

GOING THE DISTANCE

by
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FADE IN

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT

GARRETT (mid-20s) - good-looking, self-assured, probably a little more confident than he has an excuse to be - sits with his pretty GIRLFRIEND in front of a Christmas tree. Garrett looks less than enthused while she's at the same time giddy as hell.

She hands him a gift, which he unwraps, trying to look jazzed. It's Lakers tickets.

GARRETT

Hey, Lakers tickets. Nice!

GIRLFRIEND

I know, right? They're playing the Celtics! There are three, so I thought you and I could go with my mom when she's in town in a few weeks.

Fuck you, no.

GARRETT

Wow, THAT sounds great.

It doesn't sound great, and Garrett can't hand her her gift fast enough. It's a small box. She begins unwrapping excitedly. Garrett keeps a weird smile on his face. She finally gets it open...to reveal a tiny, shitty, plastic American flag - the kind they hand out for free at parades.

GIRLFRIEND

What's this? Is this a clue?

GARRETT

No, it's a metaphor. Megan, you don't want to be with someone like me. I'm self-absorbed. I'm hypocritical. I'm not that good in bed.

GIRLFRIEND

Yes you are!

GARRETT

I appreciate that, but this will be easier if we pretend I'm not. I think we gave it a nice four months and I had a really good time, but let's be honest. There's no future here.

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You think we're going to grow closer, but we're just going to learn different ways to hate each other more. So for Christmas, I'd like you to have your freedom.

Off her stunned look:

INT. ERIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

ERIN - spunky, adorable, has no idea how nerdy-hot she is - is on the phone, crying.

ERIN

I know, Mom, but look at me!
It's Christmas, like three people I know are in town, Brandon's marrying some stewardess...oh, fucking whatever, flight attendant...it's miserable! I don't want to be here anymore...yes, I think I made a brilliant decision to move home. I just don't want to be here for another three goddamned months. What? Oh, let the turkey burn, I'm experiencing the sadness!
(a few beats as she listens)
OK. OK. Yes, I'll talk to you tomorrow.
(bitterly sarcastic)
Oh, yeah, Merry Christmas!

She snaps her phone shut, then looks at her door, where her too-chipper ROOMMATE is standing.

ROOMMATE

Wow, you look like a Muppet when you cry.
(that didn't help)
Oh yeah, we're going out tonight.

Off Erin, who doesn't say no:

FADE OUT

OVER BLACK

GARRETT (PRELAP)

I hope your children get cancer and develop more tumors than white blood cells.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Garrett sits with DAN - slight, bearded, nervous *all* the time, exists in his own universe, should have a criminal record but doesn't - and BOX, a giant of a kid who's mowing down a basket of fries. Self-aware asshole. Overly philosophical. When he talks, for the most part, he doesn't even look at the other two. Dan is trying to pretend that he's not on the verge of tears.

DAN

Why are you always so hard on me?

GARRETT

Am I wrong? I'm not wrong. And you're so wrong that your kids deserve years of stunting pain.

DAN

Dude, come on.

GARRETT

How does it feel to know you're so abjectly stupid?

DAN

Well I don't know what "abjectly" means, but I'm pretty sure that's just your...

GARRETT

Go fuck yourself.

DAN

Hey.

GARRETT

Get AIDS. Get rampant, lesiony AIDS and die in agony.

DAN

What's with the diseases and cursing them on me?

GARRETT

I'll take it all back. Just agree that breaking up was the right decision, you troglodyte.

DAN

STOP USING WORDS I'VE NEVER HEARD BEFORE! I CANNOT DEFEND MYSELF IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU'RE SAYING!

Dan sits back, exasperated. Box continues to wolf fries. After a few beats:

BOX

(mouth half-full)

You broke up with her on Christmas day. While exchanging gifts. After she'd just given you Lakers tickets. What's so wrong with this girl?

GARRETT

She doesn't like dogs, she doesn't like porn, and she smelled like feet. The tickets were a great gesture, except the third was for her mother. That's like being given a happy childhood and then being told you were adopted.

BOX

Fine, but YOU broke up with HER, and you're sitting here being a miserable bastard.

GARRETT

Oh am I?

DAN

God, you're miserable. You're such a miserablist.

GARRETT

(to Dan)

Not even remotely a word, Webster.

(to Box)

Megan has nothing to do with this, so let's stick to shit that's relevant.

DAN

How about you stick to shit?

GARRETT

What?

DAN

I'll stick you to shit.

GARRETT

What?

BOX

I can handle this if you need me to.

DAN

Thank you yes I'd like that.

BOX

I'm not trying to pry into your business, man, but I don't get it. You've been an angry dickface all night and, I'll point out again, YOU broke up with HER.

GARRETT

So?

Dan leans forward.

DAN

Quitter.

GARRETT

So help me God I am going to elbow you straight in the larynx.

Dan looks to Box. Sotto:

DAN

What part of my body is that on?

Box pats him on the shoulder and he sits back, still boiling.

BOX

My point is that the person who does the break-up is usually the one who cares less. Then there's you, who's ended a totally insignificant part of his life only to go out to a bar and sulk.

DAN

Aw, poor little Garrett, his mommy and daddy split up and he starts to doubt true love.

GARRETT

That doesn't make any sense whatsoever.

DAN

(leaning in)

I wish you had a family.

BOX

What?

DAN

Garrett's parents. They got divorced last year.

BOX

Who gets divorced in their fifties?

DAN

People whose hearts die. Like
Garrett's parents.

BOX

That's some cold, cold shit. Ah
well, two Christmases. But you
can't hate love and relationships
in general because of that.

GARRETT

I don't.

BOX

You only dated her for four
months.

GARRETT

I'm fine.

BOX

She was the fifth girl you dated
this year.

DAN

All failures.

GARRETT

PLEASE shut the fuck up, Dan.

DAN

Swearing at me isn't going to get
your parents back together.

BOX

It just doesn't make sense to me.
This girl was a non-issue. It's
something else.

Garrett stares for a minute, then puts down his beer, leans
his head back, and closes his eyes. Then he looks back,
serious. Or seriouser, anyway.

GARRETT

What if I told you that I've
become convinced that I can't be
happy in a relationship?

BOX

I'd say that you're twenty-five
years old and your fake misery is
annoying. Cheer the fuck up and
be glad you have a job and
working genitalia.

DAN

Like your mom works the genitalia. Of everyone who isn't your dad.

GARRETT

Dan, look, I'm sorry, I don't want to fight anymore.

DAN

OK, I'm sorry. I love you too.

GARRETT

I didn't say that I loved you.

DAN

Fair enough.

(what?)

Wait, you don't love me?

BOX

Where's this coming from all of a sudden?

GARRETT

I don't know, man. I'm not even sure if I want to be in a thing with somebody, but I keep falling into a thing and then falling out of a thing at the first sign of trouble and then I'm thinking about the next thing and how bad I'm going to blow it, but that's dumb because I end up getting rid of them before I blow it...

BOX

You sound like a 35 year-old woman with twenty cats and a hunchback. Not all relationships have to end in painful break-ups.

GARRETT

Are you parents divorced?

BOX

No. They love each other very much.

DAN

I could get mine divorced in ten minutes if I wanted to. Mom doesn't know it, but Dad once made some very bad mistakes in a public park. In Norway.

BOX

Still...your parents getting divorced and you deciding to hate relationships...come on, you gotta see that it doesn't make any sense.

GARRETT

I didn't say I made any sense, Box. It's just the way it is. I know there's something wrong with me. At the same time, though, am I a douche just because I'm waiting to be really excited about someone? Isn't that the point?

BOX

You can't find an exciting girl in Los Angeles, you're fucking Helen Keller-level worthless. There's a whole subculture of girls on Craigslist who want to be used as sexual slaves. Most of them don't even want you to ask their name.

GARRETT

That's not what I'm talking about. I don't know if I can be satisfied with someone who doesn't think and act exactly like me, but a womanly me with a vagina who really doesn't look like me.

BOX

Then just be single for a while.

GARRETT

No. That makes too much sense. It's too logical. Really, I probably should take your advice, but you know I'm not going to.

Garrett chugs the rest of his beer and stands.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I'm gonna play a round of Centipede and get another pitcher. I expect you both to help me drink it, and later I hope at least one of you gets diarrhea and has to vomit at the same time.

Both Garrett and Box look at Dan, who's been smoking a cigarette through each of his nostrils.

Garrett reaches over, grabs them and snuffs them out in a mostly-empty pint glass.

BOX

Do I need to remind you that you
can't smoke in here?

Dan, dazed, stares blankly at him.

DAN

My eyes nose and throat hurt.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Erin, robotic, playing oldschool CENTIPEDE. She's alternately totally zoned into the game, smashing the rollerball, and chugging the hell out of her beer. Her Roommate stands next to her, looking worried.

ROOMMATE

You're going to be a barrel of
monkeys tonight, huh?

ERIN

I want to get fucked up and
become a video game legend. Go
away.

She does. Rubbing his eyes, Garrett walks up. He digs in his pocket, finds a couple of quarters and rounds to the front only to find Erin playing. This should probably be a good thing, but we can tell from Garrett's face that he's not happy. He leans his head in over the screen.

GARRETT

Um...are you almost done?

The machine makes the distinct sound of failure, meaning Erin has clearly died. This makes her not happy and she angrily wheels the rollerball.

ERIN

What the fuck? Who the fuck leans
their head in over someone else's
game?

(looking at her score)

You IDIOT, I was ten thousand
points away from the high score.

GARRETT

Yeah, OK.

Garrett looks in at the screen. It's true - her score is just about 10,000 below that of ERL, and many many thousands above the next-highest score of GAK.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

No way. There's no way you got that close to Earl. I've never gotten that close to Earl.

Back on the screen as she signs her name: ERL. This takes Garrett a few seconds to process.

ERIN

Do you know how goddamn long I've been trying to beat myself? Jesus Christ, have you no concept of etiquette? I'M REALLY MAD AT YOU!

She grabs her pint off the top of the machine and makes a move to leave.

GARRETT

You're Earl. You're the dragon.

ERIN

I'm a what?

GARRETT

I've been chasing Earl for two and a half-years. I just...I thought Earl was an...you know, an Earl.

She points to her chest.

ERIN

Erin Annette Rankin Langford. No one really calls me Earl.

Garrett's just sort of gawking at her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Now you're creeping me out. Can you stop looking at me like I'm a hamsteak and get the hell out of my way? I have to squeeze a quarter out of someone in a town full of debit cards.

GARRETT

I'm sorry, it's just...I've never seen a girl play this machine before, much less be good at it, and I...

(catching his breath)

...I would like you to have one of my quarters.

He's smiling, and Erin allows herself a laugh.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Seriously, I'm sorry, if I had known about the record-setting pace you were on I never would have stuck my fat head in the way.

ERIN

Are you going to the bar? You can buy me a drink and I'll forget all about the infraction.

GARRETT

That easy?

ERIN

I'm poor. Gifts outweigh the fact that you're an assumptive prick with bad timing.

Smiling, Garrett takes her empty glass and heads for the bar. He bellies up and signals for a new pitcher. And then, gradually, this smile begins to fade.

By the time the pitcher shows up he's more or less frowning. He absently pays for the beer, grabs two new glasses and walks back to Erin.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Thanks. What's your name, flyboy?

GARRETT

Uh...Garrett.

She notices his mood swing. It's hard not to.

ERIN

Wow, fuck, "flyboy"? Did I really just say that?
(that's not it)
Sorry, did you die at the bar?

GARRETT

No, I uh...I think I should get back to my friends. I actually think you're really cool but I've been in a bad mood and I think I'd rather continue this under better circumstances.

ERIN

Better circumstances?

GARRETT

You know, when conditions are more favorable.

ERIN

More favorable? We're drunk playing Centipede at a bar on Christmas. What could be more favorable than that?

GARRETT

I've never said this to a willing, hot, brilliant girl before...but it's just not the right night. I wish I could explain better, but that's all I've got. So...I'm going to head back to my friends now.

She softens the sarcastic edge a bit.

ERIN

It's cool. I'm sure I'll see you around.

He looks like he's going to say something, but instead offers an awkward wave and walks off. Good one, Garrett.

He gets back to the table to find it empty. Except for a note scrawled on a semi-wet napkin pinned under an empty glass. Garrett picks up the note, which reads:

FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, WE'VE LEFT YOU WITH THE HOT GIRL. PLEASE DON'T FUCK IT UP. - BOX

Underneath that is scrawled...

YOU FAMILYLESS LOSER - DAN

...with a picture of a stick figure with an enormous penis.

MOMENTS LATER

Erin is at the bar talking to some FRIENDS as Garrett walks up and taps her on the shoulder.

GARRETT

I've been abandoned.

Garrett produces the napkin and the drawing, showing her. Her friends scoff. Erin seems amused.

ERIN

Your one friend has missed his calling as a proctologist.

GARRETT

Yeah, we're all a little scared for him.

(beat)

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

So...why are you getting
shitfaced and playing thirty year-
old video games in a dive bar on
Christmas?

She takes a rip of her beer and looks him dead in the eye.

ERIN

I've recently lost my ability to
deal with my own freedom
and...this is just how nerds
vent. I'm lonely and I've lost
all semblance of hope for myself
so I'm moving back to Chicago in
three months to live with my
sister and start teaching middle
school Social Studies. That was
probably more than you asked for.

Ouch. Garrett's reluctant, but he smiles nonetheless. A
few mildly tense beats...and then Garrett decides just to
let it all out.

GARRETT

This morning I broke up with a
girl who was crazy about me but I
couldn't have cared less about.
I'm just not a very good
boyfriend. I'm stubborn, I'm
inconsiderate, and I'm generally
just looking out for myself. I've
dated five girls this year, none
of whom I've liked, and I'm
rapidly becoming convinced that
relationships are little more
than temporary restraining orders
against happiness.

(a few beats while he
collects himself)

Wow, I have no idea why I just
told you all that.

ERIN

Yoy.

(takes a breath - her
turn)

I hate my life here so much that
I'm running back to Illinois even
though I never really tried to
figure LA out. My last boyfriend
got engaged a month after we
broke up. It made me feel like
his fluffer. I have every
annoying girl habit, especially
my inability to ever make a
meaningful decision, and I tend
to attract guys who couldn't get
a job with a traveling carnival.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I feel like life would be easier if I had it like my sister. She's boring and ignorant, but she married the first guy she fell in love with and is annoyingly happy.

(changing gears)

My turn: why aren't YOU with YOUR family?

GARRETT

Oh, my family's a little complicated.

Garrett falls into his own little world.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. GARRETT'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

A pretty, typical East Coast joint with a really, really, really green lawn.

GARRETT (V.O.)

I was home for a visit last year when shit just blew sky-high with my parents. Out of nowhere.

The front door flies open and GARRETT'S DAD comes barrelling out, golf clubs on shoulder and dragging a suitcase that looks like it was packed by a blind, handless midget. Garrett comes shooting out after him.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Hey! Does somebody want to explain to me what the fuck's going on?

Garrett's Dad stops, turns around.

GARRETT'S DAD

Gare, I love your mother. I really do. But if I don't get out of here right this second and for good, I promise you I will shank the cunt.

And he's off. Garrett, not sure of what to do, just stands there for a second, then turns around. His MOM is standing in the doorway, shaking a bit. Clearly she's heard everything.

BACK TO BAR

ERIN

Oh Christ.

GARRETT

Right. And that wasn't even the worst part.

BACK TO FLASHBACK

Garrett walks up to his mother, shaking his head, words not forming.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Mom, I...I...

His mother, seemingly about to cry, just looks on. Then, just as we expect a tear to roll down her cheek, she raises her hand.

GARRETT'S MOM

Hey.

(indicating her hand)

Up high.

She wants a high five. And how she's smiling ear to ear. When Garrett doesn't respond, she smacks his hand on hers. She exhales, exhilarated. Garrett is fucking terrified.

GARRETT'S MOM (CONT'D)

It's been a long time coming.
Your father is seeing a teller
from his bank.

Garrett nearly falls over. He looks to his mother, stricken.

GARRETT'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh, don't feel bad for me. I met
a black guy. Hope you're ready,
because this year we celebrate
Kwanzaa.

She pats him on the shoulder and walks back into the house. Halfway down the hall, she stops and looks back at Garrett, who may or may not be having an aneurysm.

GARRETT'S MOM (CONT'D)

I was kidding about the Kwanzaa
thing. Can you mow the lawn for
me?

She disappears into the kitchen.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO BAR

GARRETT

So...there's that.

Erin is trying to take all of this in.

ERIN
Right. That's there.

Beat. Beat.

ERIN (CONT'D)
So...your mom upgraded, huh?

GARRETT
That was unnecessary.

ERIN
I'm just saying...your mom is a size queen. Good on her.

GARRETT
Wow.
(beat)
I like you.

ERIN
I like YOU.

GARRETT
You know what I also like? The weed.

Off her giggle.

INT. OUTSIDE GARRETT'S BEDROOM - LATER

All the lights in the apartment are off, but there's a slit of illumination under Garrett's door.

ERIN (O.S.)
Get the fuck out - you're a Travis fan?

GARRETT (O.S.)
You just now noticed the poster?

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - SAME

They're sitting on his bed, smoking a joint.

ERIN
Well...this shit is strong.

GARRETT
Saw them for the first time in two-thousand in DC. They played with Oasis.

ERIN

No shit! I saw that same tour back home. They're great. That's the curse of LA, though - everyone knows every band. And they all get overplayed on the radio. For all the supposed creativity here, this town is almost original in its unoriginality.

GARRETT

This is important: what's your favorite movie?

ERIN

Why is that important?

GARRETT

Because I work in the film industry and that means I'm a cliched halfling of a real person. Originally I'm unoriginal, and just answer the question please.

ERIN

(sarcastic)

Ohhhhhh, I work in the film industry. I hang out at Area and do stepped-on coke.

(does finger guns)

Finger guns, finger guns.

GARRETT

I'm a low-level executive assistant who reads such high-concept projects as AIR BUD NINE. Guess what? He's in the NBA now and testing the waters of Free Agency. Kill me.

She smiles.

ERIN

Shawshank. My favorite movie is Shawshank.

Garrett stands up. Man, is he stoned.

GARRETT

(quoting SHAWSHANK, bad Morgan Freeman impersonation)

I hope I can make it across the border. I hope to see my friend, and shake his hand.

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I hope the Pacific is as blue as it has been in my dreams. I hope.

ERIN

Zihuatanejo.

Garrett sits down. She just blew his mind. And then, sheepish:

GARRETT

Shawshank is just ahead of Top Gun. I feel like I need to come clean about that.

ERIN

Admit to me right now that you like the volleyball scene. Admit it.

GARRETT

Happily. Do you know how confusing that was to me as a kid? I can't hear "Playing with the Boys" without feeling the urge to oil myself up and exercise in jeans.

ERIN

God, I knew it. You're so fucking gay.

GARRETT

Yeah, that's me.

ERIN

Seriously, you've got that vibe. I could tell it when you looked at me for the first time tonight. It was like, "Man, I hope that girl playing Centipede has hot guy friends."

GARRETT

Oh yeah?

ERIN

Totally. Your mouth said, "Please have my quarters," but your heart was clearly saying, "Please pretty girl, please have a gigantic man-cock."

GARRETT

I will admit that I crave gigantic cock, but I'm not gay. I'm the only one with that dilemma.

ERIN

Is that why you haven't made a
move yet?

Garrett considers this for a second, and then he just goes
for it. They're making out. It's getting hotter and
heavier, and then, from through the wall, the sounds of
TAKE MY BREATH AWAY from the sex scene in TOP GUN blares.

Garrett, startled, stops. He yells at the wall:

GARRETT

Dan?

From through the wall:

DAN (O.S.)

Are you guys intercouraging now?
All that Top Gun talk made me
long to hear this.

Garrett and Erin separate.

GARRETT

Dan, FUCK!

ERIN

Has he been listening this whole
time?

GARRETT

Yes. But he's never actually
affirmed that out loud before.
Through the wall.

ERIN

This has happened before? You LET
him listen?

GARRETT

I don't LET him, but how can I
stop him? Believe it or not he
has noble intentions.

Another knock.

DAN (O.S.)

Can I get an answer here? You
know I can't pass out until
you're at least an inch deep.

GARRETT

(to Erin)
Sorry.

ERIN

It's OK. Actually I don't even
think I care.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
I was just pretending so you
wouldn't think I was slutty.

GARRETT
(to the wall)
Dan? Have you actually been
listening the whole time?

DAN (O.S.)
What? No.
(beat)
Maybe.
(a few more beats)
Get busy living, or get busy
dying.
(a few more beats)
OK, Goodnight.

A few soft pats on the wall and Dan, presumably, goes to
bed. The light goes out and we hear kissing. Then, in the
black:

GARRETT
Chicago?

ERIN
Yeah.

GARRETT
Three months?

ERIN
Yeah.

EXT. GROVE FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

It's the next morning. Garrett and Erin sit at a table,
both of them pushing their food around in front of them.
They're half hungover and half awkward. Then, Garrett just
decides he should say something.

GARRETT
I feel like this should be more
than a one-night stand.

ERIN
Really?

GARRETT
Yes, and I say that knowing how
completely stupid it would be to
continue this, considering you're
moving and I'm a heartless
jackass.

Erin thinks.

ERIN

I don't want to not see you again. Actually, I think I want to see a lot of you.

GARRETT

I don't know anyone like you. You're unique and you have really awesome boobs.

ERIN

I don't even care that you're conceited and self-absorbed because I know they're both facades.

GARRETT

Please don't tell anyone that.

ERIN

I won't.

GARRETT

I'm really glad we had this talk.

ERIN

Me too. I just wish we would have had it at your place rather than getting up and going to breakfast, because there's a good chance I'm going to throw up.

They both go back to their food, now smiling.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

Garrett, Box and Dan sit in the crowd at a Lakers game surrounded by hot blondes and rich assholes with their families. Garrett is the only one we can see wearing a Celtics jersey. Box looks confused. Dan keeps taking nips out of a flask, looking around like a crack addict.

PA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

THREE POINTER BY PIERCE.

Garrett stands, clapping.

GARRETT

That's how you do it, Paul!

He sits back down, Box now with a quizzical look on his face.

BOX

What do you mean she's moving to Chicago?

GARRETT

I mean she's packing up all her shit, taking it out of her apartment, going to a different apartment in Chicago, putting her shit there, and staying in residence for an extended period of time.

BOX

Why?

GARRETT

I don't know, she said something about moving in with her sister and finding a teaching job. Middle school Social Studies.

The crowd cheers for a Lakers basket.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(yelling towards court)
Defense, fellas, defense!
(to Box)
So it works out well.

BOX

How's that?

GARRETT

It's like a practice relationship for me. She's cool, she's hot, she likes all the things I like. And then at some point it HAS to end, so I can look at the whole thing until then as like a learning experience. She's like a Pre-Season Girlfriend. To get me ready for the real thing. Whenever that is.

BOX

That doesn't sound that good.

GARRETT

Why not? Of course it does. Don't try to kill my buzz because you're fat.

On the court, another basket for the Celts.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(yelling towards court)
YOU SHOW THOSE PRICKS, KEVIN!

In the row in from of him, a GUY turns around. He's with his WIFE and KID (about 6 or so).

GUY

You mind watching the language,
buddy? I'm trying to enjoy the
game with my kid here.

Dan moves at the guy like a raptor, right in his face.

DAN

And your wife, don't forget your
wife. Don't act like she's
invisible.

Garrett stiff-arms him back.

GARRETT

Jesus, relax.

Dan sits back, takes another swig from his flask.

DAN

(to self, sotto)
So many fucking children.

BOX

I'm just saying...wouldn't you
rather that she stay?

GARRETT

What? No. Why?

BOX

Well all the reasons you
mentioned, plus she put up with
Dan knocking on the wall after
she chose to sleep with you on
the first night you met, and in
the last two weeks I've never
seen you giggle more. Faggot.

Garrett takes this in as the crowd cheers again. Laker
basket.

GARRETT

LET'S FUCKING GUARD SOMEONE!

The guy in front of him gets pissed off again.

GUY

Hey pal, what'd I just say to
you?

Dan rips his head in again.

DAN

Why can't he swear? What do you
think this is, a fucking hippie
circle jerk? Huh? Who brings
their kid to a circle jerk?

Once again, Garrett stiff arms Dan out of the way. Then, to Box:

GARRETT
What's your point?

BOX
Isn't it obvious? How can you be happy that the only girl you've been stoked about in like two years is moving out of town? How the hell does that make any sense?

THAT hits home. Garrett looks up as a Lakers player flatly rejects a Celtics player headed for the hoop.

GARRETT
(yelling to field)
HOW THE FUCK DO YOU GET YOUR
FUCKING SHIT ROCKED LIKE THAT,
YOU TALL DUMB MOTHERFUCKER?

The guy stands up, in Garrett's face now.

GUY
HEY! I'm not going to tell you
again!

And Dan comes to the rescue.

DAN
No, you're not going to tell him
again! You can't tell him again
because you never told him the
first time! You're not the boss
of him! There is no telling!
(a beat as he refuels
from the flask)
I will find you in the parking
lot and embarrass you in front of
your child. And then I will take
your wife. I mean that.

The guy sits down. Garrett and Dan sit down. Garrett's just kind of staring blankly.

GARRETT
(to Box)
But...she's a practice
girlfriend.

BOX
Did you ever call any of the
other girls you dated your
girlfriend? Practice or not?

The look on his face tells us that no, he hasn't.

GARRETT
Son of a bitch.

On Garrett, horrible realization on his face, as something happens on the court and the crowd roars. The Guy in front of Garrett stands, making an especially big exhibition of cheering for the Lakers, showing off for his kid.

GUY
Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Way to go, LA!

Garrett leans over to Box.

GARRETT
Give me your program and your pen. Now.

Box does. Garrett rips a page out of it and begins scrawling frantically on it. Then he folds it up and taps the Kid on the shoulder. The Kid turns around. He leans in and hands him the paper.

KID
What?

GARRETT
You know your alphabet?

KID
Kinda.

GARRETT
This is all those bad words I was saying earlier. I spelled them out for you. Study them and then say them all at the same time when your parents have a bunch of people over.

He leans back. The kid opens up the paper, eyes going wide.

KID
Yesssssssss.

Garrett stands up and walks off.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Erin's at a vomitous, trendy LA place with her HOT FRIENDS, all drinking wine and laughing.

FRIEND #1
You're totally getting played.

ERIN
I am not!

FRIEND #2

She's right. No guy can be serious about a girl he knows is moving.

ERIN

I really think it's not like that.

FRIEND #1

Did you sleep with him? Are you still sleeping with him? It's like that.

ERIN

It isn't. And even if it was, the sex is amazing, so I don't care.

FRIEND #1

It can't be that good.

From behind them:

GARRETT (O.S.)

No seriously, she's not lying. I'm really awesome.

The girls turn around to see Garrett there, smiling. He's not offended.

FRIEND #1

Oh God, I'm sorry.

Garrett sits at the table.

GARRETT

Don't be. If I were you guys I'd probably be just as wary. Luckily, I'm the greatest person who's ever lived.

He looks at Erin, smitten.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Hi.

ERIN

Hi.

They kiss each other. It's embarrassingly heartfelt. He turns to her friends.

GARRETT

True story. This evening my friends pointed out to me that I'm a jerk, I'm bad with girls and there are a litany of reasons this should fail. They're probably right. But you know what? I don't care. I'm going down swinging.

Oooooooh, smooth. The girls are almost won over. Then, to Erin:

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I brought you something.

He produces a small bottle of sand, like the ones you can buy in any souvenir shop. Erin takes it and looks at the label - written in Sharpie is "Zihuatanejo". She's stunned.

ERIN

Zihuatanejo? Really?

GARRETT

No. Venice Beach. But I thought it was a sweet move.

She looks at him for a second, and then they start kissing again, no regard for anyone else at the table. One Friend leans over to another

FRIEND #2

Please stop them before I have to start touching myself.

INT. GARRETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Garrett sits there, reading a script and jotting down random notes in the margins, when his boss WILL, a typical movie exec-type, comes out of his office with three more scripts. He holds them up so Garrett notices, then sets them on his desk.

WILL

When you're done with that one, here are three more.

GARRETT

Why even bother? You don't read my notes and no one ever listens to a single one of my ideas.

WILL

Um...I don't know. What sounds better, that you're paying your dues or building a strong creative portfolio?

GARRETT

I've been an assistant for three years. All I want is for someone to just ACT like I have a chance of getting promoted before I'm fifty. I'm going to die on the phone with a shitty producer trying to talk me into the next big Avril Levigne project. That idea horrifies me, Will.

His mood is brightened as we hear an IM pop up on his computer. Erin? Likely.

WILL

That the girl?

GARRETT

Yessir.

WILL

She still moving?

GARRETT

She is.

WILL

Circle of life. There are exactly two types of girls in this world: Girl A won't fuck you, and Girl B won't be fucking you much longer. Approach each day knowing that and you'll be much happier.

He walks back into his office, leaving Garrett to ponder.

BEGIN MONTAGE SEQUENCE

--Garrett and Erin ride beach cruisers down the beach in Santa Monica. They're laughing. It's so fucking gay.

--Garrett in his office, clearly overwhelmed with work and trying to talk on the phone while Will barks something at him, looks at his phone as it vibrates and reads "ERIN". In the middle of it all he picks it up, reads the text, and smiles. When he looks up Will is glaring at him. He continues to glare. And glare.

--In a bar, they've both got margaritas that are too big for them. But they're chugging. Garrett's winning, and he tips Erin's glass up so she has to drink faster. She does.

--They're fucking. Really hard. It's animal. While she rides him, Garrett is slapping her boobs around. That should be annoying, but she doesn't seem to care. So he keeps slapping, amused.

ERIN
(out of breath)
Get it out while you can. Six
more weeks.

GARRETT
(excited)
They barely move!

--Garrett, at work, making copies, chewing on his collar, reading a script. He's intermittently writing feverish notes in the margins.

--Box and Dan hitting balls at the driving range, noticeably annoyed that Garrett is once again texting and giggling. After a particularly awful shot, Dan walks over, slaps the Blackberry out of Garrett's hand, and slaps him in the face. Then he calmly walks back and starts hitting balls again. Garrett tries to pick up the Blackberry and Box smashes it with a driver.

--Garrett in a meeting with a bunch of arguing EXECs. He tries to cut in and eventually succeeds at saying something. The HEAD EXEC just points to the door. Garrett leaves the room.

--The couple go at it again, this time a little slower, with a little more feeling. In between kissing:

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Are you sure you have to go?

ERIN
(hesitant)
Yeah.

GARRETT
Good. I'm getting sick of you.

She smiles. More kissing.

--Erin packs up stuff in her apartment. The only thing she's left unpacked, it seems, is a picture of her and Garrett that sits on top of her TV.

--Garrett at his desk at work, still reading scripts. It's dark, and the clock reads 8:15. He gets a call from Erin and wants to answer, but he refuses the call and keeps reading.

--Erin comes out of the bathroom with a girly beauty mask on. Garrett's laying in his bed, reading a script, but he looks up when she kicks him.

She points to her face and to the cannister she's holding, clearly wanting him to put one on as well. He shakes his head no. No. No.

--Five minutes later, Garrett staring into his bathroom mirror, a white beauty mask caked on his face. Erin's beaming.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I look like a gay Al Jolson.

He puts out jazz hands and shakes his head. She laughs, hugging him from behind.

--At the movies, Garrett holds Erin's hand. We can't see the screen but it must be wrenching (for a girl) because Erin is holding her breath, trying not to cry. Garrett finally notices.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(whispering)
What are you doing?

She shakes her head no.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Are you choking?

No again. He looks at the screen, then back at her.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Are you holding your breath so
you don't cry?

She shakes no vigorously, almost crying.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Yes you are!

She breaks.

ERIN
(harsh whisper, sucking
wind)
Itfuckingworksifyoudon'tstopmeyou
dick.

Garrett can't help but laugh at her expense.

--After the movies, he's still laughing a little, trying to reassure her. She's pushing him away, pissed, but eventually he wrangles her and she gives in to a hug. She cries there for a minute and he holds her, and soon they're not even aware of the hundreds of people milling about around them.

--They're doing it again, but this time it's mostly soft and smooth lovemaking.

Suddenly they seem to become self-conscious of their melodramatic passion and laugh a little. Garrett dismounts and rolls over. Erin hugs into him. He stares at the ceiling, she stares at the wall. After a few seconds:

GARRETT
You sure you have to leave?

ERIN
I think so.
(beat, beat)
Yeah.

Garrett looks at the clock.

GARRETT
You have nine hours to
reconsider.

She starts tearing up.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I hate tomorrow.

She snuggles in harder, both of them without anything good to say.

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE

INT. GARRETT'S CAR - DAY

Garrett is driving, Erin is in the passenger seat, both looking beyond fucking miserable. They won't even glance at each other. Then, all of a sudden, Erin sees something out the window.

ERIN
Pull over. Pull over right now.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The two bumble around the crowded, sort of chintzy shop, Garrett a little more curious than Erin, who's on a mission.

GARRETT
I don't need anything.

ERIN
Fuck you, you get a going away
present.

GARRETT
You're going away, not me.

ERIN

Shut UP and let me look, jerkoff.

GARRETT

Wow, you're nice today. What am I getting, a coal-filled stocking made of pain?

ERIN

Just...don't ruin this for me. This is special.

GARRETT

So special that we waited until we were on the way to the airport so you could stop in a pawn shop that's probably going to give me tuberculosis?

She shoots him a look. He shoots her one back. They're both on edge.

She keeps looking, eventually stumbling over to a display case with a bunch of trinkets. One of those trinkets is a little crystal bear with a red bow wrapped around its neck. She regards it longingly. Garrett notices.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

The bear?

ERIN

Yeah.

GARRETT

Great. I can look at the pretty prisms while I'm getting plowed by a drag queen.

ERIN

(seems to ignore him)
My mom used to have one just like it. My dad got it for her the last Christmas he was at home. It was the only thing he gave her that year.

GARRETT

So he's a spender.

ERIN

(distracted)
They shut off the electricity the next day. He'd been laid off for a month.

GARRETT

And prudent.

ERIN

Mom still has this on her nightstand. She's never moved it. Other guys got her nicer stuff, and she still likes that the best.

GARRETT

The flame still burns.

She whips around at him.

ERIN

This isn't fucking funny. He never came back.

GARRETT

Erin, that was like...fifteen years ago. C'mon! My parents got divorced last year! You wanna talk about hanging on? It's pointless.

ERIN

You think you have the market cornered on bad memories? You think you know it all because you can ball someone up and throw them away? Fuck you.

She goes to storm out.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I'm going home.

He looks after her suddenly realizing he's been a complete dick. But he doesn't seem to get it:

GARRETT

We don't have time to go back to your apartment.

Without turning around, on her way out the door:

ERIN

I was talking about Chicago.

And she's gone, the door clanging behind her. Garrett gives it a second, lets it sink in. Then, from behind the counter:

SHOP OWNER

Good thing for you we're out of coal.

Isn't that truth; Garrett skulks out the door, defeated.

EXT. LAX - DAY

Garrett's car pulls up to the curb, and Erin's out before he even comes to a complete stop. She's pulling on the trunk before he even releases it, angry and already sort of holding her breath. Eventually, Garrett walks up to her.

GARRETT

C'mon, give me a break. This sucks for me too.

ERIN

Oh, so that means you get to judge me? I don't get to be sad about things? It's OK that this is over because relationships just end? Well some don't!

(breath holding for a second)

You know my fucking boyfriend in college told me he loved me for the first time the night before he went out and OD'd on drugs? At least he TOLD me before he had the courtesy to go and DIE! THAT'S how you END things!

She rips her last bag from the trunk, slamming it down, just avoiding Garrett's fingers.

GARRETT

Jesus...I'm sorry. God, he really died?

ERIN

NO, but he fucked my roommate and I really, really wanted him to!

She goes storming for the automatic doors.

GARRETT

Erin, don't go like this.

She turns around.

ERIN

Why? You're just like all the other boyfriends, Garrett. And the end of the day, you're not important either. If you were, I might have stayed.

It's a total fucking lie, but she's going to cling to it. Garrett watches her go, gets in his car. Slams the door. He sits there and stewes for a second, maybe about to rage, and then he jumps out and starts running for the door.

An angry black AIRPORT ATTENDANT stops him.

ATTENDANT
Where you goin' sir? Can't leave
your car at the curb.

GARRETT
I...

ATTENDANT
Can't. Leave your car. At the
curb.

Garrett rubs his eyes, looks up.

GARRETT
That girl in there...

ATTENDANT
Aw shit, you chasin' a girl?

GARRETT
Yes.

ATTENDANT
For real?

GARRETT
Uh huh.

ATTENDANT
She got a ass on her?

GARRETT
Like the wind.

ATTENDANT
The hell does that mean?

GARRETT
I have no idea.

The Attendant smiles wide at him.

ATTENDANT
Go on now.

Garrett slaps him on the back and runs in.

INT. LAX - SAME

Garrett whirls around, looking for Erin, and he finally spots her standing near the entry to the security line, TSA AGENTS ready to take her ticket.

GARRETT
ERIN!

She stops. He runs up to the end of the line, but people are giving him looks, so he stops. So does she. But she doesn't turn around. The Agents start looking at her funny.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

OK, look, I know I said all the wrong things, and Holy Christ, I'm stopping you in an airport security line, which is the worst cliché of this decade since I can't chase you to the gate anymore. I'm sorry. But you called me your boyfriend, and even if I'm worthless, I gotta hang on to that. It's been a long time since the title of "boyfriend" gave me goosebumps instead of dry heaves.

People let him move up closer to her now.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Um...I've just run out of all the things I thought I was going to say.

She doesn't turn around. He looks at the Agents.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Is she holding her breath and trying not to cry?

They nod at him, a little scared.

Garrett walks up to her, spins her around, and hugs her. Tight.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I love you. I'm sorry I'm an idiot.

ERIN

(through sobs, letting it go)

I love you too. I'm sorry I'm so much more emotionally mature than you.

GARRETT

This shouldn't end. Fuck the miles. Just because you're getting on a plane and flying away doesn't mean you have to leave me.

They just stand there, hugging tightly.

EXT. LAX - MINUTES LATER

Garrett walks out, head held high, not a care in the world. And then he notices that his car is gone. Flabbergasted, he tracks down the Attendant.

GARRETT
Where's my car?

ATTENDANT
Oh that? They towed that shit.

GARRETT
Why? You said you wouldn't tow me!

ATTENDANT
Hell I did, I said, "Go on now."
Didn't say nothin' 'bout no car.

Not a whole lot Garrett can say, so he just starts laughing and hails a cab. He gets in, at peace with the universe. As the cab drives off he sticks his head out the window and looks back at the Attendant.

GARRETT
Have fun dating my mom.

The Attendant watches him go, no clue what he's talking about.

SUPER: FIVE WEEKS LATER

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Erin sits at a table with two pointedly Midwestern couples, CORINNE and PHIL (married) and RON and KAREN (engaged), and a single guy, DAMON. Everyone is kind of doing their own thing but they're all more or less paying attention to Erin, who's giggling and chatting, we presume, with Garrett via cell phone.

While Corinne and Karen keep looking at each other like, "This is so cute," Ron and Phil exchange annoyed and bemused looks. Damon just finds the whole thing entertaining.

ERIN
(into phone)
No, I don't need to know that...oh God...what? What?
SHUT UP! SHUT UP YOU ARE NOT SERIOUS!
(to table)
You guys, you guys! Garrett got tickets to the Killers for when he's here next weekend!
(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

(back to phone)

Oh God baby, you're amazing, I love you...

Phil and Ron exchange a look, pissed and trying to hide it. Corinne and Karen look at them, pissed, not trying to hide it.

KAREN

You said those tickets were sold out three months ago.

RON

Well they effing were! Except, apparently, for...this guy.

PHIL

I refreshed Ticketmaster for a goddamn hour trying to get those tickets. A whole goddamn hour!

RON

Can you just get things because you live in LA? It doesn't work like that, right? I mean...he's an effing wizard or something, right?

CORINNE

He's not a magician, he just CARES enough to go the extra mile for her. That's what happens at the beginning of a relationship. You care about one another enough to try harder.

Pointed look at Phil. He could not be less happy.

KAREN

(to Ron)

Is that how it's going to be? The second we get married I can't get tickets to anything anymore because you're lazy?

RON

Holy crap, really? Really? Did I or did I not clean out the entire effing garage last week when your mother visited? I guess that doesn't effing count. I guess I'm nothing unless I can produce your favorite band every time you sneeze.

KAREN

This is about tickets, not sneezing.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

And they're not even my favorite band, but I'm glad you care enough to know that.

Damon just laughs as Ron's about to say something when they all hear Erin finishing up her phone conversation.

ERIN

(into phone)

OK, baby. I know, I miss you so much. I love you too. 'Night.

(to everyone)

I'm so sorry guys, it's just with the time difference and our work schedules the only time we get to talk is like nine o'clock at the earliest.

Everyone has officially changed demeanors.

PHIL

Oh, that's great though that you guys get to talk. Because you make an effort to do so. And that you feel so comfortable that you don't even have to leave the table.

ERIN

I know, right? God, this is so weird for me. You know today my kids all made him "Welcome to Chicago" cards because I talk about him so much?

Ron is about at his breaking point.

RON

Your thirteen year-olds made cards? Middle schoolers? Really? That's effing retarded.

CORINNE

That is so sweet!

Corinne and Karen vocally swoon. Phil tries. Ron scowls. Damon continues to be tickled by this.

DAMON

It's not often you'll hear from other female teachers in the lounge that the new girl is off limits because her boyfriend is the greatest guy on the planet.

ERIN

Really? They all said that?

DAMON

According to popular legend, he has a nine-pound cock and cured Sudden Infant Death Syndrome last Tuesday. Which sucks, because I was TOTALLY working on that one.

Damon garners some looks from the rest of the table. Apparently they're not used to his level of humor. Erin thinks he's funny, though.

PHIL

Um, so...how'd he end up getting those tickets, then?

ERIN

Oh, his boss knows their tour manager.

KAREN

I was just going to say that it's nice that Garrett knows how to take advantage of a situation like that. Ron's boss keeps offering us a week at his timeshare in Orlando, but Ron doesn't like Florida.

That's it for Ron.

RON

Oh what the eff, Karen? What the eff? It's at friggin' Disney, for cripes sake. I'm thirty years old. What the hell do I want with a Disney vacation?

KAREN

(half whispering to table)

He's still upset that his parents never took him there as a kid.

RON

KAREN!

Before Ron's head actually explodes, Erin's phone rings and she answers.

ERIN

Hello? Oh hi Benji...really? Really? Oh my God...no, I'll be home in just a few minutes. Thanks!

She hangs up and beams at the table.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Garrett sent me flowers, they're
at the front desk with Benji. I
gotta go, OK?

Phil, Corinne and Karen wave goodbye, Corinne and Karen
leeching off of Erin's glow, as Ron slams what's left of
his beer. Damon gets up with her.

DAMON
I'll walk you out, I gotta jet
too.

They exit and Phil buries his head in his hands.

EXT. RESTAURANT - SAME

Erin and Damon stop on the sidewalk.

DAMON
I'm going this way, you live up
that way, right?

ERIN
Yeah, thanks for walking me out.

DAMON
You know...pretty soon your
sister is going to start putting
pressure on you. To marry and
stuff. Because, according to my
mom, you're twenty-five now and
that means your uterus is almost
a coffin.

Erin laughs.

DAMON (CONT'D)
But don't let it get to you. I
had an LDR a couple of years ago.
It can work if you don't try to
make it into more than what it
can be, know what I mean?

Erin considers this. As excited as she is, it's clear she
already has some doubts. She waves politely and walks off.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Garrett, Dan and Box are all at their table again. Garrett
is finishing up a text message, giddy. Dan looks on,
furious.

DAN
This fucking shit has got to
stop.

Garrett finishes and looks up.

GARRETT

What?

DAN

The texting. The phone calls.
The flowers. The emails. The
porn emails. And the smiling.
I'm literally so sick of the
smiling that I want to kill a
puppy. In fact, a litter of
puppies.

Behind them, a table of girls reacts unfavorably. One of the girls, wearing a PETA shirt, breaks her glass in her hand.

GARRETT

You literally don't know the
meaning of the word 'literally'.

Dan glares at him, then reaches for the bag sitting next to him in the booth, extracting a small dictionary. He begins flipping through it.

BOX

What's this?

GARRETT

That's his newest portable, a
dictionary.

Not looking up:

DAN

Give me three more weeks and I'm
going to be Fuck-You smart.

BOX

He's got a point though. This
thing has kind of taken over your
life.

GARRETT

Hey, a couple of months ago you
were the one sitting right across
from me saying that the way I
approached relationships was all
wrong, and now I'm in a good one
and I'm feeling healthy about it
and you're telling me that's a
bad thing?

Box thinks for a second.

BOX

Pretty much.

GARRETT

Come on.

BOX

I'm just saying...you suck right now. At least if she was here you'd be hanging out, even if she was tagging along to everything.

GARRETT

I hang out.

BOX

Dude, this is the first time you've been out in two weeks.

GARRETT

Do you know how much work I have to do on a daily basis? Do I EVER get out of work before eight PM on any given day?

DAN

Can someone fucking tell me how to spell 'literally'?!?

Box mocks Garrett.

BOX

Oh, work work work. Stop being fucking faggy. If you cut your phone call/Internet chat time down by even an hour a night you could do more work and get out of the house once in a while.

GARRETT

I think I use my time pretty wisely.

FLASHBACK

To Garrett's room. He's on the phone with Erin, giggling.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

What's your favorite cereal...Crispix? Who the fuck are you? Crispix...obviously Count Chocula...well because I fucking enjoyed my childhood...

He looks over at the clock. It's 8:30PM.

LATER

He looks back over. It's 11:30PM. He doesn't care.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Baby? Can we switch to G-chat?
I got a cramp.

LATER

He's typing away at his computer. It's 1:00AM. He's still unfazed.

LATER

It's 3:00AM. He's on the phone AND the computer at the same time, watching the 'Baby Panda Sneeze' video.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ha! He sneezed and he woke her up, that's so cute!

LATER

Garrett stresses over iTunes. He's creating a CD called No Matter the Miles Mixtape. There are a bunch of sappy, cheesy 80s ballads in the queue.

ANOTHER DAY

Garrett asleep on his desk at work. Will walks by and dumps a box of screenplay brackets on his head. Garrett wakes with a start.

Across the hall, a super-cute fellow assistant, BRIANNA, laughs at him. He smiles and tries to play it off.

END FLASHBACK

GARRETT (CONT'D)

In fact I would go so far as to say that I'm productive.

DAN

You're a troll. It's like her vagina has possessed you. We have thin walls, you know. I hear you masturbate at least twice a night.

(serious)

And really, you should give yourself like twenty minutes in between jacks, because I read that you can chafe your penis canal.

GARRETT

Can't you douches just be happy for me for like three minutes? I have a girlfriend.

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I'm going to be overly occupied for the immediate future. It's the way things work.

BOX

Fine, except she's not a real girlfriend.

GARRETT

What's that supposed to mean?

BOX

Aw come on, you think this charade you're trying to pull off has even a hint of legitimacy? You think you're not going to burn out? You think you're NOT going to cheat on her? She's NOT going to cheat on you? Do you live in this world or do you just frolic every day with My Little Ponies?

GARRETT

I think you're a pessimist. I think this is going to be fine for a while. It's good. It works.

BOX

I'm not a pessimist, I'm a realist. Are you moving to Chicago?

GARRETT

No.

BOX

She moving back here?

GARRETT

I doubt it.

BOX

Then, really, what's so good about it?

And there it is. Garrett shows some resolve, but he's got some worries as well.

INT. ERIN, CORINNE AND PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

All three of the apartment's inhabitants are getting ready for work, difficult because it's a small two-person place with a tiny kitchen and one bathroom.

It's a struggle. Eventually, Phil grabs his stuff, kissing Corinne on the cheek, offers Erin an awkward high-five, and walks out the door. The second he's gone, Erin spins on Corinne.

ERIN

This is NOT working.

CORINNE

Oh, stop being a baby.

ERIN

Why couldn't you just tell me, Cor? It's so easy. You just open your mouth and tell your little sister that your apartment is too small for three people, and then I get to say no and still be in Los Angeles with my boyfriend.

CORINNE

Don't you EVEN try to turn this around on me! You were miserable. I was doing you a favor, and if I told you it would be cramped, you'd have said no and probably still been miserable because you wouldn't have had an excuse to talk to your (quotation fingers) 'boyfriend'.

ERIN

If you make quotation fingers at me again, I will set your bed on fire tonight with you in it.

CORINNE

Sweetie...I'm just looking out for you. I know he's wonderful, and I think it's great, but you've GOT to find someone you can be with long-term.

ERIN

I AM with that someone. I'm just not right next to him for a while, that's all.

CORINNE

Or in the same city.

ERIN

I get it.

CORINNE

Or the same part of the country.

ERIN
Please stop.

CORINNE
Two time zones away...

ERIN
CORINNE!

CORINNE
I'm just saying...

ERIN
Jut because you panicked about getting married and ran to the altar with the first guy whose penis you touched doesn't mean that I have to get married to stop the world from ending.

Corinne looks sheepish.

ERIN (CONT'D)
What?

CORINNE
I sorta lied about that.

ERIN
Phil wasn't your first?

She shakes her head, both embarrassed and excited to be telling Erin this story.

CORINNE
(a whisper)
I gave Stephen Thomas a blow-jay in tenth grade. My braces tore his foreskin.

Erin recoils.

ERIN
Jesus! Out of the two words in blow job you have to shorten 'job'?
(thinking)
Stephen Thomas wasn't circumcised?

CORINNE
What? Of course he was.

ERIN
Do you even know what a foreskin is?

CORINNE

It's the...skin...on the front of
the...you know, the fore...not
really.

Erin, annoyed, grabs her coat and bag and heads out the door. She slams the door, leaving Corinne blushing.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Erin is in the front of a room of THIRTEEN YEAR-OLD STUDENTS. It is 100% impossible for her to hide the smile on her face. She's almost over-smiling, if that's even a thing.

ERIN

Aaaaaand...I guess that's pretty
much all we need to cover on
Hitler shooting his cousin-wife,
dropping a cyanide pill, and
being burned in a bomb crater by
his own loyalists. Questions?

The kids are fucking freaked out. One girl warily raises her hand.

TEENAGE GIRL

Um...your...your boyfriend is
coming into town today, right?

Glee.

ERIN

Yes!

The kids visibly relax.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Oh! But I'm also glad that
Hitler died. Very bad man, that
one. Did I mention he married
his cousin?

She's smiling too much. The kids are uneasy again. Luckily, the bell rings and the kids go flying out of the room. Erin looks over to the door to find Damon standing there.

DAMON

I hope you told them the story
about Eva Braun being Hitler's
cousin. It's a crowd-pleaser.

ERIN

Naturally.

DAMON

Except it's not true.

ERIN

I was told to teach. They did not say I had to teach facts. Next week: how the Fraggles built the American railroad system.

DAMON

The Doozers built the American railroad system. The Fraggles ran around like mental patients and destroyed it.

(mock angry)

I hate that no one ever thinks of the Doozers' feelings.

ERIN

I'm sorry.

DAMON

You know, Hitler actually slept with his half-sister's daughter, and then she committed suicide. Why not tell them about that?

ERIN

Why do I get the sense that you find that slightly...erotic?

Obviously these two get on well, and there might even be a trace or two that it's more than that. But not much.

Then there's a knock at the door...and Garrett's standing there, grinning from ear to hear. Erin squeals, shocked.

GARRETT

I heard there's a social studies teacher in here that I totally want to get with.

(mock surprise)

Oh, Erin, you're here too.

She runs over, jumps on him, hugs him and kisses him. After a few seconds she pulls back.

ERIN

What are you doing here?

GARRETT

I sorta...couldn't wait. So I got an earlier flight, Google-mapped your school, rented a Hummer and drove over here.

ERIN

You rented a Hummer? That's so gay. Do we have to beat up someone smaller than you later?

GARRETT

Seriously, it was the only thing they had left. I'm happily paying two hundred and twenty dollars a day so that everyone on the highway can make small penis jokes.

More kissing. And now it's getting a little awkward for Damon, which Erin must suddenly realize.

ERIN

Oh, baby, this is Damon!

Garrett walks over, shakes his hand.

GARRETT

Garrett, nice to meet you. Heard a lot about you.

DAMON

Oh...yeah?

GARRETT

Oh yeah, she loves you. Thanks for keeping her sane, what with the living situation and all.

Damon seems kind of taken aback by this, and now, realizing he's the third wheel, begins to make his exit.

DAMON

Alright, well...I'll let you guys get to your Hummering. Have fun destroying the ozone, commies.

He walks out, and Garrett and Erin keep kissing. Soon it's heating up, and then all of a sudden they realize they're in a fucking school and they separate. Then Erin leans in and whispers in his ear:

ERIN

You know what's inappropriate? Teachers that don't wear underwear to school.

SMASH CUT:

INT. ERIN, CORINNE AND PHIL'S APARTMENT - LATER

The two of them crash through the door, making out furiously and ripping off clothes.

Erin literally tears her skirt getting it off. As she's undoing her bra Garrett is struggling to get his shirt and jeans off.

ERIN
HURRY UP!

GARRETT
(through clothes)
I swear I've never had this much
trouble getting undressed before.

ERIN
GET YOUR PENIS INSIDE ME!

Naked, she falls down on the couch. Seconds later, Garrett is free of his textile bonds and on top of her.

There's some wild, sex-pumping action for a few seconds...and then, out of the corner of his eye, Garrett catches something.

Standing in the kitchen is Phil. In his undershirt and, presumably, boxers. Mouth full of sandwich. He looks like a wax figure in a museum. He is utterly horrified.

Garrett just stops, still on top of Erin. She smacks him for stopping, then looks over and sees Phil. And then she stops. And she slowly grabs a pillow and covers up her boobs.

PHIL
(mouth full)
Hi.
(a few beats)
I'm Phil.
(a few PAINFUL beats)
This is my sandwich.

ERIN
Um...hi, Phil.

GARRETT
Yes. Hi.

And they continue to stare at each other. Also, Garrett is still inside Erin, which is weird for everyone at this point. Phil looks legitimately like he might have just been spooked retarded.

ERIN
Um...Phil?

PHIL
If you're going to ask if I saw
you naked, I did. I saw you very
naked. Please don't tell
Corinne.
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Because you look good, and she's not in...you know, shape.

ERIN

I was just...I was just thinking that maybe you could leave the kitchen so we could finish?

PHIL

There are bedrooms for that.

GARRETT

Sorry, man. There wasn't a lot of...thinking happening.

No one has the courage to make the first move.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Erin and Garrett come blowing through, naked, clearly having just made a break for it. They look at each other, freaked, but quickly their libidos win over and they're back to hardcore sex.

LATER

Garrett walks out into the living room, pulling one of Erin's bigger (not on him) shirts down over his privates. Phil's in the living room, watching him, as he worldlessly collects his clothing.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Everyone is out to dinner - Garrett and Erin (who are disgustingly all about each other), Corinne and Phil and Ron and Karen. Each couple is kind of conducting their own conversations, mostly since Garrett and Erin can't seem to keep their hands off each other.

Eventually Corinne speaks up:

CORINNE

So, Garrett...you're a producer?

GARRETT

Is that what she told you? Well, at least she lies to make me look good.

ERIN

I did not tell her that, I told her a hundred times that you're an assistant.

CORINNE
Assistant, producer, isn't it
kind of the same?

GARRETT
That would be nice. But no. I
send a lot of emails, run a lot
of errands, read a lot.

KAREN
Do you get to meet any famous
people?

GARRETT
Sure. They're around the office
a lot, always coming in for
meetings and stuff.

KAREN
Like who?

GARRETT
Well...I mean, I guess whoever's
famous right now...

KAREN
The Killers?

This causes Ron to start gulping his drink and loudly chew
on his ice.

GARRETT
Mostly people who are actors. I
don't meet too many musicians.

RON
How about Pamela Anderson? She's
hot. I bet she even gives it up
to assistants.

KAREN
Ronald!

He goes back to chewing on his ice loudly, making a
spectacle of it. This registers with Garrett.

CORINNE
Do you have to be in Los Angeles
to be an assistant? Could you be
an assistant to someone in
another town? Like in Chicago?

Garrett laughs a little

GARRETT

Maybe. But if I did that I couldn't sleep with a whole bunch of wannabe-actresses and hide it from your sister.

CORINNE

Right. But then you'd be CLOSER to my sister.

(changing gears)

Well, I need to run to the bathroom.

Karen reluctantly stands up and follows Corinne out of the booth. Erin looks to Garrett.

ERIN

I kinda have to go. They're going to say bad things about you and I have to pretend like I care. Also, all girls sign a contract when they're 12 saying that you'll always group to the bathroom.

She kisses him on the cheek and gets up. The girls walk off, Karen shocked and Corinne annoyed.

As soon as they're gone, Garrett turns back to the guys at the table. Phil still can't look at him. Ron continues to suck in ice and chew it loudly. Then, without warning, he spits part of a cube right at Garrett, hitting him in the shoulder.

GARRETT

That...has never happened to me before.

RON

Do you have any idea the trouble you're causing for us, chief?

GARRETT

Chief? Didn't mean to cause trouble, nineteen-fifties beat cop.

(to Phil)

Phil, am I causing trouble?

Head down:

PHIL

I don't wanna talk about it.

Ron turns to Phil, pissed.

RON

Aw, what the eff, Phil?

GARRETT

Ron? Tell me what's bothering you.

RON

Oh I'll tell you what's bothering me, bucko. You've created a prime-time problem between me and my fiancée. The flowers, the emails, the effing Killers tickets. You think some sappy phone calls and Internet butt-sex crap or whatever makes you a real boyfriend? I'm in the trenches, dude, where the real hell happens.

GARRETT

Can I ask you a question? Did you learn English from watching Monday Night Football? Because seriously, that sounded like John Madden giving dating tips.

RON

Dude, your boyfriend act is getting old. You do a quarter of what we do. We're here all the time. We have real relationships. We have to make eye contact when they yell at us and hang out with their stupid effing friends. It's not just surprise Hummer rentals and showing up for the weekend. And by the way, Hummers are for pussies.

GARRETT

Wait...so you're pissed because I'm paying attention to my girlfriend as best as I can, and she's enjoying it, and your chicks are mad because they're not getting the same kind of attention?

RON

In a nutshell.

GARRETT

Then why don't you just pay better attention to them?

For a second, it looks like this might be something that Ron just never considered, and he looks to Phil for backup. Phil, of course, is worthless. Eventually, Ron turns back to Garrett.

RON
You're on thin effing ice,
partner.

Garrett laughs Ron off, but all the same, the wheels are turning. Is he only 1/4 of a boyfriend?

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Garrett and Erin lie there, neither of them sleeping, just kind of curled up on each other.

GARRETT
Does this make you happy?

ERIN
What, you being here? No, I'd much rather be listening to Corinne and Phil struggle through four minutes of sex before watching Fox News.

GARRETT
No, I mean our situation.

He turns over towards her.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Is this making you happy? Is this what you want?

Erin pulls back.

ERIN
Are you seriously trying to break up with me right now?

GARRETT
No, no, not at all. I just...I come home at night, every night, and I look forward to talking to you. But I know that the flowers and the gifts and whatever...they don't make up for me not being here. And I just don't want to...

She stops him, putting her hand over his mouth.

ERIN
If I didn't want to do this, I'd have stopped it before it started. There was never a part of me that didn't want to be with you from the second we started talking.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

Please don't screw that up by acting like a typical guy right now. Please.

They just stay there for a second, looking at each other. Then Garrett rolls to his back.

GARRETT

I am thinking about taking an assistant's position here. In town. I'm sure I can just transfer. Corinne says so. And she's always right about everything.

(mostly joking)

I hate your sister.

He kisses her on the head. It's still easy, but there's a realization now that this is going to be harder than they thought.

INT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - DAY

Get it? Midway? Huh? Huh? Because this halfway...OK, moving on...

Garrett is gathering his few small bags, getting ready to head to the security line.

ERIN

Please call me as soon as you land.

GARRETT

I will.

He hugs her...and she latches onto him like she's never going to let go. When they finally pull apart, she's crying.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Not holding your breath anymore?

ERIN

Don't need to. I think if I was drowning you'd just save me anyway.

He kisses her - it's a good kiss - and then he grabs a pen out of his pocket and scrawls something on her hand. Then he's off, doing everything he can not to look back.

She looks down at her hand. Written on it is "SIX WEEKS".

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Garrett walks into his apartment, bags on his arm. He's noticeably fatigued and his face is...just sad.

He heads back into the dark hallway to find the bathroom door open. We can see Dan on the toiler inside, a sight line to the TV. The volume is deafening. Dan is on the crapper. Crapping.

Garrett walks back into the living room and grabs a remote from the table, muting the TV. Back into hallway.

Dan looks up from a HOME AND GARDEN MAGAZINE at Garrett, who's stopped in his tracks. Dan looks worried as hell.

DAN

Heyo, buddy. Thinking about building a terrarium.

GARRETT

Wow.

DAN

And I'm pushin' one out.

GARRETT

I can see that.

DAN

I'm sort of scared.

GARRETT

I don't want to know.

DAN

It's bad.

GARRETT

Even more of a reason not to tell me. Dan, whatever you want to tell me, just don't tell me.

DAN

(no hesitation)

It's coming out funny. And it burns. It feels like I'm crapping jalapeno soft serve. And there's a lot of it. I looked before. I have no idea how I'm going to flush this. Even soft.

(noticing Garrett's mood)

Why do you look like you hate me?

Garrett walks past him and into his room. Follow into...

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - SAME

...where Garrett drops his bags, looks around, and falls down on his bed. He is a spent man.

From the bathroom:

DAN (O.S.)

Gare? Are you mad because the door's open or because I talked about my feces?

Garrett rubs his eyes.

GARRETT

It's neither, Dan. Believe it or not, I'm not even slightly mad at you.

DAN (O.S.)

You...you like this?

GARRETT

That is not what I said.

DAN (O.S.)

Because I've been trying to bring up an open-door policy for a couple of months now...

GARRETT

No, Dan, I actually want that less than I've ever wanted anything.

He thinks a minute - does he want to have this conversation with Dan? Deciding he does, and though it's very uncomfortable, he walks back to the bathroom door. While they talk, Dan is aggressively wiping his ass:

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I miss her. Jesus, I don't want to be all feelingsy-wheelingsy, but goddamnit it, I miss her. I love her and I miss her.

Without missing a beat:

DAN (O.S.)

Of course you miss her. She's your girl. If you didn't love her so much it wouldn't hurt. It hurts because it's great. Everyone knows that.

(more wiping, he looks at his tissue because we all do)

Good GOD, some of this is orange.

(MORE)

DAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What the hell do I eat when I'm
 drinking? What do you guys feed
 me? I think I have Crohn's.

But Garrett's got nothing. He pulls his cell phone out of his pocket and starts to text as he walks back to his room. We hear Dan pulling up his pants, buckling his belt, and flushing.

DAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It's going, it's going, it's
 going...yes! Oh, no. Fuck.
 (to Garrett)
 Dude, can you bring me a wire
 hanger? This shit's clogged.

GARRETT
 Wire hanger? Use the plunger,
 dipshit.

DAN (O.S.)
 Oh yeah, OK. "Use the plunger."
 Fuck you, "plunger". Why don't
 you make up some more words while
 you grab me a goddamn wire
 hanger?

Garrett, now scared out of his mind, runs out into the hall and to the bathroom door. He noticeably refuses to look down.

GARRETT
 How often do you clog the toilet?

DAN
 What? I don't know, five or six
 times a week.

GARRETT
 Five or six...? What do you do
 when it happens?

DAN
 The fuck do you think I do? I
 jam a wire hanger in there like
 I'm doing an abortion and I clear
 it up. Haven't you ever been to
 Sunday School?
 (looks around at floor)
 The only other thing we have in
 here is a stick with a suction
 cup on it.

GARRETT
 What do you do with the hangers
 when you're done? Where do you
 keep them, Dan? Tell me now, so
 help me God.

DAN

Keep them? Dude, you're fucking SICK, OK? Like any normal person, I bury them in the fucking backyard. What is your problem? You act like you've never seen a wire hanger before. Jesus.

Dan walks out, miffed. Garrett just keeps looking straight ahead, not really surprised anymore.

LATER

Garrett lays on his bed, looking at his phone. It's 1:00AM. Sighing, he writes and sends a text message to Erin. It reads only: I MISS YOU TERRIBLY.

It sends and he shuts his phone, tossing it beside him. After a few seconds, there's a response. With all due speed he grabs the phone and flips it open, only to find a message from Dan:

GARRETT

(reads text)

No wire hangers at Walgreen's, hope you're happy, how will we shit...penis?

Garrett closes the phone, tosses it, closes his eyes.

BEGIN MONTAGE SEQUENCE

--Erin and Garrett on the phone. She's chugging cranberry juice.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

It sounds like you're drinking something. What are you drinking?

ERIN

Yeah, I'm chugging cranberry juice because of the awesome UTI you gave me. I hate cranberry juice.

GARRETT

That's what you call some delicious penis magic, m'lady.

She's not amused.

--Garrett, at work, sends IMs back and forth with Erin, who looks like she's just home from work. They're all kind of sappy: I MISS YOU, I LOVE YOU, WHY DO WE HAVE TO WAIT SIX MORE WEEKS, etc...

--Garrett, out with Dan and Box, is texting furiously on his phone. Once again, Box slaps it out of his hand and slaps him in the face.

--In a meeting, Garrett sits behind as some EXECs engage in conversation. He sees the HEAD EXEC pick up a script that has his handwriting on it. He tenses. The Head Exec flips through the pages.

HEAD EXEC
Who did these notes?

Garrett raises his hand.

HEAD EXEC (CONT'D)
Why are assistants doing notes?

He tosses the script aside. Garrett bites his tongue.

--Erin sits at her desk grading papers, looking at the clock. It's late, and it's already dark out. Her phone rings; it's Garrett. She wants to answer but can't. Ignoring the call, she continues to grade papers...until Damon comes in with Chinese takeout. She doesn't want to stop working, but she smiles and obliges.

--Garrett, at his desk, is sending IMs back and forth with Erin again. He looks agitated. So does she. We see that their message boxes are filled with highly sexual overtures. Garrett slyly covers his erection by putting three scripts in his lap.

--Another meeting for Garrett. The Execs are all talking. Garrett tries to break in with something, and one of them, without even looking at him, give him the finger. Garrett looks through an entire folder of handwritten notes, tosses them on the chair next to him.

--Erin looks over plane ticket prices online; nothing under \$400. She opens up a page with her bank account information, finding she has less than \$100 to her name. Tears well up in her eyes.

--Later, in her car, crying, shes texts Garrett: TICKETS \$500, DON'T THINK I CAN COME :(

--Garrett, looking at his bank account page online - he doesn't have much more than her - texts her back: WEIRD, I HAVE \$500 I'M NOT USING :)

--Garrett opens up an envelope - it's a new credit card. He notes the number on the front and dials on his phone to activate it.

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE

INT. GARRETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Garrett is sitting at his desk, a stack of scripts beside him, blindly refreshing his email over and over again. He looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. All of a sudden a new email pops up...Garrett scrambles to open it...and it's an Evite.

GARRETT
FUCKING EVITE! CUNTS!

As he clicks his mouse harder and harder, he notices that Brianna is standing behind him. She's looking super, super cute, and super, super scared.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Ah...hi. I'm sorry. It's just...fucking people, you know? This is for a month from now. I mean, who does that?

She smiles a little too hard.

BRIANNA
It's...it's mine. It's for my birthday.

Of course it is.

GARRETT
Of course it is. No it isn't. Is it really?

He clicks back for a closer look.

BRIANNA
Yeah. It is.

GARRETT
Yeah it is. Sorry. Jumped the gun a little. Can I ask why you're planning so far out?

BRIANNA
Well, my family is coming in from out of town, so I had to make plans early.

GARRETT
Oh, that's really sweet. You pay them well?

The joke falls dead.

BRIANNA
Um...well it's for my mom, too, you know?

GARRETT

Yeah, she's coming out here,
great!

BRIANNA

Yeah, no...she won't be making
it.

GARRETT

She's the only one that doesn't
like you? Doesn't like
birthdays? Who doesn't like her
daughter's birthday?

Oh, this is awkward. Garrett's wondering why it's awkward.
Brianna tells him why it's awkward:

BRIANNA

Um...she's dead, so, I
guess...*she* doesn't?

GARRETT

Oh.

BRIANNA

Yeah.

GARRETT

Oh, my God...I'm so sorry. I'm
so sorry. I didn't know. Jesus.

BRIANNA

It's OK.

GARRETT

No, it's not. And I think that's
lovely, you know? Get the family
together and booze it up for mom!
That's great. Like a wake, then.

BRIANNA

Right. Well, there's not really
any boozing.

GARRETT

Oh. No?

BRIANNA

No. She was an alcoholic.

Trying for a quick recovery:

GARRETT

Which is why it's a dry party.

BRIANNA

Yes.

Trying to recover some more, but too uncomfortable:

GARRETT

So, OK, Brianna's birthday, no
firewater. Check.

No, Garrett. No, no.

BRIANNA

Also, she was Native American.
I'm half Native American.
Maybe...maybe don't say
"firewater". Native Americans
can really struggle with
substance abuse.

Garrett has taken to just rubbing his face nervously. This
is all so, so bad.

GARRETT

You give good tips.

BRIANNA

It's all pretty much in the
Evite, if you want to go ahead
and read it.

Garrett looks back to his computer screen, scanning over
the Evite.

GARRETT

Right, right...yes, I see that
now. OK, wish I was not a dick
and had read all of that.

BRIANNA

Really, it's OK.

GARRETT

Oh, it's very not OK. It's VERY
not OK. I just, you know, my
brain is fried. I'm waiting for
my girlfriend to email me, she's
planning her trip out here in a
few weeks and I have to buy the
ticket, and the details...I
haven't been sleeping, I'm behind
on all this work and then trying
to plan and screwing this up this
morning, I just...

(he laughs nervously)

I just sorta feel like Custer all
of a sudden, you know, all
ambushed and...

(immediately recognizes
that was AWFUL)

No, not Custer, holy Lord, bad
example. Not the Indians.

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I don't feel ambushed by Indians,
or your people, he's just iconic
and it's the first thing that
popped into my head, it was very
bloody...

(such a losing battle;
he gives up)

Suckity fuck fuck. I...am done
talking. I am just...I am done.

Somehow, this brings a smile to the poor girl's face. She
sort of looks around for a second and then leans in.

BRIANNA

It's OK. I know how frustrating
it can be.

GARRETT

What, being ambushed? Again, not
by Indians...

BRIANNA

No. I hear you on the phone, OK?
I did the long distance thing a
few years ago. It sucks.

She smiles and starts to walk off.

GARRETT

So you can give me more good
tips?

She turns back.

BRIANNA

Phone sex.

GARRETT

Phone sex?

BRIANNA

Think about it.

GARRETT

But it's so...basic cable, circa
1992. I feel I'd get charged two
ninety-nine a minute.

She turns and walks off again.

BRIANNA

You owe me lunch for the Custer
comment. If the phone sex works
I'm bumping it to dinner.

He waves after her, thinking.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Garrett walks into his apartment, tossing the shit he's carrying on the couch. He takes out his phone and dials.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

She's reading a book in bed. Her phone rings; the ringtone is PLAYING WITH THE BOYS by Kenny Loggins.

ERIN

Hey you.

BACK TO GARRETT

GARRETT

Hi, babe...what are you doing?
Because I have something I want
to run by you...

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Garrett's laying on his bed, lotion to his side, kleenex to his other side, hand in pants, ready for action. On his phone.

GARRETT

You want to start?

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

She's wearing an old t-shirt and old panties, but she still looks hot as hell. She's on her phone and holding a glass of wine.

ERIN

Oh God no. You start.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

GARRETT

OK. Um...what are you wearing?

Erin looks down at her clothes. She's got Gonzo on her shirt. That's not going to work.

ERIN

Um...oh, red lace panties and
bra. And a garter.

GARRETT

Really? You went all out for
this.

ERIN

No not really, you idiot. This is fantasy. What are you wearing?

Garrett's in a pair of track pants only. He's got nothing.

GARRETT

What...what do you think is sexy?

ERIN

I love when guys wear just white boxer briefs.

GARRETT

Inventive.

ERIN

Oh yeah.

GARRETT

Like Marky Mark?

ERIN

God, especially Marky Mark. Actually, if I can call you Marky Mark I might come right now. Tell me you're fingering me on a roller coaster.

GARRETT

I wish you would take this seriously.

Erin's laughing.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

And it doesn't help if you laugh. My penis hates that, in fact.

Erin keeps laughing.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Babe, I'm so fucking horny that I can't think and my testicles are the size of...gigantic testicles, so can you please help me orgasm while I close my eyes and pretend that my hand is your vagina?

ERIN

OK, OK, I'm sorry.

Garrett starts tugging.

GARRETT

OK, tell me about something you're touching or whatever.

ERIN
 "Or whatever". You're a true
 romantic.

GARRETT
 GODDAMNIT!

ERIN
 Sorry, sorry! Um...yes...I'm
 touching...myself right now.

Anything would get Garrett off at this point. He's jerking
 off like it's an Olympic event.

GARRETT
 Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Where?

ERIN
 Everywhere. But mostly on the
 wet parts.

She takes a big slug of her wine, looking for a place to
 set it down.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 Hang on, I actually want to make
 good on that.

She sets down the phone. Through it, we can hear Garrett:

GARRETT (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Erin? Erin? I need you to tell
 me how bad you want to blow me.
 Talk about blowing me. There
 needs to be blowing.
 (beat)
 Erin?

She's back.

ERIN
 I'm here! Sorry, had to find a
 place to put the merlot.

She gets comfortable. A hand goes into her panties.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 OK, I'm there.

Garrett jabs his hand back in his pants. Yelps - that was
 a bit too quickly, scratched something.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 Yeah that's right, get excited.

Garrett eases back into it.

GARRETT

So how does it feel?

She's starting slow, but also starting to get into it.

ERIN

Yeah...it feels pretty good.

Garrett's on full-speed.

GARRETT

Oh God, I just want to fuck you.
I want to fuck you so hard.

ERIN

Oh yeah? You want to do me?

She's starting to get more into it.

GARRETT

I want to be inside you right
now.

A few seconds of them just really getting into it, not saying anything. Then, Garrett decides to get dirty.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm gonna fuck you so hard
and then I'm gonna come all over
your face. All over your face.

She's way into it now. Not slowing down:

ERIN

No no. Not on the face. Come in
the towel beside the pillow.

She manages to make this sound sexy. Garrett is positively abusing himself and he just goes right with it.

GARRETT

Yeah, I'm gonna come in that
towel and fucking rub it all over
your face.

ERIN

Oh yeah, oh yeah! No, don't do
that.

GARRETT

Fuck yeah, fuck it, I'll just
leave the fucking towel there.

ERIN

Oh God, I want you inside me so
bad.

There are no two people on the planet that have ever masturbated this feverishly. It's probably not going to last much longer.

GARRETT
Yeah? Inside you?

Really into it, she offers more of a harsh whisper, trying not to be too loud. It's borderline frightening.

ERIN
YES! GET INSIDE ME RIGHT NOW!

And Garrett doesn't seem to notice and/or care, being just as creepy with his loud whispering.

GARRETT
Oh God, OK, I'M INSIDE YOU! OH
GOD IT FEELS GOOD.

ERIN
OH, IT FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD!

GARRETT
FUCK YES. I'M FUCKING FUCKING
YOU.

ERIN
KEEP FUCKING ME!

GARRETT
I WILL NEVER STOP FUCKING YOU!

ERIN
FUCK ME HARDER!

GARRETT
YEAH!

ERIN
FUCK ME HARDER!

GARRETT
YEEEEAAH!

ERIN
OH GOD, I FUCKING LOVE RIDING
YOU!

GARRETT
I FUCKING FUCK...wait, what?

Still yanking maniacally, but he's also thinking now.

ERIN
RIDING YOU, I LOVE IT!

GARRETT
Riding me?

ERIN
OH YEAH BABY!

A few beats.

GARRETT
But...but I'm on top.

Likely about to come, she slows considerably.

ERIN
What are you talking about? I'm
on top.

GARRETT
How can you be on top?

ERIN
How can I be on top? How can YOU
be on top? We're in your car,
Garrett.

GARRETT
In my car?

ERIN
Yeah in your car. Aren't we? I
said that, didn't I?

GARRETT
No, no you didn't. You also
talked about the towel by the
pillow, and as far as I know, my
beater doesn't come equipped with
either bedding or linens.

ERIN
But...I only get off when I'm on
top.

GARRETT
Well THIS WAS YOUR CHANCE TO GET
OFF ON THE BOTTOM THEN! Know
why? Oh, I do - BECAUSE IT'S
FANTASY, remember? You could
have had fifteen orgasms in all
manner of positions and invented
a new flavor of jelly bean if you
wanted to.

They've both basically stopped at this point. Garrett's
still holding on, though. Poor bastard.

ERIN

Oh. So we weren't like...there together.

GARRETT

Oh, well no, I'm pretty sure we were there together. I mean, I wasn't thinking about anyone else's vagina.

(beat)

Were you...um, were you, you know...thinking about Marky Mark's dick or anything?

ERIN

Garrett! No!

GARRETT

Well OK then, we were there. Just next time I think we need to figure out the details beforehand.

ERIN

Yeah.

GARRETT

You want to just keep going?

ERIN

I think that moment has passed, don't you?

GARRETT

I do now. I'll call you back.

As he says this, he grabs for the remote, turns on porn.

ERIN

Baby...I'm sorry. We tried. I love you.

Garrett looks in his pants. Whatever he sees, it's painful.

GARRETT

Christ, I didn't know they could turn that color.

She winces.

ERIN

I'm sorry.

He snaps his pants back into place.

GARRETT
(overly chipper and
sarcastic)
No worries! I fucking love the
fuck out of you!

He snaps his phone shut, staring at the wall. Looks at the
porn.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Well this is familiar.

He wants to be angry, but he simply doesn't have the
energy. Listless and beaten down, he looks around him.
Sees the bottle of lotion. With no regard for the state of
his clothing, he splashes a few huge squirts inside his
pants and mechanically begins masturbating. There is no
pleasure here. There is no eroticism. There is only an
angry, defeated man trying to assuage blue balls.

He looks around his room again, finds an old piece of
pizza, and starts eating.

Looking straight ahead and with a mouth full of pizza, he
talks to himself, deadpan and devoid of life:

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Oh yeah. Oh yeah. My hand is a
pussy. My hand is a pussy. Fuck
me baby. Yeah. Do me like that.
Make me love you. I'm on top.
I'M ON TOP. More. More. More.
More.

All of a sudden, he finishes. There is no joy in it. He
opens his pants and looks in.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
HMMMMMMMM...what's semen, what's
lotion? It's a mystery.
Goodnight.

He blandly continues eating the pizza.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Erin's packing up her things, readying to leave, as Damon
comes walking in.

DAMON
Hey.

ERIN
Hey you! Just getting ready to
leave.

DAMON
Got a second?

ERIN
Sure, what's up?

He doesn't look happy.

DAMON
I kinda drew the short straw.

ERIN
For what? What's wrong?

DAMON
How come you weren't at the staff meeting this morning?

ERIN
There was a staff meeting? Shit. No one told me. I had a gyno appointment that I couldn't get at any other time, so I took half a personal day.

Damon sits down at a desk.

DAMON
Um, OK...so, last night at the board meeting, for whatever reason, the board and the city decided to rezone the district.

This doesn't sound good.

ERIN
Okaaaaaay...

DAMON
Starting next fall...half the kids from this school will be bused to Cedar Cliff instead.

ERIN
Half?

DAMON
Yeah.

ERIN
Half? What the fuck?

DAMON
And that means...

ERIN
Oh Jesus. They're going to have to lay half of us off.

DAMON

Yeah.

ERIN

Who?

DAMON

We don't know yet. We won't know until Christmas.

Erin is not happy.

ERIN

So basically, what you're fucking saying is that I have four goddamn months to worry my ass off about this shit?

DAMON

If I were a sailor, yes, I would have said that in that manner.

She thinks on this for a second.

ERIN

Only one way to handle this, then.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Erin and Damon throw back a shot that looks like rancid hell, grimace, and laugh like idiots. They are fucking WASTED.

ERIN

You know what? Right now, I can't even tell that I'm so scared I'm ready to puke. My mouth tastes like pain.

DAMON

My mouth tastes like pee.

Erin, totally oblivious to everything around her, squeezes her boobs together and sucks in a huge breath, arching her back.

ERIN

(loud)

GOD I wish Garrett were here. I'm so fucking horny. Long distance is LAAAAAAAAAAAAAME.

This gets Damon's attention. He turns to say something to her, but he can only watch as she rubs herself like a total harlot. Other people are watching too. Damon's gaze lingers for a few seconds too long. Yeah, he wants her.

DAMON

That must be...rough.

ERIN

(still to loud)

Ugh, and I'm fucking on my period right now too, which makes it so much worse. And it's especially heavy this month. So I'm even hornier and moody as hell and bleeding like a stab victim.

A PATRON sitting next to them abruptly gets up and moves the hell away from the bar. The BARTENDER, amused but officious, comes over to Damon.

DAMON

I know. We should probably be going.

EXT. BAR - MINUTES LATER

Damon waits with Erin for her cab. Neither of them have jackets and it looks like it might be a little bit chilly. Damon, probably absentmindedly - but maybe not - rubs her shoulders to keep her warm. Fucked up as she is, she doesn't stop him, but then again she doesn't really seem to notice.

DAMON

What are you up to this weekend?

ERIN

Going to LA to visit Garrett.

DAMON

Ah.

A cab pulls up.

ERIN

This must be me.

She turns to hug Damon. It lingers a little bit - and this time, it's both of them hanging on. Erin finally pulls back, but doesn't seem unnerved. Damon helps her into the backseat and shuts the door. Once in, she rolls down the window.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Hey.

DAMON

Yeah?

ERIN
You're a swell guy, you know
that?

DAMON
Aw gee, thanks Mrs. Cleaver!

We can tell, though, that he totally wants to kiss her. But she waves innocently, rolls up the window, and the cab speeds off, leaving Damon a little speechless.

INT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - DAY

Erin's waiting in line to board when her phone rings. She looks at the number, doesn't know it. Answers anyway.

ERIN
(into phone)
Hello? Yes, this is she? Oh hi!
Yes. Yes.
(look of real concern)
Oh. Oh. Are you sure
that...well, no, I'm not worried
if you aren't...sure, no, Tuesday
evening is fine. Thank you.

She hangs up, seriously worried as she boards the plane.

INT. LAX - LATER

Erin's plane lands, and she immediately turns on her phone. She still looks worried as hell. As it powers up, she sees that she has a text message. It's from Garrett: BABE, STUCK AT WORK, SO SORRY, CAB TO MY PLACE, WILL PAY FOR IT, MEET YOU THERE, LOVE YOU :)

Annoyed now, she snaps the phone shut.

EXT. APARTMENT - LATER

The cab pulls up to Garrett's apartment. Erin looks; his car's in the driveway. She's none too happy as the CABBIE helps her get her bags out of the trunk.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

It's very, very low-lit. The front door opens and Erin struggles in with her bags, just about at wits' end. That's when she notices that Garrett's decorated the entire apartment in candles, creating a walkway that leads to the hallway entrance, where he's standing.

This cools her rage inferno dramatically.

GARRETT

I figured you wouldn't too much mind the cab ride if I came here to do this. You know...because of the candles.

(beat)

Romance and whatnot.

She laughs and walks over to him, dropping her bags. They start kissing, and within moments, it's pretty passionate.

That's when they hear the door to Dan's bedroom open. Just a crack. We can see barely his eyes and part of his head from inside. Garrett and Erin stop kissing. Garrett doesn't even turn around.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Dan? What did we talk about?

After a few seconds:

DAN

It's very lonely in here. And dark.

GARRETT

I didn't tell you to turn out your light.

Another few seconds.

DAN

I can't find the light switch.

GARRETT

Dan...

DAN

I just stepped on something. It felt like bacon. I hate bacon.

GARRETT

You love bacon.

DAN

Not in the dark.
(beat, beat, beat)
Hi Erin.

ERIN

Hi, Dan.

DAN

I've missed you.

ERIN

I missed you too.

DAN
How long will you be here?

ERIN
Until Sunday night, why?

DAN
Just wanted to know how long I'm
going to be captive in here.

GARRETT
I ONLY TOLD YOU TO WAIT TO COME
OUT UNTIL WE GOT TO MY ROOM YOU
DICK!

Before he can even finish, Dan slams the door to his room. Erin and Garrett laugh, then go back to making out. Garrett begins to tenderly but aggressively drag her back to his bedroom.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As they crash through the door, they're still going at it, but it's subdued, more romantic, less animal than we've normally seen them.

And then we notice that it's more Erin holding back with Garrett about to pop his cork, trying for more. Reaching his limit, he throws her on the bed and tears his shirt off, jumping on her.

They kiss for a few seconds, and then Erin moves away.

ERIN
Babe, wait.

GARRETT
OK. How long?
(two seconds pass)
Can I be done waiting now?

He tries to move back in. She playfully pushes him away, laughing.

ERIN
Baby, stop it.

GARRETT
Stop it? Do you remember any of
the violently dirty things you
told me you were going to let me
do to over the last eight weeks?
Do you even think for a second
that it's not my goal to try all
of them in the next three
minutes?

ERIN

Just...I need a second to just look at you, OK? I missed you and I just need a minute to look at you.

Hard to argue with that, especially when she's being so sweet. He nods his head and lays down next to her. They just take a few breaths to touch and stare.

Then, all of a sudden, Erin starts frowning. Garrett knows right away it's serious and his mood changes drastically.

GARRETT

What's wrong?

She sort of struggles to get it out.

ERIN

When I was boarding the plane this afternoon, I got a call from my gyno.

GARRETT

OK.

ERIN

I had an abnormal pap. I have to go back in for more tests on Tuesday.

GARRETT

Oh God. Is that really bad? It sounds bad, but I have no idea what you're talking about. Do I have an STD now?

ERIN

No. And I don't know, I've never had one that was abnormal before.

GARRETT

Is it, like, uncommon?

ERIN

Oh no, the doctor told me that everyone has an abnormal pap at some point. It's abnormal to not be abnormal sometimes.

GARRETT

Oh. Well...did she sound worried?

ERIN

Actually no, she made it sound like it was totally no big deal. But I'm still freaked out.

Garrett takes this in for a second.

GARRETT

So...you're worried though? Not to sound insensitive, but...I can put my penis in you, right?

Erin, offended, sits up a bit.

ERIN

Is that the only reason you want me here?

Garrett sits up too, agitated.

GARRETT

What?

ERIN

You just want me here so you can fuck me, is that it?

GARRETT

Are you out of your mind? You have been a participant in the sexual buildup! I've been getting painful erections at work because of the things you've written to me! How can you expect me to not want to fuck you right now? If I were you, I'd be offended if I tried to do anything else!

ERIN

God, you can be such an asshole.

Erin stands up.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I don't. Feel. Like fucking.

GARRETT

Making love?

ERIN

Oh, you're such an idiot. It has nothing to do with that. Do you understand that the health of my vagina is in question? Do you have any concept of how quickly that can kill a sex drive?

GARRETT

I'm starting to get a concept.

ERIN
Jesus Garrett, between this and
losing my job...

GARRETT
Whoa, wait, what? Losing your
job? When did you lose your job?

ERIN
Do you listen to anything I tell
you?

GARRETT
Um, I pretty sure I listen to
everything you tell me, which is
why I'm so fucking surprised at
the moment that you don't have a
job anymore.

Erin thinks about this for a second.

ERIN
Oh. OK. OK, I might have
forgotten to tell you.

GARRETT
Pretty big omission!

ERIN
I was stressed, I'm sorry. The
night I found out I got drunk
with Damon and I was hungover the
next morning...

GARRETT
You got drunk with Damon? Just
you and Damon?

ERIN
Yes.
(she thinks)
Why? Does that upset you?

Garrett considers this.

GARRETT
I don't know. I feel like it
should upset me.

ERIN
So...does it?

He continues to think.

GARRETT
I don't know. Let's come back to
that. Tell me why you don't have
a job.

ERIN

I do. For the moment. But they rezoned our district and now half of our kids are going to another school, so they're laying off half the teachers. I could be one.

GARRETT

Yikes. That sucks.

He walks up to her and hugs her.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Sorry. You probably had a shitty week.

ERIN

I did have a shitty week. I'm stressed and my vagina has a cold and I just don't feel sexy.

Still hugging.

GARRETT

I know how to help that.

ERIN

Oh? How?

GARRETT

I can put my dick in your mouth.

She immediately shoves away from him, slaps him on the shoulder, and leaves the room. Without fucking him. Garrett rubs his crotch, pained.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

It's later that night, and Garrett and Erin are at the same dive bar where they met. They're at a big table with Dan (looking nervous) and Box (looking nervous for Dan) and a bunch of Erin's friends from the dinner scene earlier.

Aaaaaaaaand...it's pretty silent. Not a lot of talking going on. It's especially icy between Garrett and Erin, whose body language tells us that they'd just as soon be miles apart at the moment.

Dan is highly uncomfortable with the silence. He's sweating a little. He goes to say something, but Box slaps a hand on his shoulder. Dan turns to him, jumpy.

BOX

Whatever it is you think you want to say...consider whether or not these people want to hear it.

DAN

OK.

BOX

Think, Dan.

Dan nods, turns back to everyone, still nervous. He zeroes in on a blonde girl across the table.

DAN

Pretty blonde lady across from me? Would I be correct in guessing that you're wearing a mini-skirt?

She's unnerved, and rightfully so.

FRIEND #1

I...yes. Why?

Dan begins to laugh creepily, as if he wants to say something but can't get it out.

DAN

Well, point of fact, if I may, a bit of trivia, as it would seem that I knew that because, I believe, I can see your vagina.

That's it. Garrett's forehead instantly hits the table. Box leans backwards and looks at the ceiling. The Friend slams down her glass, gets up, and leaves the table. The rest of the Friends follow her, and Erin is close behind them.

After a few seconds, Garrett picks his head up, looks right at Dan, simply nods incredulously at him, stands up silently, and walks to the bar.

LATER

Garrett does a shot by himself.

LATER STILL

Garrett does a shot by himself.

AND STILL LATER

Another shot. It's been a good twenty minutes. And then from behind him:

BRIANNA (O.S.)

Garrett?

He wheels around and there's Brianna. Sweet goddamn. She's all tarted up, and if there's any doubt that she was hot as hell before, it's gone. Her shirt is going a long way to redefining "low-cut".

GARRETT

Brianna?

BRIANNA

I know, I usually keep it toned down for the office...

GARRETT

No, it's just...you're in a bar.

BRIANNA

I'm the designated donkey for the evening. For every evening.

GARRETT

Have you ever been drunk?

BRIANNA

I have not.

GARRETT

Why do you hate merriment?

Her smile tells us she thinks he's adorable.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Hey, c'mon - you can't know who you are, really, until you've been drunk.

BRIANNA

Been drunk, or been drunk with you?

She smiles. Then, from behind both of them:

ERIN (O.S.)

Hi, I'm Erin.

They both turn around. Sure enough, it's Erin! Garrett puts both his arms in the air in a "TOUCHDOWN!" signal.

GARRETT

It's Erin! My girlfriend!
Yaaaaaay! Erin, say hi to
Brianna, her desk is near mine at
work.

ERIN

Hello Brianna-her-desk-is-near-
mine-at-work.

There's some poison in that, but if Brianna noticed, she's not letting on.

BRIANNA

Hi! It is SO nice to meet you. If you only knew how much he talks about you when he's not talking to you. I hear about you all the time. We all do. You have a small fan club. We hold bake sales.

Brianna's really trying to be as nice as possible, but it's coming off as pandering to Erin. She hates Brianna.

ERIN

You hear that, babe? I'm more popular than you are at work.

GARRETT

It's true.

BRIANNA

I'm so glad you're here, I was really hoping to meet you.

GARRETT

She has been hoping.

Brianna's still sincere. Erin wants her to die.

ERIN

Well...this is me. Ta-da.

Sensing that this could get awkward...

GARRETT

So who's doing a shot with me?

He does six-gun-fingers to both of them, and then realizing he's pointing at Brianna, he turns painfully so he's just pointing at Erin. She glares.

BRIANNA

Nice finger guns. Actually, I have to get back to my friends.
(to Erin)
So nice to meet you. When are you going to be back out?

She's so nice. Erin wants badly to punch her.

ERIN

Soon. God willing. If God wills it, I'll be back soon. I guess it depends on your belief in God.

Brianna doesn't know what to do with that, so she turns to Garrett.

BRIANNA
See you Monday.

She walks off. Garrett waits for Erin to turn to him.

GARRETT
So...what shot are we doing?

Yeah, they're probably not doing a shot. Dan walks up, looking after Brianna.

DAN
Who was that fuckable, fuckable,
fuckable girl that you were
talking to? Because I would fuck
her.

Garrett glares at Dan, but what's the point? Dan shrugs, no reason to try to dig his way out of the hole now.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Erin wakes up in Garrett's bed, Garrett with his arms wrapped around her, still sleeping. She tries to move, but he squeezes her tighter, kisses her on the shoulder. It's impossibly sweet, even if he's unconscious. Maybe even more so. He opens his eyes.

GARRETT
Hi.

ERIN
Hi.

GARRETT
I'm sorry.

And that's all it takes. The dam broken, she turns over and starts kissing him. He wakes up after a few seconds, realizes what's going on - he's going to get lucky - and wordlessly, they just flow into it. Best morning sex ever.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

Garrett's car pulls up to the drop-off lane. Garrett and Erin get out, get her bags. They hug. They hug and hug and hug, and she cries harder and harder. They never even say a word.

INT. CORINNE'S CAR - NIGHT

Corinne is driving with a puffy-eyed Erin, agitated.

CORINNE

What a prick.

ERIN

Corinne, I'm not telling you this so you can bash him. I'm telling you this so I can tell you this and so I'll feel better.

CORINNE

Oh, I'm sorry, you want me to be constructive when he treated you like a farm animal in West Virginia? He treated you like crap and he's an asshole.

ERIN

He's not an asshole.

CORINNE

OK, fine.

ERIN

Thank you.

CORINNE

Oh I was being sarcastic, he's an asshole.

(off Erin's look)

You have to get out of this relationship.

ERIN

Stop it. Now you're just being rude. You don't even know the whole story.

CORINNE

I don't have to know the story. It's not about the story. Are you moving back to LA?

ERIN

I don't know. If I lose my job...I'd think about it.

CORINNE

Wow, that sounds like conviction. What if you keep it? Is he moving to Chicago?

ERIN

No, but that's...

CORINNE

No, that's EXACTLY the point. Sweetie, how long do you want to date?

(MORE)

CORINNE (CONT'D)

How long do you want the rest of your life up in the air? How long are you going to put yourself through the stress?

Erin is defiant.

ERIN

He's worth it.

She means it. Corinne can see that.

CORINNE

OK, you're right. He IS worth it.

(for emphasis)

But is IT worth it?

(waiting)

And what about Damon?

Erin's head whips around.

ERIN

What ABOUT Damon, Corinne?

She turns to her sister, and really, there's nothing but compassion in her eyes.

CORINNE

He's here, kiddo. He's here.

Erin turns toward the window, ready to cry. She takes a sec, composes herself, and turns back to Corinne.

ERIN

You bring up Damon in that capacity again and I will tell Phil about your double-penetrating vibrator.

Corinne goes fire engine red, then green, her hand covering her mouth.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Erin walks in, throws down her bags. Paces for a second. Picks up her phone, dials.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - SAME

Garrett's phone rings, and he answers it excitedly.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

GARRETT

You're home? That took forever.

ERIN
Why couldn't you just comfort me?

GARRETT
What?

ERIN
When I got there. On Friday.
Why were you so unable to just
make me feel better?

GARRETT
Jesus, really?

ERIN
Yes! Yes, really!

Garrett's annoyed, but he's doing his best to compose himself.

GARRETT
I'm sorry. I should have done
better. I should have listened.
But please believe me when I tell
you that I was physically unable
to do so.

ERIN
Really? Your ears shorted out
the second I walked in the door?

GARRETT
No, we...you KNOW we spent the
last eight weeks emailing the
nastiest shit back and forth to
each other. After a week I was
ready to implode, and even
jacking off I was building up
enough come to keep a Mormon
pregnant until the rapture. It's
fucking hard when you're not here
and I want you so bad!

ERIN
So that's it?

GARRETT
That's it? Erin, my brain
stopped working! Do you know how
hot you are? I saw you and my
brain stopped working. I needed
you. Do you have any idea how
much I've been masturbating
lately thinking about you? I
took one day off and I had a
nocturnal emission. I am
literally wearing out all the
joints in my left arm.

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I am not kidding. I'm going to need fucking Tommy John surgery! Seriously, when we are done talking I'm hanging up and I'm calling Dr. James Andrews to save my fucking arm.

ERIN

Doctor who?

GARRETT

I knew that one was going over your head...

ERIN

OK, so, fine then, admit it: this is only physical for you.

And that's it for Garrett. He loses it.

GARRETT

Are you out of your fucking mind? Did some toxin on the plane give you Down's Syndrome? How could you possibly say something like that?

ERIN

It's certainly all you wanted.

GARRETT

It was all I wanted AT THAT MOMENT. AT THAT MOMENT! My GOD, how could you even try to deny that everything that happens between us now is so much more than just physical? Those eight weeks we spend apart? All we do is NOT touch. All I do is listen. So you'll have to forgive me if all I can think about when I see you for the first time is sticking every appendage I have in your pink parts.

Erin, past her breaking point, just starts bawling.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Yeah, alright, fucking cry. That's your goddamn ticket out of everything. Well I'm not punching that bullshit this time. Call Damon, you tell him more than you ever tell me anyway. I'm sure he's next in line.

He snaps his phone shut.

ERIN
Babe, I'm sor...

She hears a click. He's hung up. She drops her phone, crying.

BACK TO GARRETT

He let's out a frustrated wail, throws his phone on his bed, and stalks out of the room.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Another meeting of the Execs at the studio. Garrett's sitting in the background again. He looks pissed off, tired, and at the end of his rope.

The Head Exec pulls a sheet off a pile.

HEAD EXEC
Alright, so...OK, we've got this Avril Levigne project, FEMME DU NORD. If we're going to make a move on it, we need to do it soon. So who thinks what?

Garrett can't believe his ears - they're considering it? A FAT EXEC chimes in.

FAT EXEC
I think this project has tremendous potential. Good action, good writing, and this Avril kid really seems like she's something...

GARRETT (O.S.)
You are fucking KIDDING me.

Shocked out of their pants, everyone looks back at Garrett.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like I've got five heads. You can't really think this has any potential at all.

FAT EXEC
Um, excuse me, but kids love Avril Levigne.

GARRETT
Everyone hates Avril Levigne. And who cares even if they did? It's a spy thriller.
(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

I use the term "thriller" loosely, because the script sucks, but no Avril Lavigne fan is the target market for this shit.

The Head Exec looks at him like he's going to say something. Garrett stands up and cuts him off.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ah, save it. I know you read my notes on this. You read all the notes, even from the peons. If there's actually a serious discussion as to whether or not this should get made anywhere, let alone here, I'm just going to go vomit on a plate, because you'll buy that shit too. And then I'll be rich.

He looks down at Will, who looks like he really, really wants to laugh, and bolts the room.

INT. GARRETT'S OFFICE - LATER

Garrett's packing up everything he has. Will shows up at the doorway.

WILL

I'm not really wild about getting another assistant.

GARRETT

Shouldn't be too hard to find someone who wastes all their time talking to a girlfriend that hates them.

WILL

So, starting tomorrow, you're going to help me look for your replacement.

GARRETT

Oh, we meeting people at In 'N Out? I don't think they're going to let me back in the building.

WILL

You'd be surprised.

Just then, an IT GUY comes walking into the office. He starts shutting down Garrett's computer.

GARRETT

Excuse me, resident hacker, but I have files I need to get off of there before I leave.

IT GUY

Oh, well, I'll have this set up in your office in ten minutes, can you do it then? I have to move another computer up here by three.

GARRETT

The fuck you talking about, my office?

IT GUY

You got moved down the hall. Congrats, by the way. They haven't promoted anyone in like three years.

And then it sinks in. He's not fired. He's promoted. He looks at Will.

GARRETT

If you're fucking with me I swear to God I will run over there and kick you in the balls.

Will walks up, puts his hand on Garrett's shoulder.

WILL

(huge grin)

You ever notice you can't get up the courage to do anything unless you're prodded into it?

He smacks him on the cheek twice and walks into his own office. Garrett stands there, stunned.

INT. GARRETT'S CAR - NIGHT

The driver's side door opens and Garrett gets in, dialing his phone. He waits as it rings. We hear someone pick up on the other end.

ERIN (O.S.)

(through phone, quiet)

I'm so glad you called.

GARRETT

You're not going to believe this.

ERIN (O.S.)

(through phone)

Everything OK?

GARRETT
I flipped out at the story
meeting today. Lost my shit.

ERIN (O.S.)
(through phone)
Oh God, Gare, are you alright?

GARRETT
They promoted me. I'm a
producer. I have no idea what
just happened, but I'm a producer
now.

Despite herself, despite the fight they just had the night
before, we hear Erin screaming happily through the phone.

ERIN (O.S.)
(through phone)
BABY! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!

She's laughing, so genuinely happy for him. It's a moment
that overwhelms Garrett, and his eyes well up. He's
starting to cry.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Babe?

GARRETT
Yeah?

ERIN
I'm so sorry.

GARRETT
(through tears)
Me too. Can we just...can you
just promise me we can make it
through Christmas?

ERIN (O.S.)
(through phone)
Oh, baby. Of course we can. We
will.

And whatever stress he has inside him, Garrett lets go.

BEGIN LAST MONTAGE SEQUENCE

--Garrett in another story meeting. He seems to be
pitching something, and he's rather impassioned. He
finishes with a flourish. The rest of the room looks
around at each other...and then they all shake their heads,
unimpressed. Where once Garrett might have thrown a fit,
he just nods his head and we can tell his disappointed but
he's not going to let it bother him.

--Garrett eats Thanksgiving dinner in a bar with Dan and Box. They're laughing and drunk as shit. They're happy.

--Erin eats Thanksgiving dinner with Corinne, Phil and their FAMILY. It's all smiles and good vibes. They're happy.

--In the teacher's lounge, we can just see Erin and Damon's heads sticking up over the tops of newspapers as they read. Simultaneously, she reaches a coffee mug over towards him as he swings a pot of coffee around, neither of them ever averting their gaze from their newspaper. It's become their routine.

--At a restaurant, Garrett and Brianna have a lively and spirited but friendly debate about a movie or an actor or a director or a writer. It's clear they have their own routine.

--In his office, Garrett's on the phone with an agent going over the details of some project. As he's talking, an IM from Erin pops up on the screen: I MISS YOU :(

Without missing a beat on the phone, Garrett swings over to his desk and types back: I MISS YOU TOO - ONLY A FEW MORE WEEKS. BY THE WAY, I ENCOURAGE YOU TO CHECK OUT THE TEACHER'S LOUNGE :)

He smiles and goes back to his phone call.

--Erin walks down to the lounge and finds a GIGANTIC vase full of red and white roses there. All the female teachers feign jealousy.

--Erin and Corinne walk into the gynecologist's office. Erin looks nervous.

--Garrett works late into the night in his office, sending emails and typing notes.

--Garrett hops into a cab at his apartment. Later, he's on his way when he looks out the window. He notices something, then signals to the driver to turn around and go back.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

An overhead view of the counter in the pawn shop. Across it gently slides the crystal bear with the red bow on it, led by Garrett's hand. When he comes into view, he's beaming from ear to ear.

INT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Garrett's headed off the plane and into the terminal when he hears his cell phone ringing. It's Erin. He picks it up.

GARRETT
Hey you. You outside?

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

Erin is curled up in a ball in her bed, under the covers, bawling.

ERIN
Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

GARRETT
What's wrong?

ERIN
(sobbing)
I had my...I had
my...my...proceeeeeedure
yesterday.

GARRETT
I know, I thought you'd call but
when you didn't I thought I
shouldn't bother you. Does it
hurt?

ERIN
Yes. It's the most aw...the most
awful thing I've ever gone
through. It feels like they put
my vagina in the freezer and then
hit it with a hammer.

Garrett can't help but crack a little bit of a smile.
She's unbelievably cute when she's sad.

GARRETT
I'm gonna be there soon, OK?
I'll grab a cab...

ERIN
No, I sent Corrine to get you.

Not great news.

GARRETT
That's great. That's perfect.
I'll see you in an hour. I love
you.

ERIN

I love youuuuuuuuuu tooooooooooo...

She hangs up, he hangs up.

INT. CORINNE'S CAR - LATER

It's kind of uncomfortable. Corinne more or less refuses to look at Garrett.

GARRETT

So, this thing she had done...

CORINNE

You could have called. You SHOULD have called.

A few moments of silence.

GARRETT

I know.

Not what she was expecting to hear. It softens her a bit. All in one breath:

CORINNE

(totally rehearsed)

What Erin had done was a procedure that's common among all women across a broad spectrum of ages and ethnicities. About three in five women will require the procedure at some point in their lives. In it, the doctor uses cryonic freezing technology to isolate and destroy abnormal cells that may be deemed suspicious and potentially damaging to overall cervical health, even on a low-risk scale.

She sucks in much-needed wind.

GARRETT

So they froze up her lady parts?

CORINNE

Immature. Yes.

GARRETT

How long did it take you to memorize from a pamphlet?

CORINNE

All afternoon.

GARRETT
Is that pamphlet currently
located in the glove compartment?

CORINNE
It is.

GARRETT
May I?

CORINNE
You may.

He opens the glove compartment, pulls out a pamphlet dealing with the specifics of the procedure, and starts reading.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

It's dark as Garrett opens the door and walks in.

GARRETT
You up?

ERIN
I think so.

GARRETT
Is it OK if I turn on a light?

ERIN
Maybe.

He does. She slowly sits up on the bed. Her face is PUFFY from crying. Garrett smiles.

GARRETT
Hi, I'm Garrett from the Make-A-Wish Foundation. Aren't you just the cutest little chemo patient?

Luckily (or perhaps sadly, depending on your view of the world and this story), this makes her laugh. And then she goes back to crying.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Is there anything I can do for you? Get you?

ERIN
(sobbing)
Yes.

GARRETT
What's that?

ERIN
(sobbing)
You can make black sludge stop
sliding out of my insides.

GARRETT
The pamphlet didn't mention that.

She cries harder. Garrett, again unable to suppress a small smile, holds her hand and pulls her in close. She hugs him as tightly as she possibly can. Muffled, because her face is smashed into his chest:

ERIN
(voice breaking)
I'm defrosting!

She cries, he laughs, and they hold each other. After a moment, she leans back and grabs a bottle of Coke off her bedside table. She takes a big swig, then holds it out, offering him some. He waves it off.

GARRETT
No no. I've got to be back to
work in six days. Don't need to
go catching a frozen vagina.

That makes her laugh. Hard. But this hurts her vagina, so she frowns.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

It's the next morning. Erin is in front of her mirror, getting dressed, looking less the worse for wear. Garrett opens the door and comes in from the bathroom.

GARRETT
You look better.

ERIN
I'm still leaking. God, it's
gross.

GARRETT
Here's the thing. I know you are
and I believe that it is. So,
that in mind, we REALLY don't
have to talk about it anymore.

Erin manages a small but explosive laugh.

ERIN
You're right, sorry.

GARRETT
S'OK.

Garrett reaches down and fishes around in his bag for something when his hand hits a box.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Babe? Come sit on the bed with me for a second?

ERIN

Sure.

She finishes primping and sits down with him on the corner of the bed. He produces the box.

GARRETT

Merry Christmas.

ERIN

Presents!

As she opens the box and begins to take the paper stuffing out, he starts into a little speech. He's nervous, and he can't look right at her, so his gaze goes from down at the floor to any other place in the room.

GARRETT

So, I was thinking, the thing you told me about your dad and the thing that happened to my parents, and I thought...

She finally gets the bear out of the box and handles it, almost with awe.

ERIN

Oh, Garrett.

Her eyes well up, and her reaction is an immediate mixture of gratitude...and shock?

GARRETT

Yeah, see what I was thinking was...

As he's trying to find the words, he happens to look over her shoulder for the first time, right to her bedside table, next to the empty Coke bottle. Sitting there is a crystal bear that's almost exactly the same, but bigger and with a blue bow around the neck, not a red one.

Breaking her gaze from Garrett's bear, she looks back to the one on her bedside table.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Oh.

And that's all he gets out.

ERIN

Yeah. Um...Damon got that for me. He gave it to me at the end of the last day of school.

GARRETT

(utterly, irrevocably
crushed)

Oh.

ERIN

No, see...ahhhhhhhhhh. Here's the thing. All the teachers from school went out to dinner the other night, and he was walking me back to my car, and we passed this shop, and I looked in the window and saw it, and remarked that it was cute. And then before I left on Thursday he brought it in and gave it to me.

Garrett tries not to die inside, tries to be sincere.

GARRETT

That was...really good of him. He's got great taste in Christmas gifts, obviously.

ERIN

Um...it was more of a congratulations gift, I think.

GARRETT

Congratulations?

ERIN

Yeah. I'm not getting fired. I get to keep my job. I forget to tell you because of the procedure. They kept Mr. Marsh, who's tenured, and me, the one who makes the least money.

She tries to smile, and we can tell she's happy...but her heart's not in it. Again, Garrett does his best:

GARRETT

That's great, babe. Now you don't have to worry.

Seemingly stricken remembering Garrett's bear in her hand, her eyes well up again.

ERIN

But Gare, this one...this is the one that my dad...

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)
 (tries to rein it in)
 This is much better than...

GARRETT
 Babe? It's OK. It's OK.
 Really. I had my chances.

He smiles a weak smile. He's not just talking about the bear.

INT. ERIN'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Erin and Garrett arrive at her MOM'S warm, inviting house for Christmas dinner. Garrett is wearing a garish, overly-festive Christmas-colored Cosby sweater for the occasion. It's a big hit with Erin's rather large FAMILY, the members of whom welcome him happily.

AT DINNER

Garrett cracks jokes while everyone passes around plates of food. Erin, sitting next to him, laughs to the point of convulsions. We see that her hand rests on his leg comfortably the entire time. When he's done passing plates, his hand joins hers.

AFTER DINNER

The two sit on a couch in the living room, Erin rubbing her stomach, her head in Garrett's lap, him rubbing her head. They're watching A CHRISTMAS STORY.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Garrett and Erin walk, arm in arm, down the street. Judging by their breath, it's freezing cold, and they're huddling as much to keep warm as to be near one another. They don't seem to be talking, just enjoying the night. At one point, Erin gets on her tip toes and kisses him on the cheek.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The two are in bed, kissing. Erin pulls back.

ERIN
 You know I can't...I
 can't...because of the thing.

GARRETT
 I know. It's OK
 (off her look)
 Really. It's OK.

He means it, and she can tell he means it.

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - DAY

We see Erin's car pull into a parking structure at the airport.

INT. ERIN'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Erin's car pulls into a parking space.

GARRETT

Do I not rate for curbside service?

ERIN

I want to come in with you.

And with that, she's out of the car.

INT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

Garrett, with all his bags, walks in through the automatic doors with Erin behind him. The airport is crowded as hell. After a few seconds, he turns around to face her.

GARRETT

Well...

And that's all he gets out. Looking at her, he's about to lose it. And he knows he's about to lose it. And she knows he's about to lose it. So he does the obvious thing: he turns and starts walking away.

ERIN

Garrett?

In a near panic, he finds an unoccupied bench - not just a small bit of luck - and sits down. Erin sits down next to him. After a few seconds of holding his head in his hands, he looks up at her. He's officially losing his shit.

This time, it's Erin that calms him.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Garrett?

GARRETT

Yeah?

ERIN

When you gave me the bear, you were trying to say something. What were you going to say?

It's all Garrett can do to collect himself, but he steels, knowing he has to.

GARRETT

It was nothing, really. I was just going to say that even though your dad lost his head and my parents should be alternates for JERRY SPRINGER, that doesn't mean that we can't be different. It doesn't mean that we have to end up like them. I mean, that's the most simple concept in the world. I don't know why it took me so long to get that through my thick skull.

ERIN

Yeah.

GARRETT

Yeah. And yet here we are. Ending up like them.

She looks over at him. Now she's losing her shit.

ERIN

This is really it, isn't it?

Garrett can barely look at her. The tears are coming. And then, all of a sudden, he busts out laughing.

ERIN (CONT'D)

What?

GARRETT

Wow, the two of us. We are SOMETHING.

ERIN

How so?

GARRETT

Declaring our love for one another in an airport. Breaking up...in an airport. That...that is a cliched joke of absolutely cosmic proportions. We should be a bad movie.

Erin's really crying now, but all the same, she's holding it together.

ERIN

I don't feel like...it doesn't feel like we don't love each other enough, does it?

Garrett takes her hand.

GARRETT

God babe, no. You know...you know what was so great about this week?

She snuffles and looks at him, obviously the filmic equivalent of asking, "What?"

GARRETT (CONT'D)

It was great because there was no pressure. Because we knew it was over. Because you weren't thinking about me leaving and when the next time we were going to see each other was. Because we weren't already planning the next visit before I even left. Because we weren't hurting when we should have been doing anything but hurting. We just...were.

A few beats while they consider this.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Don't love each other enough? Look how hard we tried. We made ourselves miserable. No, we love each other way too much to put ourselves through the torture.

And just as the floodgates are about to open for Erin, she makes herself stop. Yep, she's holding her breath.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Babe?

Holding.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Erin?

Holding.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Are you holding your breath?

Yes.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Aw babe, we're not back to that, are we?

Immediately she breathes and the dam breaks.

ERIN
(through big ol' sobs)
N-n-n-n-o, I'm just fu-fu-fu-
fucking with you.

And she reaches out and hugs him. As we pull back through the airport, they become just two people holding onto each other in a sea of travelers too hurried and self-absorbed to notice.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

Garrett stands in the inner loop of the arrivals area, staring off into the distance. After a few seconds, a car pulls up. Garrett opens up the back door, throws his bags in, and gets in the front seat.

INT. DAN'S CAR - SAME

It's Dan. He looks at his buddy. Looks like he knows what's happened.

DAN
You're not going to cry in my
car, are you?

GARRETT
Nah.

Dan pulls away.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Dan and Garrett walk in, flip on the lights. Garrett walks back to his room, and as he passes Dan's room, he sees there's a rather large hole in the middle of his door. He keeps walking into his room.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - SAME

He tosses his bags on the floor and flips on the light. Immediately, he sees something out of the corner of his eye. There's a gigantic bulge underneath the covers of his bed. Garrett walks over and flips them off.

Sitting there, waiting for him, is an ENORMOUS blow-up penis, roughly the size of a normal man.

Garrett looks over to his doorway. Dan is standing there, half-smiling.

GARRETT
Your handywork?

Dan nods.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
You blew it up yourself?

Dan nods.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
And you did it too fast, deprived
yourself of oxygen, then tried to
stumble to your room, blacked
out, and put your head through
your door?

Dan nods.

DAN
I ordered you a hooker. Online.

GARRETT
Not necessary.

DAN
Duly noted. I will cancel.
Should we go get drunk for no
reason?

GARRETT
Absolutely.

They walk out of his room.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erin comes walking into her bedroom, cute boy shorts and
tank top on. She walks right past her bed...that Damon is
in, halfway under the covers, reading a book.

Erin bustles over to the window-unit air conditioner,
cranking it up.

ERIN
Seriously, it's 11:30, how is it
so fucking hot?

DAMON
Gee, I dunno, middle of July in
Chicago...

ERIN
That's enough out of you.

DAMON
Coming to bed?

ERIN
Yeah.

She finishes fiddling with the air conditioner, walks over to the bed. Gets under the covers, starts taking out her earrings. As she sets them on the bedside table, we see...

The little crystal bear with the red bow.

She sets her earrings down, notices it too. There's a smudge on the ear. With a lick of her finger, she tries to buff it off. As she's working, Damon puts his arm around her, kisses her shoulder. Looks at what she's doing.

DAMON
Thought the one I got you had a
blue bow on it?

Not missing a beat:

ERIN
Nope.

She finishes buffing it, content. Damon turns over, puts his book on the ground.

DAMON
Thought it was a little bigger
too.

She looks right at it, remembering.

ERIN
Nope. It's the same it's always
been.

She smiles. As she clicks off the light...

SMASH TO BLACK - "EVERYTIME YOU GO AWAY" BY PAUL YOUNG
PLAYS US OUT

THE END