRY

No. Okay, you know how when you're having
pancakes with hashbrowns and bacon, and
some of the maple syrup gets on the
potatoes and it tastes pretty good?

WALLACE (PHONE)

Yeah. It tastes good on the bacon too.

CHANTRY

Exactly. Well, I had this weird craving
for that. Potatoes and syrup. So I made
this big baked potato. And it looked
pretty good, so I just poured maple syrup
all over it.

WALLACE (PHONE)

And how is it?

CHANTRY

It's disgusting. I'm throwing it out.

Chantry dumps the syrup-potato in the garbage can.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Hey, um... have you had dinner?

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry sit in a horseshoe-shaped booth, each
sipping a beer. Chantry eyes the menu-card sticking out of
the condiment holder. It reads: 'APPIE HOUR!!!

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CHANTRY

My sister and I used to play this game at restaurants where you order the most disgusting thing on the menu for the other person. And if they can't finish it, they've got to pay for both meals.

WALLACE

That sounds... horrible.

CHANTRY

Oh, it is. Want to play?

WALLACE

Sure.

Chantry gives Wallace a grin as she hands him the menu-card.

INT. PUB - MOMENTS LATER

A WAITRESS (mid-30s) listens as Chantry WHISPERS in her ear. The Waitress writes down whatever Chantry said.

The Waitress goes to Wallace, who WHISPERS his order to her, concealing his elaborate gestures from Chantry. The Waitress looks more annoyed than amused, but has clearly experienced weirder. She writes down the order.

CHANTRY

I think you can learn as much about someone from what they like as what they don't like.

INT. PUB - LATER

The Waitress sets down Wallace's dish and heads back to the kitchen. Wallace stares at a basket of greenish wedges slathered in greasy batter.

CHANTRY

It's deep-fried pickles!

WALLACE

This is your idea of the most disgusting thing on the menu?

CHANTRY

I hate pickles. I was at this party once and I dipped bread into what I thought was olive oil. But when I bit into it, it was like "that's not olive oil"...

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WALLACE

It was urine!

CHANTRY

Yeah, that's right, someone put a bowl of urine on the table.

WALLACE

No, I'm sorry.

CHANTRY

It was pickle juice. Someone had eaten all the pickles and there was just the disgusting vinegary juice left. In the light it looked like olive oil.

The Waitress returns with a steaming dish and sets it down in front of Chantry.

It's a pile of hashbrowns with several pieces of crispy bacon on top, slathered in maple syrup.

Chantry stares at it, wide-eyed. Wallace grins.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

I can't believe you did this.

WALLACE

I figured it would either be the most disgusting or the most delicious thing I could get you. Fifty-fifty.

Tentative, Chantry picks up her fork, eyeballs the dish.

She assembles a careful forkful, pops it in her mouth, chews, apprehensive. Delight spills across her face.

CHANTRY

It's delicious.

WALLACE

Damn.

Chantry digs into the syrupy mess. Wallace munches one of his flimsy fried pickles.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

These are actually pretty good.

CHANTRY

I don't like deep-fried food. Too greasy.

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WALLACE

You don't like french fries? Fish and chips? Onion rings?

Chantry shakes her head, nope.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Deep-fried banana sandwiches?

CHANTRY

Didn't Elvis have those?

WALLACE

Yeah. And something called Fool's Gold.

CHANTRY

What's that?

WALLACE

I think it's a loaf of bread with the crust all hollowed out and filled with bacon grease.

CHANTRY

And Elvis would eat that?

WALLACE

Yeah. Did you know he died with something like forty pounds of undigested feces in his intestines?

CHANTRY

That's disgusting.

WALLACE

More or less disgusting than a plate of deep-fried pickles?

CHANTRY

Ummm... strangely, less.

WALLACE

So I could be eating a plate of undigested Elvis feces and you'd be less grossed out than by these pickles.

Chantry shrugs, yup. Wallace bites into another pickle.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wallace sits at his desk, staring at his computer screen, composing an email to: "yam_eater@hotmail.com". Wallace starts typing. He reads what he types.

WALLACE
Dear Chantry.

He deletes what he just typed.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
My Darling Dearest Chantry.

He deletes it.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Hey. Howdy. Ahoy.

Wallace slumps in his chair. Delete, delete, delete.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Thanks for dinner. Thanks for supper.
Thanks for the other night. It was fun.
Delicious. Sublime. It was magical. You
are an angel. It was stupid. I'm stupid.
But you're not stupid. You're the queen
of the night.

He stares at what he's just typed. He deletes it all.

Wallace closes his eyes. He CRACKS his neck left, then right. He opens his eyes and starts typing again.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
What's shakin', hotpants?

INT. CHANTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chantry is at her desk, reading Wallace's email. It starts: "What's shakin', hotpants?"

WALLACE (V.O.)
I found this webpage where they talk
about Fool's Gold and it turns out it's
worse than I thought.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Wallace and Chantry walk down the street. They pass by two cars that have just been involved in a rear-ender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

You start with a loaf of Italian white bread that's completely covered in butter and baked for fifteen minutes. Then you cut it in half, hollow it out, and coat the inside with an entire jar of peanut butter and an entire jar of jam. Then you stuff it with a pound of crispy bacon. The website said it serves eight to ten people or one Elvis.

Just down from where the cars have crashed, Wallace and Chantry pass a bus stop full of PRIVATE SCHOOL GIRLS in very short kilts. It's clear they are the cause of the rear-ender.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - DAY

Chantry and Wallace, wearing work clothes, eat their lunch special bento boxes in the crowded restaurant.

CHANTRY

You know, a jar of peanut butter has, like, six thousand calories. And bacon isn't even considered food. It's just pure fat. And the absolute worst kind of fat for you.

Chantry absentmindedly takes a piece of sashimi out of Wallace's box with her chopsticks and eats it.

WALLACE

Yeah, but in spite of all that, I can see the appeal. Because when you have a big egg breakfast, and you put bacon on the toast with your peanut butter and jelly, it tastes really good. Like syrup on potatoes, I guess.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Wallace is in his cubicle, a bit hunched over since he's on a personal phone call.

CHANTRY (PHONE)

Right. But that didn't work out at all.

WALLACE

I don't think I'm brave enough to try it anyway, but I'm still curious.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wallace's computer screen shows the end of the email he just wrote: "but I'm still curious". He types: "Wallace".

He presses SEND.

INT. CHANTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chantry is at her desk, reading the email she types.

CHANTRY

To: Championbeefcake@gmail.com. Re: Just pure fat. We were talking about how Elvis died with forty pounds of undigested feces in his colon, so I looked it up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Wallace and Chantry walk down the street. Wallace has a stain on his shirt, like he spilt sauce from his lunch on it.

CHANTRY

I couldn't find how much he had in there. But it did say John Wayne's colon weighed eighty-three pounds at his death, and seventy-seven pounds of it was "dried fecal matter". That's about how much I weighed when I fell off that bunk-bed.

INT. CHANTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chantry finishes typing the end of the email. She types: "Chantry". She's about to press SEND, but stops.

She moves the cursor above "Chantry" and types: "What are you up to tomorrow night? Want to see a movie?"

EXT. CHANTRY'S STREET - NIGHT

Wallace walks up the tree-lined street towards Chantry's apartment building. He looks up at it, takes a deep breath.

INT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - FANTASY SEQUENCE

Wallace KNOCKS on the apartment door. Chantry opens it.

CHANTRY

Hi Wallace. Oh, hey, this is Paul...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She swings the door open, revealing a HUGE GUY standing there in his underwear, body chiseled, muscles taut and oiled up, head completely bald. He grins at Wallace as he flexes.

CUT TO:

Chantry opens the door.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Hi Wallace. Oh, hey, this is Paul...

She reveals a BROODING GUY, greasy hair, cleaning a revolver. He checks the sights, aiming the gun right at Wallace.

CUT TO:

Chantry reveals a JAUNTY GUY with a pencil-thin mustache in a blazer and Captain's hat, holding a martini glass.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

This is Paul...

He gulps back the martini and SMASHES the glass on the floor.

CUT TO:

Chantry opens the door, revealing ANOTHER WALLACE inside.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

This is Paul...

The other Wallace wears more stylish clothes, his hair more cleanly cut. He smiles at the first Wallace, teeth gleaming.

EXT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING - DAY

Wallace walks up to the front entrance. A guy leans against the door frame, casual yet awkwardly positioned. Wallace nods to him as he goes to press Chantry's buzzer.

Wallace is about to discover that this is PAUL (mid-20s), handsome, put together, but a bit hapless.

PAUL

Are you Wallace?

WALLACE

Yeah...

PAUL

I'm Paul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Oh, hi.

PAUL

I got my jacket stuck in the door. I can't reach the buzzer and my key's in the pocket.

Paul shows Wallace his jacket. The pocket is caught on the other side of the closed glass door.

WALLACE

Oh man. Here, maybe I can...

Wallace tries to ease the jacket out with a careful tug, causing the seam to RIP.

He quickly lets go, having clearly made the problem worse. Paul gives him a tense smile.

PAUL

Yeah, I tried that.

WALLACE

I'll buzz Chantry.

Wallace presses the BUZZER. They wait, awkward.

CHANTRY (BUZZER)

Hello?

WALLACE

Hey Chantry, it's Wallace.

PAUL

And I'm still here too.

CHANTRY (BUZZER)

Paul?

PAUL

My jacket got stuck in the door and I can't get to my keys. Could you bring down my other jacket?

CHANTRY (BUZZER)

Oh my god...

The buzzer CLICKS off.

PAUL

Can you open the door first? Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE
That's a nasty rip.

Paul turns to see, and it RIPS a bit more.

PAUL
Crap.

WALLACE
Sorry.

Paul and Wallace stand there, waiting, conversation-less.

PAUL
Hey, do you know the difference between
an aneurysm and a hemorrhage?

WALLACE
Um... an aneurysm is, like, when a blood
vessel in your brain bursts open. A
hemorrhage is just any kind of internal
bleeding. But when you have an aneurysm,
I think you bleed into your brain and
that's a hemorrhage.

PAUL
So you could say, standing here for
twenty minutes with my jacket caught in
the door is so frustrating, I'm about to
have an aneurysm. But not, I'm about to
have a hemorrhage.

WALLACE
Right.

PAUL
But you could say, I'm so frustrated I
want to smash my head through this glass
door and give myself a hemorrhage.

WALLACE
Exactly.

Wallace and Paul see Chantry approach through the glass door.
She has a good LAUGH before opening the door, freeing Paul.
Paul examines the rip. Chantry hands him the new jacket.

CHANTRY
So, I guess you guys have met?

WALLACE
Yep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

There's no way I can handle going back to work now. You guys want to blow off the movie, go get a drink instead?

Chantry brightens, pleased. She turns to Wallace, making sure that's okay. There's kind of only one appropriate answer...

WALLACE

Absolutely.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wallace, Paul, and Chantry stroll down the sidewalk. Paul's arm is around Chantry, walking between her and Wallace.

The sidewalk isn't quite wide enough for three people, so every time they pass a streetlight or mailbox, Wallace has to lag back a few steps then catch up. Chantry and Paul are too caught up in their conversation to notice this.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Wallace, Chantry, and Paul sit in the same horseshoe-shaped booth, sipping beers, no one quite sure what to say.

PAUL

So, uh... Chantry told me you ski-race?

WALLACE

I used to. I mean, I still ski, I just don't race anymore.

PAUL

Lost your competitive spirit?

Chantry gives Paul a look. He shrugs, just joking.

WALLACE

Actually, yeah. All the stuff I loved about skiing as a kid was exactly the stuff I didn't get to do when I was racing. It didn't seem worth it to spend all this time not having fun doing the thing I used to have fun doing.

Paul nods, thoughtful.

PAUL

So, are you trying to sleep with my girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Startled, Wallace looks over at Chantry. She's listening pleasantly, seemingly unaware of what Paul just said.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, we're speaking "guy". She thinks we're talking about Whistler.

WALLACE

Okay.

PAUL

Look, I've got no problem with Chantry having guy-friends. But if you're trying to split us up so you can move in...

Chantry looks from Paul to Wallace, following their conversation but obviously not understanding it.

WALLACE

I wouldn't do that. I just want to be friends. With her. With you. Friends.

PAUL

I can do friends. But you'd better not try to put your penis in her vagina. And I agree Whistler's pretty touristy these days, but it's still the best skiing in North America.

WALLACE

Yeah. For sure. The best.

Chantry looks happy that Paul and Wallace seem to be getting along so well.

CHANTRY

You guys want to order?

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Wallace and Allan wind through cluttered aisles piled with odd knickknacks, old furniture, and ornate lamps.

ALLAN

If it starts dirty, it ends dirty. A relationship that starts with a break up is doomed to end with a break up. You remember who told me that?

WALLACE

Me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

You. After Vicky Cardero gave me a blow-job at her boyfriend's birthday keg-party and I wanted to ask her out on a date.

WALLACE

I seem to recall you ignored that advice.

ALLAN

And what was the result?

WALLACE

It ended dirty. So very dirty. Gonorrhea and a fist-fight dirty.

ALLAN

Exactly.

WALLACE

This is not gonorrhea and a fist-fight. I'm not trying to break them up. I'm happy being friends with her. Friends is good. Friends is great.

ALLAN

Friends is horse-shit. Friends is the inside of a communist's anus.

WALLACE

Friends is not the inside of a communist's anus.

Allan picks up a cute bedside lamp.

ALLAN

Okay, be honest...

WALLACE

I am being honest.

ALLAN

No, I mean about this lamp. Is this a good housewarming gift for Nicole?

WALLACE

Do you buy someone a housewarming gift when they're moving into your house?

ALLAN

I don't know. Girls are weird about this stuff and I'd rather overcompensate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Allan inspects the lamp, turning it on and off.

WALLACE

I like it. Very welcoming. Her own
bedside lamp for reading in bed...

ALLAN

And having sex with the lights on. The
overhead one's a bit harsh. This's got a
nice romantic glow...

Allan lifts up his shirt and checks to see what his stomach
looks like in the lamp's warm glow.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Perfect.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chantry opens the front door, revealing Wallace holding a
bottle of wine. She steps back so he can come in.

WALLACE

This place is exactly like I pictured it.

CHANTRY

Really?

WALLACE

Actually, I pictured a lot more potpourri
and stuffed animals.

CHANTRY

And unicorns and doilies.

WALLACE

Yeah.

CHANTRY

Yeah, I hid them in the closet.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Chantry escorts Wallace in through the swinging kitchen door.

The fixings for a Mexican dinner are spread out around the
kitchen. Peppers and onions frying on the stove, salsa and
sour cream in bowls. Paul chops jalapenos.

Grating cheese next to him is Chantry's sister DALIA (early
20s), as attractive as Chantry, but more aloof and sardonic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Hey.

CHANTRY

Wallace, this is my sister Dalia.

WALLACE

Hi. Hey Paul.

Wallace offers his hand. Dalia goes to shake it, but notices her hands are covered in grated cheese. Wallace pokes out his elbow instead. Dalia smiles and rubs her elbow against his.

PAUL

Can someone open the window? It's getting all onion-y in here.

WALLACE

I'll do it.

Wallace goes over to the large window by the swinging door. He unlatches it and pulls it wide open.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

So, are you named after the Black Dahlia murders?

DALIA

That's Dahlia with an H. I'm D-A-L-I-A.

WALLACE

Chantry and Dalia. Your parents kind of rule.

DALIA

Not really.

Finishing chopping jalapenos, Paul rubs his eye. His face suddenly contorts into a pained wince.

PAUL

Ow! Jesus!

CHANTRY

What? What's wrong?

Paul gestures wildly at his face.

PAUL

My eye!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANTRY
Oh shit, did you touch your eyes?

PAUL
I... yeah...

CHANTRY
You've got jalapeno on your fingers!

PAUL
Ah! Fuck!

CHANTRY
Wallace, grab me a washcloth from the
bathroom...

Wallace hurries out through the swinging door, heading for the bathroom.

Chantry gently takes Paul by the arm and guides him to the sink. She starts splashing water in his eyes.

DALIA
Can I help?

CHANTRY
No, it's okay...

PAUL
It's not okay! It hurts!

Paul shrugs Chantry away, maybe a bit too forcefully, frustrated, in pain, wiping his eyes on his sleeve.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Just let me go to the bathroom...

Paul stumbles over to the kitchen door, eyes squeezed shut.

CHANTRY
Paul, wait...

At just that moment, Wallace rushes back in with a wet washcloth, shoving the swinging door open.

The swinging door SMACKS Paul right in the face. He YELPS, grabbing his nose.

The impact sends Paul staggering backwards, off balance, right towards the wide open kitchen window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Paul!

But it's too late. Paul flails back, hitting the open window at the knees. He falls backwards right out the window.

Chantry, Wallace, and Dalia rush over to the window and look down. They all WINCE in unison.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Paul lies in a hospital bed, a mass of gauze bandaged to his eye, his nose bruised and clotted, a cast around his broken arm, and a protective brace around his sprained neck.

Paul's one good eye blinks open, darting around, squinting in the bright hospital light. He's sedated with painkillers.

Wallace stands next to the bed, looking extremely sorry.

PAUL

Where am I?

WALLACE

In the hospital. Chantry and Dalia are with the doctor. Paul, I'm... so sorry.

PAUL

My brain is, like, floating in... yellow.

WALLACE

You're on pretty heavy-duty painkillers.

Paul looks totally out of it. His good eye waters with tears.

PAUL

Please, doctor, if I don't make it, tell my girlfriend I love her.

WALLACE

I'm not your doctor, Paul. But you're going to make it, okay?

Paul nods as best he can, half-asleep. Wallace goes to leave.

PAUL

Wait. Please, promise me... the porn.

WALLACE

The... porn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

On my computer. If I die, I don't want
her to find it. Call my brother. It's all
saved under "corporate accounts"...

Paul is falling asleep, the painkillers taking their toll.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The girls showing their private parts,
they're not really teenagers, you know...

Paul passes out. Wallace stands there, not sure what to do.

Chantry and Dalia quietly enter behind him.

CHANTRY

Has he woken up yet?

WALLACE

Uh... no.

CHANTRY

The doctor said he'll need the cast for a
month, but the neck-brace is just
precautionary. He can go home tomorrow.

Chantry goes up to Paul's bedside, watching him sleep,
worried. Wallace watches them, feeling terrible. Dalia
watches Wallace, checking him out just a little bit.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Wallace's CO-WORKERS, including Lisa, crowd around the
entrance to his cubicle. Everybody has a cupcake. Wallace's
cupcake has a candle on it.

CO-WORKERS (SINGING)

Happy birthday, dear Wallace, happy
birthday to you!

Wallace blows out the candle. His Co-Workers CLAP. Lisa gives
them the nod and they shuffle away to eat their cupcakes.

Lisa stays behind, leaning on Wallace's desk. She hands him a
birthday card filled with friendly notes from his Co-Workers.

LISA

Everyone signed it.

WALLACE

And you organized all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

Yup.

WALLACE

You know it's not my birthday, right?

LISA

Hey, free cupcakes.

Lisa takes a bite of her cupcake. Wallace takes a bite of his. It tastes pretty good.

LISA (CONT'D)

Some of us are going for a beer after work. Want to come?

WALLACE

I totally would, but I've got plans.

LISA

Hot date?

WALLACE

Just meeting some friends. But next time, totally.

LISA

Okay.

WALLACE

Thanks for the great, uh, party.

LISA

Anytime.

Lisa gives Wallace's shoulder a squeeze as she walks off.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Wallace, Allan, and Nicole sit at a table, drinking beers.

WALLACE

I'm not saying you can't eat it. I'm saying you'd get disgustingly sick.

ALLAN

Okay, yeah, maybe...

WALLACE

Not maybe. Definitely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

But it wouldn't kill you. You can eat your own poo. But if you then eat the poo that you poo out after eating the first poo, it's so toxic you'll die. So you can eat your own poo once, but not twice.

Wallace stares at Allan for a moment. Then he bursts out LAUGHING. Allan CHUCKLES. Nicole just sips her beer.

NICOLE

So how's the love-life, Wallace? Any intrigue with the ladies these days?

Wallace stares down at his beer, avoiding eye contact.

WALLACE

Uh, I'm guess I'm in a bit of a, you know, situation with a girl right now...

ALLAN

Chantry!

Wallace looks stunned, until he realizes Allan is waving to Chantry, who is approaching their table. She sits down.

CHANTRY

Sorry I'm late. Paul got his cast off today and it took longer than expected.

NICOLE

We're talking about girls. Wallace's telling us about some situation with a girl. A predicament of sorts.

Chantry looks at Wallace, curious. He sinks in his chair.

WALLACE

It's not really anything. Just this, uh, girl at work.

NICOLE

What about her?

WALLACE

It's nothing. I just think she kind of likes me, that's all. It's no big thing.

NICOLE

What's her name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wallace really doesn't want to get into this in front of Chantry. He gives Allan a look, but Allan just shrugs.

WALLACE

Uh, Lisa. But I'm not, like, into her that way.

NICOLE

Then all you can do is avoid her.

WALLACE

I can't. She's sort of my supervisor.

NICOLE

Then quit your job.

ALLAN

Yeah, quit your job and move to Europe.

CHANTRY

Very funny.

Now it's Wallace's turn to give Chantry a curious look.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Paul's been offered a job in Paris.

WALLACE

Like Paris-Paris? France-Paris?

CHANTRY

Sort of a liaison for a communications company. Yeah, France-Paris.

WALLACE

For how long?

CHANTRY

Eight months. More if it goes well. He's never been to Europe and he's always wanted to go. And the job would have him travelling around a lot.

WALLACE

So I guess it'd be pretty hard to refuse.

CHANTRY

Yup.

Chantry takes a big gulp of Wallace's beer. She pushes the beer back towards him. He pushes it back to her, giving a sympathetic nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Allan and Nicole exchange a look, like Nicole's making a point in an earlier discussion.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chantry's asleep. The phone by the bed RINGS. Vaguely awake, Chantry wanders a hand out to grab the receiver.

CHANTRY

Hello?

PAUL (PHONE)

Oh shit, what time is it there?

Chantry squints at the alarm clock. It's 3:10AM.

CHANTRY

Three AM. What's it there?

PAUL (PHONE)

Noon. Or as they say here, la noon.

CHANTRY

Uh-huh.

PAUL (PHONE)

They don't really say "la noon". I don't know what noon is in French. But I know how to say I miss you. Je miss you.

CHANTRY

Je miss you too.

PAUL (PHONE)

You mean je miss you deux. Deux is French for two. Anyway, I guess I got the time difference mixed up. I'm on lunch break.

CHANTRY

Your very first lunch break in France.

PAUL (PHONE)

I thought maybe they'd have it at another time. But no, la noon. Anyway, I just wanted to say, you know, je love you.

CHANTRY

Je love you deux.

Chantry hangs up, settling back into sleep...

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - ANIMATED

As ANIMATED CHANTRY sleeps, the phone twitches to life. The receiver crawls off the cradle and onto the bed, creeping over Chantry, trailing the curly cord behind it. The cord winds itself around her, binding her tight.

Animated Chantry blinks awake to find herself tied up in curly cord. Her bed is now a web made of the same cord. The receiver sprouts eight spider-legs and scuttles across the cord-web, jaws snapping in hunger...

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - DAY

Chantry doodles a pencil drawing of the phone-spider image on her sketch-pad. She looks pretty glum.

Wallace squeezes through the lunch-rush CROWD and sits across from her. Chantry quickly puts away the sketch-pad.

WALLACE

Hi.

CHANTRY

Hi.

Wallace hasn't really seen Chantry looking down. He averts his eyes, a bit uncomfortable, looks at the menu.

WALLACE

Hey, so I looked up "City Lights" on-line the other day and I found out the ending is famous for its ambiguity. So we were both right.

CHANTRY

I guess one of us is a hopeless romantic. And the other is a filthy tramp.

Chantry smiles. That's a bit better. She leans in, conspiratorial. Wallace leans in too.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Have you seen all the Chaplin movies?

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry walk together down the street. It's raining lightly, the neon signs reflecting off wet pavement.

WALLACE

Can you play any musical instruments?

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry play darts. Chantry leans against a pool table, watching Wallace aim. He fires a pretty good shot just off the bull's-eye.

CHANTRY

Have you ever had a fish tank?

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wallace lies on his bed, on top of the covers, with his legs up against the wall, on the phone.

WALLACE

What's the best thing anyone's ever done for you?

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chantry lies on her couch, under a blanket, on the phone, her cat curled up on her stomach.

CHANTRY

What's the most money you've ever spent in one go?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Wallace and Chantry sit on a park bench, sipping coffees, watching various DOG-OWNERS trying to control their exuberant DOGS. Balls are tossed and caught. Much wagging and running.

WALLACE

Do you have an earliest memory?

EXT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chantry stirs a pot, the phone tucked under her ear.

CHANTRY

When was your first kiss?

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry sit on the bus. Across from them, a COUPLE is making out and groping each other. Wallace and Chantry aren't even trying to act like they're not watching. They're almost anthropological in their observation.

WALLACE

What was the best kiss you ever had?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Wallace and Chantry in work-clothes, drinking coffees and nibbling on sandwiches.

CHANTRY

Have you ever dated someone older than you?

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry eating pasta in a family-run restaurant, with red-checkered tablecloths and framed photos of the Italian countryside.

WALLACE

How many serious relationships have you had?

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry dipping pita bread in hummus. The tablecloths are blue-checkered and the framed photos show the Greek countryside.

CHANTRY

Have you ever been attracted to a guy?

INT. ETHIOPIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry eating Ethiopian food with their fingers.

WALLACE

Have you ever been attracted to a girl?

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry dipping nan bread in various curries.

CHANTRY

What kind of girl are you usually attracted to?

EXT. DOWNTOWN CORNER - DAY

Heavy rain. Wallace and Chantry stand at a street corner, waiting for the light to change, each carrying an umbrella.

Behind them, a ROSE-VENDOR keeps dry under an awning.

Because of their umbrellas, Wallace and Chantry stand weirdly far apart. Chantry notices this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She closes her umbrella and comes under Wallace's umbrella. Now they're standing weirdly close together.

The light changes. They cross the street under the umbrella.

Meanwhile, rain has been pooling in the awning. Suddenly, it gives way and dumps all over the Rose-Vendor.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Chantry leads a reluctant Wallace into a women's clothing store. The clothes on display look fashionable and expensive.

CHANTRY

This will just take a sec. I saw this one dress and... there it is!

Chantry bee-lines to a particular dress, a sexy little number tight on a mannequin.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

We've got this company investor party thing coming up. Our production partners from Taiwan will be there. It's pretty important, I guess, so I want to look hot. Do you think I'll look hot in it?

Chantry strikes a vampy pose just like the one the mannequin is in. Wallace ponders her.

WALLACE

That's quite a dress.

A SALES WOMAN (mid-30s) strides up, haughty, immaculate.

SALES WOMAN

Can I help you?

CHANTRY

Yes, I'd like to try on this dress.

SALES WOMAN

This dress?

CHANTRY

Yes.

SALES WOMAN

We only have the one left. And it's a size two. Are you a two?

CHANTRY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Sales Woman looks her up and down, snooty.

SALES WOMAN

Maybe I should get the measuring tape.

Chantry's eyes narrow. She's not budging.

CHANTRY

I'm a two.

INT. CLOTHING STORE/CHANGE ROOM - DAY

Chantry is in her bra and underwear. She looks at the dress label. Size 2. She looks at the label on her jeans. Size 4.

She worms the dress down over her head. It's really quite tight. She struggles, awkwardly pulling it down over her body, tugging at the fabric, trying to squeeze into it.

Finally she gets it on. She looks at herself in the change room mirror. It's definitely too small. She takes a deep breath, pushes out her chest. No way.

Deflated, Chantry tries to pull off the dress. She gets it up over her head, but then the fabric gets caught on her bra.

She tugs at it. The dress is stuck.

From the chest up, she's covered by the dress, a mess of fabric seemingly locked tight around her upper torso. Her hands are over her head, caught up in the fabric. From the chest down, she's wearing only underwear and socks.

She tugs at the dress again. Nothing. She yanks harder. The dress starts RIPPING.

She carefully pulls at it, but it RIPS again. She tries gently wriggling, but it's no use.

She's trapped in the dress.

INT. CLOTHING STORE/OUTSIDE CHANGE ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Wallace waits, leaning against the wall, a bit bored.

CHANTRY (O.S.)

(hissing)

Wallace... are you alone?

WALLACE

Like, in the universe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY (O.S.)
No, out there.

WALLACE
You want me to get someone?

CHANTRY (O.S.)
No! I... I need you to come in here.

Wallace waits. Nothing happens.

WALLACE
Are you going to open the door?

CHANTRY (O.S.)
I can't. I'm... sort of stuck. Crawl
under the door. But close your eyes.

WALLACE
What?

CHANTRY (O.S.)
I'm in a... state of undress. Promise
you'll keep your eyes closed.

WALLACE
I promise.

INT. CLOTHING STORE/CHANGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chantry stands there with the dress stuck over her head.

His eyes closed, Wallace slides under the door. Unable to see, he doesn't make it all the way through before trying to stand up. He SMACKS his head on the bottom of the door.

WALLACE
Augh!

CHANTRY
What? Did you look?

WALLACE
I hit my head because my eyes are closed.

CHANTRY
Okay good.

WALLACE
Good?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

You know what I mean.

WALLACE

I'm really not sure I do.

Wallace awkwardly gets to his feet inside the change room, eyes still closed.

CHANTRY

Are your eyes closed?

Wallace opens his eyes.

WALLACE

Yeah.

Wallace takes a good look at Chantry, standing there with the dress stuck over her head, wearing just underwear and socks. Her underwear has a cute little pattern on it.

CHANTRY

Okay, so I'm trapped in the dress. I was pulling it off and I think it got hooked on my bra or something and now I'm stuck.

Wallace is still kind of mesmerized by the whole thing.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

You're not going to laugh?

WALLACE

I can't even see what's going on.

CHANTRY

No matter how embarrassing this is, it'll be even more embarrassing if you see it.

WALLACE

That's probably true.

CHANTRY

Okay. So get me out of this.

Tentative, Wallace reaches out, putting his hands on Chantry's bare torso, just below where the dress is caught at her bra. He gives a slight tug to get the fabric loose.

He eases the dress up further, over her chest, so it's just caught around Chantry's armpits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wallace gets another look at Chantry, standing there with her arms over her head, covered from her shoulders up. Her bra has the same cute pattern as her underwear. They match.

He holds his breath.

He starts to work the dress over her shoulders, past her chin. Now it's just caught under her nose.

Chantry takes a deep breath. She could do the rest herself, but she doesn't.

Wallace stands in front of Chantry, really close, their lips inches apart. A really good opportunity to kiss her.

But he doesn't. Instead, he closes his eyes. He pulls the dress up off the rest of her head, freeing her.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Thanks...

WALLACE

You're welcome.

Chantry looks at Wallace, standing right in front of her, his eyes closed, holding the dress. They're very close together. A really good opportunity to kiss him.

CHANTRY

Keep your eyes closed.

She leans in close to him, their lips almost touching. His eyes closed, Wallace is unaware just how close his lips are to Chantry's. Inches. An inch. Less.

But she doesn't do it. She pulls away and tugs on her pants. She slips into her shirt. She looks at Wallace again.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Okay. Open them.

Wallace opens his eyes. He hands Chantry the dress. She checks out the tear she made in the fabric.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Wallace and Chantry drop the dress on the sales counter and hurry to the exit before the Sales Woman spots them.

INT. CHANTRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Chantry is at her computer, making changes to a sequence from the ANIMATED FILM she's working on. It shows the Robot in a futuristic mall setting. She clicks PREVIEW and the image PLAY onscreen.

The Robot rolls through a gaudy atrium lined by various shops. Other ROBOTS mill around with their shopping bags. The Robot rolls into one shop in particular, a clothing store...

INT. CLOTHING STORE - ANIMATED

The Robot rolls through an animated version of the same clothing store. A SALES ROBOT tends to a ROBOT CUSTOMER. Various ROBOT-MANNEQUINS are dressed in clothes.

Robot rolls up to one mannequin in particular, wearing the same dress Chantry tried on. But this mannequin isn't a robot, it's ANIMATED CHANTRY.

ROBOT

You don't think that was a little over
the line?

Chantry looks around, furtive, trying to maintain her pose.

ANIMATED CHANTRY

It's not like I planned it.

ROBOT

Nice bit of luck you were wearing such
cute matching bra and panties.

Robot grabs the dress, ripping it off Chantry, revealing her matching bra and panties. She covers up as best she can.

ANIMATED CHANTRY

It wasn't lucky or unlucky. It was
humiliating.

ROBOT

He saw you in your underwear.

ANIMATED CHANTRY

His eyes were closed.

The Sales Robot looks over and sees Chantry in her underwear. Outraged, it SLAMS down a big RED BUTTON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALARMS BLARE. SECURITY ROBOTS rush in wearing badges labelled: "INSECURITY GUARDS". The Security Robots back Chantry into a corner, approaching with menacing glares.

ANIMATED CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Help!

But Robot just shrugs and lets the Security Robots swarm Chantry, piling onto her.

INT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - DAY

Chantry and Dalia sit with Gretchen and Tabby, eating brunch in a brightly lit window booth.

CHANTRY

It's not just the time-zone stuff. He's having all these new experiences and my life's not particularly different. Except that my boyfriend's in France.

TABBY

It'll get better though. You're Chantry and Paul.

GRETCHEN

Have you thought about getting webcams?

CHANTRY

We talked about it.

GRETCHEN

Just make sure it's on stream, not record. Because once certain kinds of files are out there, they're out there forever. If you know what I mean.

CHANTRY

Yeah.

GRETCHEN

I mean naked files.

CHANTRY

Yeah, I knew what you meant, Gretchen.

They all turn their attentions to their meals. Tabby looks over at Gretchen, questioning, Gretchen nods.

TABBY

So, Dalia was telling us about this Wallace guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

What do you mean? We're friends.

TABBY

Yeah, obviously. But is he, like, cute?
Should you be introducing him to your
single and slightly desperate friends?

DALIA

Sorry, Tabby, I already called dibs.

That takes Chantry off-guard. She looks at Dalia, surprised.

TABBY

What? Since when?

DALIA

I met him first.

TABBY

You just got out of a relationship, like,
a month ago.

DALIA

Exactly. He's total rebound fling
material.

GRETCHEN

You little prostitute!

CHANTRY

You barely know him.

DALIA

Yeah, but you know him. You hang out with
him all the time, so he's not a loser.
And he hasn't pulled some creepy move on
you, so he's not a creep. He's vetted.

TABBY

Is he smart? Is he funny?

DALIA

Definitely smart. Not exactly funny. More
banter-y. Like a male version of Chantry.

GRETCHEN

Wait, so he's... Mantry?

TABBY

Oh my god, he's totally Mantry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETCHEN

So Dalia wants to have rebound sex with
her sister's man-twin?

DALIA

Bitch, I will cut you. Give me some
waffles...

Dalia brandishes her fork and stabs a piece of Gretchen's
waffles. Chantry's quiet, a bit thrown off by the discussion.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

An uncomfortably elegant jewelry boutique bathed in soft
light and staffed by supermodel-tall SALES WOMEN. Allan and
Wallace putter around, peering into illuminated display
cases, checking out the twinkling bracelets and necklaces.

ALLAN

Option one, make a move on her. Bold.
Direct. Best case scenario, you hook up,
she feels guilty, breaks up with Paul.
Worst case scenario, she's horribly
offended, ends the friendship.

WALLACE

So be sleazy.

ALLAN

Yeah.

WALLACE

And you think that'll work on Chantry?

ALLAN

No. I think even if she goes for it,
she'll resent you for getting her to
cheat on Paul. She'll break up with him,
but she won't go out with you because
she'll think you're...

WALLACE

Sleazy.

ALLAN

Yeah. Option two, become the guy she goes
to for guy-advice. Mr. Sensitive. The
down-side is you've got to listen to her
talk about Paul all the time. The up-side
is you can slant your advice to slowly
turn her against him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

So be conniving. And you think that'll work?

ALLAN

Maybe. But maybe she'll see through it and think you're...

WALLACE

Conniving.

ALLAN

Yeah. Option three, patiently wait it out. Eventually, they'll either break up without your help or, you know, get married, have kids, live a happy life, with you always on the outside looking in, quietly pining, indefinitely.

WALLACE

So be pathetic. And you think that'll work?

ALLAN

Well, it's got the advantage of not being particularly unethical. But it's got the disadvantage of being...

WALLACE

Pathetic.

ALLAN

Yeah.

WALLACE

So your advice is be sleazy, conniving, or pathetic.

ALLAN

Yeah, when you put it that way it doesn't sound like very good advice.

A statuesque JEWELRY CLERK (mid-30s) approaches them, holding a small box. She opens it for them to see.

It's a gold engagement ring, with a large letter 'A' made out of tiny glittering diamonds where the stone normally is.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

You like it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE

It's not my engagement ring. The question is whether she'll like it.

ALLAN

I think she'll love it.

WALLACE

If she does, you two definitely deserve each other.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Wallace and Allan exit, Allan placing the ring-box in his pocket, careful, pleased.

WALLACE

Where is this coming from? You didn't even want me to be friends with her.

ALLAN

That was just my gut reaction to the idea of you and my cousin making boom-boom. But Nicole says...

WALLACE

Woah woah woah, you told Nicole?

ALLAN

Of course. A hundred percent honesty is the foundation of a strong relationship.

Wallace gives him a look.

WALLACE

Montreal. 2003. I believe her name was Favia. Oh, she looked very much like a woman. And yet...

ALLAN

Okay, ninety-nine percent honesty is the foundation of a strong relationship.

They walk. Allan feels for the ring-box, ensuring it's there.

WALLACE

If I make some slippery move on her, especially when she's in a long-distance relationship, it'll backfire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

Nicole's got a very different philosophy
about that...

INT. UPSCALE BISTRO - NIGHT

The CROWD is gussied up, suits and dresses, CHATTING in
groups, sipping wine, nabbing appetizers from WAITERS.

Nicole is in a cocktail dress, wearing the A-ring. Allan and
Wallace stand with her, both in suits, both freshly shaved.

NICOLE

If it starts dirty, it ends dirty is
bullshit. All relationships start dirty.
You can't fall out of love with someone
until you meet someone you love more. I
was still in love with Carl when I met
Allan. But after about ten minutes, I
couldn't even remember if Carl spelled
his name with a C or a K.

WALLACE

I'm happy being friends with Chantry.

NICOLE

But wouldn't you be happier if you could
be friends and also see her naked?

Nicole nods meaningfully to Chantry and Dalia, who stand not
too far off, CHATTING in another group. They both look great,
dolled up in chic dresses and cute shoes.

Dalia catches Wallace looking at them. Assuming he's checking
her out, Dalia gives him a little wave. Wallace waves back.

EXT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Dalia's car pulls up, Dalia driving, Chantry in the passenger
seat, Wallace in the back. They're all in their engagement
party clothes.

WALLACE

You sure? It's just a couple blocks.

DALIA

I'm all about door-to-door service.

Chantry looks at Dalia, like, since when? Dalia nods for her
to hop out. Apprehensive, Chantry unbuckles and gets out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wallace crawls out of the back to move to the front. Chantry stands on the sidewalk, regarding him. She adjusts his slightly crooked tie.

CHANTRY

You clean up nice, Wallace.

WALLACE

You too.

Chantry walks up to her building. Wallace gets into the front seat, closes the door. Chantry turns around, but Dalia's car zips off down the street before she can even wave goodbye.

INT. DALIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Dalia pulls up outside Wallace's place, puts her car in PARK. Dalia fixes him with some heavy eye contact.

DALIA

Look, Wallace, I don't think it's a good idea for me to come inside with you.

WALLACE

Uh... what?

DALIA

Don't be mad.

WALLACE

I'm not mad.

DALIA

Because if you're going to be all mad, I mean, I guess we can make out for a couple minutes. But we're not having sex.

WALLACE

I don't know if that's a good idea.

DALIA

Why, because I won't have sex with you? That's really nice, Wallace.

WALLACE

No, I... that's not...

DALIA

I'm just kidding.

WALLACE

What part of it are you kidding about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALIA

All of it. You know, Chantry always talks about how funny you are. But you're not that funny. No offense. You are pretty cute though. I would make out with you.

WALLACE

I'm so confused by this conversation.

Dalia leans in and kisses Wallace. His eyes go wide.

DALIA

Okay, you win. Let's go inside. No sex though. Okay, maybe a little sex.

Dalia plants another kiss on Wallace. He lets it happen.

While they make out, Dalia slides over onto his lap. She yanks the seat-lever and Wallace's seat jerks backwards. She swings her legs around, straddling him. Wallace isn't sure where to put his hands, but hers are all over him.

There's a KNOCK at the car window. Wallace and Dalia freeze. Chantry opens the door and hops in the front seat.

CHANTRY

Dude, my sister? Sweet score.

WALLACE

This isn't what it looks like. It's... okay, it's what it looks like.

CHANTRY

Hey, it's cool. I totally get it. She's, like, ninety-nine percent genetically identical to me. It's like having sex with ninety-nine percent of me.

DALIA

You rat-faced ho-bag, you really think Wallace would have sex with me just because we share virtually identical DNA? That's sick. You're sick. Wallace is attracted to my intrinsic personal qualities. Right Wallace?

Before Wallace can answer, Dalia swoops in with another kiss. Lips locked with Dalia, Wallace's eyes dart over to Chantry. Chantry gives him a wry shrug.

CHANTRY

Okay, have fun kissing my sister...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chantry slips out of the car. She's about to close the door when she stops and pokes her head back in.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Just FYI though. You go through this, you can be absolutely positive I will never, ever, ever, ever have sex with you. Ever.

Chantry SLAMS the door shut.

Wallace breaks the kiss with Dalia, gently easing her away. She stares at him, taken aback.

WALLACE

Dalia, look, I think you're great, but...

DALIA

You think I'm great?

WALLACE

It's just...

DALIA

I don't throw myself at guys, like, ever! I made an exception for you because you're cute! And you think I'm GREAT?

EXT. WALLACE'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dalia shoves Wallace out of her car. He tumbles to the curb, landing in a mud puddle, soaking his suit with filthy water.

Dalia puts the car in gear and PEELS OFF down the street. Wallace sits there, mud splattered, stunned.

Wallace gets to his feet, suit dripping with mud. Dalia's car recedes in the distance. He gives a pathetic little GROAN.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A hot, sunny day. Chantry and Dalia lie on beach towels on the sand, slippery with sunscreen.

DALIA

You never asked me what happened with Wallace the other night.

CHANTRY

I'm respecting your privacy.

DALIA

You're dying to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

Nope.

They lie there in the sun.

DALIA

We kissed.

Dalia watches Chantry, waiting for a reaction.

CHANTRY

You kissed him or he kissed you?

DALIA

I don't remember.

Chantry's studiously not looking at Dalia. Dalia pouts.

DALIA (CONT'D)

He's a jerk. He's a big fat stupid jerk.

CHANTRY

Okay.

DALIA

He propositioned me. He said filthy things. Disgusting things he wanted to do to me. Me, your little sister.

CHANTRY

That's terrible.

DALIA

So I told him I'm not that kind of girl. And he flew into a rage. He punched me. The cops had to pull him off me.

CHANTRY

The cops came?

DALIA

Yeah. And he shot them, shot them all dead. And then he told me he was going to come after you and kill you.

CHANTRY

Well, that sounds exactly like Wallace.

DALIA

Have you seen him lately?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANTRY

No.

DALIA

So he didn't say anything about me
completely humiliating myself?

CHANTRY

No.

They lie on their towels, sun shimmering down on them.

DALIA

He's a big fat stupid jerk and you
shouldn't be friends with him anymore.

Finished with the topic, Dalia stretches out to soak up the
rays. Chantry wants to relax, but her brow knits, tense.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Chantry and Wallace approach each other from opposite ends of
the street, both in work clothes, both a bit apprehensive.

As they get closer, Chantry slows down, but notices Wallace
hasn't changed his pace. She does the same, ignoring him as
he passes by.

Wallace loops around and falls into step with her, as if
they'd been walking together the whole time.

WALLACE

André the Giant used to live in the same
town as Samuel Beckett.

CHANTRY

What?

WALLACE

It was this tiny village in France with,
like, thirty people in it. André the
Giant grew up there and Beckett lived
there at the same time. He'd give André
rides to school.

CHANTRY

I wish "My Dinner With André" had
actually been about Wallace Shawn's
dinner with André the Giant.

WALLACE

Totally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk along. The tension isn't gone, but it's dissolving.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

A boardwalk wraps around a marina packed with sailboats.

Wallace and Chantry sit on a bench, a half-eaten watermelon between them. They each bite into big watermelon slices, juice all over their hands and chins. They look ridiculous, but it's too delicious to care.

Suddenly Chantry's grin fades.

Ambling down the boardwalk, holding hands, are HOLLY and JOSH. Josh WHISPERS to Holly, lips at her ear, intimate.

Holly and Josh are just steps away from Chantry and Wallace when they notice them. They freeze, immediately letting go of each other's hand. It's not what you'd call discreet.

HOLLY

Hi.

CHANTRY

Hi.

JOSH

Hi.

Holly and Josh look at Wallace. He looks at Chantry for a little guidance, but she's blank-faced.

WALLACE

Hi.

The dictionary definition of "awkward pause" is this moment.

HOLLY

Um, bye.

CHANTRY

Bye.

JOSH

Bye.

WALLACE

Bye.

Holly and Josh hurry off down the boardwalk, super-tense. Chantry sits there, holding her half-eaten watermelon slice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE (CONT'D)

That was, like, the most efficient conversation I've ever had.

Chantry doesn't say anything, distracted. She wipes off her mouth on a paper napkin.

CHANTRY

That's my boss, Holly. My married boss Holly. And my co-worker, Josh. My married co-worker Josh.

WALLACE

And are they married to each other?

CHANTRY

No.

INT. UPSCALE BISTRO - DAY

Chantry sits, uncomfortable, across from Holly, who's cushioning her discomfort with studied casualness.

HOLLY

Chantry, you're a valued employee and I think of you as a friend, so I hope we can just be honest with each other.

CHANTRY

Okay. Is this why Josh got the job over me?

HOLLY

Yes. It means we can travel together.

Chantry looks so disappointed. Holly gets her back up, miffed. But suddenly she dissolves into tears, CRYING.

CHANTRY

Holly, it's okay, I'm not going to tell anybody. It's none of my business.

HOLLY

I've just been so terrified of anyone finding out... especially someone from work... and I just feel so lucky it was you... someone in the same situation...

CHANTRY

What do you mean the same situation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

I don't know what kind of arrangement you and Paul have while he's away, if he knows about this other guy or...

CHANTRY

The guy I was with is just a friend. I'm not cheating on Paul.

HOLLY

I saw what I saw.

CHANTRY

Excuse me?

HOLLY

I saw what I saw just like you saw what you saw. And, frankly, I don't need your judgment. Greg and I got married when I was twenty-one. I'm forty-four. I've spent more of my life with him than without him. This thing with Josh, it's not a fling. We're in love. I love him.

Chantry's about to speak, but stops, considering what Holly just said. She weighs her next question carefully.

CHANTRY

Do you... I mean, do you think a real relationship can come out of an affair?

Holly doesn't answer right away. This is obviously the central question of her life right now.

HOLLY

If you're in love, but not with the person you're supposed to be in love with, then yes... I do.

CHANTRY

You make it sound so black and white.

HOLLY

It is for me. Is it for you?

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chantry's on the phone, listening to EUROPEAN RINGS.

PAUL (PHONE)

Bonjour?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

Hey, it's me. So this weird thing happened today...

PAUL (PHONE)

Look, I'm late for a meeting. I don't have time for a big long story right now.

CHANTRY

What's that supposed to mean?

PAUL (PHONE)

Nothing. I'm sorry. My brain's on this meeting and... I really have to get going. Je love you.

CHANTRY

Je love you deux.

Paul hangs up. Chantry hangs up. Well, that sucked.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A deserted stretch of beach. Wallace and Chantry hang around a bonfire with Allan and Nicole. They all drink beer.

NICOLE

So I'm like, fuck you, bitch. Fuck you right in the mouth with a broken gin bottle. And she's like, excuse me? And I'm like, you're excused. And I just walked off. But the best part was, I really had shoplifted the jacket. She was totally right, but she didn't have the courage of her convictions. And that's how I got this jacket.

ALLAN

It's a great jacket, babe.

Chantry and Wallace nod in encouragement. But when Nicole and Allan aren't looking, Wallace bugs out his eyes at Chantry.

Nicole sucks back the last of her beer and stands up.

NICOLE

Let's go swimming!

ALLAN

Did you bring your bathing suit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

No...

Allan's face lights up.

ALLAN

Skinny-dip!

Allan hops to his feet and fake-tackles Nicole at the waist. He hoists her over his shoulder and races off to the water. She playfully pounds on his back like Jane with Tarzan.

Wallace and Chantry remain by the fire. Wallace drinks. Chantry drinks. Neither speaks.

In the distance, Nicole SHRIEKS WITH LAUGHTER.

CHANTRY

Want to go swimming?

WALLACE

Uh... sure.

EXT. BEACH/WATER'S EDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace and Chantry approach two piles of clothes by the water's edge. Nicole and Allan SPLASH in the water, naked.

WALLACE

So, uh...

Chantry unbuckles her belt. That shuts Wallace up.

She kicks off her shoes and slips off her pants. Wallace pulls off his shoes and socks. She takes off her shirt. He takes off his shirt and pulls off his pants. She unhooks her bra. She steps out of her underwear. He drops his boxers.

Wallace and Chantry stand naked over their little piles of clothes, studiously not looking at each other.

In the water, Nicole leaps onto Allan. He tips her over and dunks her. She SQUEALS as she goes underwater.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Think it'll be cold?

But Chantry's already wading in. Wallace is frozen for a moment, staring at her. Then he snaps out of it. He SPLASHES in after her.

EXT. WATER - NIGHT

The water's dark, almost black, but the moon casts silver ripples around Wallace and Chantry as they bob in place. The water sits above their chests, not quite at their shoulders.

CHANTRY

I read that when they were trying to come up with a name for Cool Whip, they brainstormed ten thousand ideas.

WALLACE

And they picked Cool Whip?

CHANTRY

Yeah. They said to try coming up with ten of your own just to see how hard it is.

Wallace bobs there, thinking about it.

WALLACE

Cool Puff.

CHANTRY

Puffy Whip.

WALLACE

Whippy Puff.

CHANTRY

Nice Whip. Cloudy Whip. Angel Whip.

WALLACE

Dream Cloud. Dreamy 'N Creamy.

CHANTRY

Sweet Dream.

WALLACE

Sir Puff-a-lot's Whippy Whipped Foam.

CHANTRY

How many's that?

WALLACE

I don't know.

CHANTRY

It's not that hard.

Chantry and Wallace stare at each other as they bob, their nakedness mostly concealed by the dark water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Chantry SHRIEKS and flails around.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)
Something touched my foot!

WALLACE
What?

CHANTRY
Underwater! It brushed my foot!

Wallace tries to look into the water, but he can't see anything down there. Chantry looks around. It's dark out. No sign of Allan and Nicole, just the bonfire in the distance.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)
I've got the creeps. Let's go back in.

Chantry starts swimming to the shore. Wallace looks around one last time.

There's a small SPLASH and the water ripples a few feet away. Wallace quickly swims after Chantry.

EXT. BEACH/WATER'S EDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace and Chantry emerge from the water. They're both naked, but they're making an effort not to look at one another. It's not easy.

Their clothes are gone.

CHANTRY
Where are our clothes?

WALLACE
I don't know. Did we come down too far?

CHANTRY
No, the fire's right there.

Chantry points to the bonfire. It's right where it should be.

WALLACE
Oh no...

CHANTRY
Yeah. They took our clothes.

They look around. Nothing but sand, logs, and water. And two naked people trying really hard not to check each other out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

We should find something to cover
ourselves with.

They look around some more. Then, Chantry stops looking. She looks up at the sky. Wallace sees this and looks up as well. The sky is packed with stars. Millions of them.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Wow.

CHANTRY

I hate how you can't see stars like this
in the city. You should be able to see
all the stars. Not just one or two.

WALLACE

Yeah, and those two always end up being
low-flying satellites.

There's a long quiet moment. They stare up at the stars.

CHANTRY

Wallace?

WALLACE

Yeah?

CHANTRY

I'll look if you look.

Wallace keeps staring up at the sky. So does Chantry.

WALLACE

Okay.

They look at one another, naked on the beach, the water lapping up just a few feet away.

It's a different kind of long quiet moment.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Chantry and Wallace approach the bonfire. Wallace has a leaf-covered tree-branch covering his groin. Chantry has one for her chest, one for her groin.

Allan and Nicole are nowhere to be seen. And neither are their clothes. The only thing left by the bonfire is a single rolled up sleeping bag.

It's a set-up and they both know it.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Chantry sits by the bonfire, sleeping bag wrapped around her. Wallace, still naked, awkwardly holding the branch, emerges from the darkness beyond the fire, out of her sight-line.

WALLACE

The car's gone.

Chantry keeps her eyes on the fire.

CHANTRY

How'd it get so cold? It wasn't cold at all before. It was, like, a warm night.

WALLACE

You keep the sleeping bag, okay? I'll figure something out...

CHANTRY

It's freezing. I can't let you spend the night cold and wet and naked on the sand like a walrus.

Wallace gives the slightest possible CHUCKLE.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

You think this is funny? You think this is some, like, hilarious prank pulled on us by our wacky pals? Well, I don't.

WALLACE

I just thought you were trying to lighten the mood in an uncomfortable situation with a mildly amusing joke involving a walrus. I'm sorry if I misunderstood the seriousness of your walrus reference.

CHANTRY

Don't be an asshole.

WALLACE

I'm not being an asshole.

CHANTRY

Yeah, you are being an asshole because you're not taking this seriously. You're treating it like a joke and it's not a fucking joke!

Chantry pulls the sleeping bag tight around herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

There's a line. A line that shouldn't be crossed. And they crossed it. They...

Allan and Nicole aren't the only ones who crossed the line.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

And acting like it's a joke is being an asshole.

WALLACE

I don't think this is a joke. And I'm not being an asshole. Allan is being an asshole. Nicole is being an asshole. And right now, you're kind of being an asshole. Me, I'm standing here with a branch. A branch that cuts down approximately zero-percent of the wind-chill factor on my dick, okay? You've got a sleeping bag. I've got a branch. How does that make me an asshole?

Chantry stares at the CRACKLING flames. Wallace stands behind her, tense.

CHANTRY

Fine.

WALLACE

Fine? What does fine mean?

CHANTRY

It means we'll share.

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace and Chantry lie inside the sleeping bag, facing away from each other, back-to-back, naked.

Wallace tries to pull up the zipper, but it sticks. He wriggles around, trying to loosen it without rubbing up against Chantry too much. Finally, the zipper gives and he gets it closed.

Wallace squirms, trying to give Chantry enough room so they aren't skin-to-skin, but the sleeping bag is too small.

The bonfire CRACKLES. Neither of them close their eyes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

It's a sunny morning, early, post-dawn light dappling the waves. The bonfire is out, just a mess of ash. Wallace and Chantry lie in the sleeping bag, Wallace on his back, Chantry curled into him, head on his chest.

Wallace blinks awake. Realizing the position they're in, he keeps still, enjoying it while he can.

Chantry stirs, nuzzles Wallace's chest, half-asleep. But as soon as she opens her eyes, she stiffens. She can't see if Wallace is awake. He doesn't move, unsure what to do or say.

CHANTRY

Wallace?

WALLACE

Yeah.

They lie there for a moment, motionless.

Chantry uncurls from her position. They lie on their backs, next to each other, squeezed tight in the sleeping bag.

CHANTRY

What do we do now?

Wallace spots their clothes, folded neatly on a nearby log.

WALLACE

They brought our clothes back.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - DAY

Allan's car is parked at the end of a dirt road.

Nicole has four cigarettes in her mouth. As Allan watches, she INHALES, the ember of each cigarette burning one after the other, in perfect sequence. Nicole EXHALES a lot of smoke, triumphant.

ALLAN

I'll never doubt you again.

Nicole nods towards the beach. Wallace and Chantry, dressed, approach them, Wallace holding the sleeping bag.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Sleep well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY
You're an asshole.

Allan wasn't expecting that. Chantry gets into the back seat of the car and sits there, quiet.

Allan looks at Wallace, curious. Wallace ignores his look, hands him the sleeping bag, gets into the car.

Allan and Nicole exchange a look, like, yikes.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - DAY

Allan drives, Nicole in the passenger seat, Wallace and Chantry in the back, each staring out their own window.

Nobody says anything.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Chantry sits with Gretchen and Tabby and mugs of coffee.

GRETCHEN
And nothing happened?

CHANTRY
I'm not going to cheat on Paul like that.

GRETCHEN
You mean other than spending a night naked in a sleeping bag with another guy.

CHANTRY
So you think it counts as cheating.

GRETCHEN
Were you lying face-to-face or butt-to-butt? Or were you spooning?

Tabby gulps her coffee and SLAMS it down, too hard.

TABBY
I'm just, like, in shock right now.
You're Chantry and Paul. You're the couple by which all couples are judged.

CHANTRY
No, we're not. We're just a couple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN

You and Paul have been together forever.
You've heard all his funny stories and
you've seen him naked a million times.
Someone new, whoever it is, you're going
to get that jolt.

TABBY

Yeah, but is it worth breaking up a five
year relationship?

GRETCHEN

You really think just because you get an
itch for someone else, you have to break
up? You don't think that's overreacting?
What if you get over it?

TABBY

But what if you don't?

GRETCHEN

But what if you do?

TABBY

But what if you don't?

Tabby looks at Chantry, directing the general question at her
specific situation.

TABBY (CONT'D)

But what if you don't?

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wallace lies in bed, unable to fall asleep.

INT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - FANTASY SEQUENCE

Wallace strides down the hall to Chantry's apartment door,
gives it a firm KNOCK. Chantry opens it almost immediately,
wearing last night's clothes.

WALLACE

Hey. Hi. Good morning.

CHANTRY

Good morning.

WALLACE

I just, uh... I thought we should talk
about what happened last night. So things
don't get, uh... why are you naked?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chantry is suddenly naked. Wallace is suddenly naked too.

CHANTRY
Why are you naked?

WALLACE
Um... I don't know.

CHANTRY
I have nipples.

WALLACE
What?

CHANTRY
Until last night, yeah, you could assume
I had nipples. But you didn't know for
sure. Now? Confirmed.

WALLACE
Okay, uh, but about last night...

CHANTRY
What do you think?

WALLACE
Well... I know it was a weird situation
and maybe neither of us handled it the...

CHANTRY
No, I mean what do you think about my
nipples? Too big? Too small? Are they
properly centred? Or a bit off, like,
one's slightly higher than the other?

WALLACE
I don't want to talk about your nipples.

CHANTRY
Fine. Let's talk pubic hair.

WALLACE
No! Chantry, I want to talk about us.
What happened last night was maybe an
uncomfortable situation, but... what?

Chantry's giving him a look.

CHANTRY
Once you've seen someone naked, you can't
just pretend you haven't seen them naked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE

I'm not trying to pretend. But I'm trying to tell you I... I mean, okay, look...

CHANTRY

What? What are you trying to tell me?

WALLACE

It's hard to know where to start.

CHANTRY

Let's start with your penis. Exactly how cold were you last night?

WALLACE

What?

CHANTRY

Look, I get it. You just got out of the ocean. The ocean's cold. I understand the concept of shrinkage. But how much shrinkage are we talking about? What percentage of what I saw represents the whole, you know, situation down there?

Chantry gestures downwards. She frowns, staring.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Is it getting smaller?

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wallace lies in bed. There's no way he's falling asleep.

EXT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING - DAY

The sun is shining. Wallace strolls up to the front door. He's nicely dressed, looking good despite a few shaving cuts.

He presses Chantry's BUZZER. The speaker CRACKLES.

GIRL'S VOICE (SPEAKER)

Hello?

WALLACE

Hey, it's Wallace.

There's an uncomfortably long pause. Finally, the door remotely unlocks with a SHARP BUZZ.

INT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

Wallace strides up to the apartment door, gives it a firm KNOCK. The door opens almost immediately.

But it's not Chantry. It's Dalia. And she's wearing nothing but a towel.

DALIA

Hi Wallace.

WALLACE

Hi.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wallace follows Dalia in. She tightens the towel around her.

DALIA

I jogged over here to feed the cat. But if I don't shower right away, my pores get all clogged up and I get a gross little zit nest on my forehead.

Dalia goes into the kitchen. Wallace looks around. It's a bit weird to be in here without Chantry. Something occurs to him.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wallace comes through the swinging door. Dalia pours herself a glass of water at the sink and sips it.

WALLACE

Why are you feeding the cat?

DALIA

Because otherwise it'll starve to death.

WALLACE

Why can't Chantry feed it?

DALIA

Because she flew to France this morning.

This hits Wallace like a punch to the throat.

WALLACE

Right, of course. France. To see Paul, I guess. Obviously.

Dalia squints at him, figuring it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALIA

You like her. You like Chantry.

WALLACE

What? No. Chantry and I are friends.

DALIA

Making you the first guy in history to
crush on a girl he's friends with.

WALLACE

You should get in the shower. You're
going to get a zit nest on your forehead.

Dalia instinctively covers her forehead with her hand.

DALIA

Don't get snotty just because you're
busted.

WALLACE

I'm not in love with your sister.

DALIA

You said love.

WALLACE

What?

DALIA

I said like. You said love.

Wallace doesn't know what to say to this and that's enough
for Dalia. She exits, letting the door swing behind her.

Wallace stands there, staring at the fridge. It's covered
with fridge-magnets. A note on fridge stands out: "PAUL IN
FRANCE" along with a PHONE NUMBER and STREET ADDRESS.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT IN FRANCE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chantry sits at the top of a staircase, asleep, head tipped
against the wall, knapsack is at her feet. The silence is
broken by STUMBLING and GIGGLING downstairs.

JULIANNE (O.S.)

Vraiment, cette dernière bouteille de vin
était une désastre...

Paul appears at the bottom of the stairs. He's helping
JULIANNE (early 30s), gorgeous and quite drunk, tottering on
high-heels. Julianne leans on him, woozy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

On est presque la...

Chantry wakes up. It takes a second to get her bearings. She sees Paul, Julianne hanging off him, climbing the stairs.

Paul's attention is on Julianne, trying to steady her for the final few stairs. He doesn't see Chantry.

CHANTRY

Paul?

Paul stops short. In his surprise, he lets go of Julianne.

She teeters there, wobbling on her high-heels, and then falls backwards. Julianne SHRIEKS as she tumbles down the stairs.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT IN FRANCE - LATER

The apartment is small and messy. Chantry and Paul stand in the kitchen area, tense. Julianne sits at the table, holding a piece of frozen meat to her head. Her high-heels are on the table, both heels broken off.

PAUL

We work together. She lives in the apartment next door. A bunch of us went for a drink after work and I was helping her home.

CHANTRY

I'm not accusing you of anything.

JULIANNE

You need not worry about his fidelity, Chantry. I am not a beautiful but morally corrupt French girl.

PAUL

Julianne, it's okay. Chantry, I just... what are you doing here?

Chantry notices the fridge is covered in French magnet-poems. This makes her smile. Several photos of Chantry and Paul are also on the fridge, snapshots from their life together.

CHANTRY

I came to surprise you. Surprise.

Julianne heaves to her feet and picks up her broken high-heels, still holding the frozen meat to her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIANNE

I go now to my apartment. Do not worry, I will place tissue paper inside my ears so as not to hear your love-making through the wall. Also, I am keeping this meat.

Julianne goes to the front door, opens it, and turns back.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow my current lover Rolf and I will take you two for dinner. Bon soir.

With that, Julianne leaves, closing the door behind her. Chantry looks at Paul expectantly. He smiles, sheepish.

PAUL

This isn't how I'd hoped to welcome you to France. I was just... startled.

CHANTRY

Are you still startled? Would you like some warm milk?

Paul takes Chantry's face in his hands and kisses her.

PAUL

Welcome to France.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wallace sits on the floor outside the half-open bathroom door, his head against the wall. Inside the bathroom, Dalia SHOWERS behind an opaque curtain.

DALIA (O.S.)

I'm not going to say anything. But I'm not helping you either. Paul's a good person, he gets along with our family, and his career's going great.

Wallace lightly THUMPS his head against the wall a few times.

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

And, look, hey, you're a funny guy. Chantry's obviously fond of you. But she loves Paul, okay? They're in love.

Wallace stands up. He walks to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

So just do what you need to do to get
over whatever you think you're feeling.
Because it's never going to happen.

Wallace walks out the front door, closing it behind him.

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

Think about it. They haven't seen each
other in months. Right now, right this
second, they're probably having the most
super-hot catch up sex of all time...

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

The bistro looks extremely French. Chantry, Paul, Julianne,
and ROLF (late 30s) sit at a table, sipping wine, awkward.

CHANTRY

I, uh, read that when they were trying to
name Cool Whip, they brainstormed ten
thousand ideas for other names.

JULIANNE

What is Cool Whip?

PAUL

It's processed whipped cream. It comes in
a spray can so it doesn't go bad.

ROLF

I have had the Cool Whip. I prefer fresh
whipped cream.

CHANTRY

They said to try and come up with ten
names of your own to see how hard it is.
Like, uh, Puffy Whip. Or... Whippy Puff.

Rolf and Julianne just stare at her, perplexed. Paul looks
uncomfortable. Embarrassed, Chantry gulps down her wine.

In the corner, an ACCORDIONIST starts PLAYING a PEPPY TUNE...

ANIMATED MONTAGE:

ANIMATED TEXT: "CHANTRY'S INCREDIBLY AWKWARD VISIT TO FRANCE"

Animated Chantry sight-sees alone in a pretty French town.
She checks out cobblestone streets, ornate churches, and art
museums. She sips a huge foamy coffee and bites into a giant
gourmet cheese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reads in a café, finishing the last page of one book, looking at her watch, then starting a new book. She stands on a bridge, looking melancholy, staring down at her equally melancholy reflection in the water.

Chantry sits at a bistro table, uncomfortable, while ANIMATED PAUL LAUGHS with ANIMATED JULIANNE and ANIMATED ROLF...

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

The Accordionist continues to play the TUNE. The animated image fades into a live-action version: Chantry uncomfortable as Paul, Julianne, and Rolf LAUGH at a private joke.

PAUL

Sorry. We should stop talking in French.

CHANTRY

No, it's fine. Your French has gotten really good. I'm impressed.

JULIANNE

You know how Paul is. When he sets his mind to something...

ROLF

Of course the classes help.

Chantry looks at Paul, curious. He shrugs, nervous.

PAUL

Well, I mean, I had to figure out how to say noon. Midi.

JULIANNE

Mon dieu, his French was so horrible when he first arrived. Had he not improved so much, we never could have offered him the full-time position...

Chantry stares at Paul, startled. Paul squirms. Julianne immediately realizes her error. Rolf smiles, clueless.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT IN FRANCE - NIGHT

Paul and Chantry stand in the cramped apartment, uneasy.

PAUL

I haven't signed anything. The offer was made, I'm considering it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY

Well obviously you're going to accept it.

PAUL

I wanted to talk to you about it first.

CHANTRY

I've been here for a week. When were you planning to bring it up?

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT IN FRANCE - LATER

Paul and Chantry lie in bed, close together but not touching.

PAUL

I love it here.

CHANTRY

I know. I want you to be happy.

PAUL

They must have animation companies here.

CHANTRY

Yeah. I can look into it.

PAUL

So... you'll consider moving?

Chantry doesn't respond. They both stare up at the ceiling.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE/ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors DING open and Wallace enters, presses the ground floor button. The doors start to close, but a hand jets out, bouncing them open. It's Lisa.

She steps in, nods to Wallace. The doors close.

Wallace and Lisa watch the numbers tick down as the elevator descends. She seems really tense.

WALLACE

Are you okay?

LISA

Crappy meeting with HR. Well, all meetings with HR are crappy. But this one was particularly crap-tastic.

Wallace nods. They stand there watching the floors drop away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA (CONT'D)

Wallace... do you like your job?

Wallace looks at her. Is she asking for an honest answer?

WALLACE

No. Do you like your job?

LISA

No.

The elevator reaches the ground floor. The doors DING open.

LISA (CONT'D)

You want to go get a drink?

Wallace regards Lisa. What's he got to lose?

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wallace and Lisa lie in bed, both naked, mostly covered up by the blanket. They each hold a scrap of paper and a pen.

LISA

Come on.

WALLACE

No.

LISA

Come on.

WALLACE

No way.

LISA

Wallace, I let you put your penis inside me. Inside me, Wallace. In my vagina.

WALLACE

I know where I put it!

LISA

I'm just saying, that's a very intimate thing to let someone do.

WALLACE

Somehow it doesn't seem that intimate right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

I'm still your boss. The fact that you know what my vagina looks like doesn't make me any less your boss. Now do it.

Wallace looks at the paper. He scribbles down something. Lisa writes on hers. Wallace looks unhappy about this whole thing. They exchange scraps of paper. Lisa looks at hers and smiles.

LISA (CONT'D)

Nine. That's so sweet.

Wallace looks at his paper. He frowns.

WALLACE

Six.

He looks up at Lisa. She smiles, encouraging.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Out of ten? That's just one up from fail!

LISA

Fail is four. Five's a pass. Six is good.

Lisa curls over and kisses him on the cheek. He squirms away.

LISA (CONT'D)

I've got very high standards. I can give you some tips to get you up to an eight.

Wallace lies back. Lisa scoots in next to him. Wallace is kind of annoyed, but this obviously feels pretty good.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm just giving you a hard time. You're not a six.

WALLACE

It's okay.

LISA

You're at least a six-point-five.

Wallace gives her a look, but when she turns over and presses into him, he spoons her. Lisa smiles. Wallace wants to just let go, enjoy the moment. But he can't.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lisa, fully dressed, sits on the edge of the bed. She nudges Wallace awake. The clock reads: 5:18AM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA
What's her name?

WALLACE
What?

LISA
I've been flirting with you on and off for months. And you've been remarkably resistant. So I figured you're either gay, not interested or into someone else. Based on last night, we can scratch gay and not interested. Which means you've been hung up on some other girl.

WALLACE
You want to talk about this right now?

LISA
I have to change and be at work by nine. And the chances of you getting morning sex before I do that are based entirely on how you answer my next few questions.

Wallace sits up. He considers Lisa's request.

WALLACE
Her name was Chantry.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT IN FRANCE - NIGHT

Chantry sits on the couch, phone to her ear, book on her lap.

PAUL (PHONE)
It's just the deadline was set months ago and the client needs the material.

CHANTRY
It's fine. I'm reading.

PAUL (PHONE)
I'll only be a few more hours. I know this café that's open late. Je love you.

CHANTRY
Je love you deux.

Chantry hangs up. She heads to the kitchen. She stares at the fridge door. The French magnet-poems. The photos of her and Paul. She opens the fridge, takes out a bottle of juice.

When she closes the fridge, the photos have all changed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Instead of photos of her and Paul, they're now of her and Wallace. The locations are identical, but Wallace replaces Paul in every shot, even wearing the same clothes and standing in the same positions.

Totally weirded out, Chantry opens and closes the fridge door again. The photos return to normal, now showing Paul again.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT IN FRANCE - NIGHT

Chantry sits at the table, pen in hand. She stares down at a list with two headings: PARIS and VANCOUVER.

Under PARIS, she's written: PAUL, EXPLORE EUROPE, LEARN FRENCH, NEW EXPERIENCES.

Under VANCOUVER, she's written: MY JOB, MY FRIENDS, MY FAMILY, MY HOME, MY LIFE.

She stares at the list. There's something else she wants to add. She puts the pen down. She picks the pen back up.

Under VANCOUVER, she writes: WALLACE.

She stares at the list. Now what?

She CRUMPLES up the list.

She stares up at the ceiling. There's a crack in the paint. It runs all the way to the wall, then down the wall, tracing a crooked path to the floor. Weird.

There's a CLICK and the front door opens. Paul stands in the doorway, holding a bouquet of flowers.

PAUL

Julianne's covering for me. She says I've abandoned you on foreign soil and if I don't take you out for a romantic dinner, I'm fired. Something about it being an insult to the French people.

Chantry smiles, troubled, but happy to see him.

INT. WALLACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Wallace wanders through the cubicle grid. He notices a MALE CO-WORKER shoving personal items in a box. He enters his cubicle and finds Lisa sitting in his chair, waiting for him.

LISA

How you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE
Good. You?

LISA
Good.

WALLACE
Good.

LISA
See, not awkward at all.

Lisa peers around. It's not really private here.

LISA (CONT'D)
Can I see you in my office for a sec?

INT. LISA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace sits across from Lisa. She looks tense.

WALLACE
Did something just happen with Kevin?

LISA
Yeah, he's been let go.

WALLACE
You fired Kevin?

LISA
I don't fire people. I'm the lucky gal
that passes on the message from upstairs.

WALLACE
That sucks.

Wallace and Lisa look at each other for a moment.

LISA
So, now that you've seen me naked, is it
hard to accept me as your supervisor?

WALLACE
Uh, no, of course not.

LISA
So you consider any private matter
between us to have no bearing on our
professional relationship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Right.

LISA

I get you're the kind of boy that needs to get clubbed over the head. I like the clubbing. But I don't like wasting my time. So. Am I wasting my time?

Wallace doesn't know what to say. But that's enough.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh.

WALLACE

Lisa, you're beautiful and smart and funny in a kind of weird but cool way...

LISA

Yeah, I really don't need to be dumped by someone I'm not even dating.

WALLACE

Okay.

LISA

Thanks for the honesty. I appreciate it.

Wallace nods.

LISA (CONT'D)

Also, you're fired.

WALLACE

What?

LISA

The company's letting two people go today. HR gave me three names. Kevin, Sondra, and you. I get to keep one. I'm choosing Sondra.

WALLACE

You don't even like Sondra!

LISA

I don't like you anymore either.

WALLACE

I don't think this is legal.

Lisa slides a folder across the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LISA

Your HR file. A full record of every time you were late, every extra-long lunch, all non-work-related calls, all non-work-related emails.

WALLACE

I'm so glad I tried to let you down easy.

LISA

Me too. You're basically a sweet guy. Here's your severance cheque.

Lisa hands him an envelope. Wallace is shell-shocked.

WALLACE

Did you know about this last night?

LISA

I figured it was my last chance to see if things could happen between us before it got blemished by all this work stuff.

WALLACE

I can't believe you did that.

LISA

Well, I can't believe you chose a girl who's out of the country with her long-term boyfriend over me. I guess we've both got to learn to live with disbelief.

EXT. WALLACE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Wallace steps out of his gray, depressing office building, holding a cardboard box full of his cubicle stuff. Stunned, miserable, he looks around, unsure which way to go. His aimless gaze falls on something across the street.

What he sees freezes him in place.

He still looks stunned, but slowly he stops looking miserable. He actually starts to look kind of determined.

A splatter of bird poop DROPS onto his shoulder.

Wallace doesn't even flinch, his attention completely drawn to whatever he's staring at.

A few feet away, a CUSTOMER at a hot dog stand shakes the mustard bottle too hard. A plume of yellow sauce arcs through the air, LANDING on Wallace's shirt. Wallace doesn't notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A DOG patters up, raises its leg, and PEES on Wallace's shoe.

A LITTLE KID comes up and KICKS Wallace in the shin.

An old, hunched-over ORGAN GRINDER wheels his cart past. His scrawny little MONKEY SCREECHES, hurling a handful of poop at Wallace, SPRAYING it across his shirt.

A bus ZOOMS past, sending a puddle of filthy water SPLASHING all over him.

A peal of THUNDER CRACKS and rain POURS down, soaking Wallace to the skin. Everyone nearby runs for cover.

But Wallace just stares across the street, unfazed. He drops the box, ignoring the sound of GLASS BREAKING inside.

He steps over the box, off the sidewalk, onto the street. Cars HONK and SLAM on their brakes to avoid him as he walks right through traffic. The rain pours down.

Wallace crosses to the opposite sidewalk and stops, standing in front of the store he's been staring at.

It's a TRAVEL AGENT'S OFFICE.

In the window is a big, bright sign. It's what caught his attention. The sign reads: "PARIS FRANCE FROM \$999.99".

Wallace pulls out his damp severance envelope, opens it. Inside is a cheque. The cheque is made out for \$999.99.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT IN FRANCE - NIGHT

Chantry is logged onto on Paul's laptop. She's got an email message open, addressed to: "championbeefcake@gmail.com". She stares at the screen, unsure what to type.

Her cell BEEPS. It's a TEXT MESSAGE from Gretchen.

Chantry checks it. The text reads: "OMG! JOSH JUST QUIT!"

Her cell BEEPS again. A TEXT MESSAGE from Tabby: "GOSSIP ALERT - JOSH & HOLLY WERE DOING IT! JOSH WIFE FOUND OUT & FORCNG JSH 2 QUIT! EVERYBDY HEARD HIM SCREAMING @ HOLLY! CANT BELIEVE U R MISSING THIS!!!!!"

Chantry sits back, processing this. Her cell BEEPS yet again.

This time, it's a TEXT from Holly: "URGENT - CALL ME ASAP".

Chantry stares at the text.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She dials Holly's number.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY - DAY

Wallace runs down the hall, heading for his gate, dodging dawdling TRAVELLERS and packs of FLIGHT ATTENDANTS in matching uniforms and rolling suitcases.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Wallace CLICKS in his seat-belt, sinks into his chair. Around him, PASSENGERS settle in.

Wallace closes his eyes, proud of himself.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN - FANTASY SEQUENCE

A film projector starts with a RHYTHMIC WHIR, lighting up an immense screen with a shimmering skyline of PARIS, FRANCE.

Wallace stands in front of the illuminated screen, looking directly at the camera.

WALLACE

Chantry, these are the things I love.
Charlie Chaplin movies. Everything by
Kurt Vonnegut and Preston Sturges and Ray
Lichtenstein. Catch-22, the book not the
movie obviously. Frank Gehry's Guggenheim
Museum in Bilbao. The Pixies. The jean
jacket I bought at a thrift store in
Brooklyn that still fits perfectly. The
Vancouver Canucks' gloriously doomed 1994
Stanley Cup run against the New York
Rangers. Monkeys of all kinds. Lemon
gelato. Turkey dinner with garlic mashed
potatoes and cranberry sauce. Walking in
new cities. Skiing on fresh powder.
Skinny-dipping in the ocean on a hot
summer night.

Wallace stares at the camera, intent.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

And you.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Wallace is jostled awake as other Passengers get up, gathering their carry-ons. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT is at the front entrance, smiling as everyone files out.

Wallace's face is plastered with a smile.

EXT. PARISIAN STREET - DAY

That smile is still on Wallace's face as he marches along a cobblestone street and right up to a building with the SAME ADDRESS as the note on Chantry's fridge: Paul's apartment.

Wallace doesn't even hesitate as he RINGS the buzzer.

He looks around, waiting. It's an extremely Parisian-looking street. Stone buildings, bright trim, jaunty awnings.

The front door opens. It's Paul.

Paul and Wallace regard one another. Paul knows exactly why Wallace is here. This definitely wasn't part of the plan.

PAUL

She's gone.

WALLACE

Uh... is she coming back?

Paul PUNCHES Wallace right in the face.

Wallace reels back, trips over the curb, and falls into the gutter, his head SLAPPING against the cobblestones, hard...

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS. SILENCE.

And then MURMURING, in FRENCH. A cell RINGS. LIGHT and COLOUR and STREET NOISE erupt.

EXT. PARISIAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Wallace lies in the gutter, staring up at the sky. Several FRENCH PEOPLE hover over him. Among them is Julianne.

Wallace's cell is RINGING. He doesn't bother answering it. After another RING, it stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When they see he's more or less okay, the French People shuffle off down the street. Julianne is the last to leave. She gives Wallace a sympathetic smile.

His cell BEEPS. He has a message. Wallace takes out the cell, presses the MESSAGE button, puts it to his ear.

CHANTRY (MESSAGE)

Wallace, it's Chantry. I'm back from, um, France. I was in France. Hope you've been... good. Are you free for lunch tomorrow? Like noon? There's something big I want to tell you. Okay, um... bye.

There's a BEEP as the message ends.

Wallace looks at his watch. Thinks for a moment. Still lying in the gutter, he dials Chantry's number, listens as it RINGS, tense.

WALLACE

Please go to voice-mail, please go to voice-mail, please go to voice-mail...

Relief washes over his face. Voice-mail.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hey, welcome back! Got your message, lunch sounds grand! I'm thinking Slickety Jim's? See you at noon!

Wallace ends the call. Now he just has to get home by noon.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Wallace sits in his seat, buckled up, mid-flight. The PASSENGERS on either side of him are asleep. But Wallace is wide-awake, staring into nothing.

TIME LAPSE:

As he sits there, motionless, a black-eye blooms on Wallace's impassive face, right where Paul punched him.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - FANTASY SEQUENCE

Chantry, speaking direct to camera, friendly but intense.

CHANTRY

There's something big I want to tell you. Paul asked me to marry him. I'm pregnant and it's Paul's.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant and it's yours. You
masturbated and shook my hand and then I
masturbated and got pregnant.

INT. AIRPORT/CUSTOMS - DAY

Wallace waits in a long line of PASSENGERS waiting to pass
through customs. He looks at his watch: 11:07AM.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - FANTASY SEQUENCE

Chantry, direct to camera.

CHANTRY

Paul cheated on me. I cheated on Paul.
With a Frenchman. A cheese-eating
mustachioed Frenchman. I'm breaking up
with Paul. I'm in love with someone else.
It's you, Wallace. I'm in love with you.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Wallace's knee taps, beyond stressed, as the taxi IDLES in
heavy traffic. The CABBIE is nodding off. The time: 11:57AM.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - FANTASY SEQUENCE

Chantry, direct to camera.

CHANTRY

Paul told me what you did. That's so
romantic. That's so pathetic. I'm sorry,
but we can't be friends anymore. This is
pity in my eyes and sadness in yours.

Her VOICE sounds TINNY, as if playing on voice-mail.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Are you free for lunch tomorrow? Like
noon? There's something big I want to
tell you. Okay, um... bye.

There's a loud BEEP.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wallace runs down the street, as fast as he can, weaving past
PEDESTRIANS, dodging BICYCLISTS, DELIVERYMEN, OLD PEOPLE. He
jumps over a SMALL DOG, not even breaking stride.

He checks his watch: 12:09PM. He runs faster.

INT. DINER - DAY

Through the front window, Wallace can be seen skidding to a stop, GASPING for BREATH.

He steadies himself and casually saunters through the front door. His hair is plastered to his head with sweat and he's got a nasty black-eye.

Chantry sits at a table with a mug of coffee. She smiles when she sees Wallace approaching, stands to greet him. It looks like she's coming in for a hug, until she sees his black-eye.

CHANTRY

Oh my god, what happened?

Wallace realizes Paul didn't tell her about the punch.

WALLACE

Uh... ninja attack.

CHANTRY

I hate those fucking ninjas.

WALLACE

Me too.

The moment for hugs seems to have passed. They sit down.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

So, how was, uh, France?

CHANTRY

Good. They have delicious cheeses there.

Wallace nods. Chantry nods. This is going so well.

The WAITER (mid-20s) comes up with a coffee-pot.

WAITER

Coffee?

WALLACE

Yeah, thanks.

The Waiter pours him a coffee, tops up Chantry's, and moves on to the next table.

CHANTRY

So I totally want to hear what actually happened to your eye, but I'm just, like, dying to tell you my news. Is that rude?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

No, no, that's why I'm, you know... here.

CHANTRY

I got a huge promotion at work. Project manager. Higher salary, benefits, stock options, and way more creative control.

WALLACE

Hey, that's great. Congratulations.

CHANTRY

But the thing is... the job's in Taiwan.

WALLACE

Taiwan?

CHANTRY

That's where the main animation's done. There's been some major problems over there, so I'll need to be on-site.

WALLACE

How long would you be gone for?

CHANTRY

The contract's for a year. But if it goes well, it could get extended. But I might go travelling after. Or I might do both.

Wallace stares down at his coffee, slowly adding milk and sugar as if it's a complex operation.

WALLACE

What about Paul?

CHANTRY

Well, he might come and visit me. Or he might join me when I travel. If I travel. Or he might stay on in France as long as he can. He really loves what he's doing right now. It's a really loose plan. Neither of us is too too sure. About anything, I guess.

Chantry tries to make eye contact with Wallace, trying to gauge his reaction, but he's engrossed in his coffee.

WALLACE

How soon are you leaving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHANTRY

Well, someone just quit so I start pretty
much right away. The first of the month.

Wallace looks up at Chantry. Somehow he finds the strength to
spit out a joke.

WALLACE

Last Thursday?

CHANTRY

No, next month.

Wallace and Chantry look at each other, neither too sure what
else to say.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

So, um, what happened your eye?

WALLACE

Just a stupid misunderstanding.

Chantry waits for more detail. Wallace stares at his coffee,
wheels turning, coming up with a reasonable lie.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wallace lies on his bed, listening to MUSIC, LOUD, BLASTING
from his stereo, letting himself get good and depressed.

The MUSIC abruptly CUTS OUT. Wallace sits up...

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT - ANIMATED

As Wallace sits up, the live-action image snaps into an
animated version of his apartment.

Robot holds the stereo's electrical plug in its hand. Wallace
looks around, confused by his now-animated apartment. He
stares at his animated hands, curious, waving them around.

WALLACE

I've never had a dream like this before.

ROBOT

That's fascinating. I've got a question
for you.

WALLACE

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBOT
Are you history's biggest pussy?

WALLACE
What? No...

ROBOT
But you're just going to let her go to
Taiwan without ever saying anything?

WALLACE
What am I supposed to say? Don't go?
Break up with Paul? I'm in love with you?

ROBOT
All of the above.

Wallace thinks about this, but shakes his head, no.

WALLACE
I just want to leave things on good
terms. As friends.

ROBOT
You don't think you'll regret it?

Wallace is about to respond, but hesitates. Of course he'll
regret it. But he's sticking by his decision.

WALLACE
Who are you?

ROBOT
I'm just a simple robot sick and tired of
human folly. I can't wait until we rule
this stupid planet from the comfort of
outer-space.

Robot BLASTS off, rocket-boots propelling it through the
ceiling of Wallace's apartment with a jarring CRASH.

INT. WALLACE'S APARTMENT/CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SPLIT-SCREEN: Wallace lies in his bed. Chantry lies in hers.

Simultaneously, they both wake up. They stare up at their
respective ceilings.

In unison, they get up out of their beds and walk to their
kitchens. They pour themselves a glass of water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both lean in close to their windows, staring up at the night sky. All they can see are two measly little stars. And they're obviously just satellites.

Wallace is on one side of the split-screen, Chantry on the other, so their faces would be nearly touching if they weren't actually so far apart.

INT. CHANTRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry sit back to back on the hardwood floor in what was Chantry's living room. The apartment is now empty.

CHANTRY

It looks so much bigger in here now.

WALLACE

Yo!

Wallace's voice ECHOES in the empty apartment.

CHANTRY

Po!

WALLACE

Po?

Chantry CLAPS. It ECHOES.

CHANTRY

One, two, three...

They both CLAP and YELL together.

WALLACE & CHANTRY

Po!

A comfortable silence.

CHANTRY

I guess we should go.

WALLACE

Yeah.

They don't move.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wallace stands up. He holds out both hands and Chantry takes them, letting Wallace help her to her feet. They stand there, looking at each other, still holding hands.

CHANTRY

That's the biggest film cliché ever.

WALLACE

What?

CHANTRY

"Let's get out of here". Eighty-four percent of all movies have that line. And I think seventeen percent have it twice.

Wallace really likes the feel of Chantry's hands in his. She really likes the feel of his as well.

WALLACE & CHANTRY

Let's get out of here.

INT. CHANTRY'S BUILDING/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wallace waits as Chantry closes the door. She locks the door and drops her keys into the mail-slot.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Another crowded house-party. MUSIC BLARES. GUESTS CHATTER, many recognizable from the previous party. But the decor has changed dramatically since Nicole moved in.

Nicole and Allan greet people at the door together, hugs and kisses all around, shoes kicked onto the pile.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wallace and Chantry stand in front of the fridge. It's still covered in word-magnets, but they've all been rearranged.

WALLACE

Quit Sweating, Young Man, My Cheese
Dinner Gets Cold. I remember some of
these words.

CHANTRY

Yeah, like in this one. The Laughing Lion
Parks His Hurricane Stand For The Winter.

Wallace opens the fridge and takes out two more beers. He cracks a one open for each of them. They CLINK them together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Lot of people here to say goodbye to you.

CHANTRY

Yeah.

A quiet moment. Chantry's stomach GURGLES. They both LAUGH.

They each search the fridge for another poem.

WALLACE

Please Strangle Your Broken Flower
Underneath A Special Chocolate Tree.

CHANTRY

A Dance of Fixed Stillness and Secluded
Sweetness.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Chantry CHATS with Gretchen and Tabby. Wallace enters from the kitchen, carrying two fresh beers. As he approaches Chantry, Wallace stops, watching her with her friends.

Nicole steps up next to him, gives him a sympathetic look. Wallace shrugs, hands her the second beer. Nicole's about to take a sip when Allan swoops in and grabs it out of her hand.

ALLAN

Dude, why don't you just pour gasoline
directly into her vagina!

WALLACE

What?

Nicole glares at Allan. Allan glares back. Wallace gives them both a look, confused.

Then he gets it. He stares at Nicole's tummy. On close inspection, there's a noticeable bump.

NICOLE

It's supposed to be a secret, but loose-
lips here knocked me up.

WALLACE

I... wow, guys, congratulations...

Wallace gives Nicole a hug. He turns to hug Allan, but Allan stops him, looking around, furtive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLAN

Don't make a big deal about it. Nobody else knows. You're the very first person we've told. So now you can't be mad at us anymore about the sleeping bag incident.

Allan smirks, obviously delighted to be sharing his big news. Shaking his head, Wallace CLINKS beers with Allan.

WALLACE

I can't wait to meet this kid...

Standing with Chantry, Gretchen and Tabby eye Wallace.

GRETCHEN

So that's Mantry. I'd go skinny-dipping with him.

TABBY

Totally.

Chantry gives them a furrowed look.

TABBY (CONT'D)

Kidding.

GRETCHEN

I'm not.

TABBY

Me neither.

Gretchen and Tabby CLINK their beers together.

CHANTRY

I'm going to miss you bitches too.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - LATER

MONTAGE: PARTY-GUESTS talk, drink, talk, drink. Everybody wants a moment with Chantry. She hugs a lot of people. Chantry and Wallace are always in the same room. They don't really talk, but they stay in each other's orbit.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - LATER

Chantry and Wallace lean against the counter, each holding a beer. Chantry looks through the doorway to the living room. It's empty out there.

CHANTRY

Last ones again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE
What about Allan and Nicole?

CHANTRY
Went to bed.

Wallace and Chantry sip their beers.

WALLACE
Ever wonder what would happen if you met
one of your friends for the first time
later in life?

CHANTRY
You mean, like, if you and I met for the
first time tonight?

WALLACE
Yeah.

Wallace and Chantry think about this. Chantry turns to him,
holds out her hand. Wallace gives her a squint.

CHANTRY
Hi. I'm Chantry.

WALLACE
Wallace. Nice to meet you.

He shakes her hand. They stand there, unsure what to say.

CHANTRY
Want to play a game?

WALLACE
Sure.

CHANTRY
It's called truth or dare.

WALLACE
I know this game.

CHANTRY
So pick one.

WALLACE
Truth.

CHANTRY
Okay. Me too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They each wait for the other to speak.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Now you've got to say something true.

WALLACE

There's no business like show business.

CHANTRY

No. Something true about yourself.

Wallace and Chantry hold eye contact.

WALLACE

My parents got divorced when I was eight. He had an affair, and she had an affair, and the custody stuff got so acrimonious I had to go live with my grandparents for six months.

CHANTRY

My mom died when I was in high-school. I guess I don't talk about it much. She had breast cancer.

They stare at one another, processing these revelations.

WALLACE

I got fired. I slept with my boss and she fired me the next day. But I don't actually care because my job sucked.

CHANTRY

I'm pretty sure my boyfriend and I are breaking up. We haven't said the words, but I know we both know.

WALLACE

Paul punched me in the face. That's how I got the black-eye.

It takes Chantry a second, but she gets what he's saying.

CHANTRY

Sometimes life feels so complicated I just want to run away. Somewhere far.

WALLACE

Somewhere like Taiwan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHANTRY

Somewhere like Taiwan. But lately
nothing's going how I planned it.

WALLACE

Lately it feels like every decision I
actually make is the wrong one.

CHANTRY

You could try doing the opposite of what
you think you should do.

WALLACE

You could try throwing all your plans out
the goddamn window.

A quiet smile eases across Chantry's face, diffusing a bit of
the tension as she finally looks away.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

This is a really hard game.

CHANTRY

Do you need a break?

WALLACE

I don't know what I need.

CHANTRY

I know what you need.

Chantry reaches under the kitchen table, grabs her backpack,
unzips it. She takes out a foil-wrapped bundle.

CHANTRY (CONT'D)

Say dare.

WALLACE

Dare.

She puts the bundle in Wallace's hands. He looks down at it.
He unwraps the foil. It's shiny from the grease.

It's an enormous greasy sandwich.

CHANTRY

It's Fool's Gold.

WALLACE

Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHANTRY

Bacon, peanut butter, and jam. I even coated the loaf in butter. I was going to make you a full-sized one, but I thought it might kill you.

WALLACE

Did you make one for yourself too?

CHANTRY

No.

WALLACE

Then you have to have half.

Wallace tears the sandwich in two. Goopy sandwich innards drip on his hands. He gives her half.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I can't believe you did this.

He holds it up to share a toast.

CHANTRY

Cheers.

WALLACE

Cheers. Thank you, Chantry. This is the most... fattening thing anyone's ever done for me.

They tap their sandwich halves together. They look at each other for a moment.

They kiss.

It's a friendly kiss. But they don't break apart.

They keep kissing.

It's not just friendly anymore.

Finally they separate.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Truth.

CHANTRY

Okay.

Wallace stares at her. She stares back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WALLACE

Um, okay, see, the thing is...

CHANTRY

Yeah. Me too.

They both bite into their sandwich halves. They chew the greasy mess. They take another bite. And another.

They finish their halves. They look at each other.

FADE OUT.