OPEN

"Pilot"

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RYAN MURPHY TELEVISION

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EXT. SKY -- NIGHT

A COMMERCIAL JET flies through dark, cloudy skies. THUNDER CLAPS. LIGHTNING STRIKES.

GRACE (V.O.)
When I was very young, my mother taught me the difference between my outside voice, and my inside voice.

CUT INSIDE TO:

INT. PLANE -- NIGHT

FOLLOW A BEVERAGE CART as it SHAKES and RATTLES down the aisle, passing ROWS of PASSENGERS.

GRACE (V.O.)
When I was outside, I could let loose. Shout out. Be free.

The plane DIPS, hitting a bump. Passengers SCREAM.

GRACE (V.O.)
But when I was inside, I had to be quiet. Polite. More reserved...

The FASTEN SEAT-BELT SIGN goes ON. Passengers nervously buckle their seat-belts. Obedient.

As MORE TURBULENCE shakes the plane, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT leans into the aisle, holding onto the luggage bin for support.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Can I get you something?

She’s speaking to GRACE, (32), neurotic, unconventionally beautiful but doesn’t know it. She’s holding onto her armrest for dear life.

GRACE
Maker’s please? A double?

The flight attendant nods. Grace sweats, waiting for the Flight Attendant to fix her drink.

GRACE (V.O.)
As I got older, those voices switched places. The outside voice? The one I shared with the world? Got quieter. More reserved.

The plane hits another BUMP as the Flight Attendant passes TWO MINIATURE BOTTLES OF BOURBON to Grace.

GRACE (V.O.)
While the inside voice, the one inside my head, got louder and louder, trying to be heard.

The plane DIPS as the bottles hit Grace's tray.

GRACE (V.O.)
Like right now. My inside voice is screaming, “Holy shit, we’re all going to die!” But I can’t say that out loud.

The Flight Attendant offers Grace a glass of ice. Grace shakes her head.

GRACE
I’m good.

GRACE (V.O.)
Because people don’t really want to hear the truth. Usually, it’s just too scary.

As the plane SHAKES, Grace feverishly tears into one of the bottles. She drinks directly from it, draining it in seconds.

GRACE (V.O.)
So instead, I do whatever it takes to keep that inside voice from coming out...

As she reaches for the second bottle, Grace’s seat mate, WINDSOR (40’s) -- an earth goddess with long flowing hair and New Age energy -- watches her, amused.

WINDSOR
Not a strong flyer, huh?

Another BUMP. Terrified, Grace GRABS onto Windsor’s arm. Grace reddens, embarrassed.

GRACE
Sorry --

WINDSOR
It’s okay, I get it. I treated myself to a pot brownie at the gate. If I had known, I would have saved you some.

Another BUMP. Grace tightens her grip.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
I'm Windsor. What's your name?

GRACE
Grace.

Windsor smiles, shows Grace a small TATTOO on the inside of her wrist. It reads -- GRACE.

WINDSOR
To remind me to stay calm under pressure.

Without thinking, Grace reaches out and touches the tattoo. Windsor doesn't object. There's some kind of chemistry here. Windsor puts her hand over Grace's hand.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
We're gonna get you through this, okay, Grace?

Grace nods, terrified. With her free hand, Windsor reaches out toward the back of Grace's neck. Then, hesitates --

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
May I?

Grace nods, shaking. Windsor starts massaging Grace's neck. Grace exhales. The touch of this stranger oddly calming...

GRACE
You a massage therapist, or -- ?

WINDSOR
Yoga teacher. Just relax.

Windsor continues massaging her neck. As Grace begins to relax, closing her eyes, the TURBULENCE gets worse. Grace pulls Windsor closer, scared. They're inches apart. Windsor lets her eyes linger on Grace's face...

And then she makes a game-time decision. She grabs her airline blanket. Tosses it over Grace's lap. Looks around to make sure nobody's watching, and then...

Windsor pushes back her armrest so she can get closer to Grace. She reaches under the blanket, and slides her hand into Grace's pants. Grace grabs Windsor's wrist.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
If you don't like it, I'll stop.

Windsor adjusts her hand. Pressing deeper. Grace gasps, despite herself. Grace meets Windsor's eyes.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Close your eyes. And focus on your breathing.

Grace blinks. She's definitely turned on. And then, Grace closes her eyes. Windsor takes that as a green light.

The plane stops shaking. Grace's breathing deepens, quickens, getting more and more excited...

The FASTEN SEAT-BELT SIGN turns off. As the turbulence subsides, Grace is about to climax. But before Grace comes, Windsor takes her hand away. Grace's eyes pop open as Windsor undoes her seat-belt and stands.

GRACE
Where are you going?

WINDSOR
Bathroom. You coming?

INT. AIRPLANE -- BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Grace and Windsor fumble around the tiny space. Windsor SLAMS Grace up against the sink, kissing her hard.

As Windsor undoes Grace's jeans, pulling them down to her ankles, A KNOCK on the door.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Everything okay in there?

GRACE
Yup. Just a little airsick...

Windsor pushes Grace back and up onto the sink. She drops to her knees, starts going down on Grace. Grace's eyes open wide for a moment. She can't believe this is happening.

GRACE (V.O.)
There's just one problem with drowning out that inside voice: Eventually, it finds a way to come out.

Grace MOANS in pleasure. She closes her eyes, giving herself over to what's clearly a very pleasurable experience...

GRACE (V.O.)
And when it does...there's no telling what could happen...

INT. AIRPORT -- BAGGAGE CLAIM -- MORNING

Grace and Windsor stand next to each other, not talking to each other, watching the baggage go around and around. Windsor eyes her, sexy, liking that they share a secret. But Grace is jittery, clearly wildly uncomfortable with what happened on the plane. She checks her watch.

WINDSOR
I'm going to West Hollywood -- so if you want to share a cab --

GRACE
That's okay, I'm good.

Grace prays for her bag to come out. But no dice. A moment of awkward silence. Windsor tries again --

WINDSOR
You ever do yoga? I teach a class for beginners at City Yoga. Thursday and Saturday evenings.

GRACE
Not really my thing.

Now, Grace spots her BAG. As she reaches for it, Windsor does the same, helping her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
No, don't --

WINDSOR
I'd really like to see you again.

GRACE
Look... On the plane...that wasn't me. I was scared. Stressed --

WINDSOR
And then you weren't.
(beat)
You could just give me your number.

Windsor looks down at Grace's luggage tag. Smiles, playful --

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Or I could just steal this --
(reads it closely)
Grace Avebury. 2222 Sixth Street, Santa Monica, California...

But Grace yanks it away.

GRACE
Don't, okay?
(beat)
I gotta go.

She grabs the suitcase and heads off. Off a confused Windsor, watching her go...

TITLE SEQUENCE:

EXT. RUGGED SPORTS MANAGEMENT -- DAY

Establishing of a sleek gleaming tower.

INT. HIGH FLOOR OFFICE -- DAY

A coldly glamorous room, dimmed. Clippers basketball star BLAKE GRIFFIN looks up at a lowered projection screen. A MOVIE is in progress.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER
The financial future for Mr. Blake Griffin? Limitless.

We see the movie, a very slick expensively produced signing video. As the announcer goes on and on about endorsements and real estate potential, the camera pans to find --

JONATHAN BING, 34, handsome and hungry. He mouths some of the dialogue he clearly wrote. Other AGENTS sit at the table, nervous, wondering if this is going to work. The movie ends.

BLAKE GRIFFIN
Impressive. How much did that fucking video cost, man?

The room laughs. But Jonathan is serious.

JONATHAN
One hundred thousand. Which is kind of disgusting. Which is why this morning we wrote a check for an equal amount to the United Negro College Fund.

BLAKE GRIFFIN
That's my favorite charity.

JONATHAN
No way.

More laughter, including from Blake and his reps. But then Jonathan leans forward, his eyes blazing with purpose.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Blake, I'm just going to cut to the chase. We believe in you. We can turn you into a billion dollar asset...as big as Jordan, bigger than Tiger. We want to be in the Blake Griffin business.

Blake is silent. He is thinking.

BLAKE GRIFFIN
I want suits.

Jonathan slyly looks at his peeps, this is good.

JONATHAN
What kind of suits?

BLAKE GRIFFIN
Suits that fit me. I fucking hate Big and Tall, man, I want to come up with my own line of suits.

And then, a smile.

JONATHAN
We can do that.

INT. RUGGED SPORTS MANAGEMENT -- DAY

A large modern BULLPEN of 100 people explodes as Jonathan strides confidently into the room, fresh from his signing.

Everyone stands, people begin chanting "suits, suits!" Jonathan shakes hand after hand, smiling, reveling in the moment. He enjoys being a star.

One WOMAN, an assistant -- GINA, late 20s, smoking hot, extremely ambitious -- pulls him close, whispers in his ear.

GINA
When I heard you signed Griffin, I got wet.

A beat. Jonathan pulls away, more shaking of hands. The man of the hour moves toward --

His cubicle, he has a 360 degree view of the bullpen. As he sits, his CELL PHONE bings. A text. From Gina. He sees her smiling at him, reads the text. We HEAR her as we read the text.

GINA (V.O.)
Still wet. Wanna feel?

He is amused. A beat. He sends a text back.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
I thought we weren't going to do this anymore.

GINA (V.O.)
But I want you. It's making me cross my legs. Tight.

He looks across the room. Sees her cross her legs and smile at him. He swallows hard.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
How tight?

GINA (V.O.)
You know exactly how tight.

His confidence level rises. This is forbidden fun.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
I want to feel how wet you are...

GINA (V.O.)
I bet you do. Slide a finger inside...

JONATHAN (V.O.)
More than just a finger.

He shifts in his seat. This is making him pretty hot.

GINA (V.O.)
Are you hard?

JONATHAN (V.O.)
As a rock.

He sees her stand up, exit.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
Where you going?

GINA (V.O.)
Bathroom. To touch myself. Don't you need to cum as badly as I do?

He hesitates. LOOKS at a photograph on his desk. Of him and GRACE. A young beautiful couple, the world their oyster.

He stares at it. Then stands, thrusts his hands in his pockets to cover his hard-on, exits.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jonathan walks down the hallway in SLOW MOTION. He nods to co-workers, smiles at them, there is a sheen of excitement and slight guilt in his eyes. As he walks we hear --

GINA (V.O.)
Are you touching your cock?

JONATHAN (V.O.)
Yes. You?

GINA (V.O.)
Rubbing my clit. Wishing it was you...

Jonathan enters the RESTROOM.

INT. RESTROOM -- DAY (MINUTES LATER)

We SLOW PAN across the vast empty marble corporate room. We HEAR the tell-tale BING texting noise and the flapping rhythmic sound of a penis being jerked, quickly...almost frantically.

INT. RESTROOM STALL -- DAY

Jonathan is jerking off. And texting. Which is slightly difficult to do and requires him to type with one hand, which he is not good at. He looks like a twelve-year-old boy, it's almost endearing.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
I'm close.

GINA (V.O.)
Me too.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
Are you really doing this?

GINA (V.O.)
Yes. So. Fucking. Close.
Cum with me.

SOMEONE enters.

INT. RESTROOM -- DAY

The someone is EVAN FOSTER, 36, handsome and knows it, arrogant, and completely charismatic. He goes to wash his hands, hears something --

TEXTING BINGS coming from inside a stall.

INT. STALL -- DAY

Jonathan, guilty, worried, frantically tries to lower the VOLUME on his phone. He looks down at the message incoming from Gina: “So. Fucking. Hot.”

INT. RESTROOM -- DAY

Evan pauses, then exits. A beat. Then he stealthily RE-ENTERS in silence, so the door doesn’t make a sound.

INT. STALL -- DAY

Jonathan listens, silence, he goes back to finishing. He doesn’t want blue balls. He grabs a wad of TISSUE to catch his ejaculate. It builds. And just as he’s about to nut --

Evan looms over the stall wall, standing on the toilet of the stall next to him.

EVAN
Yeah, shoot it stud, shoot it!

JONATHAN
Shit! Fucker! Shit!

Jonathan stands, freaked, the phone goes in the toilet.

CUT TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGIST’S OFFICE -- WAITING AREA -- DAY

Grace enters the office, wheeling her bag behind her. Half a dozen WOMEN, PREGNANT WOMEN, and their PARTNERS fill the waiting area. As she passes the NURSES STATION, a nurse, MONICA (35) smiles --

MONICA
Dr. Avebury. Welcome back.

Monica presses a button, buzzing Grace back into the office.

INT. GYNECOLOGIST’S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

As Monica takes Grace’s bag and helps her put on her white lab coat, Grace notices a large bouquet of GERBER DAISIES --

GRACE
Nice flowers. From Paul?

MONICA
It’s our five year wedding anniversary. He knows I think roses are cheesy, so --

GRACE
What's the traditional gift for five years?

MONICA
Wood. But I'm planning on giving him that later.
(then)
How was the conference?

GRACE
We're gynecologists, it's always the same. Free food. Lots of vagina talk.

MONICA
Were you okay on the flight? That's a long one, and I know how much you hate flying --

GRACE
It was fine, uneventful.
(changing the subject)
What's my day like?

MONICA
You have a consult waiting for you in Room Two. Husband and wife. The guy's a piece of work.

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- EXAM ROOM 2 -- CONTINUOUS

Grace enters the exam room to find STEVEN (50s), slick, wealthy, kind of a douchenozzle, and ALYSSA (30s), his very attractive, much younger wife. She seems nervous to be there. Then again, she has her feet in the stirrups, and from the waist down, she's covered only in a paper sheet. And that makes almost any woman a little nervous...

GRACE
Steve, Alyssa, hi, I'm Dr. Avebury. What can I do for you?

STEVEN
She wants to get rid of her flappers.

GRACE
Excuse me?

STEVEN
Her lips. Down there.

ALYSSA
Steven thinks they’re too big.

STEVEN
Not big, just...hangy. Like... drapes.

ALYSSA
They’ve always been this way, even before I had the kids --

STEVEN
And I’m tired of pretending like it doesn’t bother me. I want them to look smooth. You know, like a Barbie.

GRACE
Everybody’s body is different --

ALYSSA
But you know, the way they look in movies and magazines...

GRACE
You know those are airbrushed...

STEVEN
You can just like, slice ‘em off, right? I saw a video, on the internet --

GRACE
You’re talking about a labiaplasty? And who referred you?

STEVEN
Our plastic surgeon. He did a bang up job on Alyssa’s tits. But he said we needed a uro -- whaddyacallit?

GRACE
Urogynecologist. Why don’t I just take a look?

Alyssa nods, swallows hard. Grace sits on a stool, slides closer, looks beneath the paper sheet. Steven steps behind Grace.

STEVEN
See? Look at that. Like giant meat curtains --

GRACE
Steve, can you step back please? You're blocking my light.

Grace gently puts the sheet down and pushes back her stool.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I need to make sure you understand the procedure.

ALYSSA
What are the risks, exactly?

GRACE
Aesthetically? You could lose the natural wrinkles in your labia, causing an unnaturally smooth appearance --

STEVEN
That's a pro, not a con. How soon can we get her scheduled?

GRACE
And there's a risk of damaging the nerve endings. I'd really recommend taking some time to think about it. Let me give you some literature, outlining the details and the risks so you can go over them together. Make an informed decision.

Off the two of them we HEAR:

JONATHAN'S VOICE
I'm so ashamed.

INT. EQUINOX GYM -- DAY

Jonathan is on a treadmill next to Evan.

EVAN
Because you only have an average-sized dick? I agree, it must be an awful feeling.

JONATHAN
No, not that. Because I was sexting. And I have a girlfriend.

EVAN
First of all sexting is not cheating.
(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)
Secondly, who was this mystery girl you were beating off with?

JONATHAN
That’s not the point. The point is I cheated. This is not the man I want to be.

EVAN
Dude, you need to accept the fact that what you did today, jacking off at work...you will be doing shit like that for the rest of your life until you fall over and die from your inevitable stroke. We all will. Because monogamy as a concept is outdated. It doesn’t fucking work.

INT. GYM STEAM ROOM -- DAY

Jonathan and Evan now lounge in towels, a few other guys they don’t know are here as well. Everyone has their eyes closed including Evan, who is on fire with his “theory.”

EVAN
First of all, the term “till death do us part” was created when the life expectancy of men was 32 years old. Eighty percent of us now live until we’re 80 with our corroded flesh and disgusting lack of bowel control.
(takes a swig of water)
So there’s that.

Jonathan is quiet and listening.

EVAN (CONT’D)
Also, we don’t fucking live on farms anymore where the nearest other adult human was miles away, we work more and travel more and thus have many more OPPORTUNITIES to fuck. Then there’s technology.

ANOTHER GUY, JOE
That’s so true, man.

Evan and Jonathan look at this guy shocked, they don’t know him. He speaks eloquently, from the heart.

ANOTHER GUY, JOE (CONT'D)
The evolving landscape of technology -- phones, emails -- means we are connected with so many more people than before. Plus, the very definitions of infidelity have broadened. Like emotional infidelities. Is it friendship? More? Who knows?

Silence, then --

EVAN
What he just said.

INT. SHOWER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and Evan are naked and showering.

EVAN
Oh. Did you also know the design of our cocks has evolved to create a vacuum in the female vagina? The curve of our cock literally pulls the semen out of the pussy when we pull out.

JONATHAN
That visual is disgusting and makes me not want to know you.

EVAN
I'm just saying...even on a bio-physical level, we are NOT designed to be with one partner.

INT. GYM CHANGING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and Evan are now dressing to go back to work. Jonathan is spending a lot of time on his hair in the mirror.

JONATHAN
I don't want my penis to pull other guys' sperm from Grace's vagina. I only want my sperm in her vagina.

EVAN
What are you saying, you want kids?

JONATHAN
Yes. And marriage. I want a family. I want to lock this thing down.
(then)
I won't fuck around anymore.

EVAN
You will. And you will come to me. And I will comfort you. Lose your feelings of guilt. They are prehistoric. Dude, I mean, I fucked around on my honeymoon.

EXT. KONA FOUR SEASONS -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Evan suns by the pool. A HOT FOUR SEASONS POOLSIDE SERVER moves towards him, backlit by sunlight. She is gorgeous, with full breasts.

EVAN'S VOICE
My wife was at the spa, this fucking goddess who worked at the pool comes up to me and says --

POPSICLE GODDESS
Would you like a cool-down popsicle?

She gives him one, he starts sucking it, she smiles.

INT. FOUR SEASONS LAUNDRY ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Evan is jackhammering the Popsicle Goddess from behind.

EVAN'S VOICE
The next thing I know, we're fucking in this room where they fold towels and shit.

EVAN
You fucking tease cunt, you like that big cock? Take that big cock.

INT. GYM CHANGING AREA -- DAY

JONATHAN
Did Elizabeth...did she suspect? Did she find out?

EVAN
No. I washed my dick and fucked my wife later that night and nobody got hurt and it was a great honeymoon.

JONATHAN
You're a sociopath.

EVAN
Probably.

INT. GRACE'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

Grace drives, while talking to Monica on speakerphone.

GRACE
He actually called them meat curtains. Who *says* that?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MONICA AND PAUL'S CONDO -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Monica talks to Grace on her cell phone while she and her husband, PAUL (40, attractive) cook dinner together. He's very masculine -- big arms, broad shoulders -- the kind of guy who looks like he's good with his hands.

MONICA
A total fucking asshole. I told you.

Paul wraps his arms around Monica's waist. With a smile --

PAUL
(to Monica)
That's what you said about me when we first met.

Monica gives him a playful look.

GRACE
It's crazy, what women are willing to put themselves through to fit into a certain mold --

MONICA
Why do you even do this procedure?

GRACE
It's part of the job. What are you guys up to tonight? Big anniversary plans?

MONICA
We're taking an online cooking class. From Le Cordon Bleu.

GRACE
Wow...so domestic --

MONICA
Would it make you feel better if I told you I wasn't wearing anything but an apron and high heels?

GRACE
Are you?

MONICA
No. But Paul is. He makes a very sexy Julia Child.

Paul leans in toward the phone, shouting --

PAUL
Bon Appetit!

GRACE
Happy Anniversary, Paul!

Monica smiles, puts the phone back to her own ear.

MONICA
What are you up to tonight?

GRACE
Uch. I wanted a quiet night at home -- I'm beyond jet-lagged -- but Jonathan's insisting that we go out. He says we need to talk --

MONICA
Uh oh, that's never good.

GRACE
He's probably just frustrated that I've been working so much. Sometimes I think he secretly wishes I was some Beverly Hills housewife with no career and fake tits.

MONICA
So what are you going to do?

GRACE
Look, if he wants to put it all out on the table, I'm having some issues myself.

MONICA
Like what?

GRACE
Like the fact that he's a man-child with ADD and no boundaries.
(beat)
He's also my favorite person. So that's a bit of a mindfuck.

INT. BAR -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

A dimly lit bar. Booths and upholstered chairs with low tables. Grace sits across from Jonathan -- a beer for him, a bourbon for her. They look at each other awkwardly. Finally, Grace breaks the silence --

GRACE
So, what's the problem?

JONATHAN
Problem?

GRACE
You said you wanted to talk. So whatever it is, let's just get it out in the open. You tell me what's bothering you about me, and I'll tell you what's bothering me about you --

JONATHAN
There's things about me that bother you?

GRACE
You're kidding, right?

JONATHAN
Like what?

GRACE
You go first.

JONATHAN
That's not why I brought you here. Don't you remember? This is where we had our first date --

GRACE
Of course I remember. You met all your dates here for drinks so you could bail if you needed to -- it's right next to your office.

JONATHAN
But I didn't want to bail on you. I knew as soon as you walked in.

He looks over her shoulder at the door, remembering. We now see, as if it's happening in the bar right now --

A YOUNGER GRACE (from five years earlier) walking in the door, her hair lighter in color, longer, her face brighter. She's so hopeful. She scans the bar, and sees --

A YOUNGER JONATHAN -- sitting at a table, not far from Present Day Grace and Present Day Jonathan. Younger Jonathan is emailing furiously on his large, old-school BLACKBERRY.

Together, Present Day Grace and Present Day Jonathan watch as Younger Grace approaches Younger Jonathan.

YOUNGER GRACE
Jonathan? I'm Grace.

Younger Jonathan looks up. His face spreads into a grin --

YOUNGER JONATHAN
Wow. I am so totally fucked...

YOUNGER GRACE
What? Why?

YOUNGER JONATHAN
Because. That smile... I was planning on just trying to sleep with you. But now I actually want to get to know you.

They share a smile. Already enjoying each other's company...

PAN OVER TO PRESENT DAY GRACE AND PRESENT DAY JONATHAN. Grace gives him a curious look.

GRACE
Jonathan. Where are you going with this?

Jonathan takes a deep breath.

JONATHAN
Okay, look. We've been together for five years. And now we have this history together...this give and take. It's like...I'm the QB and you're my wide receiver. I'm the pitcher and you're the catcher --

GRACE
Are you trying to use euphemisms for sex or --

JONATHAN
I'm just saying, when I think about a life with you, I feel like we can really hit a home run.

He reaches into his jacket pocket. Pulls out a RING BOX. Grace's eyes go wide. He starts to open the ring box.

GRACE
Wait wait wait. Are you agenting me? I'm not a client, Jonathan. This is a huge moment -- we're going to be telling this story for the rest of our lives. So if you're really going to ask me -- I need you to speak from your heart.

Jonathan's taken aback. He tries to pull it together --

JONATHAN
But I had this whole speech --

GRACE
Maybe you should get down on one knee.

JONATHAN
Seriously, you're telling me how to do this?

GRACE
You're right, I'm sorry.

He gets down on one knee. Takes a deep breath.

JONATHAN
Okay. Listen.
(beat)
Before I met you, whenever I thought about grocery shopping, or going to Target, or having kids, or having brunch, I just got depressed. All that stuff just sounded horrible. Like mundane things that ordinary people did. And I didn't want to be ordinary. But with you, somehow, that stuff didn't seem ordinary. Because you weren't ordinary. So all of a sudden, it was fun.

She starts to get tears in her eyes.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Everything is fun with you, Gracie. Because...when I'm with you...it feels like home.

She's getting emotional. Which surprises her.

GRACE
You feel like home to me, too...

He puts his hand on her face. She puts her hand on his hand. He leans in and kisses her. When she pulls away, inches from his face, teary --

GRACE (CONT'D)
I love you. You're my favorite fucking person.

He opens up the ring box. It's beautiful.

JONATHAN
Then marry me. Make it forever.

She nods. With shaking hands, he puts the ring on her finger. And he pulls her into his arms. A perfect moment.

And then...as the reality hits them -- they've just committed to forever -- their faces both fall just a little. Because they both know they each have a terrible secret...

INT. THE HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- BEDROOM -- LATER

Grace and Jonathan SLAM into the bedroom, making out. The kind of making out reserved for the first few months of dating. Or engagements. As he backs her up toward the bed --

GRACE
Wait...I had pasta for dinner. Garlic.

JONATHAN
I don't care.

GRACE
Just...give me a minute, okay?

She exits. Jonathan exhales. CUT TO:

We INTERCUT between the bedtime rituals of Grace and Jonathan. That time when you're home and you're getting ready for bed and it feels like Groundhog Day...you've both done this a thousand times.

You brush your teeth first. Then wash your face. Then gargle.

Jonathan waits for Grace, impatient. He checks out his bush, notices it needs a little manscaping. He grabs the scissors, trims it.

Grace wipes herself down with feminine wipes, she wants to be fresh. Grace yawns. Opens her eyes wide, trying to wake up.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Grace gets into bed, then Jonathan. A beat, then they begin to make love. It's slow and nice, romantic, but they have been doing this for years.

We DISSOLVE from images. Both naked, him entering her. They are looking into each other's eyes. They really do love each other. TIGHT ON Grace's face. She is having a bit of trouble having an orgasm.

GRACE
Can you...

JONATHAN
Sure.

He slides down and starts to eat her out. She tries to get into it. It's not working. Until she hears...

FEMALE VOICE
You know I'm the best you ever had.

She looks down and sees Windsor going down on her. Grace closes her eyes, lost in this fantasy, getting more and more turned on. A beat, she starts to orgasm. He stops.

GRACE
No, don't stop.

Jonathan doesn't want to lose his orgasm, he rises up and starts fucking Grace again. He closes his eyes. He opens them, Gina from work is underneath him.

GINA
Oh god, you made me cum so hard.
I'm gonna cum again...

He starts fucking her harder and harder, lost in the fantasy, his eyes are closed, so are Grace's, they orgasm together. A beat. He pulls out looks at the ceiling. Grace does the same. What the fuck just happened?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- NURSE'S STATION -- THE NEXT DAY

TIGHT ON A GLEAMING DIAMOND. Monica ogles Grace's ring.

MONICA
Ohmigod. I want to know all the deets. But you have a new patient waiting for you in Room One --

GRACE
Lunch?

MONICA
Perfect.

Grace smiles, heads into --

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- EXAM ROOM 1 -- DAY 2

Where she's shocked to see -- WINDSOR. Her legs in the stirrups, naked from the waist down. Windsor smiles.

WINDSOR
I was wondering if you could take a look at something for me.

Grace quickly grabs a paper sheet and covers Windsor.

GRACE
What are you doing here?

WINDSOR
It's an ambush. A bushless ambush --

GRACE
How did you find me?

WINDSOR
I Googled you --

GRACE
You're *stalking* me?

Windsor sits up. Not the reception she was hoping for.

WINDSOR
You said what happened on the plane wasn't you. It wasn't me, either. I don't just...do that. But whatever that was -- it was intense. So when you wouldn't give me your number, I figured you were just nervous --

GRACE
I'm straight.

WINDSOR
Seriously? Because for a straight girl, you really know your way around a pussy.

GRACE
I'm a gynecologist.

WINDSOR
And you drink bourbon. Girls who drink bourbon like girls.

GRACE
That's ridiculous --

WINDSOR
It's a fact. How do you think I knew to come onto you? You ordered Maker's on the plane.

Grace holds up her ring -- almost as a defense.

GRACE
I'm engaged. To a man.

WINDSOR
Oh...you think you'll get married, have a couple of kids, and forget any of this ever happened? You don't just...get this stuff out of your system --

GRACE
You have no idea what's going to happen in my life --

WINDSOR
I know what happened in mine.

Now she has Grace's attention.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
I fucked a lot of guys before I came out -- *a lot*. Even enjoyed it some of the time. But at the end of the day, I couldn't shake this feeling that I wasn't... connecting. Not the way you and I connected. Eventually, I realized I had to deal with my feelings.
(MORE)

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Because whether I acknowledged it or not, the truth was always going to be there. I'm not judging you. I just want you to be honest with yourself.

GRACE
You really need to leave.

WINDSOR
You know what? You're right.

Windsor hops off the table. Puts on her pants.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Sorry for the ambush. Good luck with the whole marriage thing.

And with that, Windsor exits. Leaving a dumbstruck Grace...

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE -- DAY 2

Evan and Jonathan are in the middle of a bro hug. Jonathan has obviously just told his friend of his engagement. Back slapping, etc.

EVAN
Engaged?! Fucking awesome. Honestly, and I'm serious here, there is nothing better than being a family man. Nothing better in the world. I love it, and you will too.
(then, sincere)
You guys are an awesome couple and I couldn't be happier for you.

JONATHAN
You're in a good mood today. What happened, did you run over a homeless person or something?

EVAN
Best sex of my life last night, buddy. Fucking epic.

JONATHAN
With who?

EVAN
What do you mean with who? With my wife, asshole.
(then, a big grin)
I got a text an hour before. From the Popsicle Goddess.

JONATHAN
The one you fucked last year on your honeymoon?

EVAN
She's coming to LA this week, man. The text got me hot and I went home and took a Cialis and gave my wife the fuck of the century. Usually when we're going at it I feel like she's mentally reviewing the new Williams Sonoma home catalogue, but last night...I guess I was into it, so she was into it.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

He and his pretty Brentwood wife climax. Evan grabs her face.

EVAN
I love you. Fuck I love you so much.

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

JONATHAN
I'm...happy for you?

EVAN
Thanks, bro.

JONATHAN
And thank you for turning my big announcement into a story all about you.

EVAN
You're welcome.

A knock at the door. Gina is there. Turns out she is Evan's assistant.

GINA
Your ten o' clock is here.

EVAN
Hey Gina...congratulate our man here. He got engaged last night!

Gina and Jonathan lock eyes. Tension.

GINA
Congratulations.

INT. RUGGED SPORTS MANAGEMENT OFFICES -- MINUTES LATER

Jonathan is walking the hallway, Gina in hot pursuit.

GINA
Did you fuck to celebrate? Did you think of me?

He pauses. Looks hard at her.

JONATHAN
Please be cool about this.
(then)
Did you erase the texts?

GINA
(after a beat)
Of course.

He pauses, nods, walks away. Off Gina fighting emotion we hear the opening notes of Stevie Wonder's "You Are The Sunshine of My Life."

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON A SERIES of IMAGES...of a couple discovering the world together.

The Wonder song continues as we dissolve from one moving picture after another...snapshots and iPhone videos documenting Grace and Jonathan falling in love.

Here they are at Big Sur, looking out at a sunset, drinking wine -- their first weekend together. Connected and excited.

Other images come up: Thanksgiving with all their smiling parents, as they become a family; Grace, smiley and sleepy in bed, caught by Jonathan in a sexy moment; Jonathan, at the stove, in a Santa hat, making Christmas morning pancakes.

PULL BACK to reveal Jonathan at the computer, watching this.

BACK to the montage; other highlights of a couple making a life with each other. Move-in day, laughing as they carry in boxes, paint the walls, splatter each other playfully.

In a hot air balloon, smiling as they glide over Napa Valley. Grace, in a straw hat, planting their first garden. Grace enters the apartment, home from work. Quietly upset.

JONATHAN
Hey, come over here, look at this.

She walks over, he kisses her, pulls her onto his lap.

GRACE
What is this?

JONATHAN
It’s us. Our history.

GRACE
You made this video?

JONATHAN
(proud)
Yep. I was thinking if you like it, we could send it out as an email blast.

GRACE
Why?

JONATHAN
To announce our engagement.

She stares at more images. They were so much younger, it all seems effortless, there is so much kindness and love here.

GRACE
(with emotion)
I love it.

She starts to cry, gets up. He’s confused.

JONATHAN
What? Is this good crying? Or bad crying?

Grace sits down on the couch. She takes a beat. He turns off the computer, sits next to her. A long beat.

GRACE
Remember, when you and I started dating, I told you I made out with that girl in college?

JONATHAN
Yeah, I totally put that in the spank bank --

GRACE
It wasn’t just that one time. And it wasn’t just that one girl.

JONATHAN
What do you mean?

Grace just shakes her head. This is hard for her to admit.

GRACE
I thought it was a phase. That if I met the right guy the feelings would just go away...but they didn't. And now it's like there's this little voice inside me, screaming the same thing over and over...but I'm afraid to say it out loud --

JONATHAN
Just say it.

GRADE
I'm starting to wonder if there's a part of myself I should have explored.

JONATHAN
What part, exactly?

GRACE
The part that...likes girls.

He just looks at her.

JONATHAN
Are you saying that you're gay?

GRACE
No. I love guys -- I love <u>you</u> --

JONATHAN
So you're bi?

Beat.

GRACE
I don't really like labels --

JONATHAN
Are you fucking kidding me? We just got *engaged*. If this was an issue for you, don't you think you should have brought it up *before* I proposed?

Now, his phone RINGS. Grace shoots him a look -- he's not going to answer it, is he?

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
(answers)
Hey, Blake -- yeah, the deal will be on your desk in the morning.

He hangs up, turns back to Grace.

GRACE
Wow, that sounded really important --

JONATHAN
Why are you telling me this, Grace? Did something happen?

GRACE
Yeah, something happened. You proposed -- and now I'm freaking out.

JONATHAN
Typical Grace. I don't propose, you freak out. I do propose, you freak out. You were on my ass for a year to get you a ring. And now you're telling me -- what? You want to be with women? Jesus! At a certain point, you have to make a choice -- Boys or girls? Marriage or a graduate degree in muff-diving --

GRACE
This isn't a choice, Jonathan! It's part of who I am. It's always been there and now I'm just trying to be honest about it.

JONATHAN
Then *be honest*. What the fuck do you want?

His phone rings again.

GRACE
Jonathan. Do. Not. Answer --

He answers --

JONATHAN
I'm going to have to call you back.

He hangs up.

GRACE
I swear to God, I'm going to throw your fucking phone out the window --

JONATHAN
Do you want to break up?

GRACE
No, I don't want to lose you --

JONATHAN
But you don't want to get married --

GRACE
I didn't say that --

JONATHAN
Then what, Grace? What do you *want*?

She's crying now. Feeling so alone...

GRACE
I... I don't know --

JONATHAN
Because I know what I want. I want a cigarette. And a drink. And to punch a fucking hole in this wall.

With that, he exits, leaving Grace, crying, more lost than she's ever been. She takes a beat, unsure what to do. Then, with shaking hands, she takes out her cell phone. Dials MONICA.

GRACE
Hey, Monica? What are you doing right now?

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

Jonathan drives. Confused. Angry. Hurt. As he pulls up to a red light, he pulls out his cell phone. Scrolls through his address book. To GINA. He texts: WHAT ARE YOU DOING RIGHT NOW?

The light turns green. Jonathan drives, still holding his phone. Finally, the phone vibrates again. He takes his eyes off the road to look at it.

INSERT: PHOTO TEXT -- A CLOSE UP OF GINA'S FINGERS SHOVED INSIDE HER UNDERWEAR. MASTURBATING.

Jonathan's eyes go wide. A HORN HONKS.

Jonathan yanks his eyes back to the road, just in time to swerve, avoiding an oncoming car.

He pulls over to the side of the road. Sits very still. Takes a beat. Then texts to Gina: MEET ME FOR A DRINK. RIGHT NOW.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DUFF'S CAKE MIX DECORATING STUDIO -- NIGHT

COUPLES and groups of FRIENDS decorate cakes and cupcakes. At a table near the back, a tear-streaked Grace has obviously just told Monica about her fight with Jonathan. As Monica calmly decorates her cupcake --

GRACE
...and I guess when he proposed, I just couldn't keep it in anymore...

MONICA
Good for you. Healthy relationships are built on honesty. Trust --

GRACE
But I cheated. And didn't tell him about it. I'm still an asshole --

MONICA
You're *human*. Your issues got triggered, and you made a mistake --

GRACE
I just keep thinking...we were on this path. Marriage...kids. And if I had been sitting next to anybody else on that plane...we'd still be on that path --

MONICA
Grace, I promise you. If it wasn't the yoga lady, it would have been someone else.

GRACE
But we could have had this picture perfect life --

MONICA
And it would have been a lie.
(then)
Eat a cupcake. You'll feel better. Paul goes nuts for the S'mores --

GRACE
I can't. Too much sugar.

MONICA
So sugar's off limits. But a stranger on a plane, you'll eat --

GRACE
You can't tell anyone, okay? If anyone finds out, this could ruin my career, my reputation --

MONICA
Why? It's not like it's the 50's... Who cares if you're straight, or gay, or bi --

GRACE
Because this isn't *me*. Not the me that everybody knows --

MONICA
But it's the real you. The one who finally decided to tell the truth.
(then)
I can't say I'm surprised, though.

GRACE
About what?

MONICA
About you. Liking girls. You drink bourbon. Girls who drink bourbon like girls.

Grace blinks.

GRACE
Does everyone know this except me?

MONICA
Pretty much...

GRACE
Oh God...what am I going to do? I can't lose Jonathan --

MONICA
I know. But you have to be true to yourself.

A long beat. Then --

MONICA (CONT'D)
Have you thought about having an open relationship?

GRACE
Are you crazy? Jonathan and I aren't swingers --

MONICA
Thank God, swingers are creepy --

GRACE
What's the difference?

MONICA
Open marriage just means that you and your spouse agree it's okay to have sex with someone other than each other.

GRACE
That's insane. What's the point of getting married if you're just going to let each other cheat?

MONICA
Radical honesty. A shared experience. Besides -- it isn't cheating if everyone plays by the same rules.

Grace is having a hard time wrapping her head around this.

GRACE
People actually...do this? *Normal* people? Who aren't sex addicts?

MONICA
It's more common than you think. Isn't it better to just tell the truth? Instead of cheating and lying about it?

GRACE
This, coming from the poster child for monogamous marriage --

MONICA
Just because monogamy works for us doesn't mean it works for everyone. There's a reason there's a 53% divorce rate. Honey, Paul and I both dated a lot of people before we settled down. We worked out our issues *before* we met each other. But not everybody does that. Sometimes, in a marriage, you have to work through the hard stuff together --

GRACE
I tried that. I told Jonathan I liked girls. And he left.

MONICA
Because he felt like you'd been keeping something from him. Besides, you weren't *totally* honest --

GRACE
That would have made it worse!

MONICA
You don't know that. When two people really love each other, they can always find a way to make it work.

GRACE
Come on. Do you and Paul have any *actual* problems you're working on? Be honest.

MONICA
Of course.
(off Grace's skeptical look)
He's a total slob. And he wishes I were more into anal.

INT. FUNKY BAR -- NIGHT

QUICK CUTS: Gina and Jonathan tie one on. Several shots are downed, etc. Jonathan sits there, thinking.

JONATHAN
She should have just fucking told me.

GINA
Oh, like you told her everything about your inner life? Your fantasies, your sexting exploits with me? She's a liar, yes. And so are you.

This hits him. A beat.

JONATHAN
You're very smart and intuitive.

GINA
Yes, I am.

JONATHAN
Now what do we do?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

HIGH WIDE: one of the only cars still here.

INT. GINA'S CAR -- NIGHT

Jonathan and Gina are feverishly making out in the front seat. Sade is playing low on the CD player.

GINA
Come home with me.

JONATHAN
Okay. Yes. I mean, no. I can't.

GINA
I'm tired of just being your whore. I'm worth more than that.

JONATHAN
I totally agree.

More making out. He is quite turned on, starts sucking one of her tits. She arches in pleasure.

As he sucks, she reaches over and undoes his fly. She pulls out his cock, he gasps, kisses her violently. As she starts to go down on him --

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Wait. This...isn't right. I haven't officially left her. Sucking my dick is cheating.

GINA
But you sucking my tits isn't?

JONATHAN
I'm confused.

GINA
I get it. It's all confusing, the line is constantly moving. Unless you're in Make a Wish and you're dying, whereas any wish granted including fucking would NOT be considered cheating unless you wanted it to. Which would be weird.

She stops. They both sit there. Contemplative.

JONATHAN
I love Sade so much. I wish she toured more.

GINA
I know. But I like that she's elusive, you know?

JONATHAN
Cool factor, totally. That and the Nigerian thing. I'm still hard. Fuck.

GINA
Do blue balls really hurt?

JONATHAN
Yes.

GINA
Let me give you a handjob then.

JONATHAN
Okay.

GINA
Okay? That's okay, that's not cheating? I was totally just calling your bluff.

JONATHAN
If I don't cum, and I just found out she might be a fucking lesbian, I don't think that's cheating.
(then)
Also, it's masturbation transference. Masturbation isn't cheating.

Gina pauses, what the hell. She starts pulling at his cock.

She's only at this for around 20 seconds when he unexpectedly CUMS. A jet of cum whizzes by him and hits the headrest.

GINA
What the fuck, that's suede!

JONATHAN
Ohmygod, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. This never happens to me...

GINA
Do you have a...a Kleenex or a handkerchief?

JONATHAN
A handkerchief? So I can do some old timey nose wiping? No.

GINA
Don't be a smartass, this is a rental.

They just sit there. A beat. For Jonathan we can tell the heat of this act has given way to a feeling of emptiness...loneliness even. Then --

JONATHAN
Grace loves Sade.

GINA
Get the fuck out of my car.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Jonathan exits the car and walks across the empty parking lot, disappearing into darkness.

EXT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- NIGHT

Jonathan approaches the door, a little wobbly. He pauses, checks the crotch of his pants.

JONATHAN
Fuck.

There's a cum stain. He spits on his hand, tries to scrape at it, but to no avail. He thinks for a moment, then untucks his shirt -- it mostly covers it up.

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- CONTINUOUS

Grace sits on the couch, her laptop in her lap. Seeing him, she puts the computer aside and stands, relieved he came back.

GRACE
Hey --

Beat. Awkward. Tension. Then --

JONATHAN
Can you come in here please?

He goes into the living room. She follows, unsure. He points at the couch. She sits. Suddenly, he gets down on one knee in front of her.

GRACE
Jonathan, what --

He puts his finger to her lips. Takes a beat. Very emotional.

JONATHAN
Sometimes I am not a good man. I'm an asshole at work, I forget friends' birthdays, I have cheated on my taxes once.

GRACE
You did?

JONATHAN
Yes. Once. 2009. Wrote off some lunches.

Another beat.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
The only thing I'm good at, that I am unequivocally great at, is loving you. So here it is...the proposal you really wanted, from the heart, I'm just gonna vomit it up here, the truth.
(then, starts to cry)
I will not lose you. I won't. No fucking way, Grace. We are a team. A great team. Do great teams give up even when they're behind? NO. No they do not. They huddle. They regroup. Then they motivate. They problem solve. They fucking OVERCOME. And miracles can happen, and do happen. A team with purpose can come roaring back, against all odds...and score. And WIN. And that's what we are gonna do.

She starts to cry. He takes her hands in his, a leader here, which she adores.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Answer me this, and really think here. Do you love me?

GRACE
Yes.

JONATHAN
Do you want to have a family with me? Because I want that with you.

GRACE
Yes.

JONATHAN
Okay then. The deal is done.

He gets up and sits on the couch.

GRACE
Now what?

JONATHAN
We're not getting up until we figure out how to deal with this. If we have to sit here until Christmas and get bedsores, that's what we're gonna do.

A long beat as we hold on them. Then --

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
What if...what if once a year we have a hall pass situation? We pick a weekend so that you can...do all the exploring you feel you need to do. And then we don't talk about it.

GRACE
Jonathan, I'm having a sexuality crisis. Once a year isn't going to do it.

JONATHAN
Twice a year? Three times?

GRACE
And what would you do during those weekends?

JONATHAN
(lying)
I don't know...go camping?

GRACE
Don't ask don't tell is lying. And if we're going to make this work we need to be radically honest.

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I was reading about open marriages online --

JONATHAN
Open marriage?

GRACE
Wait -- just...listen. There's lots of people who make it work --

JONATHAN
Yeah, sex addicts, hairy middle-aged people, and weirdos who live on compounds in Seattle --

GRACE
Normal people. People who say that infidelity isn't about non-monogamy, it's about betrayal --

JONATHAN
I don't even know what that means.

GRACE
It means we're still being faithful as long as we're both being honest. Open. About everything --

JONATHAN
Everything? Like the fact that you like pussy and never told me?
(off her look)
Sorry, I'm still a little raw about that.

GRACE
Isn't there anything you want to tell me?

JONATHAN
Like what?

GRACE
I know how guys are, Jonathan. Even if you haven't acted on it, there must be someone you've fantasized about. I'm just saying -- maybe there's a way we can do this together.

JONATHAN
Go on.

GRACE
What if we were allowed to sleep with other people, as long as we're both there?

JONATHAN
You mean, like a threeway?

GRACE
Yeah. At least then nobody's going behind anybody's back.

Jonathan considers this.

JONATHAN
Well...if people can make their own rules about who does the cooking, and who makes the money, I guess they can make their own rules about who they get to have sex with.

GRACE
Tell me someone you want to fuck.

JONATHAN
No way, you'll just get jealous --

GRACE
I'll work through it.

JONATHAN
You tell me someone you want to fuck, first.

She's silent. They're at an impasse.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Doesn't this seem dangerous to you?

GRACE
Of course it's dangerous. But I'd rather risk that than risk losing you.

Off Jonathan, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE -- THE NEXT DAY

Evan looks out the window, Jonathan is revealed in the background sitting down.

EVAN
You do realize I hate you right now. You do realize this is unfair.

Jonathan doesn't answer. Evan turns, smiling broadly.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Dude! Lighten the fuck up, you just won the jackpot.

JONATHAN
I know. I know on paper for most men, for me, this would sound like a very good deal...my fiancee agreeing to have an open relationship.

EVAN
It's a Double Boner! You get to fuck your girlfriend and watch her fuck another girl and when she's finished, you get to fuck THAT girl. And then they can stay and cuddle and shit while you get to go eat a sandwich.

JONATHAN
I guess I just don't understand it fully. The rules, what to do, how to navigate it.

EVAN
It's pretty simple. She told you she's into chicks, yes? Well that's great, so you don't have to worry about another dude being there and any sword-fighting that might ensue. So here's what you do.

JONATHAN
Tell me.

EVAN
You find a hot chick, say someone you want to fuck. Have her on stand-by. Then, you go home, light some candles, pour a little wine, and say to the missus, "I found you a toy. Wanna play?"

Jonathan instantly thinks of Gina. His POV: RACK FOCUS, she walks by the office. She looks hot today.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Just be confident, take charge. Make it happen. Because you know what's better than one cookie?
(grins)
Two cookies.

Off Jonathan, still looking at Gina --

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- EXAM ROOM 1 -- THE NEXT DAY

Grace enters, holding a chart, to find Alyssa, the labiaplasty patient from earlier, sitting on the exam table.

GRACE
Alyssa. What can I do for you today?

ALYSSA
I wanted to talk to you about my labiaplasty.

GRACE
I'm glad you came without your husband. So we can speak freely --

ALYSSA
Me, too --

GRACE
Don't do it.

ALYSSA
I'm sorry -- ?

GRACE
I'm sorry if this is out of line, but please -- don't do this to yourself -- not for your husband. You deserve someone who's willing to accept all of you --

ALYSSA
I know. I left him.

GRACE
You did? Over this?

ALYSSA
No...this was just the final straw. It wasn't just about him criticizing my body, it was like... he didn't even see me as a person anymore.
(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Like I was just there to raise the kids and cook his food and do his laundry and fuck him whenever he wanted...

GRACE
I'm happy for you.

ALYSSA
But I still want to do the surgery.

GRACE
I don't understand --

ALYSSA
I'm going to be dating. And this is LA -- guys have a higher standard --

GRACE
That doesn't mean you need to butcher yourself to fit into a certain mold.

ALYSSA
I didn't come here to have a political discussion, Dr. Avebury. Is there any medical reason I shouldn't have this surgery?

GRACE
Just the risks we've already discussed --

ALYSSA
Then I want you to get rid of my flappers. They're ugly. And embarrassing. And if you don't want to fix them, I'll find somebody who will.

Off Grace...

EXT. YOGA STUDIO -- DAY

POV: scanning a YOGA schedule. PANNING DOWN...to find Windsor's name. REVEAL Grace standing outside the studio, dressed in workout clothes.

Grace takes a deep breath, heads inside.

INT. YOGA STUDIO -- DAY

Grace tiptoes into the already started class. Windsor is mid sun-salutation. As she pulls her hands down through prayer, she locks eyes with Grace.

WINDSOR
And...again. Sweep your arms up. Exhale...forward bend. Inhale, look up. Exhale... Now go through your vinyasa, at your own pace...

Windsor approaches Grace. Speaks softly...

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

GRACE
Yoga. I'm...exploring.

WINDSOR
I bet.

Grace ignores the dig, joining the class in downward facing dog. Windsor speaks to the class --

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
As you hold your downward dog, take a few deep breaths. Push your inner thighs up toward the ceiling.

She puts her hands on Grace's inner thighs and turns them inward. Grace inhales, feeling the electricity of Windsor's hands on her body.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Feel your body start to open...

She places her hands on Grace's hips and pulls them back.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Do you feel it?

Grace swallows hard, nods. She definitely feels it.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Now. Take a moment to remember your intention. Why you came to class today. And...exhale.

Which is when Grace realizes she's not breathing. Off Grace, as she exhales...

EXT. YOGA STUDIO -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

Grace stands by her car, post-class, nervously picking at her nails. Now, Grace sees Windsor exiting the studio, texting on her phone, headed toward her car. Grace calls out to her --

GRACE
Windsor -- hey!

Windsor briefly glances up from her texting, keeps on walking.

WINDSOR
Great, now who's a stalker.

Grace hurries to catch up with her --

GRACE
I'm not a stalker, you invited me --

WINDSOR
That was before you got engaged.

Windsor stops at her car, unlocks it.

GRACE
Wait. You were right. About everything. The intensity on the plane. The connection between us. About me. Not being honest with myself.
(then)
I talked to my fiance. Told him that I don't want to wake up one day and wonder what I'm missing.

WINDSOR
And...?

GRACE
He doesn't want me to wonder what I'm missing, either.

Windsor's surprised. It just hangs there in the air.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Come over tonight.

WINDSOR
That's not a good idea. I don't really want to be somebody's litmus test.

GRACE
You're not. You were right about the bourbon. This isn't my first time at the rodeo.

As this sinks in with Windsor, Grace makes a decision -- she brazenly takes Windsor's phone out of her hand, starts typing something into it.

WINDSOR
What are you doing?

GRACE
Giving you my address...

WINDSOR
I didn't say I was coming.

GRACE
You'll come...

Grace gives Windsor a sexy look and hands back her phone.

GRACE (CONT'D)
...and then I'll make you come again. Just like I did on the plane.

Windsor blinks. Rattled by Grace's change of attitude --

WINDSOR
Since when are you so confident?

GRACE
Since I know what I want.

She leans in close, brushes her lips against Windsor's neck.

WINDSOR
(gasps)
Grace...

Grace slides her hand to the front of Windsor's yoga pants, applying strategic pressure...

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
What are you doing --

GRACE
Nobody can see us...

It's mostly true...they're blocked from view by Windsor's car. But still dangerous. Windsor's getting turned on, despite herself.

WINDSOR
Okay, you need to stop, or we need to fuck in my car right now --

GRACE
Tonight. Eight o'clock.

She starts to walk away. Then, an afterthought --

GRACE (CONT'D)
And don't wear perfume. I like the smell of your skin.

She smiles and heads toward her car, leaving a very turned on Windsor. Off an emboldened Grace...

CUT TO:

EXT. HAWAII -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Waves crash romantically on the shore.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Evan, fresh from the shower, drops his towel and puts on his swimsuit. His WIFE exits from the bathroom, rubbing lotion on her toned Tracy Anderson arms.

ELIZABETH
I have a facial at the spa. And then I have a seaweed wrap.

EVAN
I'll be at the pool.

EXT. POOL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Evan lies by the pool, sweaty from the sun. He POPS OPEN an eye, sees a FIGURE approaching him through the shimmering hazy heat waves. It's a very good looking GUY, late 20s.

GUY
Can I offer you a cool-down Popsicle?

EVAN
Sure.

He sits up. Takes it. The guy looks at Evan's crotch. Evan has a bit of a chub going in his swimming suit from his poolside nap. Evan and the guy lock eyes. The GUY smiles.

It is just now that we realize the Popsicle Goddess from his previous re-telling was actually A MAN.

INT. LOS ANGELES HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Evan sits on the bed, nursing a drink he's made from the mini-bar. Nervous, waiting for someone and remembering --

EXT. HAWAII FOUR SEASONS LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Evan is fucking the Popsicle God.

EVAN
You like that big cock? Take that big cock.

POPSICLE GOD
Fuck me fuck me fuck me...

INT. LOS ANGELES HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

A knock at the door. Evan is nervous. He answers it, revealing the Popsicle God, who is tan and very handsome. Also a little nervous. His name is MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
(trying to be flirty)
Fancy meeting you here...

EVAN
(cold)
I don't want to talk, okay?

A beat. Before Michael can respond, Evan GRABS him roughly, starts kissing him. They are both turned on.

Clothes come flying off. They are nude and wrestle to the bed. Michael wants to kiss more, but Evan does not.

Evan roughly flips him over. He starts to fuck Michael. But after a beat, it's not working. Performance nerves.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Shit.

He stops.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

EVAN
I can't.

MICHAEL
Fuck that, I flew five fucking hours to be here.

And before Evan can react, Michael turns him over and PINS HIM down to the bed. On his stomach. Evan registers shock.

WE GO TIGHT on Evan's face as Michael begins to fuck him. We are ONLY ON HIS FACE. He winces in sharp pain at first as he is penetrated, wide-eyed, then begins to relax. Then begins to give into it. He likes it.

He loves it.

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (LATER)

Evan enters his silent house, puts his keys on an entrytable.

INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Evan's wife sleeps peacefully. REVEAL Evan at the door, checking in on her. He looks at her for a long time, exits.

INT. NURSERY -- NIGHT

Evan enters quietly, approaches a crib. His three-month old BABY BOY sleeps. Evan stares down at his son. Hesitates. He picks him up.

Evan holds his son close to him. Smells his baby smell, kisses the top of his head. In his eyes, we see a powerful emotion: this is a lot to lose. Evan begins to cry...

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- NIGHT

Jonathan enters to find Grace lighting candles. Sade plays in the background. He is thrown.

JONATHAN
What's this?

GRACE
I found someone. For us.

JONATHAN
Already? Where?

GRACE
Yoga class.

JONATHAN
And she's down for a threeway?

Grace blinks.

GRACE
I thought we could ask her together. She'll be here any minute.

JONATHAN
She's coming over *now*? Why didn't you tell me --

GRACE
I wanted to surprise you.

Jonathan's impressed. He moves to Grace, kisses her.

JONATHAN
You. Are the sexiest fiancee in the whole world. I cannot wait to see you with another woman.

Grace smiles. She kisses him. After a moment, he pulls away --

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Shit. I gotta go shave my balls.

INT. WINDSOR'S CAR -- NIGHT

Windsor sits in front of Grace and Jonathan's house, her car in park. She's all dressed up, and she looks smoking hot.

Still, she's insecure. Windsor checks her makeup in the mirror, rubs some lipstick off her teeth, smooths a flyaway hair with some spit. She's nervous.

She checks her nostrils for boogers. Then smells both pits. All good. Finally, she gathers her nerve and heads toward the house...

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Grace opens the door to find Windsor, standing there. Grace smiles -- victory.

GRACE
Hi.

WINDSOR
Hi.

An awkward beat. What now? Grace reaches for Windsor's hand, pulls her inside. As Grace shuts the door behind them, Windsor starts to go in for a kiss. Then --

JONATHAN
Hey -- don't start without me.

The two of them turn to see Jonathan. Windsor turns back to Grace. She did not expect this.

WINDSOR
What's he doing here?

Jonathan shoots Grace a confused look.

JONATHAN
I'm Jonathan. Grace's fiance.
Grace says you guys met in yoga.
That's hot.

WINDSOR
Yoga. Really.

So much for honesty. Grace pleads with her eyes -- please, just leave it. Jonathan senses some tension --

JONATHAN
Why? Is that not true?

Windsor decides to take one for the team and cover for Grace.

WINDSOR
No...it's true. It's just... We've known each other a while. There's always been this...connection.

JONATHAN
So...do you want to ask her, or...

GRACE
Jonathan -- Jesus -- hang on a second --

WINDSOR
Ask me what?

Grace inhales. Exhales. Then takes Windsor's hand --

GRACE
We wanted to ask you in person. If you wanted to...you know...join us.

The implication is clear. And Windsor's offended --

WINDSOR
You invited me over for a *threeway*?

GRACE
You said you'd been with guys before --

WINDSOR
That doesn't mean I'm going to fuck your *husband*. I'm a *lesbian*. I'm not letting him put his hairy man hands on me --

JONATHAN
They're not that hairy --

WINDSOR
They're still man hands --

GRACE
He doesn't have to touch you -- he can just watch --

JONATHAN
Excuse me -- ?

GRACE
You said you wanted to see me with another woman --

JONATHAN
Yeah, but not from the sidelines. If you get to play, I get to play. That's what we decided --

WINDSOR
(to Grace)
Oh, is that what you decided?

GRACE
Well, yeah, but...I'm sorry -- I've never done this before -- I don't know how it works --

JONATHAN
Do you guys like, need a minute? Because this is starting to sound like a lover's quarrel --

WINDSOR
I don't need this drama.

She heads for the door. Grace goes after her --

GRACE
Windsor, wait --

WINDSOR
Figure your shit out. And please. Stay away from me.

And she exits. A long pause, then --

JONATHAN
What the fuck was that?

GRACE
(deflects)
I have no idea. I guess we need to find someone else.

Jonathan takes a beat. Looks at her.

JONATHAN
I think I might know somebody...

INT. WINDSOR'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON A WINE GLASS being filled. Almost to the brim.

Windsor downs it. She pauses. Feels sad.

Takes down another wine glass. We follow her into --

INT. WINDSOR'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A slightly mannish woman, HOLLY, 50, very granola, sits up in bed. She has a pageboy with a few streaks of gray in it and is wearing fleece pajamas as she intensely reads a script. There is a refreshing no bullshit quality to this woman.

HOLLY
(to herself, reading)
"You don't have permission to detonate the nuclear devices!"

WINDSOR
You sound like Olivia de Havilland in "Gone With the Wind."

Holly looks up to see Windsor with a wine bottle and two glasses.

HOLLY
I'm playing the female president of the United States, there's no template. I need choices.

WINDSOR
You're playing the President of the United States on a Fox show, if you get the lines out you're fine.

Holly pauses, takes off her glasses.

HOLLY
I took this show to be close to your work.
(then)
I don't like it when you drink.

WINDSOR
I had one glass.
(playfully pours her one)
Let's live a little. I feel like I haven't seen you at all lately because of work. A little wine, a little play time...

HOLLY
I have a five o' clock call.

Windsor pauses, tonight's sex dreams dashed.

WINDSOR
And last week you had a headache, and the week before that you were constipated.

Holly goes back to her script. Windsor turns on the TV. One of the Real Housewives programs.

HOLLY
Really? You know I detest these shows, the people are so banal, they just make me depressed.

WINDSOR
Wow. I married the original Pilgrim.

She turns it off. A long pause.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
We've stopped growing.

HOLLY
Please don't feed me that New Age line of shit right before bed. If you want to go back to the therapist, let's go back to the therapist.

WINDSOR
So I can hear you talk about how I ruined your stage career? How you sacrificed everything for me and I give nothing but derision? No thanks.

Windsor finishes off her glasses, gets up, takes an award off a shelf, puts it on her side of the bed.

HOLLY
What are you doing?

WINDSOR
Here. Fuck your Tony award. I honestly think that's the only thing that would get you off anymore, a literal fuck with your own achievements.

HOLLY
Red wine makes you so vulgar. It's unattractive.

She throws on her clothes which are on the bedside, marches out of the room.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

WINDSOR
To Promises, to check myself into rehab, how about that? No, to the liquor store to get another bottle, how about that?

She leaves. A beat. Holly goes back to her script.

HOLLY
(reading aloud)
"We're at war, sir!"

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Jonathan, excited, sits on the edge of the tub, texting.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
(typing)
What are you doing right now?

A beat. Then GINA replies.

GINA (V.O.)
I thought we weren't going to do this anymore?

JONATHAN
Maybe there's a way that we can...

The DOORBELL rings. Jonathan looks up.

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Grace answers the door. Is shocked to see Windsor -- holding a half-empty bottle of bourbon.

GRACE
Windsor? What are you doing here?

WINDSOR
I brought you some bourbon.

But she doesn't hand her the bottle. Instead, she pushes past Grace into --

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

She starts sloppily opening cabinets, slamming them, looking for something. It's becoming clear that she's tipsy.

GRACE
How much have you had to drink?

WINDSOR
Not enough...

Now, Jonathan joins Grace in the kitchen. They exchange a look -- what the fuck? Finally, Windsor finds what she's looking for. She pours three very full glasses of bourbon, and hands one each to Grace and Jonathan. As she does --

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
I changed my mind. Let's do this.

Grace and Jonathan exchange a look.

JONATHAN
I thought you were a lesbian --

WINDSOR
I am.

JONATHAN
Doesn't that make the whole guy thing kind of non-negotiable?

WINDSOR
I'm drunk. And horny. Everything is negotiable.

Grace and Jonathan exchange another look.

WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Are we just going to stand here? Or are we going to get naked?

JONATHAN
I need to get drunk. Immediately.

He downs his drink. Grace follows suit. Once their glasses are drained, a beat.

WINDSOR
Jesus. Before I change my mind...

She grabs Jonathan, starts kissing him. He stops, looks at Grace.

JONATHAN
Is this okay?

Grace considers. Actually, it is. She nods. Now, Jonathan makes a decision. He kisses Windsor. Hard. Grace watches them kissing for a moment. Then starts kissing Windsor's neck...

Windsor turns, starts kissing Grace. Jonathan watches. His fiancee is making out with another woman in front of him. It's hot. Grace comes up for air, turns to Jonathan --

GRACE
You doing okay?

JONATHAN (V.O.)
I've made a career out of telling people exactly what they want to hear.

Jonathan answers Grace's question by kissing her. Pretty soon, it's a hot and heavy threeway make-out session. After a moment, the three take a breather. The tension is palpable.

WINDSOR
Which way's the bedroom?

Jonathan takes Grace's hand in one hand, and Windsor's in the other, and wordlessly leads them toward the bedroom. Outside the bedroom door, Grace looks at Jonathan. He opens the door.

JONATHAN (V.O.)
On the outside, I'm confident. Strong. Fearless.

Windsor glides in without hesitation. Grace pauses. And decides to follow her. As Jonathan watches her enter...

JONATHAN (V.O.)
Even if on the inside, I'm terrified...

Jonathan enters last, shuts the door behind them...

INT. HOME OF GRACE AND JONATHAN -- BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Windsor and Grace are already making out. Jonathan moves to them as Windsor slides Grace's shirt up over her head. As Grace moves to undress Windsor, Jonathan comes up behind Windsor, puts his hands on her waist.

Jonathan and Grace exchange a look. This is a moment. A "there's no going back now" moment. Both seem slightly scared, unsure. Windsor gently takes Grace's face, moves it so she interrupts the eye lock with Jonathan. Her intent is clear. Look at ME now. Jonathan takes a beat, slides his hands up to Windsor's breasts.

WINDSOR
Wait...don't...

JONATHAN
But you said --

WINDSOR
Just...give me a minute, okay?

Jonathan nods, respectful. He takes a step back, watching as Windsor undoes Grace's bra, and pushes her back onto the bed. Windsor crawls on top of her, starts kissing her neck, her ears, her face.

Jonathan watches, helpless, as his fiancee enjoys the touch of another. And even though he thought this would be hot...and it is...it's also kind of painful. We PUSH IN on his face...

JONATHAN (V.O.)
There's a voice inside my head that's screaming, "Stop! Wait!" But I'm not sure I can say that out loud.

As Windsor unbuttons Grace's pants, Grace moans in the agony of anticipation...

JONATHAN (V.O.)
But if I don't...will I be left here...on the outside?

Grace is really enjoying herself now. He watches, torn -- he's turned on, but he can see the connection between Grace and Windsor, and he's obviously not a part of it. Is he going to lose her? Off Jonathan, in his own kind of agony, we SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END