

L.A. STOCKBROKER

By

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INT. YALE (CLASSROOM) - DAY

CHAD CONNICK, a nineteen year old freshman, sits in the middle of a classroom taking a Statistics final. He breezes through the test.

JESSICA STEPHENS, another freshman sitting in the desk behind Chad, struggles with her test.

A professor sits at the head table reading a newspaper.

Jessica slides off her left flip-flop. She stretches her left leg out as far as it can go, tapping Chad's back with her big toe. Chad glances back.

JESSICA

What did you get for eleven?

The professor puts down his paper and takes a sip of his coffee. Jessica puts her flip-flop back on and Chad turns forward.

JESSICA

Number eleven.

Chad tears off a small corner from his scratch paper. He writes "C" on the speck of paper and rolls it into a ball.

In one quick motion Chad tosses the ball behind him.

The paper hits Jessica in the eye.

JESSICA

Owww!

The class looks at Jessica.

JESSICA

Shit. Something's in my eye.

EXT. YALE (CLASSROOM)

Chad waits outside of class hooking the dual straps of his backpack with his thumbs.

Jessica walks out of the classroom and sees Chad. She approaches him.

JESSICA

Thanks again.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD
Sorry about--

Before Chad can get another word in she continues walking down the hall like he's never existed.

Chad stands befuddled.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Chad is with BERNIE and BRANDON at a crowded frat party, each holding a plastic cup of beer. The trio look at a group of hot girls sitting on a couch across the room.

BERNIE
Those chicks are so hot I'd lick every one of their booty holes.

BRANDON
Yeah. And I'd eat their shit like it was Pinkberry.

Bernie looks at Brandon.

BERNIE
That's fuckin' sick.

BRANDON
I'm so drunk right now I wouldn't fuckin' care.

BERNIE
Me neither.

They toast beers.

CHAD
Look. Those girls won't even give you guys the time of day.

Brandon and Bernie give each other a nod like "oh yeah" and move in for the kill.

They are received receptively by the girls and sit in between them.

A solo Chad hides in his beer.

Someone taps his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (O.S.)
I didn't think someone as smart as
you would be in a frat.

Chad turns around.

It's Jessica, in tight jeans and a tank-top showing off a
pierced belly ring.

CHAD
I'm not. Those are my friends over
there.

JESSICA
I don't want you to spoil their
fantasies, but each of those girls
has crabs.

CHAD
I won't tell.

Chad takes another sip of beer.

JESSICA
Thanks. For today. I wouldn't
have passed that class without you.

CHAD
No problem.

JESSICA
Why were you waiting outside after
the test?

CHAD
I had to talk to the professor
about something.

A beat.

JESSICA
You were waiting for me, weren't
you?

Chad shakes his head.

JESSICA
Like I owed you something. Like a
blowjob?

CHAD
I just wanted to talk.

JESSICA

--Okay, I'll do it. Let's just get the fuck out of here first.

She grabs Chad's arm and leads him out through the crowd.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE

Jessica is giving Chad a blowjob outside of the house.

She stops in the middle of it.

JESSICA

My name's Jessica by the way.

CHAD

My...name....is....Chad....

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Chad and Jessica lie in bed post coital. Jessica smokes a joint. She hands it to Chad.

He takes a hit.

JESSICA

So what's your major?

CHAD

Business.

JESSICA

I'm undeclared.

CHAD

Cool.

JESSICA

What do you mean, *cool*?

CHAD

We're young. We have plenty of time to think about what we wanna do.

JESSICA

Know what I wanna do? I wanna save the world. Maybe join the Peace Corp or something. I don't wanna be the girl who just gets married and shits out a bunch of babies. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (cont'd)
mean, anyone can do that. I wanna
do something important with my
life.

CHAD
I hope it happens.

Jessica gives Chad a look.

CHAD
I hope all your dreams come true.

She smiles at Chad, then kisses him.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

1. Chad and Jessica are studying in the library. Chad reads a Finance book while Jessica animates stick figures on the corner of her textbook.
2. The two are at a local playground. Chad pushes Jessica high into the air on the swings. A little girl is pushed by her mother on an adjacent swing. The little girl smiles at them.
3. Chad waits outside of a class. A happy Jessica walks out holding a test with an "C" grade on it. Chad lifts Jessica off her feet and spins her around.
4. The two watch a movie together, sharing a bucket of popcorn. Jessica grabs Chad's wrist. She wraps her lip around one of Chad's fingers. Jessica moves her way up to his neck and starts giving him a hickey.
5. Chad and Jessica make out in the pouring rain.
6. They enter Jessica's dorm room lip-locked. They start taking off each other's wet clothes.
7. Jessica laughs as Chad paints her toenails.
8. The couple sit together in their graduation ceremony. Jessica holds Chad's hand.
9. They are at funeral for Jessica's grandmother. Jessica cries while Chad has his arm around her.
10. Chad and Jessica stand on a hill watching the sunset. Chad pulls out a box from his pocket. He gets on one knee. Chad opens the box. Jessica begins crying while nodding her head "yes." Chad stands up and kisses her.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A large wedding ceremony with many invited guests, photographers, etc.

Chad kneels at the altar with his beautiful bride to be Jessica. Behind them are a line of smiling tuxedo-clad groomsmen and bridesmaids.

A PRIEST stands between Chad and Jessica, reading scripture.

JESSICA

Chad.

CHAD

Yeah.

JESSICA

I can't do this.

CHAD

What?

JESSICA

I can't marry you.

CHAD

Why?

JESSICA

I have to tell you some other time.
I'm sorry, Chad.

Jessica stands up. She quickly walks down the steps of the altar and runs down the middle aisle of the church toward the exit.

The congregation mumbles as she passes.

CHAD

Jessica!

Jessica exits the church.

TITLE CARD:

"SIX YEARS LATER"

INT. APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Chad, now thirty-two years old, is sleeping on his bed. His digital alarm clock reads "4:45 a.m."

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP!

Chad wakes up. It's coming from the apartment next door. The thumps get faster.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(through wall)
Yes...Yes...Yes...Yes...

Chad covers his ears with his pillow.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(continuing)
Oh my God, Oh my God, I'm going to
come...There it is...Oh fuck!!!!

BEDROOM

The alarm clock reads 4:59 a.m.

Chad is fast asleep.

Suddenly...

Beep, beep, beep, beep...

Chad throws the alarm clock at the wall.

KITCHEN

It's still dark outside.

Chad sits on a morning table wearing a T-shirt and boxers. He's eating a bowl of cereal. On the table is a small LCD widescreen TV turned on to CNBC's "Wake Up Call."

SHOWER

Steam rises in the shower as Chad lets the hot water hit his face.

BEDROOM

Chad sits on his bed putting his dress shoes on. The bed has been made.

He has on a collared shirt, tie, and slacks.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Chad exits his second story apartment holding onto his briefcase.

SERGIO ABRUE, a Portuguese model/professional soccer player stands shirtless in the balcony doing yoga. After finishing his "downward dog," Sergio gets in "tree position."

As Chad walks down the steps Sergio opens his eyes.

SERGIO

(Portuguese accent)

Chad, you like watch me play futbol tonight with L.A. Galaxy?

CHAD

Excuse me?

SERGIO

Watch me play futbol...I mean, what the word...soccer?

CHAD

Sorry, Sergio. I got plans.

SERGIO

Tickets I give you. You know any who buy them?

CHAD

Didn't you know Americans hate soccer?

Sergio doesn't understand English.

CHAD

No, Sergio.

SERGIO

That's okay. I give them to Lindsay parents.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

By the way. Tell Lindsay if she has some free time I'd like to do her up the ass.

Chad salutes Sergio as he walks down the steps.

SERGIO

Yes, yes, I tell her you say, 'Hello.'

LINDSAY HANSON, a brown-haired beauty with the face of a Playboy model and the brains of a Princeton grad, walks out of her apartment wearing nothing but a large L.A. Galaxy soccer jersey.

She sneaks behind Sergio, and standing on her tiptoes gives the Portuguese soccer star a kiss on the cheek.

SERGIO

Chad say, 'Hello.'

EXT. 405 FREEWAY

Chad, wearing his aviator glasses in his sleek Porsche Carrera GT, is stuck in rush hour traffic on the 405.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Chad arrives in his office located on a high-rise building on Wilshire Boulevard. His company is a large cap investment firm similar to Morgan Stanley, Merrill Lynch, etc.

Chad's office has a nice 18-story view of the street below. On the wall are dozens of company awards. On another wall is a framed BA degree from Yale and an MBA from the USC School of Business.

Chad takes a seat on his leather desk chair. He turns on his computer.

A Microsoft Outlook reminders pop up:

The pop-up box reads: *"Date tonight with Michelle."*

Chad clicks on "Dismiss" in the box.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

JEANIE, a pretty receptionist in her twenties, enters Chad's office holding a FedEx envelope.

(CONTINUED)

Another reminder pops up on his computer monitor: "*Date tonight with Taylor.*" Chad DOES NOT see this one.

JEANIE

Good morning, Chad. This is for you.

CHAD

Thanks, Jeanie.

She hands Chad the package. As she does this Chad glances at her lower half.

JEANIE

What?

CHAD

Nice skirt.

Jeanie shakes her head.

JEANIE

Not this time, Chad. You ruined my last one.

Jeanie smiles at Chad as she exits his office.

Chad opens the envelope. Inside is a new issue of *Forbes* magazine, on the cover a photo of a young looking twenty year old with the headline, "*The Next Bill Gates?*"

On front of the magazine is a yellow Post-It note with the message: "*SEE YOU TODAY AT THE RANGE. --MAX.*"

Chad picks up his phone and dials a number.

CHAD

Max. I got your package. Congratulations, you're a true Jew. So are we still good for golf? Cool. See you at three.

Chad hangs up. He checks his e-mails on his computer.

"*You've got a new comment on Facebook.*"

Chad onto Facebook account. His homepage has a photo of himself holding a bottle of Heineken and pulling the back end of a Go-Go Dancer's panties with his teeth. Chad has over 125,768 friends and his "Top 8" all look like supermodels.

Chad clicks on the "New Message" button. It reads:

(CONTINUED)

"Hey Chad, this is Jackie. I had a lot of fun last weekend. Let's do it again!"

P.S. - My ass is still red from all that spanking. XOXOXO"

Chad clicks on the next message. It reads:

"Chad, where were you last night. You left me stranded at the party! :(

Anyway, here's what you missed!"

Chad scrolls down the page. It's a PHOTO of a beautiful BRUNETTE at a bar, smiling as she lifts her shirt revealing her perfect breasts.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

Chad minimizes the Facebook window on his computer.

BRIAN LARSEN, the branch manager and Chad's boss, opens the door. He is a portly gentleman in his late 40's.

BRIAN

Chad. We missed you at the meeting this morning.

CHAD

Yeah sorry, I was stuck in traffic.

Brian walks over to Chad. He pushes aside a stapler and takes a seat on the desk.

BRIAN

I received a call from one of your clients. A Ms. Sally Freudenburg. She's complaining you lost 40% of her retirement money by suggesting she buy 10,000 shares of Krispy Kreme.

CHAD

No...

BRIAN

Yes. She's rolling over her entire Roth IRA account to Merrill Lynch.

CHAD

That sucks. Now I won't get a phone call every two minutes asking me what time "Mad Money" is on.

BRIAN

You told her to buy Krispy Kreme?

CHAD

I told her to buy a couple of doughnuts. As for the stock, I think she bought it on her own.

BRIAN

I know you made a good deal of money from that trade, but I'm not going to let you take advantage of widowed elderly women with six figure inheritances.

CHAD

I'm sorry, Brian. I was only trying to make this company some money. Because I know all the brokers here are losing their million dollar clients to ShareBuilder and E*Trade. They finally figured out all we do is charge fees here.

DING-DING. It's Chad's e-mail inbox.

BRIAN

We're financial planners, Chad. We're trying to help people with their future. I understand you're our top selling broker, but I don't want you abusing our customers.

Chad clicks on the e-mail. He has a new comment on Facebook.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Our customers are the reason why we're here. And if we were to take advantage of them, they wouldn't want to be our customers anymore, right?...

Somebody posted a comment on Chad's account:

"Chad is a lying cheating son-of-a-bitch. Women of the world, do not go out with this man!!!!"

BRIAN (O.S.)

We have to listen to them, and once their needs our met, so will ours.

Chad clicks the delete button. The comment is deleted.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
You understand, Chad?

Chad nods and smiles. Brian stands up.

BRIAN
Good. By the way. Keep up the good work. We're close meeting our goals for this quarter. And we're still in line to be the highest grossing branch in California for the fifth straight year.

Brian exits the office.

BREAK ROOM

Chad drinks a cup of coffee while talking to three other brokers, NORM, RAY, and STEVE.

STEVE
What do you think about, Laura?

CHAD
The one from accounting with the mustache?

STEVE
She has a mustache?

CHAD
Look closer.

The brokers think about it, then nod in agreement.

RAY
Hey Chad, I heard you did it with Lisa.

CHAD
Who said that?

RAY
It's everywhere.

CHAD
Twice. In the women's restroom.

STEVE
Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Ask her.

An attractive young woman stops inside the break room to pick up some sugar. She happens to be LISA.

CHAD

(continuing)

Hey Lis-.

Lisa turns around.

Chad gives her a look. Without saying a word she knows what he's talking about and smiles.

She nods to the brokers as she exits the break room. They're stunned.

CHAD

Next question.

RAY

So who is it tonight?

CHAD

Some law student I met at Borders.

Norm, a short portly broker, finally gets a word in.

NORM

How do you do it, Chad?

Chad puts his coffee-free arm around Norm.

CHAD

You gotta stop caring about women, Norm. Because once you start caring, they either get attached to you or break your heart. Two things I never want happening to me.

RAY

He's right. You assholes are lucky you aren't married. Having sex is like fuckin' work. And my wife won't even let me download porn into the computer. 'Cause the kids might see it.

CHAD

Look, Norm. There are two kinds of women. First, are the women you don't wanna sleep with. The women

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHAD (cont'd)
you don't wanna sleep with would be
like your Mom, grandma, sister,
ugly fat girls, and minors.
Everyone else is fair game. Or what
I like to call, 'Walking Vagina.'

At that moment Brian walks into the break room. He sees Chad and stands behind him.

CHAD
(continuing)
...And what are we? Walking dick.
And tell me, Norm. What does dick
do to vagina.

The three brokers one by one sneak out of the break room.

Chad turns around and sees Brian.

Brian doesn't say a word. He just points a figure at Chad and walks out.

CHAD'S OFFICE - LATER

Chad sits with his phone headset on, looking busy to everyone passing by.

A closer look reveals Chad playing "*World of Warcraft*" on his computer.

He looks at the clock on the wall. It's 11:59.

The second hand is halfway down its arc. It climbs up. The minute hand finally strikes NOON.

Chad shuts down his computer. He grabs his coat and briefcase and exits his office.

HALLWAY

Brian is standing next to the elevators talking to SHIRLEY, another female broker.

As Chad passes by he winks at Shirley.

Brian looks in disbelief as Chad slides into one of the elevators.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY

It's hot, the sun is out, a perfect summer day in SoCal.

Chad drives on the 405 freeway heading home. Miraculously with no traffic.

EXT. APARTMENT

Chad walks to the stairs of his apartment, tie loosened sleeves folded.

Sitting on the top step is Chad's neighbor, Lindsay. She's writing long hand into a notebook, a cigarette in between her fingers. Lindsay looks sexy in her daisy dukes.

Chad stares at Lindsay's smooth legs as he walks up the steps.

LINDSAY

It's already one. Long day at the office, Chad?

CHAD

I decided to come home and get some shut-eye after the all-nighter you pulled.

LINDSAY

I'm sorry. Did me and Sergio keep you up last night?

CHAD

As a matter of fact, yes. Fortunately you moaned loud enough so I could jerk myself off to sleep.

LINDSAY

That's gross, Chad.

CHAD

You think that's gross? I imagined coming on your tits.

Lindsay shakes her head.

CHAD

What are you working on?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Heidi Fleiss bio. Once Random House gives me the rest of my \$100,000 advance I can move out of this place and away from your fuck face.

CHAD

Don't do that, Lindsay. I only got this apartment when one of my clients told me he lived next to one of the hottest chicks he's ever seen in his life. And after I saw you, I convinced Owen Wilson to sell it to me.

LINDSAY

--I didn't fuck Owen, and I won't fuck you.

CHAD

Even if I paid you a million dollars?

LINDSAY

I'd rather fuck Bill Gates for free.

Chad smirks. As he passes by Lindsay on the top step he breaks wind.

He pulls out his keys, and opens the door of his apartment.

CHAD

Don't worry, Linds. I have a date tonight.

LINDSAY

Who? Some high school girl you met on Facebook?

CHAD

Close. A USC law student. Met her at Borders.

LINDSAY

It's a lost cause, Chad. Trying to hold onto what's left of your youth.

CHAD

Tell Serge I'd love to go to his soccer game tonight but I'd be staring more at the two inflated

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHAD (cont'd)
balls on his girlfriend's chest
than the inflated ball he's kicking
on the field.

Lindsay stretches her arm behind her and sticks her middle
finger out at Chad.

Chad gets in his apartment and starts closing the door. Just
before he closes it he yells something to Lindsay.

CHAD (O.S.)
--I'm coming on your face next
time!

He slams the door shut.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Chad pulls his Porsche up to to a driving range in Los
Feliz.

DRIVING RANGE (CONTINUOUS)

Chad, wearing a golf shirt and shorts, swings balls at a
driving range with MAX NUSBAUM, the skinny twenty-year old
on the cover of the Forbes magazine.

CHAD
So what's her name, Max?

MAX
Alicia.

CHAD
Is she the German, Irish, Persian,
and quarter Chinese girl?

MAX
How'd you know?

CHAD
You never stop talking about her.

Chad takes a perfect swing, hitting the 300-yard hash mark.

MAX
Nice.

CHAD
How long you've known Alicia?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

She's been my next door neighbor since I was five. I saw her grapes turn into watermelons.

Max hits a ball. It flies almost sideways.

MAX

Shit. I need to start lifting weights. You take steroids, Chad?

CHAD

She going out with anybody?

MAX

Yeah. Some football player named Matthew McDonald.

CHAD

Matthew McDonald? Tight end with the Dallas Cowboys?

Max nods.

CHAD

Max. What's your net worth?

MAX

I got hit hard today. Around 800 million. I was at 810 last week.

CHAD

You keep track of your portfolio more than your own broker.

MAX

By the way, Chad. Can you cash out my shares of Google? I'm starting another software company and need about ten million.

Chad watches Max take a weak swing. Chad grabs Max's driver.

MAX

What are you doing?

Chad throws Max's club far into the range.

MAX

What did you do that for?

CHAD

Go get it.

MAX

No.

CHAD

Why don't you wanna get it?

MAX

Because it's just a golf club.

CHAD

And what's Alicia?

MAX

Just a girl?

CHAD

Exactly. You're Max Nusbaum. You could buy the Dallas Cowboys.

MAX

Women don't like nerds.

CHAD

Wanna know something, Max? I wish I were you sometimes.

MAX

You do?

CHAD

Yeah. You could have any woman at your fingertip.

MAX

Then why can I only have consensual sex with girls after I pay them?

CHAD

'Cause you still wanna have sex with Alicia. It's fucking with your head. Women are just as shallow as we are, Max. Alicia's probably going to become Mrs. Dallas Cowboy and pop out a couple of Cowboy babies. --But trust me, Max. She's not going to look so hot after all those babies. Move on with your life. And after you've fucked your hundredth supermodel, come back to me and tell me you're still in love with her.

(CONTINUED)

Max takes a swing of the ball. It hits the 300 hash mark.

CHAD

Nice.

MAX

You're right, Chad. Some days I'd
give it all up to be you.

Chad smiles and pats Max on the head.

EXT. VALENTINO - NIGHT

Valentino on Pico Boulevard, one of the best Italian
restaurants in L.A. The restaurant is crowded.

INT. VALENTINO

Chad, dressed in a suit, sits alone at a table with a
vintage bottle of Italian red wine. He finishes the wine in
his glass.

Across the room, a pretty MILF in her mid-40's sits across
her husband at another table. Her husband puts his hands
over hers and places a 15-year anniversary diamond ring on
her finger.

As she looks at the ring she notices Chad staring at her.
She gives Chad a flirtatious glance and smiles. Chad gives
her a wink.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

--Chad?

MICHELLE FRIAR, a gorgeous 25-year old law student, stands
at Chad's table. She's wearing a long sleeved sweater over
dress and boots. Her black-rimmed eye glasses and long hair
in a bun give the impression of a sexy bombshell in
disguise.

Chad stands up to greet her.

CHAD

Michelle.

They shake hands.

CHAD

Please, have a seat.

Michelle and Chad take their seats at the table.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Sorry I'm late. I had a study session that ran over.

CHAD

That's okay. I already ordered some wine.

MICHELLE

May I have a glass?

Chad places a glass in front of her and pours her some wine.

Michelle picks up the glass and drinks it all in one shot. She puts it down, embarrassed.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry. This is my last year of law school. I'm stressing over the bar exam.

Michelle holds out her glass, wanting a refill.

Chad pours her more.

MICHELLE

How much is that bottle, anyway?

Michelle touches the rim of the glass with her lips, about to drink.

CHAD

Twelve-hundred bucks.

Instead of downing the wine Michelle just takes a sip and puts it back down on the table.

MICHELLE

My God, I'm nervous. I haven't been on a first date in about two years.

CHAD

(pause)

Me too.

MICHELLE

Really?

A beat.

Chad gets sentimental, almost teary-eyed.

CHAD

We were almost married. She left me
a month before the wedding.

MICHELLE

(sympathetic)

No...

Chad pours himself some wine. He downs the glass.

CHAD

I even converted to Catholicism for
her. I had my first communion with
a bunch of ten year olds. They all
laughed at me.

Michelle places her hand over Chad's.

MICHELLE

How long were you two together?

CHAD

How long were you together?

MICHELLE

Two years.

CHAD

Me too.

INT. APARTMENT (BEDROOM)

Chad and Michelle are having wild missionary-style sex under
the sheets.

Michelle moans loudly as Chad pushes her hard enough the bed
slams against the wall.

He finally climaxes and Michelle reaches orgasm.

Chad gets off of Michelle and they lie postcoital.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

A fist hitting the wall.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

(through the wall)

Asshole!!

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE
Was I too loud?

CHAD
You were perfect.

Michelle buries her head into Chad's chest.

MICHELLE
Chad.

CHAD
Yeah.

MICHELLE
What's her name?

CHAD
Who?

MICHELLE
Your fiance.

CHAD
Ileana.

MICHELLE
Ileana?

CHAD
Ileana. Chavez. Dominguez.

Michelle looks at Chad.

CHAD
She's from T.J.

Michelle nods.

MICHELLE
Chad. You think we'll ever find
that somebody and fall in love
again?

CHAD
--Find someone else so we can have
our heart broken again? And lose
our independence? Freedom is the
most important thing we have as
human beings. George Washington
fought for our freedom. Abraham
Lincoln freed the slaves. Why give
it up to somebody just because we
love them?

MICHELLE
You're right.

Michelle gives Chad a long kiss.

CHAD
At this moment in my life, Mindy.
You're the only person I want to be
with right now.

MICHELLE
Who's Mindy?

CHAD
What are you talking about?

MICHELLE
My name's Michelle.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

It's the front door.

MICHELLE
Who's that?

CHAD
I don't know.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK....

MICHELLE
I'm going to see who it is.

Michelle covers herself with a blanket and walks out of the room.

Chad slides on his boxers and follows her.

LIVING ROOM

Chad enters the living room behind Michelle. She opens the door.

Standing outside is TAYLOR LEE, big-bosomed blonde girl wearing a sexy dress.

Taylor looks Michelle up and down.

TAYLOR
Where is he?

Michelle looks back at Chad.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Teri.

TAYLOR

Taylor.

CHAD

Taylor, what a coincidence, I was about to call you.

TAYLOR

Really? How can you when your BlackBerry's off?

Chad doesn't respond.

TAYLOR

I left you about a million messages. Where the fuck were you?

Chad looks at Michelle.

TAYLOR

(continuing)

We were supposed to meet at Miyagi's at eight. It's midnight. Go ahead, Chad. Give me the best excuse you've ever given a woman in your life.

CHAD

I had a date. With Min-...

MICHELLE

--Michelle.

TAYLOR

So you scheduled a date with two girls on the same night?

CHAD

Goddamn Microsoft Outlook. How about tomorrow night?

TAYLOR

I can't believe I put out for you on our first date.

She looks at Michelle.

TAYLOR

So you got her to put out for you too?

(CONTINUED)

Michelle looks at Chad. She goes back in the bedroom.

CHAD
Michelle.

Chad walks up to Taylor.

CHAD
I'm sorry, Taylor. I've been going through a lot lately, with being middle-age and all.

TAYLOR
You're thirty-two.

CHAD
Guess what? I have some more Ben and Jerry's in the freezer. Remember how much fun we had licking Cherry Garcia off Mt. Everest?

Taylor SLAPS Chad on the face.

She marches out of the apartment.

CHAD
Taylor...

She doesn't stop.

Chad walks to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Michelle is putting on her clothes as she finds them on the floor.

CHAD
I'm sorry. She's an old friend of mine. I barely know her.

MICHELLE
Did you do it with Ileana on your first date too? Oh, that's right, there never was an Ileana Chavez Domingo Manyana Taco Bell.

CHAD
There's been so many, it's hard to keep track.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

I can't believe I did this. I feel like such a whore.

CHAD

You're not. I'm the whore.

MICHELLE

I come across you guys all the time. Sweet talk a girl just to get her in bed. You're like one night stand gurus.

CHAD

Michelle, please. I think you're a great person and I'd like to be given the opportunity to get to know you better.

Chad gently touches her on the cheek.

CHAD

I don't want to be alone tonight.

Michelle places her hand over his.

MICHELLE

I rather study for midterms.

Michelle throws Chad's hand off of her and walks to the front door. She opens it.

Standing outside the door is Lindsay, wearing a teddy. Michelle gives Chad another look and shakes her head.

CHAD

That's Lindsay.

MICHELLE

Excuse me.

Michelle passes Lindsay and walks out.

LINDSAY

Serge and I ran out of condoms. I guess you won't be needing any more, right?

BEDROOM - LATER

Chad is in bed trying to go to sleep.

THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...

(CONTINUED)

SERGIO (O.S.)
 (through wall)
You want me shoot goal?

 LINDSAY (O.S.)
Yeah baby, I want you to shoot a
goal.

 SERGIO (O.S.)
Oh, baby. It's stoppage time and
I'm almost scoring.

 LINDSAY (O.S.)
Oh, Sergio, baby. Score, score,
score a big one...

Chad covers his ears with his pillow.

THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...

Chad gets out of bed. He puts on jeans, a hooded USC
sweater, and his sneakers.

He picks up his wallet, cellphone, and keys from a dresser
and exits his apartment.

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Chad drives his Porsche Carrera GT down Sunset Boulevard in
the wee hours of the morning.

He scans the road for any sign of life. Chad passes by a few
unattractive PROSTITUTES.

Suddenly, a glimmer of hope. A beautiful long-legged
STREETWALKER stands on the corner of a Pink Dot.

He pulls his car up to her.

 CHAD
Hey, gorgeous.

She walks up to the car.

 STREETWALKER
How you doin', stranger?

 CHAD
You look nice.

She looks at the interior of the car. She's impressed.

(CONTINUED)

STREETWALKER

Thanks. Nice car. You're not too bad yourself.

CHAD

So what's a beautiful girl like you doing alone on Sunset Boulevard. Waiting for someone?

STREETWALKER

Yeah. My Prince Charming. Can I be your Cinderella tonight?

CHAD

How much?

STREETWALKER

Well, it's going to cost a little extra.

CHAD

Why's that?

The streetwalker slowly lifts her skirt.

Chad's eyes bulge out of their sockets. This hooker is NOT a she.

Chad shifts the transmission into first gear and skids out of there.

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING) - LATER

It's getting close to sunrise on Sunset Boulevard.

A garbage truck warms its engine getting ready for the day's pick-up, while a school bus is on the move headed for its first stop. Three GARDENERS cram into a beat-up pick-up truck filled with lawn equipment.

Chad is still driving. He's sleepy and has trouble keeping his eyes open.

Chad sees a Winchell's Donuts at the end of the block. He drives into the store's parking lot.

EXT. WINCHELL'S DONUTS (PARKING LOT)

Chad walks to Winchell's from his car.

As he reaches the front entrance a black Ford F-150 pickup truck drives into the lot.

(CONTINUED)

Inside is a twenty-five year old WHITE MALE (BENJI) with a shaven head and a pretty YOUNG WOMAN (TIFFANY) around nineteen. A foil sticker of the Confederate flag hanging on the back window of the vehicle.

The young woman steps out of the truck wearing a jean jacket, miniskirt, and fishnet stockings.

HARD METAL music blares out of the open door.

WHITE MALE

Don't come back without some
fuckin' rent money!

YOUNG WOMAN

Let me have my purse, Benji.

The man opens his window and throws her purse outside. The purse's contents scatter when it hits the ground.

WHITE MALE

Shut the door!

The young woman shuts the door, then walks around the truck to pick up her belongings.

YOUNG WOMAN

--Wait, Benji. My wallet's not in
here.

The man ignores her. He sees Chad and smiles at him.

WHITE MALE

Ask him.

The man drives out of the lot.

The young woman has finished picking up her purse. Chad continues walking into the store.

INT. WINCHELL'S DONUTS

Chad is helped by a CLERK.

Chad looks out through the store's glass walls. The young woman is seated on a bench in front of the store.

The clerk hands Chad a coffee and box of donuts. Chad pays the clerk.

EXT. WINCHELL'S DONUTS

Chad steps out of the Winchell's.

As he stops to put some napkins in his pocket, Chad gets a better look at the young woman. She's a classic beauty, like a young Natalie Portman. Her red lipstick and mascara make her look older than she really is.

The young woman drops her cigarette to the floor and puts it out.

YOUNG WOMAN
Can I have one?

CHAD
Sure.

Chad opens the box and walks up to her.

She pulls out a rainbow sprinkled donut.

YOUNG WOMAN
Thanks. I haven't eaten all night.

CHAD
You know, I'm not going to eat anything in here. I just wanted the coffee.

Chad places the box next to her.

YOUNG WOMAN
If you leave it here my boyfriend's going to take it from me.

CHAD
Then I guess you better eat it all before he comes back.

The young woman takes a bite of the donut.

YOUNG WOMAN
You want some company?

CHAD
What do you mean?

YOUNG WOMAN
I mean you want some company?

(CONTINUED)

CHAD
What about your boyfriend?

YOUNG WOMAN
He won't mind.

CHAD
How old are you?

YOUNG WOMAN
Nineteen.

CHAD
Aren't you a little young...

YOUNG WOMAN
--Eighteen is the legal age of consent. So you don't want any company?

CHAD
Is your boyfriend coming back?

YOUNG WOMAN
Not until I have some rent money.

Chad gives her a long look.

CHAD
Come on.

The young woman grabs her purse and stands up. She picks up the box of donuts and follows him.

INT. APARTMENT

Chad lets her inside his apartment.

YOUNG WOMAN
Nice place. You buy all your furniture at IKEA?

CHAD
I hope your boyfriend didn't follow us.

YOUNG WOMAN
He knows better. Anyway, he had a meeting with one of his clients. That's why he had to drop me off.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD
What does he do?

YOUNG WOMAN
He's a drug dealer.

CHAD
You want something to drink?

YOUNG WOMAN
I'll have some water.

Chad walks to the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. He pulls out a bottle of Evian.

CHAD
So is Kristin your real name?

YOUNG WOMAN
No. My real name's Tiffany. But people tell me I look more like a Kristin. How about you? Is Chad your real name or fake name?

CHAD
Real. And you know where I live.

He hands the water to her.

TIFFANY
Thanks.

Tiffany looks at the Evian, impressed. She opens it and takes a drink.

TIFFANY
(continuing)
So you wanna do it here or in the bedroom?

CHAD
Wherever.

Tiffany walks to the doorway of Chad's bedroom and peeks in.

TIFFANY
Who's g-string is that?

Chad realizes they're Michelle's.

CHAD
They're mine. I use them when I go jogging.

(CONTINUED)

She gives Chad a funny look.

TIFFANY

Cute. Like I said in the car I charge five-hundred for a half hour. But you could do whatever you want to me.

Tiffany puts the water down on a table and slowly unbuttons her shirt, exposing her bra.

TIFFANY

And I might just have you try on that g-string for me.

Chad looks at Tiffany's chest. Her breasts are a perfect size, almost too perfect to be real.

Tiffany walks over to him and kneels down. She rubs her hands up and down the outer edge of Chad's thighs. She then unhooks his pant button, slowly unzipping his fly. Tiffany pulls his shirt up and caresses his stomach. He watches her as she does this.

Tiffany slides down his pants and boxers at the same time.

She looks up, showing a sweet innocent face. Their eyes meet for a moment.

Tiffany slides her hand inside her jacket pocket and pulls out a sealed Trojan. She puts it in her mouth, grabbing onto it with her teeth so she can tear it open.

Suddenly...

CHAD

Stop...

Chad gently pushes her off him.

TIFFANY

Why?

CHAD

I can't...

TIFFANY

You can't what?

CHAD

I can't...I can't get it up.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY
You can't get it up?

CHAD
I must be tired.

TIFFANY
Too tired for sex?

CHAD
Yeah.

TIFFANY
Don't you have Viagra?

CHAD
I'm too young for Viagra.

Chad looks down at his crotch.

CHAD
He never let me down before.

He takes her hand and helps her stand up.

Chad pulls his jeans back up. He pulls out his wallet and takes out five \$100 bills.

TIFFANY
Forget it.

CHAD
Please.

Tiffany hesitates, then takes the money.

CHAD
So where do you live?

TIFFANY
I'm staying at a Motel 6 right now.

CHAD
I'll drop you off. Let me get dressed for work.

EXT. MOTEL

A Motel 6 in a ghetto part of L.A. Chad drives into the motel parking lot.

INT. PORSCHE (STOPPED)

(CONTINUED)

Chad is dressed in a shirt and tie. Tiffany sits on the front passenger side.

The only other car on the lot is the black Ford truck with the Confederate sticker.

CHAD

How long have you been staying here?

TIFFANY

About a week. For the last six months I've been renting a townhouse with my boyfriend Benji. Our landlord kicked us out when he found out Benji sold drugs.

CHAD

That's his truck, right?

TIFFANY

Hopefully he's asleep right now.

CHAD

Let me guess. You're not from L.A.

TIFFANY

Do you think I'm a ho- 'cause I like strangers putting their finger up my ass? I came here the same reason why any girl from Carrington, North Dakota comes to L.A.

CHAD

The movie business?

TIFFANY

It was either that or 'American Idol' and I can't sing.

CHAD

As long as you didn't come all the way here to do porn.

TIFFANY

Just because a girl has sex for a living doesn't mean she wants to have it filmed so her friends can find it on the Internet. It may not look like it, but I have ambition.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Well, I hope everything works out
for you.

Tiffany gets out of the car, taking the box of donuts with
her.

TIFFANY

Don't want you to be late for work.

Chad pulls out a business card from his back pocket and
hands it to her through the window.

CHAD

Call me if you need anything.

Tiffany looks at the card.

TIFFANY

I still owe you for the five
hundred. Maybe next time you'll be
in the mood and find a way to get
it up.

Chad sighs.

He watches Tiffany as she walks to her room. She opens the
door with a sliding keycard and waves "bye" to him before
getting inside.

Chad pulls his Porsche out of the lot.

INT. OFFICE (ELEVATOR)

Chad is in an elevator going up. An attractive SECRETARY
stands with him.

Chad smiles at her. She smiles back.

The secretary flirtatiously twirls her long hair with her
finger.

Chad reaches his floor. The elevator door opens.

Standing outside of the elevator is Brian, drinking coffee
from a mug.

BRIAN

Chad.

Chad hits the close door button.

(CONTINUED)

As the elevator closes Brian jolts his arm with the cup of coffee between the doors to keep it open, spilling some decaf on the young lady's shirt.

BRIAN

I'm so sorry. Don't worry, it's not hot. Chad, I think this is your floor.

Chad nods and walks out of the elevator.

They watch the girl try to remove the coffee stain as the elevator door closes.

CHAD

See what you did.

BRIAN

It's 10:30.

CHAD

So?

BRIAN

The market opened three and a half hours ago.

CHAD

My car broke down.

BRIAN

You spend over a hundred grand on a Porsche and it breaks down on you?

CHAD

My car is none of your business.

BRIAN

But your job performance is mine.

CHAD

Lay off, Brian.

Chad passes Brian.

BRIAN

I'm writing you up.

Chad stops.

CHAD

What?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

I said I'm writing you up. For being late two days in a row.

CHAD

That's bullshit and you know it.

BRIAN

Just be happy I'm not writing up for using profanity in front of a manager.

Chad continues walking.

BRIAN

(continuing)

Chad. One more and you're out of here.

CHAD

Fuck you too, Brian.

INT. OFFICE

Chad is sitting in his office tapping his fingers. He checks the clock.

Five minutes till noon.

Chad shuts off his computer.

He picks up his jacket and briefcase and exits the office.

INT. APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

Chad is back in his apartment.

He walks to his closet. On the top shelf is a large library of adult DVDs.

LIVING ROOM

Chad takes a seat on the couch. He presses play on the remote.

A JENNA JAMESON film starts playing on the plasma.

MALE PORN STAR (O.S.)

You want it doggie-style, baby?

(CONTINUED)

JENNA JAMESON (O.S.)

Yeah.

MALE PORN STAR (O.S.)

Well then turn around you little bitch.

JENNA JAMESON (O.S.)

Ruff-ruff...

Jenna and her partner start having sex.

Chad looks down at his crotch.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

Chad opens his front door, down to only his boxers.

It's Lindsay. The adult movie is still playing loudly on Chad's TV.

Lindsay points to inside the living room.

CHAD

What?

Chad hears JENNA JAMESON moaning.

CHAD

You kids quiet down in there!

LINDSAY

I'm trying to write.

CHAD

Is she bothering you?

Lindsay nods.

CHAD

I'll tell Jenna Jameson to take it down a notch.

LINDSAY

Thank you.

CHAD

Lindsay. You wanna take a break and have some ice cream with me?

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

No.

CHAD

It's Ben and Jerry's...

Lindsay starts walking back to her apartment.

CHAD

...Cherry Garcia.

Chad shuts the door. He takes a seat back on the couch, a large wad of used Kleenex next to him.

Chad turns the volume up at full blast.

The sound of a fist pounding the door.

CHAD

They all scream for ice cream.

Chad stands up and opens the door.

Standing alone is Tiffany, wearing sunglasses and carrying a large handbag.

TIFFANY

Chad, right?!

CHAD

Yeah!

TIFFANY

I didn't think you'd be home!

JENNA JAMESON (O.S.)

OH-MY-GOD, OH-MY-GOD, OH-MY-GOD!!!...

TIFFANY

Are you alone?!

Chad nods.

TIFFANY

Can I come in?!

Chad lets her in.

He turns off the TV.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Sorry.

TIFFANY

I bet you're wondering why I'm here.

CHAD

I'm guessing it's a rain check for this morning. Don't worry, I did some tests earlier and found out the mack-daddy's still big pimpin' spending cheese.

Tiffany takes off her sunglasses. Her left eye is bruised and almost swollen shut.

TIFFANY

He hit me.

CHAD

Who?

TIFFANY

Benji. He was angry when I got back to the motel. His deal this morning went bad. A couple of cholos stole all the coke he was carrying.

CHAD

Is he alright?

TIFFANY

Yeah. When I gave him the money I got from you he threw it back at me and punched me in the face. Said I tried to sleep with our landlord and that's why we got kicked out of our townhouse.

CHAD

Let me get you some ice.

Chad walks to the freezer. The only thing inside are dozens of cartons of Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia ice cream. He picks one up.

TIFFANY

The real reason we got kicked out was because our landlord caught Benji selling meth to one of our neighbors.

Chad hands the carton of ice cream to Tiffany.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at it oddly, but places the carton on her eye.

CHAD

So where is this asshole?

TIFFANY

Looking everywhere for me. Benji and his friends are in the Aryan Nation. He said he's gonna cut my throat when he finds me.

CHAD

Your boyfriend's in the Aryan Nation?

TIFFANY

He only joined it for protection while he was in prison.

CHAD

Why was he in prison?

TIFFANY

He had gotten into a fight and had stabbed a couple of people.

CHAD

Why don't you call the police?

TIFFANY

Benji's already been convicted twice for felonies. It'll be his third strike. He told me if he goes back in there the other inmates are going to kill him for being a skinhead. I never wanna see that fucker again but I don't think he deserves to die.

Tiffany looks at the ground, hesitant to speak.

TIFFANY

--Chad, I was wondering...if you'll let me stay here for a few nights. Until he stops looking for me.

CHAD

Tiffany, right?

TIFFANY

Yeah.

CHAD

Tiffany, I don't know if you saw it, but I have a throat too. And under these boxers, a diesel station that still pumps gas 24-7.

TIFFANY

Please, Chad. He won't find me here. And I promise I won't bother you.

CHAD

Didn't we just meet yesterday? Besides, there's only one bed in here.

TIFFANY

I could sleep on the couch.

Tiffany puts the ice cream down.

She begins crying.

TIFFANY

I haven't got any family, Chad...My mother won't let me come back home to Carrington...I came to L.A. to be an actress and now I'm just stuck here...Benji was the only person I knew...And now I have no one...I don't know what I'm gonna do...

Chad shakes his head.

CHAD

I'm sorry.

Tiffany continues crying.

A beat.

CHAD

Okay. But on a few conditions. I can't believe I'm doing this...

She slowly stops crying.

CHAD

Don't speak to your boyfriend again. And don't tell him where you're at. I'm sure he'll cut my throat before he cuts yours.

(CONTINUED)

Tiffany nods.

CHAD
No more street-walking.

TIFFANY
What will I do for money?

CHAD
I'll help you out until you find
another job.

Tiffany wipes her tears with the back of her hand.

Chad walks to a table next to the couch and picks up a box of Kleenex. He offers some to her.

Tiffany takes one and wipes her eye with it.

TIFFANY
I'll give you back your five-
hundred.

CHAD
Keep it.

TIFFANY
Really?

CHAD
It's for this morning.

TIFFANY
But we didn't--

CHAD
I know, I know. You hungry?

TIFFANY
A little.

CHAD
If you let go I can put on some
pants and a shirt and we can go get
something to eat.

TIFFANY
Chad. Can you clean up that
Kleenex on the couch?

INT. IN AND OUT - DAY

Tiffany wears her sunglasses as she eats her Double-Double.

TIFFANY

Chad. Do you have a girlfriend?

CHAD

(laughs)

No.

TIFFANY

Who's g-string was that? In your bedroom?

CHAD

A friend.

Tiffany smirks. She stuffs a handful of fries in her mouth.

CHAD

So how long have you been a call girl?

TIFFANY

A year and two months.

CHAD

Is it what you really want to do?

TIFFANY

My real dream is to be an actress.

Tiffany finishes the fries. Chad hands her his.

TIFFANY

My plan was when I turned eighteen I was going to come out to L.A. and become a movie star. Can I have your ketchup?

Chad gives her his ketchup.

TIFFANY

Unfortunately when I got here the only job I could get was at Baskin Robbins. That's where I met Benji. I lived with him at his parent's house.

CHAD

He bought ice cream from you?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

No. Benji worked there too. They fired him after they found out he was on parole. Baskin Robbin isn't the best place for a skinhead.

CHAD

Where's *your* family?

TIFFANY

I lived with my mother and her ex-marine boyfriend in North Dakota. Last summer he tried to rape me. The only thing that stopped him was a knee to the balls. If you think I look bad right now, imagine me with two black eyes and a broken arm. When I turned eighteen I took a bus to L.A. and never looked back.

CHAD

Your dad wasn't around?

TIFFANY

He died when I was little.

CHAD

Sorry.

TIFFANY

It's okay.

She finishes the fries. Tiffany takes a long sip of her vanilla milkshake.

TIFFANY

I wasn't making that much money at Baskin Robbins and decided to look for a new job. That's when Benji suggested I be a call girl. I didn't even know how someone became a call girl. He told me you just have to do it and said to wear my shortest mini-skirt and walk down Sunset Boulevard on a Saturday night. So I did that, and here I am today. After two months I saved up enough money and Benji and I were able to move out of his parent's house and rent our own condo. I even had enough money to buy him a new truck.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

You don't want to be a movie star anymore?

TIFFANY

When the money started coming in I told Benji I wanted to use some of it to take acting classes. But he said the only way I could make any money being an actress was if I did porn. But he didn't want me to do that because he said I'd get filthy rich and leave him.

Chad notices a dab of ketchup on Tiffany's cheek. He points to his own cheek trying to show Tiffany.

TIFFANY

What?

Chad picks up a napkin.

CHAD

Hold on.

He wipes the ketchup from her cheek.

TIFFANY

Chad.

CHAD

Yeah.

TIFFANY

Why were you trying to pick up a hooker the other day?

Chad guffaws.

CHAD

It's not like that.

TIFFANY

I know the look. Why aren't you married yet?

Chad can't respond.

CHAD

Have my cheeseburger.

He puts his cheeseburger in front of her.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chad and Tiffany walk back to his apartment.

TIFFANY
So she left you on your wedding
day?

CHAD
To join the peace corps. I have a
recurring nightmare about that day.

TIFFANY
I'm sure you'll get over her.

CHAD
I haven't spoken to her in five
years. She married a British
archaeologist she met in
Zimbabwe. I heard she has two kids
now.

Tiffany looks at the time on her cellphone.

TIFFANY
I usually start work around this
time.

CHAD
So what do you plan to do?

TIFFANY
I guess if I'm through with being
an escort, I gotta get a job.

CHAD
Know where you wanna work?

TIFFANY
Any good strip clubs around here?

Chad gives her a look.

TIFFANY
Just kidding. I've always wanted to
work at Hooters.

CHAD
Don't you want to shoot for
something a little higher? I mean,
Hooters and stripping is just like
your last job. Why not try
something that isn't based so much
on looks.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

What are you, an agent? I wanna job that pays enough and lets me work at night so I can take acting classes during the day.

CHAD

Well then why not a regular restaurant, like Applebee's?

TIFFANY

Tell me. Who makes more money in tips? A waitress who works at Applebee's or a waitress who works at Hooters?

Chad shakes his head.

He walks up the steps to the apartment. She follows.

TIFFANY

What? You don't think my boobs are big enough?

Standing outside Lindsay's apartment on the balcony is Sergio, dressed in a sports coat.

SERGIO

Chad. Hello.

CHAD

Sergio. Hello. I heard your play by play last night with Lindsay. You ever thought about a career in broadcasting?

Sergio doesn't understand.

CHAD

Sergio, this is Tiffany.

Sergio reaches out his hand to her. Tiffany takes it. He gently raises her hand up to his lips and kisses the back of it.

SERGIO

Tiff-a-nee.

TIFFANY

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

SERGIO

(in Portuguese)

It is my honor to kiss hand of such
a beautiful young girl.

TIFFANY

Where's he from?

CHAD

Portugal. Sergio came to America
to play soccer for the L.A. Galaxy.
He doesn't speak much English.

TIFFANY

He smells good.

SERGIO

Are you...what they say?
Girl-friend?

CHAD

--No, Sergio. She's my cousin.

Sergio doesn't understand.

CHAD

(continuing)

Koo-zzzin...

Lindsay walks out of her apartment and sees Tiffany.

SERGIO

--Lindsay, this Tiff-a-nee.
Chad's...how you say? Eh?--
Koo-zzzin?

Lindsay walks up to Chad and whispers into his ear.

LINDSAY

I don't think she's legal.

Lindsay approaches Tiffany and reaches out her hand. They
shake.

LINDSAY

Hi, Tiffany. I'm Lindsay. You two
really related?

Tiffany looks at Chad. He gives her an indiscreet nod.

TIFFANY

Yeah. By marriage.

Lindsay raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY
You wanna go, Sergio?

Sergio doesn't respond and continues to stare at Tiffany.

LINDSAY
Sergio?...

SERGIO
Yes. Okay. I go.

LINDSAY
Serge and I are going to watch a movie. Hopefully it'll be subtitled. You kids have fun tonight.

She whispers to Chad as she passes him.

LINDSAY
Use some protection.

CHAD
What are you talking about?

LINDSAY
Oh, that's right. She's your *koo-zzzin*.

Lindsay smiles as she walk down the steps, while Sergio eyes Tiffany as he walks down.

Chad opens the door of his apartment.

TIFFANY
He's hot.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A small bedside lamp lights the room.

BENJI, Tiffany's skinhead ex-boyfriend, heats up a one-to-one portion of heroin and water on a spoon.

Once the drug dissolves he puts the spoon up to his nose and sniffs it. Benji convulses.

He lies down onto the bed, enjoying the effects of the high.

Another larger skinhead, ERIC, enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

I called K-Town in Chino
prison. He's starting a war
against 18th Street.

BENJI

She fuckin' left me.

ERIC

You lost all our goddamn
money. Why the fuck you still
thinkin' about that ho?

BENJI

I'm gonna find that bitch and shoot
her between the eyes.

ERIC

You really gonna do that.

BENJI

Give me your gun.

Eric doesn't respond. Benji leans up from bed.

BENJI

I said give me your motherfuckin'
gun!

Eric pulls a 9-mm Glock from the inside of his pants. He
tosses it at Benji's lap.

Benji picks up the gun and points it at Eric. Eric doesn't
flinch.

Benji points the gun to his own head. He smiles as he pulls
the trigger. CLICK. It's empty.

ERIC

K-Town asked me to do that to you
when he found out you lost his drug
money to a couple of wetbacks.

Eric grabs the gun from Benji.

BENJI

Eric. Help me find her.

Eric loads the gun with a real cartridge as he stares at
Benji. Eric slides the gun in his pants. He nods at Benji.

INT. APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Chad sits on the couch drinking a Heineken and watching "Mad Money."

Tiffany enters the room wearing nothing but a T-shirt and white cotton panties. She has her hair wrapped in a towel, still wet from a shower.

Tiffany walks to the freezer and pulls out a Ben & Jerry's. She takes a seat next to Chad on the couch.

Tiffany holds the ice cream up to her black eye.

CHAD

I guess you don't have any pajamas.

TIFFANY

I usually sleep naked.

CHAD

Me too.

TIFFANY

What are you watching?

CHAD

"Mad Money."

Tiffany watches "Mad Money" host Jim Cramer do his spiel.

TIFFANY

Can I have the remote?

CHAD

Hold on. I wanna see how the market did before it closed.

TIFFANY

So?

CHAD

Sucked. Sucked for the last five years.

TIFFANY

Can I have the remote now before that guy's head explodes?

Chad looks at her. He places the remote on her lap.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

I have to get up for work early.

Chad hands her a comforter and pillow.

CHAD

You need anything else?

TIFFANY

No. But you're a very boring person.

CHAD

Thanks. Good night.

Chad shuts off the lights in the living room, leaving Tiffany in the dark with just the TV on.

He walks into his bedroom and closes the door.

BEDROOM

Chad lies in bed still awake. He checks his alarm clock. It's 2:00 a.m. He rolls out of bed, rubbing his eyes with his hands.

Chad gets up and walks to the bathroom to take a piss. He goes back to bed.

A beat.

Chad gets out of bed and walks out of the room.

LIVING ROOM

Chad walks over to Tiffany sleeping on his couch.

He spies at her feet peeking out of the comforter, and rides up an hourglass outline leading to Tiffany's angelic face.

Suddenly, he stops himself. Chad walks back to his bedroom.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

--You wanna do it?

Chad stops. He turns around.

TIFFANY

Come here.

Tiffany lifts the comforter, showing a nude silhouette.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD
Sorry. Go back to sleep.

Chad walks back to his bedroom. He shuts the door.

EMPTY FRAME

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

An arm reaches under the covers for the alarm clock.

SHOWER

Chad takes a hot shower.

LIVING ROOM

Chad enters the living room dressed in his suit. Tiffany is still asleep on the couch.

He walks to the kitchen and pulls out a key from the drawer.

Chad writes a note:

"Don't lose this."

Chad walks over to Tiffany and places the note and key on a table next to her.

She rolls to her side but doesn't wake up.

Chad picks up his briefcase and exits the apartment.

INT. OFFICE

Chad waits at an elevator lobby with about a dozen people.

RING, RING, RING, RING...

Chad pulls out his BlackBerry from the inside of his jacket pocket.

Everyone looks at Chad.

CHAD
Hello?

JESSICA (V.O.)
Chad.

CHAD

Jessica?

JESSICA (V.O.)

Yeah, it's me.

The crowd moves into the elevator. Chad stays behind.

CHAD

Jesse. Where are you?

JESSICA (V.O.)

I'm here in the U.S. with Monty and Winston

CHAD

Who's Monty and Winston?

JESSICA (V.O.)

They're my boys, Chad.

CHAD

You named them after British World War II icons?

JESSICA (V.O.)

Yeah. It was Henry's idea. Anyway, I'd love to see you. It's been like five years right?

CHAD

Who's Henry?

JESSICA (V.O.)

Henry's my husband, Chad. He's British. He couldn't come because he's working on an archaeological dig in Zimbabwe. It's just me and the kids.

CHAD

How about we meet up at our favorite restaurant?

JESSICA (V.O.)

That place. The only reason it was our favorite restaurant was because we did it in the restroom every time we ate there.

CHAD

You remember?

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (V.O.)
How could I ever forget? Those
were fun times.

CHAD
Trust me, Jesse. I'm over it.
I understand you're married to Mr.
Monty Python and his Flying Circus.

She chuckles.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Okay, Chad. Let's meet there
tomorrow. Say noon?

CHAD
Yeah. It's good to hear your voice
again.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Yours too, Chad. We got a lot of
catching up to do.

CHAD
Bye, Jesse.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Bye, Chad.

Chad throws his blackberry into the air, a big smile on his
face. Before he catches it...

CUT TO:

CHAD'S OFFICE

Chad walks into his office.

All his belongings are placed in cardboard boxes. Everything
on the wall has been taken down.

Jeanie is in the middle of cleaning out his desk.

JEANIE
I'm sorry, Chad.

He leaves his office and walks down the hall.

BRIAN'S OFFICE

Brian sits behind his desk drinking a coffee while going
over a PowerPoint presentation on his laptop.

(CONTINUED)

Chad storms in.

CHAD

Who the fuck went in my office?!

BRIAN

Have a seat, Chad.

CHAD

How about you get off your fat ass
and stand up.

Brian nods. He picks up an envelope on top of the desk and stands up.

Brian walks to Chad, meeting him face to face. He hands him the envelope.

Chad opens it and skims the letter inside. He looks back inside the envelope and finds a check.

BRIAN

There's enough in there for you to
do nothing for a year.

CHAD

I could also wipe my ass with it.

BRIAN

I'm sorry, Chad. We're going to
have to let you go.

CHAD

Why?

BRIAN

You know why. Because this isn't
working out.

CHAD

The only think not working is you
as a manager. I'm the reason this
branch has been doing so well.

BRIAN

You're a great salesman. I can't
take that away from you. This
company is not just about one
person. We're a team with rules
that we all must follow. And just
because you're our number one
salesman doesn't mean you can break
those rules.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Where the fuck did you read that?
In a college textbook from the
1950s?

BRIAN

Arriving to work late. Leaving
whenever you want. Speaking
profanity in front of others. Using
your computer for non-work related
material. --Yes Chad, we've been
monitoring your computer. We know
you log onto Facebook every ten
minutes. And we know you play
"World of Warcraft" during work
hours. Unacceptable.

CHAD

I do what I need to do for my
client's interests and my own. I
take their money and make more of
it for them. That's all that
matters.

BRIAN

This company was formed in the
early 1900's with a foundation of
truth, integrity, and customer
loyalty. As times have changed
we've seem to lose that focus. I'm
here to bring that back, but it
won't work while you're still
here. We're spreading your clients
among the other brokers in the
branch. Their information is in
our computers so they belong to us.

Chad rips the check and the letter into pieces and throws it
at Brian.

BRIAN

That's assault, Chad. Leave before
I call security.

CHAD

Brian. Get some looser pants. You
look like a fuckin' duck whenever
you walk.

Chad walks out of the office and slams the door.

Brian loosens his belt.

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING)

Chad is driving home on the 405 freeway, demoralized.

He doesn't see an accident ahead and a long line of brakes lights in front of him.

Chad slams hard into the rear end of a car in front of him.

PARKING GARAGE

Chad drives his car into the parking garage of his apartment complex.

The front of Chad's Porsche is completely smashed in.

INT. APARTMENT

Chad enters his apartment.

CHAD
Tiffany, you here?

No response.

He throws his briefcase and jacket onto the floor and walks to the kitchen. He opens a cupboard and pulls out a bottle of Jack Daniels and a glass.

Chad takes a seat on the couch and pours himself a shot of whiskey. He downs it.

EXT. CHURCH (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

A younger Chad, in his tuxedo, is on his cellphone pacing back and forth in front of the church.

CHAD
(leaving message)
Where are you, Jessica? Please,
answer your phone. I'm still here
at the church.

The priest exits the church. He walks up to Chad.

PRIEST
Maybe she doesn't want to talk
right now.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

She can't leave a forty grand wedding just like that.

PRIEST

Love isn't about money, Chad. It's not about limos, flowers, photographers, bridal registries at Target, or disco dancing to Earth, Wind and Fire at the reception. It's more.

CHAD

Well I loved her.

PRIEST

And do you think she loved you?

CHAD

Guess not.

PRIEST

Time will tell, Chad. Let her fly, and if she comes back--

Jessica, still in her wedding dress, walks up the church steps in her bare feet.

The priest leaves them.

JESSICA

Chad.

CHAD

Jesse.

JESSICA

I'm sorry, Chad. I just needed a moment by myself. To think. I wanted to make sure I was doing the right thing. And I realize I do love you, Chad. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

Chad and Jessica share a passionate kiss.

CUT TO:

PRESENT. EMPTY FRAME.

THE RATTLE OF KEYS OPENING A DOOR.

The door opens. Light from outside shines in. It's night outside.

(CONTINUED)

With the flick of a switch the lights go on.

At the door is Tiffany, holding onto her purse and dressed in a mini-skirt.

Chad wakes up from the dream. He was sleeping on the couch.

TIFFANY

Jack Daniels? God, you look like my mom's boyfriend.

He rolls up from the couch, rubbing his eyes to alleviate a small hang over.

CHAD

I had the worst dream. What time is it?

TIFFANY

Eight o'clock.

CHAD

Eight? Where have you been?

TIFFANY

Looking for a job.

Tiffany shuts the door and takes off her high heels.

CHAD

I thought you said you were going to stop.

TIFFANY

Stop what? Ho'-in' my ass? Well I tried looking for a real job but no one wants to hire a girl who's only specialty is doing trains at bachelor parties. So I made a quick visit to my favorite client. He's almost ninety and all I have to do is let him watch me touch myself and he'll give me his social security check for the month. Don't worry, it's the last time.

Chad shakes his head.

TIFFANY

If you want me to stop I need someone to help me out. Why don't you get me a job at your work?

CHAD
I can't. I got fired.

TIFFANY
What for?

CHAD
I don't know. For logging onto
Facebook.

TIFFANY
Facebook is the devil. Just thought
I might let you know.

Tiffany takes a seat next to Chad.

TIFFANY
So what are you going to do for
money?

CHAD
I saved up enough money to do
nothing for the next ten years. I
think I'm going to spend some time
trying to find myself.

TIFFANY
That's the spirit. Become a bum.
Like my ex-.

Tiffany picks up the empty glass on the floor. She smells
the rim.

TIFFANY
So you really want me to find a
job?

CHAD
Yes.

TIFFANY
Drive me to Hooters so I can pick
up an application.

Chad lowers his head to the ground.

He's about to throw up. Chad quickly gets up and runs to
the kitchen.

Chad throws up in the sink.

TIFFANY
So is that a no?

EXT. HOOTERS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Chad waits in his car at a Hooters parking lot.

Tiffany walks out of the restaurant holding a paper bag. As she passes the front of Chad's car she skims her hand across the dent. She gets inside.

TIFFANY
That looks expensive--

CHAD
So what happened?

TIFFANY
I got it.

CHAD
You got it?

TIFFANY
I start tomorrow.

Tiffany shows Chad her black Hooters tank and orange shorts.

CHAD
They hired you just like that?

TIFFANY
Surprised? And I didn't even have to give anyone a blow job. I think my hooters were good enough.

Chad shakes his head.

TIFFANY
Let's go to the mall. I need to buy some sneakers for work.

INT. BEVERLY CENTER - NIGHT

Chad and Tiffany are walking in the Beverly Center. Tiffany swings a bag from Ladies Footlocker.

TIFFANY
Thanks for the shoes. For a moment I felt like Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman* when you pulled out your Gold American Express card.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

So what's this fascination with Hooters?

TIFFANY

It's a dream for every girl with a C-cup.

CHAD

Is that really something to be proud of?

TIFFANY

As a matter of fact, yes. All girls need something on their body they can feel proud of. We'll spend hours in front of the mirror trying to find at least one thing we can love about ourselves. And if we can't find anything...Well, that's what plastic surgery's for.

Tiffany puts her hand on her bosom.

TIFFANY

These cost a lot but I'm happy.

Chad looks at her.

CHAD

Trust me. You don't need surgery.

TIFFANY

So what's this fascination of you stopping me from being a call girl?

CHAD

None. I just think you're a better person than to be in that line of work.

Tiffany shakes her head.

TIFFANY

You're like the father I never had but if I did have I'd run away from.

CHAD

I'll take that as a compliment.

Chad stops in front of a greeting card store.

CHAD

Hold on.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Chad walks out of the store holding a teddy bear with a foil heart-shaped foil around its wrist.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Chad is dressed in a suit, holds the teddy bear and balloon.

CHAD

Tiff!!

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Hold on! I'm almost done!

Tiffany walks in the living room, dressed as a Hooters girl.

TIFFANY

Why you laughing?

CHAD

I didn't say a thing.

TIFFANY

But you're laughing in your head.

CHAD

Damn. You are psychic.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chad and Tiffany drive past the apartment complex.

A few moments later a black Ford F-150 pulls over to the side of the street. Inside the truck are Benji and Eric.

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING)

Tiffany dabs blush on her cheek while examining herself with her compact. She dabs some blush on her cleavage.

TIFFANY

Where you going to meet her?

CHAD

Valentino. One of our favorite restaurants.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

You haven't seen her in five years,
right?

CHAD

Yeah.

Tiffany chuckles.

CHAD

What?

TIFFANY

Not over her, huh?

CHAD

I don't think it's ever over.

TIFFANY

Well for you at least.

Tiffany flips down the mirror part of the car's sun visor. She pulls out some lipstick from her purse and puts it on.

TIFFANY

I don't understand. You have a really hot girl living next door to you, Chad. Why haven't you ever gone after her?

CHAD

She's....Not my type.

TIFFANY

You sound like a gay friend I use to know.

CHAD

I'm not gay.

TIFFANY

I didn't say that.

CHAD

What time do I have to pick you up anyway?

TIFFANY

Six.

CHAD

I might be a little
late. Hopefully my lunch date
turns into more than just a lunch
date.

Tiffany shakes her head and smiles.

TIFFANY

Go get 'em, Tiger.

INT. VALENTINO - DAY

Chad sits alone at the same table he sat in a few nights
before. He waits nervously, fidgeting with the cap of a
saltshaker.

As he does this, JESSICA, Chad's ex-fiance, is escorted to
the table by a WAITER. Jessica looks a few years older than
she did in the first scene, but still is a classic beauty
with long dark hair, a cover model face and a curvaceous
figure. She's dressed casually in jeans and a camisole.

JESSICA

Chad.

Chad stands up.

CHAD

Jessica.

She reaches out and takes Chad's hands. They stare at each
other for a moment.

Jessica leans over and kisses Chad awkwardly on the cheek.

WAITER

Shall I bring out the bottle of
Domaine Romanee?

CHAD

Yeah.

The waiter leaves the table.

JESSICA

Chad, isn't that like a mortgage
payment?

CHAD

Yeah. And best of all I just got
fired.

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA
You got fired?

CHAD
No worry. I hated that job anyway.

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA
Haven't changed a bit. So how are you?

CHAD
Good. How are you?

JESSICA
I'm good.

CHAD
That's good.

An uncomfortable silence. She looks at the walls.

JESSICA
So many memories of this place.

CHAD
Yeah.

JESSICA
When was the last time you've been here?

CHAD
I don't remember. Maybe six years ago?

JESSICA
That's funny. I thought you'd come here all the time bringing dates and trying to score with them.

Chad is caught. He saves face.

CHAD
You wanna sit down?

JESSICA
Okay.

They both take their seats at the table.

JESSICA

I can't believe I'm sitting here with you again. So what's new, Chad? Married? Any kids?

CHAD

No.

JESSICA

I kind of figured you'd still be playing the field. Don't worry. Marriage isn't what it's all cracked up to be. If I knew what I know now I probably wouldn't have gotten married and had children so soon. But things happen for a reason. I mean if things didn't happen, I probably would still be with you, right?

Chad fakes a laugh.

CHAD

So how do Monty and Winston like America?

JESSICA

They love it. We went to Disneyland. You should have seen me after Splash Mountain. I wasn't wearing a bra and it looked like I won first place at a wet T-shirt contest.

Chad takes a quick glance at her good-sized bosom and accidentally tips over the saltshaker, spilling a good deal of salt on the table.

CHAD

Shit...

He starts cleaning the salt up with his hand.

CHAD

(continuing)

...I remember how you always talked about having kids one day.

JESSICA

They're the best thing that ever happened to me, Chad. My life is centered around those two boys. After all the shit I've been

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA (cont'd)

through, traveling around the world with the Peace Corp, helping all those unfortunate people, nothing compared to holding my babies after they were born. Remember when we were still both in school? I wanted so bad to go out and save the world. But now with Winston and Monty in my life, all I think about now is saving them. I'm surprised you haven't had kids yet, Chad.

CHAD

I guess I haven't met "the one" yet.

JESSICA

Don't worry Chad, you will. I mean, how close were we in getting married?

Chad mutters.

CHAD

At the altar.

JESSICA

--What was that?

CHAD

We were at the altar.

JESSICA

Oh, yeah. I remember that. That was five years ago.

A beat.

Chad is finished cleaning the salt.

CHAD

--So why did you leave me, Jesse?

JESSICA

(long pause)

Come on, Chad. I didn't come all the way here so we could talk about that.

CHAD

After five years, don't you think I deserve an answer?

(CONTINUED)

A beat.

JESSICA
You do. I left you because...

Jessica's cellphone in her purse starts ringing the "*Theme from Lawrence of Arabia*."

JESSICA
(continuing)
Shit.

She finds her phone and answers.

JESSICA
Hello, Henry? I'm fine. The boys are good. They're with my mother right now. Look Henry, can I call you right back? What time is it over there? Okay. Love you too. Bye.

She puts the cellphone back in her purse.

JESSICA
(continuing)
I'm sorry. Where was I?...Oh, yeah, the only thing that connected us Chad, was sex. Not that it was a bad thing. The sex was amazing. But we were both young and high most of the time. And I didn't want to get married before I traveled around the world. I met Henry after I visited just about every country in Africa. We just happened to be at at the right place at the right time. I was finally ready to commit.

CHAD
I don't know about you, but I was ready five years ago.

JESSICA
Tell me, Chad. Why haven't you moved on with you life?

CHAD
(long pause)
Because...

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA
Because why?

CHAD
'Cause I'm still...

JESSICA
--Still what?

CHAD
I'm still in love with you,
Jessica....Happy? Now you know.

She's taken aback.

JESSICA
It's been five years, Chad. Haven't
you forgotten about me?

Chad shakes his head.

JESSICA
If I knew how you felt I probably
wouldn't have seen you again.

CHAD
Take it for what it is, I had to
say it.

Jessica feels something on her foot.

She looks under the table.

JESSICA
Is that teddy bear for me?

Chad lifts the table cover and looks under.

They both watch as the heart balloon accidentally floats up
to the ceiling.

CHAD
Some busboy asked me to hide it
here. I think he's in love with one
of the waiters.

JESSICA
I'm sorry, Chad. I gotta go.

Jessica picks up her purse and stands up.

JESSICA

I'll call you when I'm back in
Zimbabwe...Oh my God, I think I'm
going to cry...

Jessica walks out of the restaurant, practically in tears.

The host brings the wine and two wine glasses to Chad's table. He gives a curious glance to the heart balloon on the ceiling.

CHAD

Someone left that for you, Pedro.

WAITER

It must be that new busboy. No
wonder he keeps staring at my ass.

INT. HOOTERS - DAY

Chad walks inside Tiffany's restaurant, packed with customers. He finds the only empty table in the back and takes a seat.

Tiffany is taking an order. She sees Chad.

She finishes the order and walks up to him.

TIFFANY

Welcome to Hooters. Would you like
to try our world famous chicken
wings?

Chad doesn't respond.

TIFFANY

So how did it go?

He lowers his head.

TIFFANY

I'll get you a pitcher.

EXT. HOOTERS - NIGHT

Chad sits at a bench outside the restaurant.

Tiffany walks outside, done with her shift. She sees Chad on the bench and takes a seat next to him.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY
Did you see her?

CHAD
Yeah.

TIFFANY
...And?

CHAD
It went.

TIFFANY
That good, huh?

CHAD
I waited five years only to be
rejected by the same woman again.
Like an idiot I thought if I gave
it some time her feelings would
change.

TIFFANY
That's when you know it's love.
When you haven't seen an ex- in
five years and ask her if she still
has feelings for you.

CHAD
I don't even think I loved her
anymore. I was just obsessed.

TIFFANY
I know what you mean.

CHAD
...You do. Who were you in love
with? Your wood shop teacher in
high school?

TIFFANY
I may look like I still watch the
Disney Channel but I've had my
heart broken too.

CHAD
Well I don't think it comes close.

Tiffany looks at the ground. She pulls out a cigarette from
her purse and lights it up.

She takes a long drag and exhales.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Roger Wainwright. My first client. Imagine George Clooney but a few years older. I met Roger in front of his hotel on Sunset Boulevard. He saw me from the window of the hotel bar and ran outside to stop me. He told me I was the most beautiful woman he's ever seen in his life. So I asked if he'd still think I was beautiful if he knew I was a call girl that charged a thousand bucks an hour. That's when he took me by the hand and asked me to come up to his room with him. This was the first time I did sex for money. I mean, I had sex all the time with high school boys back in Carrington and I was living with Benji at the time, but that night Roger showed me what it was to be a woman.

Tiffany laughs.

TIFFANY

(continuing)

He made me come so much I should have been the one paying him. I stayed with him the rest of the night and he paid me five grand. In the morning I gave him my cellphone number so he could call me next time he came out to L.A.

A couple of patrons enter the restaurant. Tiffany stops talking until they walk inside.

CHAD

Where was he from?

TIFFANY

New York. Roger would fly out here every week for business. He was in the middle of separating with his wife so he needed something to look forward to. So he found me.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

We saw each other a lot the next two months. Once Roger flew me out to Las Vegas. It was just the two of us in a suite at the MGM Grand. We did it everywhere, the bathtub, the kitchen, even on top of the pool table...

Tiffany chuckles.

TIFFANY

(continuing)

...It was like a ten-hour porn movie. On our second night we had a walk down the Strip and passed by a small chapel. We sat on a bench across the street from it, watching all the newly married couples walk out. I remember the feeling I had with his arm around me. I never felt so safe. Anyway, Roger pointed to the chapel and said after his divorce was finalized he was going to marry me in there. I almost cried. All I thought about was breaking up with Benji when I got back to L.A. so I could marry this guy.

Tiffany puts out her cigarette.

A few tears slide down Tiffany's eyes. She wipes them.

TIFFANY

(continuing)

The next week Roger told me he reconciled with his wife and had to stop seeing me. He even changed his number. This was the first time in my life I had my heart broken. I couldn't eat or sleep, I just wanted to die. Benji didn't know what was going on and thought I was just PMS'ing, so he'd let me use some of the drugs he'd bring home. But all they did was make me forget for a few hours. I knew I was going to get hurt. I couldn't change the fact that I was a hooker and he was my client. Up until now, there's not a day I stop thinking about him.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Maybe he was the father figure you were looking for.

TIFFANY

After what happened, I learned that giving someone my body and giving someone my heart are two completely different things. I learned to separate sex and love. To give a client this...

She places her hand on her crotch.

TIFFANY

--And never this.

She places her hand on her heart.

A beat.

Chad puts his arm around her.

CHAD

Don't worry. You're young. One day you're going to find the right guy, get married, have kids, and buy a house in San Bernardino County.

Tiffany stops crying and wipes the left over tears.

TIFFANY

I'm probably going to end up marrying some fat beer belly truck driver I meet at Hooters.

CHAD

As long as he tips well.

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Chad is driving Tiffany.

CHAD

You wanna go on a date?

TIFFANY

With you?

CHAD

No. One of my clients before I got fired. He's around your age.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

All the guys I know my age either sell drugs or still live with their parents.

CHAD

Well not this guy. You heard of 'Nusbaum Anti-Spam' software?

TIFFANY

No.

CHAD

Well he invented it.

TIFFANY

So?

CHAD

It's the most popular anti-spamware out there. It's up there with Norton Anti-Virus.

TIFFANY

I don't know anything about computers.

CHAD

Well my point is that he's worth over half a billion dollars. And he's around your age.

TIFFANY

And you want me to go out with him?

CHAD

I'll call him.

Chad pulls out his BlackBerry and starts scrolling.

TIFFANY

You think he'll say 'yes' just like that? To a former hooker slash Hooters waitress?

CHAD

He'll like the Hooters part. Right now he's probably home downloading porn from the internet. Just don't tell him what you use to do for a living. I think he's sick of call girls.

Tiffany shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

--What about you, Casanova? What are you going to do about your love life?

CHAD

I don't know.

TIFFANY

You want some advice?

Chad puts down the phone. He looks at Tiffany and nods.

TIFFANY

(continuing)

First you gotta stop treating women like fuck toys. We're more than just Kleenex you can toss after you blow your load. Anytime a girl has sex with you she wants emotion. Do you think she's giving you head 'cause she likes the way your cum taste? How it stings in her eye and is a bitch to get out of her hair? She's doing it so that you'll listen to her after it's all over. I mean, a girl can get the same pleasures of sex from a vibrator. But it's not like she can have a conversation with it. 'Hello, Mr. Vibrator, let me tell you what a bad day I had at work.' If you really want to find someone Chad, you're going to have to give her this...

She points to Chad's heart.

TIFFANY

(continuing)

And not just give her that.

She points at Chad's crotch.

TIFFANY

(continuing)

If you can get it up I mean.

Chad smiles.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

Chad opens the front door.

Standing outside is Max, Chad's former client and young multi-millionaire friend. He's wearing an expensive suit and holding a bouquet of roses.

MAX

Hey, Chad.

CHAD

Max, I thought you said you were going to wear your contacts.

Chad takes off Max's bottle thick glasses.

MAX

Chad, give 'em back. I can't see anything less than ten feet in front of me.

CHAD

You wanna make a good impression right?

MAX

Yeah, but...

CHAD

--You bring your contacts?

MAX

They're in the car.

CHAD

Put 'em on when you go back in there. You look like Bill Gates before he started growing pubes.

MAX

Okay. But I can't see.

Chad puts Max's glasses in Max's inside coat pocket.

Max somehow makes his way inside the apartment.

Chad sees Max's car parked out in front. It's a Lamborghini.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Nice car. Is that new?

MAX

I bought it this morning when you told me about the date.

Chad wipes some lint off of Max's shoulder.

MAX

Is she here?

CHAD

Yeah. She's been in the bathroom for about an hour.

MAX

What's she doing?

CHAD

She's getting ready, Max. That's what women do.

MAX

Oh yeah.

CHAD

Want something to drink?

MAX

No. Gonna stay sober tonight. Since I'm driving and she's your cousin and all.

CHAD

Well I'm gonna have a beer.

Chad walks to the refrigerator and grabs a Heineken.

Tiffany walks into the living room, stunningly attractive in her dress, make-up, and high-heels.

Max doesn't see her that well without his glasses.

TIFFANY

You must be Max.

Chad takes a sip of beer.

CHAD

Sorry. Max, Tiffany. Tiffany, Max.

All Max can do is reach out the bouquet of roses to her.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY
For me? Thanks.

She takes the roses.

TIFFANY
They smell good. Chad, you mind
putting these in water for me?

Chad nods.

TIFFANY
I'll leave them right here.

She places them on the table.

TIFFANY
Now don't get too drunk tonight and
forget, okay? --So Max. Wanna go?

MAX
Okay.

They start heading out.

Max can't see the couch in front of him. He falls to the
ground.

TIFFANY
Careful...

Tiffany helps him up. She wraps her arm around Max's and
leads him out the door.

As they walk Tiffany quickly looks back at Chad.

TIFFANY
(continuing)
--Oh yeah. And Chad, don't wait
up...

Max doesn't see as she flips Chad off the middle finger and
mouths the word "Asshole."

Chad waves bye as they exit.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

The Ford pick-up truck is parked at the empty lot of a 7-11.

BENJI, Tiffany's skinhead boyfriend is talking on a
payphone.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC, Benji's larger skinhead friend is seated shotgun inside the truck. He pulls out the cartridge from his Glock.

Eric sees the Middle Eastern clerk working inside the store. He points the unloaded gun at the clerk and clicks the trigger a few times.

Benji is done with his call and hangs up. He walks to the truck and enters the driver's side.

BENJI

Cellphone company said that's the address. She's fuckin' there.

Benji starts the engine.

EXT. APARTMENT

Chad's apartment. A light shines through the living room window.

INT. APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM)

Chad has fallen asleep on the couch while watching TV.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

Chad wakes up. He stands up and walks to the door.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...

Chad opens the door.

Standing outside are the two skinheads, Benji and Eric.

CHAD

Yeah?

BENJI

Where the fuck is she?

CHAD

Who?

BENJI

That ho-.

CHAD

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

BENJI

You gotta know my girlfriend
Tiffany. Her fuckin' cellphone
bill's going to this apartment.

CHAD

It must be a mistake.

BENJI

No. A customer service rep gave me
this address. I ain't got a phone
anymore 'cause of that bitch.

CHAD

Look, I don't know who this Tiffany
is. You must have the wrong
apartment.

Benji grabs Chad by the shirt.

BENJI

Don't lie to me, motherfucker. I
could smell her pussy all over this
place...

Chad pushes Benji.

Eric takes out a handgun from the inside of his jacket and
presses it against Chad's head.

Chad winces.

A beat.

We hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

--Chad, you didn't tell me you were
going to have guests over...

Eric quickly hides the gun in his jacket

LINDSAY

I thought we agreed to have your
poker nights on Friday. Excuse me.

Lindsay pushes her way past Eric and walks inside the
apartment. She's carrying two bags of groceries.

LINDSAY

Why is he holding your shirt?

Benji lets go of Chad.

(CONTINUED)

Lindsay puts the groceries on the floor. She stands close to Chad, pretending to be his girlfriend.

Chad puts his arm around her.

LINDSAY

I'm going to make us pasta for dinner.

CHAD

You're awesome, honey.

Chad kisses Lindsay on top of her head.

LINDSAY

So what's going on, Chad? And what's up with their haircuts? Did they just join the Navy or something?

CHAD

This guy's saying his girlfriend's cellphone bill is going to our address.

LINDSAY

It is? Well I'm not paying for it.

CHAD

I'm not paying for it either.

LINDSAY

Why is her cellphone bill going to our address?

CHAD

I don't know.

An uncomfortable silence.

LINDSAY

...Are you seeing somebody, Chad?

CHAD

Of course not.

A beat.

Lindsay pushes Chad's arm off of her.

She slowly starts crying.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

I can't believe it. I knew you couldn't keep your fuckin' dick in your pants. My friends told me to be careful of you. That's probably because you slept with every single one of them, haven't you?! I'm sick of this shit. We are fuckin' through!

CHAD

No, Lindsay.

Lindsay starts crying even harder.

LINDSAY

(shouting)

I want you and your friends to get the fuck out of here!!

CHAD

But honey, they're not my friends. I haven't seen them before in my life.

Chad turns to Benji.

CHAD

Tell me, have we met? Other than tonight?

Benji looks at Eric. He looks just as confused.

Benji shakes his head "no."

CHAD

See. Now honey. We're getting married next month. Let's not overreact.

Lindsay runs into the bedroom.

LINDSAY

I'm calling Mom and telling her we're canceling the wedding!

She slams the bedroom door shut. She screams and cries loudly inside the room.

Benji looks at Chad.

(CONTINUED)

BENJI

What the fuck's wrong with her?

CHAD

Period.

BENJI

We'll be waiting around here. My girlfriend chose your apartment for a reason. And when I find her I'm gonna fuckin' blow her brains out. And if I find out you've been hiding her from me...

Benji smirks.

BENJI

(continuing)

Come on, Eric.

Benji starts walking down the stairs followed by Eric.

Chad shuts the front door, bolting it shut.

Tiffany opens the bedroom door. She enters the living room, wiping her fake tears with Kleenex.

LINDSAY

You owe me an Academy Award.

INT. APARTMENT (LATER)

Around 1:00 a.m. The apartment is completely dark.

Lindsay is crouched down next to the living room window so she can't be seen. She peeks through the mini-blinds, streaks of light from a lamppost shining in.

Outside Benji and Eric are standing on the sidewalk near their truck.

Chad walks behind Lindsay. He's on his cellphone.

CHAD

Max isn't answering his phone. And I left Tiff about ten messages not to come back here. So how did you know she wasn't my cousin?

LINDSAY

Chad. I'm writing a biography on the 'Hollywood Madam.' And knowing

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY (cont'd)
how sexually deprived you are I put
two and two together.

Lindsay notices something outside.

LINDSAY
--They're leaving.

Benji and Eric enter the truck. The headlights switch on.
The truck drives away.

CHAD
I guess we conned them into
believing we were a couple.

LINDSAY
Where did Tiffany say they were
going on their date?

CHAD
I don't know. The last date Max's
been on was in preschool, so I'm
guessing Chuck E. Cheese.

LINDSAY
This is serious, Chad. I know what
happens to girls like Tiffany. In
my book one of Heidi's call girls
was murdered by her boyfriend after
she broke up with him. He raped
her then shot her in the face.
They're going to kill her, Chad.

CHAD
It's one in the morning. I think I
know where they might be.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Chad is in his Porsche with Lindsay. They drive out of the
apartment parking structure and onto the street.

They pass by a line of cars parked next to the sidewalk.

A car in the middle of the stack turns on its headlights.
Inside are the silhouettes of Benji and Eric.

The truck begins following them.

EXT. MANSION

Chad pulls his Porsche onto the long circular driveway, parking the car next to an antique French-sculpted water fountain.

EXT. MANSION (FRONT DOOR)

Max opens the front door for Chad and Lindsay. He's wearing a wife-beater and *Transformers* boxers.

Max has on an X-Box 360 headset and is holding a controller.

MAX

Chad. What are you doing here?

CHAD

Why aren't you answering your phone, Max?

MAX

Oh...we were...you know...

Max takes off his headset.

MAX

(continuing)
...Playing X-Box.

CHAD

Is she here?

Max leans over whispers into Chad's ear.

MAX

Why didn't you say you were coming over, Chad? I'm in my shorts. I'm not even at first base yet.

CHAD

Max, this is Lindsay.

MAX

Hi.

LINDSAY

You got a nice place, Max.

MAX

Chad tells me it makes me look like a true Jew.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Max. Can we come in?

MAX

Yeah. Sorry.

Chad and Lindsay walk inside the house. Max sees the Porsche.

MAX

Chad. What happened to your Porsche?

CHAD

Please don't look at my car, Max.

Max nods. He shuts the front door.

INT. MANSION (LIVING ROOM)

Chad, Lindsay, and Max enter the large living room area.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Motherfucker!

They see Tiffany in her bra and panties, sprawled out on a long leather couch playing "Halo 3" on a large plasma screen television.

TIFFANY

Max, this monster came out of nowhere.

MAX

Uh, Tiff...

TIFFANY

What?

Tiffany turns around.

TIFFANY

Chad,...Lindsay. What are you guys doing here?

CHAD

Tiffany. Get dressed.

TIFFANY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Benji knows you're staying with me.

TIFFANY

--How did he?...

CHAD

He got a hold of your cellphone company and found my address.

Tiffany drops the controller and stands up.

TIFFANY

I had his name removed from the account, Chad. My phone was the only thing I took with me.

CHAD

It's alright.

TIFFANY

Where is he now?

CHAD

We don't know.

Tiffany runs out of the living room and up the stairwell.

Max picks up the controller and continues playing.

CHAD

Now's not a good time, Max.

MAX

Okay.

Max puts down the controller.

EXT. MANSION

Chad, Lindsay, Max, and a fully clothed Tiffany walk out the front door.

Unfortunately, standing in front of the house is Benji and Eric. Eric pulls out the handgun from his jacket.

FADE OUT:

INT. CLOSET

Pitch black.

LINDSAY (V.O.)

Chad.

CHAD (V.O.)

Yeah.

LINDSAY (V.O.)

Did you just touch my leg?

CHAD (V.O.)

No. Max. Did you touch Lindsay's leg?

MAX (V.O.)

No, Chad. I didn't touch anyone's leg. --Wait, somebody just touched mine.

CHAD (V.O.)

That was me.

MAX (V.O.)

Why you touching my leg, Chad?

CHAD (V.O.)

Where's the light switch in here, Max?

MAX (V.O.)

Not on my leg. It's next to the door.

CHAD (V.O.)

Now if I can only find a way to get up.

LINDSAY (V.O.)

--Great. Now somebody just grabbed my boob.

CHAD (V.O.)

That was me. I'm trying to stand up.

LINDSAY (V.O.)

Well it feels like you're trying to get something else to stand up.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD (V.O.)

--Lindsay, you understand if we don't get out of here Tiffany is going to die.

LINDSAY (V.O.)

And you grabbing onto my boob is gonna help?

MAX (V.O.)

--I understand the romantic chemistry between you two, but please. Don't let me die in my own house.

CHAD (V.O.) AND LINDSAY (V.O.)

(simultaneously)

There's no romantic chemistry, Max./I hate him!

MAX (V.O.)

See what I mean?

CHAD (V.O.)

Max, is there anyone else who works here? Like a house keeper or someone?

MAX (V.O.)

I have a maid that comes in at seven.

CHAD (V.O.)

That'll be too late.

(pause)

...Forget it.

A beat.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...the sound of someone hopping.

MAX (V.O.)

Ouch!

A light turns on.

We see Max and Lindsay on the floor, their hands restrained behind their backs, wrists and ankles bound by duct tape.

Chad is standing next to the light switch, wrists free but his ankles still taped together.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Next time Max, don't tell two skinheads you don't know where you keep the duct tape.

LINDSAY

Well if it weren't for him we'd all be dead right now.

CHAD

Yes, Max. Thanks for giving Benji the keys to your Lamborghini. And then promising him we're both going to join the Aryan Brotherhood.

KITCHEN

Chad and Max look at an opened MacBook.

Lindsay massages the duct tape marks on her wrists.

CHAD

Did LoJack track your car?

MAX

My Lamborghini's at this address.

Max points to the map on the screen.

CHAD

That's Tiff's motel. Max, you sure you wanna come with us?

MAX

Yeah.

CHAD

Put some pants on then and lets go.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Lamborghini is parked outside of the motel. There's a light on in one of the rooms.

INT. MOTEL

Tiffany's face in a horizontal position. She's in tears.

A HAND wipes a tear as it slides down her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

BENJI (O.S.)
Your eye's lookin' better, baby.
I'm sorry I hit you the other day.

A TONGUE comes into frame and licks her chin. It drags slowly to her lips and pulls away.

We see Benji on top of Tiffany, holding her down.

Tiffany is stripped to her bra and panties, Benji in his boxers.

BENJI
I haven't had sex since you left me. Can you feel it, baby? I'm so fuckin' hard right now.

Benji kisses her on the lips.

Tasting something gross he spits to the floor.

BENJI
--You sucked it, didn't you?!

Tiffany doesn't respond.

BENJI
(continuing)
You sucked a nigger.

TIFFANY
No, Benji.

Benji slaps her hard on the face.

BENJI
I told you never to fuckin' do niggers. You promised me. Don't you remember who was the one that took you in when nobody wanted you? And you repay me by fuckin' a nigger?

Benji is almost in tears. He puts a hand on her throat.

BENJI
I don't know if I can love you anymore. A dirty little coon-fucker like you. Know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna fuck your pussy till it hurts. Then I'm gonna put my cock in your mouth and make you choke on my cum.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Benji, I can't breathe...

Benji squeezes her neck tighter.

BENJI

I could kill you so easily.

Tiffany looks at the side bed stand. The only thing there is a hard cover Bible.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Chad's Porsche goes 80 mph on Wilshire Boulevard, passing cars and running through red lights.

BACK TO MOTEL

Benji is kissing Tiffany's stomach and heading south.

Tiffany sees the Bible on the table. She stretches her arm and takes it in her hand.

She swings it hard at Benji's head.

Benji falls to the floor, lights out.

INT. PORSCHE (STOPPED)

Chad, Lindsay, and Max are in the car.

They see Max's Lamborghini parked outside the only lighted room.

CHAD

I'm going in there.

MAX

Chad, let me go with you.

CHAD

Okay.

LINDSAY

--Wait.

Lindsay hands Max a can of mace.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

I use it to scare single men.

Max holds the mace the wrong way. She shows Max how to hold the can.

Chad puts his keys in the ignition.

CHAD

Drive off if anything happens.

LINDSAY

Okay. Be careful.

They share a moment.

Lindsay gives Chad a quick kiss on the cheek. He smiles.

MAX

(Chinese accent)

No time for love, Dr. Jones...

LINDSAY

In case you get killed.

CHAD

Thanks.

Chad and Max get out of the car and start walking to the motel room.

EXT. MOTEL

Chad and Max walk to the room. Their door is slightly ajar. Max clutches the mace.

Chad grabs the door handle and mouths the words: "*One, Two, Three...*"

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Inside the room, Tiffany is sitting on the bed in her bra and panties. The hardcover Bible lays next to her.

Benji, in his boxers, is lying on the floor unconscious.

Tiffany sees Chad and runs up to him. They embrace.

CHAD

You alright?

She nods, wiping the dripping mascara from her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Is he dead?

TIFFANY

No. I hit him in the head with a Bible.

CHAD

Where's the other skinhead?

TIFFANY

I don't know.

INT. PORSCHE (STOPPED)

Lindsay is on her cellphone, talking with a 911 operator.

LINDSAY

They're still in the room. They haven't come out yet.

A car's headlights strike Lindsay from behind.

LINDSAY

(continuing)

I know the fat one has a gun...The fat one....The fat skinhead. What does he look like?...

Lindsay glances at her side door mirror.

The headlights shut off. It's Benji's pick-up truck.

She sees Eric stepping out of the vehicle, holding a take out bag.

LINDSAY

...Guess what? Pillsbury Dough-Hitler is right behind me. I hope whatever patrol car you sent is arriving soon or this guy's going to scarf me down like a bucket of KFC.

She puts the phone down.

Lindsay looks at Chad's car keys still in the ignition. She slowly climbs her way to the driver's seat.

Suddenly,...CRASH!!!

Bits of glass from the passenger side window fall to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Through the large shattered hole Lindsay sees Eric and his bloody fist.

LINDSAY

Shit.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Max walks out of the motel room, followed by Chad and Tiffany. She's wearing a bathrobe and carrying her clothes.

They run to Chad's car. Chad sees the hole in the Porsche's window.

ERIC (O.S.)

Where you motherfuckers going?!

They turn around and see Eric holding Lindsay by the arm.

CHAD

--Lindsay, you alright?

Eric puts Lindsay in a headlock and points his gun at her.

LINDSAY

I'm great, Chad.

ERIC

Get back in the room.

Chad, Max, and Tiffany back step to the room.

Eric follows with Lindsay.

CHAD

Don't worry, Linds. If he shoots you he'll have nothing left to bargain with. Then Max and I will have no choice but to take him out.

LINDSAY

You know what, Chad?....Shut-up.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Chad, Max, and Tiffany walk in the room.

They see Benji, who is on his feet and slowly coming back to consciousness.

Benji taps his head, trying to shake out the cobwebs.

(CONTINUED)

BENJI
Who the fuck are you?

CHAD
Housekeeping.

Benji looks closer at Chad.

BENJI
I remember. It was *your* apartment.

Eric pushes Lindsay into the room. He locks the door behind him.

ERIC
They followed us here.

Benji walks to Tiffany.

BENJI
You called your friends over here,
didn't you?

Tiffany doesn't respond.

Benji pulls off her robe. Tiffany is in her bra and panties. He puts a hand on one of her breasts.

BENJI
I remember you use to complain how
small these use to be. Without me
you'd still that broke flat-chested
girl from North Dakota with that
stupid dream of becoming a movie
star.

As Tiffany looks down at his hand on her bosom, Benji slaps her hard with the back of his hand. She falls to the ground.

BENJI
No one ever hits me. Eric, give me
your gun.

Eric walks to Benji and hands him the gun.

BENJI
The Aryan Nation doesn't need a
little white whore like you
anyway. You're just a cancer to
our cause.

Benji points the gun at Tiffany, a few inches from her head. Tiffany shuts her eyes.

BENJI

I should have done this a long time ago.

Lindsay and Max lower their heads, too unnerving to watch.

CHAD (O.S.)

--Hey asshole! Leave her alone.

Benji walks up to Chad.

BENJI

You wanna die too, motherfucker?

Benji smashes the end of the gun on Chad's cheek. Chad drops to his knees, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth.

Benji points it at Chad's head.

BENJI

A lot of people die 'cause they can't keep their mouth shut.

He presses the gun against Chad's head.

Just as he squeezes the trigger...

Max pulls out the mace from his pocket and sprays it into Benji's eyes.

Chad stands up and lifts Benji's arm, forcing him to point the gun at the ceiling.

BANG!!!

Broken plaster falls over them.

Benji drops the gun. Chad tackles him to the ground and begins punching him.

Eric snatches the mace from Max. Eric kicks Max to the floor and starts throwing a barrage of punches.

Lindsay picks up the Bible and hits Eric in the back of the head with it. It doesn't phase him. Eric grabs Lindsay by the throat and throws her to the ground.

Eric sees Benji in trouble. Eric pulls out a switchblade.

BANG!!! Another shot.

Everyone freezes.

(CONTINUED)

Tiffany holds the gun after shooting Benji in the leg, blood streaming down his pant leg. She raises the weapon with both hands and points it at Benji's head, who's eyes still water from the pepper spray.

BENJI

Do it, bitch. --Kill me.

The gun shakes in Tiffany's hands.

BENJI

Can't, huh? I guess those niggers are right. A ho can never kill her pimp.

CHAD

It's alright Tiff. Give me the gun.

We hear a POLICE SIREN outside the motel.

Chad stands up and walks to Tiffany. He slowly takes the gun from her.

Tiffany goes to the bed and sits down. She covers her face with her hands and begins crying.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

POLICE CARS and an AMBULANCE are in the parking lot.

Benji, strapped and handcuffed onto a stretcher, is being carried onto an ambulance. The other skinhead Eric sits handcuffed in the backseat of one of the patrol cars.

Chad, Max, and Lindsay watch from a distance as Tiffany is questioned by POLICE OFFICERS.

Max holds an ice pack on his eye, while Chad holds an ice pack on his cheek.

CHAD

I wonder what she's telling them.

LINDSAY

Probably her relationship with Benji.

CHAD

He's on his third strike.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY

Well I don't think she loves him anymore.

Chad nods.

LINDSAY

Chad.

CHAD

Yeah.

LINDSAY

Thanks. For saving Tiffany.

CHAD

If anyone thank Max. Without him we'd all be pushing up the daisies right now.

LINDSAY

I know. But without you Tiff would have never had a place to hide from her boyfriend. She could have been just another one of those young starry-eyed girls who's fame comes as a murder victim on the evening news. You saved her life.

CHAD

(pause)

Well, she saved me too.

Tiffany walks up to them.

CHAD

What did they say?

TIFFANY

They want me to go to the police station to press charges.

(pause)

I hope Benji never sees the light of day again.

Chad places his hand on her back.

TIFFANY

Are you alright, Max?

MAX

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Looks like I messed up our date.

MAX

Thanks for me letting me see you in your underwear.

Tiffany walks up to Max. She kisses him on the cheek.

TIFFANY

I owe you one.

She approaches Lindsay.

TIFFANY

Sorry I got you in this mess.

LINDSAY

It's alright, Tiff. I wanted to help.

Tiffany turns to Chad.

TIFFANY

You probably didn't realize how much trouble I'd be when we first met.

CHAD

(smiles)

No.

TIFFANY

Chad. You're the reason why I'm still alive. If you didn't take me in I don't know where I'd be right now.

She embraces him.

TIFFANY

Max. Do you wanna take a walk with me?

MAX

Sure.

Tiffany reaches her hand out to Max.

She leads him away, leaving Chad and Lindsay by themselves.

Chad tosses the ice pack to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD
--So what is it?

LINDSAY
What is what?

CHAD
Between us?

LINDSAY
Nothing.

CHAD
How about a date?

LINDSAY
--What?! After all we been through
today?

CHAD
You still going out with Sergio?

LINDSAY
That's none of your business.

CHAD
I knew it.

LINDSAY
Knew what?

CHAD
You and Serge are fuck buddies.

LINDSAY
You're a prick, Chad.

CHAD
And you're a sexaholic. Don't
worry. I'm not only a member, I'm
the president.

LINDSAY
I'm not a sexaholic. Just because I
just enjoy sex with attractive men
doesn't mean I'm a sexaholic.

CHAD
So you don't like me.

Lindsay shakes her head. She cracks a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

I guess we won't be having sex then.

A beat.

She turns to Chad and faces him.

CHAD

What?

Lindsay closes in on Chad. She kisses him.

They bring each other in tighter, months of repressed feelings let out like an explosion.

EMPTY FRAME.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Don't stop, Chad. Don't stop.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP....

CHAD (O.S.)

I'm gonna come.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

--Already?!...

INT. APARTMENT

Chad and Lindsay are lying under the sheets of Chad's bed.

CHAD

We've started this relationship on the wrong foot, haven't we?

LINDSAY

You think?

CHAD

I was hoping this would be different. I mean, not just about the sex.

LINDSAY

Excuse me but did we just have sex? Or was it you that just had sex?

(CONTINUED)

CHAD

Sorry. Give me a few minutes.

LINDSAY

Take your time, Quiksilver.

CHAD

Trust me. Next time I'll imagine Sergio farting while doing his 'Downward Dog.'

Lindsay laughs. She tries to stop herself but can't.

LINDSAY

Maybe we should do what normal couples do. Like go on an actual date first.

CHAD

I only go on dates to get women in bed.

LINDSAY

And now that we know how the sex is going to be...

Chad has heard enough. He slides under the sheets, in between Lindsay's legs.

CHAD (O.S.)

So where do you want to go?

Lindsay moans ecstatically as she speaks. She's climaxing.

LINDSAY

Oh, I don't know...I got these free tickets...

CHAD (O.S.)

Where?

INT. HOME DEPOT CENTER - DAY

Chad and Lindsay sit in a luxury box at an L.A. Galaxy Major League Soccer game, the stadium filled to capacity.

Sergio hi-fives David Beckham on the the stadium's LED screen. Sergio then lifts his shirt to cool down, showing off his six-pack.

The crowd cheers. Lindsay applauds with them.

Chad covers Lindsay's eyes with his hand.

(CONTINUED)

LINDSAY
I'm kidding. Come here.

She leans over and kisses Chad.

A CAMERAMAN on the field catches Chad and Lindsay kissing and points his camera at them.

TO FIELD

Sergio glances at the LED. He does a double take when he sees Lindsay kissing Chad. At that moment an opposing SOCCER PLAYER kicks the ball pass Sergio.

BACK TO THE STANDS

Tiffany walks to her seat holding a box of food. She's followed by Max, holding two Heinekens.

Max and Tiffany take their seats, as Chad and Lindsay continue their PDA.

TIFFANY
Hey guys. Look.

Lindsay sees herself kissing Chad on the big screen and pushes him away from her.

BACK TO THE GAME

The player that passed Sergio has broken free. He's in the penalty area with nobody but the L.A. Galaxy goal keeper in front of him. The player kicks the ball hard at the keeper, who punches it back out. A second attacker takes the deflection and drives it in....GOAL!!!!

The crowd BOOS loudly.

Max hands Chad a Heineken.

MAX
You the man, Chad.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY

Chad is driving Tiffany on the 405 Freeway. The dent on the front and the passenger side window of the Porsche is fixed.

INT. PORSCHE (MOVING)

Tiffany taps her finger on the side window.

TIFFANY
Your car's looking better.

CHAD
And never again will I ever use it
to pick up call girls on Sunset.

TIFFANY
Did you and Lindsay hook up?

CHAD
If you can call it that.

TIFFANY
I think you guys make a cute
couple. Just don't forget. It's
this thing she wants, Chad.

Tiffany pats Chad's heart.

CHAD
Hope so. 'Cause she's definitely
not happy with the sex.

Tiffany smirks.

CHAD
Did you call your Mom?

TIFFANY
Yeah. She's letting me move back in
with her. She said she'll help me
enroll in acting classes at the
local j.c. in Carrington.

CHAD
You think you'll be alright living
with her?

TIFFANY
We'll see. She broke up with her
last boyfriend, so she's alone now.
A lot has happened since I've last
seen her.

CHAD
You'll have a lot to tell.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Out of everything that has happened to me she'll probably freak out on my boobs the most.

CHAD

I'm glad you're not giving up your acting career.

TIFFANY

Since I arrived in L.A. all I found was heartbreak. I think I need to grow up a little before I come back. Get a little stronger. Then maybe.

CHAD

You're welcome to stay with me anytime.

TIFFANY

You mean that?

CHAD

Yeah.

TIFFANY

I think I lost your business card.

CHAD

You have a Facebook account?

Tiffany smiles.

TIFFANY

Yeah. We'll always have Facebook.

Chad pulls his Porsche onto the LAX off ramp.

INT. LAX

Chad and Tiffany are standing at the window looking as other planes depart. Tiffany's has a small carry-on bag next to her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

North West Flight 1065 to Fargo
North Dakota, now boarding at Gate
Six.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY
That's mine.

Tiffany and Chad embrace.

CHAD
Take care.

TIFFANY
I'll send you a friend request.

Chad watches her as she walks to the gate. She hands her boarding pass to the flight attendant.

Tiffany waves "bye" to Chad as she enters the gate.

EXT. LAX (LATER)

Chad watches as Tiffany's plane flies away.

INT. APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM)

Chad is sitting on his couch watching CNBC.

THUMP...THUMP...THUMP...

It's coming from next door. He ignores it.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

Chad stands up and puts his ear to the wall.

He quickly walks out of the apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS)

Chad stands in front of Lindsay's door. He puts his ear up to it.

Suddenly,...the door opens.

Standing inside is Lindsay, a big smile on her face.

LINDSAY
Is that the only way I'll get you
to come over?

Lindsay pulls Chad into her and starts kissing him.

FADE OUT